harmony and concord may yet prevail—(Cheers,)—that this consideration of ourselves may continue a guide to the struggling nations of the earth, and that from the midst of their united glory, yet star, in all future time, shall shine with a purer, a brighter lustre, than the one which, in the dark hour that preceded the struggle for our national existence, shot forth from a gloom of a threatened despotism the first glorious rays of Independence and Freedom; and that

"As ages multiply, its fame shall rise,
And earth shall perish, ere its splendor dies."

(Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Music—"the Star-spangled Banner" followed by a benediction by Rev. Mr Weaver, which closed the exercises.

The procession was now reformed, and the line of march taken up for the large engine-house of the railroad company, which was admirably fitted up for

THE SUPPER.

I had taken occasion, in the early part of the day, to visit this place and inspect the arrangements. A long table had been laid throughout for the occasion, and the length of the tables may be gathered from the fact that twenty-one hundred plates were laid, with ample room for every person using them. I would speak of the richness of the tables—

"But here my muse her wing more cast;
Her flights are far beyond her power."—

It would be utterly impossible to enumerate what it contained. Suffice it that there was everything and any amount of it. Cakes, fresh and dried—all imaginary kinds of pastry—meats, &c., &c., &c.,—with terrapin or what not, ad libitum.

It would be equally impossible to give the number of those who partook of this feast. They could be counted by thousands, as the tables were filled again and again; and when all was done there had scarcely been made an impression on that huge accumulation of victuals.

The entertainment was prepared at their homes by the ladies of Newbern, and contributed by them to the celebration. This fact of itself will confirm my estimate of the magnificence of the feast, and will tell in more than as the words of an orator upon the quality of the articles supplied. That those in the habit of the admiration of all cognizant of this fact need not be told.

The affair passed off to the entire satisfaction of all. At its conclusion, the military paraded the streets in preparation for each, which they were summoned to prepare for

THE BALL.

This took place on Thursday night, in the passenger depot of the railroad, which was admirably adapted to the purpose. The ball room was lighted in a novel manner—by differently colored lamps and railroad lamps, suspended from joists and ceiling—which gave a beautiful variegated appearance.

In the early part of the evening the room was densely crowded by the eager throng, so that dancing was out of the question. The number thronged till however late and about ten o'clock the ball commenced, and it was spiritedly carried on, till after midnight, to the strains of the Pennsylvania's band. The company included a large number of ladies from all parts of the State.

THE SUPPER.

A supper was provided for all present at the ball, in the upper story of the passenger depot. It was a most magnificent affair, embracing every imaginable variety of night refreshments, got up, constituted and arranged by the citizens of Newbern in their usual style of elegance and hospitality, and it fully justified the traits but expensive exhibition of a friend who was looking on—"the ladies of Newbern will do to tie to!"—and about! was a response from somewhere.

The following were two of the managers of this ball: they are entitled to credit:

Managers—John D. Whitford, Hon. John R. Donnell, Hon. M. E. Manly, William H. Oliver, Jno. D. Pasteur, Alonzo T. Jerkins, Geo. S. Stevenson, George Green, Jas. W. Carmer, Jno. H. Haughton, Wm. G. Bryan, Sen., Chas. C. Clark, P. G. Evans, J. M. J. Harrison, Moses W. Jarvis, F. C. Roberts, J. V. Jordan, David S. Willis, John L. Gardner, Fred. Isaac, Jno. N. Washington, Col. H. J. B. Cutts, E. R. Stanley, John M. Oliver, L. Donovan, R. S. Pennison, Jno. J. Roberson, S. Attmore, W. G. Worthed, John F. Jones, E. K. Bryan, A. G. Hubbard, F. T. Hawks, Jno. B. Hughes, Jas. R. Average, B. B. Lane, J. W. Stevenson, Z. Brown, J. R. Dillingham, Jno. D. Acrombloe, T. J. Mitchell, G. W. P. Carne, Wm. P. Mears, William Hollister, Thos. Allen, J. M. Harrison, W. G. Singleton, Gen. John Davis, Jno. C. Court, Wm. P. Moore, Jun., Wm. G. Bryan, Jun.

This lengthy report must now hasten to a close. The departure of the military next day was characterized by great excitement.

Breakfast was furnished at the scene of yesterday's dinner for everybody. The line of trains extended from the water's edge, in town, away out beyond the limits, and included trains for the Western N. C. and the North Carolina road, the Raleigh and Gaston road, the Wilmington road, and the Atlantic and N. C. road. The number of coaches cars, &c., I could not estimate; but the scene presented as they all started off together, will not soon be forgotten. The people of the town concentrated at the depot to witness the departure, and when the trains began to move off, cheers on cheers arose mingled with music and the roar of cannon and musketry.

