

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the editor.

CLUBBING.—Six copies will be mailed to one Post Office for \$10; and ten copies for \$15. All payments invariably in advance.

Any person procuring five new subscribers and remitting Ten Dollars, will be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, the Markets, and General Information.

VOL. V.

SALEM, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1855.

NO. 14.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (fifteen lines or less) first insertion One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Deductions made in favor of standing advertisements, for a square, as follows:

For three months, : : \$3 50
For six months, : : \$5 50
For twelve months, : : \$8 00

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding five lines in length, Five Dollars a year,—longer ones in proportion.

To insure proper attention, all communications and letters on business must be addressed to the Editor, post paid.

Miscellany.

From Buckingham's Autobiography.

ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

A still narrower escape for myself incidentally happened on another occasion, not long after this. I had gone to dine in Salsette with Col. Hunt, the Governor of the Fort of Tannah, about seven or eight miles from Bombay; and as I had an appointment at home in the morning, and the night was remarkably fine, with a brilliant moonlight, I declined the hospitable invitation of my host and hostess to remain with them during the night; and ordering my palanquin to be ready at ten o'clock, I left Tannah at that hour for Bombay. Great portion of the way was over a level plain of some extent; and while we were in the midst of this, the bearers, of whom there were eight, four to carry and four for a relay, with two musallies, or lantern bearers, who carry their lights in the moonlight as well as in the dark, as a matter of etiquette which it is thought disrespectful to omit—in short, the whole party of ten in an instant disappeared, scattering themselves in all directions, and each running at his utmost speed. I was perfectly astonished at this sudden halt, and wholly unable to conjecture its cause, and all my calling and remonstrance were in vain. In casting my eyes behind the palanquin, however, I saw, to my horror and dismay, a huge tiger, in full career towards me, with his tail almost perpendicular, and with a growl that indicated too distinctly the intense satisfaction with which he anticipated a savory morsel for his hunger. There was not a moment to lose, or even to deliberate. To get out of the palanquin, and try to escape, would be running into the jaws of certain death. To remain within was the only alternative. The palanquin is an oblong chest or box, about six feet long, two feet broad, and two feet high. It has four short legs for resting it on the ground, three or four inches only above the soil. Its bottom and sides are flat, and its top is gently convex, to carry off the rain. By a pole projecting from the centre of each end, the bearers carry it on their shoulders; and the occupant lies stretched upon a thin mattress on an open cane bottom, like a couch or bed, with a pillow beneath his head. The mode of entering and leaving the palanquin is through a square opening on each side, which, when the sun or rain requires it, may be closed by a sliding door; this is usually composed of Venetian blinds to allow light and air, in a wooden frame, and may be fastened if needed, by a small brass hook and eye. Everything about the palanquin, however, is made as light as possible, to lessen the labor of the bearers; and there is no part of the panelling or sides more than half an inch thick, if so much. All I could do, therefore, was in the shortest possible space of time to close the two sliding doors, and lie along on my back. I had often heard that if you can suspend your breath, and put on the semblance of being dead, the most ferocious of wild beasts will leave you. I attempted this, by holding my breath, and remaining as still as a recumbent statue. But I found it of no avail.

The doors were hardly closed before the tiger was alongside, and his snelling and snoring were horrible. He first butted one of the sides with his head, and as there was no resistance on the other, the palanquin went over on its beam ends, and lay perfectly flat, with the cane bottom presented to the tiger's view. Through this and the mattress, heated no doubt by my lying on it, the odor of the living flesh came out stronger than through the wood, and the snuffing and smelling were repeated with increased strength. I certainly expected every moment that, with a powerful blow of one of his paws, he would break in some part of the palanquin, and drag me out for his devouring. But another butting of the head against the bottom of the palanquin rolled it over on its convex top, and then it rolled to and fro like a cradle. All this while I was obliged, of course, to turn my body with the revolutions of the palanquin itself, and every time I moved I dreaded lest I should provoke some fresh aggression. The bear, however, wanting sagacity, did not use his powerful paw as I expected; and giving it up in despair, set up a hideous howl of disappointment, and slunked off in the direction from whence he came. I rejoiced, as may be well imagined, at the cessation of all sound and smell to indicate his presence; but it was a full quarter of an hour before I had courage to open one of the side doors, and put my head out to see whether he was gone or not. Happily, he had entirely disappeared, and I was infinitely relieved. The next course to be considered was, whether I should get out and walk to Bombay, a distance of four miles, now near midnight, or whether I should again close my doors and remain where I was. I deemed this the safest plan, and remained accordingly, when, about half an hour beyond midnight, all my bearers returned, with several ponies, or foot soldiers, and muskets, pistols, lances and sabres enough to capture and kill a dozen tigers; but these were too late to be of any use. They made many apologies for leaving me, but said that, as one of them would be certain of being seized by the tiger if they remained, and no one could say which they thought it best that all should try at least to escape, and I readily forgave them; after which they bore me home with more than usual alacrity, and I enjoyed my repose all the more sweetly for the danger I had escaped.

