THE NORTH CAROLINIAN.

TERMS, $2 00 PER ANNUM, "THE NOBLEST MOTIVE THE PUBLIC GOOD" PAYABLE IN ADVANC.

VOLUME XXI.----NO. 4. FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860. WHOLE NUMBER 1208

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copy, in advance, per annum $2,00
" " at the end of the year 3,00
Single copies, five cents.
No subscription will be received for less than six months.

Rates of Advertising.

Sixty cents per square of 16 lines, or less, for the first, and 30 cents for each subsequent insertion, for any period under three months.
For three months, ... $4 00
For six months, ... 6 00
For twelve months, ... 10 00
Other advertisements by the year on favorable terms. Advertisers are particularly requested to state the number of insertions desired, otherwise they will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.
☞ JOB WORK of all kinds executed neatly and promptly.

P. J. SINCLAIR, Editor and Proprietor.

LEGAL NOTICES.

DUNCAN J. DEVANE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
CLINTON, N. C.
WILL practice in the County and Superior Court of Bladen, Cumberland, and Sampson, and of the adjoining Counties. Office near the Clinton Hotel.
Feb'y 10, 1860. tf

A. D. McLEAN,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
SUMMERVILLE, N. C.
WILL attend the Courts of Cumberland Moore, Johnson and Harnett County PROMPT attention given the collection of all claims entrusted to his care.
Dec 23 tf-*

CLEMENT G. WRIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Fayetteville, N. C.
WILL practice in the counties of Bladen, Sampson and Cumberland. Prompt attention given to all business committed to his charge.
April 2, 1858. tf

W. S. NORMENT.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
LUMBERTON, N. C.
WILL ATTEND the County and Superior Courts of Robeson, Cumberland, Bladen and Columbus. All business intrusted to his care, will receive prompt attention. Office in the Court House.
July 1, 1859. 1y-w

A. M. Campbell,
AUCTIONEER & COMMISSION MERCHANT,
East Side of Gillespie Street,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
Nov. 13, 1858

H. GRAHAM,
Commission Merchant.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
WILL give prompt and personal attention to all Consignments of Spirits Turpentine, Rosin, Tar, Turpentine, and all country produce for sale.
☞ OFFICE up stairs over the Store of Mr Vonglahn and joining Latterloh's wharf. North Water Street.
June 18, 1859. tf

FAYETTEVILLE HOTEL,
T. WADDILL, PROPRIETOR.
THIS, the most commodious Hotel in North Carolina, fronting 300 feet on Hay and Donaldson streets, is located in the centre of the business portion of the town, and surrounded by all the banking houses, wholesale merchants and principal produce dealers.
☞ Business men will find the Hotel a convenient and comfortable house.
All the Stages arrive and depart from this Hotel.
Fayetteville, April 2, 1859. 1y'r

Stoves, Sheet-Iron
TIN-WARE, &c.
ON hand, a large assortment of Box and cooking Stoves; Tin-ware; Sheet-Iron; Lead Pipe. Also the "Old Dominion Coffee Pot." For sale by
Nov. 27. tf JAMES MARTINE.

NOTICE.
HAVING RECENTLY PURCHASED THE Entire stock Of GOODS,
of Council & McKethan, I am now carrying on the mercantile business at Council's Bluff
R. H. LYON.
Aug 19, 1859. w-tf

BEDSTEADS AND CHAIRS
For Sale at reduced prices, at the Auction Store of A. M. CAMPBELL.
Aug 21, 1858. tf

Paints, Oils, &c.
SPERM, Refined, Lard, Linseed and Tanner's OIL WHITE LEAD: Burning Fluid; Putty; Window Glass and Sash of all sizes.
—ALSO—
A fresh supply of Pond's Pain Destroyer.
For sale by JAS. MARTINE.
Nov. 27. tf

A CARD.

A Word To My Old Friends.
THOSE persons for whom I have been attending to Banking businness for years:—I am still willing to serve you with the same promptness that I have always done; and to others that may want discounts, Pension business, &c., &c. I offer my services, with a promise of strict attention JAS. G. COOK.
June 27, 1559. tf

GOLDSTON & FULLER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Groceries Hardware &c., also
PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE of Cotton, and other Produce.
Orders or Consignment, in the above line will receive stet attention from reliable parties.
G. W. I. GOLDSTON. A. W. FULLER.
Dec51.

