

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,
Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULERS."



"DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE."
Gen'l Harrison.

NEW SERIES.
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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1851.

From the Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor."
EARLY FRIENDS.

Where are they?
I cannot sit now, as once, upon the edge of the brook, hour after hour, flinging off my line and hook to the nibbling roach, and reckon it great sport. There is no girl with auburn ringlets to sit beside me and play upon the bank. The hours are shorter than they were then; and the little joys that furnished boyhood till the heart was full can fill it no longer. Poor Tray is dead long ago; and he cannot swim into the pools for floating sticks, nor can I sport with him hour after hour and think it happiness. The mound that covers his grave is sunken; and the trees that shaded it are broken and mossy.

Little Lilly is grown into a woman and is married; and she has another little Lilly, with flaxen hair, she says—looking as she used to look. I dare say the child is pretty, but it is not Lilly. She has a little boy too, that she calls Paul—a chubby little rogue—she writes, and as mischievous as ever I was. God bless the boy!
Ben, who would have liked a ride in the coach that carried me away to school—has had a great many rides since then—rough rides, and hard ones, over the road of life. He does not rattle up the falling leaves for bonfires as he did once; he is grown to be a man, and is fighting his way somewhere in our Western world, to the short lived honors of time. He was married not long ago; his wife I remember as one of my playmates at my first school; she was beautiful, but fragile as a leaf. She died with a year of her marriage. Ben was but four years my senior; but his grief has made him ten years older. He does not say it, but his eye and figure tell it.

The nurse who put the purple in my hand that dismal morning, is grown a feeble old woman. She was over fifty then; she may well be seventy now. She did not know my voice when I went to her the other day, nor did she know my face at all. She repeated the name when I told it her—Paul, Paul, she did not remember any Paul, except a little boy a long while ago. To whom you gave a purse when he went away, and told him to say nothing to Lilly or Ben?—You, that Paul, said the old woman exultingly—do you know him?

And when I told her—she would not have believed it? But she did; and took hold of my hand again, (for she was blind) and then smoothed down the plait of her apron, and jogged her strings, to look tidy in the presence of a gentleman. And she told me stories about the old house and how the people came in afterwards and she called me "sir" sometimes, and sometimes "Paul." But I asked her only to say Paul; she seemed glad for this and talked easier; and went on to tell of my old playmates, and how we used to ride the pony—poor Jack!—and how we gathered nuts—such heaping piles; and how we used to play fox and goose through the long winter evenings; and how my poor mother would smile—but here I asked her to stop. She could not have gone on much longer, for I believe she loved our house and people better than she loved her own.

As for uncle, the cold, silent man, who lived with his books in the house of the hill, and who used to frighten me sometimes with his looks, he grew very feeble after I left, and almost crazed. The country people said that he was mad; and Isabel with her sweet heart clung to him, and would lead him out when his step tottered, to the seat in the garden, and read to him out of the books he loved to hear. And sometimes, they told me, she would read to him some letters that I had written to Lilly, or to Ben, and asked him if he remembered Paul, who saved her from drowning under the trees in the meadow? But he could only shake his head and mutter something about how old and feeble he had grown.

They wrote me afterwards that he died, and was buried in a far away place, where his wife once lived, and where he now sleeps beside her. Isabel was struck with grief, and came to live for a time with Lilly; but when they wrote me last, she had gone back to her old home—where Tray was buried—where we had played together so often, through the long days of Summer.

I was glad I should find her there, when I came back. Lilly and Ben were both living nearer to the city when I landed from my long journey over the seas; but still I went to Isabel first. Perhaps I had heard so much often from the others, that I felt less eager to see them; or perhaps I wanted to save my best visits to the last; or perhaps—I (did think it) perhaps I loved Isabel better than them all.

So I went into the country, thinking all the way how she must have changed since I left. She must be now nineteen or twenty; and then her grief must have saddened her face somewhat; but I thought I should like her all the better for that. Then perhaps she would not laugh and tease me, but would be quieter, and wear a sweet smile—so calm and beautiful, I thought. Her figure, too, must have grown more elegant, and she would have grown more dignified in her air.

I shuddered a little at this; for I thought, she will hardly think so much of me then; perhaps she will have those whom she likes a great deal better. Perhaps she will not like me at all; yet I knew very well that I should like her.

