

# THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.

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## The People's Press,

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## Miscellaneous.

### EIGHTY LIVES LOST IN A COLLIERY.

A fearful catastrophe happened on the 2nd of March by an explosion of gas in Burradon Colliery, Northumberland, England. About 120 men and boys were at work in the pit at the time, of which number more than 80 were killed. Two explosions occurred, the first about half-past one o'clock in the afternoon, which was slight and alarmed only a few. The second explosion occurred about three minutes afterwards, and was so violent that all the workmen made an immediate effort to escape from the pit, but only about 30 were successful. Most of the others perished from the stifling fumes of the choke-damp. An awful wall of smoke in the cottages belonging to the men down in the pit as the intelligence reached their families, and the women and children flocked to the pit mouth, when a frightful scene ensued as the men and lads who had escaped were brought to bank. Hundreds of persons remained on the bank all night, many of them women and children, shivering in the cold air, in breathless hope that some one would come out of the pit to give them intelligence of father, brother, husband, or son, but upon whom they were never destined to gaze again, except as a blackened corpse. A walk through the village on Saturday afternoon showed that in every yard house there was a corpse, or that preparations were made for one that was expected from the pit.—London paper.

### WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY IN EUROPE.

The 22d of February was celebrated in Berlin at the residence of Hon. Jas. A. Wright, U. S. Minister. Among the speakers were gentlemen from Virginia, South Carolina and Georgia. In Copenhagen, the day was celebrated for the first time at the residence of Hon. Jas. M. Buchanan, the American minister. There were six or seven princes and princesses present. A letter says:  
The various rooms were beautifully decorated and appropriately arranged for the occasion. The portrait of Washington occupied a prominent position, exquisitely ornamented with wreaths of flowers and evergreens. The "star spangled banner," with her thirty three stars and thirteen stripes, was entwined with the royal Danish flag, and so tastefully arranged, too, that the success was the admiration of the assembled guests. The entrance to the apartments was carpeted and on each side were arranged flowers and various kinds of shrubbery. The plate used upon the occasion was purchased by Mr. Buchanan in Paris. It was ornamented with the richest artistic workmanship. It has been said that there never was such a profusion of delicious beverages at an entertainment in this city before.

### SOAKING SEEDS BEFORE SOWING.

This practice is not as extensively adopted in this country as it might be with advantage both for the farm and the garden.—In this respect we are far behind a people whom we are apt to regard with feelings nearly approaching to contempt. There are few, probably, either in England or this country, who are not disposed to think themselves much superior to the Chinese, and yet, in one respect at least, we think they are much in advance of most farmers in either England or America. Leibig states, in his "Letters on Modern Agriculture," that no Chinese farmer sows a seed before it has been soaked in liquid manure diluted with water, and has begun to germinate; and that experience has taught him that this operation tends not only to promote the more rapid and vigorous growth and development of the plant, but also to protect the seed from the ravages of worms and insects. There would be not only some trouble, but some inconvenience also in the adoption of this practice on an extended scale; but we are pretty confident, notwithstanding that those who commence it on a small scale will find it productive of advantage enough to induce them to extend their operations. We may suggest that we have, on more than one occasion, been informed by one of our correspondents that he makes much use of hen manure in water as a soak for his seed.—Country Gentleman.

An Irishman had been sick a long time, and while in that state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, his friend Patrick asked him: "And how'll we know, Jimmy, for dead? yer after waking up every time." "Bring me a glass o' whiskey, and say to me here's till ye, Jimmy, an' if I don't rise an' drink, then bury me."

## Interesting Discoveries in Africa.

From the Zambezi expedition intelligence has been received to a late date in December. Dr. Livingstone and his party were then at Kongone harbor, on the Zambezi delta, and were engaged in repairing their steam launch, the Ma Robert, the iron plates of which had been worn to the thinness of a wafer. They had returned from a second expedition up the Shire, in which they penetrated far up beyond Lake Shirwa to Lake Nyassa. The former they ascertained to be a sheet of water ninety miles in length, while the latter is of still larger magnitude, and one of the chain of lakes of which the discoveries of Captains Burton and Speke are the continuation northward. Dr. Livingstone speaks in glowing terms of the country which he traversed, and has applied to the Church Missionary Society in London to exert themselves for occupying it as a most inviting mission field. Mr. Baines, the artist of the expedition, has been compelled from failing health to return to Capetown, but he proposes returning again to Zambezi. Mr. Thornton, the geologist, had proceeded in July last to the interior, on an independent expedition of his own, in company with some Portuguese traders. And Dr. Livingstone, with his brother, Dr. Kirk, and Mr. Rae, were to return to Tete with the Ma Robert, and thence overlaid by foot on a visit to the Makololo country. This Journey was expected to extend over a period of at least eight months.

