Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

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J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

CLUB RATES.

ADVERTISING RATES.

BLANKS.

J. J. BRUNER.

Death of Chief Justice Nash.

The worst apprehensions of the public in relation to the illness of the venerable Chief Justice have been realized,—he departed this life at his residence in Hillsborough, on Saturday last. It was hoped a few months since, that the health of Judge Nash had been entirely restored; and his friends indulged the fond expectation that he would yet be spared for some years to the Bench and State. On the 1st or 2nd inst. he was in attendance on the Synod at Newbern, his native town, and took an active part in its deliberations; but an affection of his lungs, which were recently impaired, terminated fatally, as it was feared it would do from the first by his physicians.

Frederick Nash was the son of Abner Nash, Governor of the State in 1792, and was a nephew of Gen. Francis Nash, who fell mortally wounded while fighting for his country at the battle of Brandywine.

Judge Nash was born in Newbern in 1791, and was consequently in his 77th year. He represented that Borough in the House of Commons in 1804 and 1805. In 1806 he was elected a Judge of the Superior Courts, which he resigned in 1810. In 1827 and 1828 he represented Hillsborough in the House of Commons; in 1830 he was again elected a Judge of the Superior Court, from which in 1844 he was transferred to the Supreme Court bench, which dignified and important position he has since occupied with credit to himself and satisfaction to the State.

We shall refer only at his long and useful public life, having if so others more competent, and who knew him more intimately than we did, to do justice to his social and private virtues. A good man has gone down to the grave—the State mourns the loss of a faithful and honest son. The town of his adoption, Hillsborough, is clad in mourning for the death of one of its best and most useful citizens; and the cord of sympathetic sorrow vibrates thence to his native town, at the confluence of the Neuse and Trent.

We learn that his mortal remains were interred at Hillsborough yesterday, with Masonic honors.—*Raleigh Standard.*

Another Railroad.—Louisville in Kentucky, and Nashville in Tennessee, will soon be connected together by railroad. The distance between the two points is one hundred and eighty two miles; of which ninety-eight is now travelled by railroad, and eighty four by stage. In a year or two the gap will be closed—and then we shall be, ourselves, in direct railroad communication with Louisville.

Cloud of Butterflies.—We were recently informed by a gentleman from the Western part of the State, that during the month of August, at Beedy Patch Gap, a cloud of butterflies passed over that region for seven days continuously. As he expressed it, "there were considerably more than ninety thousand millions," causing many of the settlers of that region to imagine that the last day had come.—*Western Democrat.*

Emigration to Texas.—The Linden (Ala.) *Sentinel* says that, for the last two weeks, there has been a vast flood of emigration through the streets of that town, moving West, principally to Texas. Most of them emigrants are from East Alabama, with an occasional sprinkling from Georgia.

A Happy Reflection.—How does it happen that when a bill becomes due the amount is often raised?

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THE RIGHT ARM;
OR,
The Patriot and the Traitor.

Fifty years ago a terrible storm shook the city of London. At the dead of the night, when the storm was at its highest, an aged minister, living near the suburbs of the city, was aroused by an earnest cry for help. Looking from his window, he beheld a rude man, clad in the coarse attire of the sweeper of the public street. In a few moments, while the rain came down in torrents, and the storm growled above, the preacher, leaning on the arm of the scavenger, threaded his way through the dark suburbs.

That very day a strange old man had taken precedence in front of the scavenger's rude home. The good hearted street-sweeper had taken him in, laid him on his own bed—he had not spoken once—and now he was dying.

This was the story of the rough man.

And now, through dark alleys, among miserable tenements, that seem to topple down upon their heads, into the loneliest and dreariest suburbs they pass.—That white-haired minister, and up a flight of stairs that creaked beneath their tread, and then into the death room.

It was, in truth, a miserable place.

A glimmering light stood on a broken chair. There was the rough mate, there the solitary garret window, with the rain beating through the rags and straw, which stuffed the broken pane—and there amid a heap of cold ashes the small valise which it seemed the stranger had with him.

