

Almost immediately on crossing the border, the different aspect of the country made me feel that I was in the "land of brown heath and saggy wood." The quiet beauty of English rural scenery was now exchanged for wildness and rugged sublimity. Our road lay still along the border of the German ocean, whose waves were rolling and dashing against the rocky shore. So we were passing over Lammermoor, and the tragic tale of the unhappy "Bride" the first that I read of Scott's works, came vividly to my memory—recalling that distant summer's day, when, in the company of a school-mate, seated on the grassy bank of a little brook, at the foot of an aged oak, the hours flew swiftly by, while we drank in the rich romance of that powerful fiction. How strange was it to be passing over that Lammermoor, which, then, seemed so remote from the possibility of a visit, if not as little pertaining to the real world, as the "Delicate Mountains," or any other charmed locality, found only in the map of fancy.

The road, winding among heath-clad hills, passed close to a ruined tower, bearing the name of Ravenswood. It does not answer, however, to the description of Wolf-crag in the romance—which applies better to Fast Castle, whose ruins are still visible on a rocky precipice, overhanging the German Ocean. The wildness of the scene was now enhanced by the mountain mist, which for a time shut out all extended prospect; but I could not find fault with what was so much in keeping with my ideas of Scotland. After a while, we ceased to be "children of the mist," and the charm of moonlight was added to our romantic ride. As the night advanced, my fellow travellers, whose good sense and courteous manners had added much to the exhilarating attendant on a first visit to Scotland, successively left the coach, and I remained with only the company of the coachman and guard—the latter rather an ornament, at than useful appendage to Her Majesty's mail.

Late at night, we stopped a few minutes at Dunbar, situated on a promontory looking out on the German Ocean. I walked up its long, wide, silent street, endeavoring to recall whatever the chronicles of authentic history, or Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," had associated with its name. In this neighborhood, on the 25th of April, 1296, the Scottish army was defeated by the English, and the whole country brought into subjection to Edward I., whose power was afterwards held in check by the valor of William Wallace. The ruins of Dunbar Castle, so celebrated in Scottish history, are now scarcely distinguishable from the rugged, wave-beaten rocks, from whose tops they rise like pillars. In this Castle, Mary Queen of Scots resided, immediately after her union with Bothwell.

The night becoming cool, I took a solitary inside seat, and, my romantic feeling being at length quite exhausted, soIced myself with the anticipation of a comfortable bed at Edinburgh. On we went, at the rate of eleven miles an hour, till at one, A. M., the coach stopped at the "Black Bull." My baggage was taken off, my four attendants had gone to the coachman and guard, and I was in haste to get to a quiet bed, when mine host very coolly informed me that, as all his rooms were occupied, a settee in the coffee room comprehended the extent of the sleeping accommodations which he could offer. A servant was despatched to the two nearest hotels, but they too, were full. To seek for lodgings at that dead hour of the night, in a strange city to which I had not yet a guide book, was not to be thought of; so, with a sufficiently ill grace, I followed the landlord into the aforesaid coffee room. But when my eye fell on a row of narrow wooden settees, to which a very slender man might cling by mere muscular force, as long as awake, with the comfortable prospect of rattling off at his first slumber, I unconsciously turned my back on these "unfurnished lodgings for single gentlemen," and, choosing one out of a group of ragged porters clustered around the door, under his guidance, set off in quest of lodgings—which I soon secured at the Waterloo House, one of the best hotels in Edinburgh. The landlord of the other house, as I afterwards found, looked on this with an evil eye, and, rather than send a stranger to it, would have doomed me to do penance on his oaken boards; in requital of which benevolent intention, I counsel all visitors to Edinburgh to give the Black Bull a wide berth.