The only company left in town was the Pamplico Guards, who took their departure in the evening by the steamer for Washington.

Thus may be said to end this great celebration. The reception battle fought and won, and the retreat of the military without the slightest accident, so far as I have been able to learn. This is a noble example of restraint and skill, and reflects creditably on all concerned.

Being now left in the comparatively quiet town, after the exciting scenes of the last two days, I may be allowed a few reflections in conclusion.

There is some immediate due somewhere in connection with the great State work, and the manner in which it has been pushed on to completion.—This no doubt will be rendered in due season. To Jno. D. Whitford, Esq., a large share will one day be given, and to one of his earliest friends, Hon. W. H. Washington, there may yet be bestowed his proper meed of praise. To all the friends of the work, and I use it in its broad, liberal sense, who have been active in its consummation, the 7th must have been a proud day. The work, however, is not complete till it reaches Beaufort—the natural outlet of the road.—This will be done when six miles of iron has been laid.

Of Newbern I can truly say it is a most beautiful place. Its streets are avenues of trees, affording a perfect shade at all protect you from the sun every where and at all times of day. It is said to be celebrated for its beautiful women—and there is some truth in the saying. Its hotels are creditable to it. It has many beautiful residences, and some very fine ones. While here a Fair was being held in the old Academy, the object of which was the erection of a parsonage in connection with the Baptist Church. There were on exhibition some choice specimens of needle work from the hands of Newbern's daughters, and attracting upon these were some rare samples of mother's handiwork.

The Newbern road is in good running order for a new road. It was brought up in the most beautiful condition to the State. They were purchased I understand, by Mr. Whitford, in Wilmington, at a thousand dollars each, below ordinary prices, and were running on the road in ten days after the purchase—an instance of the energy and enterprise of the president of the road.

The members of the Press I met at Newbern were Mr. Stone of the *Register*, Mr Hooten of the *Standard*, Mr Yates, of the Charlotte *Democrat*, Mr Bowers, Salisbury *Watchman*? Mr. Newson, Fayetteville *Observer*, Mr Whitaker, Goldsboro' *Tribune*, Mr Cole the enterprising Printer, Mr Sherwood, Newbern *Spectator*, Mr Daniel, Warren *Advocate*, Mr Mann, Spartan Union.

The Presidents of the different railroad companies in the course with the exception of Messrs Preston and Saunders—the latter of whom we did not see—were Mr. Wm. J. Clark, President of ——— railroad company, Judge Ellis, President of the Wilmington road, and D. K. McRae, Esq., was the present.

On Friday night the band of the Pennsylvania regiment, Messrs. Mahon, Kay, and Jno. D. Whitford, Esq., gave a serenade at the Gaston House.

I must conclude without again expressing my admiration of the manner in which the whole affair was conducted. The Wilmington train was the largest that passed over the N. C. R. R. for days, and every train that passed to Newbern was crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. Peters, I learn, has given the road every attention, and the success which has attended his efforts is the result of his energy and perseverance. The travelling of Mr. Peters, who has charge of the road, was also remarked with pleasure by many who had no tickets, for passing over the Newbern road—and it was not the Newbern train on which this was done.

Finally, the reporter cannot close without returning his sincere thanks to his numerous friends in Newbern, for their attention to him—particularly to Jas. E. Morris, of that place, to Capt. R. S. Pender and his corps, and to his old friends the Wilmington Light Infantry. There are many others he will continue gratefully to remember.

The Old Negro's Logic.—A clergyman asked an old servant his reasons for believing in the existence of a God. The following was his sage reply:

"Sir, I see one man get sick. The doctor comes, gives him medicine; the next day he is better; he gives him another dose, it does him good; he keeps on till he gets him at his business. Another man gets sick like the first one. The doctor comes to see him; he gives him the same kind of medicine; it does no good; he gets worse all the time till he dies. Now, that man's time to die is come, and all the doctors in the world couldn't save him. One year I work in the corn field, plow deep, dig up grass and make nothing but nubbins. Next year I work the same way, the rain and dew comes, and I make a crop. I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world, I see sun rise in the east, and set in the west. The north star stands where it did the first time I ever saw it; the seven stars in Job's coffin keeps the same path in the sky, and never turns out. It ain't so with man's works. He makes clocks and watches; they run well for a while; but they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the sun, moon and stars keep on the same way, all the while. There is a power which makes one man die, and another get well—that sends the rain and keeps every thing in motion."

What a beautiful comment is here furnished by an unlettered African on the language of the psalmist:

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

A TALE OF HORRORS.