In one corner, on the coarse straw of the ragged bed, lay the dying man. He was but half dressed—his legs were concealed by military boots.

The aged preacher drew near and looked upon him. And as he looked—throb—throb—you might hear the death-watch ticking in the shattered wall.

It was the form of a strong man grown old with care more than age.

There was a face that you might look upon once, and yet wear in it your memory forever. Let us bend over the bed and look on that face.

A bold forehead seamed by one deep wrinkle between the brows—long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with gray—lips firmly set, yet quivering as though they had a life separate from the life of the man—and then two large eyes vivid, burning, unnatural in their steady glare.

Ah, there was something so terrible in that face—something so full of unutterable loneliness, unspeakable despair—that the aged minister started back in horror.

But look, those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air—the death-sweat starts in drops upon the cold brow—the man is dying!

Throb!—throb!—throb!—beat the death watch in the shattered wall.

"Would you die in the faith of a Christian!" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the dark floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled but made no sound.

Then, with the agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke:

"Christian!" he echoed in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart, "will that faith give me back my honor? Come with me—with me far, far over the water. Ha! we are there! This is my native home. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood—yonder the green on which I sported when a boy. But another flag than that waved when I was a child. And listen, old man; were I to pass this street as I passed when but a child, the very babes would raise their tiny hands and curse me. The graves in yonder churchyard would shrink from my foot-steps, and yonder flag would stain a baptism of blood upon my heart."

That was an awful death bed. The minister had watched the "last night," with a hundred convicts in their cells and yet never beheld a scene as terrible as this.

Suddenly the dying man arose. He tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails are blue with the death chill, he threw open the valise.

He showed his military coat trimmed with silver, and old parchment, a piece of cloth that looked like the wreck of a battle flag.

"Look ye, priest, this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old memories seemed stirring at his heart.—"This is the last coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Tconderoga. That bullet-hole was pierced in the fight at Quebec; now—I am a—let me whisper in your ear."

"Now, help me, priest," he said in a voice growing suddenly tremulous; "help me put on this coat of blue and silver. For you see," and a ghastly smile came over his face, "there is no one to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife, no child—I must meet death alone; but I will meet him, as I met him in battle, without fear."

While he stood straying himself in that worn-eaten coat of blue and silver, the good preacher spoke to him of faith in Jesus. Yes, of that great faith which pierces the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God.

"Faith!" echoed the strange man, who stood there erect, with the death light in his eye. "Faith, can give me back my honor? Look, ye priest, there over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his countrymen the pleasant story of the seven years' war—there in his regal hall sits George of England howling in his idiotic rage the loss of his colonies. And here am I—he—who was the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike the blow against that King—here am I dying like a dog!"

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man while—throb—throb—throb—beat the death-watch in the shattered wall.

"Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered in that wild absent tone, as though speaking to the dead: "silence, along the lines! Hark, you, Montgomery, we will meet there in victory or death!! Hist! silence, my men, not a whisper, as you move up those steep rocks! Now on, my boys, now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town. Now up with the banner of the stars; up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark and the snow falls! Now—now"—shrieked the death stricken man, towering there in the blue uniform, with his clenched hands waving in the air—"now! One blow and Quebec is ours!"

And look. His eyes grow glassy. With that word on his lips, he stands there—ah! what a hideous picture of despair, of—livid, ghastly! There for a moment, and then he falls! He is dead! Ah! look at that proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In that glassy eye there lingers even yet, horrible energy, a spirituality of despair.

Who is this strange man, dying here alone in this rude garret, this man, who, in all his crime, still treasured up his blue uniform and faded flag?

Who is this being of terrible remorse? This man whose memories link something of heaven and more of hell?

Let us look at the parchment and the flag!

The old minister unrolls that faded flag, it was a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars.

He unrolls that parchment. It is a Colonel's commission in the continental Army, addressed Benedict Arnold!

And there, in that rude hut, while the death watch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall—unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corpse of that patriot and traitor.