It was near noon of a splendid summer's day, when I left Edinburgh for Melrose, full of exhilaration at the thought of soon being in the midst of scenes long familiar to imagination. After passing through several villages, and in view of numerous gentlemen's seats, in the midst of a beautiful and well-cultivated country, we crossed a long tract of wild upland, and then descended into the vale of Gala. Thirty miles from Edinburgh, we passed Galashiels, a small town on the stream of Gala, which a mile below falls into the Tweed. Two miles further, as we gained an eminence, affording an extensive prospect of the valley of the Tweed, Annonrath, with its turreted roof just visible above its surrounding trees and hills, suddenly rose to view, on the opposite side of the river. Soon it disappeared; only to give place to another object still more attractive—the majestic ruin of Melrose Abbey. Descending a long hill, we crossed Melrose bridge, and proceeded along the south bank of the river to the village of Melrose, the Abbey being in full view all the way. The village, triangular in shape, is most beautifully situated under the shadow of the Eildon Hill, a mountain terminating in three conical summits, celebrated in legend as the haunts of Thomas the Rhymer. As I looked on the landscape, glowing in the beauty of a summer afternoon, I thought that there could

scarcely be in Scotland, even aside from its poetical associations, a sweeter valley than "Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose, And Eildon slopes to the plain." Melrose Abbey is the most beautiful as well as the most entire ecclesiastical ruin in Scotland. The nave is 255 feet in length, and 79 in breadth. The most ornamental part of the structure is the east window, which is thirty-seven feet high, and sixteen broad, having four upright mullions straight from top to bottom. The exquisite delicacy of the carved work in this part of the ruin, is scarcely exaggerated in the poetic description:

"The moon on the east oriel shone  
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,  
By solaced tracery combined;  
The wood had been thought some fairy's hand,  
To carve poplar straight the o'erward wood,  
In many a freakish knot had twined;  
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,  
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."  
Within the chancel, a slab of dark green marble marks the spot where it is believed that King Alexander II. was buried in 1249, beside the high altar of the church. Near the same spot the heart of Robert Bruce was buried, after the ineffectual attempt of his friend, Sir James Douglas, to convey it to Jerusalem, according to the monarch's dying direction.

Within and without the building are numerous niches, generally empty, but a few retaining the statues which originally ornamented them. Figures of monks and nuns are scattered profusely through the edifice; and sometimes the ludicrous is strangely intermingled with the sacred, here as in other relics of ecclesiastical art.—The unrivalled beauty of the carved work is thus described by a connoisseur: "Every where, without and within, the doors and windows are surrounded with specimens of sculpture, at once so delicately conceived and so beautifully executed, that it would be quite ridiculous to compare them with any thing I ever saw, even in the most magnificent remains of Gothic architecture in England or Normandy. There is one cloister in particular, along the whole length of which there runs a cornice of flowers and plants, entirely unrivalled, roses, and lilies, and thistles, and ferns, and heaths, in all their varieties, and oak leaves, and ash leaves, and a thousand beautiful shapes besides, are chiselled with inimitable truth and grace; the wildest productions of the forest, and the most delicate ones of the garden, are represented with equal fidelity." With this description, it is interesting to compare the graphic touches of the "Last Minstrel":

"Spreading herbs and flowers bright,  
Glittered with the dew of night;  
Nor herb nor floweret glistered there,  
But was carved in the cloister-arches, as fair."  
"By a steel-cleaved postern door,  
They entered now the chancel tall;  
The darkened roof rose high aloof,  
On pillars lofty, and light and small."

The key-stone, that locked each ribbed aisle,  
Was a fleur de lys, or a quatre-feuille;  
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim,  
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,  
With base and with capital flourish'd around,  
Seemed bundles of lances which garrands had bound."  
When I had done such justice as time permitted to the minutest details of the architecture, and had climbed to the highest accessible point of the ruin, to gain a sunset view of the whole, I left the Abbey, having stipulated with the custodian for a second visit by moonlight. Meanwhile, I walked back a mile and a half to Melrose bridge, and, descending the steep bank, sat down on a rock, and watched the rippling waters of the Tweed, pleasing myself with the thought that one great wish of my life was fulfilled in a visit to these scenes, and revolving many a sweet fancy associated with the dreams of early years.

