

On Saturday last, the following Extra was issued from this Office. The accounts since received even augment the majorities therein stated.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION. BY TELEGRAPH.



"Now is the winter of our discontent Made glorious summer by this son of York; And all the clouds that lowered upon our house, In the deep bosom of the Ocean buried, Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths, Our bruised arms hung up for monuments— Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings."

TAYLOR'S ELECTION SURE.

CASS PROSTRATE!

We can now confidently shout

OLD ZACK

Gloriously Triumphant!

It is now certain that the following States have voted for

- TAYLOR and FILLMORE!**
- New York by **50,000**
- Pennsylvania by some **15,000**
- Maryland, **3,700**
- Georgia **2,500**
- Connecticut, **3,000**
- Rhode Island, **over 2,000**
- N CAROLINA 8,500!**
- Massachusetts, Tennessee, Kentuc-
- ky, New Jersey, Vermont, Dela-
- ware, Rhode Island, by over-
- whelming majorities.

In New York, 33 Whigs out of the 34 Congressmen elected, and one Free Soiler. Not a single Lo-co Foco chosen.

The news was received in this City with every demonstration of joy. All feel that better times are in store for the country, and each bosom throbs with grateful satisfaction!

The following States have voted for Tay-lor and Fillmore.

New York	36
Pennsylvania	26
Massachusetts	12
Connecticut	6
Vermont	6
Rhode Island	4
New Jersey	7
Delaware	4
Maryland	3
Tennessee	13
Kentucky	12
North Carolina	11
Georgia	10
Louisiana	6
	160

With a certainty of Florida 2

[From the New Orleans Crescent.]

KENDALL'S RIDE WITH JACK EVERITT.

Eds of Crescent:—Did you ever hear of George W. Kendall's ride with Jack Everitt? It occurred in Camargo shortly after the battle of Monterey. Jack is a notorious Indian fighter and border ranger, and is as well known along our southern frontier as Col. Jack Hays himself. He is a particular friend of Col. Kinney's, the founder of Corpus Christi, and had accompanied the latter in some of the desperate forays upon the Indians and Mexicans made by him during the earlier stages of his settlement at that place. Kendall had heard a great deal of Jack Everitt, both from McCulloch's Rangers and Col. Kinney, and had frequently expressed a wish to see him and converse with him. Consequently as soon as the Colonel saw Jack come galloping into Camargo, he brought him to Kendall's quarters and introduced him. George was delighted with the appearance of Jack, and said that he had frequently heard of him, and was glad to make the acquaintance of one so renowned for his deeds of gallantry and skill. Jack, being about "half snapped," grasped the proffered hand and exclaimed: "George Kendall, eh? George Kendall of the Picayune, eh? Well, I've heard of you and your paper often enough, and I'm d— glad to see you—you look like a trump! What do you say, old fellow, let's have a turn round! I know all about these parts, and can show you something more than you think of. Will you come?"

This was just what Kendall wished, and he at once acceded to Jack's request, and the latter brought up his horse, an old grey blind of one eye, but powerfully built. "There, do you see that horse?" said Jack. "He's damned good horse. Kinney gave him to me, and he knows what a horse is. He's not much to look at, but once get him going and he'll go through hell itself, if you put him at it. Get on, Kendall, and I'll mount behind, and show you sights—I will, sure."

Kendall demurred to this arrangement, and said he would walk, if Jack would ride; but this Jack would not hear of, and after some slight argument, Kendall finally gave up the point, and mounted the old grey, while Jack got on behind. General Patterson was at that time Governor of Camargo, and had issued an order that no person should ride through the plaza faster than a walk, and the sentries posted around said plaza were ordered to stop all persons who should attempt to exceed the prescribed gait. Kendall was aware of this order, and when he took the reins of the old grey horse had no apprehensions of his running away from him. But Jack who was behind him, wore a pair of large Mexican spurs, and wishing to show the running capabilities of his horse to Kendall, he clapped the spurs into his sides, and off went the old grey at a tremendous pace, straight for the plaza. Kendall tugged and pulled at the rein, but in vain; the old fellow had got the bit in his mouth and the spurs in his sides, and there was no such thing as stopping him.

"Jack, for God's sake help me to stop him!" shouted Kendall, turning his head round, and casting an appealing look at Jack, who was digging his spurs into the horse's sides. "Help me to pull him up, won't you?" Jack was a little deaf, as well as drunk, and thinking that Kendall was praising the horse, only answered, "He's damned good horse!" "Yes, but he's going right for the plaza," said Kendall, in a feverish state of excitement. "Help me to stop him, or the sentry may shoot one or both of us."