I had gone up almost to the house. I had passed the stream where we fished on that day many years before; and I thought that now since she had grown to womanhood I should never sit with her there again, and surely never drag her as I did out of the river, and never chafe her little hands, and never, perhaps, kiss her, as I did, when she sat upon my mother's lap—oh, no—no—no.

There was a tall woman who opened the door, she did not know me; but I recognised her as one of the old servants. I asked after the house-keeper first, thinking I would surprise Isabel. My heart fluttered some what, thinking she might step in suddenly herself; or perhaps that she might have seen me coming up the hill. But even then, I thought, she would hardly know me.

Presently the house-keeper came in, looking very grave; she asked if the gentleman wished to see her.

The gentleman did wish it, and she sat down on one side of the fire; for it was autumn, and the leaves were falling, and the November winds were very chilly.

Shall I tell her—thought I—who I am and ask at once for Isabel? I tried to ask—but it was hard for me to call her name; it was very strange—but I could not pronounce it at all.

"Who, sir?" said the house-keeper, in a voice so earnest, that I rose at once and crossed the room and took her hand: "You know me," said I, you surely remember Paul?"

She started with surprise, but recovered herself, and resumed the grave manner. I thought I had committed some mistake, or been in some way cause of offence. I called for Madam, and asked for Isabel.

She turned pale—terribly pale. "Bella?" said she.

"Yes, Bella." "Sir—Bella is dead!"

I dropped into my chair. I said not a word. The house-keeper; bless her kind heart. I passed noiselessly out. My hands were over my eyes. The winds were sighing outside, and the clock ticking mournfully within.

I did not sob, nor weep, nor utter any sound. The clock ticked mournfully, and the birds were singing; but I did not hear them any longer; there was a timid raving within me, that would have drowned the voice of thunder.

I broke at length in a long deep sigh—"Oh God!"—said I. It may have been a prayer; it was not an imprecation.

Bella—sweet Bella, was dead! It seemed as if without her half the world was dead—every bright face was darkened—every sunshine blotted out—every flower withered, every hope extinguished!

I walked out into the air, and stood under the trees where we had played together with poor Tray—where Tray lay buried. But it was not Tray I thought of, as I stood there, with the cold wind playing through my hair, and my eyes filled with tears. How could she die? Why was she gone? Was it really true? Was Bella indeed dead—in her coffin—buried?—Then why should anybody live? What was there to live for, now that Bella was gone.

Ah, what a gap in the world is made by the death of those we love! It is no longer whole, but a poor half world that swings uneasy on its axis, and makes you dizzy, with the clatter of its wreck.

The house-keeper told me all—little by little, as I found calmness to listen. She had been dead a month; Lilly was with her through it all; she died sweetly, without pain, and without fear—what can angels fear? She had spoken often of Cousin Paul; she had a parcel for him but it was not there; she had given it into Lilly's keeping.

Her grave, the house-keeper told me, was only a little way off from her home—beside the grave of a brother who died long years before. I went there that evening. The mound was high and fresh. The sods had not closed together, and the dry leaves caught in the crevices, and gave a ragged and terrible look to the grave. The next day, I laid them all smooth—as we had once laid them on the grave of Tray;—I clipped the long grass, and set a tuft of blue violets at the foot and watered it all with tears. The home-stead, the trees, the fields, the meadows—in the windy November, looked dimly. I could not like them again—I liked nothing but the little mound that I had pressed over Bella's grave.—There she sleeps—the sleep of death.

Another Chivalry Idea.—The Columbia (S. C.) South Carolinian publishes at length, with much eulogy, a Fourth of July Oration in favor of immediate secession, of which we give the following telling peroration:

Nay, so easy the triumph, and so bloodless the victory, that we fear not that even a bodkin in her soul-determined grasp might achieve it against a world in arms, in a cause so popular in truth and justice.

The orator, says the New-Orleans Bulletin, is here speaking of a "lovely woman" and so she is to "grasp" the "bodkin" and do deadly war. The ladies of South Carolina may be sure that they need neither "bodkin" nor the more legitimate broomstick, to make any conquests they may desire. A regiment of their most beautiful would find every gentleman a thorough "submissionist" and ready to accept any terms they may dictate. But they will please leave these bodkins and broomsticks at home; they suggest disagreeable reflections, and revive numerous reminiscences of the famous Caudle family.—Mobile Advertiser.

"OPINION AT HOME."

