Blow.—We had quite a gale in our town and vicinity on Saturdy night last. The wind was very high, accompanied by rain, and, in some localities where the wind had free play, trees were blown down, others stripped of their boughs and fences overturned, while some houses in the vicinity of town were partially unroofed. We see by the Wilmington papers that they suffered down their way, both in the town and along the sound, from the severest gale experienced in that vicinity for many years. Considerable damage was done to shipping along the coast.

The storm was very severe at Smithville. We see in the Charleston and Savannah papers no report of the severity of the gale at or near those ports.

Fires in Wilming on.—Several fires and attempts at incendiarism have lately taken place in Wilmington. A lime store house of E. J. Lutterloh's, was destroyed on Monday morning, also a kitchen belonging to Mr I. T. Alderman. The guard discovered the other night a conflagration in embryo on the wharf, but succeeded in extinguishing the fire before any damage was done. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

The Three Thousand.—Another one of the immortal three thousand New England saints who petitioned Congress on the subject of abolition, has been sued by a young lady of his congregation for seduction The Rev. Mr Brock of New Hampshire is the Philanthropist. While these saintly hypocrites weep and sigh over the sins and miseries of slavery, they do not hesitate to inflict dishonor upon their neighbors and bring shame into the households of their flocks.

"If the Argus can make good its assertion that Mr Buchanan is an abolitionist, we wish the Carolinian would pump it out."—*Western Democrat.*

Is! the "assertion" of the Argus sufficient? The *ipse dixit* of the classic senior, and the *affidavit* of the poetic junior ought certainly to be a *quantum sufficit* of evidence. As the imaginative junior would say:

"What need is there of piling up
Ossa of evidence on Pelion
Of testimony to this simple truth
Which I've set forth and which doth need
No farther confirmation than my word?"

Buchanan's inaugural address; his late answer to Prof Silliman's memorial; his position before the country; his public life for nearly a half century, pa , all go to prove that the Argus knows the difference between a democrat and an American Republican. "Truth lies in a well, says the old proverb, and the Argus well has gone dry. We can "pump" nothing out of it but dust and wind, classic dust and Eolian breezes.

Fire in New Orleans.—We see by the New Orleans papers that a destructive fire occurred in that city on the 5th. The wholesale liquor store of Malony Bros., was burned with several thousand barrels of different liquors. Total loss, $100,000.

Reported Suicide.—We saw it reported a few days ago in some of the papers that Jas. H. Robinson, son of the senior editor of the Goldsboro' Tribune, had committed suicide last week.

But in the last issue of the Tribune we see no mention made of the circumstance, and presume it is a mistake.

Not True.—The Washington Union denies that Prof. Francis was killed in a duel with one of his brother savans in Ecuador recently. The facts are these:

"On the nineteenth of April, at seven o'clock in the evening, Mr Francis was seated at the door of the house which he occupied, together with his companion, Mr Moore The latter was in the dark and with in the house, preparing his gun for the purpose of shooting a night-bird that had on many previous occasions perched on the roof of the building, and as he was fixing on a cap, the hammer fell, the gun went off, and wounded the unfortunate Mr Francis. This is the account given of the occurrence in the declarations embodied in the preliminary examination conducted by the Governor in relation to the event. A copy of it is hereby transmitted, in order that the Minister may have a full knowledge of the circumstances."

"Therefore be it Resolved."—Resolutions are becoming as common as know nothing defeats. A preamble and resolutions are introduced on all occasions, grave or gay, serious or trivial.

The following caps the climax, "takes the rag off."

RESOLVING RUN MAD.—It has become much too common to adopt "preambles and resolutions" on occasions which do not require them. The thing is indeed run into the ground. But the following caps the climax of absurdity and verges on irreverence. A sabbath school attached to a church at Syracuse, New York recently made an excursion to Little Sodus Bay; while enjoying the sail the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Divine providence, in his wisdom and goodness, having favored the Sabbath school of the second Baptist church at Syracuse, and the many citizens accompanying them, with a lovely day on this excursion, rendering the occasion agreeable and delightful to all, affording us the enjoyment of a healthy and refreshing ride over the blue waters of Lake Ontario, with its varied and charming scenery; and, whereas, we have been vouchsafed a prosperous ride, free from accident and danger, be it therefore —

Resolved, That we humbly acknowledge our indebtedness to the Almighty for the enjoyments received on this occasion; and that we commit ourselves to his care, returning to our respective homes in the hope of receiving similar blessings of His Divine will.

