TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE GOV. IREDELL.

At a meeting of the Members of the Bar, in attendance on the Superior Court of Chowan, assembled to testify their respect for the memory of the late Hon. JAMES IREDELL, his Honor R. M. Saunders was called to the Chair, and W. J. Baker was appointed Secretary.

Hon. David Outlaw arose and announced the sudden death in Edenton, on Wednesday morning, of the Hon. James Iredell. He spoke most feelingly and eloquently of the services, talents, and virtues of the deceased, and closed by submitting the following Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the meeting:

Resolved, That we have heard, with deep and sincere sorrow, the death of our distinguished, able, upright, and most estimable brother, the Hon. James Iredell.

Resolved, That by this dispensation of Providence, the country has lost a citizen who has rendered distinguished public service, our State one of its most eminent public men, and the Bar one of its brightest ornaments.

Resolved, That we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That William N. H. Smith, Esq. the Solicitor for this District, be requested to present these resolutions to the Court now in session, when it shall again assemble, with a request that they be spread upon the records of the Court, and as a further mark of respect, the Court be requested to adjourn.

Resolved, That the Secretary transmit a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased; that they be published in the newspapers in this District, and in the city of Raleigh.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

R. M. SAUNDERS, Ch'n.

W. J. Baker, Sec'y.

W. N. H. Smith, Esq., in behalf of the members of the Bar, on presenting the above resolutions to the Court, said:

May it please Your Honor: By a resolution adopted at a meeting of the members of the Bar, in attendance at this term, it was made my duty to bring to the notice of the Court the melancholy event which has just occurred in our midst, and which now fills our hearts with the deepest sorrow. It is to announce the death of James Iredell, a member of our body, pre-eminent for the extent and depth of his professional attainments—who has won and worn the highest honors his native State could confer—but remembered and endeared to us more by his private virtues and his moral worth.

It cannot be necessary, in this place of his early triumphs, to tell who our deceased brother was. I need not refer to the period when he represented his State, in that most august tribunal, the United States Senate—and again when he occupied the Executive Chair—nor to the manner in which he discharged his official trusts.

Few men have lived to acquire and deserve to such a degree the good opinion and entire confidence of those who have known him—none better deserved that opinion and confidence.

Endowed by nature with a strong and vigorous intellect—that intellect was disciplined and invigorated by thorough training, to the exercise of its highest powers—while in beautiful harmony with them, the nobler faculties of his moral nature, under a generous culture, were developed and strengthened. No man was better fitted for distinguished usefulness, in civil or professional life. His great abilities equalled only by the excellence of his private character, and the possession of a noble heart, he has passed through life, and its vicissitudes, with his patriotism unquestioned, and the purity of his aims above reproach.

We are not unmindful of his services to the profession. For more than twelve years he has digested and reported the decisions of the highest Court of the State, and during this interval, besides his abridgements of the Statute law, he has contributed a valuable work on the law of Executors.

It has not been my privilege to form the acquaintance of Mr. Iredell, until since his removal to Raleigh. By this community he is intimately known, and here, during his absence, his affections have still lingered, clinging to the scenes and associations of early years.

He had returned to resume the duties of his profession, with a heart doubtless buoyant, yet sad. His purpose is doomed to disappointment. These walls will echo no more to his eloquent appeals. He returns, as if led by an invisible hand, to end where he began life, and lay his own by the bones of his kindred. It is the spot of all others where he would most have desired to close the days of his earthly pilgrimage. The unexpressed wish has been realized, and his dust will soon mingle with the dust of the illustrious dead.

To us the occasion is a fresh admonition.—Let us aim to emulate his virtues and profit by his example. It remains for me only to present the resolutions adopted by the Bar, and to request your Honor to direct that they be spread upon the minutes of this Court.

RESPONSE OF JUDGE SAUNDERS.

Mr. Smith having moved that the resolutions adopted at a meeting of the Bar should be entered on the journals of the Court, his Honor, Judge Saunders, said in reply: He had long personally known the deceased, having met him as early as 1815, then a member of the House of Commons from the town of Edenton. He was elected Speaker of the House, and by his high qualifications, and graceful manners, rendered himself one of the most influential members of the Legislature. He was an able and zealous advocate of the system then adopted for the internal improvement of the State, and always to be found in support of every enlightened measure calculated to advance the character of the State. He was elected by the Legislature Governor, Senator of the United States, and filled other places of trust and of honor with great credit and distinction. He had been long a leading member of his profession in this Circuit, and by his manly and flowing eloquence, his clear and sonorous voice, his easy and pleasing address, had occupied the foremost rank at the Bar. In this old and beautiful Hall, of Colonial structure, his manly and commanding eloquence and powerful arguments have often been heard. But alas! that musical voice shall be heard no mere. His health for a few years past has become greatly impaired, and in some degree lessened his capacity for business, but to the last he was a laboring man. It is one of the mysterious orders of Providence, that, after an absence of ten years, he should have returned to the place of his nativity, to the scenes of his early manhood, for which he had ever cherished the fondest attachment, here to end his days, and to have his remains repose by the side of those ancestors, whose virtues are found recorded on the monumental marble, and whose distinguished public services are stamped on the brightest page of our Revolutionary history. Let the resolutions be entered on the records of the Court.