JAS. N. SMITH.
Chemist and Druggist,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
American, French and English Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals; Garden and Field Seeds; Perfumery, Dye-Stuffs, Liquors; Oils, Paints and Varnishes; Window Glass; Glass-ware; Fine Soaps; Fine Hair and Tooth Brushes; Paint Brushes; Surgical and Dental Instruments, and Fancy Articles. With all the Patent or Proprietary Medicines of the day.
Fayetteville, N. C,
Dec 6., d & w-tf

NORTH CAROLINIAN.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

EDWARD GRAHAM HAYWOOD.

We have seldom listened to a better, more logical and highly argumentative address than that delivered by this gentleman on the evening of the 22d inst., in the Fayetteville Hall. He gave the whole history of the compromise of our present Constitution, which is now attempted to be destroyed by the opposition—showing conclusively, that its destruction would bring upon both East and West, consequences of the most humiliating nature; not only would it injure both as far as the pecuniary weight and power in legislature is concerned, but it would also stir up the bitterest hatred between both sections of our State, which an age would not alleviate and could never be entirely removed. He proved conclusively, that slave property [illegible] and credit of the State [illegible] from it the Constitutional protection which it required, would be to seriously impare our State's growth and prosperity; besides to impoverish landholders, by throwing land into the market as almost worthless, and thereby reducing the value of real estate.

We are confident that some few *ad valorem* men, who belong to the Opposition, were satisfied that Mr Haywood knocked *ad valorem* "into a cocked hat." We heard of a few, who said, that they were in a doubtful position before, but the address of Mr. Haywood satisfied and confirmed them in complete antagonism to the whole thing.

We look forward with interest to next summer, when Mr. Haywood will again be heard by our citizens, and are confident he can not come too soon or too often.

COLD WEATHER.—The reason of the cold weather for the past few days is owing to the fact that Reuben Jones has filled the ice house with the best quality of Northern ice. We expect to keep "cold as a corpse" this summer, by the influence of Reuben's ice.

THE CHURCH INTELLIGENCER.

We take great pleasure in placing upon our list of exchanges the above valuable religious journal published by Rev. T. S. Mott, Proprietor and F. Fitzgerald, Editor. It is got up in the latest and most approved style of the art, and its columns display ability and strength. We trust it may meet with the success and encouragement which characterizes that portion of our citizens whose organ it is, for their liberality and religious benevolence.

☞ At the District Convention, held in the second Congressional District, on the 22d inst., R. R Bridgers, and Col. L W Humphry, were elected as delegates to the Charleston Convention, and W. B. Rodman as Elector for the district.

The Warrenton *News* learns that at the District Convention held at Murfreesborough on the 15th, Col. N. M. Long, of Halifax, and Wm A Moore, Esq., of Chowan, were appointed delegates to Charleston, and J W Moore, Esq., of Hertford, Elector for the District.

GONE.—Foy, of the Wilson *Ledger* is gone, after some days of *battling* for life in the ranks of the glorious bachelors, he has at last yielded up the — no, he has merely entered upon a new field of varied and useful existance, where he himself has within his power to make it beneficial and highly useful—should he follow the direction of his own good sense and judgment. We welcome Mr Foy into the list of married folks.

PENNSYLVANIA.

What is the old Keystone coming to? It seems that they find oil all ready for use, Coal, Iron, marble and Lead. This not satisfiing their ambition, they have dug down in the earth until they have found a bed of gold or that which seems like it.

The oil fever in Beaver county is still on the increase, and people are going wild about the new speculation. A gentleman from Harmony, informs the New Brighton *Times* that on Yellow Creek, near Harmony, every spot where oil was supposed to exist has been bought up; he says one company on Slippery Rock are making about two barrels per day, and that in boring they went through a ten inch vein of lead, and something also which some supposed to be gold; some of which has been sent to Philadelphia for examination.

