

The most litigious fellow I ever knew, was a Welshman, named Bones. He had got possession by some means, of a bit of waste ground behind a public-house in Hogwash Street...

The Trustees put it up a third time, under the protection of a policeman. The inexorable Bones, in spite of the awful presence of this functionary, not only kicked down the wall again, but kicked the brick-layers into the bargain...

Thus was declared about a piece of dirty land literally not so big as a door-step, and the whole free-people of which would not sell for a shilling. The Trustees, however, thought they ought not to give up the rights of the parish to the obstinacy of a perverse fellow, like Bones...

The action was tried first, and as the evidence clearly showed the Trustees had kept within their own boundary, they got the verdict. Bones moved for a new trial, that failed. The Trustees now thought they would let the matter rest, as it had cost the parish about one hundred and fifty pounds...

Accordingly, Bones was required; and the very next thing Bones did was to sue the Trustees in a new action, for maliciously instituting the indictment against him without reasonable cause...

The Trustees were now sick of the very name of Bones, which had become a sort of bane, so that if a Trustee met a friend in the street he would be greeted with an inquiry after the health of his friend, Mr. Bones. They would have gladly let the whole matter drop into oblivion...

They were now obliged to have recourse to the Parish funds to pay their own law expenses, and were consoling themselves with the reflection that these did not come out of their own pockets...

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Diary of an Office Seeker.—Hous York, the clever New York correspondent of the New Orleans Bulletin, gets off the following good "um":

"I have come in possession of a MS. diary of an office seeker, from which I give you some extracts.—March 2d. Arrived in Washington, ten hours from New York. Engaged a book on which to hang portmanteau, and bought privilege to a half a settee in Willard's bar-room. Saw the President at dinner. Pale man—no appetite, and evidently an old 'un. Shall go in for Collector, March 4th. Surrounded with a disgusting clamoring crowd, who think a country postmaster the height of dignity. Rainy day. Will be a damper. Scrambled and elbowed to the capital. Heard address—well spoken. Reference to office seekers, evidently a piece of affectation. Think the Naval Office a preferable post. March 5th. Dreadful uncertainty. Called on Marcy. Thanked me for my attention. Said he was yet a private citizen. Aleni! Wonder if an Inspectorship is worth having? March 6th. Went to Church to study the Pros—I mean to head the sermon. Saw Pierce. Looked thoughtful. Bad business—his loss of son—will make great difference in appointments. Fell asleep during preaching time.—March 7th. Called on White House—great crowd—no time for private interview. Devilish awkward business, this. Must go and see Marcy again—hear he is confirmed. Went. Marcy again—asked me if cart at the door had brought my papers. Was felt I might leave my card. Walked around to Treasury building—fine airy room for clerks! March 8th. Finances running low.—Shall go home. Hear that modesty is the recommendation. Next door lodger on settee fell and broke his arm. Poor fellow—like Wolsey, he hastens to his setting. Bad joke, and illustrates my temper of mind. Railroad whistle in the distance, etc., etc., etc."

What Gold is Coming to!—The North American Review has an elaborate article on the production of gold and silver, in which the writer thinks it but the exercise of ordinary caution to assume that "the annual supply of the precious metals will not fall below a hundred millions of dollars for many years, and that in a quarter of a century this supply will depreciate money to one-half or one-third its present value."

Which, reduced to the popular phrase, means this: The man who now owns a house which brings him a revenue of three hundred dollars, will draw from it seven hundred and fifty to nine hundred dollars; and a day's labor, which is now worth one dollar, will command two dollars to three dollars, if the conjecture is correct.

Yes; and the seven hundred and fifty to nine hundred dollars rent, and the two dollars to three dollars for a day's labor, will purchase no more of the necessities or luxuries of life than the smaller sums now do; the moral of all which is, that an increase of the precious metals does not enrich the world nor augment the sum of human happiness.

The power loom has enabled us all to wear more comfortable clothing; the power of steam has aided the hand of productive industry and enabled us to circumvent the world with facility; the power-press has opened the printed volume for the enlightenment of millions; and the steam plough and the reaping machine will fill our granaries with abundant stores.

Washington Review.—Some Democrat, with a jocular spirit and a sharp sense of the ridiculous, writes from Washington to the Newburyport Union. He laughs at the endless crowd of office hunters, gives a graphic description of the army of hungry customers who hunt the Attorney General's office, and narrates the following incidents:

The other day a short fat gentleman, from Essex Street, attempted to stop General Cushing as he started for another part of the city on special business. This is the story, all told: Applicant, "General Cushing?"

