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From the Charlotte Journal.

A Mountain in Labor.

The Great Democratic Locomotive Convention, according to previous notice, took place in Salisbury on the 20th instant and adjourned on the 21st.

THE LOCO FOCO CONVENTION.

Met in Salisbury on the 20th at 10 o'clock in the morning, at Vogel's Grove, about 300 yards S. E. of the Court House, when the Hon. Tenry W. Conner, of Lincoln county, was appointed chairman and made his acknowledgments to the company in a set speech, in which he commemorated Gov. Morehead's Chicken Coop and Tee House, which through the interposition of Providence had no ice in it.

When on motion of Mr. Hoke, Esq., four Vice Presidents were appointed, and on motion of J. Williams, Esq., two Clerks were nominated and voted for aye, aye.

A committee was then appointed to take into consideration the proceedings of the Raleigh Convention of the 10th of January.

The Hon. Robert Strange, late Senator of the United States, and now delegate from the county of Cumberland, was called upon by the chairman to address the meeting, who rose and spoke for one hour and a half, eulogizing Mr. Henry, the Loco Foco candidate for Governor of North Carolina.

Gov. Morehead at Halifax. The Raleigh Advocate gives a long sketch of Gov. Morehead's speech at Halifax, on the 17th ult., in which he ably defended himself from all charges, and carried the war into the enemy's country.

Gov. Morehead replied to Gov. Branch, in a very eloquent, clear and forcible speech, demonstrating beyond all cavil the correctness of his positions and summing in a manner, unanswerable, the principles he had first laid down.

Gov. Morehead's reply, we think, one of the finest speeches that he has ever delivered. He is a man of facts and figures, clear in his statements, sound in his principles, and unanswerable in his conclusions.

An old writer says: "The life is begun in a cry, and ends with a cry." True; and as the two extremities of life are so dolorous, there should be laughter and cheerfulness in the midst of it.

One of the Secretaries then began to read some letters from reluctantly absent democratic friends which reading was extinguished by a more absolute shower of rain.

So the meeting adjourned to the Court House at candle light—at that time the chairman took his seat as judge and called upon Mr. Reid, of Fayetteville, Mr. Craig, said to be of Lincoln, and Mr. McRae, of Fayetteville, who each in turn belabored Whiggery with might and main, but each like their predecessor, Bedford Brown, Esq., professed great love and respect for all the Whigs and did not intend to be personal or only the Whig leaders—Henry Clay and John Morehead.

Meeting adjourned until 9 o'clock on Saturday. Hour arrived, bell rung. Then a feast of good things, of fat things and white on the breast, was produced, being letters read by Charles Frederick, one of the Secretaries, from Silas Wright, a lecture on Democracy, Whiggery, Henry Clay, and the Tariff.

The number of men who turned out last week, according to the order of the commander-in-chief, is ascertained to be about 2500, exclusive of any part of the Lenoir county, except the city.

Providence county contains half the population of the State, and nearly the whole of the disaffected portion of it. Some towns in it however are amongst the soundest in the State, as Sevierville and Foster, and a large number can be relied upon from them, as well as some from the disaffected towns.

The militia has been in a wretched state of organization, but half officered, badly equipped and very little drilled. Their defects are, however, rapidly disappearing, especially in this city, and the other populous parts of the State, where the men are constantly meeting for drill and exercise.

The right spirit prevails everywhere, and before that all difficulties and deficiencies will speedily fall. We shall soon have a large efficient force of citizen soldiery ready to defend the laws and authorities of the State against treason at home or invasion from abroad.

We have confidence in our Governor, confidence in the General Government, and confidence in ourselves; and we are ready to meet the question, whether lawless violence or regulated liberty shall prevail, not in Rhode Island alone, but throughout the Union; for the consequences of this movement, were it possible for it to succeed, would, by no means, be confined to our limited territory.

South has not been the design of the conspirators, since the encouragement of Tammany Hall and his kindred powers was offered to them. Who shall estimate the weight of guilty responsibility which rests upon them in your city, who for the sake of the lowest partisan advantage urged on a maddened and desperate man to schemes which could only have been fulfilled upon the ruins of all that is valuable in our political and social institutions?

"Your Money or your Life." Is it so, that *with* and *rank* will screen crime from merited punishment, in this country of free and equal rights? An instance of the kind has surely occurred in Virginia; and we almost find it in our hearts to charge it as a blot upon her annals.

The reader no doubt recollects to have seen a notice, some time ago, of the murder of Professor Davis, of the Virginia University, under most aggravated circumstances. He was shot by a student, a young man by the name of Semmes, highly commended in the South. The charge is proved to the satisfaction of three preliminary tribunals who investigated it; but the accused was at length admitted to bail for the sum of \$25,000.

