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N. C.
THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

North Carolina Argus.

JOHN W. CAMERON, PUBLISHER. This Argus o'er the People's rights doth an eternal night keep [illegible] watching streak of Main's Son can lull his hundred eyes to sleep. TERMS: TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE

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BY
JOHN W. CAMERON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
D. McNEILL, Assistant Editor.

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WM. H. HAIGH,
Attorney at Law,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
OFFICE ON OLD STREET.
January, 1854. 1-1y

Dr. H R. EASTERLING,
Rockingham,
RICHMOND CO., N. C.
Will attend to professional calls at any hour, day or night.
April 10, 1857. 170-1y-pd

J. A. SPEARS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Attends the Courts of Cumberland, Harnett, Wake, and Johnson.
Address, Toomer, Harnett Co., N. C.
110-1y.

ANDREW J. STEDMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PITTSBOROUGH, N. C.
Will attend the County and Superior Courts of Chatham, Moore, and Harnett Counties.
July 14, 1855. 79-tf

JOHN WINSLOW
Attorney at Law.
Office on the South side of Hay street, opposite the Fayetteville Bank.
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
February, 1854. 71y

A. M. Campbell,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
GILLESPIE STREET,
Fayetteville, N. C.
Feb'y 10, 1854. 6-Y

DAVID McDUFFIE,
BRICK MASON AND PLASTERER,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,
Respectfully tenders his services to persons in this and and the adjoining counties wishing work done in his line.
July 18, 1855. 132-1y

COOK & JOHNSON,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
English, German, and American Hardware and Cutlery.
January 10, 1854. 1tf

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANTS,
Wilmington, N. C.
Usual advances made on consignments.
74-1y-pd

WILLIAM C. ELAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
Oct. 9, 1857. 190-tf

Worth & Utley,
Forwarding and General Commission Merchants,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
J. A. WORTH, J. UTLEY.
February 20, 1854. 7 tf

GEORGE ALDERMAN,
INSPECTOR OF NAVAL STORES.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
June 25, 1857. 6m:pd

W. P. ELLIOTT,
Commission Merchant,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,
Agent for Lutterloh & Co.'s Steam Boat Line.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.
October 21, 1856. 146-tf

B. F. PEARCE & CO.,
DEALERS IN
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,
Umbrellas and Ready-Made Clothing,
HAY STREET,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
B. F. PEARCE, | J. W. PEARCE, Jr.
August 1, 1857. 186-y

THE undersigned will attend to Selling all the property which is to be sold by the County Auctioneer in the county of Moore. This July 29th 1857.
W. B. NUNERY.
Auctioneer.
August 8th 1857. 187-tf

$100 REWARD.
My room was forcibly entered on Sunday night the 13th of September, by some unknown person or persons, who took from my desk $362 in Bank Bills and $30 in Gold and Silver. I will give the above named reward for the apprehension of the thief and recovery of the money, or $50 for either.
O. P. LUTHER.
Rockingham Richmond Co., Sept 26. 194-10t

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
DANIEL CLARK.
Is now receiving direct from New York, a large and well selected assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING
consisting of every variety of Coats, Pants and Vests, of the latest and most approved styles.
—ALSO—
A general assortment, of Shirts, Stocks, &c., &c.,
He will attend as usual to Trimming, Cutting and all business in his line.
Sep. 19. 193-tf

W. H. CARVER
Is now receiving his
Fall Stock of Goods,
which is large and well selected. A call from old friends and the public generally is solicited. My stock is too varied to enumerate; every one can find something that they want by calling. All kinds of produce taken in exchange for Goods.
W. H. CARVER.
Sept. 17, 1857. 193-tf

Second Stock.
STARR & WILLIAMS
ARE now receiving THEIR SECOND STOCK for THIS SEASON, embracing,—
Dry Goods,
Hats, Boots, Shoes,
and Made-up Clothing,
To which they invite the attention of Wholesale buyers generally.
J. B. STARR.] [J. M. WILLIAMS.
Oct. 6, 1857. 196-tf

A CARD.
The undersigned would respectfully inform his old friends and customers that he can be found at the Store of C. E. Leete, where he will be glad to see them.
J. B. McDONALD.
Fayetteville, N. C., Jan. 8, 1857. 157-tf

Book Bindery
R. W. HARDIE, carries on the Book-binding business in the second story of Clark & Woodward's Clothing Emporium, where he will receive and execute binding in any styles desired.
Jan'y 16, 1854. 2-1Y