An atrocious crime has just been perpetrated in Szikszo, Hungary. A hawker, who had long been in the habit of travelling about the country selling linen, stopped for the night at the house of a peasant. After taking his supper quietly with his host, he retired to bed. In the middle of the night the wife awoke her husband, and proposed to him to go and murder the hawker, in order to get possession of his property. The husband positively refused, on which the woman, calling him a coward, went and plunged a large knife into the heart of the sleeping hawker. The husband then, by order of his wife, put the body into a sack and threw it into the river, while she set about removing all the marks of blood. In the morning, her son, a boy of five years of age, asked his mother for a piece of bread, when she took the knife to cut him a slice. Seeing this, the child cried out, "Do not cut it with that knife, for you used it to kill the hawker!"—On this the woman, fearing that the crime would be revealed by the child, seized hold of him and threw him into the oven. It so happened that on the very night of the murder, the house of another peasant had been robbed of a quantity of meat and bacon, and the owner had been prowling about in search of the thief. In passing near the house of his neighbor he smelt an extraordinary odor of something burning, and gave an alarm. When persons were entering the house to search for the cause of the smell, the mother had pulled out the half consumed body of the child from the oven, and was endeavoring to carry it away in her apron, but one of the feet was seen protruding and the whole affair was discovered. The peasant and his wife were arrested, and the woman made a full confession of her guilt.

High Life in New York.—The following item from the Tribune recalls the "Pulpiar Papers:"

"A grand party was given a few nights since by a wealthy citizen, at which the peculiar graces of the fashionable young men of New York shone with unusual splendor. In an upper room, where card tables had been set for old gentlemen, was a large bowl of punch, which "the boys" smelt out. They broke into the room, and got roaring drunk on the punch; then invaded the list room and cut up all the men's hats, except their own, boring holes in some, slashing others, slicing off the brims and punching out the crowns, until the floor was covered with ruined castors; and finally wound up their gentlemanly behavior by cutting the cord of the dumb-waiter and letting the expensive supper crockery go into the kitchin, smashing it into countless pieces."

A New Process of Extracting Teeth.—The Baltimore Patriot says:—Yesterday witnessed the trial of a new process of extracting teeth, by which it was stated the operation would cause no pain. The trial was made at our college of Dental Surgery, and the operators were Drs. Harris and Arthur. It was certainly the most satisfactory trial of the kind we have ever witnessed. A number of teeth were extracted, and the patients declare they received no pain, but experienced a numbing sensation about the teeth. This soothing is produced by passing a current of electricity through the tooth at the time of extracting. The patient grasps firmly in his hand one pole from an electro-magnetic machine; the other pole from the machine is attached to the forceps, and by this means a current of electricity is passed through the teeth and produces a local ante-thesia, and so avoids the use of chloroform or ether. The amount of current is adjusted to suit each patient so as not to produce an unpleasant sensation.

Distressing Casualty.—We regret to learn that Joel, a little son of Dr. Thos. C. Hall, of Anson county, (lately of this town,) aged between 2 and 3 years, was accidently shot on Wednesday last by a negro boy, his attendant, who was playing with a gun which he did not know was loaded. The shooting was undoubtedly accidental, the negro being devoted by attached to his little master.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

SALISBURY, N. C.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 11, 1858.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER $2.00 CASH.

☞ We have struck from our list, according to notice, all who are behind for their papers. We are obliged to make a beginning of the Cash System, otherwise it must fail. We expect some of our oldest and best friends will take offence at the stopping of their paper, but we have this consolation: we gave them ten weeks notice; and this advantage, we have the best right to get mad and cut up capers, because they have not regarded our warning.

CLUB RATES.

Hitherto, we have offered to the public no proposition for "clubbing", because under the credit plan, we had found clubs a source of more trouble than profit. But "clubbing" has become so common, and we are so often spoken to on the subject, that we have concluded to offer the following club terms.

Five copies,	$8.00
Ten copies,	$15.00

Clubs exceeding ten, in the same proportion, $1.50 each.

Payment always in advance. A free copy given to those who raise clubs of ten. A free copy, and a book worth $2, (to be selected by the raiser,) given to those who raise clubs of 20.

☞ We are authorized to announce Mr. J. C. BARNHARDT, as a candidate for the office of Sheriff, for this County, at the ensuing election.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

No name of a new subscriber will be entered on our list, without payment in advance; nor will the paper be sent to subscribers for a longer time than they have paid for.

"*Tom Dooe Loge.*"—Our modesty *forbids* the publication of your communication. You've piled it on too high.

WHIGS AND AMERICANS.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the Whigs and Americans of Rowan, on Tuesday of the May Superior Court for this County, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Legislature. A general attendance of Whigs and American is earnestly desired.