We shall soon have a system of equal and just taxation on *all kinds of property*, and the towns of Wilmington, Newbern, and Morehead City, offer fine fields for the profitable employment of mercantile capital.—*Raleigh Register.*

Doctors will differ, friend Syme. You say that the mercantile community is not to be taxed for its business while *our* opposition organ says it is. The discrepency is doubtless occasioned by the differences of meaning in your *latin* platform.

This would be the way in which you would work were the people fools enough to vote for your latin and forget your anglo saxon deeds. After you had carried your end—which, God forbid you should, for the honor of the Old North State—you would tell them that they misunderstood your latin phrase and that it meant something entirely different.

The Favorite Weekly.

The forty-third number of the *Southern Field and Fireside*, issued yesterday, deserves especial notice, for the several intersting and well written articles it contains. The first page opens with a "Mountain Bugle Song for Battle," by Wm. Gilmore Simms; followed by a well-aimed "Arrow" from a Tourists Quiver, dated from Chattanooga.

On the second page, we are pleased to find contributions from three of our favorite lady-writers, Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, Miss Anna S. Blount, and "Louise Manhiem" (*quæ est?*)—contributions, too, that would reflect the highest credit upon any journal in our country. We refer to "Mabe, the Crazy Girl," "The Dead Day," and the cirticism upon "Beulah." We also notice the first of a series of articles entitled "The Whittington Club; or, Dialogues upon Literature, with special reference to current publications," in which it will be the writer's purpose to enliven his comments upon books, by presenting the natural, unstudied action of different minds, exercised upon similar topics.

☞ We take pleasure in calling attention to the Piano Advertisement of T. H. Chambers, in another column. Mr. Chambers' Piano Fortes are justly celebrated throughout the country where ever known, for their richness, purity and breadth; combining great power, strength and equality of *tone*.

Mr. Chambers, himself, an ARTIST and practical manufacturer with 30 years' experience, has done perhaps more to bring the PIANO FORTE to perfection than any man in business. We advise our readers in want of a good PIANO, to secure one of Chambers' manufacture. Send for a circular.

March 24-1.—

PARAGRAPHS ON STRIKES.—The striking contagion is spreading. The shoe-makers in Lafayette, Ind., have struck for higher wages, and the Haverhill, Mass., boarding house keepers have struck for pay in advance.

The strike among the shoemakers is extending throughout Massachusetts and New Hampshire. In Lynn, the ladies are making active preparations for a grand holiday display. At an informal meeting of a large portion of the shoe manufacturers of Haverhill, held on Wednesday, the determination not to sign any of the striker's bill of wages seemed to be general.

We had a number of sympathy meetings here in New York, for John Brown, not long since, and we do not know how much money was raised for his family. Now, why can not we have a sympathy meeting for the "poor white shoemaker," striking against the slavery of starvation wages—not in Virginia, nor South Carolina, but down in Massachusetts?

(*Mem.* for the shoemakers.—Paint your faces black, or be able to show that you have murdered somebody for freedom, and we shall have a meeting for you, right straight off, with a plenty of material aid from Plymouth Church and Union Square. White men needn't apply.—*Express.*

The hotel keepers in Charleston have struck for higher prices for board; butchers have struck higher prices for beef, and thousands of visitors to Charleston have struck against going to the convention.

An Honest Democat.

"When General Jackson was President of the United States," said an aged laborer in the Presidential garden a few years since, "he could tell an honest man from a rogue when he first saw him.

I remember that a clergyman with a stiff, white choker and an untarnished suit of black, called upon him one morning when he was overlooking some work that I was performing in the garden, and requested an appointment to some office, saying, General I worked harder for your election than many of those upon whom you have already bestowed office' 'You are a minister of the Gospel?' said old Hickory inquiringly. 'Yes,' said the clergyman,' I was a minister but I thought I could do better by becoming a politician. So I stumped the district week days for you and preached for the Lord Sundays. Old Hickory turning short toward him, and looking him in the face, said, "By the Eternal, if you would cheat the Lord you would cheat the country. I will have nothing to do with you nor with any like you. Good morning,' and he walked rapidly away. I never shall forget the looks of that hypocritical clergyman. Had the last judgment been set, and he before the great white throne, I doubt if he would have looked more black and chop-fallen."