It was near ten o'clock, when I stood once more beneath the broken arches of Melrose Abbey. The moon, now wading through the clouds, now shining in a clear sky, shed down a silver radiance on the ruined pile. As I gazed on it from the extensive cemetery in which it is partially enclosed, the scene was one altogether of enchantment—a perfect realization of the poet's description:

"If thou would'st view far Melrose aight,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray,  
When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;  
When the broken arches are black in night,  
Streams on the ruined central tower;  
When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seemed framed of ebony and ivory;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;  
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,  
Then go—but go alone the while—  
The view 's't David's raised pile;  
And, home returning, sobbily swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair!"

As again and again I repeated these lines, which had been to me, for years, as "household words," I asked myself if it were possible that I was indeed treading that doubly consecrated ground. It seemed rather like an illusion of fancy. I lingered till midnight: now passing on the spot beneath which the heart of Bruce was buried—now marking the exquisite delicacy of the carved work, as "the moon on the east oriel shone"—and again walking among the graves without, and surveying the exterior of the Abbey from different points of view. That gray ruin rises before me now, as it appeared then beneath the pale moon, in solemn, melancholy majesty and beauty.—All the associations connected with it are poetical:

"Come, pilgrim, addrest as thou art,  
By earth's turmoil and wood,  
Wander with me 'mid fallen fane,  
By desolate Melrose.  
And when no light, save star-beams dim,  
Illumines the sky,  
Behold above, where proud intred monks,  
And monks' wives, were proud intred monks,  
Solemn thoughts arise in the mind, as one  
walks at midnight and alone, beneath the Gothic  
arches of Melrose Abbey, and thinks of those  
who once frequented its long-drawn aisles,  
and tread its sounding pavements, but whose  
very names have long since perished  
from the earth. Here, too, one can feel the  
full power of that magnificent passage in the

Lay of the last Minstrel, where Deloraine visits Melrose Abbey, to obtain by the aid of the aged Monk, the Book of magical art that had been buried in the grave of Michael Scott. How to the life in the interview described, between the rude warrior and the aged churchman:

"From seelochil couch the monk arose,  
With tall his stiffened limbs he rear'd;  
A hundred years had flung their years  
On his thin locks and flouting beard.  
And strangely on the knight look'd he,  
And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and dead,  
And darrest thou, warrior! seek to see  
What heaven and hell alike would heed?"  
The monk gazed long on the lovely maid,  
Then into the night he look'd forth.  
The scene which follows, those can best appreciate who have sat down on the marble stones beneath which a Scottish monarch sleeps, and seen the midnight moon shining on the east oriel.

The silver light, so pale and faint,  
Shone many a prophet and many a saint,  
When in the midst his glass was dyed,  
Full in the midst his Cross of Red  
Triumphal Michael brandished,  
And trampled the Apostle's pride.  
The moon beam kiss'd the holy pane,  
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.  
"Lo, Warrior! now, the Cross of Red  
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;  
Within it burns a wondrous light,  
To ease the spirit that lone the night:  
That lamp shall burn unquenched,  
Until the eternal doom shall be."  
It was by dint of passing strength  
That he moved the masonry stone at length,  
I would you had been there to see  
How the fight broke forth so gloriously,  
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,  
And through the galleries far aloof!  
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright:  
It shone like Heaven's own blessed light,  
And leaping from the tomb,  
Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,  
Danced on the dark-wooded Warrior's mail,  
And kiss'd his waving plume.  
Before their eyes the Wizard lay,  
As if he had not been dead a day.  
His heavy head in silver roll'd,  
He seem'd some seventy winters old;  
A palmer's amice wrapp'd his round,  
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,  
Like a pilgrim that lone the sea:  
His left hand held his Book of might;  
A silver cross was in his right;  
The lamp was placed beside his knee  
High and majestic was his look.  
At which the fellest fiends had shook,  
And all unroll'd was his face:  
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