If it meets the views of the Whigs and Americans of Davie County, they will please their political friends of Rowan by sending delegates to this meeting for the purpose of selecting a candidate for our Senatorial district.

ROWAN.

May 5, 1858.

FOR GOVERNOR,

Duncan K. McRae, Esq.

We publish to-day Mr. McRae's letter announcing himself as a candidate for the office of Governor of North Carolina. He has been much talked of throughout the entire State for some months past, in this connection. He comes forward, as will be seen by his letter, as an *independent candidate*. He proposes to go before the people on the merits of his political principles, and on them to stand or fall. He is not trammelled by party in any way whatever, and is therefore in a position to act out fearlessly and without restraint, what he believes to be right, just and proper. He is, on that account, more deserving the support of the *people*, than if he were a devoted partizan; for parties are more apt to act corruptly than sensible, conscious men who seek the truth rather than the promotion of party and party interests. Mr. McRae is in a position to desire above all things to commend himself to the approval of his fellow citizens by a wise and upright administration of the affairs of the State, should he be elected. He has dared to think and act independently on the land question, and for that, he has arrayed against himself the opposition of many of his old political associates, who claim to rule over or to excommunicate him. He sets them at defiance and asserts the prerogative of a free man.

The great question to be decided in the contest into which we are now entering, is in regard to the *public lands*. These lands, as the people know, have been wastefully and unjustly appropriated by Congress, to the great wrong of North Carolina and other old States, who, though they have an equal right in them, have not been benefitted by the disposal of them. The question, then, for the people to decide, is this:

Shall the public lands or their proceeds, be distributed fairly and justly amongst all the States, or shall the present squandering system be continued?

Mr. McRae advocates a fair and equal distribution. Judge Ellis opposes it. The reasons for their faith they will give to the people during the summer.

Clingman's District.—We learn that W. W. Avery, of Burke, and Mr. Coleman, of Yancey, (both democrats,) have announced themselves as candidates to represent this District in the next Congress of the United States. It is understood that Mr. Clingman is to go into the Senate.

NEWBERN, and the East.

The number of them in this, and the more Western parts of the State, who know any thing about Newbern as a Town, is small; and the number who have formed just opinions of it, we have reason to believe is yet smaller still. The fact is, the people of Western N. Carolina know less about Newbern than they do of Charleston, Columbia, Camden and Cheraw, in South Carolina. They have traded to these towns, many of them, and have learned something about them from experience; but Newbern has been to them as a walled city—a place set down in the Maps, it is true; but far beyond their reach, and as little thought of as if it formed no part of our State. The same may be said of Beaufort, Washington, Elizabeth City and Edenton, and almost of Wilmington itself, with its population of twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants. Far down in the Eastern portion of the State, cut off, as many think, by almost impassable swamps and sand hills, the size and importance of these towns have been unknown and unappreciated, and the people themselves regarded very much in the light of strangers. Hence have occasionally sprung sectional jealousies, only to vanish as each section gradually relapsed into its usual state indifference as to the weal or woe of the other. We have cherished but few sympathies in common, and except as they were brought together in the State Legislature, the people of Eastern and Western North Carolina have scarcely known each other. We of the West have often felt chagrined at those of the East, when our eyes have fallen upon the *far hills pictured* in the Georgraphies, and reflected that that part of the State brought to us the "exportation" of "tar, pitch and turpentine." Whilst they, holding us in much the same esteem, by reason of our small traffic in Beeswax, blue Tallow and copperas cloth, have pocketed the dimes for their pitch and resin, and gone to bed satisfied with their suppers of oysters and fish. And so we have lived for an hundred years.

But a new era is dawning on North Carolina. The day is at hand when her Eastern and Western interests shall become identified—so bound together as that the brotherhood between them shall be felt throughout all her parts, and awake in the hearts of her people a communion of sentiment and action. Our Railroads is the magic power which will effect this moral, social and commercial revolution. They will bring together our widely separated parts: The murmurs of the ocean shall be heard in the gorges of the mountains; Our everlasting hills shall with calm sublimity behold the awful grandeur of the limitless sea: They will embrace each other as equals and as lovers; and join in a league of perpetual union. Though hitherto almost unknown, our iron bands shall unite our extremities and establish between them a sympathy at once active and efficient in working out the destiny of our State, abounding, as it does with the elements of greatness to an extent that shames her sons for having so long neglected them and her fame.