### DISCOVERY OF A NEW COTTON REGION.

To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian.—SIR: You are at liberty to publish the enclosed letter from the brother of Dr. Livingstone. He sends me six samples of cotton, which I value as follows: No. 1, 7<sup>th</sup> to 7<sup>th</sup>; No. 2, 6<sup>th</sup> to 7<sup>th</sup>; No. 4, 6<sup>th</sup> to 6<sup>th</sup>; No. 5, 5<sup>th</sup> to 6<sup>th</sup>; No. 6, 5<sup>th</sup> to 5<sup>th</sup>; all exceedingly useful qualities particularly the four first. The two last will be substitutes, till improved for East Indian cotton. The cotton may be seen here.  
Yours, &c.,  
THOMAS CLEGG.

Mount street, Manchester, Feb. 20, 1860.

### LETTER FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.

RIVER SHIRE, Nov. 4, 1859.  
MY DEAR MR. CLEGG.—We have just returned from visiting the Lake Nyassa, the source of the river Shire, and what is of greater importance, have discovered a great cotton-growing and cotton-manufacturing country. The cotton is of two kinds, native and foreign. The native is short in the staple, and feels more like wool than cotton. The foreign appears to be of good quality, with a staple from three-fourth inch to an inch in length. It is perennial, and requires planting only once in three years, while the native has to be planted annually in the highlands; yet the people prefer the latter, because, they say, it makes the stronger cloth. We remarked to a number of intelligent-looking men in one village, "You should plant plenty of cotton, and perhaps the English will come soon and buy it." "Truly, the country is full of cotton," replied one elderly man, who was a trader, and had travelled much; and our own observations confirmed the truth of this. Every where we saw it while passing through two and a half degrees of latitude, and it probably extends much further. Every family appears to have a piece of cotton ground, and it was gratifying to see how clear of weeds and grass they kept them. Doctors Livingstone and Kirk, while passing through part of the same region last April, saw cotton patches of from two to three acres each, though this time, on a different route, we did not observe any containing more than one-third of an acre. They were in general about a quarter of an acre each. In every village we saw men busy cleaning, spinning, and weaving cotton. The looms are of the simplest possible construction, and all the processes are exceedingly slow.

This vast cotton region is easily accessible. The Shire joins the Zambezi about 100 miles from the sea below the difficult parts of the latter river; and for 112 miles the Shire has a deep channel, the river being from 150 to 200 yards wide. One hundred and twelve miles from its mouth the cataracts commence, (lat. 16° 55' S.), and for thirty miles the river is not navigable (goods would have to be carried over land here) above the cataracts to the Lake Nyassa; sixty miles the river is again navigable, and how far to the north the great navigable lake extends we do not know. The natives said that it would take months to get to the head of the lake.

The Shire Valley is about 12 miles wide at the foot of the lake, but soon expands to 20 or 30, being bounded on both sides all the way by ranges of hills, the range on the east or left bank being very lofty. There is an exceedingly fertile plain on both sides of the river, (we travelled on the east of the river), and pretty well cultivated on the Upper Shire, where it is about 1200 feet above the level of the sea. Ascending the eastern range of hills by a steep path, we soon reach a plateau 500 or 600 feet higher; a second ascent of 1000 feet, and we find another plateau, three or four miles wide, and in a short time we gain the highest part, upwards of 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and find ourselves on an extensive table land, which in these three distinct divisions extends

some distance below the cataracts. This high table land is from 12 to 14 miles wide, and its eastern side slopes gradually down to Lake Tamandua or Shirwa, 1800 feet above the level of the sea, east of which we saw some lofty mountains.