"Kinney gave him to me," muttered Jack, still under the impression that George was admiring the horse's pace. By this time they had reached the plaza, and the sentry's bright musket, gleaming in the moon's rays, met Kendall's eye. "Jack—I say, Jack, catch hold of the damned rein, will you? I can't hold him, and the sentry will fire, by God! Help me, will you?" "Oh," says Jack, "he hasn't got to the top of his speed yet. He's a damned good horse, I tell you!"

Dig went the spurs into the horse's sides, and away flew the old grey across the plaza, and was out of sight before the sentry had time to cock his musket. Kendall now determined to stop the horse at all hazards, and seeing a large pile of adobas (sunburnt brick) lying in the middle of the street, he put the old grey's head in that direction, and ran him directly into the centre of the heap. Away flew Kendall and Jack in one direction, and away went the old grey in another. Fortunately, no bones were broken, and rising and shaking himself, George turned to look for his companion, who was leaning upon his elbow in the middle of the street, and exclaiming—"I told you he was a damned good horse!" Kendall was afterwards heard to declare that the happiest moment of his life was that when he found himself off the old grey and perfectly sound. He was never known to ride with Jack Everitt again.

Corpus Christi., Oct. 2, 1848. C. C.

THE MAGIC POWER OF A GOLD PIECE.

An amusing illustration of the false philosophy which estimates a man's wealth by the quality of his clothes, and his worth by his wealth, occurred at a religious meeting, not a long time ago. A couple, apparently man and wife, entered the church where the meeting was held. From their style of dress it seemed probable that they were strangers in a strange land; their garments, though good and clean, were neither costly nor fashionable. They entered a pew where sat some ladies whose exterior was considerably more showy, and who seemed to look with some contempt, not republican, certainly, upon the neighbors, the lady being of course the principal object of observation.

The business of the meeting proceeded, the strangers evinced much interest in the speeches, and the collection was made. The plate bearers presented them to those in the pew who appeared respectable;—to the strangers they presented them not, possibly thinking they were poor emigrants, who could not afford to give anything, and doubtless forming this judgment on the false principles to which we have adverted. But the strangers were not thus to be excluded—the man watched the return of the plate, arrested it, and put upon it a five dollar gold piece. Oh, the magic power of the precious metal! The collector who had passed him unnoticed, felt its influence, and his countenance lighted up with a most complacent greeting, an eager inquiry after the stranger's name followed, and the owner of the name before a stranger and afar off, was at once a "brother" beloved. Oh, humanity, humanity! thou art an inexplicable compound. Would that there was more of true nobility in thy nature, and that men, Christian men, especially, would cease to look coldly on a fellow-Christian because he wears a rough coat. "A man's man for a' that."—N. Y. Com.

INTREPIDITY OF A LADY.—A remarkable instance of intrepidity and coolness was exhibited at the Blue Lick Springs a few days ago by Miss L., a belle of Bourbon county in this State. Miss L. and F., a gentleman from the South, on their return from an excursion on horseback, were riding down the long hill, about a quarter of a mile from the hotel, at full speed, the lady being a little ahead. At a sudden turn of the road, the gentleman's saddle turned, and he fell from his horse, but his foot remained in the stirrup, and the horse although his pace was somewhat slackened, kept on his way, dragging the fallen man upon the ground. The young lady seeing this, reined in her own horse by a sudden effort, leaped from him whilst he was still in rapid motion, ran back, seized the other horse by the bridle, and released her gallant from his perilous situation. This feat was witnessed by hundreds at the Springs, who could find no words strong enough to express their admiration of the daring courage of the beautiful young heroine.—Louisville Journal.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

BY BLANCHE BENAVIDES.

What is beauty? It is that which gives pleasure to the eye while it lends a charm to the heart of man; that union of the graceful with the ornamental and the useful, which is always pleasing, and can never be seen without admiration. It dwells in the most simple flowers of the field, as well as in the gay and gorgeous ones of the cultivated gardens; in the forest tree, and in those which adorn our beloved homes. There is beauty in the rolling river; in the rock, the mountain, and the valley. All nature is beautiful; from the smallest bird and flower, to the loftiest object in creation; because it confers pleasure and happiness upon the heart of man and renders his home delightful.

