

Lexington and Radkin Flag.

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Lexington and Radkin Flag.

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No discount on these rates.
The Flag has now a weekly circulation of
over one thousand, affording merchants and busi-
ness men generally an excellent medium through
which to make public their business.

Mr. Fillmore's Americanism.
BUFFALO, New York, Jan. 3d, 1855.
RESPECTED FRIEND—ISAAC NEWTON: It
would give me great pleasure to accept
your kind invitation to visit Philadelphia
if it were possible to make my visit private
and limit to a few personal friends whom I
should be most happy to see; but I know
this would be out of my power, and I am,
therefore, reluctantly compelled to decline
your invitation, as I have done others to
New York and Boston, for the same reason.
I return you many thanks for your informa-
tion on the subject of politics. I am always
happy to hear what is going forward, but
independent of the fact that I feel myself
withdrawn from the political arena, I have
been to much depressed in spirit to take an
active part in the late elections. I content-
ed myself with giving a silent vote for Mr.
Ullman for Governor.

While, however, I am an inactive obser-
ver, of public events, I am by no means an
indifferent one. I may say to you, in the
frankness of private friendship, that I have
for a long time, looked with dread and ap-
prehension at the corrupting influence which
the contest for the foreign vote is exerting
upon our election. This seems to result
from its being banded together, and is sub-
ject to the control of a few interested and
selfish leaders. Hence, it has been of bar-
gain and sale, and each of the countries
have been bidding to obtain it, and as usual
in all such contests the party which is most
successful. The consequence is, that it is
fast demoralizing the whole country: cor-
rupting the very fountains of political power,
and converting the ballot box—the great
palladium of our liberty—into an unmean-
ing mockery, where the rights of native-
born citizens are voted away by those who
blindly follow their mercenary and selfish
leaders. The evidence of this is found not
merely in the shameful chaffering for the
foreign vote at every election, but in the
large disproportion of officers which are now
held by foreigners at home and abroad, as
compared with our native citizens. Where
is the true-hearted American whose cheek
does not tingle with shame and mortifica-
tion, to see our highest and most coveted
foreign missions filled by men of foreign
birth, to the exclusion of native born? Such
appointments are a humiliating confession to
the crowned heads of Europe that a Re-
publican soil does not produce sufficient
talent to represent a Republican nation at a
monarchical Court. I confess that it seems
to me—with all due respect to others, that,
as a general rule, our country should be
governed by American born citizens. Let
us give to the oppressed of every country
and asylum and a home in our happy land,
give to all the benefits of equal protection;
but let us at the same time cherish as the
apple of our eye the great principles of con-
stitutional liberty, which few who have not
had the good fortune to be reared in a free
country, know how to appreciate and still
less to preserve.

Washington, in that inestimable legacy
which he left to this country—his farewell
address—has wisely warned us to beware
of foreign influence as the most baneful foe
of a republican government. He saw it to
be a different light from that in which
it now presents itself; but he knew that it
would approach us in all forms, and hence
he cautioned us against the insidious wiles
of its influence. Therefore as well for our
own sakes to whom this invaluable inheri-
tance of self-government has been left by
our forefathers, as for the sake of the unborn
millions who are to inherit this land—foreign
and native—let us take warning of the
Father of his Country, and do what we can

justly to preserve our institutions from cor-
ruption, and our country from dishonor, but
let this be done by the people themselves
in their sovereign capacity by making a pro-
per discrimination in the selection of offi-
cers, and not by depriving any individual
—native or foreign born—of any constitu-
tional or legal right to which he is now en-
titled.
These are my sentiments in brief; and
although I have sometimes almost despair-
ed of my country when I have witnessed
the rapid strides of corruption, yet I think I
perceive a gleam of hope in the future; and
now I feel confident that when the great
mass of intelligence in this enlightened coun-
try is once fully aroused, and danger mani-
fested, it will fearlessly apply the remedy,
and bring back the Government to the pure
days of Washington's administration. Finally,
let us adopt the old Roman motto,
"Never despair of the Republic." Let us
do our duty, and trust in that Providence
which has so signally watched over and
preserved us, for the result. But I have said
more than I intended, and much more than
I should have said to any one but a trusted
friend, as I have no desire to mingle in
political strife.