Under this caption the Columbia (S. C.) Transcript has the following paragraph:

"Our opinion, expressed some time since, with regard to the sentiment of the State, is being rapidly established. We are satisfied from our own observation, and that of such of our friends as have conversed on the subject, that at least two-thirds of the town of Columbia believe it exceedingly injurious to our cause even to agitate the question of separate single secession at this time; in the district at large four out of every six occupy the same position—that is, where they have an opinion at all. The same may be said of Kershaw. Sumter is rapidly showing itself; and, in addition to the 'three hundred or more' who signed the call in the lower part of Edgefield, almost the whole of the eastern (not western, next to Georgia) and northern parts of the district are with us—and not a few about the court-house."

A new order of religious fanatics, called the Redemptionists has sprung up in Prussia.

HARD RUN.

We clip from a late number of the North Carolina Standard the following:—"SENTIMENTS OF A NEUTRAL."

We copy from the last number of the Southern Advocate, edited by the Rev. Burwell Temple, the following article in relation to the crisis. The Advocate is an independent neutral paper, and what it says is, therefore, entitled to the attentive consideration of men of both parties.

Then follows the article, which we do not copy, simply because it is unimportant. What we are at a loss to understand is, why the remarks of the "Advocate" are entitled to any additional weight because it is an "independent neutral paper."—We have some recollection of a prospectus of the "Advocate" published a year ago or more, in which the Rev. Editor bound himself to oppose with might and main "Internal Improvements, Sons of Temperance, and all other things of a like pernicious tendency. The Standard is decidedly in favor of State improvements—especially the N. C. Rail Road. Now since the Rev. Burwell Temple is entitled to so much "consideration" on the subject of the crisis, why is he not entitled to equal consideration on the subject of public improvements? Is not the gentleman a Loco under a "neutral" cloak?—Asheboroough Herald.

CAPE FEAR AND DEEP RIVER WORKS.

We learn from the Wilmington Herald, that forty-five Hungarians arrived at that port on Saturday last, to labor on the above works. The Herald says: "They are a motly set—squalid and dirty, and altogether unlike in appearance the noble and unfortunate Magyars of Austrian oppression. Yet these people poor and humble as they seem, lived once under the government of Kossuth, and upheld his banner against overpowering foes. What eventful changes have not their lives witnessed—what deeds of bravery may not some of them have performed."

On the 23d inst. 18 more of these persons arrived at Wilmington in the ship Leroy from N. York, and more are daily expected.

These men passed through Fayetteville on the way to their destination. They are much better looking than we expected, and certainly it is a great change of fortune with some of them, for if we may judge from the delicate appearance of their hands, they have not been used to hard toil. There is one woman in the company.—Fay. Carolinian.

How to Draw the Sinners.—Several years ago we were a resident of north-western Louisiana, near the confines of Texas. The people there, as a general thing, were not much given to religion. An itinerant preacher happened along in the neighborhood during this dearth of religion, and set about repairing the walls of Zion in good earnest. But his success was poor. Not over half a dozen could be got together at his Sunday meetings. Determined, however, to create an interest before leaving the neighborhood, he procured printed handbills and had them posted up in every conspicuous place in the district, which read to the following effect:

"Religious Notice.—The Rev. Mr. Blaney will preach next Sunday, in Dempsey's Grove, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 P. M., Providence permitting. Between the services, the preacher will run his sorrel mare, Julia, against any nag that can be trotted out in this region, for a purse of five hundred dollars!"

This had the desired effect. People flocked from all quarters, and the anxiety to see the singular preacher was even greater than the excitement following the challenge. He preached an elegant sermon in the morning, and after dinner he brought out his mare for the race. The purse was made up by five or six of the planters, and an opposing nag produced. The preacher rode his little sorrel, and won the day, amid the deafening shouts, screams, and yells of the delighted people. The congregation all remained to the afternoon service, and at its close more than two hundred joined the church; some from motives of sincerity, some for the novelty of the thing, some from excitement, and some because the preacher was a good fellow. The finale of the affair was as flourishing a society as can be found in the whole region thereabouts.—Spirit of the Times.

Late accounts from the Rio Grande represent that great excitement prevailed there in consequence of the Mexicans having refused to deliver up a runaway slave. An armed party of Texans threatened to capture Presidio.