Resolved, That we heartily return our thanks to Jonie's Sax Horn Band.

On the return from Sodus Bay there was a hard shower, which gave all hands a thorough soaking, and many were wretchedly sea-sick; but the resolutions were not revoked.

DESTRUCTION OF THE EASTERN MAIL BY FIRE.—The through mail of the 8th inst, from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore, to Indianapolis and St. Louis, was destroyed by fire between Zanesville and Belaire, Ohio, on Thursday night last. The fire was caused by a spark from the locomotive.—The few remnants were promptly forwarded to their several destinations.

What a Newspaper does for nothing.—What wearied, bored, tormented, self sacrificing, hero-making knight of the quill and scissors does not recognize the record of his own experience in the following graphic paragraphs? Read them, ye pinching, griping, jewing newspaper cheapeners, delinquent subscribers and printer-swindlers, and remorsefully "call at the captain's office and settle." We hate duns. What sage of the sanctum does'nt? We never dun, (we never *did?*) though dunned and *done* often enough. We only hint:

"The result of my observation enables me to state as a fact, that the publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any class of men in the United States, who invest an equal amount of labor, capital and thought. They are expected to do more service for less pay, to stand more sponging and "dead-heading," to puff and defend more people without fee or hope of reward, than any other class

They credit wider and longer, get oftener cheated; suffer more pecuniary loss; are oftener the victims of misplaced confidence, than any other calling in the community. People pay a printer's bill more reluctantly than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper than ten on a needless gewgaw; yet everybody avails himself of the use of the editor's pen and printer's ink.

How many professional and political reputations and fortunes have been made and sustained by the friendly, though unrequited pen of the editor? How many embryo towns and cities have been brought into notice, and puffed into prosperity by the press? How many railroads, now in successful operation, would have foundered but for the assistance of the 'lever that moves the world;' in short, what branch of industry or activity has not been promoted, stimulated and defended by the press?

And who has tendered it more than a miserable pittance for its mighty services? The bazaars of fashion and the haunts of appetite and dissipation, are thronged with an eager crowd, bearing gold in their palms, and the commodities there vended are sold at enormous profits, though intrinsically worthless, and paid for with scrupulous punctuality; while the counting room of the newspaper is the seat of jewing, cheapening, trade, orders and pennies. It is made a point of honor to liquidate a grog bill, not of dishonor to repudiate a printer's bill.'

☞We copy the following from the Washington States, relative to Mr Horatio King, the gentlemen through whom was sent, to the President, the communication of the Connecticut memorialists:

"Mr Horatio King requests us to state that he was completely ignorant of the nature of the communication sent through him to the President. He received it through the mail, accompanied by a note from a person to him unknown, politely requesting him to have it delivered to the President Mr King sent it to the private secretary of Mr Buchanan, with a note stating that he was unaware of the contents of the packet"

WHEAT AT SALISBURY DEPOT, N. C.—We learn from the Banner, that from the 1st of August up to the 25, inclusive, there were 19,914 bushels of wheat shipped from Salisbury station.

☞We have received from an unknown source the following slip with the request to publish. The sender states that it is clipped from the editorial columns of the *Memphis Appeal*. We insert it as requested:

INFORMATION WANTED.—The Bulletin of this city says that a deeply distressed lady, Mrs J. E. C. Brian, writes to a gentleman in this city from Leak's Store, Arkansas, asking information about her husband, Dr Brian, a dentist, who was to have left Memphis on the 25th of May last, for that point, since when nothing has been heard of him, further than a letter purporting to have been written by one William Conner, from Gaines' Landing, saying that Dr B. was drowned on the night of the 29th of May, together with two other men, while landing in a skiff from his (Conner's) flatboat, one mile above Gaines' Landing. The Postmaster at Gaines' Landing certifies that he does not believe that Dr A W. Brian, or any one else, was lost or drowned near that place on the 29th o. May. Mrs Brian believes that her husband was killed for his money, and calls upon all brother Masons to aid her in obtaining any information relative to her husband, or who Wm Conner is. Any information addressed to her at Leak's Store, Arkansas, will be thankfully received.

