

The Broken-Hearted.

Harlow Case, the defaulting Collector of Sandusky, Ohio, not content with swindling the coffers of his office, robbed a friend of an accomplished wife and little daughter, and fled to foreign lands. The unhappy fugitives saw no peace, and renounce finally consigned the partner of his flight to an early grave, to which the daughter shortly after followed. A missionary correspondent of the Boston Watchman and Reflector describes an interview with the guilty pair, which took place shortly before the death of the mother and of the child whom she had made the companion of her wanderings.

"What though the evil breeze blow soft over Ceylon's isle, Through every prospect pleasant, And only man is vile."

Curiously enough, I was just repeating this stanza, when my new acquaintance called for me. I had met him while on a business visit to Ceylon, as a countryman of mine, and was pleased with the opportunity that afforded me more intimate personal knowledge. I felt myself fortunate in falling in with so agreeable a gentleman, and considered his face and manners peculiarly refined. On our second meeting I noticed a singular restlessness of the handsome dark eyes, and an irritable bitterness of the lips, and a disposition to be constantly on the move, shown in the tapping of a light bamboo cane or the motion of foot or hand. These things, however, did not strike me as singular at the time, but, coupled with what afterwards learned, were evidences that the man felt already the gnawing of the worm that never dies.

One forenoon we left the little scarp town where I was sojourning, and rode a short distance into the interior of the gorgeous island. Most glorious were the surroundings on every hand.

"That is my house," said my new friend, pointing to a low-roofed cottage surrounded by a wide veranda, from whose clinging vines sweet odors were fung upon the soft atmosphere; but from the moment the words were uttered his sociability departed.

Within the cottage enclosure were walks, bowers and fountains. Chaste statuary was dispersed over the ground with most charming effect. The house seemed almost a fairy structure, rising in the midst of flowers and foliage.—And the man who sat beside me, whose smile mounted no higher than his lips—the dreamy far-distant in his eye growing ever moment more perceptible—was the owner of the Eden-like home.

We were met on the threshold by a lovely child of some eleven summers. Her hair hung in curls. Her eyes particularly lustrous, yet mournful in beauty, and on the young brow I seemed to see a something—a shadow of sadness, and unchildlike quiet—as she greeted my new friend. Dressed in pure white she glided in before us, and to her was left the duty of entertaining me; while Mr. C., excusing himself in the remark that sickness necessarily called him away for a half hour or so, left the room.

"Is your mother very unwell?" I asked of the little girl, who, with those shallow filled eyes of hers was regarding me gently but attentively.

"Yes, sir, mamma has been sick a long time," she replied, dropping her eyes while her lip trembled.

"Did you come from America?" she asked, timidly, after a long silence.

"Yes, my dear. Do you know anything of that country?" I returned, growing more and more pleased with her expressive face.

"Only that mamma came from there, and I think," she added, hesitatingly, "that I did. But Mr. C. will never let me talk about it."

"Are you then not the little daughter of Mr. C.?" I asked, somewhat astonished.

"I am my mother's daughter," answered the child with a grave dignity in one so young—and in a minute after she arose and quietly left the room. I sat watching her white robes flitting through the long, shady walk opposite my window, and knew that the child brooded over some dark sorrow, for her eyes were filled with tears. Why was it? I questioned myself; that painful thought took possession of me as I sat there. It seemed as if I were sojourning in an enchanted spot, and that some horror was suddenly to break upon me. At my side, nearly covering a beautiful table of letter wood, were several costly gift-books. I took them up carefully, for I have a reverence for books—and turning to the fly-leaf of a splendidly bound copy of Shakespeare, read—

"To Mary Francis F., from her devoted husband, Henry E. F., from a thrill of surprise and anguish ran from vein to vein. My thoughts seemed paralyzed. The truth had burst upon me with a shock to my heart. I knew Henry E. F.—I had known him intimately for years. He was a friend towards whom all my sympathies had been drawn; for he had seen such sorrow as makes the heart grow old before its time. His wife, whom he loved, had deserted him. She had taken with her his only child. She had desolated a household; and forgetting honor, shame, everything that pertains to virtue and to God, had fled from her country with the man whose arts had won her wretched love. How could I remain under this roof, that now seemed accursed? How meet the destroyer of virtue—the fiend who had revealed in such conquest? I could only think of the evil they had done—not what they might suffer through the torture of remorse. It was some time before the seducer came into the room where I still sat with the child, determined to meet him once more before I left the house. O! how guilty! how heart-stricken his appearance! Remorse sat on his forehead—looked

out from his eyes—spoke when he was silent. "Will you come to dinner?" he asked.