Wilmington, Charlotte & Rutherford Rail Road Company.
IT is ordered by the Board of Directors of this Company, that for the ensuing year the following instalments be called for, viz:
Third instalment of TWENTY per cent. to be due and payable on the 1st day of December 1857.
Fourth instalment of TEN per cent. to be due and payable on the 1st day of February 1858.
Fifth instalment of TEN per cent. to be due and payable on the 1st day of May 1858.
Sixth instalment of TEN per cent. to be due and payable on the 2d day of August 1858.
This call is applicable only to those Counties East of the Pee Dee, and those West of Charlotte.
R. W. GUION, Pres't.
Oct'r 22d, 1857. 199-2m

Fine Liquors.
PURE French Brandy;
" Jamaica Rum;
" St. Croix do;
" Holland Gin;
" Rye Whiskey;
" Apple Brandy;
" Peach Brandy;
" Madeira Wine;
" Port Wine;
" Malaga Wine;
" Scuppernong Wine;
These Liquors have no Stuff put in them. The only way to prove this is to try them.
And a good assortment of COMMON LIQUORS always on hand and for sale by
W. H. CARVER.
Oct. 28. 199-1m

Look at This, and
Relieve the Needy!
I am owing large amounts which must be paid very soon, or suit and ruin will ensue, I do therefore, most earnestly, appeal to all persons who are indebted to me, to come forward without delay and pay their respective dues. I will give the highest market prices for cotton in discount, or should debtors think that the prices for cotton are likely to rule higher at a later period in the season, if they will bring their cotton forward I will ship it for them and hold, should they wish 60 or 90 days, and when sold, settle with them by the bills of sale. Come all and meet your debts, that I may be able to pay mine.
From this date until the 1st January, 1858, I will sell all dry goods at a moderate deduction of former prices, for CASH.
M. W. McNAIR.
Springfield, Nov. 9, 1857. 201-3t

25 Dollars Reward.
RANAWAY from the subscriber on the 3rd inst., BRYANT OXENDINE, a free man of color, who was sold at the Court House, by an order of Court, and purchased by the subscriber. This is to forewarn all persons from harboring said Oxendine as the strictest penalty of the law will be enforced against them. I will give the above reward for his confinement in Jail so that I can get him.
JOHN T. WRIGHT.
No doubt he will be found lurking in Robeson county as he has a mother in that county.
J. T. W.
Nov. 9, 1857. 202-3t

$25.00 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the Subscriber, a Negro boy named BILLY, very black, about six feet high, rather spare made, about 25 years of age, shows his front teeth when he speaks or laughs, weighs about 175 pounds, and was raised on Drowning Creek.
The above reward will be paid for the apprehension and delivery of the said negro to me, or for his confinement in any Jail in the State so that I can get him.
M. C. LAMONT.
" 1857. 196-8t

6,500 Acres of Land for Sale.
THE Subscriber desiring to move to the West offers to sell the following tracts of valuable land.
1 Tract containing 2566 acres in Harnett County 13 miles North of Fayetteville. There is on this tract, two large and comfortable dwelling houses, with all necessary out houses, together with a good mill runing two saws and grist with about 800 acres cleared and in a high state of cultivation the remainder is excellent farming and turpentine land.
Also another tract containing 4000 acres of turpentine land, about 100 acres of which is cleared.—There is on this tract one good dwelling with all necessary out houses and a good grist and saw-mill.
The above lands will be sold at public sale on Thursday the 3d day of December in tracts to suit purchasers.
I will also sell on the same day all my Corn, Fodder, Hay and Stock of all kinds, 8 head of mules & horses, Blacksmith and Coopers' tools, farming utensils, 1 Timber & 2 road waggons, 1 cart and a lot of Harness.
I will take pleasure in showing the above property to any person wishing to purchase.
B. S. McNEILL.
Nov. 7th, 1857. 200-4t
Town papers copy until Sale.

POETRY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Unless some sweetness in the bottom lie,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the pie."

From the Scottish Guardian.

THE PASS OF DEATH.

It was a narrow pass,
Watered with human tears,
For death has kept the outer gate
Almost six thousand years.
And the crowding tread of a world's fast
Was ever in my ears—
Thronging, jostling, hurrying by,
As if they were only born to die.