The Court was then adjourned by his Honor, until 10 o'clock Friday morning.

A Centenarian Negro, familiarly known as "Old Jacob died near Augusta Ga., on the 5th inst. He was purchased by Mr. Thos. Walker one of the oldest settlers of the county, in 1768 as the bill of sale declares for £800; being then 20 years of age, making him at the time of his death 105 years old. During the Revolutionary war he was frequently taken from his owner by marauding parties of Whigs or Tories, as one or the other happened to be in the ascendant and was eye-witness to many of the scenes of that eventful period. He would narrate with considerable eloquence the inglorious defeat at Brier Creek, of the Americans under Gen. Ashe. His ideas of the merits of the glorious contest then going on, seem never to have been very well defined, for when asked which service he preferred, Whig or Royalist, his reply was "wer'nt" no difference—all rogues, sir, all rogues." Doubtless a correct commentary upon his individual experience.

We understand the Hon. Solon Borland has declined the appointment he recently received of Governor of New Mexico, vice W. Carr Lane, removed.

From the London Leader, April 2.

A STORY OF A DRESS.

Among the sights of London I encountered one that I little expected to see, and it may not be uninteresting to some of our readers down South. I was looking at the palace of the Kings not at all equal to the White House which is open to every citizen—and it was there that a sight struck me which was not quite pleasant for one of uncle Sam's nephews. A bevy of fair ladies were leaving a great house with a crowd of folks looking at them, and police to keep order. The ladies had been attending a meeting to sympathize with *Uncle Tom*—that benighted and maundering old nigger, whose jargon helps to prevent our real statesmen from making the men of the South even *listen* to reason. The poor ladies, however, looked more fit for a ball or a morning concert than for any political work in earnest; and their countenances were guilty of nothing worse than a little holiday bustle newly spiced with black pepper.

But something was to happen besides this "Uncle Tomerie." In the crowd I saw a young couple who were waiting out of more than mere curiosity. You could see that by the eye of the girl. The young man also watched the ladies as they came out, but evidently his care was the girl. At last a lady issued from the door—a tall, handsome woman, with fine aristocratic features, bold yet delicate; a very voluptuous countenance, if the sensuous look had not been rendered harsh by a slight habitual sneer of scorn, very common with English people of "high birth," her face being also, if it is not rude to say so, a little hardened by time. She must have been a glorious creature, and she looked to think herself still so. She was in no hurry—haste would have spoiled her costume. I wish I could describe it, but that would need a less republican pen than mine. Her noble throat rose out of a wide expanse of delicate and brilliant silk, softened with a large white shawl and a variety of lace, or whatever else it was; but the taste of arrangement disposed the mass of soft strips as if to display, and not to disguise, the grace of her tall and rather slender figure.

"That gown," said I to the young man, "cost more in the making than in the stuff."

"It might in your country," he answered, turning round sharp to look at me—though I did not know that I had any peculiar accent; "but in this country the labor is the least part of the cost, except to the laborer." He had an accent not quite English.

"What have all these fair ladies been doing, sir?" I asked.

"Meeting about *Uncle Tom*," said he, "I wish they would look to the slaves in their own country."

"We don't get up abolition meetings for the white niggers of Manchester, sir," said I.

"No," said he, "I wish you did. But Manchester is not our South. There are worse places than that not so far off."

The fine lady came down the steps, and then the young woman, who had not attended at all to us, stepped close to the lady and spoke to her. A policeman came forward to remove the girl; and my blood boiled to see a fellow in a glazed hat attempt to touch a female; but the lady herself stopped him with a wave of her hand. The girl repeated what she said, but I did not hear it. The lady looked—not surprised, she was too proud for that, but unbelieving. The girl again spoke; and the lady again replied; and then the lady motioned to the girl to get into her carriage. They both got in; and after a few words to the footman—a fine gentleman, in a lovely, delicate, blue coat, with white gloves, and cheek like a girl's—the carriage drove off.

The young man looked for an instant into my face, and then asked me if I could run.—Without reply, I joined him in following the carriage. We ran barely a mile and then we arrived at the door of a poor house, in a small street, before the carriage. The young man followed the woman, and I followed him; nobody stopping me, I suppose, because I did not look as if I expected they would. A sense of silence came over us as we went up stairs, and the rustling of the fine lady's dress was the loudest noise as we crept up. We all entered a small room, and as we did so a child began to cry. The young woman took it from another who held it, to suckle it, and to stay the little voice which disturbed the quiet room with its healthy discontent.