The effect of this strange death-scene, on the Warrior and the Priest, the agitation of the one at the sight of the man who he had loved with brotherly affection, the terror of the other, when, as he took the magic volume from the cold hand, the dead man seemed to frown—the strange voices, as of supernatural beings hovering around, and the death of the aged Monk, are circumstances as highly conceived as they are exquisitely expressed. But enough, the reader will doubtless say, and more than enough, of quotation. "At midnight I left the Abbey, hastened to the inn, and retired to rest. But nowhere in my tour did I feel so little disposed to sleep."  
W. C. D.

From the Highland Messenger.

MORE OF THE BEAUTIES OF DEMOCRACY.—At a meeting of the Democrats of Marion, Mississippi, a few days since, the following Resolution was passed. We are happy to believe that the Democrats of the Old North State do not resemble the Democracy of Mississippi in regard to the fulfillment of public obligations, and the payment of honest debts. Yet, it is not strange, that the Democracy of the two States pull together on all political questions, support the same men and measures, and in all things relating to the success of the "party" are one and indivisible. The Democracy of honest old North Carolina should be ashamed to be found in fellowship with the "repudiators" of honest debtors who have no regard for their own or their State's character, and our advice to all honest Democrats is, to repudiate the repudiators—have more self-respect than to acknowledge such men as members of the same party for the sake, merely, of keeping the party together. Here is the Resolution: "Resolved, That our Delegates to the State Convention be, and they are hereby instructed, not to vote for any man, for any office, State or National, who is in favor of the payment of the Union Bank notes, either by the State or People of the State of Mississippi." At another Democratic meeting held in the same State not long since, the following Resolution was passed. Comment is unnecessary, for the people will read and understand: "Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed by the Chair to draft suitable Resolutions to be adopted before the Democracy of Madison at their next meeting, expressive of their sympathy for Thomas W. Dorr, now confined in the State Prison of Rhode Island, for an illegal political offence; and also, expressive of their opinion of the principles involved in the late contest between the minority government and the people of said State."

THE WHIGS.—Now is time for the Whigs to commence a thorough inspection of their forces and effect an entire organization. They should never have this to be done within a few months of the Presidential election. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." If we were to write this sentence for four years to come it would not be untrue if they try. We have heard a L. C. member of Congress admit this. Such developments as have been made upon locofocoism in the last election most render it disgusting beyond all pleration to the morals of the country. There are too many noble spirits in this land, to suffer, he like again, at least, while they shall remain like gall and wormwood in their memories.  
Rutherford Republican

THE WEATHER.—It is said that that most estimable personage—the "oldest inhabitant" can bear testimony to the fact that on the 10th of May, 1868, snow fell in this city. This we can easily believe, because we saw flakes of snow fall at the corner of Fourteenth street and Irving Place yesterday, the 25th of May! and because a friend informs us that at Macomb's Den the snow fell in such quantities that the ground appeared white for some minutes. At Harlem also, snow fell in quantities; and the cucumber vines and early beans were destroyed by the frost on Saturday night. In this city the thermometer fell to 30° on Saturday night, and stood at 40° at sunrise. This rather exceeds any thing in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant."—N. Y. Cour.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

The morning of the 4th of December, 1783, was a sad and heavy one to the remnant of the American army in the City of New York. The noon of that day was to witness the farewell of Washington—he was to bid adieu to his military comrades forever. The officers who had been with him in the solemn council, the privates who had charged in the heavy fight under his orders, were to hear his commands no longer—the manly form and the dignified countenance of the great captain was henceforth to live only in their memories.