Revolutionary Times.

The following story, related by a mother to her children, a few years since, will show the spirit that existed among the people of New England at the trying period to which it relates: Late one afternoon of one of the last days in May '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Mass., where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The training band was instantly called out, and my brother next older than myself was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night when all were in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march the day after to-morrow, at sunrise. My father was at Boston, in the Massachusetts Assembly. Mother said that though John was supplied with summer clothes, he must be away seven or eight months, and would suffer for want of winter garments. There was at this time no store, and no articles to be had, except such as each family would make itself.

The sight of a mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of mind to action. I immediately asked her what garments were needful.—She replied "pantaloons."

"O, if that is all," said I, "we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes."

"Tut," said my mother, "the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pasture." I immediately turned to a younger brother, and called them to the yard.

Mother replied "Poor child, there are no sheep shears within three miles and a half."

"I have some small shears at the loom," said I.

"But we can't spin and weave in so short a time."

"I am certain we can, mother."

"How can you weave it? There is a long web of linen in the loom."

"No matter, I can find an empty loom."

By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps towards the yard. I requested my sister to bring me the wheel and cards, while I went for wool. I went to the yard with my brother, and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared, with my loom shears, half enough for the web: we then let her go with the rest of the flock. I sent the wool in with my sister. Luther ran off for a black sheep, and held her, while I cut off wool for my filling and half my warp, and then we allowed her to go, with the remaining part of her fleece.

The wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed, sized and dried; a loom was found a few doors off, the web got in, woven and prepared, cut and made, two or three hours before my brother's departure; that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvement.

The good old lady closed by saying, "I felt no weariness, I wept not—I was serving my country; I was assisting poor mother; I was preparing a garment for my darling brother.—The garment being finished, I retired and wept till my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved."

This brother was perhaps, one of General Stark's best soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with, need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America.

Making Himself Useful.

During the session of 1796-'7, a wealthy merchant—in conformity with the custom of the times—gave a dinner party to a few gentlemen among whom was a member of Congress of that period. On the appointed day, however, the lady of the house was somewhat annoyed at an early hour by the intrusion of an old man at the door. Having been met by a servant, he inquired if the proprietor of the house—whom we will call Mr. Topham—was at home. Upon receiving a negative reply, and being furthermore informed that he would not be at home for some three or four hours, the old man said: "Well, being as I am here, I may as well remain until he comes." "Please wait a moment," said the servant, "I will call Mrs. Topham to the door, and see what she will say." The servant then ran and called the merchant's wife, who made her appearance. The old man then repeated what he had said to the servant, that being as he was there he might as well remain until her husband came. "Well," replied Mrs. T.

"If you will stay just walk through the alley and go back to the kitchen and take a seat." Nothing daunted, the old man obeyed orders and passed through the alley to the kitchen where he found Mrs. T. and the servants very busily engaged in preparing dinner. Supposing him some old man seeking employment, Mrs. T. was free in calling into requisition his services in her work of preparing dinner, and he was equally willing and ready to render all assistance possible. "Old man," said she, "suppose you take the bucket, go to the hydrant, and draw us some water." He at once and readily complied with the request. "Old man," again she said, "suppose you assist us a little in preparing dinner, as we give a dinner party to day, and are very hurried indeed. Just peel a few potatoes if you please." No sooner was the request made than the "old man" got to work peeling potatoes with a right good will.

After all things were sufficiently advanced to release Mrs. T. from further supervision, she

went into her chamber to arrange her toilet to receive her husband's guests. At the proper hour her husband came in and then, one by one, came those who were to dine with him on that day. In due time all arrived but one, Mr. C. Mr. Topham then began to express his surprise at the absence of the Virginia representative, as he thought he would certainly have been one of the first, to make his appearance, knowing that his dinner at home was an early one.