The silence lay thickest at the further end on a narrow, white bed, which the lady approached, and gazed upon. On it lay a young woman, but partially undressed, ghastly pale, with her eyes closed. By her side, with its head pillowed on the arm that partly clasped it, lay a little child; like its mother in paleness, like her in its closed eyes, but unlike her, whose breath was scarcely heard, in its short and painful breathing, which would have been loud had it not sunk to the hurried whisper of departing life.

We all gazed for a minute in silence and in reverence for mortal suffering, which calls alike republican and aristocratic, rich and poor, to account. The lady looked at the sick woman and then at the dark-eyed young girl who had brought her, and who kept her eyes fixed on the lady: the proud woman's look seemed to say, why she had been brought there.

"Jessy wished me to fetch you," cried the happier mother, for she could nourish and quiet her child. I noticed that there was no ring upon her finger, however.

"Poor thing! But I would have assisted her without"—and the lady put her hand into her pocket for her purse.

"No, it is too late for *that*. You must do something else for her, and you are bound, you are doubly bound."

Again the lady's proud eyes looked a question. There was no fear in her face, but her glance round implied a challenge of the right to keep her there.

"It was your haughty haste that killed her; it was your's that brought her so near death.—Yes, Lady Julia, I do not mean to offend you, but you *ought* to know the truth—such as you ought to know it. That is a beautiful dress you have on, very beautiful, far too beautiful for poor Jessy to wear. But when did you order it? Was there *time* for human hands to make it before 'you *must* have it,' for this very day? And who set the finish to that beautiful dress? Whose aching fingers put the last work into it? Jessy's there; and when I took it from her last night, she lay down to die!"

The proud lady was silent; her eyes bent upon the dying woman without retort, and her haughty features softened to a gaze of reflecting sorrow; for these English women *have* hearts in their bosoms, haughty and cold as they seem—at least some have. Suddenly the lady's manner altered, as if she threw off some mantle of pride and restraint, and turning once more to the girl who brought her, with a low, simple, direct way of speaking, she said, "and what can be done now?"

"One thing—to let pride of luxury come and do homage to want and misery, when death raises the lowly above the high."

"I have done that."

Next, to bring justice and consolation to parting life. On that bed lies, half conscious, the poor seamstress who died at her needle—it is a common end enough. But that same woman—not half your age—do you see her child?"

The lady bowed.

"How much would you rate its life worth? Why is it there at all? Why come into the world only to look for a few uncertain days upon its misery? Who called it?"

The girl paused, as a sigh from the dying woman summoned her attention, but she went on, bent to make out the retribution where redemption could not come.

"Lady Julia, do you know what it is to have temptations—hopes of the heart where no straight path of hope appears? You cannot.—If ever you are tempted—and you are—and you yield, your face tells it—you have not been driven by total wretchedness and despair. Love never visited *you* in misery, and privation, and endless toil; never came from a distant world of pleasure and power; never whispered into your wearied ear, that pleasure might in itself be a release from slavery; never won you to one short dream of delirious delight, and then left you, back in that nightmare of pleasureless toil, to await the consequences of pleasure taken, pleasure granted, without bond exacted. But it did come so to poor Jessy, there."

The lady began to look impatient. I notice of these English that they can never listen to any narrative of suffering save when they tell it of themselves.

"You are looking at my hand," said the girl, holding it out, to confess by the act that it was ringless, "but I was not *deserted*. Trouble and sorrow have I, but do not despair. Bertrand, take the darling." She gave her own baby to the young man, and stooped over the other's child. "Now, Lady Julia, look closer, and see if in this poor death-stricken creature's face you can trace a proud likeness. Jessy, on her deserted death-bed, has conceived a longing to see the father of her child. Both will be gone soon, and why should not that little wish be gratified? Would the father grudge that trouble?—he took more to persuade Jessy out of her hard poverty into his pleasure! Would he be too much of a coward to visit this poor room where suffering and ghastly death have succeeded love."

Lady Julia looked to see if an answer was expected to questions that seemed so abstract.

"Do not be amazed, for it is *you* only can answer. Poor Jessy's last toil was to finish the gown you wear. The father of her child is *your son*."

A dead silence followed this somewhat startling announcement, and the girl evidently took a pleasure, which Bertrand shared, in driving home the knife. Doubly had poor Jessy's life been sacrificed to the pleasure of Lady Julia's blood.

The lady stooped down and kissed the child, not hastily; and then stooping lower, she kissed the moveless hand of its mother.

"Send for him," said the girl.

"I will fetch him," said Lady Julia, rising. "I see the likeness. But take this, my good girl;" and she tried to force her purse into the reproacher's hand.

"It is too late."