I hesitated. Should I partake of his hospitality—the hospitality of one of those fiends in human shape, whose steps take hold on to hell? I knew his guilt; why delay to declare it? Why not at once, in burning words, upbraid him for his villainy, and flee, as from a pestilence, his sin-cursed house? The man noticed my hesitation. He could not, of course, interpret its cause. As he repeated his request, the look of distress upon his face excited a feeling of pity, which, for the moment, slightly disarmed my resentment, and, under the influence of this feeling, almost unconsciously I passed into the dining-room.

"I am sorry little Nelly's mamma" (I was glad he did not dare to use the sacred name of wife,) "is not able to sit with us," said he. "It is many months since we have had her presence at our meals. She is suffering from the effects of slow fever induced by the climate," he added gravely, as he motioned me to a seat before him. The table glittered with silver plate. Obedient servants brought, on the most costly servers, delicacies such as I had never seen before. But, the skeleton sat at the feast! I could not talk, save in monosyllables. My host sat hastily—almost carelessly waiting upon me with many abrupt starts and apologies. Wine came. He drank freely. Soon he sent the little girl and servants from the room, and seemed striving to nerve himself to conversation.

"You are from—city, I believe," he said, nervously.

I answered an affirmative.

"Did you ever know a gentleman there by the name of H. E. F.?"

"I knew him, sir," I said sternly, looking the man steadily in the face, "and I know him also as a ruined, heart-broken man." With an ejaculation of anguish he put his handkerchief to his eyes. It would have seemed hypocritical, but the suffering on his face was unmistakable.

"Perhaps you have suspected then," he began in a quivering voice.

Not calmly, but with the word of an accuser, I told him what I had seen, and thought, and felt.

"Sir," said he, in tones which I shall never forget, "if I have sinned, God in Heaven knows I have suffered; and if in P.'s bereavement he has cursed me, that curse is fearfully fulfilled! Poor Mary is dying—has been dying for months, and I have known it. It has been for me to see the falling step—the dimming eye; it is for me now to see the terrible struggles of her nearly worn-out frame; it is for me to listen to her language of remorse, that sometimes almost drives me mad. Yes, mad—mad—mad," he said, in frenzy, rising and crossing the floor with long, hasty strides. Then burying his face in his hands, he exclaimed, "Too late—too late—I have repented."

"There was a long pause, and he continued more calmly, "No human means can now restore my poor companion. Her moral sensibilities become more and more acute as she fails in strength, so that she reproaches herself constantly."

A weary, mournful sigh broke from his lips, as if his heart would break.

"Oh! if he knew," he exclaimed again, "if he knew how bitter a penalty she is paying for the outrage she has committed upon him—he would pity her—and if it could be, forgive."

"Will you see her, sir?"

"I shrink from the very thought."

"She has asked for you, sir; do not deny her request. Hearing that you came from America, she entreated me to bring you to her. I promised that I would."

"I will go then?"

Up the cool, vine-matted stairs, he led me, into a chamber original in its beautiful furnishing, its chaste magnificence.

There, half-reclining in a wide, easy chair—a costly shawl of lace thrown over her attenuated shoulders; the rich dressing-gown, clinging and hollowed to the ravages sickness had made—sat one whose great beauty, and once gentle gifts had made the loveliness of a sacred home.

"But now! O! pity! pity!" The eyes only retained their lustre; they were woefully sunken. The blazing fire, kindled at the vitals, burned upon her sharpened cheeks, burned more fiercely, more hotly, as she looked upon my face. I could think no more of anger—I could only say to myself—

"Oh, how sorry I am for you!"

She knew, probably, by her husband's manner, that I was aware of their circumstances.

Her first question was, "Are you going back to America, sir?"

The hollow voice startled me. I seemed to see an open sepulchre.