What, then, shall we say of a beautiful woman? She adorns the cottage home of the laborer, and sheds a lustre upon the palace of the prince. Her voice is music; for it is the voice of love, and no discordant notes mingle therewith to mar its melody, though sometimes the strain may be mournful when the heart is sad. Her eyes kindle with kind emotions and her cheeks are radiant with delight. The ruby is not to be compared with her lips, and her whole countenance but the expression of a lovely and affectionate heart. Her home is a happy one, for she is the delight of all eyes, and a blessing to those who surround her. The kindness of her heart and the gentleness of her nature are more charming than the beauty of her countenance, and she is to the household circle, what the rose tree is to the garden, a beautiful plant whose flowers always give pleasure, and whose fragrance passes not away. She is cherished by all for her amiable qualities, and her husband is never more happy than when in her presence. Her children delight in her smiles and she gives them a sweet counsel; placing before them an example of meekness and love.

"She walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies;" and it is of that heavenly order which claims rank with celestial beings, for it will live when the mere mortal part shall be laid in the tomb. Then, though the beautiful casket be borne from sight, yet the bright jewels within shall shine on in a sphere of glory, and reflect back their splendor upon the hearts of those who are left to mourn, causing them to rejoice in the midst of sorrow.

Who does not admire a beautiful woman?—Other objects may afford pleasure; but she can charm even the heart of a savage, and disarm the tyrant; bidding peace to spring up where there was strife and terror, and commanding the buds of affection to blossom in their stead. She has the power to effect much towards renovating our earth, and causing it, like a fair garden, to abound only in sweet and beautiful objects. The human heart is often overgrown with weeds, that hinder those fair plants from flourishing which would otherwise adorn it; these she can remove with a gentle hand, and with a look of love, restore to life that which before seemed ready to perish. This then is a truly beautiful woman; one who looks above the mere outward adorning, and aims at elevating herself, by kindness and gentleness, in the dignity of conferring happiness on others. In sickness and in health she is the same kind and gentle attendant; never growing weary in doing good.

Who does not love a beautiful woman—one whose heart is bound up in the endearments of life, and whose pleasure consists in making home happy? Her beloved ones bless her, and she is truly an ornament to the fireside circle, as well as a gem in the heart's casket of jewels. Her praise will outlive the breath of fame, and her memory will never perish.

DEATH SCENES OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Mary, Scotland's frail beauty, met the "gloomy king" with a degree of resolution not to be expected from her misfortunes, so numerous were they, deserted by every friend except her little dog.

Sir T. More remarked to the executioner, by whose hands he was to perish, that the scaffold was extremely weak; "I pray you, friends, see me up safe," said he, "and for coming down let me shift for myself!"

Chaucer breathed his last while composing a ballad. His last production is called, "A ballad made by Geoffrey Chaucer on his death bed, laying in great pain."

"I could wish this tragic scene was over," said Quin, the actor; "but I hope to go through it with becoming dignity."

Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning over a book. Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to remove him from the window, that he might look upon his garden, and gladden his eyes with the sight of nature. How ardent an admirer he was of nature, is poetically told in "Zimmerman's Solitude."

Pope tells us he found Sir Godfrey Kneller (when he visited him a few days prior to his end) sitting up and forming plans for his monument. His vanity was conspicuous even in death!

Warren has remarked that Chesterfield's good breeding only left him with death! "Give Drysdale a chair," said he to his valet, when that person was announced.

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

"The three sweetest words in the English language are Mother, Home, and Heaven."

Mother; The first fond word our hearts express, In childhood's rosy hours; When life seems full of happiness, As nature is of flowers: A word that manhood loves to speak When time has placed upon his cheek, And written on his brow, Stern lessons of the world's untruth Unheeded in his thoughtless youth, But sadly pondered now, As time brings back, 'mid vanished years, A mother's fondest hopes and fears.

Home; The only Eden left untouched, Free from the tempter's snare; A Paradise where kindred hearts May live without a care; A wife's glad smile is imaged here, And eyes that never knew a tear, Save those of happiness, Beam on the hearts that wander back From off the long and beaten track Of sorrow's wilderness: To ask those purer joys that come, Like angels round the hearth at home.

Heaven; The end of all a mother's prayers, The home of all her dreams; The guiding star to light our path With hope's enchanting beams; The haven for our storm-tossed bark, From out a world where wild and dark The tempest often rises; But still in every darksome hour, This hope will rise with holy power, And point us to the skies Where Mother, Home and Heaven are seen, Without a cloud to intervene.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

The sheriff took out his watch and said, "If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live!" The young man burst into tears and said: "I have to die. I had only one brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him; but one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home I found my little brother gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without cause and killed him with one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it until the next morning when I awoke from sleep, and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with blood and brains and was dead. Whiskey did it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have but one word to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say it to young people—never, never, never, touch anything that can intoxicate!" As he pronounced these words he sprang from the box and was launched into an endless eternity.