As the hour of noon approached, the whole garrison, at the request of Washington himself, was put in motion and marched down Broad st. to Francis's tavern, his head quarters. He wished to take leave of private soldiers alike with the officers, and bid them adieu. His favorite light infantry were drawn up in a line facing inwards, through Pearl st. to the foot of White Hall, where a barge was in readiness to convey him to Powles' Hook.

Within the dining room of the tavern were assembled the general and field officers to take their farewell. Assembled there were Knox, Greene, Stenben, Gates, Clinton, and others, who had served, with him faithfully and truly in the tented field; but alas! where were others who had entered the war with him seven years before! Their bones crumbled in the soil from Canada to Georgia. Montgomery had yielded up his life at Quebec, Wooster at Danbury, Woodhull was barbarously murdered whilst a prisoner at the battle of Long Island, Mercer fell mortally wounded at Princeton, the brave chivalric Laurens, after displaying the most heroic courage in trenches of Yorktown, died in a trading skirmish in South Carolina, the brave and eccentric Lee was no longer living, and Putnam, like a helpless child was stretched on a bed of sickness. Indeed, the battle field and time had thinned the ranks which had entered with him in the conflict.

Washington entered the room—the hour of separation had come. As he raised his eye and glanced on the faces of those assembled, a tear coursed down his cheek and his voice was tremulous as he saluted them. Nor was he alone—

"Albeit unused to the melting mood," stood around him, whose uplifted hands to cover their brows, told that the tear, which they in vain attempted to conceal, bespoke the anguish they could not hide.

After a moment's conversation, Washington called for a glass of wine. It was brought him—turning to his officers he thus addressed them: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you. I most devoutly pray your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. He then raised his glass to his lips, drank, and added "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave but I shall be obliged to you, if each of you will take me by my hand." Gen. Knox, who stood nearest, burst into tears, and advanced—incapable of utterance. Washington grasped him by the hand, and embraced him. The officers came up successively and took an affectionate leave. No words were spoken, but all was the silent eloquence of tears.—What were mere words at such a scene? Nothing. It was the feeling, the heart—thrilling, though unspoken.

When the last officers had embraced him, Washington left the room follow'd by his comrades, and passed through the lines of infantry. His step was slow and measured—his head was uncovered, and the tears flowing thick and fast as he looked side to side at the veterans to whom he now bade adieu forever. Shortly an event occurred more touching than all the rest. A gigantic soldier who had stood by his side at Trenton, stepped forth from the ranks, and extended his hand and said:

Farewell, my beloved General, Farewell!

Washington grasped his hand in convulsive emotion, in both his. All discipline was now at an end, the officers could not restrain the men, as they rushed forward to take Washington by the hand, and the sobs and tears of the soldiers told how deeply engraven upon their affections was the love they bore for their commander.

At length, Washington reached the barge at White Hall and entered it. At the first stroke of the oar, he rose, and turning to the companions of his glory, by waving his hand bade them a silent adieu—their answer was only in tears; officers and men, with glistening eyes, watched the receding boat till the form of their noble commander was lost in the distance.

Contrast the farewell of Washington to his army at White Hall, 1783, and the adieu of Napoleon to his army at Fontenoybleau, in 1814.—The one had accomplished every wish of his heart; his exertions had achieved the independence of his country, and he longed to retire to the bosom of his home—his ambition was satisfied. He fought for no crown or sceptre, but for equality and the mutual happiness of his fellow beings.—No taint of tyranny, no breath of slander, no whisper of duplicity, marred the fair proportions of public or private life—but,

"He was a man take him for all in all—  
We've er'd shall look upon his like again—"

The other great soldier was the disciple of selfish ambition. He raised the iron weapon of war to crush only that he might rule. What to him were the cries of the widows and orphans? He passed to a throne by making the dead bodies of their protectors his stepping stones. Ambition, self, were the gods of idolatry, and to them he sacrificed hestombs of his fellow-men for the aggrandizement of personal glory. Enthusiasm points with fearful wonder to the pangs of Napoleon, whilst justice, benevolence, freedom and all the concomitants which constitute the true happiness of man, shed almost a divine halo round the name and character of Washington.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

