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J. J. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor. J. P. BELL, Jr., Assistant Editor.

APPOINTMENTS. The candidates for Congress in the 7th District, Col. R. C. Poyser and A. M. Seale, Esq., will address their fellow-citizens at the following places:

Table with columns for County, Day, and Date. Lists appointments for Ashe, Alexander, Beaufort, and other counties.

From the Charlotte Whig. MR. J. A. CALDWELL'S CARD.

The Card of James A. Caldwell, Esq., of Lincoln county, published in our issue of last week, presents itself to us for a brief critical notice.

In the first place, Mr. Caldwell shows in his unfortunate Card, that prior to the 4th of March last, at the solicitation of many of the prominent men of the District, who addressed me as a Whig, I determined to canvass the District in opposition to Mr. Craige.

The very exciting that I had, under a treaty of peace, become an involuntary volunteer in the service of the "magnanimous Mexican," was intimated to me that I might take a second position in the new party; that is, that I might have the privilege of taking a place in the ranks and fighting for some body else.

There are two or three things to be noticed in this extract from Mr. Caldwell's Card. First it is the most unblushing acknowledgment that he became a Know-Nothing for no other reason on earth, than that of becoming the candidate of the party for Congress in this District.

In the copy of this Act duly certified by the Secretary of State, the word "established" occurs where the word "published" (which is also found, and instead of the words "who shall make claim or compensation," also italicized above, we find the words "who shall not make claim for compensation." With these alterations, the sense is obvious, but in the printed law it is nonsense.

We have neither time nor space at present, to point out further errors. From these specimens, it may be inferred that others, equally as glaring, abound in the volume. But, this is not un-

usual. It is the same with every publication of the laws,—has been so for years, and will continue to be so, unless some action on the subject is taken by the Legislature. It should be made the duty of the Attorney General, or of some other competent person, at each session of the Legislature, to revise the laws, and put them in proper shape for publication. This plan would save the printing of a vast deal of nonsense.

The typographical execution of the work is better than some of the previous publications.—Wit. Herald.

Let us see!—The laws made by our Legislature during the past winter (as printed by Holden & Wilson printers to the State) have at last been received by the clerk of our County Court for distribution among the "Squires" of the County; and through their teaching are gradually to be infused into "the people."

The secession at the Philadelphia National Convention was by no means as extensive as has been represented. After the adoption of the National platform, delegates from Pennsylvania, Vermont, Illinois, New Jersey, Delaware, Connecticut, and Ohio, returned to the Convention, and took part in good faith, in the deliberations.

The American party is stronger this moment than it was before the Convention met, for it stands before the country on a firm basis of Nationality that nothing can shake, and the little power that it may lose in the North, by assuming this position, will be more than gained in the South. To use an illustration—having like a tall ship dashed aside the drift wood, that for awhile impeded its course, it now bounds over the waves like "a thing of life," to its destined haven.—Wit. Herald.

POSTAL MATTERS.—OPENING LETTERS. A correspondent of the Albany Evening Journal says that at the opening of the Circuit Court of the United States for Northern District of New York, Judge Hall (Postmaster General during President Sumner's administration) in his address to the Grand Jury, stated that numerous cases would be presented to them relating to the currency and to the Post Office Department.

NEW REVOLVER.—We have been shown a handsome and so far as we can judge efficient weapon, self-revolving, from the celebrated pistol and rifle factory of E. Whitney's Whiteville, (Conn.) It fires seven shots with one loading, and is much lighter than Colt's and others have seen, and yet strong, simple in construction, and one of our gunsmiths says, durable and not easily put out of order. The barrels are rifled, and the precision and force with which they carry is great, considering their length. The metal appears to be of the finest steel, and the butts are of polished black walnut, and fit the hand uncommonly well. The cylinder can be displaced instantly by touching a spring. By having two extra cylinders the weapon can be discharged twenty-one times without re-loading, a valuable feature to a person travelling in some parts of the world, and one very valuable in all situations in which arms are desirable. Patented by E. Beale. Specimens of the different sizes may be seen at the office of C. R. Adams, No. 505 Seventh street.—National Intelligencer.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA BELLE, OR WHO LOST THE WAGER.