At the late term of Albemarle Superior Court, a relative of Semmes, from Georgia, came forward, and paid this amount into Court; and the culprit escapes with impunity. Many similar rich rascals would have been swung up between the heavens and the earth, amid the execrations of the world! Such is the idea that must immediately strike the popular mind—and it is true.

In the language of the Charlotteville Advocate, "the hand of justice grasps only the poor alternative of a pecuniary fine, which be it ever so great, the law certainly never designed to be received as the price of blood, or the pitiful penalty of crime." "We do deeply deplore," says that paper, "the wrong which by his escape has been inflicted upon the peace and safety of society, and the contempt with which the majesty of the law is thus violated."

Greenborough Patriot. The reptile in human form should be avoided; one may rub out the skin of a snake, but not the sting of a shadow.

Affairs in Rhode Island.

We copy the following letter from the New York Courier and Enquirer.

Correspondence of the Courier & Enquirer. PROVIDENCE, May, 1864.

There are indications not to be mistaken, that a powerful effort is now making to re-organize the party which sustained the "People's Constitution," and which claims the government under it.

For although a fugitive Dyer is under the protection of the Governor of Connecticut, and he is in communication with the leaders of his party in this city; a meeting of his friends was held at Chelsea last week, and still a more important one was held yesterday, near Lime Rock, in Southfield, at which pledges were given to maintain the "People's Constitution" by force, and a very considerable sum of money was raised.

It was also determined to hold an encampment in the course of next week. The sessions of the Governor and Council have been long and frequent, although the results of their deliberations have not been made public, it is known that information has been received of a body of men organizing in Worcester county, Massachusetts; that communications have passed between Gov. King and the Governor of Massachusetts; and New York. The Governor and Council have also urged upon the citizens the importance of an efficient military organization, the manner in which they have conducted the government through the late crisis convinces the people that the call would not be made were it not necessary.

It has been responded to cheerfully, and companies are forming throughout the city and State. We shall be far better prepared to meet another assault upon the government.

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An Important Movement.

The New York Sun publishes a letter from a private correspondent, who, writing from Mobile, under date of the 16th, says:

"An expedition is now on its way out at this place and New Orleans, to take Metamor. It will consist of two Texian schooners of war, which arrived here to-day, Commodore Moore's ship of war, the Austin, now at New Orleans, and four other large schooners now chartered in this port, to carry provisions and ammunition; also a steamboat to tow them all up the harbor to Metamor. They are sure to take the city."

The army will consist of about 4000 men, under the command of one Col. Washington, from Washington city, and of Washington boats—a fine, brave fellow, cool and collected—a gentleman and a scholar. Com. Moore commands the naval expedition, and Washington the land forces. The people here are raving at their progress to aid this expedition. The whole Mexican coast is unprotected; and the foreign residents at Metamor have sent word to Col. Washington that they will not defend the city. The plan of the expedition is to get \$500,000 in redemption of the city, or lay it in ashes."

From the New York Aurora.

Plea of an Iowa Counsellor.

Gentlemen of the Jury: It is with feelings of an ordinary emotion that I rise to defend the character of my injured client from the attacks which have been made upon his heretofore unapproachable character. I feel, gentlemen, that though a good deal sadder than any of you are, or even the Judge here, yet that I am totally incompetent to present this case in that painful and heart-rending light which is so important a demand. And I trust, gentlemen, that whatever I may lack in presenting the subject, will be immediately made up by your own good sense and discernment, if you have any.

The counsel for the prosecution gentlemen, will undoubtedly endeavor to leave dust in your eyes. He will tell you that his client is a man of function; that he is of an exalted variety; that he is a man who would scorn to fetch an action against another merely to gratify his personal caprice; but let me retreat you gentlemen, to beware how you rely upon any specious reasoning like this. I myself apprehend that this creature has been wilfully and maliciously fettered; fettered, for the sole and only purpose of browbeating my unhappy client here, and in an eminent manner grinding the face of the poor; and gentlemen, I apprehend that if you could look into this man's heart, and read the motives, that propelled him to fetch this suit, such a picture of moral turpitude and heart-felt ingratitude would be brought to light as has never before been experienced since the Fall of Niagara.

Now, gentlemen, I want to make a brilliant appeal to the kind sympathies of your wiser, and see if I can't warp your judgment a little in favor of my unfortunate client, and then I shall feel my arguments to a close. Here is a poor man, who has a number of wife and children dependent on him for their bread and butter, wretchedly fettered up here, and arraigned before an intellectual jury, on the charge of gratuitously looking; yes, gentlemen, mark the idea, looking six quarts of cider. You, gentlemen, have all been placed in the same situation, and you know how to feel for the misfortunes of my heart-broken client; and I hope you will not permit the natural feelings of your sympathizing heart to be overcome by the superstitious arguments of my ignorant opponent on the other side.