On the table-land are numerous hills, and two mountains, Chudrusa, about 5,000 feet high; Zomba, at the northern extremity—which was ascended—from 7,000 to 8,000 feet high, and 20 miles long, from north to south. The whole of this country is remarkably well watered; wonderfully numerous are the streams and mountain rills of clear, cool, gushing water. Even Zomba has a river about 20 yards wide, flowing through a fine valley near its summit. On one occasion we passed 8 streams and a fine spring in a single hour, and this was at the end of the dry season.

These highlands seem to possess a salubrious climate; the air was bracing and we saw an unusually large number of old grey-headed men and women. The cotton country—not that merely where cotton can be easily grown, but where they are actually growing it—begins 20 or 30 miles below the cataracts, and extends up to the lake, and probably far beyond, both on the plains and in the highlands; the foreign cotton growing at the lake and in different places for 30 miles below, and also again below the cataracts, while the native is cultivated throughout the whole extent of country.—The people live in villages, and are pretty numerous; they seem to be an industrious race. Iron is dug out of the hills, and each village has one or two smelting houses. From their native iron they manufacture hoes, axes, spears, arrow-heads, knives, and numerous ornaments. Nearly all their own clothing they prepare themselves; it consists either of the bark of trees, skins of goats—for there are few or no wild animals in the hills or the well peopled plains—and native cloth; and they are also great cultivators of the soil; men, women, and children are often seen at work in the field. This seems really a fine country for benevolent enterprise—healthy highlands, and the materials for commerce and water communication, with but a single exception. Let a market be opened, or an agency be appointed for the purchase of their cotton, &c., and they will soon increase the amount raised to a large extent, as it does not require the severe toil as it does in the United States, and there are no frosts to be feared.

At the villages we could hear the women pounding corn all night, to have meal to sell before we left. The people of one village which we passed without stopping followed us, endeavoring to induce us to remain all night with them. As a last argument, they cried after us, "Are we to have it said that white people passed through our country, and we did not see them." We noticed extensive tracts of land on the plains, where salt exudes from the soil. These would probably be found well adapted for Sea Islands, as the foreign cotton becomes longer in the staple on these lands.

I enclose specimens of the two kinds of cotton picked in different parts on the plains and in the highlands.  
CHARLES LIVINGSTONE.

In a subsequent letter, dated the 10th of December, Dr. Livingstone writes in good spirits, his vessel having been rendered water-tight through the assistance afforded him by Capt. Berkeley, of her Majesty's ship Lynx. After expressing his great obligation to Sir F. Grey and the naval officers for their friendly aid, he adds:—"We are in the spot where the sea breeze plays continually upon us and we enjoy good health. I go up to Makololo country from this." In a letter of prior date he says of the Shire valley:  
"We met a large east-coast slaving party here, coming from Casembe's country, with an immense number of slaves and elephants' tusks. We bought some fine specimens of malachite from them. A more blackguard-looking set I never saw; they appear to be the people of the Angotia river, but were not Arabs, though some what like them. When they knew we were English they slipped off at night, with probably the same opinion of us as we had of them. The English name is known far into the country. The people are quick of apprehension, and we found that suspicions of our turning out to be a marauding party were quickly allayed by frankly stating that we came to find out and mark paths for our traders to come along and buy cotton. A colony of our own honest poor would be a great advantage to both England and Africa; and were our religious as well as mercantile establishments planted simultaneously, I have no fear as to the result. I have submitted a plan to Government by which I think this new field may be occupied advantageously, and a command of a large portion of the east coast slave market obtained. This is the work which I proposed to myself when the expedition was planned."

A "Farmer's Boy" in Kentucky, advertised for a wife. He says:

He wants to know if she can milk  
And make his bread and butter,  
And go to meeting without milk,  
To make a "show and flutter."  
He'd like to know if it would hurt  
Her heart, to take up stitober;  
Or row the buttons on his shirt,  
Or make a pair of breeches.

## Rattlesnakes on a Wedding Night.

Having finished my stay at Louisville, (says "Hazel Green," in Porter's Spirit,) I took passage on board a neat little Southern-bound steamer, for Shawneetown, Ill., at which place I arrived in due time, and where I am now writing to you. Shawneetown is a place of considerable business, being the shipping point for the counties of Franklin, Hamilton, Saline, Gallatin, and White. It is not in so flourishing a condition as formerly, however—the railroads have taken away much of its business.