O, that our own true Washington had been there; to sever that good right arm from the corpse, and while the dishonored body rotted into dust, to bring home that good right arm, and embalm it among the holiest memories of the past.

For that right arm had struck many a gallant blow for freedom, yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, and Saratoga—that arm yonder, beneath the snow-white mountain, in the deep silence of the dead, first raised into sight the banner of the Stars.

It was during the renowned expedition through the wilderness to Quebec, that Arnold encamped for two or three days beside the River of the Dead, near a snow-white mountain, which rose in lovely grandeur over all other mountains, into the autumnal sky. A single soldier ascended the mountain with the hope of beholding from its summit the rocks and spires of Quebec. When he came down Arnold took from his breast, where, for four days in privation and danger, he had carried it, a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He raised it into the light, and for the first time the Continental Banner floated over the solitudes of the Dead River. This is a fact attested by history and corroborated by tradition.

Telegraphic Feat.—Last night after the offices of the Magnetic Telegraph Line had been cleared of their business, the operator found the line to be in excellent working order. Mr. Byrn, one of the operators conversed freely with persons in the office at Mobile, (Ala.) which office notified that at New Orleans of the fact, and in a few moments conversation was carried on, between persons in the office here in Washington and those at New Orleans in as rapid a manner as if they were present in the same room. But the lightning, not content with performing this feat gave evidence that it was powerful enough to work a longer distance and in a few moments the wires from New York and New Orleans were attached in this office, and persons in the office in Wall street, in the former city were soon conversing with those in the St. Charls Hotel, in the latter city, through the medium of nearly seventeen hundred miles of wire! It is seldom that this feat can be performed for so long a distance and the weather must have been uniform throughout the seaboard portion of the country.—*Washington States.*

Excavations from the Ruins of Carthage.—A private letter received in the city of Richmond, says the *Dispatch*, from Tunis, Algiers, states that on the 20th of October, H. B. M. steamer Supply arrived at that port from Malta, for the purpose of taking on board forty-five cases containing Mosaics and Punic inscriptions which were taken from the ruins of Carthage. Some of the Mosaics are represented as being beautiful and of large size—one piece measuring 15 feet by 6 feet. The cases generally measure about eight feet square. Besides the inscription several pieces of statuary and architecture were also put on the Supply. These articles are all to be taken to London and placed in the museum there. Both the English government and people seem to take great interest in the excavation of these ruins, and the former has been liberal in supplying money for the purpose.

The city of Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is said to be, without exception, the largest city in the world, as it is said to contain 1,500,000 dwellings, and 3,000,000 inhabitants!

Hills' Equestrian Statue of Washington.

The plaster cast of this statue, ordered of Mr. Clarke Mills by the Congress of the United States, is in the main finished, and so set up as to enable much of the effect of the work in its fully completed condition to be now seen and appreciated. The point in Washington's military career which has been chosen for illustration, or we ought rather to say for close representation, is that moment in the battle of Princeton when the whole success of the day turned solely upon his noble but terrified charger, the moral and physical makeweight that tilted the nearly balanced scale and brought to the American cause a glorious preponderance.—By no one does it appear that the dread moments of which we speak, big with the fate of Washington and of America, have been so pointed and vividly described as by a writer in the Brunswick (Georgia) Advocate, of December 17, 1839, who, recording the animated recital of an eye-witness, Col. John Fitzgerald, Washington's own aid-de-camp, says as follows:

"The Aid-de-Camp had been ordered to bring up the troops from the rear of the column, when the band, under Gen. Mercer, became engaged. Upon returning to the spot where he had left the Commander-in-Chief he was no longer there; and, upon looking round, he discovered him endeavoring to rally the line which had been thrown into disorder by a rapid onset of the foe. Washington, after several ineffectual efforts to restore the fortunes of the fight, is seen to rein up his horse with his head to the enemy, and in that position to become immovable. It was a last appeal to his army, and seemed to say, will you give up your general to the foe? Such an appeal was not made in vain. The discomfited Americans rally on the instant and form into line, the enemy halt and draw their line, the American chief is between the adverse posts, as though he had been placed there a target for both. The arms of both lines are levelled. Can escape from death be possible? Fitzgerald, horror-struck at the danger of his beloved commander, dropped the reins upon his horse's neck, and drew his hat over his face that he might not see him die. A roar of musketry succeeds, and then a shout. It was the shout of victory. The aid-de-camp ventures to raise his eyes, and oh, glorious sight! the enemy are broken and flying; while dimly, amid the glimpses of the smoke, is seen the chief alive, unharmed, and without a wound, waving his hat and cheering his comrades to the pursuit."