When about coming to the conclusion that the Virginia M. C. would fail to make his appearance, Mrs. T.'s memory, which seemed to have proved treacherous, became effulgent and she acquainted her husband with the fact that there was an "old man" in the kitchen who had been waiting to see him for the last three or four hours.

Mr. T. immediately repaired to the kitchen to ascertain the "old man's" wants, when lo and behold! who should he find but our M. C. himself! Astonished beyond measure and with confused utterance, he exclaimed, "Why how came you here?" He simply replied, "I was invited to the kitchen by your wife and as I came much before your dinner hour, I have been making myself useful."

Mr. T. at once invited and accompanied him into the parlor, and introduced him to his wife and guests as the "Hon. Robert Rutherford, of Virginia."

The lady's feelings can be better imagined by the reader than described by the writer; but the balance of the day passed off pleasantly, saving the lady's abashment resulting from not recognising the "Virginia Member of Congress."

Abridged from the New York Quarterly. WASHINGTON IRVING.

HIS HOME AND HIS HABITS.

In a sequestered rural retreat, some twenty-five miles from the din of city life, half hid among thick foliage through which gleams the silvery expanse of the Hudson, stands a grotesque-looking, antique edifice—half Dutch, half Elizabethan in style, and so snugly nestled amid shrubbery and evergreen, as to elude the ken of the casual passer by. It is an enchanting little nook, charmingly diversified with upland, lawn and dell, and so rife with picturesque beauty as completely to fascinate the eye and hold it spell-bound to the spot. This paradisaical retreat, with its leafy recesses and antique structure, is the home of the great American essayist and historian—Washington Irving. There is an air of singular quaintness and rural elegance about the scene—everything that refined taste could devise, and diligent culture effect, is here indicated. It is indeed in some sort an exponent of the mind of its distinguished occupant. The eye is regaled on every side by an ever-varying succession of picturesque beauty—here may be seen emerald lawn, gracefully sloping to the margin of flower-beds, with their rich clusters of variegated tints and blossoms—here again masses of luxuriant trees and shrubbery, intersected by gravel walks winding their sinuous course in all directions. The oak, the ash, the locust, and the maple, mingle their leafy branches in massive groups, casting deep shadows against the brilliant patches of newly-mown grass, in rich harmonious contrast. The scenery adjacent is also scarcely less noteworthy: to the east stretch the plains of Westchester, with their far-famed "Sleepy Hollow," and the site memorable for its association with the tragic story of the gallant though hapless Andre. This tract of land was also the scene of some desperate encounters during the revolutionary contest; so fierce were the feuds, indeed, between the contending parties, that many of the owners of the soil in this "neutral ground," fled their homes to escape the torment of the lawless marauders. Not far distant, to the south, on the margin of the river, is the home of the great American naturalist, Audubon, and on the opposite side are the range of trap-rock, known as the Palisades, with Fort Washington—the site of the early movements in the Revolutionary struggle. This gray columnar range, which forms a great natural rampart, extending a distance of almost twenty miles, rises perpendicularly from the water's edge, to an altitude of from fifty to five hundred feet, and presents a bold and picturesque effect. Tappan Bay, or Tappan Zee, so memorable in the chronicles of the veritable "Kniekerbocker," spreads its broad expanse in front of Tarrytown, while to the northward may be seen the majestic Highlands of West Point, hemming in the waters, which here present the appearance of a beautiful lake. All along the banks are villas, villas, and cottages, seen peering out amid the foliage, intersected with meadows decked with grain, sloping to the margin of the water. "Here Stony Point still stands, a ragged promontory, whose rough and guarded heights could not withstand the charge of 'Mad Anthony' and his devoted troops. Here rode the 'Vulture' as her decks received the foot of that impersonation of valor, the traitor Arnold. Here forts Clinton and Montgomery nodded their morning salutations from opposite sides of the stream, and Fort Constitution pointed her cannon from her island battlements. And, more especially, here West Point attracted the solicitude and care of Washington." Of all the boasted streams, lakes, and rivers of America, the Hudson is pre-eminently the classic river, for it is redolent of historic interest. Bryant, Drake, and Halleck have made it the theme of their

Picturesque and romantic, as is its lovely venerable Dutch domicile is itself not less so, for the pen of genius has enriched it with storied interest, and thrown over its antique form an endearing charm of romance and poetry, beauty that renders it altogether unique.