THE BLOOMER DRESS.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Day Book, writing from Boston, June 27th, says:

"The Bloomers are on the increase.—Yesterday we saw four in a group on Washington street and during the day encountered at least twenty. Even the organ grinders have adopted this style of dress for their monkeys. Last Sunday the wife of an Ex-Governor of this Commonwealth appeared in a full Bloomer rig."

From the Raleigh Register.

HON. WILLIAM A. GRAHAM.

This distinguished gentleman arrived in this City on Friday last, en route for Washington, from his residence in Hillsborough. He received, on Saturday, the visits of many of his numerous friends and left on Monday morning for the seat of Government. The subjoined Correspondence has been handed us for publication. The admirable letter of Gov. GRAHAM will commend itself to every true-hearted man as an able and patriotic defence of the Compromise and the Union.

RALEIGH, July 26, 1851.

HON. WILLIAM A. GRAHAM.

Dear Sir: On behalf of your numerous friends in this City, we greet your arrival among us with sincere pleasure.

Having resided here for four years as the Chief Magistrate of our State, we can bear high and faithful testimony to your eminent social worth, as well as your exalted political virtues.

As the Head of a most important and interesting department of the National Government, we feel gratified by the ability and impartiality with which it has been administered by you. And, especially, do we admire the unflinching zeal, and efficient labor, and the enlightened talent, with which you have defended the great and noble cause of the CONSTITUTION and the UNION.

We have the honor to invite you to partake of a Public Dinner, at such time as will suit your convenience.

With sentiments of high esteem,
Your obt. servt.,
W. D. HAYWOOD,
RICHARD HINES,
JAMES REDELL,
CHARLES MANLY,
J. H. BRYAN,
C. L. HIXON,
H. W. MILLER,
E. B. FREEMAN,
H. W. HUSTED,
SEATON GALES,
SHAS. E. JOHNSTON,
B. F. MOORE,
J. F. TAYLOR,
C. B. ROOT,
GEORGE LITTLE.

RALEIGH, July 26th, 1851.

Gentlemen: I deeply regret, that the necessity of pursuing my journey, on my return to Washington, with all convenient despatch denies me the pleasure of accepting your very kind and obliging invitation, in behalf of my friends in Raleigh, to a public dinner. I however, beg those, by whom it is tendered, to be assured, that I received it, as new manifestation of their friendly regard, and of the hospitality of a community towards which I shall ever cherish grateful recollection, not merely on account of the kind offices, good neighborhood, experienced during my residence among them, but of a social intercourse, which dates back almost to my boyhood, and enrolls among the citizens of Raleigh many of my most esteemed and trusted friends. To retain their good opinion will be to me, always, among the comforts of life, as well as an assurance, that whatever my fortune may bestow, has been obtained by no derogatory or unworthy means.

You have been pleased, Gentlemen, to refer in terms, more complimentary than deserved, to my humble services, in the administration of a department of the Government, and in the cause of the Constitution and the Union. Called suddenly and unexpectedly, from the retirement of private life, to an important and responsible trust, at a time of much excitement on National affairs, I did not hesitate to accept a distinction, which I conceived to be tendered in my person, to the steadfast and loyal character of my native State, rather than to the qualifications of the individual. And if there has been anything in the manner of discharging the duties of my post, which is at all worthy of the commendation in which you indulge, it is attributable mainly to the lessons learned in her schools, and some little experience in the conduct of her affairs.

My leisure will not allow such a presentation of my views on the present state of the country, as would be agreeable to me, were it my power to meet you as proposed by your invitation. I cannot, however, forbear to say, that in my opinion, the settlement of the vexed questions arising out of the acquisition of territory from Mexico, and the relations between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States, commonly called the compromise acts of 1850, ought to be regarded in all sections, as a final adjustment; as upon its faithful observance must mainly depend the peace and quiet of the country. Whilst it has not effected every thing, which our own section might have insisted on, or desired, it still in my judgment, places our peculiar interests under a securer protection than they have enjoyed for the last twenty years. Not to mention the rejection of the Wilmot proviso from the Territorial bills of Utah and New Mexico, by a decisive vote of the House of Representatives, after the long protracted contest, year after year, upon Abolition petitions it was an acquisition of no trifling importance to obtain such an

enactment as the Fugitive slave law.— True, it does nothing more than enforce the covenant of the constitution. But it is a Legislative acknowledgment of our rights and the provision of a sanction for their observance, such as I fear, could not have been procured for many years preceding.

