

From the People's Press.  
Danbury or Crawford, the new county seat of Stokes, is situated on an eastern slope of the Sauratown Mountains, which falls to Dan River, opposite Capt. Moody's Tunnel Ironworks. The street on which the principal buildings are going up, commences at the river, and runs due West along the undulating slope, five hundred yards, to a pretty oval knoll, the summit of which is on the north side, and the most elevated spot near the street. Here the Court House stands in bold relief on an open space or square of one hundred and eighty feet. The Court House is a plain brick building of forty five by thirty five feet, with a very plain Courtroom on the second floor. From every window of the Court room you have a commanding prospect of the surrounding country. Much of the scenery is beautiful; some of the points are majestically grand and sublime in their wild and savage character. Along the banks of the Dan and hill sides, you see something of rural life in quiet cottages and cultivated fields.

From the Court House the street makes a slight angle south of west from west, from which you can ascend to the summit of the mountain, on horseback, at the distance of about one and a half miles. Though the ascent is gradual, when you reach the summit, you find yourself from eight to twelve hundred feet above the river, at the east end of the street. From this point you have a prospect as extensive as the eye can command, and as grand as the imagination can conceive, in mountains, rocks and forests. To the North and West a curved outline of some eighty miles of the Blue Ridge bounds your horizon, its blue tints apparently commingling with the sky. South of West stands the Pilot Mountain in its castellated grandeur, rearing its craggy pinnacle so high as to intercept the clouds in their course. South and East as far as the eye will carry you, stretches an interminable pine forest, interspersed with spots of cleared land until the Earth and sky again seem to meet. In the contemplation of this scene, although the poetry of the soul is stirred, you feel lonely and little in the immensity of space which bounds your horizon.

The roads leading to the village are over rough and uneven ground, and little improved, but, from the energetic and enterprising character of the men who are settling the place, there is little doubt but they will be made in a short time quite passable.

A change has come over the spirit of the people of this whole region. Three years since it was regarded by all as being just beyond the confines of law and gospel. Where the devotees of Bacchus, and the furies held their court untrammelled by the formalities of civilization, you now see a Division of the Sons of Temperance, numbering some sixty members offering their devotions at nature's pure and sparkling fountains as they gush from the mountain's side. Many of this Division are calm thinking men, in whom confidence may be justly reposed. On Sunday morning may be heard from the Temple of Justice, prayer and psalms of praise to the architect of the Universe, for the spiritual and temporal prosperity of the citizens and country.

There are two Mineral springs in the neighborhood, which are attracting some attention. The Spring immediately at the village has not been improved, although it is thought to possess active medicinal properties. Mr. Thornton Reddick's spring two miles North of the town, is in rapid progress of improvement for the accommodation of the afflicted. The water is a chalybeate, perhaps a saline chalybeate. The tests used in the examination of the spring were only such as to satisfy us that the carbonate of iron is one of the active ingredients of the water, and the solvent carbonic acid gas. This spring is situated on a long Northern slope of the Sauratown Mountain, near the head of a slight ravine, and has been lately cleaned and walled on three sides with rock laid in lime mortar, with an open front floored with rock.

From one corner of this enclosure the mineral spring issues through a crevice of the primitive rock, affording over two gallons of water per minute, at the temperature of fifty eight degrees Fahr. The water is as clear as crystal, slight odor, with peculiar styptic taste, and is thought to be well adapted to cases of disease of pure atony or debility. From the other corner of the enclosure issues a fine freestone spring, through a sedimentary rock, of apparently recent formation. Perhaps this sedimentary rock was produced by decomposition on the commingling of the waters of the two springs in the air. Mr. Reddick has some eighty cabins for the accommodation of families visiting the spring in a forward state of completion.

About a mile North of the village, on a bluff of the Dan, is a deposit of lime stone. From one of the caves of this bluff, we got several very pretty specimens of stalactites, which is regarded as an unusual production for this region.

There is fine, unusually fine, water power immediately at the village not only on the Dan river, but on a mountain creek which empties into the river near the town. There are also in the neighborhood inexhaustible beds of iron ore, of superior quality; and some ten miles below this place, near the river are fine deposits of stone coal of good quality. Here the productive energies of the manufacturer will at some not very distant period, be well rewarded.