Gen. C. "All glad to see you—understand the whole matter—have the greatest respect for you—can't stop now. Good morning."

Applicant, "Just one minute—I want to see you very much?"

Gen. C. "Shall be back in half an hour; or you must go with me," running.

The applicant, an old stager, declares he will go with him, and out they shoot from the back door, over the garden, the fat man panting and trying to talk, and the Attorney General striking a bee line for his destination. At last the asthmatic catches a breath, and cries out, "Can't stand this any longer, must give up!"

From the N. O. Picayune. A POME. We have received a "pome" that beats the Dutch—that eclipses all other pomes as much as "Columbiad" or the Philadelphia preacher's epic called "Liberty's Triumph," excels Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Dante's "Inferno."

Entranced, looked down, And stoop'd the heavenly car By charm unknown! And I, with mournful strain, The whip-poor-will, Beyond Lake Ponchartrain, Rejoice I will!"

CONSUMPTION CURABLE.

A book entitled "Information respecting the Practice of F. H. Ramadge, M. D., by J. M. Howe, M. D." has just been published in New York. In reviewing it, the Evening Post says:

Dr. Howe has himself been a sufferer from this relentless disease. On his way to the south of Europe in search of relief, he became so ill in Paris that he determined to return home while he had strength. In London he was induced to consult Ramadge, senior physician to the infirmary for asthma, consumption &c., who effected his cure in the course of two or three months.

The principal remedy was the use of a tube, through which the patient breathed for the purpose of expanding, airing and exercising the lungs. The construction of the tube is adapted to this purpose. The air is drawn in gradually through a large aperture, and then, when in the lungs, a small valve closes and leaves a smaller opening, through which the air passes out, thus leaving the air in the lungs for a longer period of time than it would remain without the tube, causing ultimately a permanent enlargement of the lungs and chest, and a great invigoration of the system.

Whenever a person is tending to consumption there is a growing contraction of the chest, and the lungs being only partially inflated, the blood loses a great portion of the benefit which nature intended should be derived from full and perfect inspiration. Now whether the tube be the best means of counteracting this contraction, we do not pretend to say, never having seen one—but the principle on which it is based is entirely correct.

A Consistent Politician.—Mr. Shaw, a Senator in the N. Y. Legislature, thus defined his position a few days ago:

"In politics he had been everything. He had been a member of every party he had ever heard of. [Laughter.] He was at this time a member of the Democratic party—of that faction known as 'Dunker'—a moderate one—rather softy. [Renewed Laughter.] Before the time of Andrew Jackson he had been a Democrat. But when he was talked of as a candidate for the Presidency, and Crawford was mentioned, he (Mr. S.) became a Clay man. He remained a Clay man during the whole of that despotic Democratic rule, and the one that followed. He clung fast to Mr. Clay as long as there was any hope of his placing him in the Presidential Chair, and was present at the Harrisburg Convention that witnessed his (Mr. C's) political death. And a sorry death it was, too! After that he left the party, and again sailed under the Democratic banner. He had been a Democrat, and left them when opposition to the old United States Bank was made a test of the party. He had been a Democrat when, on the other hand, they were the advocates of such a measure; and he expected to find them returning to it again some day. [Shouts of laughter.] He had been always consistent! [Laughter.] He had made it a point to belong to all parties in turn! [Renewed laughter.] He was just now a Democrat, but how long he should remain so was quite uncertain! It depended on the course pursued by Mr. Pierce—a man who had been elected President lately! [Laughter.] A Voice: How about John Tyler?"

Mr. Shaw: I was the personal friend of Mr. Tyler, but I found to my sorrow that high honors turned his brain and unsettled his intellect, and made him a poor vain fool! [Loud laughter.] Mr. S. said he had now stated his position, and given, he believed, a clear history of his political life.