It, perhaps, have in their career more resembled the "calm, epic flow" of a river than has living. If the domestic portraiture of those who minister to our intellectual pleasure and profit by their pen be regarded as a theme of curio and peculiar interest, our humble essay to record some notes of a recent visit to the celebrated author of the "Sketch-Book," "Knickerbocker's New York," and numerous other delicate tomes, at once the ornament of the private library and of the literature of the language, will need the less apology. Among the most brilliant names that shed lustre on the great age, that of Washington Irving takes prominent rank, for his productions are among the cherished volumes that delight all classes of readers. Possessing, as they unquestionably do, the rare elements of immortality, fidelity to nature, a rich quaintness, exquisite beauty of diction, enlivened by a most genial and felicitous humor, and relieved by passages of melting pathos, attributes that never fail to charm and captivate, it is not surprising that they should enjoy such almost universal fame, or that the name of their author should be embalmed in the common heart and cherished as a "household word."

The Hudson River Railroad train brought us to the station at Dearman about a quarter of a mile from this "peerless retreat." Sauntering along the banks of the river we soon came to the spring, already referred to, and then took our way up a little sequestered lane, overshadowed by trees on either side, until we reached the foot of the hill, when we espied the entrance to the grounds. Passing through the gate, the fairy like scene burst upon our view. We became for some minutes transfixed to the spot and falling into a kind of pleasing reverie, stood silently gazing at the venerable and picturesque old pile, when we were aroused from our state of astonishment by the approach of the genial and renowned Geoffrey Crayon himself, whose magic touch had transmuted rude nature into such forms of rare beauty, and made a mass of uncouth, irregular buildings, symmetrical and picturesque, and above all thrown around them the witchery of romance and story. We were welcomed with the utmost kindness mingled with expressions of regret that our appointment had not been kept for an earlier hour, so that we might have the projected visit to "Sleepy Hollow," some two or three miles distant.

We were introduced by our illustrious host into his study, a neat, compact apartment, walled round with books, and decorated by a few pictures and a small bust of Rogers, the poet; and a fairer specimen, in which Mr. I. seemed to take great interest. In the centre of the room was the table, with the writing desk, and upon a page or two of manuscript of his forthcoming "Life of Washington." Familiar as we had long been with the features and personal appearance of our author, we now gazed at him for the first time in his study—his literary laboratory—with peculiar interest. In this little room, of a room, this "sanctum sanctorum," illumined by the bright creations of his mastermind, and luminous with the witchery of his presence, we whiled away a delightful, brief half-hour, vividly recalling the many pleasant hours, spent in poring over his classic productions, many of which were written within this charmed inclosure. Eminent as Mr. Irving is as a writer, his claims to our respect and esteem as a man, are in no less degree acknowledged. Bland, urbane, and genial in temper and deportment, Mr. Irving enjoys the cordial esteem of all who have the privilege of his acquaintance. There is an artless simplicity and transparency of character about him that at once wins our confidence and regard. The refined courtesies and amenities of life, are scrupulously observed by him, while he exhibits none of the affectation or "pride of intellect" which in some instances mars the beauty of the literary character. On the contrary, there is apparent, in all his deportment, a singular modesty and quiet repose; and these characteristics, in fact, constitute his distinguishing attributes. In a word, he is just the kind of a personage you might anticipate from a perusal of his writings. His attitudes when in repose, are far less expressive than when engaged in conversation, especially when the topic happens to be one in which he is deeply interested. It is then his face assumes its fine intellectual expression, his dilatory kindles with emotion, and his whole person becomes animated, while a lurking humor glances about his mouth. Although now he has been seventy summers, he seems to retain, to an extraordinary degree, the vivacity and spirit of the spring-tide of life.

His bold brow, but the scars of mind, the thoughts of years, but their decrepitude.