"I hope not—skilful aid; and," she added, yielding to the hopelessness plainly written on the aspect of that cheerless room, "if not for *them*, at least for yourself and your—"

With a passionate burst of tears the girl dashed the clanking purse upon the ground, and then kneeling to the dying woman, whom her grief startled from the apathy of death, she cast her arms over her, and cried: "Forgive me, Jessy—My darling Jessy; I could not help it, dear; I would not bear that offered to *me* here, by your bedside. Get better, dear, for he will come: and do not tell me that I killed you by my wicked thoughtlessness.

Jessy's faint lips moved with a smile that died in coming. The girl laid her head upon her friend, and gently sobbed.

"For Heaven's sake try to calm her," said Lady Julia to Bertrand; I will go to fetch him. I will bring him myself."

She left the room with a head less proudly lifted than when she entered it; but I thought her face looked far more beautiful in its downcast tears than when it was confronting the public gaze in the great portico.

Bertrand, who is a young Frenchman, bred in England, told me the whole story; but there is a little more to add. We left Jessy to die alone with the father of her dead child, who was honorably brought back to her. And some atonement has been made to Anna, her friend. I think she had the subscription meant for "Uncle Tom" many times multiplied; but that did not, truth makes me confess, rein her tongue when she found that Jessy could no longer be disturbed by the reproach showered upon the recreant lover. I must confess, too, that he boldly did his duty in undergoing the penance; which I believe few of these demoralised Englishmen would have had the manliness to bear, and which it relieved Anna's heart to inflict. Also, he did duty in attending as mourner when we buried Jessy. But how much better if he had thought of his penance before; how much better if those well-meaning, easy-going reformers, who set up to teach us in America how to put the world to rights at a blow, would think of the path by which their luxuries reach their own dainty selves! How many Jessys, each following the other as she perishes, it takes to clothe the Lady Julia through all the seasons she enjoys!

☞ In our paper, to-day, we copy from the London Leader, one of the best of English weekly journals, a story which is worthy of perusal. It is not all a story. It is really a feature of the results of English society. Aunt Harriet has never been enabled to take up any thing in the South that can at all compare with excesssive distress and misery as this story, not at all overdrawn, brings before us. In the sequel to her book, a review of which, in the Tribune, has been for some days before us, she has attempted to substantiate the justice of her "Uncle Tom" by the display of what she calls facts; but there are some of them that are grossly distorted, and others utterly untrue and unfounded—while the Examiner shews that one case, located by her in Charleston, never happened there at all, but took place in Pennsylvania! Yet, admitting that all she says were true, it would fall short of the misery, the awful consequences of illicit intercourse, seduction and vice, in the North as well as England. Old Mrs. Stowe has endeavored to maintain herself by seeking out horrible things to prove the debased state of morals in the South—the same mode of reasoning would prove a far greater condition of human degradation in the North. There are monsters every where—Aunt "Beecher" Stowe is rather out of her place, if not a monster herself. But there are fewer social monstrosities in the South than there are either at the North or in England, and the consequences of them are of a type inconceivably milder than those in any of the abolition countries that can be named. This fact is maintainable with proof. If Aunt H. is a lunatic, and not a knave—if she be entitled in the slightest degree to the title of Petticoated PETER THE HERMIT—(Peter was sincere)—she will look into the whited sepulchres of England—and when she does, she will find that she has struck upon something many fold more horrible than any thing connected with American slavery!—*Richmond Dispatch.*

FEMALE COMPOSITORS.—The New York papers are rejoicing at the success of the girls in that city as compositors. As the journeymen have attempted to limit the number of apprentices the "bosses" shall take, it is proposed to open schools for teaching boys and girls to set type, otherwise printers would become scarce in this country, except by emigration. The New York Times, in an article on the subject, is glad that a new opening is found for the working girls in the printing offices, and rejoices that the Day Book has made a practical beginning in the matter. The editor adds:

"We see no reason why type-setting should not be made accessible to them, (the girls,) in many of its departments. They cannot, of course, do the hard and heavy work of newspapers, and especially of morning journals.—But upon weekly papers and book-work the labor of girls, so far as type-setting is concerned, nay be made at least as available as that of boys.—In Boston they are already employed in this way to a very great extent; and we hope the system will be introduced, encouraged and extended here."

We see that on account of a strike among the journeymen printers, some of the northern offices have determined to adopt the plan of employing female compositors. We would favor the plan in our office but for the fear the boys would not work as diligently as under the present system, and were we to employ girls altogether, we should have to make our better half foreman, and then we might be dismissed, perhaps. So, taking all things into consideration, we think we shall stick to the present order of things and let the "women folks" attend to their own matters.—*Warrenton News.*

LOCOFOCO HARMONY.