Destiny in France.—A Paris letter in the N. Y. Express says:

"You have quack dentists in New York, of course, as we have them in Paris, but I doubt whether you can boast of such a tremendous operator as M. Duchesne, to whom I have already alluded in your columns. This gentleman rides about town in a highly illuminated wagon, with a roof to it. Upon the roof is a man dressed in the costume of the middle ages, and armed with a pair of cymbals and a brass drum. The dentist stands in front, with a helmet and feather, and surrounded with the instruments of his profession. He stops in some frequented place, collects a crowd by means of the cymbal, and then invites the afflicted to apply at once for extraction and relief. A notice on the side of his wagon reads thus: '5,000 if I miss a tooth.' This is surrounded by a halo of double teeth, the roots of which are pointed to resemble parsnips, and out of whose centres grow a plentiful crop of ladies' delights. As I have long since accustomed myself to be surprised at nothing, I am never astonished to see a line formed by the victims of the tooth-ache taking their turn at having the rebellious nerve eradicated. This line sometimes extends twice round the wagon. Each sufferer pays a franc, and leaves his tooth behind him. I had always supposed it required as much reflection to have a tooth out as to jump into Vesuvius. But the French do not think so. A maid-servant passes M. Duchesne's equipage, remembers a sore spot in her upper jaw, feels in her pocket for a franc, and joins the tail end of the line. Each applicant mounts on the seat with M. Duchesne, who demands the coin before proceeding. The head is then inclined backwards, the mouth opened, the tweezers inserted, and the tooth snatched from its gory bed. It is held up in the air an instant for the admiration of the multitude, and each extraction the drum gives a bang of triumph."

At Florence, some years ago, it was proclaimed that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain mentioned time would be provided by the duke with a new suit of clothes, free of cost. At the appointed time the beggars of the city all assembled, and the grand duke, causing all the avenues to the square to be closed, compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called "The Beggars' Bridge," and the city, for the time being, was relieved of the beggars by which it had been pestered, as none would give to the well-dressed individuals who implored charity, not believing their tale of distress.—Home Journal.

Mrs. Partington thinks there will be such facilities for travelling, bimeby, that you can go any where for nothing, and come back again.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

In looking over a debate in the Senate on certain declaratory Resolutions which announced to the world our resolves upon a supposititious state of things, we find that Mr. Badger characterized them as at least unnecessary and premature, and objected to this making war by proclamation. Perhaps no member of the Senate has a higher reputation than the Senator from North Carolina for fullness and accuracy of information, so much more formidable in his hands from the acuteness and logical clearness of his mind. We are, consequently, surprised that he should have criticised the resolutions in this light, as if they were something novel—an innovation upon the recognised mode of commencing a quarrel. We can cite him a noted instance where a war was not only begun, but actually conducted by the sole means of this potent weapon. We shall not stop to refer the Senator to the history of other campaigns, both ancient and modern, in which this dread engine has been used with signal effect, but we proceed at once to quote our precedent, and overwhelm the learned Senator with proof of his singular forgetfulness. Had the instance occurred to him, we cannot doubt that he would have appreciated its relevancy, and no longer have questioned the propriety of the proposed use of so simple and efficacious a mode of striking terror to the hearts of our enemies as a proclamation would probably prove to be.

The case to which we allude occurs in the early history of the State of New York, during the reign of the renowned Governor, William the Testy. Our authority is the veracious Diatribal Kuckelbocker, from the fourth book of whose annals we extract a paragraph or two, to direct the Senator's attention to the strongest precedent on record.

It was upon the occasion of the worthy Governor's address to the Colony of New Netherlands that he availed himself of what the historian calls the "glorious opportunity a Governor, a President, or even an Emperor has of drubbing his enemies in his speeches, messages, and bulletins, where he has the talk all on his own side."

The neighboring Yankees had intruded into the territory of the Dutch, and had driven off their garrisons, and vigorous measures were requisite. William, having enlarged in terms of adequate approbation upon the insolence and audacity of these Yankees, "assumed," says Diatribal, "a self-satisfied look, and declared, with a nod of his import, that he had taken measures to put a final stop to these encroachments; that he had been obliged to these encroachments to a dreadful engine of warfare, lately invented, awful in its effects, but authorized by direful necessity; in a word, he was resolved to conquer the Yankees—BY PROCLAMATION."

"For this purpose he had prepared a tremendous instrument of the kind, ordering, commanding, and enjoining the intruders aforesaid forthwith to remove, depart, and withdraw from the districts, regions, and territories aforesaid, under pain of suffering all the penalties, forfeitures, and punishments in such case made and provided. This proclamation, he assured them, would at once exterminate the enemy from the face of the country; and he pledged his valor as a Governor that, within two months after it was published, not one stone should remain on another in any of the towns which they had built."