I told her that it was not my intention to return at present.

"Oh, then, who will take my little child back to her father?" she cried, the tears falling. "I am dying, and she must go back to him! It is the only preparation I can make—and little enough, oh, little enough—for the bitter wrong I have done him."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she added a moment after, checking her sobs; "I hoped you might tell him that his image is before me from morning till night, as I knew he must have looked when the first shock came. Oh, sir, tell him my story, warn, oh, warn everybody. Tell him I have suffered through the long, long hours, these many weary years. Ah! God only knows how deeply."

"Mary, you must control your feelings," said my host, gently.

"Let me talk while I may," was the answer; "let me say that since the day I left my home I have not seen a single hour of happiness. It was al-

ways to come—always just ahead—and here is what has come—the grave is opening, and I must go to judgment. Oh, how bitterly have I paid for my sin. Forgive me—O, my God—forgive."

It was a solemn hour, that which I spent beside the dying penitent. Prayer she listened to—she did not seem to join; or, if she did, she gave no outward sign. Remorse had worn away all her beauty, even more than illness. She looked to the future with a despairing kind of hope, and but feeble faith.

Reader, the misguided woman of Ceylon lies beneath the stately branches of the palm tree. Her sweet child never met her father in her native land. She sleeps under the troubled waters of the great wide sea. Where the betrayer wanders I cannot tell; but, wherever it is, there is no peace for him. How often rings that hollow voice in my ear—"Tell him my story! Warn, oh, warn everybody!"

The Iredell Express.

EUGENE B. DRAKE & SON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

STATESVILLE, Friday, April 15, 1859.

FRANCIS MORTON TO ADVERTISERS.

Can do so at our risk, by taking the Post Master's receipt, to exhibit in case the money goes lost. Gold dollars when sent, should be enclosed in the sheet with sealing-wax or a wad. Postage-stamps taken as money.

W. A. Jurney, Esq., is our duly authorized agent for Iredell county, to receive subscriptions for the Express and sign receipts in the names of the publishers. He will also attend to making collections for our office generally.

Court-House Bell.

We congratulate the citizens of the County for having, through their energetic Chairman of the County Court, Esquire McLaughlin, procured a fine large Bell for the Court-House in this place. It arrived by the train last Saturday, and has been placed in a temporary position for use until a belfry can be erected; it came to hand just in time for the Court this week, and Sheriff Wasson has been using it, at the proper hours for the benefit of those interested in waiting upon the Court. A carpet of excellent material has also been bought, North, which will be made up and spread over the Court-House floor at an early day. These are things proper and right to have in and about the halls of Justice, and will be appreciated by the public. One other article is wanting for the public convenience—a Clock—to regulate the hours of the business community and keep matters and things in good order generally. This should be bought, perhaps, by the Town, whenever the sum for an outlay of the kind can be spared from the funds of the Treasury.

Thrashing Machines.

The wheat crop is unusually promising in this region; therefore, let each of our farmers in time supply himself with one of L. DIXON, DAVIDSON & CO'S superior Thrashing Machines, acknowledged to be the very best manufactured out of Iredell county—no better are made in the Union. See their advertisement published in the Express, headed "Snow Camp Machine Shop and Foundry, Alamance County, N. C." Prices and other information may be obtained, on application to the Agents in Statesville.

Tennessee Moving.

The Tennessee Opposition State Convention met at Nashville, Tenn., on the 29th ult., and nominated Col. John Netherland as their candidate for Governor. Speeches were made by Hon. Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, T. J. Campbell, Gen. James F. Quarles, and John F. House, Esq. Resolutions were also adopted in favor of a Constitution Union; in favor of constitutional rights in regard to slavery; opposition to direct trade, and in favor of a tariff, adequate for an economical administration of the government, with specific duties where applicable in favor of American industry; in favor of Tennessee's right to her proportion of the public lands, if they are divided; in favor of a reasonable extension of naturalization term for foreigners; in condemnation of the national Administration; in favor of a sound banking system, and a prompt payment of the public debt; and pledging the Opposition to use their utmost exertions and united efforts for the overthrow of the Democratic party.

Not so much of an Outrage.