I was melted to tears at the recital, and the awful spectacle. My heart seemed as if it would burst and break away from my aching bosom, so intolerable were my feelings of grief. And there in that carriage, while on that cushioned seat, looking with streaming eyes on the body of that unfortunate young man, as it hung dangling and writhing between heaven and earth, as unfit for either place, then it was that I took the pledge never to touch the hurtful poison.

Long years have passed away. White hairs have thickened around these temples then so ruddy and young, but I have never forgotten the last words of that young man. And I never violated the pledge. When the tempter has offered me the sparkling goblet, the words of that young man have seemed to sound in my ears again.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

I shall omit the description of the other excursions, and describe my visit at midnight to the summit of Mount Vesuvius. Stepping into one of the numerous fiacras on the stand, at six o'clock of the last evening, I was at Naples, I was on my way alone for Resina, at the foot of the mountain, five miles from the city. The ride along the shores, through the pretty suburbs, with the setting sun gilding the waters of the bay, the approach of darkness, and the development of the red stream of lava down the mountain was a rare sight. In an hour I was seated on a pony, attended by a guide, also mounted, and having a large torch.—These guides and animals are at the station always ready, and there is a tariff of prices for them. They are under the direction of the police, who maintain a strict watch along the route all way up the ascent. The route to the hermitage is a circuitous one, and required nearly three hours. From thence a beautiful view is had of the Bay, City of Naples, and the lava stream and belchings of cinders, red-hot stones, and lava every few minutes from the crater. The stream, which a few days since had several branches, now merged together, was about a mile long and three or four rods wide, and lost itself in a level space on the mountain side, where it collected and cooled. The crater, which is a regular cone on the top of the mountain, was sprinkled with myriads of red-hot pieces from the belchings, which shot up from the crater, in nearly a perpendicular line, to a great height, then falling on the edge of the crater, and rolling down the sides.

Having ascended a few miles above the hermitage, at the termination of the path, and as far as it is practicable for a horse to go, our animals were tied, and then came the most difficult ascent I ever made. The whole mountain, rising steep above us for a mile was a mass of volcanic matter, thrown up by different eruptions, and composed of beds of rocks, lava, and cinders; and beside and between these beds nothing but ashes, which is of a coarse, black sandy substance. It is impossible to ascend over the rugged beds of rocks, and equally so to go up over the sand, where you cannot keep your foothold. The way is to go along the edge of lava, keeping your foothold in the sand as much as possible by holding on to the rocky edge; but then we slipped at every step, and lost nearly half we gained. Toiling in this manner, and stumbling in the uncertain light, stopping every few moments to recruit our exhausted strength and recover breath, we arrived at eleven o'clock at the summit. I have forgot to mention that there are two attendants at the beginning of the ascent to assist by ropes the most unwilling traveller; but I refused their offers, not wishing to be outdone by a guide. Resting a few moments, and wetting our dry throats, we started for the foot of the crater, and groping our way over and among the immense masses of lava, in less than half an hour we were within reach of the red pieces of lava which rolled down the crater. Here we tarried to view the showers above, which seemed as though they would descend on our heads. It was a fearful sight, and at every eruption the rumbling and concussion within the crater added much to the scene. In returning we passed over beds of lava yet quite hot, which had been ejected from the crater only four days previous. Having arrived at the brink, the descent was over a bed of sand and ashes unaccompanied with a single stone, and it was a novel and rapid one; for, what with the step and slide, every stride was equal to six feet, and they were so rapid from the impetus forward, that it was no easy matter to keep our equilibrium.—Ten minutes brought us to where we left our horses, a mile in distance, and which had taken an hour of so much labor to overcome.

Remounting our negro, we were in due time at the station, where, having paid the score, I took my seat in the fiacre which had waited my

return; and in the solitude of the early morning was rapidly whirled along the road to Naples, with stiff joints and aching limbs, glad I had been, and not wishing to go again.—Cor. Boston Atlas.

THE SONG OF LIGHTNING.

BY G. W. CUTLER. Could I embody and unobscure now That which is most within me—could I speak My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong and weak, All that I would have sought, and all I seek, Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one word And that one word were LIGHTNING, I would speak.

Away, away, through the sightless air— Stretch forth your iron thread— For I would not dim my sandals fair With the dust ye tamely tread; Aye, rear it up on its million piers— Let it reach the world around, And the journey ye make in a hundred years I'll clear at a single bound!