Remember me kindly to your family,
and believe me truly your friend.
MILLARD FILLMORE.

The White Slave Trade.
A horrible system of stealing men and
women from their homes in China, and con-
veying them to the West Indies, Peru, &c.,
has grown up of late, in lieu of the African
slave trade; and as might be expected, like
the old slave trade, it is carried on chiefly
by English and American vessels—the latter
hauling in all cases, as far as we are
aware, from the non-slaveholding States, and
a large portion of them from New England
and New York. Very likely some of the
same men are engaged in this nefarious
business, who are loud in denouncing the
Southern men for not turning a large part
of his family out of doors, or sending them
to the snows of Canada.

The following extract of a letter which
has been handed us for publication, says
the New York Journal of Commerce, shows
how the materials of the modern slave trade
—the Chinese Coolies—are obtained. To
fill out the horrors of the middle passage—
which is often fatal to large numbers, and
then to see the poor wretches getting out
guano at the Chincha Islands, which soon
destroys the remainder. We are credibly
informed that a person who lay some days
near those Islands, saw eleven (we think it
was) of the poor creatures jump into the
sea, preferring death by drowning, to the
slow torture to which their employment
subjected them. If a white man were as
good as a negro in the estimation of the
noisy pretended philanthropists of this day,
—or rather if their humanity was not a sham
—they would utter some voice of remon-
strance against the abominable system to
which we have alluded, and which is car-
ried on in part by their own neighbors and
from their own ports.

Extract of a letter dated, Swatow, China,
Dec. 10th, 1855:
"We have now bent our sails and expect
to sail for Callao in a few days. We have
now on board 700 Coolies, and expect to
take 200 more. I suppose if God preserves
our lives, we will arrive in about 75 days.
I will try to explain what our cargo consists
of, viz: men—Chinamen, of course—who
are called Chinamen Coolies. As you have
been to Russia, you had a sample—the
same as serfs, or as Southern negroes; but,
poor things, they are torn from their parents
and friends, and sent on board of our ship,
and many other ships of our country, as
well as English. They kidnap them and
take them to the junk, as we call it, and stay
there one or two weeks, till the captain
thinks proper to take them on board our
ship. They are bought for fifteen and twenty
dollars per man, and when the captain
is ready to go on board the junk, the mate
sings out 'Lay aft here,' calling the boys
by name, and they have to keep the boat
away from the junk, for fear of some of the
Coolie's friends coming and taking them
away. We have one Coolie who has run
away from five different ships. The kid-
nappers bring out the Coolies the same as
at the slave market at Mobile, for inspection.
They are then made to go through several
exercises—jumping, kicking, &c., and then
inspected by the doctor. After this they
are given new clothes, and then sent on
board the ship and we have to keep sentry.
We have twenty men armed, on sentry day
and night. The Coolies have several times
tried to rise, and if it had not been for two
or three Coolies who made it known, they
would have taken the ship. We have plenty
of ammunition on board, and three guns
which are lashed so as to bear on the slaves
if they should rise. A ship took some from
here and sold them for \$250 each. This
ship expects to stay out here about two
years."—*Baltimore American.*

Soliloquy of a Loafer.
Let's see, where am I? This is—coal
I'm laying on. How did I get here? Yes,
mind now. Was coming up street—met a
wheelbarrow—was drunk comin' tother
way, the wheelbarrow fell over me, or I
over the wheelbarrow, and one of us fell
into the cellar—don't know which now,
guess it must have been me. I'm a nice
young man, yes I am—tight! tore! drunk!
Well, I can't help it—'taint my fault, won-
der whose fault 'tis? Is it Jones' fault?—
No. Is it my wife's fault? Well it aint. Is
it the wheelbarrow's fault? No, it's whis-
key's fault. Who is whiskey? Has he a
large family? All poor I reckon. I think I
wont owe him any more. I'll cut his ac-
quaintance. I've had that notion for about
ten years, and always hate to do it for fear
of hurtin' his feelings. I'll do it, I think
liquor is injurin' me—it's spoiling my
temper.