The boat that brought me down had a brace of ancient Hoosiers of the "old school" aboard—a gentleman and lady; or, to use their own language, "an old man and his old woman." They "squatted" on the Indiana side of the Ohio river, just above where Evansville now is, in a very early day, and are residing at the same place still. Like most persons of their class they were very talkative, and consequently I was enabled to gather many amusing incidents from an unsolicited narrative of their early life.

"Oh, yes," said the old man, "it was mortal wild times when we first settled up there.—Four families were all the whites there, was nearer than Louisville, the place we came from.

"Do you recollect the date?" I asked.

"No; but it was a powerful long time ago. Pop there, and me, we were only children then, and you see we're getting along in years now. We war'n't married for a long time after our dad and mam settled there. Ha, ha! I often think of the first night arter her and me got married.

"Hav'n't forgot it, then?" said I.

"No; nor never will. You see, when we took a notion to marry, the neighbors they all turned out and built us a cabin—that is, they laid up the logs, and covered one corner for our bed to be under, and then they said I had to do the rest myself. Well, Pop and me, we got married, and her dad and mam gave her two quilts and an old skillet, and my dad and mam they gave me a straw bed, a pot, and two knives, and two forks. On the very same day the ceremony was said, she shouldered her plunder, and I shouldered mine, and off we marched to our cabin to begin house-keeping."

"It was in the summer—beautiful weather—there wasn't much fixing needed. We made our bed under the eaves that covered one corner of the cabin, cooked supper out of doors, and then tumbled in for the night. Away late, Pop gave me a nudge with her elbow, and said she:

"'Tis! Oh, 'tis!"  
"What's up?" said I, rubbing my eyes open, and a trying to look out in the dark."  
"Lis-en!" says she.

"I do so, and what should I hear but a rattlesnake a whizzing away, only a few feet from our bed.

"O's gal, says I, 'that won't begin to do,' and then I pulls a chunk out from between the logs just above our bed, and blazes away at the noise. No sooner had I let drive the chunk, than whis, whis! went two more in other parts of the cabin.

"Pop," says I, 'let's be toddling for tall timber.

"'Nuff sed,' says she, and so we raised up in the bed and begin to climb over the wall, not deeming it safe to walk by way of the door. A little while and we were safe at her dad's cabin, without as much clothes on as we mount a had.

"Next morning, Pop's dad and me we went up to the new cabin to kill the snakes, but my snake could we see. But I'll tell you what we did see—three long switches with long gourds stuck on their ends. Pop's dad took one of them up and shook it, and the loose seeds in it sounded very familiar, I assure you. Oh, the scamp! if I'd only had hold of them, I'd a larn't them how to imitate rattlesnakes.

"Next day I checked all the cracks in the cabin, to prevent the boys from playing off any more tricks on us, and then we got along finely for more than a week.

"At the end of that time, as I was lying in bed one night, with my hand a hanging out before, some sharp-toothed animal seized a bolt of it, and gave it the alfredest keening I ever felt. I gave a yell and jumped out of bed, and Pop here, she jumped after me and purty soon we seen a white thing a dodging about in the cabin. She took a stick and got into the door to keep it from running out under the old blankets that was hung up, while I struck a light. I soon got the chunks stirred up, and then we seed what it was—a 'possum. Pop fellow! he never got out of that cabin alive.

"Some time in the course of the summer, Pop's mam gave her an old hen, which we permitted to roost in the cabin, to keep the varmints from catching her. A little owl found out, by some means, that a hen composed part of our family, and every night it lit upon our cabin, and kept us awake for hours with its squalls. It wanted to get at the hen, you see, but didn't know how. We tried a heap of ways to get rid of it, but all to no effect. One night just at dusk, when I was down in the clearing burning brush, I heard some of the dread-fullest screams—O my! I never heard such screams! I made sure a lot of Injuns had her, for she kept on screaming like every one would be her last. I run to the cabin with all my might and soon saw what was the matter. There stood Pop in the yard, a gripping the little owl by the tail, while

the little owl was a gripping her by the finger. Neither would let go; both held on till I interfered and settled the owl. The impudent little wretch had lit upon the eaves just over the door, and left his tail hanging down, which Pop espied and grabbed.