Tho' I cannot toll like the groaning slave Ye have fettered with iron slave, To ferry you over the boundless wave, Or grind in the noisy mill; Let him sing his giant strength and speed: Why, a single shaft of mine Would give that monster a flight, indeed, To the depths of the ocean brine.

No, no! I'm the spirit of light and love To my unseen hand 'tis given, To pencil the ambient clouds above, And polish the stars of heaven. I scatter the golden rays of fire On the horizon far below— And deck the skies where storms expire, With my red and dazzling glow.

The deepest recesses of earth are mine— I traverse its silent core; Around me the starry diamonds shine, And the sparkling fields of ore; And oft I leap from my throne on high To the depths of the ocean's caves, Where the fadefless forests of coral lie, Far under the world of waves.

My being is like a lovely thought That dwells in a sinless breast: A tone of music that ne'er was caught— A word that was never expressed. I burn in the bright and burnished halls— Where the fountains of sunlight play— Where the curtain of gold and opal falls, O'er the scenes of dying day.

With a glance I cleave the sky in twain, I light it with a glare, When fall the boddy drops of rain, Through the darkly curtained air; The rock-built towers, the turret gray, The piles of a thousand years, Have not the strength of potter's clay, Before my glittering spears.

From the Alps or the highest Andes' crag, From the peaks of eternal snow, The dazzling folds of my fiery flag Gleam o'er the world below; The earthquake heralds my coming power, The winds howl in bounds away, The howling storms, at midnight hour, Proclaim my kingly sway.

Ye tremble when my legions come— When my quivering sword leaps out O'er the hills that echo my thunder-drum, And rend with my joyous shout; Ye quail upon the land or upon the seas, Ye stand in your fear-aghast, To see me burn the forest trees, Or shiver the stately mast.

The hieroglyphs on the Persian wall, The letters of high command, Where the prophet read the tyrant's fall, Were traced with my burning hand; And oft in fire have I wrote since then, And the sealed eyes of sinful men Were all too blind to read.

At last the hour of light is here, And kings no more shall blind, Nor the bigote crush with craven fear, The forward march of mind; The words of truth and freedom's rays From my pinions hurled, And soon the sun of better days Shall rise upon the world.

But away, away, through the sightless air— Stretch forth your iron thread; For I would not soil my sandals fair With the dust ye tamely tread; Aye, rear it upon its million piers— Let it circle the world around, And the journey ye make in a hundred years I'll clear at a single bound!

NOTICE.

AGREEABLY to an order of the County Court of Cumberland, at Sept. Term, 1848, I shall proceed to sell for Cash, at the Court House in Fayetteville, on the first Monday in December next, a much of the following Lots, as will pay the Tax due the Town of Fayetteville, for 1847, together with all the incidental expenses, viz: 1. Lot Listed by D. Carver, Jr. Robeson St. valued at 150 dollars, tax \$ 75 2. do do D Carver, Jr. Hay St. valued at 350 dollars, tax 1 75 3. do do Ann Jordan, Person St. valued at 750 dollars, tax 3 75 4. do do Thomas Morgan, Lower Fayetteville, valued at 100 dollars, tax 50 5. do do Angus Neill, Moore Street, valued at 225 dollars, tax 1 12 6. do do D. W. Sedberry, Person Street, valued at 300 dollars, tax 1 50 7. do do George Thompson, Russell St., valued at 300 dollars, tax 1 50 8. do do Estate Gilbert Eccles, Lower Fayetteville, valued at \$600, tax 3 00 9. do do Trustee of Marley, Rowan St. valued at 450 dollars, tax 2 25

*Unlisted, and subject to double tax. Fayetteville, Oct. 21, 1848. G. DEMING, Collector. 87

AGENCY TO LOCATE SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.

For Bounty Claims. THE undersigned, a citizen of Lafayette County, Mississippi, proposes to locate Claims for Bounty Lands, for citizens of the State of North Carolina, on the best Cotton Lands in the Northern part of Louisiana, and the Southern part of Arkansas, upon the most reasonable terms. For Terms, address Rufus Barringer, post paid, Concord, North Carolina, or the Subscriber, P. B. BARRINGER. Refer to Gen. A. B. Bradford, Holly Springs, Mississippi; Hon. T. J. Ward, Oxford, Mississippi; J. & H. A. Barr, Esqs., Mississippi; Hon. H. R. Miller, Pontotoc, Mississippi; Judge J. Finson, Salisbury, Maryland; Hon. D. F. Caldwell, D. M. Barringer, Concord, N. C.; Maj. G. W. Caldwell, Charlotte, N. C. Oxford, Mississippi, Sept. 18, 1848. 85