On our return to the village from Reddick's spring, we overtook a formidable rattle-snake on the side of the road, and soon prepared a lasso which was fastened to the end of a stick, and thrown round his neck, by which we conveyed him to town, where, after hearing him quiver his ten rattles as long as we wanted, we gagged him and poured spirits of turpentine down his throat, which very soon killed him. He may be seen at any time at Mr. Fullers, in a fine state of preservation in spirits. This was surely a gala among the mountain snake-ships, as there were six taken in that neighborhood on the same day.

A LOOKER ON.

"You can't think," says a lady writing to an editor, "how much good the deaths and marriages do me. If you knew how much I love deaths and marriages, you would have them in every paper. The elopements and murders are most satisfactory. You crowd the married ones so close together that it seems as if you consulted their happiness and wishes even in your type."

"Julius, why don't you oblige your stay at de Spring?"

"Case, Mr. Snow, dey charge too much."

"How so, Julius?"

"Why de, Landlord charged dis colored individual wid stealing de spoons, and as I was afraid he might get personal, I preambulated to de ears and walked home."

From the National Intelligencer.  
A PAINTING FROM THE LIFE.  
That all that is sent abroad from Washington by letter writers for the newspapers is not gospel, and that some of it is hardly credible, is certainly true. But one meets occasionally, in distant newspapers, sketches which, so far from being mere inventions, or even exaggerations of fact, are life-like pictures of scenes the truthfulness of which will be attested by all who have been placed in circumstances to observe and remark their leading traits. A letter of this character now lies before us. However tempted by descriptions of one or two individual cases the features of which would be immediately recognized by many, we select, as both instructive and interesting, the following general view of a class of cases of which whoever has lived as long at Washington, as we have, cannot but have known frequent instances.

The caption of this Letter, published originally in the *Natchez Courier*, is, "Etchings; or a series of Letters from an American Tourist travelling in the United States, addressed to a Southerner at home;" and bears the date Washington. The following extract is offered to our readers as a sample of it:

If you were ever in Washington not long after the commencement of an Administration, you will not forget the army or armies of office-hunters that thronged the avenues, crowded the lobbies, crammed the ante-rooms of the Secretaries of the Departments and literally besieged the President in his own castle, the White House.

The scenes in the vestibules and ante-rooms of the Secretaries in these office seeking times are very rich and very humiliating. For instance, Mr. John Smith, a man of fine feelings, and a respectable citizen in his own town, comes up to get, if he can, the appointment of a one thousand dollar post office. He is backed by "all his friends"; has letters from Col. Bull, who once shook hands with the President, and from Saul Sykes, Esq., who once rode in the stage with the President's Mother; from Hon. Peter Parsley, who was once a Representative in Congress, and had been presented, with fifty others, to his Excellency in the east room at a levee; and reminds him of it in his letter; and perhaps a letter from Mrs. Brimble, an ex-Senator's lady, to the lady of the President.

Armed thus, Mr. John Smith deems himself irresistible. He expects to carry all before him. He alights from the cars in Washington, and looks round upon the crowd with a patronizing eye. He orders a hack with an emphasis.—He commands a room at Gadsby's. He the next day walks among the big bugs as big a bug as they. He delivers his letters. He finds the President's lady is out, and gives it to the porter. He has not been a week in Washington, at three dollars and a half a day at Gadsby's, before he learns the late lesson, that in Washington letters of introduction are "matters of course," and like every thing else which are "matters of course," are esteemed worthless. Nobody reads or notices them. They prove nothing. Two words with an honorable Senator or honest Representative from the applicant's part of the country a President or Secretary thinks more of than a mail-bag of "letters of introduction." The man who goes without one is more likely to succeed than he who depends on them. I would sooner trust a man who carried his character in his face rather than in his pocket.