We do not remember having met with a passage of the same length, so full of true feeling, thrilling pathos, and graphic power, as the following extract from a speech delivered by Mr. A. B. Longstreet, of Georgia, before the Methodist Convention at Louisville. The reader is transported, involuntarily, to the gloomy but sublime scene where the self-devoted pioneer of a holy cause falls beneath the weight of his perilous enterprise. The vast West is filled with romantic incidents of these holy men, leaving behind them the comfort and security of civilization, and meeting the dangers and sacrifices of a forest life. To their credit be it said, the zealous Methodists are found the first among those who break the stillness of the Western wilds, and push on the blessings of civilization and religion.

But will it be believed that the orator, whose eloquence is able to arouse the deepest sympathies of the heart, is also the author of the "Georgia Scenes," so justly popular as a record of the richest laughter-stirring humor. It furnishes but another instance of the versatility of the human mind. It is, we think, Thomas Hood the prince of jesters, who is described as suffering keenly from pecuniary and physical causes; and yet, his published lukes and conceits seem never to flag in spirit. Kaman Blanchard, the author of the "imitable" "Mrs. Caudle's Lectures," is also said to have been a severe sufferer from many causes. In both instances, the natural bent of the mind had full way, at intervals. But here in our own land, at one moment, dash off with his pen the most comic sketches of passing scenes, and at the next, rise in a religious assembly, convoked for the most solemn and vital objects, and chain, with his pathos and his eloquence, the hearts of a listening crowd. Such is the variety of feelings evoked by the peculiar excitement of surrounding circumstances.—Richmond Enquirer.

"No, we must part, and the sooner the better. Let us, with our new organization, try to get back to primitive Methodism. I speak not of its external, some of which never legitimately belonged to it, but of its inward graces. I speak of its former zeal, which glowed with equal fervor amidst the miasm of the lowland swamps, the healthful breezes of the mountain, which led the Methodist preacher to seek the lost sheep of the fold of Christ whithersoever they wandered. I speak of that Methodism that preached not only on stated days, and at stated times, but which preached at all times and in all places, in the chapel, the hut, the kitchen, the grove, the wilderness—to fathers, mothers, husbands wives, parents, children, master, servants; which never entered a house without a word for the Lord, and never left it without praying a blessing upon it— which planned the standard of the cross on the spot which we occupy ere the elk and the buffalo had left it—which pushed on its labors, at times, until exhausted nature sank under them. "When I thus speak of Methodism, let me not be understood as claiming for our sect all the religion that is in the world. Far from it—there is as pure religion in other churches as in ours. I am no sectarian. If I possess one christian virtue it is love for all that love and serve the Lord Jesus Christ; but I confess I feel a kindling emotion, allied to the moral sublime, when I contemplate Methodism personified in such men as our Nolly, whose funeral obsequies were performed by himself, whose dirge was sounded by the winter winds, whose winding sheet was the snow drift, and whose monument was the sturdy oak of the forest—found by the woodsman, frozen on his knees and buried in the attitude of prayer. Of myself I will not glory, of my church I will not glory, but of such as these I might become a fool in glorying and all christians would pardon me, if not join me. Yes, were I to inscribe on the tree the root of which was his last pillow, "The christian's best monument, every christian of every church would cheerfully inscribe under it Amen and amen. To this kind of Methodism let us get back; let it be the characteristic of the Southern church, and then, if they will, let the Northern church take all the rest.