A stately King drew near,
This narrow pass to tread,
Around him hung a gorgeous robe,
And a crown was on his head;
But Death, with a look of withering scorn,
Arrested him and said,
"In number deem'st the King from none
For [illegible]

Next came a man of wealth,
And his eye was proud and bold,
And he bore in his hand a lengthy scroll,
Telling of sums untold;
But Death, who careth not for rank,
Careth as little for gold—
"Here that scroll I cannot allow,
For the gold of the riches is powerless now."

Another followed fast,
And a book was in his hand,
Filled with the flashes of burning thought
That are known in many a land;
But the child of genius quailed to hear
Death's pitiless demand—
"Here that book cannot enter with thee,
For the bright flash of genius is nothing to me."

Next came a maiden fair,
With that eye so deeply bright,
That stirs within you strange sweet care,
Should you meet on a summer night;
But Death, ere the gentle maid passed through,
Snatched away its light—
"Beauty is power in the world," he saith,
"But what can it do in the Pass of Death?"

A youth of sickly mien
Followed in thoughtful mood,
Whose heart was filled with love to God
And the early brotherhood;
Death felt he could not quench the heart
That lived for others' good—
"I know," cried he, "the power of love,
I must let it pass to the realms above!"

— From the Savannah News.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX:

OR HOW THE ROOT DOCTOR'S WIFE HAD HER CURIOSITY SATISFIED.

BY MAJOR JOSEPH JONES.

Mr. Absolom Pepper is a monstrous smart yarb doctor, and has made a heap of money in [illegible] ailments. He's a mighty nice man, and goes to church every Sunday as regular as the day comes round, and no body would ever 'spicioned him of doing anything rong, or of having a enemy in the world.

It was about half past seven o'clock, and terrible dark—jest the night for doing a diabolical deed. The family of Mr. Pepper was settin round the tea-table, never dreamin of what was gwine to happen.—Mrs. Pepper was axin Mr. Brown if his tea was to suit him, and makin apologies to Miss Patience Pepper, her husband's maiden aunt, about the cake bein heavy; the gals was a gabbin to one another, and Mr. Pepper was tellin little Jimmy how he mustn't eat no more pound cake to make him sick agin.

Everything was gwine on in a harmonious and sociable way, when all of a sudden, ther was a ring at the door-bell. Thinkin nothing of that, they all went on eatin and talkin to one another, while nigger Fanny went to answer the bell.

In about a minnit, here cum Fanny back, with her mouth wide open and her eyes startin out of her hed, and a mahogany box in her hands, which she held out before her, by the brass handles on each eend, as far from her as she could.

"Oh!—ugh!—my goodness!" ses Fanny, as she suddenly made her appearance at the door with the box in her hand—"O-o-o!—ugh!"

If a dead ghost, with its own coffin in its arms, had cum right into the room, it couldn't have made a worse panick. Every one seemed to be instantly purified with horror. Them that had ther mouths open hadn't time to shut 'em, and them that had their mouths shut seemed to have the lock jaw simultaniously. Miss Patience made out to git both her hands up, and as her mouth was open, the pound-cake she was eatin jest naturally dropped in her plate. Miss Susan Pepper was the first to scream, and that seemed to relieve 'em a little, for the next minit the whole party exclaimed.

"What's that?"

"What upon earth's in that box?" ses Mr. Pepper, as they all rise up from the table.

"Whar did you git that box, Fanny?" ses Mrs. Pepper, uppsetting the tea-pot on to Mr. Brown's legs in her excitement.

"Don't touch it, for yer lives!" ses Miss Patience.

"Ugh!—ugh!" groaned Fanny, as she got it down in the middle of the floor. Fanny rolled up the whites of her eyes like she was gwine to faint, and staggered back agin the dore.

It was a mahogany box about three feet long by eighteen inches wide and six deep. It was varnished as bright as a dollar, and had a key stickin in the lock. No body dared to go near it.

"War did you git that box, Fanny!" ses all of 'em.

Fanny told how she went to the door when the bell rung, and how a man with a curious kind of cap what come down ever his eyes, and big black whiskers, was standin on the steps with the box in his hands, and how he told her to take it to Mr. Pepper, and to be careful how she handled it; [illegible] as soon as he put it into her [illegible] sent off as fast as he could.

"Are you sure it was a real man?" ax'd Miss Patience, looking very mysterious.

"Didn't he say what was in it?" ses Mr. [illegible]

"No, he jest told me to take it to you, and [illegible] not to let it drop."

"Oh, Mr. Pepper!" sed Miss Patience, looking more misterious than ever—"Is it possible that you a man of family—Oh, for shame, Pepper!"

Mr. Pepper looked wild as a buck rabbit.