But this is but a part of the benefit.— The Judiciary of the United States sustains this law in spirit and intent. The Justices and Judges both of the higher and inferior courts, have every where met the responsibilities imposed upon them by it, and in a manner, and with an ability, learning and fortitude, worthy of the disciples and successors of John Marshall.— They have not only maintained it in execution, but vindicated it in elaborate charges to the juries, which they have caused to be published for general information. We are a people of precedents, and of habitual reverence for the opinions of the Judiciary, under the high sanctions of official oaths. These Judicial addresses will do far more to correct vitiated public opinion at the North, than all the arguments of statesmen or politicians on the floor of Congress.

Nor, is this all. The executive of the United States stands ready, in every case legally requiring it, to bring the Military power to the aid of the civil officer, in the execution of this Law. And here, I shall not be restrained, by any apprehension of being thought guilty of adulation by the censorious few, from doing an act of Justice to the Chief Magistrate of a nation, in bearing my testimony to the "clearness in his great office," with which he has trodden the path of duty, in regard to this statute, without usurpation, ostentation or evasion, without vanity, fear or reproach. Such concurrent action on the part of every department of the Federal Government not only gives to us the protection of a public authority, but cannot but have a salutary effect, in bringing back the people of the non-slaveholding States to a sense of their obligations under the constitution, and convince those, who are sincere, that instead of conscience requiring their aid in the escape of the slave, or a passive indifference in regard to him, it demands that they shall give their assistance in all proper cases for his recapture and surrender. Need I add, that a large part of the press, the pulpit and the public men of the North, at the head of whom stands the great expounder of the constitution, are also on our side in this contest.

While these good influences are at work on our behalf in the non-slaveholding States, and the Government throws over us the shield of its protection, in maintaining the compromise, it is with unfeigned regret, that I perceive in our own section of the country, some who, while professing a willingness to abide by it, disparage it in such terms as to persuade all others not to do so; others who regard it as of no effect, and are ready to re-advertise the whole subject of slavery, ad infinitum; while others denounce it, as a most intolerable grievance, making a real *casus belli*, and justifying a Revolution of the Government, under the name of secession.

I cannot discuss these various positions. But it cannot escape observation, that the advocates of all three of them are most anxious to obtain a recognition of the doctrine that a state may at pleasure secede from the Union, and that after such declaration of secession, there is no longer any power, in the Government of the United States, to enforce the Laws of the United States within our limits. Their anxiety and zeal for this doctrine in theory, places the two classes of persons first adverted to in the same category with the practical secessionist. If the fact be undeniable, that one is for immediate secession, and another solicitous to have his right recognized to do so with impunity, it is difficult to perceive how he could more effectually aid and encourage him to that fatal result.

Nor can I dwell on the doctrine of secession further than to say, that it is utterly inconsistent with and repugnant to the constitution of the United States; and that it was fully discussed and in my opinion refuted along with nullification in the winter, 1832-33.

I counsel no abatement of vigilance over the true rights of the South, and shall be the last to surrender the right of Revolution, should aggressions and grievances arise to justify it. I trust, however, that if such a state of things shall ever occur, we shall make an out and out Revolution, which shall leave no room for doubt, and entrap no man's conscience.— In the meantime, by faithfully adhering to the terms of adjustment agreed on in the compromise acts by the exertions and sacrifices of patriots of both the great parties which have divided the country, we shall entitle ourselves to have them in like manner observed and kept on the part of our Northern brethren, and in the event of a last appeal after a failure in our just expectations, we would stand justified to ourselves, and before the judgment of mankind. I fondly hope, however, that there is yet patriotism enough in all sections to preserve our Union in its true spirit, and transmit the blessings of the constitution to the latest posterity.

I am, Gentlemen,
With sincere respect,
Your obt. servant,
WM. A. GRAHAM.
Messrs. Haywood, and others, Com.

TERRIBLE TORNADO.—We learn that a destructive tornado passed through a portion of Robeson county, about St. Pauls, on Saturday evening last, 19th inst. Considerable damage was done to crops, and some houses unroofed. The wind took the top from a large tree that stood in a gentleman's yard, and carried it clear off the plantation.

This has been a remarkable year for storms and high winds.—Fay. Car.