PREMATURE FUNERAL—THE COFFIN IS SMASHED AND THE CORPSE COMES TO LIFE.—A singular affair occurred yesterday at the negro settlement known as Hog-Neck, near the Rocky River Plank Road, some six miles from this city. An old negro named Jacob Sanders and who was familiarly known as Old Jakey, died (apparently) late on Sunday night, and yesterday afternoon his body was put in a rough pine coffin, which was placed in a wagon, and the procession—an unusually large one—moved towards the grave. While on the way the horse attached to the wagon containing the coffin took fright and broke into a mad run, upsetting the wagon and throwing the coffin out. It rolled down a small hill, being badled smashed on its way. The mourners rushed to the spot and were vastly amazed to see Old Jakey rising from among the ruins of his coffin and starting stupedly around. His inky black face, snow white wool and white shroud formed a startling picture, turning the amazement of the colored mourners into fright, and they all took wildly to their heels. Those who have seen Mr. T. D. Rice, as the Virginia Mummy, can form a faint idea of the serio-comic tableau.

As soon as Old Jakey recovered his scattered senses, he lay down upon the ground and yelled lustily for the mourners to come back. They came at length, cautiously—one by one—and the old fellow was carried home. He was very well this morning and don't intend to die for some time yet He had been ailing for several days and on Sunday night he apparently stopped breathing, his limbs became stiff and his body cold. His under jaw fell and his eyes sank far into his head. He lay so all night and through the day; up to the time, in fact, when the wagon upset, and his friends had good reason to suppose him a dead man. The shock of the upset evidently resuscitated him, and had it not occurred, poor Old Jakey would now doubtless be under the sod. He is nearly seventy years old and was formerly a slave in Tennessee.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—Some time ago a statement appeared in all the journals that ten persons had been bitten by a mad dog at Authon (Eure et-Loire.) The Journal of Chartres now announces the death of the fourth victim, a little girl who had appeared quite well till three or four days back, when the dreadful malady appeared, and carried her off in a few hours. The six other persons bitten, seem to be out of all danger. The same paper then proceeds to say: "Forty years ago three persons of that village were bitten by a mad dog. Two of them applied to a man who was said to possess an infallible cure for hydrophobia, handed down from father to son for several generations. They both got well, while the third, who applied to a regular practitioner, died a few days after. This fact was universally known in the country round, and when the last sad affair occurred, six of the persons bitten applied to the son of the empiric, who now possesses his father's secret, the other four being treated by professional men. The result is that the six survivors are those who had recourse to the secret remedy, while the four who died were treated by the faculty. We cannot explain these facts, but we can guarantee their authenticity."

A Kentucky Hugging Match.

[illegible] named J. L. Cruch, of Harlem county, Ky., [illegible] traveling over Cumberland Mountain, got [illegible] fight with a bear. Bruin was too much for Mr. Cruch's dogs, when Mr. Cruch, who had fought [illegible] Indians and conquered them, concluded he would try the bear, rather than lose one of his life guards. He drew his large carving knife and commenced battle with the bear, which was as large as an ox. He struck him several blows, but the bear was so large and so fat that he did not much mind them, and in the struggle got his arms around Mr. C. and gave him a hug also, which was almost [illegible] His dogs by this time had rested a little [illegible] that the life of their master rested on their [illegible] they sprang upon the bear, and all [illegible] it some twelve or fifteen feet [illegible] together, the fall proving [illegible] with the dog still hung to their hold. The scene was now all exciting one, each party struggling for life. They continued on down a small drain until they found a small hickory pole. Here they let loose their holds, the bear rolled on down the drain about thirty yards, and was unable to get any further. Mr. Cruch was unable to get his gun, for he could not walk a step. He crawled some ten feet from the drain and was compelled to stay there, his dog with him, until about 10 o'clock at night, when some boys accidentally came along coon hunting and found him. As soon as they made a fire and warmed Mr. Cruch, he related the whole circumstances to them. The boys then went on down the branch and shot the bear and killed it. Mr. Cruch fought in a close combat eight hours. The bear weighed four hundred pounds.