Sometimes I get mad when I'm drunk,
and abuse Bete and the brats: it used to be
Lizzie and the children—that's some time
ago, I'd come home of evenings she used
to put her arms around my neck and kiss
me and call me her dear William. When I
comes home now, she takes her pipe out of
her mouth and her hair out of her eyes and
says something like, "Bill, you drunken
brute shet the door after you; we're cold
enough having no fire 'thou lettin the snow
blow in that way. Sh—Bete and I'm Bill
now. I aint a good bill nuther. Think I'm
counterfeit, wont pass—a tavern without
getting drunk. Don't know what bank I'm
on. Last Saturday I was on the river bank
—drunk.

I stay out pretty late: no, sometimes I'm
out pretty much all over—out of friends,
out of pocket, out at the elbows and knees,
and always outrageously dirty—so Bete
says: but then she's no judge, for she never
clean herself. I wonder why she doesn't
wear good clothes: may be she hasn't got
'em. Whose fault's that? Not mine—
must be whiskey's.

Sometimes I'm in, however: I'm intoxi-
cated now, and in somebody's coal cellar.
There's one principle I've got—I wont get
in debt: I never could do it. There, one
of my coat tails is gone—got tore off, I ex-
pect when I fell in here. I'll have to get
a new suit soon. A good sign for a paper
mill. If he was't so big I'd kick him.—
I've had this shirt for nine days, and I'm
afraid it wont come off without tearin'.—
People ought to respect me more'n they do,
for I'm in hoity orders. I aint a dandy,
though my clothes are pretty near Greaseian
style. I guess I tore the this window shutter
in my pants tother night when I sat
on the wax in Ben Ragg's shop: I'll have
to get it mended, or I'll catch—cold, I aint
very stout, as it is. As the boys say, I'm
as fat as a match, and as healthy as the
small pox. My best hat is standing guard
for a window pane that went the other
morning at the invitation of a friendly
brick bat. It's getting cold down here,—
wonder if I aint able to climb. If I had a
drink, I could think better. Let's see: I
aint got three cents: if I was in a tavern, I
could sponge one. Whenever any body
treats and says, "come fellers," I always
think my name's "fellers" and I've got too
good manners to refuse. Well, I must
leave this, or they'll arrest me for attempt
at burglary. I aint come to that yet, Any
how it was the wheelbarrow—not me.

Don't be frightened, kind reader, this
is put here merely to fill the column.

American Convention.
6th CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.
Pursuant to previous notice, a Convention
composed of Delegates from the different
counties in the 6th Congressional District,
was held in Winston on the 8th inst., for
the purpose of appointing an Elector on the
American ticket in said District.
On Motion, J. W. Thomas, Esq., of Da-
vidson, was called to the chair, and R. W.
Wharton, of Forsyth, requested to act as
Secretary.

The object of the Convention having
been explained by the Chairman, the coun-
ties composing the District were called over,
and in addition to the regular delegates, all
gentlemen from the respective counties were
invited to participate in the proceedings.
On motion of Jas. E. Matthews, Esq.,
the Convention proceeded to appoint an
Electer, each county casting her vote in
accordance with the number of members to
which she is entitled in the House of Com-
mons of the State Legislature.

The appointment was unanimously
conferred on Gen. J. M. Leach, of Davidson,
who, having been waited on by a commit-
tee appointed by the body, made his ap-
pearance in the convention, and having duly
returned his thanks for the honor conferred
upon him, addressed a stirring and eloquent
appeal to all present in behalf of Fillmore
and Donelson, the nominees of the party in
the ensuing Presidential campaign.