Newbern, formerly nearly three hundred miles distant from this place, requiring from 12 to 15 days to reach it by horse, is now within 12 hours. Wilmington within 13; and Beaufort, hard by the sea, within 14. These towns of themselves, afford a good market for much of the products of the West; but in the event our surplus should more than supply them, (as it will,) we have the cheapest possible outlet through them to the markets of the world; and aided by their enterprising merchants and traders, may reasonably hope for all the advantages derivable from such a connection. Newbern, we think, must enjoy an important part of this trade. She has a population of some four or five thousand, we would judge, embracing many capitalists and traders. Much of the Western produce will certainly find sale there for home consumption; and although the sand bars on the coast exclude from her wharves vessels of a large size, we conceive this can be easily compensated for by increasing the number of her small craft; besides she has the benefit of the Rail-road passenger through her streets. Beaufort, and the two new cities laid out in that vicinity, i. e. Carolina City and Morehead City, possess undoubted advantages so far as a ready access to the ocean and the class of vessels sailing in their waters are concerned, and must at no very distant day, attract deserved attention. But the latter of these competitors have, as yet, almost no existence, except on paper, and it is not reasonable to suppose that they will be fair for some years to come. In the mean time, Newbern must have made an impression on the mind of the business public of the State, and her fortune, as compared with her neighbors more immediately on the coast, will depend on no uncertainty. She is a queen town—a beautiful gem—reposing gracefully on the clear waters of the Neuse and Trent, which, uniting here, stretch out far away towards the East, forming that majestic stream, Pamlico River, and dropping into Pamlico Sound. Her many attractive features, not less than her self-sacrificing hospitality, will win for her an enviable prominence in the public mind of the State.

NEWBERN CELEBRATION.

When about commencing the work of preparing our account of this truly grand affair, the Raleigh Standard came to hand, containing a very full and accurate report of the proceedings of the long to be remembered, 29th of April, at Newbern; and to that excellent report, given in this paper, we with pleasure refer our readers. It is more comprehensive and circumstantial than we are able to prepare with our own hasty and imperfect notes. Besides, we have many other things, and incidents, to note in connection with our trip to the East, and take this occasion to make our thanks to the Reporter of the Standard for relieving us of this, the most important, matter of all, claiming attention. The Standard reports, almost entire, the speech of H. W. Miller, Esq., but for lack of room we have been obliged to omit that part.

We cannot resist the impulse, however, to add a few words in personal testimony to the exceeding handsome manner in which the Town of Newbern acquitted itself on this occasion. All the arrangements were devised with great foresight; the ceremonies proceeded with a regularity, considering the immense mass of people there assembled, astonishing to those who understand the difficulty of managing a mixed multitude. The hospitality of the citizens was more than equal to the capacity of their houses, and if all visiters were not as comfortable as they could wish, it was only because the facilities for making them so were not as large as the hearts of those whose guests they were.

The public dinner, we fearlessly assert, has not been equalled in North Carolina in our day, and we do not believe it was ever excelled in this country—a dinner that fed not less than seven or eight thousand persons, with enough left to break fast all who wanted it—comprising such a variety of articles that it would be difficult and tedious to enumerate them,—served up in a style that would have done credit to the best Hotel in the land.

Newbern feasted her guests like princes, and treated them with the cordiality and warmth of very dear friends, and thus gave an earnest of her sincere desire to cultivate the acquaintance of her Western brethren, and it were strange indeed if the latter did not appreciate so impressive a demonstration of kindness and brotherly regard. May she realize her brightest anticipations and highest hopes, in the completion of the great work so gloriously celebrated and which links her in bands of affection, as well as of iron, with the Western people of the good old North State.

STEAMER "POST BOY"—IN DISTRESS.

April 30, 1858.

Transcript from our memorandum book. Omitting preceeding notes of the embarkment of passengers, and departure of the Boat from Newbern, for lack of room, we copy the following:

2 o'clock, P. M. Here we are, about 150 of us, mostly Western *forest* folk, aboard this steamer, stuck in the sand bar near Harbor Island Light Boat. Several passengers look blank, and seem to wonder what's to come of it. Capt. says he'll get her off the bar in a few minutes.

3 o'clock. Captain Gray and his crew have been stirring around for the last hour, working the engine, paddling and poling with all their might, but its no go. Our boat is "dead stuck," right here in Pamlico Sound, in five feet water. She can't float in any such a duck pond, with such a load.

4 o'clock. Fast yet—haven't got away three feet. Lightened ship by throwing off wood. Sent out an anchor, and the Captain's got nearly every male passenger in the bow and at the windlas, except a great, fat, jovial old gentleman from Guilford, (Dodson.) He keeps him, and two or three others of ponderous proportions, running back and forward on the hurricane deck to rock the boat, and loosen her, if possible, from below. Ladies in the cabin looking very sober.—Who's afraid?