MORMON POLYGAMY—THE REV. MR. NELSON'S BILL FOR ITS SUPPRESSION.

Washington, March 14.—Polygamy in Utah is at last presented in the nice solution of a party question before Congress. The bill of Mr Nelson, of Tennessee, (Southern opposition man,) reported from the Judiciary Committee to-day, for the suppression of the Mormon nuisance of licentiousness, brings up the question of the jurisdiction of Congress over the Territories in a very interesting shape; and from the objection of Mr Houston, of Alabama, to the immediate passage of this bill, we perceive that he, as a Southern man, discovered at once that it was a Trojan-horse against the institution of slavery in the Territories. If Congress can abolish polygamy in Utah, can it not abolish slavery in New Mexico? If we grant the power over the one subject we must concede it over the other. We may, therefore, expect the unbroken vote of the Southern Democracy against this bill for the suppression of polygamy when it again comes up, but doubtless the bill will be passed over their objections by a large majority.

It will go to the Senate, and there it will most probably be stifled. This is what the Republicans expect, but their main purpose will, nevertheless, be gained, which is the presentation of the Democratic party to the country, from the evidence of the journals of both houses, as a party prepared to tolerate and defend all the horrible Mormon crimes connected with their beastly abomination of polygamy, rather than consent to any step against them which would concede the power on the part of Congress to prohibit slavery in the Territories. This bill, taken upon the stump, will be calculated to exert a prodigious influence among the religious elements of the country, as may be partly conjectured from the fact that Mr. Nelson, who reported this bill, is a Methodist preacher.

Thus, the Republican programme of hostility "to those twin relics of barbarism—polygamy and slavery"—will assume, in 1860, a much more definite shape upon both questions than it assumed in 1855, and that polygamy especially is to be made a mutual concomitant of slavery in the Territories.

MURDERED.—Many of our readers in Wilson and Edgecombe counties will be pained to learn that Dr. W. J. Shallington, recently of Wilson, was murdered a few nights ago, on a boat running on White river, Arkansas. Dr. Shallington was in Wilson a few weeks since on a visit, having left his family at their new home in Independence Co., Ark., and it is supposed that he was returning home when he was murdered. The circumstances are these:

The Doctor very imprudently remarked, in the hearing of the murderers, that he had, in his pocket, $3,200. At night two men entered his berth, murdered him and took his money, throwing the body overboard. Soon after this the boat stopped at a landing and the two men got off, but the boat had not gone far before the murder was found out, and the boat was put back to the landing, where one of the assassins was arrested, having in his possession some articles belonging to Dr. S. that were identified. The other had escaped.—*Raleigh Press.*

SUDDEN DEATH.—On Saturday night, during the passage of the steamer Louisiana, Captain Russell, from Norfolk to Baltimore, one of the passengers, Mr. Grimes, a wealthy merchant of Little Washington, Pitt county, N. C., was attacked with apoplexy which soon proved fatal. A son of the deceased is Secretary to the Governor of the State.—*Norfolk Herald.*

PATRIOTIC SENTINENT.

The Baltimore *Republican* publishes the following extract of a letter from the Hon. James M. Buchanan, United States minister to Denmark, to a gentleman of that city:

"Now is the time for a young man to distinguish himself in our beloved Republic. Let him fix his gaze steadily on, the 'Banner of the Union,' and fight on fight ever, in its glorious defence. For myself, I may now be considered as descending into the vale of years; but, here, I declare to you that whatever may be left to me of vigor or of intellect, I am prepared at a moment's call to embark the whole in the great struggle which is now at hand and upon the issue of which depends the fate of our institutions and our homes. The *Constitution must be preserved in its entirety*, and he who attempts to violate its sacred precepts, or any one of them, is an enemy to his country, and (as he has *sworn* to observe it) a reviler of his God. If my country requires my services in this crisis, I am ready to surrender power and place at a word, and enlist for the whole war."