To the Lassies.—He was a shrewd observer of beauty, as well as a clever versifier (particular as to his *feet*) who indited the following lines.

But crinoline must be abolished and equinoctial skirts reduced ere the poet's counsel can be taken. By the way, we never saw a lassie with a pretty foot who wore balloon skirts She'd no more put up with such a nuisance than a bouncing rosy damsel would rouge her cheeks, or a buxom country maiden rob her father's cotton-patch for purposes something akin to, but not near so useful as, Gen. Jackson's defence of New Orleans—breastworks.

We second the poet's counsel, having an indisputable right to advise in the premises:

IF YOUR FOOT IS PRETTY, SHOW IT.

If your foot is pretty, show it.
No matter where nor when;
Let all fair maidens know it.
The foot takes all the men.
The face, so fair and lovely.
May charm the gazer's eye;
But if the foot is homely.
He'll quickly pass her by

If your foot is pretty show it.
When you trip along the street;
For it will catch the eager eyes
Of every man you meet;
Don't toss your glossy ringlets,
Nor pout your lips so sweet.
But gently lift your petticoats.
And show your nan-ta-loons feet.

If your foot is pretty show it.
At concert, ball and fair;
For the small pedal index.
Tells WHERE your GRACES are.
The figure may deceive me.
All hooped and padded o'er;
But let my eye survey the foot.
I ask to see no more

If your foot is pretty show it.
If you wish to catch the beaux.
No longer hide the tell-tale charm
Beneath so many clothes
A graceful foot betrays a form.
Of rare and faultless grace;
Full, rounded limb it doth reveal,
For FANCY'S eye to trace.

If your foot is pretty, show it.
Yes show it when you can:
'Twill help your other lovely charms.
To win some nice young man
The practiced eye may well distrust
A nicely PADDED BREAST;
But when it rests upon your foot,
It KNOWS OF ALL THE REST.

Death of Dr. Dick.—Dr. Thomas Dick, author of many valuable theological and philosophical works, and nearly suffered to starve by his stingy Scotch countrymen, died recently near Edinborough.

☞Says the South Side Democrat moralizing on latter day financiering:

"BLESSED ARE THE POOR."—There's little rest now for the men who are submerged with certificates of bank, and railroad stocks.

Riches make wings and fly. The world is full of speculators in other men's money, which has been entrusted to them for safe keeping.

Honor with such men is far below par. Many a man has laid the flattering unction to his soul that he should float quietly along down the stream of prosperity, with his vessel's prow proudly cutting the waves of "mercantile transactions," when "Lo!" he awakes and finds his craft snagged, his Captain, in whom he placed unlimited confidence, a gamester, and his life and riches a vanity.

"Blessed be the Poor." He who has no deposits in the bank, no certificate of stocks to watch, lest its value may vanish like vapor, is the only happy man in these perilous times.

He who owes but few debts, has a business beyond the whirl of these financial hurricanes, who places no his trust in banks, who is content with a little and will not hasten to fly to fortune by speculation, is far richer than he who is tossed about like Sancho Panza in a blanket of financial fluctuation.

It cannot be denied but that poverty is sometimes uncomfortable—but not to the man who knows the wear and tear of spirit, attendant on those whom the world counts rich.

What do they want with them?—We are informed that on last Saturday night some person or persons stole the Harnett County records from the office of the Clerk. The county court is in session in Harnett this week, but the records and other necessary papers being lost we do not know how the court "progressed."

New Cotton.—The first bale of new cotton was brought to town on Wednesday last from the plantation of Col. Wm. McKay of Robeson, and was sold to George McNeill, Esq., at fifteen and three-fourths cents.

The Southern Route.

There is no enterprise which would so certainly develop the industrial resources of the Southern States, and would tend so indisputably to make them the leading States of the Globe as the consummation of the Great Pacific Railroad through their centre.