5 o'clock. Dodson is tired trotting from stern to stern and swears he "won't be made a machine of any longer." Captain gives it up, and orders his crew to "man the yawl, and pull away, to the Light Boat for assistance." Passengers in a quandary, and don't know what to do. Some are afraid a storm may arise and break the "Post Boy" in pieces, and spill them all in the sea. Others are getting *dry*, are awfully distressed on finding "Captain Gray hasn't got a drop." One chap is singing "I won't go home til morning." Two ladies get their pocket handkerchiefs over their eyes. Wind blowing very hard. A few light clouds in the S. West.

5½ o'clock. Crew have returned from the Light Boat, bringing with them a seaman and the long yawl belonging to the station. Capt. orders passengers to fill yawls and pull away to the Light Boat. He wants to lighten his own craft so that she may float. His order is very promptly obeyed: about 25 scramble in as though they thought it the very *last* chance to keep dry. The rush to get in had to be checked. "Hold on there,—back!—the boats are full. Ease away there!" "Aye, aye, sir."—Away they go, bobbing up and down like a fisherman's cork.

6 o'clock. The boats are back again. There is another 25 bent on saving themselves. They are in, and off.

6½ o'clock. Again the yawls have returned, having in each former trip delivered their passengers in safety on the deck of the Light Boat. They go and come again. The Captain wants Squire Dodson to get aboard one of them. He does not want to do it. Capt. persuades, and reasons the case with him—says he still hopes to get the "Post Boy" afloat before dark, *provided* he can lighten her sufficiently. He prevails. Squire D. passes over the railing and into the long yawl.

HARBOR ISLAND LIGHT BOAT.

7½ o'clock. About 100 of our passengers are here. Wind blowing almost a gale, and cold at that. Captain Brooks keeps his boat as clean as a parlor. Requests gentlemen not to spit tobacco juice on the deck—a tig spit box over the rails. It is supper time, and bed time is approaching. Excellent accommodations for five or six; but we are a hundred. What shall we eat and where shall we sleep? are interesting questions. There lies half a dozen in the bow, with their cloaks and coats drawn over their heads. They are trying the place to see how it will do for a roost. Here are two or three scattered about on deck rather promiscuously; and there is Thompson, of Chapel Hill, fussing at a chap who has taken his place, and threatens to turn loose a sand-fiddler into his breeches.—It is nearly dark. We cannot see what is going on aboard the "Post Boy."

7½ o'clock. "Is she off?" All eyes are on the steamer. "Here she comes! She's afloat! Huzza, huzza!"—She runs past us,—several voices aboard of her provokingly announcing to us—"Supper's ready!" She anchors about 80 yards forward, lee side; and there is a great clamor amongst the hungry ones for the yawls. Captain Gray sends them. Sixty or seventy are again transfered to the Steamer, leaving about 30 on board the Light Boat with us.

10 o'clock. Nearly all aboard have had a cup of coffee and a cracker, and are stowing themselves away for the night. The berths, benches and chairs of the cabin (8 x 10 feet) and kitchen (8 x 6) are all filled, and some are sprawled about on the deck. The wind continues. The boys aboard the steamer are noisy. All pretty quiet here.

May 1st.

4 o'clock, A. M. Day is breaking. Wind moderate, but still blowing from the South-West. Passengers emerging from their nests. Eastern horizon coloring up. It is broad day. This edge of the Sun just breaking the water-line.—One almost see it moving up. Half the sun visible—looks very large and red. It is clear above the water. Weather signs indicate another windy day. Two sails in the South, bearing right down towards. Suspicions hinting follows. "Are those any pirates in those parts?" They are coming at us. "Who's got any weapons?" "What are they up to, so soon in the morning?"

4½ o'clock. Mr. Ramsay: "Those sails look like our Beaufort Flats—I think that fellow to the windward there, is my boat. Our friends at Beaufort have anticipated our troubles—perhaps Governor Morehead, who went down yesterday morning on the train, has told them we sailed on the 'Post Boy,' which they know draws too much water for this route, and they have sent those 'Flats' to our relief."

This was a joyful announcement.

5 o'clock. Mr. Ramsay—"Yes, those are our boats—the '*Henry Clay*' and '*Sarah Beaufort*'—they have come to help us—we can lighten the steamer now and still get on." "How?" "The passengers can get aboard the 'Flats' and the steamer take them in tow."