CHARLESTON CONVENTION.—The high price which it is said the Hotel keepers intend charging delegates to the Convention creates some stir, and there is some talk of changing the place. Some however thinks the Executive Committee have no power to do so, as the place was designated by the Cincinnati Convention. Who would doubt their power to do so, if Charleston was ravaged by yellow fever or small pox? And there are not much worse that to be charged $5 a day for what little they will can and and sleep while there; especially when it comes out of their own pockets. Honors are dear, when you have to go to Charleston of them,—*Washington Dispatch.*

STORY'S STATUE OF CLEOPATRA.

One of the most attractive features of Hawthorne's new novels, "The Marble Faun," just published by Ticknor & Fields, consists in the frequent description of the architectural and artistic glories of Rome. Here the delicacy and force of the author's style is displayed to the greatest advantage. The following will serve as a good instance, being a graphic sketch of a new statue of Cleopatra by a Boston artist, who has already won the first fruits of a world-wide reputation, Wm. W Story.

"He drew away the cloth that had served to keep the moisture of the clay model from being exhaled. The sitting figure of a woman was seen. She was draped from head to foot in a costume minutely and scrupulously studied from that of ancient Egypt, as revealed by the strange sculpture of that country, its coins, drawings, painted mummy-cases, and whatever graves, and catacombs. Even the stiff Egyptian head-dress was adhered to, but had been softened into a rich feminine adornment, without losing a particle of its truth. Difficulties that might well have seemed insurmountable had been courageously encountered and made flexible to the purposes of grace and dignity; so that Cleopatra sat attired in a garb proper to her historic and queenly state, as a daughter of the Ptolomies, and yet such as the beautiful woman would have put on as best adapted to heighten the magnificence of her charms and kindle a tropic fire in the cold eyes of Octavius.

A marvellous repose—that rare merit in statuary, except it be the lumpish repose native to the block of stone—was diffused throughout the figure. The spectator felt that Cleopatra had sunk down out of the fever and turmoil of her life, and for one instant—as it were, between two pulse-throbs—had relinquished all activity, and was resting throughout every vein and muscle. It was the repose of despair, indeed; for Octavius had seen her, and remained insensible to her enchantments. But still there was a great smouldering furnace deep down in the woman's heart. The repose, no doubt, was as complete as if she were never to stir hand or foot again; and yet, such was the creature's latent energy and fierceness, she might spring upon you like a tigress, and stop the very breath that you were now drawing midway in your heart.

The face was a miraculous success. The sculptor had not shunned to give the full, Nubian lips, and other characteristics of the Egyptian physiognomy. His courage and integrity had been abudantly rewarded; for Cleopatra's beauty shone out richer, warmer, more triumphantly beyond comparison than if, shrinking timidly from the truth, he had chosen the tame Grecian type. The expression was of profound, gloomy, heavily-revolving thought; a glance into her past life and present emergencies, while her spirit gathered itself up for some new struggle, or was getting sternly reconciled to impending doom. In one view there was a certain softness and tenderness—how breathed into the statue, among so many strong and passionate elements, it is impossible to say. Catching another glimpse, you beheld her as implacable as a stone and cruel as fire.

In a word all Cleopatra—fierce, voluptuous, passionate, tender, wicked, terrible, and full of poisonous and rapturous enchantment—was kneaded into what, only a week or two before, had been a lump of wet clay from the Tiber. Soon, apotheosized in an indestructible material, she would be one of the images that men keep forever, finding a heat in them which does not cool down throughout the centuries.

"What a woman in this!" exclaimed Miriam, after a long pause. "Tell me, did she ever try, even while you were creating her, to overcome you with her fury or her love? Were you not afraid to touch her, as she grew more and more towards hot life beneath your hand? My dear friend, it is a great work! How have you learned to do it?

"It is the concretion of a good deal of thought, emotion, and toil of brain and hand," said Kenyon, not without a perception that his work was good, "but I know not how it came about at last. I kindled a great fire within my mind, and threw in the material—as Aaron threw in the gold of the Isarelities into the furnace—and in the midmost heat up rose Cleopatra, as you see her."

AN EXPENSIVE BUTCHER'S BILL.