The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the language of Shakespeare, that what no doubt exists of the guilt of a prisoner, it is your duty to lean upon the side of justice, and fetch him in judgment. If you keep this fact in view, you will have the honor gentlemen, of making a friend of him and all his relations, and you can afford to look back upon this case that you did as you have been done by; but if you disregard this first point of law, what might my eloquent remarks, and fetch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will follow you over every fair cornfield, and my injured client, gentlemen, will be pretty apt to light on you some of these dark nights, as my cat lights on a saucer full of new milk.

From the Pennsylvania. As military affairs are creating more interest in the community than usual, we subjoin a martial call *carol* in *lit. latin*, which was recently secured by a friend of ours while travelling in the interior of the State, and who has favored us with the original manuscript. Omitting names and places, the document reads exactly as follows: ATTENTION—MOLISEMAN—(Militiamen)

Notice is hereby given that all those belonging to the — Company will meet on 2nd day of May 1842 at 10 o'clock in the After Noon at the house of — for Tranen and report with Fier Locks and all dose as not in roll Com Forc'd and in roll.

April 15, 1842. —Township. The "Caption" of the "Molisehan" probably found that "done" who were lucky enough not to be "in roll," were not quite so green as "some fore'd" and "in roll," notwithstanding the appeal thus made to their martial sympathies.

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

Monument to Highland Mary of Greenock.

On Tuesday, April 6, was laid the foundation stone of a monument to Burns Highland Mary, to be erected immediately adjoining to the spot on the west church-yard of Greenock, where her remains were interred.

The ceremony excited intense interest in the town of Greenock. The ground was crowded by between 19,000 and 22,000 persons. A bonfire with some newspapers, and an appropriate inscription, was placed in the same, and the usual formalities gone through by the Grand Master, P. M. Stewart, Esq., M. P.

About 100 gentlemen afterwards sat down to dinner. P. M. Stewart in the chair, who in a feeling and effective speech, with which he prepared a toast to "the memory of Burns and Highland Mary," made the following observations:— "And yet, of all the honours paid unto the memory of Burns, I do most proudly believe my friends, that we have this day beheld the greatest! And what have we beheld? We have beheld a town make holiday, and swell by strangers, gather round her grave, and lay the first stone of a Monument above the ashes of a peasant girl who held her soul's love! A plain, simple, modest, country girl, who would have gazed upon the glittering filigree and ruffling drapery with superstitious awe! Mary Campbell—she is a simple name to every lover of the bard. At mention of it, 'twas the stroke of an enchanter's wand," with what sweet recollections are our memories peopled. Little do we know of her and yet how well it all that little known. A Highland girl, born in Campbellton, whose parents afterwards resided here,—who served as dairy maid at the Castle of Montgomery, where our poet first met with, and became attached to her,—in appearance, handsome rather than lovely, with the small foot and low voice ("an excellent thing in woman,") which Burns loved,—who was possessed of rare good sense, and "whose heart," he declares, "was fraught with truth, honor, constancy and love,"—with whom he held that fire-wedded bond of natural romance known unto every one,—who died suddenly in our town, whether she had gone to meet her lover,—on the anniversary of whose death Burns was ever full of grief, even amid his marriage comforts,—and in whose praise and memory, he sung some of his most elevated and affecting strains. Eloquently does one of her own sex, one celebrated for her mental greatness, speak of her, with nothing more appropriate than whose remarks, can I conclude my preface. "Mary Campbell was a poor peasant girl,—whose life had been spent in the most servile offices, who could just spell a verse in her Bible, and who could not write at all, walked barefoot to that meeting on the banks of the Ayr which her lover has recorded; yet Mary Campbell shall live in memory as long as the language and the music of her land endure, and Helen of Greece and the Carthage Queen are not more surely immortalized than this plebeian girl. That scene of parting love,—that spot on the Banks of Ayr, where the golden hours, on angel wings, hovered over Burns and his Highland Mary, is classic ground. Vaucluse and Pons-hurst are not more lastingly consecrated, and like the copy of Virgil, on which Petrarch meditated the death of Laura, to which many have made a pilgrimage, but to look on, even such a relic shall the Bible of Highland Mary be, and many hereafter shall gaze with glistening eyes on the handwriting of him who, by the mere force of truth and passion, shall live in all hearts to the end of time."

Burns' poem of "HIGHLAND MARY" will form a very proper pendant to the above. Ye banks and braes, and streams around, The castle of Montgomery, Green by your woods and fair your flowers, Your waters never dream'd! There's a wee wee maid that's fairer than I, And there she's waiting for me, For there I took the last farewell O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birch, How sweet the hawthorn's blossom As underneath their fragrant shade I chafed her to my bosom! The golden hours on angel wings Flew o'er me and my dearie; For dear to me as light and life, Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wif' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace, Our parting was fu' tender; And pledging aft' to meet again, We tore oursel's asunder; But O! fell death's untimely frost, That nipt my flower so early! Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips! Lest her kiss'd'se eae fondly! And closed for e'er the sparkling glance That dwelt on the sea kindly! And mouldering now in silent dust That heart that lov'd me dearly! But still within my bosom's core Shall live my Highland Mary.