CHAPTER I.

My uncle Ned had set his heart upon marrying me to my cousin Rosalie; but the thing savored of compulsion to me, and I waded up my mind to be just as obstinate as the nature of the case might demand.

I confess to being a little sentimental. I have read heaps of novels in my day, from the Children of the Abbey down to Bleak House, and the thought of having my uncle pick out my wife for me was intolerably repugnant to my ideas of propriety and the rights of man.

"Perhaps you don't mean to take a wife—die and old bachelor—eh?" continued he, punching me under the short ribs, and he poured out another of his abominable "guffaws."

"No, I should not object to a lady who possessed the requisite qualifications, because she happened to have a fortune at her disposal, though in my estimation it would add nothing to her fitness to become my wife."

"But, Bob, Rosalie is the most beautiful girl in South Carolina. There are thousands of young gentlemen of the first families at the South who would jump at the chance to step into your shoes."

"I had begun to talk a little coolly. He was, in my opinion, treading upon the side of the bench on which we were seated, just to show him how indifferent I was."

"I had an idea you were a man of taste, but I see you are as likely to fall in love with one of my black wenches as with the prettiest girl in South Carolina."

THE SOUTH CAROLINA BELLE, OR WHO LOST THE WAGER.

CHAPTER II.

My father died three years before this conversation, leaving me an ample fortune. His two brothers had been in South Carolina for thirty years, where the father of Rosalie died, leaving my Uncle Ned her guardian.

"I had often been told that Rosalie was a very pretty girl; but she had been to the North only once, and then I was travelling in Europe, so I had never seen her."

"I had written Uncle Ned promising to spend a month with him in the autumn. Business had called him to Boston, where our interview occurred. He had more than once expressed a desire that his brother's property should remain in the family, and pressed me to unite my fate to that of his beautiful niece."

"I was disappointed in my cousin Rosalie. She was a tolerably good looking damsel, but in my opinion very far from being like the beautiful she had been pictured to me."

"Isn't she handsome, Bob?" said my uncle. "Did you ever see such lips, such a head of hair, such eyes, such a graceful form? Isn't she handsome, eh, you dog? And the old fellow punched me in the ribs, and roared with laughter till he nearly split his sides."

"I couldn't for the life of me see what he was laughing at."

"I had an idea you were a man of taste, but I see you are as likely to fall in love with one of my black wenches as with the prettiest girl in South Carolina."

"Certainly; but do not flatter yourself I shall make love to Rosalie. I shall go prepared to slum her; yes, to be even uncivil to her. If I am, blame yourself for your impudent interference in my concerns."

"Saucy puppy!" and my uncle laughed. We were on the most familiar terms. "You are a meddler; you make me saucy. I trust I shall always be prompt in resenting any invasion of my natural rights."

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"I didn't know there was any one here, stammered she, with such a delectable blush on her cheek, that I nearly went mad with enthusiasm."

"Who is she?" asked I, clasping my hands in the rapturous excitement of the moment. "That? Why that's little Sylphie Howard, one of Rosalie's friends, who is spending a few weeks with her," he replied indifferently.

"I was about to say something saucy; but I thought since Uncle Ned really believed what he said, I would not hurt his feelings by denying it. At dinner I met both ladies, and formally introduced to "little Sylphie Howard." I was provoked with uncle when he assigned me a seat next to Rosalie. I could hardly be civil to her, with such a pair of beautiful eyes before me, and I hardly ceased to gaze upon Sylphie during the hour we spent at the table."

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old fellow as soon as he could speak. "No."

"I have cheated you into the handsomest wife, and the biggest fortune in South Carolina. The fact is, Bob, you were prejudiced against Rosalie. You came here resolved to be uncivil to her. I determined to give her a fair chance, though I had to tease the jade into compliance. You are caught."

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