On motion, the following gentlemen were
appointed assistant Electors in their respec-
tive counties, to wit:
A. M. Bogel and Mr. McIntosh, of Alex-
ander; Newton Crupler and Mr. Thomas,
of Ashe; B. A. Kittrell and Lewis Hanes,
of Davidson; B. Brown and A. Miller, of
Davie; Gen. J. F. Poindexter and T. J.
Wilson, of Forsyth; Quincy Sharpe and
Dr. Parks of Iredell; John H. Dillard and
Chalmers Glenn, of Rockingham; Dr. W.
Withers and A. H. Joyce, of Stokes; R. S.
Gilmer and H. C. Hampton, of Surry; and
R. F. Armfield and Mr. Kinyon, of Yadkin.

Resolved that a report of the proceedings
be published in the Salem Press, and Lex-
ington Flag.
On motion the Convention adjourned.

**Encounters with the Indians on
the Pacific coast.**
A very high degree of excitement prevails
upon the Pacific coast, growing out of the
encounters with the Indian tribes that sur-
round the settlements in Oregon. A decent
has been made upon the whites, at the last
advice, by a party of warriors, and some
25 or 30 persons had been murdered, and a
general engagement was expected to take
place very speedily between the forces of
the settlers and the aboriginal inhabitants.
A memorial has been addressed to the Pres-
ident of the United States by the Legislature
of Oregon asking the removal of Gen. Wool
from the command of the U. S. troops in
that territory upon the ground of his non-
performance of duty in repelling the attacks
of the Indians and protecting the white
inhabitants from their violence. The San
Francisco papers have spoken of this memo-
rial in severe terms, defending Gen. Wool
from the charges therein brought against
him, which have their origin, it is alleged,
in Gen. Wool's opposition to a demand
made by the authorities of Oregon on Con-
gress, for a very large sum of money on the
pretext of expenses in carrying on their
border warfare. This scheme is one, ac-
cording to the view entertained in Califor-
nia, of wholesale plunder of which the me-
morialists are to be the beneficiaries, and
Gen. Wool, in setting his face against it,
acts only in accordance with his convictions
of what is right. The San Francisco Herald
further declares that the Indians have been
driven to desperation by the unnecessary
and unwarrantable hostilities constantly
waged against them by the Oregonians, and
would most probably have inclined to peace
but for the threats of extermination given
out by the white leaders. This is altogeth-
er another view of the case from that pre-
sented in the memorial, and we confess
seems most likely to be the true one.

The whole subject will no doubt com-
mand the attention of Congress at an early
day, and the matter of aid to the inhabi-
tants of Oregon was brought to the notice of
the House of Representatives some days ago.
While vigorous measures ought to be
promptly adopted for the suppression of In-
dian outrages, care ought to be had that no
injustice should be done these rude children
of the forest, whose sad fate most mournful-
ly tinges our whole history as a nation.—
The poor Leatherstocking has been inhu-
manly treated by the pale face from the
days of Miles Standish to those of Fremont,
and not only have their fair hunting grounds
been taken from them by that unpausing
phalanx of Saxon emigrants which moves
towards the setting sun, but their barbarism
has been intensified and rendered ten fold

Kentucky.
The Louisville Journal says:
"To our political friends every where we
can say that the prospects of our party are
bright and daily brightening. Throughout
the whole South there is not an American
whose voice is not strong and enthusiastic
in favor of the American nominations, and
there is every reason to believe that long
before next November the entire conserva-
tive strength of the country, North, South,
East and West, will be enlisted in favor of
it. Let our friends of the Union do their
whole duty, and the victory of next Novem-
ber will be one of unparalleled glory."

THE INDIANA WOMEN vs FREE WHISKEY
In Princeton, Gibson county, Ind.,
on Saturday last, the women took the
law into their own hands and "cleaned
out" every grocery in the town. They
had previously given the liquor sellers
ten days' notice to quit the traffic. They
numbered some two hundred. All the
liquor they could find, including the bot-
tles, demijohns and barrels in which it
was found, was destroyed. Six dog-
geries were visited, and it was thought
that property to the amount of \$1000
was destroyed.

more gloomy and hopeless by the vices of
civilization which have been introduced
among them. From the prairies of the
West they have been driven back to the
home of the bear and the panther in the
Rocky Mountains, and now from the shore
of the other ocean the white man is push-
ing them eastward, and the doom of utter
extinction seems resting over the race. Let
us so far as it is possible, deal mercifully
with the poor, ignorant savages, and, since
fate decrees that they shall die out, let them
have an euthanasia, and not be cut off as
by the hand of the executioner.