A letter to the New York *Courier*, from San Francisco, says: "Gen. Kibbe, on behalf of himself and his volunteers, has come before the Legislature with a bill of $70,000 for his heroic exploits in killing Indians. The Legislature proposes to pay it by issuing bonds for the amount, which bonds are to be presented as claims against the U. S. Treasury.

"Though not one white man has been killed in the whole of the pretended battles with the Indians, it is boasted by parties that 2,000 Indians, have been killed within ten months. It but adds to the horror of the narrative to refer to the fact that the defenceless creatures are hunted like wolves in their native woods, and are butchered like sheep in a fold when they seek the mercy of their captors.

"As soon as these accounts are audited here, they will be sent to Congress for payment. Before voting upon these claims," says the *Courier's* correspondent, "I hope members will read the reports of Gen. Clarke, Lieut. Dillon, Capt. Flint, and Major Johnson. If wholesale murder is to be paid for, if a bounty is to be set upon ferocity, treachery, and brutality, which degrade white men below the level of the fiercest savages, let the money be voted; but otherwise, not a dollar should be bestowed."

SUPPOSED TO BE KILLED.—As the mail train was coming up from Weldon yesterday evening, a man is supposed to have been killed in the following manner: The train was approaching Tar River bridge, when the engineer saw a man on the opposite end, but, of course, thought he would get off before the train reached him. Instead of getting off, however, the man stepped to one side and backed himself up against the railing, or wall of the bridge, supposing that the train would miss him; but, unfortunately for him, his head was struck by the mail coach, and it is supposed that he was instantly killed. The train being behind time, it did not stop for the matter to be investigated.—*Ral. Press.*

What a Dear little Sister.

How sad and touching, yet how beautiful, is the loving, heroic exculpation of this little sister:

"On Friday afternoon a fatal accident happened to a little girl, daughter of Mrs. Cole, residing seven miles south of this city, on the Horn Lake road. The little girl, whose age was seven years, was playing in the house with her twin brother, when he in the wantonness of sport, seised a gun and fired at her, seveteen buckshot taking effect in her throat. She immediately ran toward the door, where meeting her mother she exclaimed: "Brother didn't go to do it," and died almost instantaneously. *Memphis Bulletin.*

From the Wilmington Journal.

On Wednesday afternoon we left Wilmington to attend the District Convention at Fayetteville. This morning we are again at our post, consequently our trip was a hurried one.

The stage from Warsaw to Fayetteville is as comfortable as the state of the case can admit of. Indeed everything connected with the line appears to be in the best order. Still the night ride is a most fatiguing one.

Fayetteville itself appears to be but slightly changed since our last visit, but what change there appears to be is evidently for the better, as though things had taken an upward direction. The whistle of the locomotive and the rush of the railroad train are both added to the accustomed sounds of the place. The Western Road seems to be most solidly constructed, and we learn that already it brings down a considerable amount of freight. We heard a good deal said in favor of immediately initiating a movement to extend the road to some point on the N. C. rail road. We need not say that [illegible] may be successful. The same connection that would most benefit Fayetteville would also most benefit Wilmington; and strange as it may seem to some who appear to act upon some queer idea of antagonism between the two places, we really think that in *all* cases the mutuality of interest is so great as to approach identity.

The managers of the Western Railroad very politely extended an invitation to the Democratic District Convention to pass over their road yesterday, for the purpose of seeing the work. We regret that the imperative necessity of being at home at a certain time compelled us reluctantly to forego the pleasure and information which we would have derived from a participation in the excursion. With this avenue to the great mining region of the State, Fayetteville presents claims as a suitable point for an arsenal of construction, second to no other point in the country. We trust that these claims will not be much longer ignored. Proper machinery and fixtures have already been put up, but the deranged state of the national finances prevented the appropriation of the necessary funds required for actual operations.

Next door to the Fayetteville Hotel we noticed preparations made for extensive building operations, the materials being on the grounds and workmen busily engaged. We understand that the new buildings will be appropriated to banking and business purposes.

By the way, we are envious of Fayetteville on account of her fine hotel building. Without wishing to deprive our neighbors of what is justly theirs, we do wish sincerely that we here in Wilmington had a similar building. We will also say in justice to Mr. Waddill that so far as we could judge, the house is kept in a manner that leaves nothing further to be desired. Indeed, we heard all the hotels in Fayetteville highly spoken of. We speak of the Fayetteville from our own knowledge.