Their natural deposits of that vast tide of trade and travel which must pass over this great international highway, are sufficient of themselves to fertilize her fields of wealth and scatter the germs of an ultimate greatness which must consolidate her power and quicken into activity the slumbering energies of her population. But along the valleys and through the plains, which this great highway must traverse, there already bloom, in wild and native luxuriance, all those prolific plants which clothe and feed the population of the earth, whose blooming harvests give wings to commerce and keep in never ceasing motion the looms and spindles of the old world. Along this pathway too, the boldest pioneers of Saxon and Celtic blood have congregated. Its climate is a perennial temperature, free from the excesses of the North and the South. Its grade is the most favorable to the construction of a great highway of any known to explorers. Mr Bartlett, the commissioner who run the boundary line between Mexico and the United States, adds his testimony to that of the engineers in favor of the eligibility of this great Southern route There is only one space, of 100 miles, where water may not be obtained during the dry season, and water is even here attainable by digging wells of moderate depth or by turning the water from the overflows of the Colorado into artificial tanks. The elevation at El Paso is only some six thousand feet above the the level of the Ocean. Why should not the entire South unite in one determined effort to construct a Road through this route, where the stream of emigration will pour along and populate the way with her hardy adventurers as the completion of the sections of the Road?

Here is the clear pathway to her ultimate supremacy. Here shines her success along the already blazed trail of her energies. In the wake of such an enterprise will follow lines of steamships to her seaboard, direct trade to every part of the world, and an undisputed political and commercial superiority. Here is the point of union for loyal Southerners—not to construct this work by the Federal Government, but by unity, faith and energy. It can be done, and *it will be done.—Memphis Appeal*

The Northern Conservative and the Southern Black Republican.

John B. Weller from Ohio, is the conservative, and Edward Stanly from North Carolina, the Black Republican candidate for Governor of California! The former distinguished himself in his native State as a champion of the constitution against the designs of the abolitionists; the latter made himself notorious by his professions of zeal for Southern Rights, and by his abuse of the conservative Democracy of the North. The one showed his faith by his acts the other by his words. It is no matter of surprise that in the land of their adoption they occupy the same relation to each other, and to the conservative party of the Union.

Weller is in California what he was in Ohio, the uncompromising foe to Black Republicanism, and has been selected to lead the conservative forces to put it down. Stanly is in California what he was in North Carolina, the bitter opponent and persecutor of the conservative Democracy, and has been chosen as the leader of the Black Republican forces "to stop its encroachments on the rights of the North," as one of their resolutions expresses it. In one particular, however Stanly is not now what he was in North Carolina. Then he professed to be a better Southern rights man than any Democrat, North or South. Now he is an undisguised anti-slavery man of the New England School. He left his mask in North Carolina, and he now stands on the shores of the Pacific, in "naked ugliness," like the hypocrite described by the author of "The Course of Time"

Some of the Black Republicans anticipate important results from Mr Stanly's effective power on the stump. They sem to think that Weller will be consumed by the "burning lava of Stanly's wit and sarcasm," as one of them has it. Vain hope! Weller is more than a match for Stanly on the stump; even if the latter had an equally good cause to advocate and defend; and as to a black republican triumph in a debate between the two champions upon the present issues involved, the mere suggestion is ridiculous in the extreme. So far from gaining popular honors and overwhelming his competitor in this canvass, we strongly incline to the opinion that Stanly himself will be consumed by the "burning lava" of the indignation of the conservative citizens of the Pacific State.

OUR FASHIONABLE CORRESPONDENCE.

AGOTARAS SPRINGS,
Sept. 14, 1857.

Time after time have I sent you my notes, and time after time have they failed to appear in your columns. This shall be my last—and if it does not illuminate your sheet in due course of time, I must bestow my epistolary favors upon some more appreciative biped. You certainly ought to know that common people, the every day readers of common newspapers, like to peruse the vaporings of travellers, are fond of reading the observations of shrewd observers, particularly if the observer be a man of taste, sentiment, capacity, gentility and fashion