A strange article of the *genus homo* came to light in this county recently in a manner quite as strange. We proceed to the particulars: In the autumn of '43, a gentleman of Natchez sent to his overseer, in this county, a keg marked "oil," thinking it such. It was tapped, and instead of the white's rich juice, the spile poured forth most delicious juice of the grape. Many were the happy times that a few jolly, frolicking fellows enjoyed around the rich cask until, after this it was used in making vinegar of a superior quality, which, in the course of time, was used up by the negroes and others, and a new fermentation proposed. The old negroes, however, declared that there was too much mother in it.—One of the heads was accordingly removed, and let instead of the mother, there was the child! A well grown negro child, with two heads, four legs, four arms, but one chest. Dr. D.— was sent for, and he relates the scene as peculiarly rich when he arrived on the ground. Riding up, he inquired what was the matter? The reply was pointing with the digit of the left hand towards the cask—that modern Pandora's box—accompanied with "oh! eah! a spasmodic upheaving of the stomach, and all the usual accompaniments of retching. Some dozen slaves of Africa, who had partaken of the choice vinegar, were clustered about in groups, and singly all giving evident tokens that their suppers didn't set well.

This denouement has set several of our citizens to thinking, and it is amusing to see with how much earnestness they deny ever having dined at the place referred to, or partaken of the goodly wine. They are all temperate people, if we may credit their story. The cask and its contents were intended, we suppose, for some museum, but got mis-directed. The child is a wonder, putting Casper Hauser quite in the shade, and is worthy the careful study of the scientist.

Woodville Republican.

The public, generally, may perhaps think the above a hoax, but it is not. The child is now being exhibited at Dr. Stone's Apothecary shop, in Woodville, and will probably continue to be during the whole of the court.

We were in the neighborhood of Woodville on Monday last, and although we had not an opportunity of going to see the monster ourselves, we saw many who did, and spoke to an eminent medical gentleman on the subject, who gave us a full account of its formation, &c.

Point Coupee (La.) Tribune.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—Mrs. Chase died in Boston, 19th inst., at the age of one hundred and six years. She had been married three times and had ample fortunes left her by her first two husbands, which were unfortunately spent by a third; leaving her to depend upon the charity of strangers. She has no one living related to her.

ATTENDING TO ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.

The Knickerbocker has the following story:—"Some time since the Yankee schooner, Sally Ann, under command of one Captain Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut river. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things, the schooner was getting rather too near certain flats which lay along the harbor shore; so aft he goes to the captain, and with his hat cocked one side, says: "Captain Spooner, you are getting rather close to them are flats; hadn't you better get about?" To which Captain Spooner replied: "Mr. Comstock, do you go forward and attend to your part of the skunner—I'll attend to mine." Mr. Comstock "mizzled" forward in high dudgeon. "Boys," said he, "see that are mudhook all clear for letting go." "Ay, ay, sir—all clear." "Let go," said he. Down went the anchor, rattled the chain, and like a flash the Sally Ann came luffing in the wind, and then brought up all standing. Mr. Comstock walked aft, and touching his hat very cavalierly: "Captain Spooner," said he, "my part of the schooner is at anchor!"

For Rent, and immediate possession given, the comfortable Dwelling House in the Western part of the City, lately occupied by Major T. L. West. Apply at this Office. May 12, 1848.

Sheriff's Sale. A GREASYBAY to an Order of Henderson County Court, at its last Term, I shall proceed to sell before the Court House door in Hendersonville, on the 4th Monday of June next, the following Tract of Land, or so much thereof as will satisfy a double Tax for 1845, together with costs of advertising, viz: The interest of JAMES MANN'S Heirs in 556 Acres, lying on both sides of Mills' River, in said County, occupied by Philip Britain, and adjoining Joseph King and others—valued at \$6,965—Tax thereon amounting to \$43 67.  
R. THOMAS, former Sheriff.  
Pr. Adv. \$3 50.