The lake and river boats whose seizure by the Nicaraguan government was reported the other day, says the Raleigh Register, were not the old boats of the Transit Company, but new ones sent out a few months since by the new Yelverton-White Company. They were seized on the supposition that the U. S. Sloop-of-War Decatur, which had come in sight, was a vessel loaded with filibusters.—Under that impression, the Nicaraguan authorities placed the boats under the guns of Fort San Carlos, in order to keep them safe from supposed filibusters. The real character of the Decatur becoming known, the vessels were next day restored to the agents of the Company.

Distressing Accident.

We regret to learn that Mr. A. A. HALL, of Wilkesboro', one day last week, happened to a serious accident, in the following manner: Mr. Hall was mounted on a young horse which had not been fully subdued to the saddle, and, by some means fell off; his foot getting entangled in the stirrup the horse ran, dragging Mr. H. some distance upon the ground, inflicting serious, if not fatal, injuries, upon the head and chest. At the last account Mr. Hall was speechless and not expected to live.

Piccolomini Harness.

Messrs. WEAVER BROTHERS, of Olin, have on sale with Mr. Woodward, Statesville, a large assortment of Harness fine, superior to plain, which Mr. Woodward is selling at very moderate prices. We took a look thro' the stock on exhibition one day this week, and being something of a judge can say better words is not to be found. While there, the Messrs. Weaver, presented us with a handsome bridle, which, as we seldom have time to ride, other people's horses (we have none), this bridle we will keep to curb the unruly passions which occasionally will rise up in the bosom of an editor in spite of himself. Thank you, gentlemen.

Cane Crushers—Sugar Mills.

Now is the time to order one of S. Dixon, Davidson & Co's Cane Crushers, manufactured at Snow Camp, Alamance county, N. C., where orders may be sent, or left with the Agents in Statesville. See advertisement.

The National American.

This sterling Whig and Literary Journal, published at Atlanta, Ga., thrice a week, never fails in making its regular visits to our table. It is, without any exception, one of the most able and to us interesting sheets issued in the Union—we will not say South. Besides, the American is so neatly printed, that each number appears like a "proof engraving upon India paper." The Editors are Col. C. R. Hanleiter, proprietor, and J. S. Peterson and J. S. Slaughter, Associate Editors. Tri-Weekly, per annum \$4, Weekly, per annum \$2, in advance.

The Olin Suicide.

Some of our Raleigh co-temporaries were hoaxed considerably, about the first of April, in regard to a suicide said to have been perpetrated at Olin—which, we learn, was all a hoax. The good folk about Olin are not less unwilling than others to depart this life, when their time comes, much less would they out-short-existence-by swallowing strychnine.

Suicide.

A young lady, named Miss Hutchins, 20 years of age, committed suicide in Atlanta, Ga., on Saturday last, by shooting herself with a pistol, causing almost instant death. The only reason assigned for the act, was disappointed love. The young lady was engaged to be married, when she learned that the object of her attachment had proved faithless, and married another.

A young lady died in Troy, N. York, last week, from the effects of having her ears pierced. She put colored waxes in the wound, instead of silk, which is said to be the orthodox article.

New Paper.—We have received the first number of the "Daily Delta," a democratic paper published in Newbern by J. H. Muse, Proprietor, and Wm. B. Smith, Editor, at \$5 per annum.

Iredell Superior Court.

The Superior Court for the county of Iredell, Judge Bailey, presiding, is in session in Statesville this week. We did not hear his Honor charge the Grand Jury but learn, that it was able, lucid and voluminous, leaving no point for the escape of evil-doers, where evidence was attainable. Tuesday, the weather being pleasant, a very large number of people were in attendance; some as suitors, but the greater number probably upon other business. Several cases have been disposed of for assault and battery, selling liquor to slaves, &c. On Wednesday Grandison, a free boy of color, was put upon trial charged with larceny for entering in the night-time and robbing the store of Mr. S. J. Biskert, of this place, of money and merchandise a few months ago. The proof was point-blank, and Grandison was sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes on his bare back at this time, to be imprisoned till May term, and then receive thirty-nine lashes and be discharged.