The harmony of the Locofocos is truly surprising. Every where at the South the Union men are being hammered by the anti-compromise wing. Did ever a clown in Dan Rice's circus turn so many amazing somersets as some of the leaders and newspapers, of this party, are continually performing. Locofocos, we sincerely believe, are made of gutta percha. How they do stretch! They elected Mr. Pierce on the grounds of his compromise affinities, yet they *abuse every Southern Compromise man!*—They praise a compromise man at the north as the pink of patriotism, yet they condemn him virulently at the South. 'Pierce is true to the south.' Why? because he will carry out the compromise. 'Hurrah! we'll elect Pierce'—'Foote and Cobb are treacherous deceivers, and should not be considered Locofocos. Why?—Because they are compromise men!' During the election it was the compromise this, and the compromise that, and the compromise every thing. Mr. Pierce was a walking compromise bound in calf-skin: Scott was a terrible anti-compromise man. The Whigs were gulled.—They were lukewarm and refused to vote for Scott. The Locofocos elected Pierce, and now they abuse the very men and the very measure which secured his majority! Isn't this the most astonishing political somerset that ever you heard of? Before the election it was all harmony, all conciliation. There was no thunder to render sour the sweet milk of part.—Leading Secessionists united with leading Union men: distinguished Abolitionists shook hands with great Calhounites. The rainbow arched up, formed of the tears of the Whig party, and promised a glorious and happy future. Now, every body is abusing the compromise men.—What adhesiveness the Locofocos do possess? They cannot be separated from the common mass. Were we compromise Locofocos we should commence a bitter and exterminating war against all other Locofocos. And were we Southern Rights' Locofocos, we should fight the other Locofocos to the death. Really we get bewildered when we revolve these things; we do not know what Locofocoism is coming to.—We won't know what we are writing about or against if the newspapers don't have some consistency. They talk excessively about harmony, yet they quarrel all the time. They invite all the Locofocos to meet in convention, and yet they say a compromise man can't or should'nt be a Locofoco. The fact is, Mr. Pierce's course is fast bringing on a dangerous crisis. He is fast converting the Locofocos of the South into hot Southern Rights agitators. It was imagined that Mr. Pierce had some judgment. It was supposed that therein laid his qualifications for the Presidency; for it was known that he was not possessed of distinguished talents. But we think he has less judgment than any man we ever saw, so far as appointments to office can prove the want of it. He has chosen the hottest fire-eaters he could find to fill the most important places. What's the use of his talking of love for the Union when his official acts are fostering that party which hates and abhors the Union? That he is sincere, we believe, but nature has not endowed him with the usual amount of judgment and discrimination. He has been desperately gulled by a few abolitionists and freesoilers. They have given to themselves an importance which they never possessed, and Mr. Pierce, filled with the absurd ideas which Northerners have of the South, has fancied that every body had his sword drawn ready to march to Washington to butcher the Northern females and children. That party which was in favor of Secession was prostrate, overwhelmed and utterly beaten. It had no vitality in it. It bid its head even in South Carolina. Mr. Pierce has breathed new life into it. It stalks proudly through the land. It brands compromise men as traitors. It refuses to recommend or nominate them for office. Was it wise to reanimate this dead monster? Was it wisdom to open the doors of a menagerie and loosen the animals to roam untrammeled? Yet, Mr. Pierce has done these things, and has thereby given a severer blow to this Union than all the legislation that our records display.—Had Andrew Jackson been in office, does any man believe that he would have done these things? Would he have pursued this half-way, namby-pamby, *conciliating* (!) course. We would like for Mr. Pierce to read a few newspapers that are published in this and adjoining States, that he might see how the Locofocos speak of Foote, and Cobb, &c. He would discover to his strange enlightenment, we suppose, that the conciliation and love that he is cultivating are like no other recorded love but that which a savage had for some great and good good missionary—(we forget his name). A brother missionary newly arrived at the South Sea Islands was inquiring about his predecessor. Said a very mild and christian looking savage: "He was a very good man, I liked him very much—*I ate a piece of him.*"

The anti-compromise wing of Locofocoism will some day make a similar answer to the distinguished missionary of Southern love and conciliation who now occupies the Executive seat of this united people. They will say: we like the Compromise Union men very much; they were very good people—we finished them entirely.—*Selma Reporter.*

THE WHIG PARTY.

The Whig party has come out of the late Presidential contest in a better condition, and with fewer drawbacks to its ultimate success, than has ever before been its fortune. It is now happily rid of all the mere hangers-on, and camp followers, whose connexion with any party is always a mere dependence upon its capability to distribute patronage. It is now the *true metal*—purified by the last campaign of the dross which served but to diminish its efficiency—and acknowledging as its members none but those who are thoroughly and radically grounded in its established faith. It needs but a proper presentation of its principles and its policy to the people of this country to attract to its banner all who love country more than party, and who are disposed to throw off the galling yoke which selfish leaders, for their own private ends, have imposed upon them.

Fredericksburg Herald.

