

Corina Hatchman. VOL. XVII. SALISBURY, N. C., SEPTEMBER 18, 1860. NUMBER 18.

TERMS. THE NORTH CAROLINA ADVERTISER is published weekly, for \$3.00 per year in advance.

BLANKS. We have on hand and prepared BLANKS for all the States and Territories.

Speech of Mr. Seward. As belonging to the political history of the time, we today spread before our readers the able and elaborate speech delivered by Mr. Senator SEWARD at Detroit, Michigan, on the 4th inst.

It will thus be seen that the "slavery question," as treated by Mr. S., is simply a question in regard to the future occupancy and settlement of the Territories.

Without pausing to draw into question the historical facts assumed by Mr. Seward as the foundation of his appeals, we may be permitted to say that, even conceding the accuracy and justice of all his representations under this head, as of all his arguments, whether drawn from moral, political, or commercial considerations, against the extension of slavery into the Territories of the Union, we cannot avoid the conviction that he proposes to reach the object he has in view by a very bold, bold, and circuitous route.

This statement may have the form of a syllogism, but we are unable to construe its terms in any way so as to make its predicate accord with the logic of facts assumed as its premises.

The consequences which, by necessary logical inference, follow from these premises, are an admission that every intelligent man can draw them for himself.

As we believe they cannot, why will the South longer persist in its efforts to make slave States of Territories, which they have no right to do? Why will they persist in their efforts to ward off a glorious and noble struggle?

The interests of the whole country are due to Mr. Seward for stating the position on which he stands, and for thus challenging the people to a conscientious examination of its grounds.

It is not to be supposed that we are to be divided into two camps, one for and one against Mr. Seward's views, as if he were a man of straw.

It is not to be supposed that we are to be divided into two camps, one for and one against Mr. Seward's views, as if he were a man of straw.

Even Mr. Seward's ideal of parties such as the country needs—parties solid, enduring, and constant, inspired by love of country, reverence for virtue, and devotion to human liberty.

one, and liberty-loving people, but to achieve some material public advantage or temporary importance, or to secure the advancement of some chief. Both on the one side and on the other, we must believe that there was something more than a mere ambition of elevated principles and generous sentiments in the old contests of the Federal party and its opponents, and in the latter Titanic struggle of the Whig and Democratic parties.

As time brought it to such a point, existing parties have given way, showing themselves to be merely temporary organizations. And yet who can say that for all this the parties have shown themselves unworthy of their function, seeing that the questions presented were in the nature of things temporary and shifting?

The Great Metropolis.—London now covers 121 square miles, having increased three fold since the year 1600; and bricks and mortar are used and captured the ground fields.

An Attempt to make it Rain.—A letter from Lynchburg in the Richmond Dispatch says: "A gentleman who resides near Boydton, Mecklenburg county, Va. has applied to a new science—that of controlling the clouds in order to cause it to rain."

Machinery.—Of all the labor-saving generally in use by mechanics, none seem to be so dangerous as the screw driver.

A Song for the Union. A woman in the South, a woman in the North, An angry, this Union to sever, But the stars of South and the stars of North, No Union shall part with us never!

In "Old Abe" Song. There was an old father, his name was Uncle Abe, Spitting out long ago long ago, He was an old father, his name was Uncle Abe, Spitting out long ago long ago.

WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT. I had been three weeks in the cottage, when Jack walked in my room. "Pleasant, sir, there's a boy outside wants to see you."

"What's the matter with Ellen?" I asked. "Dunno, sir," is a tone which, if it failed to imply he didn't care least proved he was not disposed to be communicative.

"A working man's hat and coat hung in one corner, with a cheap photograph of the owner (I don't know why I felt certain it was his) suspended over them.

"Since daylight, sir," he said, "I started as I entered it, and dropped the hand; the movement roused her. The heavy eye-lids unclosed; I drew back.