Martin Gunn, who was convicted for passing counterfeit money at the fall Term, and took an appeal to a higher Court, was, on a petition numerously signed by citizens of the County, in consideration of his long imprisonment and sympathy for his family, ordered to set at liberty by giving bail in the sum of \$500 for good behavior for twelve months.

This is dealing very leniently with Mr. Gunn, and should admonish him, and all others, that honest industry is the best method for obtaining a livelihood.

Several New Advertisements of valuable Real Estate, Negroes, &c. to be sold; also of Goods, Wares, and general merchandise, may be seen in this issue.

The Broker's Law.

The late Legislature passed an act, which is unconstitutional, as it would be unwise if it were not, imposing a tax of one-fourth of one per cent. on all sums demanded in specie for bills upon any of the Banks in this State, by foreign brokers, and making it the duty of the cashiers to collect it at the time of liquidating their issues. The Directory of the State Bank at Raleigh has taken a very sensible view of this very unconstitutional law, as will be seen by the following action of the Board which appears in a late issue of the Register.

WHEREAS, It was enacted at the session of the late Legislature that "the Secretary of State, to the intent that such tax may be collected, whereby it becomes necessary for the Directors to take proper action on the subject, and after due consideration of the same, this Board is of opinion that said law is in violation of the Federal Constitution, and that it is the duty of the Directors to refuse to receive such contracts in specie, thereby impairing the obligations of contracts, which become evident by considering that the principle involved in the law maintains the rights in the Legislature to exercise any or all of the following powers, viz:

1st. To raise the tax ten per cent. or any other sum.

2nd. To impose the tax on any non-resident merchant or traveller who may chance to get a bank note and want the specie.

3rd. To impose the tax on all the citizens of this State who may hold bank notes, and desire to convert them into gold and silver.

4th. To impose the same tax on all creditors by bond note or account, as well citizens as others who may demand specie of their debtors.

5th. To impose the tax on all persons who, under a judgment obtained in any of our Courts, may demand specie.

6th. In a word, to forbid the demand of specie on any contract whatever.

From these considerations, it being obvious that the principle asserted in this law assumes the power virtually to impair the obligations of all contracts by forbidding their fulfillment except under heavy burdens.

Resolved, That this Bank declines to acknowledge or receive said tax, but will, without denial to any one, redeem its obligations without charge to the holder; but to the end that it may be accountable for its neglect in case the law should be found to be constitutional, it is

Resolved, That a memorandum be kept of all such demands by non-resident brokers, and may come to the knowledge of the Cashier, and that the President cause them to be transmitted to the Treasurer, to the end that he may institute such proceedings against the Bank or its officers as he may deem advisable.

Resolved further, That the President cause these resolutions to be carried into effect as well at the branches as at the principal Bank.

Resolved further, That in order that persons

may not be deterred from asking their just rights of this Bank, the President cause these resolutions to be published.

A copy from the Journal. C. DWEY, Cashier.

Correspondence.

For the Express.

Messrs. Editors.—Rain, Rain, Rain has been the order of the day for some time past, and of late we have had such heavy showers, that our Cape Fear seems to be striving hard to leap over its banks and "spread itself." To-day, however, is a day which reminds us that the Spring time is come; and while flowers sweetly perfume the air, and the sweet songsters warble amid the branches and hymn their rapturous praise to the God of nature, the husbandman is seen stratching the seed in preparation for a harvest, the fruit of which, when gathered, will screen him from want and distress when another cold, dreary winter shall approach.

Fayetteville, indeed, is reaping the reward of her industry and perseverance this Spring, by receiving a liberal patronage from abroad. Her trade, doubtless, will far exceed that which she has received for a long time, and truly it ought, for her merchants are endeavoring to make it the interest of all who favor her with a call, to come again.

Our stocks at the commencement of the season, were low, but they have grown remarkably less, and, in many instances, a double quantity required. Our railroad is being pushed ahead, under the management of our very efficient President, and the time is not far distant, when the bowels of the "Yearn" in and about Old Chatham will be torn open their rapturous praise to the God of nature, which can only be effectually removed by a steam-engine. The contracts are nearly all let out, and the work is being pushed to the utmost extent.

The coming Summer will be one of considerable political excitement in one or two Districts of this State, but there is no danger, when our party is led by such men as Gilmer and Vance.