As surely it is in no spirit of prophecy, but merely to complete the pertinent part of the history of this proclamation, that we add another extract from our author:

"Never was a more comprehensive, a more expeditious, or, what is still better, a more economical measure devised than this of defeating the Yankees by proclamation—an expedient, likewise, so humane, so gentle and pacific, there were ten chances to one in favor of its succeeding; but then there was one chance to ten that it would not succeed. As the ill-fated Fates would have it, that single chance carried the day! The proclamation was perfect in all its parts—well-constructed, well-written, well-sealed, and well-published—all that was wanting to insure its effect was that the Yankees should stand in awe of it; but, provoking to relate, they treated it with the most absolute contempt; and thus did the first warlike proclamation come to a shameful end—a fate which I am credibly informed has fallen but too many of its successors."

Thus the issue of William's essay in the new art of war was disastrous, to be sure. But the fault must be laid upon fortune, not the Governor, for it cannot be asserted that his action lacked energy. On the failure of this first attempt, he fulminated against his pestilent neighbors a second proclamation of heavier metal than the first, but all to no purpose. The Yankees had possession of the port of Good Hope, and kept it, this, however, proves only that they were an obstinate and intractable race, resolutely closing their ears to conviction. Had they been otherwise, or had the Governor had to deal with any other people, probably his method would have been as successful as he anticipated. Therefore, no more modern imitators need despair, at least before a trial.

A spice of philosophical reflection from the sensible Diatribal will fitly terminate our quotations and this chapter from the History of Proclamations:

"Your amazing acute politicians are forever looking through telescopes, which only enable them to see such objects as are far off and unattainable, but which incapacitate them to see such things as are in their reach and obvious to all simple folks, who are content to look with the naked eyes heaven has given them."

THE CABINET.—The N. Y. National Democrat

thus explains the origin of the late rumors relative to a dissolution of the Cabinet:

"The legion of office-seekers so beset the Secretary of State, that his very bed-room was scarcely safe from invasion, and it was impossible to letters and documents relating to Mexico, which it was necessary to wade through before he could decide what to do with some very pressing questions. Mr. Cushing, the Attorney General, came to the rescue. There were some points of international law involved which, in any case, he would be required to investigate, and as he is the least occupied, officially, of any member of the Cabinet, is a keen and rapid man of business, versed in the Spanish language, in which many of them are couched, and no stranger to the crooked tactics of Mexico, he had the power as well as the will to give reasonable and welcome aid in the State department. When the clerks there saw him plunging up to the eyes in these formidable hills of paper, and every now and then have a private hasty consultation with Governor Marcy, and when Governor Marcy showed himself so utterly out of patience with the broils of the New York cliques, they sagely concluded, and still more sagely reported to the office-seeking crowd that haunt the corridors and waiting-rooms of the department, that 'Marcy was about to retire, and Cushing take the portfolio of State.' The story drew off four or five hundred applicants from Marcy, and set them in hot pursuit after Cushing, to the great amusement of the Cabinet, and the sport might have run on indefinitely, if a 'clean and hungry Cassius' from the East had not, in the course of his spying, chanced to overhear Marcy, Cushing and Dobbin chuckling together on the comforts of this diversion of the siege."

"No Rewards to Bestow—No Resentments to Remember."—This beautiful passage in the Brigadier's Inaugural, we have had frequent occasion for recurring to. When first perusing that interesting document, our attention was fixed upon it, and we were ready to exclaim, what a noble sentiment!—one worthy the pristine days of the Republic! But we reflected that practice was a much better criterion to judge by than profession, and before giving vent to any eulogy of it, we would wait awhile and see if the President acted it out. We are rather disposed now to believe, that had we gone off into a complimentary notice, it would have been as ill-timed as similar effusions from sundry of our contemporaries of the Whig press, and about this time we should have the mortification of feeling somewhat green. We had a strong suspicion that in a short time practice would demonstrate the necessity of a slight change in the phraseology, so as to make it say what it really meant—"Rewards to bestow, and resentments to remember." That interpretation has been acted upon to the fullest extent, and the "Young Hickory of the Granite Hills" has adopted the principle of Old Hickory, to reward his friends and punish his enemies—certain Virginia politicians always excepted, unfortunately in the way of rewarding friends.