My old Hoosier friends were on their way to visit a son at Paducah.

## Our Towns and Mechanics.

Most of our towns are mere villages. Here and there they start up as by magic; the sound of the hammer, the saw, the anvil and the wheel are heard, briskly at first, but soon the town has its growth and stillness reigns. Why is this? The cause is apparent to every one who looks at it. Sometimes our towns are badly located. An enterprising land owner wants to make money, and he projects a town upon paper, makes a noise about it, and soon a little village is started, with assurances of growth and expansion to a town. Enterprising men, concerned in the scheme, fill their pockets, and soon they are off to a more promising spot; and the village languishes for a while, and the groggeries and rum holes finally sink it. The great reason why our North Carolina towns are bigger at the birth than at any other time, is because the impression prevails that a town can be built up by a Court House, jail, and whipping-post, a Hotel, two or three Stores and a half a dozen grog shops. These latter soon ruin the prospects of any village.

Mechanics and Manufacturers are the bone and sinew of a town. No inland village can be made a town without them. Large commercial advantages help a seaport, but they can do but little without mechanics and manufacturers. We do not speak simply of housejoiners and brick-masons, but we speak of all kinds of mechanics. Look at the simple article of house-hold furniture. Every dollar of it should be made by our own mechanics. Our carriages, cooking utensils, farming utensils, &c., are made in large numbers at the North. Even our axe and hoe-handles, bread trays and rolling pins are made North.—Scarcely a harrow or a plow can be stocked at home. All these, and our cotton and woolen fabrics, hardware, &c., can be better made and cheaper at home, and yet we go to the North for

Perhaps the greatest want of North Carolina at this time, is good, thoroughbred mechanics in every branch of trade. We have become dependent on the North, because the different branches of mechanical occupation in this State have been given up to negroes and half-instructed white men, who cannot produce a good job for the want of the requisite training, and who must take three times as long to do it as a good mechanic.—There are honorable exceptions—we have some mechanics equal to any—but we speak in general terms. Hence, in a great measure, our people are driven North for articles which our own mechanics will not produce, or if at all, at such prices that they cannot afford it. The few first-rate mechanics we have, complain of this, but the complaint is often unreasonable. "Good mechanics—who understand their business—find no difficulty in securing plenty of work at remunerative prices, when they are disposed to work.

North Carolina has the material, the water power and the means to employ at this time the mechanics, the machinery and the manufacturers for the production of almost every article of necessity or luxury which her citizens require. Her people are disposed to patronize home industry and skill, and it is more of necessity than of choice that they have become so dependent on the North.

Let the mechanics and the capitalists of the State wake up to this matter. Let them excel the North in the excellency, dispatch, taste and cheapness of their articles, and the demands for Northern productions will cease. Then our towns and villages will become flourishing cities, and not until then. But let all concerned beware of the rain that must always follow a village or town filled with liquor-holes. Keep out the grog-shops, and the mechanics and factories will build up a town in the desert.—Spirit of the Age.

## WHO MADE THE "BLACK REPUBLICANS?"

"Black Republicans" is the bogbear with which Southern Loco-focos seek, on all occasions, to frighten children in a bed, or into their party, which is worse. That our readers may know whose powers of procreation brought "Black Republicanism" into existence, we give them the following from a late number of the N. Y. Daily News, a staunch, old line Democratic paper:

"But in an evil hour we took the Free Soilers to our bosom and elected Mr. Pierce in 1852. We made a bad bargain. This sectional fragment of our party, thus warmed into new life, permeated the entire Government of Mr. Pierce; so much so that most of our National Democrats had to leave it. So strong indeed, did the sectional-slavery principle become by having been taken to the bosom of the Democratic party in 1852, that in 1856 it set up for itself, denounced those who had warmed it into life after its complete prostration in 1850, gathered to itself all the Abolitionists and other opponents of Democracy, and formed a present Black Republican party."