The Democracy would gladly make the impression upon the public mind, that the Hon. Jno. A. Gilmer is tainted with Republicanism. Alas, their folly! He is too well known in his own District, to be so noble a specimen of a true, devoted Southerner, to allow the Democratic harney to affect his political character. He has always been a favorite in their midst, and now, by his course for the past two years in Congress, he has shown himself a statesman, a noble, unswerving conservative, unfinchingly denouncing his views upon all subjects of vital importance to this Union and the people he represents. His victory is certain.

Hon. W. Winslow will be returned probably, and no democrat could be selected from this District who could better represent its constituency. If we must have a Democrat, let us have the Governor, and I am sorry to say, a democrat we must have.

Doubtless, your Mountain section will stand by Hon. Z. B. Vance, and again place him in Congress. From the high position he has taken in Washington, it cannot be doubted that he will have a largely increased vote on his late election.

I notice that you have again increased the size of your paper. This is, indeed, encouraging, and my wishes are, that it may so spread itself so to spread in every family in your district.

Fayetteville, April 4, 1859.

News, &c.

Whig Meeting in Yadkin.

On the 5th instant, it being Tuesday of the York county court, a large number of the Whig party convened at the Court House in Yadkinville, for the purpose of holding a meeting and appointing delegates to represent Yadkin County in a Convention to be held in the town of Winston, on 12th inst., to nominate a candidate for Congress in this the 6th Congressional District.

On motion of John Covell, Esq., W. A. Robey, Esq., was called to the chair, and John A. Hampton, Esq., requested to act as Secretary. The Chair then proceeded to explain the object of the meeting in a very appropriate and becoming manner.

Whereupon the following preamble and resolutions were reported to the meeting by Miles M. Cowles and R. F. Armfield, Esqrs., and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, the Whigs of the 6th Congressional District, have resolved to hold a convention, in the town of Winston, Forsyth county, on the 12th inst., to select a Whig candidate for the approaching Congressional campaign.

Resolved, That we heartily approve of the object of said convention, and desire Yadkin county to be fully represented therein.

Resolved, That the reckless extravagance of the present pseudo national Administration in expending the public money, its wanton violation of the Federal Constitution, and its unconstitutional and lawless efforts to control the elective franchise by the patronage of government, and ceaseless sectional agitation threatening the destruction of the Union, carried on by the party that sustains said Administration, and the sole purpose of diverting the public mind from their own crimes and continuing their hold on power and place—call loudly for all conservative and patriotic men to strike one more blow for the purity of our institutions, and the preservation of our liberties.

Resolved, That the Whigs of this county, in connection with the other Whigs of the district, do hereby petition the President of the United States, with the first reconvention, that sixty delegates be appointed to represent our county in the said general convention.

Whereupon the Chair appointed the following persons as delegates, viz: Josiah Cowley, A. W. Martin, Y. N. Jones, A. C. Cowles, James Gray, E. G. Bennett, Wm. W. Lewis, Jesse Couch, Willie Madison, Jas. Walls, Harrison Felts, Ben. Sparks, John Madison, Col. W. H. Speer, Dr. E. B. Hampton, C. C. Benham, Sol. D. Swain, R. G. Howell, Moses Chaffell, A. M. Bryan, W. S. Nicholson, F. D. Hampton, S. T. Speer, Y. W. Woodruff, Lewis Gaddy, J. B. Williams, J. B. W. W. E. O. Poindeux, Tyro Glenn, J. Gray, Wm. J. Combs, Jno. B. Raab, T. S. Martin, J. A. Biting, Dr. T. Long, Col. Caleb Bohannon, N. L. Williams, L. D. Keller, John Williams, R. F. Armfield, Robt. Williams, Will. A. Joyce, Dr. C. L. Cook, Joel Bevis, William Stelman, Leroy Holcomb, Thomas Brandon, M. Cowley, J. B. Doss, J. B. Buzig, R. G. Green, Col. Jno. B. Martin, Braxton Ray, James L. Johnson, W. Lee Martin, Wm. A. Dickson, Larkin Lynch, Wm. M. Lindsey.

On motion, the names of the Chairman and Secretary were appended.