It was our fortune to meet Mr. Irving in excellent health, and in the full enjoyment of an abundant flow of spirits. We never saw a person of his age so buoyant and joyous, so full of animation. Everything around him, indeed, seemed adapted to superinduce serene tranquility and happy contentment, and he looks the very impersonation of these. Long may he

live to enjoy the autumn of life, with its rich fruitage of fame! We perambulated the beautiful grounds of Sunny-Side, which extend over some six or eight acres, a second time, and as we luxuriated over every fresh variety of ornate landscape, Mr. Irving pointed out some of his favorite walks, and indicated to us some of his fine trees, in which he evidently takes pride and pleasure. From a rising knoll on the banks of the river, we caught a glimpse of the roof and turrets of the house, the rest of the edifice being embosomed in foliage; the scene was singularly effective and beautiful. As an evidence of the social and amiable character of Mr. Irving, it may be mentioned that no "boundary line" is marked by hedge or fence, dividing his from his neighbor's grounds—an instance somewhat remarkable, since such distinctions are rarely disregarded. The kitchen garden is a perfect model for neatness and taste, and its lavish provision showed that utility as well as ornament entered into the calculations of his gardener. The only thing that seemed wanting was water, there being but a small rivulet here and there; but this was in part accounted for by Mr. I.'s own admission that Isaac Walton had not made him an angler; for "having had no luck," he said, "he soon lost all patience for such pastime."

Yet who does not remember his quaint essay, printed in Major's edition of Isaac Walton? It is so good, indeed, that we must be pardoned for citing a few lines from it in this place. It was after studying the seductive pages of honest Isaac, that his first essay in angling was made "along a quiet mountain brook among the highlands of the Hudson,—a most unfortunate place for the execution of those piscary tactics which had been invented along the velvet margins of quiet English rivulets. It was one of those wild streams, that lavish among our romantic solitudes unheeded beauties enough to fill the sketch book of the hunter of the picturesque. Sometimes it would leap down rocky shelves making small cascades, over which the trees threw their broad balancing sprays, and long nameless weeds hung in fringes from the impending banks, dripping with diamond drops. Sometimes it would braw and fret along a ravine in the matted shade of a forest, filling it with murmurs; and after this termagant career would steal forth into open day with the most placid, demure face imaginable; as I have seen some pestilent shrew of a housewife, after filling her home with uproar and ill humor, come dimpling out of doors, courtesying and smiling upon all the world.

"How smoothly would this vagrant brook glide, at such times, through some bosom of green meadow-land among the mountains, when the quiet was only interrupted by the occasional tinkling of a bell from the lazy cattle among the clover, or the sound of a wood cutter's axe from the neighboring forest. For my part, I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour, before I had completely 'satisfied the sentiment,' and convinced myself of the truth of Isaac Walton's opinion, that angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it. I hooked myself instead of the fish, tangled the line in every tree, lost my bait, broke my rod, until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees reading old Isaac, satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling, that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling."

On our return from our pleasant ramble, rendered delightful as much by the agreeable colloquy with our guide, as by the charmingly diversified scenery around us, we were ushered into the drawing-room or parlor—the largest of a suite of rooms on the ground floor. Here again we noticed the indications of the most exact taste; a few choice pictures graced the walls, and among them a portrait in oil by Jarvis, of Mr. Irving in his twenty-seventh year, which he considered a faithful likeness at that time. It represents him with a pale, student-like expression—almost a sickly aspect.—Some pen-and-ink sketches by Cruikshank, some paintings by Leslie, Stewart, Newton, etc., a rare portrait by Dante, presented by Mr. Wilde, and other choice objects of *artu* are here. Among his curious relics is a specimen of the tessellated wall of the Alhambra, hanging over the side table of one of the parlors. He said it was his good fortune to possess it through the kindness of a friend: for although he deemed it sacrilegious to abstract it himself, there it was transferred by less scrupulous hands.

Half an hour's chat with the ladies, the nieces of Mr. Irving, and dinner was announced. Our host did the honors of the table with great effect, aiding "digesture" by his mirth-provoking sallies and humorous recitals; but he grew eloquent when allusion was made to any incident connected with his residence abroad, especially at London and Madrid. He narrated with evident zest some interesting recollections of his European travels. Some little anecdotes of the kind he related with so jocund an air, that the whole company were electrified by the flashes of his wit. To attempt here to rehearse them would, however, be doing serious injustice to both the author and the reader.