Mr. Pepper begun to feel more and more excited.

"What in the name of sense *can* it mean?"

"Stop, men," ses Miss Patience, "if you can [illegible] anything move in it."

"I'll soon see what's inside of it," ses Mr. Brown, getting sort o' desperate at his [illegible] speculations.

"Don't be so rash, Mr. Pepper," ses he. "How do we know but what it's a infernal machine, sent here by some of your enemys to blow up your whole family."

"My Lord!" grasped Miss Patience, as she backed into the furthest corner of the room.

"Such things is gettin common now a days," ses Mr. Brown. "A whole family was killed by one tother day in France, and jest as like as not some of your enemys has laid a scheme to kill you."

"Oh-o-o!" ses the gals.

Little Jimmy, thinkin something terrible was gwine to happen, grabbed hold of his mammy's skirt and sot up a yell like forty thousand cats.

Mr. Pepper's eyes showed the white all around 'em, and Mrs. Pepper put her arm round him and pulled him further away from the box.

"Who could do sich a thing, my dear!" ses she.

It was impossible to tell that; ther was no knowin what wicked men mought do; and it was very certain that the medical doctors was very hostile to the botanicals; and who could tell but this was a plan of the medicals to blow up the man what they couldn't put down no other way.

Mr. Brown's idee seemed to take possession of the minds of the whole family, and though Mr. Pepper felt relieved in one respect, he was still in a terrible perplexity what to do with the box. He had a great mind to call in the police or some of his neighbors, but as he wasn't exactly certain what *mought* be inside of the box, he didn't wish to run the risk of makin himself ridiculous. For his own part he would [illegible] to let the thing stay [illegible] it was; but the Wimmin, specially his wife, wanted to know what was in it, and they couldn't rest till it was opened some how or other.

Brown was a brave man, under ordinary circumstances, but he had a mortal aversion to bein blowed up by a infernal machine. If it wasn't for that he'd opened the box in a minit. Pepper himself made out to touch it with his cane, but the thing had such a combustible look about it, and such a decided gunpowder smell, that the ladys would'nt consent that either of the gentlemen should risk their precious lives by openin the box with the key tied to the end of a stick ten foot long. But still they was dying to see what was inside of it. After consulting a long time about it, it was finally agreed that Fanny should take it out in the back yard and set it carefully down on the pavement, and then they would throw a fifty-six down on it from one of the upper story winders, and then if it went off it couldn't hurt no body.

Accordingly, with fear and trembling, pore Fanny, who was scared so bad she turned almost white and shook like she had a ager, tuck up the box and carried it out doors, and set it in the right place, with a cradle in the back porch so they could see it. Then, after all the family was safe in the second story, the winder was histed, and Mr. Brown made the first heave—the ladys all held their ears for the terrific explosion. Whang! went the fifty-six on the brick, and in dodged Brown's hed like a common ball; but the box wasn't touched. After three or four trials, and playin the mischief with the pavement, he had the luck to hit the box and smash it into forty thousand flinders.

As soon as the result of his last throw was known they all run down stairs to see what was in the box. Thar was the pieces strewed in every direction, and what do you think, Christian reader, in this age of civilization and refinement!—would you believe it!—thar, in the midst of the wreck lay upon the ground a butiful—my hart palpitates to record it—a butiful, white B—Billy doo!! which Mr. Pepper opened and red as follows:

DOCTOR PEPPER:—DEAR SIR: That medicine what you give me for my old woman, done the bisness fust rate, and I want you to send me the medicine what I spoke to you 'bout tother day. I've had the medicine chest fixed up for the purpose, and I want you to send me some medicine for all kinds of ailments, in the vials, with the names of the diseases rit on 'em, so I won't make no mistake. Put in a box of Life Lineament, as Peter's got the rumatiz dreadful, and I'll send you a gallon jug for the number six to morrow.

The baby wouldn't take the Lobely, no how, but I reckon we got enough down it with a spoon to stop its simptems. It looked terrible blue round the mouth ever sence. But it don't seem so restless sense we give it the last steamin. Betsy ses she wishes you'd cum and see it in the mornin.

Very respectfully, JOHN DOSER.

"Well, now," ses Pepper, drappin the letter on the ground, and gettin as red in the face as a pepper-pod, "if that ain't a devilish nice piece of business!"

The wimmin was greatly relieved by the demolishin of Mr. Doser's medicine chest. Brown hadn't a word more to say about infernal machines, and Mr. Pepper's mind was tuck up for the balance of the night, planin out how he should meet his patient in the mornin, and how he should explain the catastrofy to him.