"No, darling," "Ah, I forgot." A moment's pause. Then, in a quick, hurried tone, as if the thought were first impressed upon her mind—

"I know by that that it was very near, but the woman in her ignorance walked across the room, and opened both the shutters and the window. The bold sunlight came rushing, streaming in."

It was with a good deal of satisfaction that I perceived the progress of having my curiosity gratified, that I set off the next morning for the old woman's cottage.

"What's the matter with Ellen?" I asked. "Dunno, sir," is a tone which, if it failed to imply he didn't care least proved he was not disposed to be communicative.

"What's the matter with Ellen?" I asked. "Dunno, sir," is a tone which, if it failed to imply he didn't care least proved he was not disposed to be communicative.

"What's the matter with Ellen?" I asked. "Dunno, sir," is a tone which, if it failed to imply he didn't care least proved he was not disposed to be communicative.

with a satisfaction I was far from possessing, and she continued: "Well, sir, she was standing staring, and Ellen, thinking she'd heard what we'd been saying, told her sharply to go off; but she didn't move, so Ellen got up and pushed her out, but not before she had cast an evil look and muttered to herself."

"I felt barred like, and knew something would come of it; but didn't say anything to any one." "When Jack came home that night I talked to him a deal. He didn't take much notice at first, but at last he promised to see me, sir, if it were made up; may be, you see, the witch wouldn't let her bring her mind like to do it, for Jack and her were never the same afterwards, and Tom went to the cottage often than ever."

"I let my hand drop from his shoulder, for you see, sir, I knew it was all true, and I couldn't answer it, though I tried hard. At last I said, 'Jack, won't you bid her good-by?'"

"What's the matter with Ellen?" I asked. "Dunno, sir," is a tone which, if it failed to imply he didn't care least proved he was not disposed to be communicative.

"What's the matter with Ellen?" I asked. "Dunno, sir," is a tone which, if it failed to imply he didn't care least proved he was not disposed to be communicative.

"What's the matter with Ellen?" I asked. "Dunno, sir," is a tone which, if it failed to imply he didn't care least proved he was not disposed to be communicative.

Some little passages. Then when she got sensible, she'd lie by her side and utter speaking of him. At last, even I began to watch for him. I thought if he should only come, just to see her once before she went. I used to get the little one up at the window, and tell her to keep on looking over the hill, and pray she'd see her father coming, but my heart misgave me all the time—and I was right; for never came.

She stayed her story weeping; then turning to the bed: "She looks happy enough without him now; don't you, sir?"

She drew aside the covering. I gazed long upon the face, so child-like in its sweet simplicity. It wore a look of perfect rest. The slight shade of anxiety I had noticed the day before had passed away, giving place to an expression of calm content, like that of a tired child asleep.

Two days after, poor Ellen was buried, and it was not long before I left the place. Jack had not then returned, and the little one was once more playing happily with her doll, with no fear now of seeing the child-mother at her feet. As I passed the cottage for the last time, the bird was singing loudly, as though it had never left off.

This narrative is strictly true—no arbitrary additions—hundreds of the same kind are continually occurring. The belief in witchcraft is prevalent in most parts of England; nearly every village and hamlet has its "witch."

The narrative is strictly true—no arbitrary additions—hundreds of the same kind are continually occurring. The belief in witchcraft is prevalent in most parts of England; nearly every village and hamlet has its "witch."

The narrative is strictly true—no arbitrary additions—hundreds of the same kind are continually occurring. The belief in witchcraft is prevalent in most parts of England; nearly every village and hamlet has its "witch."

The narrative is strictly true—no arbitrary additions—hundreds of the same kind are continually occurring. The belief in witchcraft is prevalent in most parts of England; nearly every village and hamlet has its "witch."

The narrative is strictly true—no arbitrary additions—hundreds of the same kind are continually occurring. The belief in witchcraft is prevalent in most parts of England; nearly every village and hamlet has its "witch."

The narrative is strictly true—no arbitrary additions—hundreds of the same kind are continually occurring. The belief in witchcraft is prevalent in most parts of England; nearly every village and hamlet has its "witch."