DEATH IN HIGH PLACES. Death Leaves a Shining Mark.—The reported sickness of Mr. Fillmore, and the dangerous illness of Vice President Chase, are calculated to induce even the most reckless to pause for a moment, and glance at the melancholy field of death. Within a few years, how many of the gifted spirits of the land have been summoned to their last resting-place! The scythe of the remorseless Reaper has been apparent in high places, and among the victims are not a few whose deeds may be regarded as among the immortal. The great and glorious trio of Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, will naturally suggest itself to every mind. But the other day, comparatively speaking, the lights of the Senate, the great men of the land, the master-spirits of the day. And now, all that remains of their mortal part is dust and ashes! The Hon. John Sargent, Ex-President Polk, the wife of Senator Cass, the only son of President Pierce, the wife of Ex-President Fillmore—alas! how formidable is the catalogue! How fleeting and fading seem the highest honors of mankind, when Death stands by to snatch away a child or a wife in the very hour of the world's triumph, and with millions of human beings looking up to the honored with envy and congratulation! The recent scene in Cuba, in which Vice President King took the oath of office, and thus accepted one of the highest of the honors of the earth, while he trembled upon the verge of the grave, was well calculated to touch and admonish.

Leaves have their time to fall, And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath, And stars to set; but all, That last all seasons for thine own, O' Death," Phil. Inq.

The police of Paris are generally a match for private citizens, but they sometimes find more than an equal in certain gentlemen, who, living on the highway and appropriating other people's goods, may be said to have a public character.—One of these gentlemen was the other day discovered in the act of rifling a bureau in a room in the upper story of a house. He fled to the roof, but could get no further. Railings and broken bottles impeded his onward progress. The occupants of the house guarded the windows and the stairways, a crowd of lookers-on in the street watched his movements on the roof, while a squad of firemen, with hooks and ladders, advanced on a run from the nearest post. The poor fellow was in his stocking feet and was minus a hat. As the firemen reached the roof he disappeared, no one could tell how or where. The search was continued for half an hour, but was utterly fruitless. A porter handed a note to the commissary heading the battue. It was from the escaped thief, and was thus couched:

"Excellent Sergeant: Do not fatigue your men in pursuing me; when this reaches you, I shall be a long way off. "Look at the house next to the one where I was surprised, and you will see how I escaped.—I found a window that opened like a snuff-box, which let me in to a chamber, most admirably kept. I found a trunk with new clothes, and a pair of varnished boots in it. I rigged myself from top to toe, walked down stairs and out of the door. Do you remember that a man, elegantly dressed, stopped you and told you that you wouldn't catch the thief? It was I! If I say that, I mean it; for having found in the trunk 200 francs in gold, I could not resist the temptation, and I put them in my pocket. My respects to your wife. Adieu!"

The rascal's assertions were discovered to be correct, and the commissary and the firemen retired rather crestfallen.

Activity.—You see men with the most delicate frames engaged in active professional pursuits, who, literally, have no time for illness. Let them become idle—let them take care of themselves—let them think of their health, and they die. The rust rots the steel which use preserves.—Huber.

Six pine trees standing near St. Johnsbury, Vt., were sold a few days since for \$550. They are to be made into masts, and taken to Boston.

SIXTH DISTRICT.

On reference to the proceedings of the convention held at Winston last Tuesday, it will be seen that Col. R. C. Puryear, of Yadkin county, has been selected by the Whigs as their candidate for the sixth district. Harmony and good feeling prevailed in the meeting; and an enthusiasm which will insure his election, should he be the candidate. Hon. A. H. Stephens has been frequently spoken of in this connection, but we learn requested that his name should not be presented to the convention.

Without disparagement to the many other citizens of talent and distinction in the district, we would congratulate our friends in this county on the selection of their standard-bearer. Col. Puryear is one of the most deservingly popular men in the western part of the State, and has frequently served as a member in the House of Commons, with great acceptability and usefulness. He is a plain, unassuming farmer, retiring in his private life; but on former occasions, when his friends have required his services, he has shown a zeal and talent that have always been given to popular elections. In his own immediate neighborhood where he is best known, he can probably secure a larger vote than any other whig in the district. And all that is necessary to render him popular in other parts of the district, is for him to become personally acquainted with the whig leaders, as with the people, and it is by them that he is urged to become a candidate for Congress. His moral character is pure and respected. In short, he is just such a man as the citizens of the district might be proud to point to as their representative in Congress.

The Democrats of the 6th district have not publicly announced their candidate. A number of the prominent men of the party were in attendance at Forsyth Court, and it was said, out of doors, that an informal meeting of whigs was held on Tuesday night, at which the Hon. J. H. Hill, of Stokes, was urged to take the field, as a democratic candidate, under the banner of the strongest man they could run; but that he had persisted in declining the honor; and that it was agreed to make a call on George D. Boyd, Esq. of Rockingham. In the event that he declines to make the sacrifice, if the chances of success were a little better; but as the democratic favor of the whigs, especially with such a man as Col. Puryear, they are willing to sacrifice their claims in favor of the older members of the party.—Greensborough Patriot.