We cannot but express ourselves as sincerely thinking that Mr. Mills has been singularly fortunate in his choice of a crisis and thoroughly successful in the result of his studies thereupon. In fact, the horse and his rider in Mr. Mill's group tell the whole story of the terrible moment on the field of Princeton. The horse, no raw prancer, but a veteran steed, to which the sharp roll of musketry and the deeper booming of artillery were accustomed and daily sounds, finds himself in a position he had never been in before, and all his faculties, nay, his whole nature is stricken, quailing in the face of the death to which he is bearing his master and himself. He throws himself back upon his haunches, his fore-feet carved inward and backward, as if seeking to recede; his eye wild with terror, but still confessing submission to a superior will. Such is the account given by the mere animal, though a truly fine one, of the awful instant in question. But what is the story rendered by that form which bestrides with unavailing though not insensible purpose the noble steed? Bearing slightly backwards, in acknowledgment of the storm of death that hurtled in his front, and yet using that motion, as but a preparative for penetrating to the storm's very source, with sword drawn, Washington shows his soul in his face; intrepid, determined, with a spirit that looked indignantly upon danger and death when seen in the path of duty, he meets the fury of the leaden tempest and the flashing of the serried steel with a charge equally sudden, furious, and unswerving.—[*National Intelligencer.*

How Democrats are made in New Hampshire.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce has a lively anticipation of a change in the politics of New Hampshire. A few thousand votes taken from the Republicans and added to the Democracy will, he says, throw the State again into the hands of the latter. He hopes that this change will take place by 1860, and here is his reason for the hope:—

"It is thought that Gov. Haile's unpopular appointment of the same day for Thanksgiving with the neighboring States, may induce many farmers to change their politics, for formerly they could have two or three Thanksgiving Day *markets*, and this year but one!"

To Take Ink out of Linen.—Editors and clerks will learn with pleasure that to take a piece of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow, the linen may be washed and the spots will disappear without injuring the linen.

A Crooked Boundary Line.—The commissioners employed in running the boundary between Virginia and Tennessee, find the line so crooked that they have all become cross-eyed and subject to fits of vertigo.

A Longfellow after Cairo.

Directly in the "branch" of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, upon a foundation composed of forty-two strata of spark-and and of soft black mud—

Stands a city dark and dreary,
Where the traveler, tired and weary,
Is met by the people pale and sallow,
With moans grim, and sneers, and hollow,
And their eyes look wild and restless,
And they get like people drunken,
Here at night, or noon, or morning,
Without a moment's warning,
The ague is sure to take you,
And 'will shake you, yes 'will shake you.
Shake with it once, you'll shake forever,
You'll stop shaking, never, never!
It shakes the rags from off the houses,
Shakes the men from out their trowsers,
Shakes the hoops from off the ladies,
Shakes the gew-gaws off the babies,
Shakes whate'er it takes a notion,
And it's ever after kept in motion;
Shake you can 'will shake forever!
There's work enough for all folks,
Small ones, large ones, tall folks,
All take turns and hold each other,
Father, mother, sister and brother,
Hold each other while they're shaking,
Shaking out quinine they've been taking,
And they'll shake forever after.
"To the land of the hereafter."
In this valley dark and lonely,
Haunted by this demon only,
The soil is rich and mellow,
Where these people, pale and sallow,
Plant their corn when it is need time,
Eat their quinine when it's feed time;
Eat in the bar, After, supper and dinner,
And they all keep growing thinner,
'Till their bones come through their body,
'Till 'twont hold their whisky toddy,
Then it is they're gone forever—
Yes, forever, ever! ever!