It is fashionable to go to the springs. Health, although ostensibly the primary consideration, is merely the excuse which snobs urge for following in the train of fashionable folly. It is not fashionable to be healthy. Mechanics and "indigent persons" only are allowed to enjoy good health. True, people go to the springs with health-restoring intent; but they make it a point always to defeat the ends of their coming. It would be quite a breach of fashionable etiquette not to declare that some angel must have stirred the waters a few minutes previous to your imbibing the nauseous draught, you feel so much benefitted, so rejuvenated, so thoroughly renovated by your morning imbibition, after a brisk walk of several hundred yards. "Exercise and mineral water, what blessings!" But you must take particular pains to appear aristocratically languid after all; complain of your symptoms; talk of the many seasons you have spent in the almost hopeless endeavor to recruit your failing health at "this delightful resort." No matter how robust are your proportions, how hearty, muscular, sinewy, full-chested, strong-limbed you are; no matter how you may have toiled and labored, struggled, economized, starved yourself, pinched your family, burned your midnight lamp and painfully accumulated year after year, a sufficiency to set yourself up in the world as a "somebody"—these are all matters of no consideration so long as you display a full purse and speak despondingly about your health. It is decidedly unfashionable to boast of good health, and you would be voted a very silly individual as well as "a person unused to society" were you to claim having fully recovered your "former tone" after a season at the springs.

It is a good idea too, to take occasion once in a while to suggest to some "intelligent friend" that although there are a number of excellent mineral springs in your own distant state, fine scenery, bracing mountain air and a plenty of beauty and home fashion besides, yet that you always yearn towards Agotaras because, having been accustomed to visit there for so many years, you expect to meet there old familiar faces, and feel the warm grasp of yearly friendship's hand &c &c. Such remarks are calculated to create a good impression. They lead the hearer at once to the conclusion that you are a brick, that you are actually *somebody*—and if you can manage to exclaim at the proper moment, 'ah, there goes my friend, Gov. ——, I must speak with him a few minutes; excuse me my dear sir'! then the impression is clinched, as Paddy would say.

It is true, I confess, that you will find few men of real taste, polish and education in the motely assemblages of visitors to fashionable watering places, and no ladies of *bona fide* accomplishment moral and intellectual. But remember, my dear fellow, that fashion is as little dependent upon virtue, intelligence and true gentility, as wealth is upon honesty and probity.

The few men who visit Agotaras, and whose association and companionship can be accounted either a source of honor or profit, are men who come merely as protectors of some invalid member of their families, a consumptive son lingering out his few short days in the artificial sunshine of fashionable dissipation, or a frail, delicate, fragile daughter seeking the fountain of health and youth, a tender flower whose petals flush with a moment's hectic bloom in the ball room, then fade and droop and wither in the clear sunshine and the unpoisoned air. Some men of intelligence occasionally visit these fashionable watering places, merely through curiosity and for purposes of observation. But where you will find one man of any consequence morally and intellectually, you will find fifty parvennes and a countless host of snobs, male and female, the former predominating and mostly from the Northern States. But when you *do* meet with a Southern snob, he is codfish from the crown of his hat to the sole of his boot.

You can laugh at a yankee snob; you can enjoy his pretension, smile aloud at his conceit and find amusement in his ignorance—but a fully dried, well salted southern codfish with golden gills and shin-plaster fins, is a dish the sight of which will not whet your mirthful appetite. And particularly if at home he is a brawling politician, the champion of a petty clique, a big fish among the minnows. You cannot laugh at *him*. His conceit and pretensions are beneath the ridicrous. But snobs are poor subjects for a letter writer, tho' the bone and sinew of hotel-keepers and the main dependence of those who live upon the extravagance of fashionable folly Let us leave them.

I took a tour up in the Western part of our old state prior to my trip to these renowned springs—just in order to give a little consistency to the praises which I had been previously lavishing upon our own mountain scenery healthy summer resorts, unsurpassed mineral water, &c Fact is, between you and me, we *have* got all these and more too.

We have less pretension and more real merit; fewer airs and more *bona fide* worth; more intelligence and less conceit; more hearty rosy beauty and less padding and cosmetics; purer water; higher mountains; deeper cataracts, louder thunder, forkeder lightning, braver men, handsomer women and more honestly gotten money than the Yankees *dar* have