We publish elsewhere the report of the proceedings of the Convention. We think that the proper course has been pursued by the Democratic State Convention and the different distrinct Conventions in North Carolina in leaving their delegates untrammelled and free to act according to their conscientious convictions, for the greatest good to the country and the party. The resolution in regard to Hon. Warren Winslow is a proper acknowledgment of a flattering preference expressed for a distinguished citizen of our ouw State and district. So far as we know anything about the delegates chosen from this State, they will go to Charleston unpledged—not as this man's man, or that man's man, but as *Democrats*; such at least is our understanding of the wishes of the party in the State, and the duties of those entrusted with the representation of its views at Charleston. Conventions are called to promote harmony—to agree upon fair and practicable grounds of union and concert of action, not to quarrel over mere words.

The speeches of Mr. Steele, Mr. Devane and Mr. Hall, deserve a more extended notice than our limits will now permit us to give them. Mr. Steele's was strong, practical good sense, clothed in excellent anguage; of Mr. Hall as a speaker, we need hardly say anything to our people here—his address was easy, fluent, abounding in strong points and cogent reasoning, and at times rising into genuine eloquence. It was greeted with enthusiatic applause. Mr. Devane acquitted himself, as he always does, with more than credit to himself. He is destined to make his mark.

The Speech of Mr. Haywood at night, was an elaborate, able and conclusive argument on the subject of *ad valorem*. Mr. Haywood examined the subject in all its bearings, historical, sectional. Examined it with reference to its justice or injustice—to its consequences—to its equality or inequality, and in all respects answered the arguments advanced by the advocates of a change in our Constitution. Mr. Haywood enchained a large and attentive audience for hours, listening to his lucid exposition.

The Democrats rallied in strength on Thursday and the occasion will not soon be forgotten, nor do we fear for the result, if the same spirit is kept alive until the day of the election. A proper effort and a most glorious success is ours.

We came down from Fayetteville on board that fine boat the Flora McDonald, and found ourselves as comfortable as we could be. Captain Hurt is absent superintending the construction of another boat for the same parties who own the Flora, but he has an excellent representative in Mr. Driver who now runs the boat. The river has been very high indeed.

DEATH OF GOV. BISSELL OF ILLINOIS.—Gov. Wm. H. Bissell, of Illinois, was born near Cooperstown, in New York, April 25, 1811. He studied medicine at the Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia, whence he graduated in 1835. After practising medicine for several years he was elected to the State Legislature from Monroe County, in 1840. He studied law, was admitted to practice, and removed to Belleville, St. Clair County. There the Mexican war found him. In 1846, he was elected Colonel of the Second Regiment of Volunteers, and gave up the position of State Attorney for the Second Judicial District to go to Mexico. He distinguished himself in the campaign of Buena Vista, and, returning, was chosen to represent the Eighth District of Illinois in Congress. He was twice a member of the House of Representatives, but declined to serve a third term on account of ill health. In 1856, the Republican State Convention unanimously nominated him for Govenor, and he was elected by a large majority.

☞ The Fayetteville Carolinian states that a steamboat passed up to Deep River without difficulty a day or two since and was expected to brting back a load of coal. We are glad to hear such news and trust that the opening of navigation may not be temporary but permanent. There is more good for North Carolina wrapped up in the counties of Chatham, Randolph and Moore if enterprise will only develope it, than in all the Southern Conventions and anti-intercourse resolutions that ever were held or passed.

A NEW FINGER GROWING FROM THE STUMP OF ONE AMPUTATED.—The Lockhaven (Pa.) Watchman records a very remarkable phenomenon, just being perfected in Lockhaven. Some months ago, Mr. John Johnson, of that place, had the middle finger of his right hand amputated close to the lower joint joining the hand. The wound soon healed over, and almost immediately a new finger commenced growing from the stump of the old one, and six months from the time the finger was amputated Mr. Johnson had a new and full grown one in its place, with the exception of the nail, which is just commencing to shoot out.