Wholesale Execution in India.—Mr. Charles Buxton, an English member of Parliament, in a recent address to his constituents, thus spoke of the wholesale executions which have occurred in India:

How many persons do you think we executed in the city of Allahabad? Just realise the awful horror of but one execution—the fearful mental agony of the man who feels the rope round his neck and then the drop fall. In that city we executed in cold blood *thirteen hundred persons!* [Shame.] In the Punjaub, where no outrage whatever was committed, we executed *six thousand persons!* I read that myself, in a letter from Sir John Lawrence. Is it not awful to think of hanging and shooting five thousand human beings! And if this was done in the Punjaub, what must have been done in Bengal, where rebellion really raged! Why, we seem to have put to death without mercy any man who took sides against us. For instance, a Rajah saved the life of Mitchell and other Europeans. But, under compulsion, as he said, he aided the rebels. He was caught and hanged. I knew the family of an officer of the Bhopaul Contingent.

They told me that when the contingent mutined, two hundred of them with great difficulty saved the life of this gentleman and his brother officers, and also refused to march off and take up arms with the mutineers. Well, General —— arrived. And what did he do but put to death these very two hundred men, on the ground that they had fought against their brethren. And I heard Mr. Layard give an account of their execution, which was heart rending to hear. [Shame.] A friend of my own wrote home with glee, how he had destroyed eighty villages. I read a letter from a soldier, who said that after a wholesale massacre of their prisoners they flung the bodies into a pit and covered them over. One of them recovered his senses, and came wandering into camp. He was again shot the next morning. All about Delhi the head men of every village where the telegraph had been broken were hanged, though they had no more to do with it than I had. I said it in the House, and I say here, again, that the men who did that did murder.

An Egyptian Coin found in Mississippi.

The Jackson (Miss.) *Eagle* says that several years ago, a *veritable Egyptian silver coin*, worth about thirty cents of our currency, was, in digging a well near Tallahoma, in that State, found embedded in the earth, about thirty feet under ground. This is one of those isolated facts which are from time to time coming to light, from which has been drawn the inference that this country was known centuries before the time of Columbus, not only to the Northmen and other Europeans, but to the Egyptians, the Phœnicians and even to the Chinese. We heard a native *Syrian* who visited this country not long since, declare it to be his belief that the Aborigines of America sprang from the Bebouins, from the similarity of their general characters, and especially from the circumstance that the females of both carry their infants upon their backs. His explanation was that they came via the Mediterranean, and the straits of Gades (Gibraltar) in the time of the Phœnicians, who were, it will be recollected, a commercial people. Carthage being a colony from Phœnicia, the Egyptian coin found thirty feet below the surface in the solid earth in Mississippi would seem thus to be accounted for.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

No woman is so insignificant as to be sure her example can do no hurt.—*Clarendon.*

Much coin, much care—much meat, much malady.

MURDER WILL OUT.

A few years since a citizen of Alabama, whose name is suppressed by the papers, committed a cruel murder, but on trial for the crime he escaped, owing to some link being needed in the evidence. Public opinion was against him and he soon after left and took up his residence in Attala County, Miss. It is recently related of him that, after having experienced the most terrible agony for many months, he procured a barrel of whiskey, and secluded himself from the society of man, where, solitary and alone, he plunged into the deepest and most thorough state of intoxication, drinking, it is said, a quart of the "fire-water" at one draught. In this gloomy and miserable condition he lingered through the lapse of two or three months, and finally died in the most intense mental agony, calling on the bystanders to take away from his bedside the victim who had so long haunted his memory and agonized him in his dreams.

ANIMAL CURIOSITIES.

The tongue of a cat is a singular instrument. It is her curry-comb. For the purpose it is rough, as you will find it if you feel it. When she cleans herself so industriously, she gets off the dirt and smooths her coat just as the ostler cleans and smooths the horse's coat with the curry-comb. Her head she cannot get at with her tongue, and so she has to make her fore-paws answer the purpose instead.