Mr. Smith having delivered his letters, and especially that to the President, goes at the reception hour to the White House to see him.—The President usually receives men on business from ten to one. During these three hours the office-seekers throng the hall and out chamber to his room, each waiting his turn; for it is first come first served. Mr. John Smith, having made his way to the landing, finds it filled with people, like a depot platform waiting for the train. Some of the men pace up and down rapidly at every turn, casting their eager glances at a shut door, outside of which stands a servant with his hands filled with cards; for each visitor as he came up handed his card, till the attendant holds a pile of fifty, laid in regular order. Mr. Smith has come late, he has delayed to be more than usually particular about his toilet, and his card made the fifty-first; that is, fifty-one men have got to have audience before his turn comes. But he is yet innocent of this fact; (but he learns it by heart by and by).—He now bows respectfully to the waiter, and asks him why he does not announce him by going in and telling the President he is waiting. "The President is engaged," answers the man, rather shortly. Before Mr. Smith can say more he is hustled away by seventeen gentlemen, each anxious to know when his own turn is coming. They hear, and go pacing up and down again. What a noise! Full one hundred boots tramping up and down in ceaseless foot falls. Men can't sit still waiting in suspense. They must keep in motion. Mr. Smith thinks he never saw so much walking. Hardly two gentlemen walked in pairs. Every man seemed to pace up and down alone, and to be shy of his neighbor. Doubtless all were strangers to each other, and felt that the presence of the rest interfered with their own success and prospects of audience. Mr. Smith thought they all wore a scowl and had a sheepish look. After waiting an hour, he begins to feel sheepish himself. He feels it is beneath his dignity to be dancing attendance this way—he, a free American! He has seen full a score admitted one by one. It is late approaching one o'clock. He sees a man about to go in his turn, when three members of Congress appear, and the man is gently put back, and the members admitted. "Why is this?" he fiercely demands. "Members of Congress always take precedence of all who go in by card, sir," answered the attendant. Mr. Smith sighs at this new obstacle. His fancy conceives a continued procession of Mr. C.'s calling on the President. Mr. Smith goes away at one o'clock, his card the thirty-fourth on the list. "Come again to-morrow," says the patient attendant.

The next day he is at his post with four-score more. But it is a committee day, and the President is clothed with detailed committees from the Senate or House from ten to one. Not a soul is admitted by card! After three weeks, Mr. Smith sees the President to be told "to leave his papers and they will be examined." He waits three weeks more in the ante-room to get a second interview with the President, to ask him if he has "examined his papers." The President refers him to the proper Department, where his papers have been sent.—It takes him thirty-three days before kicking in the Secretary's ante room before he can get audience of this great man. Five times his bill at Gadsby's has been made out and laid out upon his dressing table. At length, in despair, he way-lays the Secretary as he is stepping into his carriage. "Oh, ah, Mr. John Smith! True, sir! Yes, your papers have been examined, and they are perfectly satisfactory. But—"

"Perfectly satisfactory, sir! I am delighted!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, with exquisite happiness.

"But I am sorry to have to say that the office you seek is not vacant. It is our determination to retain the present incumbent. Good morning, Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith looks after the Secretary's carriage as it rolls away. His eyes are dim with tears. He thinks of his debt at Gadsby's, incurred on hope; of the borrowed money on which he came to Washington, to be paid on his return; of his wife and children; and the next morning Mr. Smith's body is found in Goose river!

The Coroner's inquest reported, "Death by drowning." The Recording Angel records, "Death by office-seeking."

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THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.  
SALISBURY, N. C.  
THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 7, 1851.  
PRESIDENT FILLMORE.  
It is a fact worth noting by all candid men, and especially by all Union men, that President Fillmore is denounced by both the abolitionists of the North and the Secessionists of the South. The Democratic free-soil Convention of Vermont, of the 22d June last, among other resolutions not less pointed and unmistakable, passed the following:

Resolved, That we discover but one distinctive feature of the Whig party, in its present place, as shadowed by the present administration, fidelity to slavery, the maintenance of its supremacy and inviolability—we shall therefore, oppose the Whig party. Its principles—it has none!