That's all so—no denying the fact—but let me whisper in your ear, *inter nos sub brickbat*, we men of position and wealth must keep up our reputations for the latter characteristic—and while we can afford to brag on our own health and pleasure resorts and resources, we must be careful to enjoy them as little as possible. Precept is much better than example in this instance. Now, I manage the thing beautifully. I start out with a great flourish of trumpets respecting *our* excellent watering places, *our* mountain scenery and *our* health-restoring waters, and sound a note or two of sarcasm about the Yankees, the frailties and follies of their women, the dishonesty of their business men &c., &c., start on a grand tour to some of *our* superior summer resorts, then slily slip off to Agotaras and enjoy myself. Cute trick that, isn't it Speaking of abusing the Yankees, do you know why they are so quiet under our fierce castigations? I'll tell you in the words of a shrewd Down-easter with whom I was conversing yesterday. Says he: "I never see one of your rantankerous, slashin, fire-eatin South'n chaps, rarein and pitchin and abusin the Yankees, who don't spend more money with and among the Yankees every year than a hull congregation of quiet, orderly South'n gentlemen, who stay at home among their own people, spend their money at home and help to foster and encourage their own home industry, talent and enterprize. Let them throw their squibs and shoot their popguns: so long as they come amongst us regularly every year to feather our nests We pocket their money, salt sawder them well, and when they leave us to go home we wish them health and prosperity, the latter most particularly because they'll bring us more southern gold next time. 'Do you take?" said he with a quizzical wink. *Exactly*, said I.

But, bless my soul—I have been moralizing and theorizing too much. Have'nt given you any thrilling descriptions, nor conversations with intelligent gentlemen from Ohio, Arkansas, Florida, and other localities, respecting the last and coming elections, &c. I have given you no dashes of sentiment nor sprinklings of wit—and my letter must certainly be a dull one. However there's a moral attached to it which I hope your readers will appreciate.

There has been the usual quantum of folly and dissipation here this season. Ball-room gossip and snob-circle scandal are never interesting to sensible and really genteel people and I will not inflict upon your readers any of the stale platitudes about this lady's gorgeous equipments or that young man's flashy extravagance, or the bankruptcy of this or that wealthy gent whom "I met here last year" &c. &c. They are matters of no interest to me, and certainly of no consequence to anybody else.

Agotaras Springs received their name from a singular circumstance. A man once undertook to walk here backwards from Saratoga, and actually accomplished the feat. But unfortunately advancing backwards too far, he fell into one of the deepest springs and was drowned. Providentially his boots, which were a new pair, and his pantaloons, containing in one of the pockets a three dollar bill and a fine tooth comb, were saved and forwarded to his disconsolate family. The springs for a long time afterwards were called 'Saratoga backwards,' until some orthographic genius proposed Agotaras as expressing the whole in one word.

An "intelligent acquaintance from" Vermont related the circumstance to me while we were standing *over the left* brink of the very spring into which the hapless pedestrian turned a back somerset.

I ought to have visited lake Egroeg, distant from the springs but twenty five or thirty miles and receiving its name from a precisely similar circumstance. Although visiting here for so many years, I have never gone to see that beautiful sheet of water—having been prevented by precisely similar circumstances as those which deterred me this season. But "an intelligent friend" from the backwoods of North Carolina has favored me with a sketch of the lake scenery, together with a page or two of his emotions on beholding it, and as I do not think I could this morning have written so fine a descriptive poem in prose myself, I will make an extract or two (I could have done it myself yesterday):

"Had you but progressed in our company to Lake Egroeg, oh short sighted mortal, henceforward but a single pang of remorse would have thrilled throughout the nervous system of your moral physique. The whole enjoyment was one of route and exhilaration. Lawn and rock, cataract and grove diversify the lake to the road. We cross the Fall Glens at Hudson's when the descent makes a bold river of 75 or 100 precipices over a rocky feet, perhaps within the rear of which occurred the most American incident of thrilling, fiction and we then defile along the pass leading therefrom to Fort old William Henry, as American also in famous history. On the arrival of our night we were displayed with the most brilliant favor of the Borora Aurealis I have ever witnessed. Waves of rainbows, beautiful as light constellations from an exhalation, flashed athwart the mountain from one lake top to another, and were multiplied with crystal magnificence in the mirror reflected below. These golden masses of floating undulations passed in numerous gossamer form east to west and from west to west through a degree of from 25 to perhaps 30 arcs, shooting sometimes as rapidly as a star.

These brilliant term nations finally evoluted in a converging zenith towards a gorgeous ray of pencils, from which they lost the starry drapery of heaven and vanished. *Sic transit gloria Egroeg* at night. We are now happy in the halting valley of Salleras formed by the green east on the mountains and the western range on the Equinox Our quarters is immediately in rear of the latter—house Equinox—the highest feet of which is about 7300 tides above peak water.