There is one bird that lives chiefly on oysters. It has a bill, therefore, with which it opens an oyster as skillfully as an oysterman can with his oyster knife.

Some birds can sew very well with their bills and feet. There is one bird that sews so well that it is called the tailor bird. Its nest is hid in leaves which it sews together. It does this with a thread which it makes itself. It gets cotton from the cotton plant, and with its long, delicate bill and little feet, spins it into a fine thread. It then pierces the holes through the leaves with its bill, and passing the thread through the holes, sews them together. We believe that in getting the thread through the holes, it uses both its bill and feet.

Rules for the Journey of Life.—The following rules, from the papers of Dr. West, were, according to his memorandum, thrown together as general way marks on the journey of life:

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem such, however absurd they may appear to be.

Never show levity when people are professionally engaged in worship.

Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it.

Never on any occasion to retaliate.

Always take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing with me in political and religious opinions.

Not to dispute with a man more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor an enthusiast.

Not to effect to be witty, or to just so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself and those who are near me.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Not to obtrude my advice unasked.

Never to court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanity or vices.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions; especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review my conduct, and note my feelings.

On all occasions to have in prospect the end of life and the future state.

To Keep Tires Tight on Wheels.—A correspondent of the Southern Planter furnishes valuable information on this interesting subject.

I ironed a wagon, some years ago, for my own use, and before putting on the tires, I filled the fellys with linseed oil, and the tires have worn out, and were never loose. I ironed a buggy for my own use, seven years ago, and the tires are now as tight as when put on. My method of filling the fellys with oil is as follows: I use a long cast iron oil heater, made for the purpose; the oil is brought to a boiling heat, the wheel is placed on a stick, so as to hang in the oil, each felly one hour, for a common sized felly. The timber should be dry, as green timber will not receive oil.—Care should be taken that the oil be made no hotter than a boiling heat, in order that the timber be not burnt. Timber filled with oil is not susceptible of water, and the timber is much more durable.

Longevity.—There is now living in Norfolk, Virginia, on Queen street, a negro woman who is in her one hundred and twentieth year. Her name is Sarah Mallory, and she retains all her faculties in a remarkable degree. Her youngest son is now living, and is between seventy and eighty; his youngest is thirty-four, who is himself the father of an interesting family.

A colored woman recently died at Dixon, Illinois, of the same age—120—as the above.

An Indian, aged 137 years, recently died in California.

Our listeners will tell us anything sooner than our faults, or what they know we do not like to hear.—*Richardson.*

Blind Tom.—This gifted American boy-musician, is yet at the Yarborough House, but will remain only a short time unless a sufficient number of people be obliged to go away.

He is certainly the most wonderful boy-musician we have ever seen, or a pair of horses belonging to Col. Watson, of Johnston county. One of the horses had run away several times, and on Friday last injured four persons by taking fright and kicking off. Both horses were perfectly afraid of a Buffalo robe, and could not be driven without blinds. In a very short time the Professor had them perfectly docile, drove them without blinds, and threw a Buffalo robe over them, first on their backs, then on their heads, then wrapped himself in it and made them follow him. The trial took place in the presence of a large crowd, and so far as we could judge, all were thoroughly satisfied and astonished.

Prof. L. uses no drugs, nor does he use harshness or severity in his training. He imparts this rare and useful knowledge in a few moments, and we would advise all who deal with horses to avail themselves of the present opportunity to acquire the art.—*Raleigh Standard.*

Mrs. Partington lately remarked to a legal friend, "If I owes a man a debt, and makes him the lawful holder of a blank bill, and he refuses to accept it, but swears out an execration and levies it upon my body, if I wouldn't make a golly-wog of him, drown me in the nuxwise sea."