Now we would not pretend to identify, in principle, the Democrats of other sections with the sentiments expressed at this Convention. We know the Democrats of the South and those of Vermont, as it regards the question of slavery, are as wide apart as the North and South poles. You can't find a democrat South of Mason and Dixon's line who would vote for the above resolution—not one—and yet that resolution passed by the free-soil democrats of Vermont, with acclamation.

But extremes often meet, and here we have a remarkable instance of the fact. The Southern democratic press, and all the Southern democratic candidates, have been, and are, constantly denouncing President Fillmore as an Abolitionist! In Vermont they say "there is but one distinctive feature" in his administration, and that is "fidelity to slavery." In North Carolina and elsewhere South, they call him "the Abolitionist, Fillmore," and denounce him as wanting in fidelity to the rights of the South!

Reader, the truth lies between these two extremes. President Fillmore has planted himself on the Constitution of the United States, and is determined to preserve that sacred instrument inviolate. That Constitution is a barrier to these extremists, which they would gladly beat down. But there stands Mr. Fillmore, sustained by millions of Union men. How natural, then, that the anathemas of secessionists and abolitionists should be hurled at him. His position is a responsible one—gloriously proud, and merits the applause of every honest man.

The American Whig Review.—Some person—perhaps the publisher—has sent us seven Nos. of this Journal, commencing with the January No. It is a work which every reading Whig should subscribe for, especially those of them upon whom will devolve the duty of taking a prominent part in the contests which must necessarily arise between the two great parties—the Whigs and Democrats. It is a standard work, got up with great care and in excellent style. Each copy contains elegant engravings of some one or more of the distinguished members of the Whig Party, and on that account alone is very desirable. But as before remarked, it is a standard, designed so to be, and the facts which it gives, should be, if they are not, not only well established, but valuable, and without which it will be difficult for advocates of true principles to cope with those of the opposite side.

But the Review is a very readable journal for those who feel less interest in the politics of the country, than that class to whom we have referred, many of its pages being devoted to literary and scientific subjects; and from the hasty glance we have been able to make, we find its articles of this kind most choice and select.

We doubt not it was expected we would acknowledge the receipt of this work in an appropriate notice. We could not do otherwise, and take this occasion to return to our unknown friend, our sincere thanks for the Nos. just received.

☞ We fear the good people of Guilford and Forsythe are making more noise about Crooks and McBride than is profitable. Excitement and noise is just what they want. The full measure of the law and a dignified silence would probably be the best course.

☞ The weather continues hot and dry; and corn and tobacco are suffering greatly for rain, an article that seems to have gone out of fashion of late.

P. S. Since putting the above in type we have had a splendid rain—thousands of barrels of corn will be made by it—the clouds still lowering.—Milton Chron.

Thousands more will be made in Rowan, for on Tuesday we had a good rain. And as the ground is in order, there will be many an acre seeded in turnips to day. Farmers would do well to pay more than usual attention to this crop, this year.—

And farmers wives would find it to their interest to have cabbage plants to set out the latter part of this month. They will grow all winter.

Father Mathew returns to his home the latter part of next month.

The Editor left town yesterday for Greensboro, having been summoned there as a witness. If he does not meet with Jesse Holmes, (fool-killer) he will be back before the next issue. It is a long time since he has been 104 miles from home, and there is no telling what might happen.—We hope his trip will be pleasant if not profitable—don't you kind reader? We wish it distinctly understood, that we are not going to buy out the Greensborough Patriot, or purchase the remainder of the stock of the Central Rail Road—remember.—Lincoln Courier.

The Courier man's apprehension of his fate on meeting the executioner alluded to was doubtless well founded; nevertheless, he had but little to fear, in case of Mr. Holmes commencing the discharge of his commission about home—there being enough work hereabouts to keep him ardently employed for some time to come. (the present company excepted.) Our brother of the Courier, therefore, conscious as he may be of his just deserts, need not be afraid of the fool killer, unless he should meet him by accident, in which case, doubtless, he will be knocked on the head out of sheer politeness and in consideration of the distance he comes to dare his fate.

P. S. We have just had the pleasure of meeting the Editor of the Courier in our den, and he is a downright clever fellow. Moreover, if the fool killer should ever attempt to slay him, we shall vote to deprive that officer of his commission and of his big stick he kills people with, just for the want of proper judgment in the exercise of his office.—Greens Patriot.