## A Third Party.

Men who are partisan Democrats and Republicans frequently express their surprise or indignation that there should be more than two parties in the country. They don't understand how it is, that men do not see just as they see, and act just as they act; and he is thought to be a very foolish or stubborn fellow who will not look upon everything as black or white just as they look upon it. There is no use in wasting words upon persons holding such opinions and we shall not attempt it; but there is another class, who doubt the expediency of third parties, to whom a word may be said with profit.

In the first place, then, there is a large plurality of intelligent voters in America, who are not satisfied with either the Democratic or Republican parties and who, if they would act as a unit upon their principles and preferences, would soon largely outnumber either of them. This class embraces thousands and tens of thousands who vote with both the larger organizations, because they suppose they have no where else to go, or else they stay at home, and leave local, state and national politics to take care of themselves. There are seventy-five thousand of this last class of voters in the State of New York, and more than eighty thousand of the same class in the six New England states; and one hundred thousand in the three States of Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey; and quite half a million of stay at home; among the so called most respectable and wealthy citizens of the country. Put this number into an active Presidential canvass, with the nine hundred thousand who voted for Fillmore and Donelson in 1856, and the three hundred and fifty thousand, at least, who preferred Fillmore to Fremont or Buchanan, but who voted for the one or the other of the last two upon the plea that the former had no chance, and here is a vote exceeding the entire vote of Fremont, in 1856, by more than four hundred thousand! Nor is there any exaggeration in this statement.

Again, ten to one, if you meet a leading Democrat or Republican, not a professed politician, office holder or aspirant for place, he will agree with you that a third party between the extremes of the two other parties, is just what the country needs. A party not for the South alone, nor for the North alone, but for the country and the whole country,—a Constitutional Union party, founded upon the broad principles of Justice, Fraternity and Equity,—is what we need, and such a party, with good and true men at its leaders in the Councils of the Nation, would give such an electrical life to the people as would thrill every patriotic heart between Nova Scotia and the Pacific.

And why may not such a party be successful? Why may it not appeal to the good sense and patriotism of the people to add its numbers? Is there no virtuous and good to be found outside of organizations now in existence? Have we not kept the country in a state of sectional excitement hardly to be exceeded between foreign States in a time of war?

It is lawful enough to join a third church, or a third sect—to believe in a creed not all Unitarian, or all Episcopal, Calvinistic or Universalist—and no man is deemed a fool or a fanatic thereby. One, too, when he finds two parties, or two men, disagreeing widely, can see that there are errors on both sides, and point out a road of government, when they meet in a national convention to frame a national constitution, found it absolutely necessary to compromise upon the great questions of State and Federal power; and when the constitution was made, States like New York, and men like Patrick Henry of Va., held out vehemently for a time against its ratification. Had there been no medium between extreme opinions, we should have had no Declaration of Independence, no Constitution, no Federal Government, no thirteen States in one Union, and from which have sprung more than three times the original number of States. This government, indeed, could not last ten years under the extreme pressure of the extreme parties who now seek to administer it. We see the spirit of an eternal conflict between these two contestants. There is in neither of them any of the forbearance and tone of peace which characterized the founders of the Government: One side is fighting, as it thinks, for the very life of one section of the country,—and the other side is making an aggressive, constant war upon this section. "A higher law than the Constitution" is preached in a civil Government,—an irrepressible conflict among fraternal States,—war between Capital in one part of the Country and Labor in another. And then proceeds or follows, as the case may be, a hue and cry about the Territories, one side insisting upon special legislation for slavery in the Territories, and the other side for special legislation against slavery in the Territories, and each side fighting for an abstraction, not for a practical principle, and putting the country by the ears with the very abundance of their superfluous breath." Surely there is a straight and right way between these extremes, and as it is a safe one, is it too much to expect that a million or two of the American people, North and South East and West, will delight to walk therein?  
N. Y. Express.

## Em'l Reich's Shoes, AT THE BOOK STORE.

THE subscriber has deposited a choice lot of LADIE'S SHOES, of his own manufacture, at the Salem Book Store, where his friends and the public can be accommodated.  
E. REICH.  
March 16, 1860, 48-1f.

## Pure Brandy and Wine. ROCHELLE BRANDY, LONDON DOCK

GIN, Jamaica Rum, Port and Sherry Wine, for Medical purposes, for sale at the DRUG STORE.  
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, Scotch and Macbray Snuff, at the DRUG STORE.