How to borrow a Shilling.—Can you give me two sixpences for a shilling?" asked a little boy of a grocer's clerk. "Certainly," said the clerk, handing out two sixpenny pieces, "Well," said the boy, pecking up the sixpences and turning to go out, "another says she will send you the shilling to-morrow,"—and was off.

A Story in Verse.

A conversation of the *Stockholm* steamer, written from Washington, relates the following story of a duel at sea.

Let me tell you what I have known to take place here. When Washington was a young man of a wild and free spirit, he was one day dining with a friend of the *Stockholm* steamer, had some words in the House with Mr. Campbell, in a time when words were followed by light. A challenge was given, and the only consequence at that time within gun shot, was the most venerable Samuel Harrison Smith, then the young, though able editor of the *National Intelligencer*. He was called on to arrest the challenge, and he promptly complied in the name of the *National Intelligencer*. Well, Mr. Smith expressed his place to arrest the principal and second. The news received him very politely, and the editor told him they would give passage for him for the district. Mr. Smith, however, was not to be "dullied" in that way, and insisted that he must find some way to keep the *Stockholm* in the U. S. They said they would continue him that his jurisdiction did not extend beyond the district,—and so of all earthly things, a learned and long argument was made in Mr. Smith's name, he went for his authorities, and bringing in his books prepared for a set to in good earnest. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, one of the great men of the time, and whose speech on the *Stockholm* was him so much fame, undertook to reason Mr. S. out of his premises; meantime the second and principal retired, jumped into a carriage, went to the ground, fought the duel, in which Mr. Gardiner was wounded, and returned to the house where they found Messrs. Bayard and Smith still busily engaged in the case. We used to have a hearty laugh at Mr. Smith in those days, about the manner in which he had been foiled. Mr. Bayard was the father of the present Senator Bayard from the same State, who is now sometimes dignified with the title of the *Chancellor Bayard*. The duel had the happy result of effect, and you have no idea how courteous manners were for a long time afterwards.

The Sun at Midnight. A steambot called *Stockholm* every week, and touches at Leffe, Huddersell, Hermsdon, Ujeli, and some other points on the western coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, at Wana, on the eastern, on its way up to Tornes; at the head of the gulf. This voyage is a very pleasant one, and gives an opportunity to those who wish to go up that very northern city at the summer solstice, or on St. John's day, when from the neighboring mountain they can have their faith confirmed in the truth of the Copernican system. For, at that epoch, the sun, to those who are at that elevation, does not descend behind the horizon; but is seen to decline to the northward, and verge more and more to the exact north, until it reaches at midnight its lowest pitch, when it is just visible about the horizon. In a few minutes it is seen to commence its upward course towards the northward, and thus continues its glorious progress until it reaches again its zenith in the south. Even to one who is at Stockholm at that epoch, the nights for two or three weeks are sufficiently bright from the reflection of the sun's rays, owing to its being so little beneath the horizon, for the performance of almost any business. We happened about this time four years ago, to be going up to the promontory of Upsala, and were obliged to travel all night; and we have a distinct recollection of reading a letter at midnight at case, even whilst passing through a forest. All the year after, at the same season, we often whiffed away our leisure moments by sitting at the windows of the house where we stayed, on the English quay in St. Petersburg, a city which is situated in the same deg. N. of Stockholm, and reading until midnight. During that period scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the sky, which had both day and night, that light blue which is peculiar to these northern regions in that portion of the year, and which is occasional by the rays of the sun striking the atmosphere of that portion of the earth at so small an angle. So early was it visible in the heavens at night, and the moon even when full, hardly furnished a shadow. At that season there is something wonderful and deathlike in the appearance of things as night sets in. Business comes to a stand; the sun goes down, all nature falls into a stupor, and sleeps what it is sure to do. And if you have been accustomed to such a state of things, you seem as you pass the straits, whether it be of Stockholm, of St. Petersburg, Hermsdon, or Tornes, as if in the midst of a city which is uninhabited. No living thing, perhaps, is to be seen any where, as you pass street after street, save some solitary sentinel, with his grey coat and musket.—*Bird's Travels.*

Liberty.—The American residents at Rome and visitors in that city, have subscribed the sum of twenty thousand dollars to constitute a fund for the establishment of a school for American Artists.

Remember that most of the metropolitan students of Robert Burns were captured while in Scotland, and were for a long time afterwards.