We had intended to warn the Editor of the Courier while here, to be on his guard as he passed through Davidson County, since that county is the place of residence of the identical Jesse whom he seemed to fear. But he left before we could do so. However, he escaped the dangers of that pass, for which we rejoice; and the more, as Holmes' judgment is not a point as well settled in our mind as that Eccles is not a fit subject for the practice of his profession.

P. S. We are credibly informed that Jess Holmes did meet with the aforesaid Editor, and had a mind to deal with him; but on taking a good look he concluded he was not his man. Jess reports that he once tried his hand upon just such a looking chap and came very near being killed himself.

☞ There were some five or six explosions of champagne lamps recorded in the papers in different parts of the country during the month of July. In almost every instance there was loss of human life; in some cases two or more persons killed by a single explosion. We advert to these facts for the purpose of reminding those who use the champagne lamp, that the greatest caution is necessary.—Never attempt to fill a lamp while burning, for it is by such imprudence that these accidents mostly occur.

BROTHERLY LOVE—THE WANT OF IT.

We give below an unusual example of the oversight, by a whole society, of the Cardinal Principle of their Profession. Of course no good man can read it but with sorrow; and its publication is designed more as a warning to others than as a mere item of news. The "gentleman in black" it is fair to presume, made his gloomy caverns echo again with shouts of delight; whilst the angels of Love, if they ever weep, bowed before God with tears in their eyes, as the following scene was being enacted.

TORONTO, July 25.—The Anti Clergy Reserve party held a meeting in the Town Hall last night, when a mob of several hundred persons, urged on, as it is alleged, by the High Church party, gathered about the building, many forcing themselves inside and attempting to break up the meeting. After much difficulty those who had forced themselves into the building with a view to interrupt the proceedings were repulsed, when a general attack was made upon the building with stones and other missiles, the windows broken, and several persons injured. The Mayor, in attempting to quell the disturbance, was struck with a stone. Finally, the riot act was read by the Mayor, but the disturbance continuing, and injury being threatened to property, the military were called out and the rioters ultimately dispersed without loss of life.

Dry Times.—These are emphatically dry times. Until within a day or two past, the earth was as dry as powder; and even now at the depth of two inches, on hard ground, it is dry and hard. Our market is dry—scarcely any thing is offering except melons and fruits—and what few products are brought in, command prices so high that the pockets of buyers are seriously threatened with exhaustion. The mill ponds, are in part dry, and many mills are standing idle in consequence, and the life of them drying out more and more every day. A great deal of Corn, we learn, in every direction, and in almost every county has dried up, and is utterly hopeless. Cabbage, and other garden truck, has fared a similar fate; and in some sections even oak and dogwood trees, on the highest ridges, have commenced drying. Roads are dry; and how toads stood the dry spell we can't conjecture: howbeit, in the midst of the rain on Tuesday, they emerged from their

retreats en masse, to snap up a few dollars. We have County Court this week, and every thing is dry. And newspapers! Truly they are so dry that they are scarcely passable for wrapping dry goods, so to conclude our remarks on this subject, we have only to re-iterate—Times.

MORGANTON, August 4, 1851.  
The following Gentlemen obtained License to practice in the County Courts:  
David Colman, of Bancombe; E. C. Jordan, of Wake; Levi M. Scott, of Guilford; William L. Erwin, of Guilford; John V. Sherard, of Guilford; John V. Sherard, of Guilford; Benjamin S. Gason, of Guilford; C. Thomas, of Carteret; Robert Bancombe; Hasell Norwood, of Orange.

COTTON.—At New York on the 31st July, the following New Orleans was firm at 24. At Charleston a 24. At Columbia, 43 a 73.  
BACON.—At Charleston, Aug. 1st, Ham, 12 1/2; Shoulders, 7 1/2; Sides, 10 a 10 1/2.  
CORN.—At New Orleans, July 31, 50 a 53; Charleston, 62 a 68.