HARRIS' HOTEL, CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA. The Subscriber has the pleasure to inform his old friends and customers, and the public generally, that he has recently purchased the large BRICK HOUSE adjoining the North-west corner of the Court House, in the Town of Concord, and has fitted it up in a fashionable and comfortable style as a HOUSE for the accommodation of the public. His house has been thoroughly repaired—his rooms are large and conveniently arranged, and his furniture is entirely new. His Hotel is not surpassed by any in the State. He flatters himself that from his long experience in the business, he is able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call. All I ask is a fair trial. Call and judge for yourselves.  
KIAH P. HARRIS.  
Concord, N. C. May 13, 1845. 40 if

Valuable Prairie Plantation FOR SALE. ON A CREDIT OF 1, 2, 3 AND 4 PAYMENTS!!! THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale his Plantation, lying 7 miles west of Columbus, Mississippi, near the Robinson Road, and 6 miles from the River. This is a portion of that valuable Tract of Land, lately owned by Col. Jno. D. Amis, late of North Carolina, and has been considered one of the most valuable Cotton Farms in North Mississippi. The Tract contains 730 Acres—440 acres in a high state of cultivation— and 60 acres drained, which can be brought into cultivation with little trouble. The Gin House, Screw, Horse-Mill, Cisterns, for the accommodation of 70 or 80 Negroes and other buildings necessary on a Farm, are all new—the water is good—Corns, Poddery, and stock of every description will be sold, either for cash or on a credit. Possession given the first of January, 1846. The first payment may be a small one, if not convenient to pay much. The Tract can be enlarged, if desired.  
GRAY A. CHANDLER.  
Columbus, Miss., May 13, 1845. 41

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA—WARREN COUNTY. Superior Court of Law, April Term, 1845. Henry T. Doles, vs. Elizabeth Doles. Petition for Divorce. DEFENDANT being cited and failing to appear, it is Ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the Warrenton Reporter and Raleigh Register for three successive months, notifying Defendant to appear at the next Term of said Superior Court of Law, to be held for the County of Warren, at the Court House in Warrenton, on the third Monday after the fourth Monday in September next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the Petition, or the same will be heard ex parte. Witness, BENJAMIN S. COOK, Clerk of our said Court, at office, the third Monday after the fourth Monday in March, 1845. BENJ. E. COOK, Clk.—3m (Price of adv. \$11 25.)

State of North Carolina—CHATHAM County.—Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, May Term, 1845. James Taylor, vs. H. H. Hark summoned as Garnishee. Original Attachment. A. G. Keen, Garnishee. It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that A. G. Keen is a non-resident of this State, it is ordered that publication be made in the Raleigh Register for six weeks, notifying him to be and appear before the Justices of our said Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Chatham, at the Court House in Pittsboro, on the second Monday of August next; then and there to answer, plead or demur, or the said Petition will be heard ex parte, as to him, and Judgment entered accordingly. Witness, NATHAN A. STEDMAN, Clerk of our said Court, at Office, the second Monday in May, 1845. NATHAN A. STEDMAN, C. C. C. Pr. adv. \$5 62 1/2. 43 6w

State of North Carolina—CHATHAM County.—Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, May Term, 1845. Elijah Clark and wife Susan, and Dempsey Johnson, Administrators of John W. and Francis C. Bynum, Complainants. Augustus W. Bynum, Executor of the last Will and Testament of James Bynum, deceased, Gray Bynum, Thomas B. Bynum, Thomas Hatch and wife Mary, and Ransom Ward and wife Tabby, Defendants. Petition for Account and Settlement. It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Augustus W. Bynum and Ransom Ward and wife Tabby are non-residents of this State, it is ordered that publication be made in the Raleigh Register for six weeks, notifying them to be and appear before the Justices of our said Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Chatham, at the Court House in Pittsboro, on the second Monday of August next; then and there to answer, plead or demur, or the said Petition will be heard ex parte, as to them, and Judgment entered accordingly. Witness, NATHAN A. STEDMAN, Clerk of our said Court, at Office, the second Monday in May, 1845. NATHAN A. STEDMAN, C. C. C. Pr. adv. \$5 62 1/2. 43 6w