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.—It has long been observed by the medical writers that death is frequently preceded by insanity—a fact which has occasioned the remark that it was not astonishing, for, everybody knew that when folks get *madder* they were about to *dye*. This reminds us of a case which occurred many years ago in the Philadelphia court, where a pretty young widow was in danger of losing two-thirds of her husband's estate—his relatives grounding their claims on the alleged insanity of the defunct. It may be as well to premise that the presiding judge was not only convivial but also very gallant.

"What were your husband's last words?" inquired the attorney.

The pretty young widow blushed, and looking down replied, "I'd rather not tell."

"But indeed you must, ma'am. Your claim may be decided by it."

Still blushing, the widow declined to tell.—At last a direct appeal from the bench elicited the information:

"He said, 'Kiss me, Polly, and open that other—bottle of champagne!'"

We knew not whether it was admiration for the deceased husband or the living wife that inspired the judge at this instant, but he at once cried with all the enthusiasm of conviction, "*Sensible* to the last—by Blackstone!"

An eminent chemist in New York, under the direction of the District Attorney, visited the Tombs—how appropriate the name!—where the four persons died in one cell from foul air, and tested the condition of the cell in which the unfortunate men were confined. Upon examination, they discovered the presence of carbonic gas, of sufficient strength to set on fire a liquid which was placed on the floor of the cell. The whole affair has been placed in the hands of the present Grand Jury, and some action will be taken respecting the erection of a prison in a more healthy part of the city.

WHIG MEETING IN NORTHAMTON COUNTY.

At a meeting of the Whigs of Northampton County, held in the Court House in the Town of Jackson, the 23rd day of April 1853, on motion, John M. Moody, Esq., was appointed Chairman, and John B. Odom, Secretary.

The Chairman having briefly stated the object of the meeting, on motion, a committee of five persons, consisting of Samuel J. Calvert, Herod Faison, Etheldred J. Peebles, Edmund Jacobs and William Barrow, were appointed to draft resolutions for the consideration of the meeting, who reported, through Samuel J. Calvert, Esq., the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted after discussion and mature deliberation, to-wit:

WHEREAS, it is proposed to hold a Convention in the town of Edenton, on the third day of May next, for the purpose of selecting a Whig Candidate to represent this district in the next Congress of the United States; *and whereas* we deem it important that the views of the people in each County in the district should be represented in said Convention; Therefore,

Resolved, That the Chairman of this meeting appoint twenty delegates to represent this County in said Convention.

Resolved, That the Whigs of Northampton County have unshaken confidence in the ultimate triumph of Whig principles—that the recent defeat of the party has not dampened their ardour, but taught them the important truth, that we can only succeed when united.

Resolved, That in the coming contest, we have no fears of defeat, if presented with a candidate whose qualifications and attachment to Whig principles are undoubted

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, that tried and faithful Whig, DAVID A. BARNES, is eminently fitted to be our standard bearer, and that the Whigs of Northampton with pride proclaim him to be their first choice.

Resolved, That whilst we prefer our Countyman, David A. Barnes, and recommend his name to the favorable consideration of the Convention, yet we will give a ready and willing support to its nominee.

In accordance with the first resolution, the following delegates were appointed, to-wit:

Dr. Wm. Barrow, Samuel J. Calvert, John B. Odom, Thos. P. Burgwyn, Henry K. Burgwyn, Samuel A. Warren, Nicholas Peebles, Joseph C. Grant, Thomas J. Jarratt, Dr. P. K. Garner, Wm. R. T. Williams, Dr. Richard T. Weaver, James T. Lambertson, Barnes G. Clarke, Dr. John W. Foster, Octavius Smith, Joseph F. Branch, Simon Pool, Wm. J. Capehart and Dr. W. W. Clements.

On motion, the Chairman was added to the list of delegates.

On motion, it was ordered that the RALEIGH REGISTER, and all the Whig papers in this District, be requested to publish these proceedings.

The meeting then adjourned.

J. M. MOODY, Ch'm'n.

J. B. ODOM, Sec'y.

WHAT IS "PROGRESS."

The following from Henry Clay, which we extract from a speech delivered in the Senate, on the 7th of January, 1850, in reply to a speech of Gen. Cass, on his proposition to suspend diplomatic intercourse with Austria, breathes the sentiments of true progress, and should be constantly held up before the National mind, and indelibly impressed upon the National heart.