☞ The Alumni, of Davidson College, will meet at the Chapel at 9 o'clock, on the day of Commencement (14th August).  
W. Mitchell Pencock, Esq., of Montgomery, will deliver the Annual Oration.  
W. P. CALDWELL, Printer.  
E. NYE HUTCHISON, Sec.

SENTIMENTS  
Offered at the Anti Secession Celebration  
Greenville, (S. C.) July 4th, 1851.  
By P. E. Duncan. The Right of Secession: A revolutionary, not a constitutional, one suited only to Southern Rights Actions of the South and the higher law of the North. Well may the Syracuse Convention applaud South Carolina for her partism.  
By Col. T. P. Crookman. Let the people of South Carolina have light, and their patriotism and good sense will cause them to see the folly and madness of separate State Secession.  
By N. O. Tuell. May abolitionism fight, and find not where to rest its flag, lands in the bottom of Mount Vesuvius, may separate State secession accompany.  
By Capt. J. W. Brooks. The Missions and tributary waters: An insuperable barrier against a dissolution of the Union.  
By P. E. Hawkins. The Rights of South and the Union of the States: Axiomatic and inseparable.  
By C. J. Elford. The Farm, the Workshop, and the Factory: The tripod on which rests our national happiness and independence.  
By L. S. Cunningham. The secessionist who would seek the protection of England, bend the knee to royalty merits the scorn and contempt of every true republican.  
By B. F. Perry. The State, the South, the Union: Our political trinity, inseparable, one and the same—our country and all attempts at disconnection sacrilegious.  
By Willis Benson, Esq. Northern Aggression and Separate Secession: Two we never make one right.  
By A. Guest. Political Proscription and Secession: The tools with which designing magogues forge the fetters of tyranny, hear their clanking on the plains of Canada.  
By R. Satterfield. May secession be the union of S. Carolina with her States, sealed with the blood of our fathers, perpetrated till the end of time.  
By Davis Hunt. The revival of B. Encampment, and the appropriation of money by the Legislature to purchase muskets of war: Two of the most barefaced impositions that were ever put on the shoulders free and enlightened people.  
By George Cox. Unequal representation of the State Legislature: The freemen of back country are submissionists indeed if they stand it any longer.  
By S. A. Wasson. Palsied be the hand that threatened the brain that would conspire to throw our glorious Union.  
By a Lady. Secessionists who seek the aid of England: May God Almighty give them the influence of such men!  
By a Guest. The Tree of Liberty: mighty roots have struck too deep, and its branches spread too far, and too many patriots recline beneath its glorious shadow, it ever to be uprooted by a few would-be men and disappointed politicians.  
By D. Hunt. Submission to the laws of the republican Government appears to be admissible to the Abolitionists of the North and secessionists of the South. They should leave the United States, or cease attempting to force the people to violate the good laws which the Father of his country bequeathed his Farewell Address.

OUTBREAKS IN MEXICO.—The "Trailblazer" of the city of Mexico, publishes the particulars of a late pronunciamento in the State of Chiapas. The standard of revolt raised at Comitán Grande by Col. Matias Tello, aided by one Ramero, or Gomez, had defeated M. Maldonado, the Governor of Chiapas, and installed himself in the place. The object of the revolution was to proclaim the dictatorship of Santa Anna. Comitán had received orders to march to the rebels with the battalion of Gurrea, but "El Siglo" contains documents from the seat of the conflict, from which would appear that Gen. Maldonado had defeated and defeated Castellano, and that the troops had surrendered himself, but some of the troops still held out.

The condition of things in Oajaca is described in the most gloomy colors. The country, caused by Meleendez and his partisans, arrived at their height. There is no longer any authority recognised, and anarchy reigns where.

Another revolution is reported to have broken out in the State of Talasco. Juan Duenas, brother of the former Governor, at the head of a revolt, had possessed himself of the village of Candorco, only eight leagues from the capital, and was proceeding to occupy that place with considerable force. The Commandant General of the State demanded reinforcements of the Governor Vera Cruz. The object of this revolt is known, but is supposed to be connected with the movements in Chiapas.

The old style of knee breeches and tassels is again coming in vogue. It made their first appearance at Mount Illinois