JUDICIAL DECISION. A case involving principles of general interest was decided in Forsyth Superior Court last Tuesday, before Judge Suttle. Messrs. Board & Co., merchants of Salem, had instituted suit against the Merchants' Steam Boat Company, running between Wilmington and Fayetteville, for damages, alleged to have been sustained by the destruction of their goods on the river, in the fall of 1850. The delay was admitted; but was argued as unavoidable, in consequence of the unusual drought and low state of the river. The trial occupied the whole day, and the jury did not render their verdict till Wednesday morning, and then not until they had additional instructions from the Judge, when they gave a verdict in favor of the plaintiffs, and assessed the damages at \$175 00. The Judge charged that the Company, as "common carriers," were liable for loss sustained by the delay over the usual time in delivering the goods, unless said delay was caused "by the act of God or the enemies of the Republic;" that it was incumbent on the Company to show that the delay was so caused; and that the man exertion could not have prevented it.

The Judge made a distinction between what he termed "common carriers," viz railroad and steam boat companies, stage contractors, &c., and private wagoners, who make special contract for the conveyance of goods.

This decision is calculated to make those engaged in the transportation of goods and produce on the Cape Fear, very cautious in receiving freight when the water in the river is low, as it is frequently is, for an expedition trip.

The costs in this suit, we understand, amount to \$500 and \$800.—Salem Press.

EFFECTS OF INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.—The correspondent of the Newbern News, writing from Charlotte, says:—"Charlotte has gone up like a rocket since the Revolution. The steamboat which has aroused her citizens to the importance of energy and activity in this day of lightning and steam, and they have already commenced pulling down old wooden houses and replacing them with brick and building new ones—lighting the street with lamps &c. Real estate has advanced more than one hundred per cent in six months. Her rents are equal to those in New York. Her commencement of the Charlotte road, laid on the line that sold for two or three dollars per acre, now sells readily, (since the prospect of the interior, heretofore excluded for want of means of transportation can be sent to market) at ten and twelve dollars, and are eagerly sought after by farmers at these prices.

I have visited two gold mines; they are from fifteen to twenty miles from Greensboro. One named Hill was the largest and most valuable, it was owned by Gov. Morehead, and is now estimated to be worth two or three hundred thousand dollars. Until the recent Copper fever it was worked for profitable for Copper. Heretofore, two or three dollars worth of the precious metal, worth only a few cents of Copper has been thrown away. They did not know the value of it. The largest amount of Gold received from this mine in one year was about \$5,000, or three dollars a day. The land, including boys, I have collected a number of beautiful and rich specimens of Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead and Iron ore, which I will exhibit to you when I return. I noticed the houses at the mines were erected on pillars composed of Copper ore.

When leaving Lexington, a small town of some ability and refinement, for Salisbury, we proceeded on the driver to turn out from the stage road and go through what is called the Jersey settlement. The fertile slopes and rich meadows were so surpassingly beautiful. The wheat surprised me, I had never before saw for its luxuriance, and the cattle appeared to have been fattened by the northern market. If the six miles between the settlement and the Jersey settlement, which is the highest degree of fertility, and particularly productive of wheat and cotton.

Branches Healed.—Miss Duer recovered from thousand dollars damages of Ira Collins, at Vicksburg, Indiana, last week, and Miss Hall, of Rutherford, Tennessee, fifteen hundred dollars of W. C. Fletcher. Both had engaged to marry, and wouldn't."

Adv was r the 2d glowing Mr. York to his placing pages frequent Susan the set lished these affairs in the strong Mr. B's sent to of Cub reliance politics publicl grievance & of affai The fused it and lar her in Book, i to fill tion of numbe paper l The that M paring for the squares feet, 7, over five Won that el the sup to the ing aff as her suggest so as to must al through ceptatic qualitie day, w and an mai's r val of v that, to the Co to vote day in A la ing in t no voti on The through The ( tion, 'ing, a n frogu, of water Our woman? is one l pounds of whale and feat judge of Sir W a friend, ing it, in apole had arit are good SPAI OIA TI Ta'e B And T Do v B I kn It And O' Tis F Take B Give At Let T That Aj Wit ( SU JESSE I CLERK County, i March SU W B E of Clerk County, i March HI HOLLO CURES DA valuable given w ons ure, will yord persons v and mde and by a British Kan es, 27, i New York N. B. Dr post or hize Wholesale For sale!