TERMS OF THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.
Subscription, per year, Two Dollars—payable in advance. But if not paid in advance, Two Dollars and fifty cents will be charged.
Single copies are inserted at \$1 for the first, and 25 cts. for each subsequent insertion. Court orders are made for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount is given to those who advertise by the year. No notice to the Editor must be post paid.

THE HUMOURS OF A KENTUCKIAN JUDGE.

Story telling is a charm of all times and every where, most particularly during tedious journeys by steamboat. The following was caught afloat:

Louisville, Ky., boasts of the most learned and one of the wisest judges to be found upon the bench in the country. His legal lore brilliantly illumines the decisions of law in that State, which will precedents for all coming time. At our heels the shrewd, sound, dignified eye, every what the judge, nothing more or less. At heart he is something more or less. Sam Slick is not alone in his calling, for if one Judge Longstreet would write a book, the world would laugh at the Canadian who'd be eclipsed.

On our way to Charleston," says the story of this voracious story, Judge Brown, after a long silence says to Brown, although good friends as we are on travel, strangers together until return home? This seemed a strange proposition, coming from so intimate an acquaintance, and I knew not what to make of it. The Judge was either crazy bent upon a spree. I had no choice but to assent to the strange proposition, from that moment the mantle of the Judge was left behind, and he who was not to fill it, and lend grace and dignity to the same, such as commanded the reverence of all men, was the rawest and roughest Kentucky extant. Innumerable were the jokes and "tricks upon wagers," that kept me in constant fear of the shuffling his long gawky form into the ladies' parlour at the clerk's hotel where we stopped; he then drew his damask chair up to the polished fender, upon which he placed his feet, and deposited quid upon the hearth. "The ladies be to spread. 'Don't move, ladies; don't trouble yourselves; it's only I, just in from Kentucky.' With hat, coat and mittens on, he leisurely surveyed the premises to the very figures in the carpet, commenting to himself upon each article—'Well, that's some pumpkin.' 'Brave pepper corn.' 'A right smart place, you've got down here.' 'What may be the price of corn, marm, where they tread their mighty fine things under their feet?' This question, added to the uncouth appearance, finally put the fair ones to flight. The landlord soon made his appearance, and politely informed his customer that he had made a mistake; that he was of place in that room. 'You don't know a stranger, you can't come that old way.' 'Am I this ere a tavern?'

Upon being made to understand his error, he consented to sit by the office fire. 'Your name, sir—please register your name, says the clerk, pointing to the book. 'Do what?' 'Write your name, sir, in that book?' 'No, you can't come that ere on this side how, for more reasons than one, says he. I promised the old man that I would ride any body's paper; the old man did that himself, buss up, and left young uns to go for it. 'That's one reason—I can't write, that's another reason, says he. 'I can't write, and that's 't'other reason.'

At supper our greenhorn jaunts down at the table among the ladies, where it was thought safest by the servants to leave him. 'Ta au caffa?' inquires the French waiter. 'Yes, sir.' 'Ta au caffa?' Again the question is asked.

The puzzled fellow brings a cup of coffee, which is deliberately placed upon the side of his plate. Beef steak, ham, and every thing else passed by the waiter was piled upon his plate. This attention attracted the attention of those seated at the table. One prudish old man twisted his folded visage into something like a sneer, while she fixed her mother eyes upon the overlaid plate of apparently green Kentuckian.

'Wait a minute, mum,' and mixing the congruous mass of eatables together, she passed it over to the owner of the eyes that were supposed to covet the same. 'Here a titter, and finally a broad grin! He had down the company, and the vanished vestal left the table.

A Sol's accident.—As a Mr. Pharr, from North Carolina was leaving town yesterday morning returning home with his lady in a wagon, his horses took fright at some meeting them, and run off. They were short round, breaking loose the front wheels from the wagon, and running off the seat of Mr. P., who was sitting.—They started from Broadstreet, up Boundary, and took down Lytle street. They made for the upper end of the Square running through it, missing the trees and stumps, until they reached Broad street again, and there struck a oak, one of the horses was thrown and wagon broke loose and left, three of the horses continued down Broad street, after running a few hundred yards were easily caught. We are sorry to learn that the young man was seriously injured, receiving a cut on the head, and a severe hurt on the left hip. He was immediately placed under medical treatment, which we hope will soon effect his recovery.—Camden Journal, July 18.

A small piece of paper or linen just saturated with turpentine, and put in the wardrobe or drawers for a single day, two or three times a year is a sufficient preservative against moths.