"Just so—that can be done." "But to get every thing properly arranged, and to miss the steam, kept us at the anchorage until

7 o'clock. Having been assured that there was a worse bar to cross at "Piney Point," and finding the wind rising, and the big waves increasing, we concluded, to say of quieting the nerves of the excited people, to make a *list* of the passengers, so that if any should be lost, their friends at home might know something about it. Accordingly, we selected a polite gentleman of a very solemn countenance, and requested him to do the favor to go around and take down the names. He had scarcely had time to complete the work, when, all of a sudden, we found the Flats running along the steamer. Consternation! What's the matter? "Stuck again?"—Ah! she's off!—now we go! Hurra!" [Three minutes later.] Heigho! look out there! —We are aground again. And to add to the horror, it is reported that a man on board the steamer has fallen in a fit. The Captain had no liquor and he could not stand the privation any longer. He wants to jump into the Sound, but his friends won't let him muddy his clothes.

9 o'clock. Two hours have been spent in vain attempts to release the boat. She is hard fast—can't move her. A consultation has been going on in the meantime, amongst the passengers. The Saran Beaufort is ordered to lay along side. She receives the baggage of the passengers. About 50 of them are aboard of her. "Shove off, there!" What? are they going to leave us? See, they are flinging out her sails. They are off!—Like a bird—a very thing of life—she darts right away. How beautifully she rides the waves!

9½ o'clock. Sixty more of us, including nearly all the ladies, are on board the "*Henry Clay*." Up go her tall sails, and away we go! scudding o'er the waves at the rate of 12 miles an hour. Our's is the best boat, and we'll soon overtake the Sarah Beaufort and make her a short speech as we pass. Captain Gray promised to overtake us both, and to carry us into port. He was sincere, no doubt, but he can't keep that promise.

But our narrative of this wonderful voyage, so full of *thrilling* incidents, of hair-breadth escapes, privations and toils, and diversified scenery, we are sorry to find will far transcend the limits allotted to it, and we must, therefore, most reluctantly, bring it to an abrupt close. If there be any who want to know what became of the "Post Boy," how long the Sarah Beaufort and Henry Clay were beating against a strong head wind to make 50 miles to Beaufort, and what happened during that entire day, spent upon Pamlico and Core Sounds, we refer them to the following persons, many of whom we know were saved. At our leisure we may resume the narrative.

LIST OF PASSENGERS.

From Rowan—T. G. McNeely, R. H. Smith, W. R. Wilson, W. Volk, Dr. Bessent, W. R. Gorman, Henry Moore, G. W. Camming, Brittain Michael, C. D. Smith. From Guilford—Miles Waggstaff, J. L. Morehead, John Minor, J. T. Dodson and son Marcellus, W. A. Wallace, Saml. Hamner, W. G. Hamner, M. S. Sherwood, F. Dick, D. M. Tison, W. M. Young, R. S. Philips, J. R. Houston, J. W. Tison, C. G. Yates, W. D. Trotter, J. W. Stewart, W. P. Mendenhall, J. L. Gorrell, T. W. Forbis, Jos. E. McLean, Milton McLean, A. D. Lineberry, Geo. Albright, J. C. McLean, David Miner, Jos. R. Mendenhall, Z. S. Coffin, Jas. Miner, S. M. Kerr, Albert Rankin, M. McLean and Lady, Miss Dawalt, W. Edwards, H. Lindsay, W. A. Winbern and son, Miss T. G. Rhodes, W. A. Putman, James Minor, W. H. Brittain, Jesse Holmes, Rest. Albright. From Davidson—J. F. Thompson, Wm. Smith, R. A. Wommack, Wm. Dusenberry, Geo. Ibley, John Haynes, F. Swicegood, J. Osborne, A. Swicegood. From Randolph—Dr. C. W. Wolfe, J. G. Henshaw, J. B. Clarke. From Alamance—D. G. Harden. From Goldsboro'—L. Fields, R. Edmunston, J. W. Privett and Lady. From Charlotte—H. S. Miller, W. S. Williams, R. M. Shaw, E. Terrace, Wm. Lonegan, Asa Chilson, David Orr, E. A. Ross.

From various Counties—J. H. McDade, W. M. Cheek, W. H. McDade, Miss J. Hutton, B. F. Biddle, S. W. Howard, S. F. Ellen, J. H. Hinnant, T. G. Hinnant, H. H. Hinnant, W. F. Bell, James Ward, Esq., D. S. J. Ramsay, Isaac Ramsay, Esq., J. H. Peebles, Esq., Miss Mary Stickney, Miss Bettie Caleb, A. B. Butner, Charles Winkler, Henry Shore, W. F. Carmichael, D. Crouse, David Clewell, Thomas Thompson, Wm. Mitchell, J. D. Calais, Charles Beasley, S. Beasley, S. F. Patterson, L. D. McManen, Rev. J. B. Jones, Bedford Brown, Esq., G. A. Selby, J. M. Hinson, J. F. Watkins, N. B. Herrin, R. G. Cobb, Calhoun Hill, W. Hill, and N. B. Toney.