On inquiring what were his most favorite hours and habits of authorship and study, he replied that he could usually write best in the forenoon, and that this was the time that he

generally devoted to his literary pursuits. He expressed some regret, however, that this arrangement deprived him of his ride. He admitted that his hours of study were generally irregular; sometimes they were protracted till late, even much beyond midnight. Referring to his literary labors, Mr. Irving, in one of his early letters to Scott, uses the following expressions:

"My whole course of life has been desultory. I have no command of my talents, such as they are, and have to watch the varyings of my mind as I would those of a weather-cock. I must, therefore, keep on pretty much as I have begun; writing when I can, not when I would."

Mr. Irving has never been a collector, in the usual acceptation of the term; his library does not contain many rare or curious specimens of bibliography; it consists chiefly of standard historical works of reference, together with the best of the usual publications of the day. As may be supposed, his taste in books is fastidious and select. We noticed a long series of the works of Scott, his favorite contemporary writer; and he had the last production of Dickens lying open upon his table. He has a choice assortment of foreign authors—Mr. Irving being an excellent French, German, and Spanish scholar. We also saw some elegant English presentation volumes, together with some fine editions of the classics. There is, at the back of the library, a recess fitted up with crimson drapery, and a couch, which was designed for use as an occasional sleeping apartment, whenever his literary labors should happen to be indulged to an unusually late hour.—The ivy which is seen trailing over his study was originally brought from Melrose Abbey, by Mrs. Fenwick, a friend of Irving's, and celebrated in song by Burns. This lady planted it at Sunny-Side, and it now spreads over a large portion of the picturesque old house. It is very luxuriant and massive, as seen from the exterior of the building, and one of the objects of especial pride and value from its associations.—In course of conversation, Mr. Irving spoke appreciatingly of the "multitude of clever authors of the present day," instancing some of the most prominent names; but, he added, with strong emphasis, "Dickens is immeasurably above his contemporaries, and 'David Copperfield' is his best production." Many times during our chat, we listened to the delicious caroling of the birds which haunt these sylvan shades, and fill the air with their melody. Mr. Irving said he could not account for it, but the birds seemed fond of the place, for they constantly make the air vocal with their delicate music. They also, or some other little fairies, seem to have charmed away from the spot the summer-haunting mosquito, for we learned to our surprise they never made their appearance there. Two favorite dogs gambled about the lawn, or stretched themselves at the feet of their master, who evidently took pleasure in their sportive and sprightly movements. Mr. Irving seldom leaves this chosen and charmed spot, except to make brief visits to the city of New York. He seems wedded to the scene of this happy repose, yet he is accustomed to make occasional visits to the establishment of Mr. Putnam, of New York, where he may be seen lingering in some sly corner over a fresh importation of English books, or indulging in familiar chit-chat, snugly ensconced in the sanctum of his friend and publisher. So averse is he, indeed, to observation that he feels it to be an annoyance that troops of inquisitive visitors, from Tarrytown, should make Sunny-Side an object of daily curiosity. Referring to Mr. Paulding his literary contemporary, or rather his senior in authorship, he said he had a curious conceit respecting his age—a fancy to be thought older than he really is. "He is not much my senior," observed Mr. Irving; "yet he persists in his being at least ten years older. I am, it is true, seventy, which is pretty old; but I do not feel old. I cannot even persuade myself that I am old; for my feelings and fancies, and spirits, are still young, and my recollections of early life are as vivid and delightful as ever." It is well-known that our author never married; but he can scarcely be said to keep "bachelor's hall," for his house is generally filled with company, including a plentiful supply of the fair sex. Indeed, he joyously remarked on this point, that it was rare to find the house of an old bachelor so crowded with ladies. As a proof how entirely his life has been charmed with his genius, and how completely his mind has been imbued with the love of the story and romance of his native land, it may be mentioned, that he incidentally alluded to his having recently purchased some lots of ground in a beautiful new cemetery, on the margin of his classic region, Sleepy Hollow. He said he selected that spot where to repose when life should terminate, in order that he might be near the scene so linked with pleasant memories during life.

LAND FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers his plantation, on South Fork, one mile North of S. F. Meeting House, consisting of 136 acres—of which there are about 80 or 87 cleared, for sale. There is a good Dwelling House, Well of water, Barn, and Outhouses, on the premises; also a good Apple Orchard of 100 trees; the tract is well watered, and contains about 20 acres of meadow ground. Any person desirous of purchasing, can view the premises, and learn further particulars of the proprietor.

JOSEPH SPACH,
Rutherford Co., N. C., May 21, 1855. [13-34]