The regard one shows economy is like that one shows an old aunt, who is to leave us something at last.—*Sheridanese.*

There is nothing so bad which will not admit of something to be said in its defence.—*Sterne.*

Once upod a time a Frenchman taunted an Englishman with being nationally deficient in the inventive faculty. "Your nation," says the Gaseon, "has no imagination. We invent, while you can do nothing but improve." The Englishman coolly answered, "Perhaps you are right. Take the shirt, for example. You invented the collar; we improved it, by adding the body and sleeves."

The Greatest Steam Invention Yet.—The Baton Rouge Gazette, under the above heading has the following:

"William S. Martin, of this city, has invented an engine which can be constructed, boiler and all, for about $50. The machine is so simple, that we might with propriety say it is merely an escape pipe taking up no room. The steam is admitted into the centre of a drum or cylinder in which the shaft works; from this power is applied directly without friction. The other day we saw the model of the engine pumping water about twenty feet, throwing it into a reservoir at the brewery. This is the apparatus wanted for getting up in a cheap manner one or two horse power to drive small machinery. Mr. S. Martin has made application for letters patent, and when he gets them we think he has a fair prospect ahead to realize something from the result of his genius.

The Mayor of Liege states that a pamphlet of that town has invented a paper for making the envelopes of letters, which has the property of reproducing on the paper enclosed, the postmark which is stamped on the outside. One great inconvenience of the present envelope will be thus removed, as every instance will bear the official date of its transmission.

NORTH CAROLINA MECHANICS
SHOW CASE
MACHINE SHOP
AND
FOUNDRY,
ALAMANCE COUNTY, N. C.

THE Proprietors of this establishment, would inform their friends and the public generally, that they are still Manufacturing from ten to six

HORSE POWER,
WHEAT THRESHING MACHINES

with Wrought or Cast Iron Cylinders, of all sizes, either portable or stationary. The latest improved wrought cylinders, the teeth being inserted through the bar, square with the top of the bar, which obviates all difficulty in removing the teeth, when one side gets worn. These Machines will suit the wants of every Farmer. We will manufacture Gudgeon Gear, Circular Saws, Gins and Saw Mill Irons of every description; Cutting Machines of different kinds and sizes, Corn Shellers, Flour Mill Gears, all kinds of Casting and Machine work made to order at short notice. A good supply of materials on hand, and the work done by experienced workmen, and under the superintendence of the proprietors, who are practical Mechanics. Having had many years experience they do not hesitate in saying that no efforts will be spared on their part to give general satisfaction. Send in your orders for these celebrated Machines, that you may be furnished in good time for the season. Any thing in our line will be delivered on the N. C. Railroad at Graham's, marked to stop to be owned. Terms reasonable, to suit the times. All orders for work, or letters on business addressed to S. Dixon, Davidson & Co., Snow Camp, Alamance Co., will receive prompt attention.

SOLOMON DIXON,
CALEB DIXON,
BERRY DAVIDSON,
P. S. BENBOW,
Proprietors

☞ MURPHY & CO., Agents, Salisbury, N. C.
May 11th, 1858. 6m30

JONESVILLE
Male and Female Academies.

Rev. W. L. Van Eaton, A. M., Principal
L. J. Cosnes, A. B. Assistant.
Miss A. D. Lorraine, Teacher in Female Department.
Miss P. K. Hanson, Teacher of Music and French.

Board per session of 21 weeks, with every thing furnished except lights, $25 00
Tuition varies from $ to $15 12 00
Music on Piano, 20 00
French and Embroidery, each, 5 00

The twenty eighth session of these schools will open the first Wednesday in January next. It is highly important that all enter the first week of the session thereafter if possible.

The schools are conducted in large buildings, and at a suitable distance apart, affording parents an opportunity to give their sons and daughters a thorough education in the same village. We have also opportunity, with ample dwellings, also a good library for the benefit of the pupils.

We now have several large boarding houses open for the accommodation of students, at the low rates of $7 per month, and we know that parents and guardians will send us in one hundred and fifty for the next session.

For further particulars address the Principal at Jonesville, Yadkin Co., N. C. and Catalogues will be sent.

Nov. 18th, 1858. 6t 28