It is possible we have not here the name of every passenger, but if not, the omission is accidental. We have not included the names of the Post Boy's crew. We learn from undoubted authority that every man of them was saved, and returned to Newbern sometime during the 1st May, and thence up the Neuse river to Washington.

We take this occasion to bear personal testimony to the manly courage and firmness of Capt. Gray and his heroic men, during all the severe trials to which they were put; and also to their uniform kindness and courtesy to all on board. Long and pleasantly will they all be remembered by their numerous fellow sufferers, the passengers, on that memorable occasion.

NORTH CAROLINA MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The ninth annual meeting of this Society has been advertised by the Secretary, and will be held at Newbern on the 18th instant. We learn that the munificent President of the Atlantic and N. C. Rail Road, John D. Whitford, Esq., will have a special train to leave Goldsboro' at 1 o'clock, 18th inst. and reach Newbern the same day. Physicians attending said meeting are advised to meet that train and procure return tickets, or they may be charged the regular passage rates.

The facilities for attending this meeting of the Society are so great, it is expected our Western Medical gentlemen will generally avail themselves of the opportunity and let the mountains show a strong delegation.

We learn that the President of the N. C. R. R. Co., Mr. FRANCE, will also extend the courtesy of passing delegates over his road at half rates.

Editors in the West, should notice this subject, as by doing so the number of delegates to the Convention may be greatly increased, and the usefulness of the society promoted.

The Greensboro' Patriot.—This journal has steadfastly opposed the policy of running a distribution democrat against the regular nominee of that party, on the ground that it was utterly opposed to mixing with democracy under any circumstances of that nature. Since it has become certain that voters will have to choose between two democrats, one a distributionist and the other not, we have glanced at the *Patriot* with peculiar interest, with the view to ascertain its bearings. The editors are nettled, that's plain, in finding themselves in such a fix; but we think it also plain, that the aristocratic wing of the party, i. e., the Judge's battalion, will receive no aid and comfort from the Patriot. The political sentiments of Mr. McRae on at least one very important question, accord with those of the Patriot, and also with the old Whigs of Guilford. Whether or not they will rally strong in support of Mr. McRae on this single point remains to be seen. Our belief is, however, that the clang of battle will excite them ere the hot suns of August shall beam upon us, and that we shall see them all pitching into the fight like a storm. We will see—and so will Judge Ellis.

20TH MAY.

It is proposed to celebrate the 20th May, in this place, with appropriate honors. That day, it will be remembered, is the anniversary of the Mecklenburg declaration of Independence—a day which should be kept in everlasting remembrance by the sons of the Old North State.

In order to proceed with regularity and system, it is necessary that those of our citizens who desire to promote the success of the celebration and to take part in its ceremonies, should hold a conference, and settle upon the plan. Committees should be appointed, a reader and speaker selected, &c., &c., and to this end we have been requested to propose a meeting of citizens to be held at Murphy's Hall, *this evening*, at 7½ o'clock.

Stedman's Magazine, a new Southern Literary monthly, for May, is on our table. It appears in an entire new and very much improved, dress; and is now, we think, a promising candidate for public favor. It is issued from Raleigh, N. C., at $3 a year in advance. As a Southern work, it has peculiar claims on the readers of light literature in our section. In this number is a long list of "contributors," many of whom are known to be among the best writers of the day.

Rail Road Accident.—A serious accident happened on the N. C. and Atlantic Railroad, on last Tuesday morning, about ten miles East of Kinston, which, all things considered, is only remarkable for the small amount of damage done. One of the wheels and axles of the fore truck of the baggage car, broke from its fastenings on one side, and swinging back, under the car, was driven in that position by the train, for a distance of nearly 450 yards. The flang of this loose wheel struck almost every cross tie in that entire distance. The damage done to the timber of the road is absolutely incredible, scarcely a single cross tie but was more or less cut or splintered. Many were ruined. Three solid sticks, about eight inches diameter, were broken nearly square off.

The train stopped rather suddenly, but only a few of the passengers (near 150) were aware of the cause until they went out. On going forward, the entire fore truck of the baggage car was found lodged against the hind trucks of the same, and the fore end of the car resting on the rails. A negro boy on the platform next the baggage car, had his right leg pretty badly injured, but not broken; and with this exception no personal injury was done. He was in the discharge of his duty, and stood to his post like a man, although he must have been fully apprised of the danger. Several of the train hands jumped off—the conductor among them. The accident was entirely beyond the control of those in charge of the train. The engineer discovered it very early, and with great coolness of mind blew on the brakes and took off the steam, and so let the train move on. Had he reversed his engine, it is believed the lives of many would have been instantly sacrificed.