We had the frostiest trace of a faint this morning. The paradise is as keen as one of Dr Kane's pure icebergs and as fresh as a flirtation with one of the Peris (no relation of Miss Sally Perry)"

The above extracts must suffice. I missed a treat, if the description is true to nature. That it is graphic and highly poetical no close *observer* of nature's beauties will deny. But I must come to a close. Perhaps I shall drop you a line from old Manhattan, now New York—and in the meantime

I am yours positively
AQUIZ.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FISH! FISH!!

A SMALL LOT of No. 3 MACKEREL, of superior quality, just received and for sale by
Sept. 19 67-3 B. ROSE.

The Train is Coming!!!
FOR SALE.

One of the most beautiful and tastefully arranged lots in the town of Lumberton known as the "Pope lot." I would be pleased to show the lot to any one wishing to purchase during the week of our next Superior Court, for Robeson County.
N. A. McLEAN.
Glendale N. C.
Sept. 19. 68-2t

LAND FOR SALE.
Near the W. C. & Rutherford Rail Road
Also near Laurinburgh High School.

The Subscriber, will on the 15th of Oct. next (If not previously disposed of) expose to public sale, his Plantation containing 430 acres. Said Land is Situated in Richmond County near the Laurinburg High School, and distant ¾ of a mile from the W. C. & R. Railroad.
JAMES McLAURIN.
Sept. 19, 68-4t.
Argus and Observer copy till sale.

SALE OF LAND
AT AUCTION.

Will be sold, on the premises, at Public Auction, on Thursday 15th Oct, next the following pieces of land:
246 Acres upon which is good dwelling and outhouses, this property is known as the Armstrong place and is 12 miles from the Clarendon Bridge and one mile from the Plank Road.
318 Acres situated on Black River three miles distant from the first named tract. It is well timbered with ton timber and turpentine.
200 acres in Harnett county on Black River, which is well adapted to farming purposes.
The above property will be sold on liberal terms, which will be made known on day of sale
Sept. 19. 68-4t JOHN K. TAYLOR

A PROCLAMATION.
By His Excellency THOMAS BRAGG, *Governor of the State of North Carolina.*

WHEREAS, PURSUANT TO THE PROVISIONS OF an act of the last General Assembly entitled "A Supplementary Act to take the sense of the people of the State, relative to the proposed Amendment of the Constitution," an election was held in the several Counties in the State, on the first Thursday in August last, at which it was submitted to the voters qualified to vote for members of the House of Commons, whether the second clause of the third section of the first article of the amended Constitution, ratified by the people of North Carolina on the second Monday of November, in the Year of Our Lord, Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-Five, should be amended so as to read as follows:

"Every free white man of the age of twenty one years, being a native or naturalized citizen of the United States, and who has been an inhabitant of the State for twelve months immediately preceeding the day of any election, and shall have paid public taxes shall be entitled to vote for a member of the Senate for the district in which he resides."

Those for a ratification of the said proposed Amendment to vote with a written or printed ticket "APPROVED;" and those against the ratification thereof to vote with a similar ticket "NOT APPROVED."

And, whereas, the result of the voting upon the said proposed Amendment, in the several counties of the State, has been duly certified and returned to me by the Sheriffs, thereof; and I have carefully compared the said returns, in conformity with the provisions of the Act aforesaid, in the presence of the Secretary of State, Treasurer and Comptroller of the State, from which comparison it appears that there were cast at the said election fifty thousand and ninety five votes "Approved," and nineteen thousand five hundred and eighty-two votes "NOT APPROVED."

NOW, THEREFORE, I do issue this my Proclamation, and do hereby make known to all the good people of the State of North Carolina: that the said proposed Amendment has been approved and ratified and is now a part of the Constitution of this State.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and cause the Great Seal of the State of N. C. to be affixed. Done at the City of Raleigh, on the tenth day of September, A. D. 1857, and in the 82d year of American Independence.
By the Governor: THOMAS BRAGG.
PULASKI COWPER, JR., Secretary.
Sept. 19 67-4t

CHEAP CASH STORE!