[*Leesburg Washingtonian.*

"Mr. President, the honorable Senator admitted that he entertained an apprehension that I was one of those stationary politicians who refuse to advance as the age advances; one of those politicians, I think his expression was, that stand still; that he was in favor of Progress—in favor of going ahead. Sir, I should like to understand the meaning of this word "Progress," of which the honorable Senator speaks. I should like to hear a definition of it. Has not this nation progressed with most astonishing rapidity in point of population? Has it not by far exceeded, in this respect, every other nation in the world? Has it not progressed in commerce and manufactures? Has it not increased in power with a rapidity greater than ever has been known before in the case of any other nation under the sun? What is the progress which the honorable Senator means? I am afraid that it is not an internal progress he is in favor of; for, whatsoever his own peculiar opinions may be, the school, of which he is a distinguished disciple, is opposed, as I understand, to the improvement of our magnificent harbors and rivers—of our glorious water-courses throughout the country. That is not the progress, I apprehend, which the honorable Senator is in favor of. And again, with respect to the manufactures of the country, I do not understand the doctrines of the party to which the honorable Senator belongs, to be in favor of progress there. They are for arresting progress. Their progress is backward in reference to these matters; not intentionally so, I admit, but by the course of their policy, they carry us back to the colonial days, when we depended upon Great Britain for everything in the way of supplies that were necessary to existence.

"What, then, is the progress which the honorable Senator seems so desirous of making?—Ah! I am afraid it is the progress in foriegn wars. I am afraid it is the progress in foreign conquest—in territorial aggrandizement. I am afraid it is progress as the disturbers of the possessions of our neighbors throughout the islands adjacent to it. If that be the progress which the honorable Senator wishes to effect, I trust that it will be long before the country engages in any such object as that; at the least, at the expense of the peaceful portion of the world.

"Sir, the gentleman says—what we all know—that this is a great country, a vast country; great in fact, and will be still greater in future if we conduct things with prudence, discretion, and wisdom; but that very greatness draws after it great responsibilities, and those responsibilities should incline us to use the vast power with which we have been blessed by the kindness of Providence, so as to promote justice, so as to avoid unnecessary wars, maintaining our rights with firmness, but invading the rights of no others. We should be content with the almost limitless extent of territory which we now possess, stretching from ocean to ocean, containing millions upon millions of acres as yet uninhabited.

"Sir, if the progress which the honorable Senator means is a progress to be accomplished by foreign wars, and foreign conquest, and foreign territorial aggrandizement, I thank God that I belong to the party that is stationary—that is standing still. If that is not his object, I should like to know what he means by progress. I should like to meet with a definition of the kind of progress which he thinks it is desirable for this country to make."

THE HEART ABOUT TO BE CONQUERED BY THE STOMACH.—The principal hotel-keepers of this city have raised the price of board. The landlords who have hitherto charged $2 per day now charge $2.50; $1.50 houses have advanced to $2, and $1.25 houses charge $1.50. All the hotel-keepers but two have entered into this arrangement. This raising the price of bread is ticklish business. It occasioned more than one revolution in Rome. The speech of old Menenius Agrippa, on the "belly and its members," should not be forgotten. The movement of the hotel-keepers is a "death-blow" to the bachelors, a highly respectable class of gentlemen, who, it is well known, embrace nearly one-half of the hotel customers. Those inoffensive individuals will now, from necessity, have to do that which they have hitherto declined to do, even for love's sake. The hearts that have withstood beauty will have to surrender or die.

Boston Post.

NUNCUPATIVE WILL.—Among the decisions of the court of appeals reported in the New York Evening Post is an interesting case of the captain of a vessel, who, having been suddenly attacked by cholera, orally declared his wishes in reference to the disposition of his estate in the presence of witnesses. These oral declarations were admitted to probate by the Surrogate, and his decision has been sustained by the court of appeals.

New Advertisements.

THE RAILROAD TO WEALTH.
FARE MODERATE.
TICKETS TO BE PROCURED AT
THE GREAT DEPOT FOR
HANDSOME PRIZES.
MARION & CO.,
Lottery and Exchange Brokers.
OFFICE CORNER OF GAY AND FAYETTE STREETS, BALTIMORE, MD.

The following Grand Prizes have all been sold and cashed by us within the short time of two months viz:

1 prize of	$38,000	2 prizes of	$10,000
1 do	20,000	2 do	4,000
1 do	13,000	2 do	2,000

Besides a great many of a smaller denomination—in fact not a day passes that a respectable Prize is not sold by us. Try us! Try us! if you want a Prize.

MAGNIFICENT LOTTERIES DRAWING DAILY.
Tickets varying in price from $1 to $20.
HERE IS A BEAUTY INDEED!
25,000 Dollars Going for Only $5.
WHO WILL HAVE IT?
$243,090.
THURSDAY, May 5,
MARYLAND CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY,
Class 20.
75 Numbers—12 Drawn Ballots.

1 Prize of	$25,000	190	100
10 do	2,500	63	50
10 do	642		

Tickets $5—Shares in proportion.
Certificates of 25 Whole Tickets.....$74 00
do do Half do..... 37 00
do do Quarter do..... 18 50

A Splendid $10 Lottery!
THIS CANT BE BEATEN!
TRY A CHANCE IN THIS.
Send us on an X.
$589,589!
Wednesday, May 18, 1853.
Class 25.
MARYLAND CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY,
78 Numbers—12 Drawn Ballots.