The fact is, Doser never ought to put his letter inside of the box.

From the South Carolinian.

A REAL INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

Carolina's swamps and lonely pines
Can tell many a thrilling tale,
Which now only in tradition lie.

My venerable old grand-father, a soldier of the Revolution, in the last years of his life was unusually free to talk of the "times that tried men's souls," [illegible] familiar hour he [illegible] them.

One winter evening, as the snow was falling thick and fast, we had gathered around the sparkling fire of the old hearth stone. The usual cheerfulness lit up the old man's furrowed brow, all encircled with his long snowy locks. His conversation, as I well remember, ran on the disgraceful acts of the tories. His sunken eye, dim as it was, would casually flash with indignation, as he would recount story after story of their infamous conduct. Although the good old man has long since gone where

The tories' yell is heard no more,
Nor the cannon's deafening roar,

I was then but a child, yet one of his narratives was as vividly impressed on my youthful mind as though it had been told but yesterday, which imports as follows:

In the fall of 1871, Colonel Thomas Polk, of Mecklenburg, North Carolina, was sent with a detachment of sixty dragoons from Gen Green's army; to harrass and drive out the tories, who had infested portions of South Carolina, and had been committing their wonted outrages on the helpless whig families, without molestation, save when saluted upon by Marion's weak but spirited little band, who alone for a time kept the spirit of patriotism aglow in that ill-fated State, but who, at that time, was so worn down by utter misfortune, as well nigh to unnerve any further effort on their part.

But soon Polk, by his unwelcome intrusion with his intrepid chargers, gave the tories to understand that there was "no rest for the wicked." He pounced upon their midst, and had chased them from haunt to haunt, until a large body of them, some distance below, had taken retreat in the swamps of Waccamaw, near Georgetown. And here, as they presumed no danger near, would cowardly sneak out and commit their usual depredations, and again skulk back to their boggy dens. But the gallant Polk, with his fleet troopers, was soon on their trail. Now, their swamp retreat baffled the colonel's skill, for it was impossible to penetrate it on horseback, and to set quietly and await an engagement, would be in vain. The continued cruelties practised by those pests of humanity on the helpless inhabitants, aroused the spirit of Polk to further efforts. A general tory-hunt was instituted; and after scouring the cypress thickets and the pine hills of the neighboring country, not the track of a tory could be seen. Then their ingress and egress to the swamps were closely watched; yet no information as to their whereabouts could be gained from any source; and from what could be learned, it was concluded that the tories had dispersed or had moved their quarters to some of the lower districts, as that region had remain unmolested for some time. Polk resolved to strike camp and wait further issues. Accordingly, an encampment was formed on an old field hill-side, flanked by two extensive swamps, and all caution from further attack were suspended. The sentinels were withdrawn; and thus lulled in this state of false security, the camps were quietly taking their ease, when, suddenly, on a drizzly, foggy morning, about the break of day, their still slumbers were aroused by the rattling peal of musketry pouring down upon them. Bustle and confusion ensued; but those brawny-browed, stout-hearted Carolinians were not to be unnerved by the smell of gunpowder, or grow panic at the roar of a little "noisy kill-seed." But they were immediately all in front of the colonel's tent, ready for orders; and on the commons for parade, only eight appeared on horse-back—some of these without saddles, and some even without bridles, with only the halter, as they hurriedly untied their steeds from the limbs. The others had broken loose from fright at the sudden firing, and were heard scampering away at a distance.

With the eight thus equipped on horse, and the remainder on foot, as soon as the colonel gave the word "charge," the firing ceased, and the tories' heels were seen in the distance, making tracks, as fast as legs could carry them, to the nearest point of the swamp. And our pursuing troopers rent the air with shouts and bitter imprecations, as they saw their prey escaping in the recesses of the thick cypress swamp; and could only give a hasty farewell salute from the mouths of their old horse pistols which did no execution farther than riddle a few distended coat-tails of those not so well skilled in the foot race—which would probably give them a daring job after the course was over. Now the pursuit by the horse could be pressed no farther, and by the time the foot company came up, it was deemed inexpedient. Thereupon they returned to the camp; and no loss was found to be sustained, save a few leak-holes in the top canvass of the tents, as the tories had entirely over-shot them.

A few of the loose horses were picked up round the skirts of the camp; and after a few hours' search, all the others, except eight, were gathered upon the adjacent hills. And after a hunt of several miles over the piny woods, no trace of the remaining ones could be found.