S. M. THOMAS & BRO.

Are now receiving their recent purchase of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
Consisting of their usual assortment. They invite special attention to the large stock of Satinets, Tweeds, Jeans, Bleached and Brn. Shirtings, Delaines, Cloaks, Shawls, Coliceos, Ready made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Kerseys, Blankets, &c. &c.

As they will confine their sales strictly for CASH OR ITS EQUIVALENT, they have no hesitation in saying that they can sell average bills at least 15 per cent. cheaper than any house doing a credit business,—sustaining losses, expense of collecting, &c. All they ask is an examination of their Stock and prices.
S. M. THOMAS & BRO.,
South-west Cor. Market Square.
Sept. 19. 67-4t

ALEX. JOHNSON & CROW,
DEALERS IN
SILK AND STAPLE DRY GOODS.

ARE now in receipt in full (or nearly so) of their Fall and Winter Stock for 1857.

Their present Stock is larger than usual: and amongst it will be found every variety and style of goods called for in their trade.

Buyers will please give their stock a glance over,—if they fail to sell nevertheless take pleasure in showing it.
ALEX. JOHNSON, JR. PETER CROW.
sept. 19. 68-6t

E. GLOVER

HAS received his Fall Stock of Goods, Consisting of
WATCHES, JEWELRY
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,
AND MILITARY GOODS.

P. S. His personal attention will be paid to all Watches and Jewelry entrusted to him for repairs.
sept. 19 68-3m

Steele's Patent Straw-Knife.
A FRESH SUPPLY just received and for sale by
Sept 19 67-3t B. ROSE.

NOTICE.

AT SEPTEMBER Term, 1857, of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, the last will and testament of James C. Dobbin, dec'd, was admitted to Probate, and letters testamentary were granted to the subscriber. All persons indebted to the testator are requested to make early payment. Those having claims against his Estate must present them in due time, or this notice will be pleaded in a bar of a recovery.
ANNESS C. HUSKE, Executrix.
sept. 19. 68-6t

FAYETTEVILLE MARKET.
Corrected weekly for the North Carolinian.
September 19, 1857.

Bacon	18	Lard	18
Coffee	11½ a 14	Molasses	60
Cotton	11 a 15	Salt	1 25
FLOUR		SPIRITS.	
Family	7 50	Peach Brandy	1 25
Sup. Fine	7 00	Apple "	100
Fine	6 50	Whiskey	70
Cross	6 00	Do. northern	45
GRAIN.		TURPENTINE	
Corn	1 25	Raw	2 45 3 50
Oats	50	Spirits	40
Peas	1 25	Sweeds iron	6½
Flax Seed	1 25	Hides	8 10

REMARKS.—Cotton declined 15¼. Turpentine, Virgin, 3 50. Yellow Dip, 2 45. Scrape, 1 90. Spirits, 40.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Sept 17, 1857.

Virgin turpentine $4, yellow dip, 2 90 Spirits 42. Common Rosin 1 35 to 1 40. Two rafts timber sold at $5 to 9 25, as in quality. Tar 156 to 175.

CAN EPILIPSY BE CURED

We think the following letter from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiased mind;

GRENADA, Miss', June 5, 1855

Dr. Seth S. Hance, Baltimore Md.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother J. J. Ligon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to the time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now; I am happy to say he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original sprightliness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours respectfully, &c.
W. P. LIGON.

No person who is suffering from Fits, or Spasms, should neglect sending to Dr Hance, after this for a supply of his inestimable medicine. His prices are as follows: one box $3; two 5, twelve $24—sent by mail free on the receipt of a remittance. Address Seth S. Hance, 108 Baltimore, Md

HELMBOLD'S COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT as a remedy for Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsy, Weakness, &c., has no equal. Read the advertisement in another column headed "Helmbold's Genuine Preparation.

READ THIS!
A HOLLANDER'S TESTIMONY.

Jacob Kinkes, living in the Holland settlement of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, says: "After suffering for some time the misery attending an utter prostration of mind and body, I have been restored, by using Boerhave's Holland Bitters, to perfect health."

The fact of this remedy being in such high repute among the Hollanders in Wisconsin, Michigan, New York, in fact in every Holland settlement in the United States argues much in its favor.

Try it—for Chronic or Nervous Debility, or any Nervous, Rheumatic, or Neuralgic affection