1 Prize of	$30,909	66	100
19 do	3,000	66	80
100 do	1,000	132	60
100 do	400	132	40

Tickets $10—Shares in proportion.
Certificate of Packages of 26 Wholes.....$150 00
do do 26 Halves..... 75 00
do do 26 Quarters..... 37 50
do do 26 Eighths.....18 75

ONLY LOOK AT THIS!
The Best $5 Lottery ever Offered.
GO IN FOR A PACKAGE IF YOU WANT A PRIZE.
$243,090!
TUESDAY, May 24.
Maryland Consolidated Lottery.
Class Z.
75 Numbers—12 Drawn Ballots.

1 Prize of	$20,000	4 do	1,500
1 do	10,000	4 do	1,000
1 do	5,000	5 do	500
4 do	3,000	200 do	105

Tickets $5—Shares in proportion.
Certificates of 25 Whole Tickets.....$74 00
do do Half do.....37 00
do do Quarter do.....18 50

MAMMOTH LOTTERY FOR MAY, 1853.
1,825,824 Dollars!
CAPITAL PRIZE $80,000!
Grand Consolidated Lottery of Maryland.
Class M.
To be drawn in Baltimore, Saturday, May 28th.
78 Numbers—18 Drawn Ballots.
Magnificent Scheme.

1 prize $80,000 is		$80,000
4 do	20,000 is	80,000
4 do	10,000 is	40,000
7 do	3,963 is	27,744
800 (lowest 3 Nos.)	500 is	400,000
41,856		$1,825,824

Tickets $32; Halves $16; Quarters $8; Eighths $4

The above scheme is one of great magnitude and beauty, it having a capital of $80 000, four prizes of $20,000, four of $10,000 and EIGHT HUNDRED Prizes of $500. We would particularly advise every one to have a chance in this scheme, in which we will sell on certificates packages of

26 Whole Tick's	$460,00	26 Quarter Tick's	$115,00
26 Halve do	230,00	26 Eight do	57,50

Orders from all parts of the country will meet with the most prompt and confidential if addressed to MARION & CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE SMALL FRY LOTTERY
Draws every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—CAPITALS: 1 Prize of $5,000; 1 of $4,000; 1 of $2,000; 3 of 1,000, &c. &c. Whole tickets only $1.

A Certificate of a full Package of Whole Tickets in this famous little scheme will cost but $15;—Halves $7,50; Quarters $3,75; and a single Package may draw the four highest Prizes in the Lottery!

☞ Orders solicited through the Post Office.

We sell tickets in all Lotteries advertised by other venders, at the same price as advertised by them.

To get the big Prizes be sure to address your orders to the old established house of
MARION & CO.,
Corner of Gay and Fayette street,
Baltimore, Md.

New Books.

THE Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution; or Illustrations by Pen and Pencil, of the history, biography, scenery, relics and traditions of the war for independence, by Benson J. Lossing, with several hundred engravings on wood, by Lossing & Barritt, chiefly from original sketches by the author, 2 vols. royal octavo.

Hand-Book of Universal Geography—being a gazetteer of the world, based on the census of the United States, England and France, for 1851.—Edited by T. Farey Calligott, A. M.

Memoirs of the Queens of Henry VIII., and of his mother, Elizabeth of York, by Agnes Strickland. Complete in one volume.

Nick of the Woods, or the Jibbenainosay, a tale of Kentucky, by Robert Montgomery Bird, M. D. author of "Calavar," "the Infidel," &c.

A Stray Yankee in Texas, by Philip Paxten.

For sale by W. L. POMEROY.
April 29th, 1853. 36

VARIETY STOVE WAREHOUSE.
BARTLETT BENT, Jr.,
Manufacturer & Dealer in the most Approved
STOVES, RANGES,
Farmers' Boilers, Ship Cabooses, Gas Ovens,
Charcoal and Hard Coal Furnaces, Oven Fronts, &c, Iron Castings generally.
238 Water Street New York.

Splendid Lottery---May, 1853.
GREGORY & MAURY, Managers
(Successors to J. W. Maury & Co.)
Brilliant Schemes.
To be drawn at Wilmington, Del., in the Month of MAY, 1853.
GREGORY & MAURY, MANAGERS,
$40,000!
50 Prizes of $1,000!
Lottery for the benefit of the
State of Delaware,
Class 105 for 1853,
To be drawn at Wilmington, Del. Saturday, May, 7, 1853

SPLENDID SCHEME.

1	Prize of	$40,000
1	do	20,000
1	do	10,000
1	do	5,000
1	do	5,000
1	do	3,595
50	Prizes of	1,000
50	do	500
114	do	300

&c. &c. &c.

Tickets, $10—Halves, $5—Quar. $2,50
Certfs. of Pkg's of 25 whl. tickets, $130 00