After the adoption of the resolutions and appointing the delegates, the Whig old patriot and statesman Hon. R. C. Puryear being called upon, delivered, in the way of a political speech one of the finest and noblest efforts of his life, amid the hearty and prolonged cheers of his old friends and constituents. In the course of his remarks, he re-echoed the Whigs, and allowed his name to go before the convention; pledged himself to its nominees; unveiled the extravagance and corruption of the Democratic party,—and withal portrayed fully the pure and generous sentiments, of his own noble heart.

Upon motion, it was ordered, That copies of these proceedings be sent to the Iredell Express, Greensboro' Patriot and Yadkin Herald, for publication.

Whereupon, the meeting adjourned.

Wm. A. ROBEY, Ch'n. JOHN A. HAMPTON, Sec'y.

Four Men Hanged on One Scaffold.

On Friday last four young men were hanged at Baltimore for murder. They all professed to have made their peace with the world and their Maker, and three of them admitted their guilt.

The fourth, a very young man, of respectable parentage and connections, admitted his having been one of the

party of drunken rowdies whom the police were endeavoring to arrest, when the officer was shot from him he was about to be hanged; but he denied that he shot him.

The city was crowded with strangers, and every train came laden with passengers. The Philadelphia train that morning consisted of twenty cars filled to the utmost capacity. Every avenue to the city was crowded with carriages, horsemen, and hundreds upon foot at an early hour; and long before the hour of execution every hill top and house top within sight of the gallows was filled and crowded with tens of thousands of the vainly curious spectators.

Municipal Elections.

An election took place in St. Louis on Monday last for municipal officers, and resulted in the election of the Republican candidate for Mayor, O. D. Filley, by 2500 majority over the Democratic candidate, and 4670 over the American candidate.

An election took place in Cincinnati on Monday for municipal officers, and resulted in the success of the opposition ticket by from 1000 to 2400 majority.

Distressing Occurrence.

We are informed of a melancholy accident which happened on the 2d inst. at the Mill Pond of Col. John E. Austin on Rocky River, on the road leading from this place to Staty county. A young man aged about 2 years, and his two sisters aged respectively 12 and 14, children of Jacob Little, deceased, of Stanly county, had been to market at Charlotte and were returning home. Arriving at the above mentioned Pond (which is crossed by means of a ferry boat,) Col. Austin and his negro man undertook to convey the three persons and their team across. The water being high at the time the boat became unmanageable and drifted over the tumbling dam.—Just before it went over Mr. Austin and the negro jumped out and swam to shore; young Little and his sisters staid in the boat and went over together with the wagon and 4 horses. After it passed over the persons were still in the boat, but the horses were thrown out and three drowned immediately. The boat continued to float down stream, but young Little fell; but he could not stop it, told his sisters to remain in the boat and he would swim to shore for help. After great difficulty he got to shore, but looking back could see nothing of the boat or his sisters. He then ran, entirely naked, a distance of two miles to the house of Mr. L. Green for help. On returning to the river neither the girls nor the boat could be found; but on the next day the body of one of the unfortunate young women was found some distance below where the accident happened. The other had not been discovered at our latest accounts from the neighborhood.—Char. Dem.

Petrified Fossils.

Mr. Alexander Murdoch, of this place, having seen a notice of the discovery of strange fossils in Sampson county, among which, was the tooth of some great sea fish, and a piece of Noah's ark, invited us round to his residence to see some wonders he had dug out of the shell-rock quarries along the banks of streams near Newbern. He had some half dozen petrified teeth of sea monsters, and petrified shells of great variety. One of the teeth measures four inches across at the base, and about five in height.—Altogether, it is an interesting collection, and carries us back to an unknown period in the past history of the shores of the Neuse and Trent.—It is supposed these teeth once belonged to a shark—a notable adventurous indian eater, perhaps. He must have been large. His full set of ivory, in life, was undoubtedly formidable.

"Commerce is King."

This proverb, says Hiram Fuller, the clever editor of the New York Mirror, is too widely accredited as true. In this country, whose Commerce is, prospectively at least, greatest among the nations, it is as king. Industry, indeed, is shaped by Commerce, yet Commerce is not the basis of our wealth and power, but only a collateral. Industry is king on American soil,