Here a trick was discovered; on examination, a part of the horses had evidently been unhoused by hand. And as to what it meant or could import, was a question which placed the colonel in a dilemma. Was it to prevent his escape, in case of a meditated attack from an overpowering force of tories? Or was it merely and solely for the purpose of pillering? The latter was insisted upon, as it was more consistent with their debased natures.

And, finally, a diligent search was determined. After leaving a small number to guard the camp, squads were distributed in different directions, in order to have the search as thorough as possible. One of those parties, late in the evening, having advanced a good distance from the camp, [illegible] low-ground, interspersed with swamps and covered with thick shrubbery. At this place the party made, what is termed in the hunters' phase, a "deer drive." And just as they were all converging to one point, they heard the well-known neigh of their lost steeds, and there discovered a tall, ragged, gaunt, tawny, pine smoked tory, just in the act of forcing the poor brutes into one of those dangerous quick-sand bogs. He did not, in the least, detect his situation, as he was busy "chunking" the horses with heavy pine-knots, who seemed conscious of what was before them. The soldiers still pressed closer and closer around him, being shielded partly from his view by the intervening bushes; but on turning round to pick up another pine-knot, he saw the men on his rear. He instantly made a prodigious bound forward, but finding himself so completely surrounded—no chance for escape—he seemed fixed in his tracks; and rolled his white eye-balls round on his captors, then placed them steadily on the ground. His physiognomy indicated a villain of the lowest grade. He was interrogated as to his conduct; but he remained sullen, and would not so much as raise his countenance. His hands were thereupon pinioned behind his back with the rein of a halter, and he was thus conducted to the camp.

The other companies had already returned, and were anxiously awaiting the result of our successful party, who soon made their appearance with the captive and recovered property. A court-martial was immediately instituted. The company then formed a semi-circle before the tents, with the officers and prisoner immediately in front. The examination was conducted by the captain, the deepest anxiety pending on the issue. Hoping certainly to gain some intelligence of the party of the tories who had so unceremoniously disturbed their rest that morning, the Colonel made the following proposition to the prisoner.

"Sir," you are an open enemy to your country, as you evidently are of the same party who so cowardly attacked us this morning, and moreover you have basely attempted to deprive us of our property. By our law, you should die, but I shall make this proposition in your case: If you give me the desired information as to the whereabouts and situation of your clan, not one hair of your head shall be touched. Sir, now answer the questions the captain shall put to you."

The necessary interrogations were made, to which he gave no satisfaction—either in the affirmative or negative. He finally became extremely sullen and obstinate, which so enraged the colonel, that he impatiently turned to the soldiers who were anxiously awaiting, but were eager to have some sport with him first, and said, "he is at your disposal—despatch the rascal." At the instant they drew their swords and began to advance towards him, he made an extraordinary bound from their midst; then with the agility of the swiftest coarser, took a direction along the line of tents, rapidly leaving his pursuers behind him. Volley after volley of pistol shots were fired after him, but without effect, and as the swamp was but a few yards before him, and he was already beyond the reach of their shots, his escape now seemed certain. But there chanced to be an old soldier, noted for his activity and muscular power, sleeping in the farthest tent on the line; he sprang to the door of his tent, and discerning the probable cause of excitement, as he saw the tory at full speed, and his pursuers shouting, "kill! kill! the villain!" and just as he passed, the athletic old soldier, with a tiger's bound, gave him a pugilistic blow on the back of the head, that felled him prostrate several feet before him, which completely disjointed his neck. But, nevertheless, the infuriated soldiers, to give the utmost vent to their spleen, fell on him with their swords and hewed him in pieces.

After this, Col. Polk made a few more successful drives, completely scouring out that portion of the country. He then returned to his quarters, in the upper counties of North Carolina, leaving his name a terror to the tories, and esteemed, in the highest sense of the word, a benefactor to the hapless Whig families of that distressed region.

D. B. R.

CURE FOR MONRATX.—Mr. John Couch, in Russell, informed us last week that he has cured several cases of murrain among his cattle by the following simple prescription: Melted hogs'-lard one pint; fine sand, half a pint; mix, and pour into the diseased animal. The irritation of the fatestines caused by the sand, probably makes the dose act as a purgative.

Mr. Couch stated that several of his neighbors, on his recommendation, had used this remedy with entire success—even in very advanced stages of the disease.—Va. Dem.

A COFFIN (said an Irishman) is the house a man lives in when he is dead.