Horrible Murder.
The Harrisonburg Cathoals, La, inde-
pendent has the following:
On Wednesday, the 12th inst, a most
atrocious murder was committed in the
parish of Franklin, in this State by a
wretch named Bunger, who killed his
wife under circumstances truly revol-
ting. It appears that the unfortunate
wife of this monster, unable to bear his
abuse and ill treatment had left home a
day or two before the fatal occurrence
and sought refuge in the house of Wm.
A. Thomas, Esq., a few miles distant.
On the day mentioned, Bunger, armed
with a large knife, went to Mr. Thomas's
in his absence and ordered Mrs. Bunger
to return home, seizing her at the same
time in a rough and brute like manner
and forcing her along. Finding that she
resisted his brutality, he drew his
knife and stabbed her several times one
of the wounds penetrated the abdomen.
She survived a short time. The atroci-
ty of the act is heightened from the fact
that the victim was in an advanced state
of pregnancy. On completing the hel-
lish deed Bunger fled, making his way
into Arkansas in the direction of Camden.
Riding a fleet and powerful horse, he
made rapid progress in his efforts to
leave far behind him the scene of his
guilt. The sheriff of Franklin, however,
with a posse of picked men, went in pur-
suit; the murderer having about twenty
four hours the start. The pursuers,
with the energy and keenness of blood
hounds, got upon his trail; tracked his
horse continually, from some peculiarity
in one of the hoofs of the animal, and
after a pursuit of three days and nights
overtook and arrested him. They ar-
rived at Winstonsborough with their pris-
oner on Wednesday last, amid shouts of
applause. The District Court of Frank-
lin is in session, and we learn that
Bunger's case will be taken up at this
term.

**An Ardent Young Lover and the
Sprightly Widow.**
One of our Detroit exchanges informs
us that Mrs.— was a pretty widow of
twentyeight, left rich by her husband, a
respectable and wealthy farmer of S—,
in the country of Oakland, who judi-
ciously died about the age of fifty.—,
a sighing swain of 20, fell in love with
this charming widow during a school
vacation, and was thereby distracted
from study and nearly frantic. His
father who "designed him for the minist-
ry," had a peculiar horror of the sweet
widow whom he regarded as little bet-
ter than one of the wicked. Her black
eyes, her heaving bosom, and her elastic
tread, were to him only the symbols of
old Nick. He was in despair, and in
his despair he visited the widow, and
besought of her, if she had a particle of
mercy, not to ruin his son. In vain the
widow protested that she had used no
arts—had only seen the youth a few
times, and was entirely indifferent to
him—the father still insisted, and the
pretty widow promised that if the boy
came again to see her, it should be his
last visit. Not many days passed be-
fore the enamored youth made his ar-
rangements for a visit, of which the wid-
ow had notice. The few previous inter-
views between them had taken place
under circumstances peculiarly favor-
able to romance and sentiment, upon
moonlit walks, or in parlor tete-a-tetes.
This time the timid youth was told up-
on his arrival, that Mrs.— was at the
barn; whether he went and found his
beau ideal, with skirts knee high, dress-
ed in a man's hat, a pipe in her mouth, a mug
of cider in her hand, superintending her
merc KILLING HOGS—he never came a-
gain—it was too killing.

Prospects of Next Harvest.
The Alton (Ill.) Courier of the 7th ult.
expresses its opinion that we may expect
another very fine crop of wheat, and the
opinion is based upon the following rea-
sons:
"The early winter was very mild; so
much so that the late sown wheat, of which
there is much, continued to grow to a much
later date than usual. Then the snow
which has fallen during the past sixty days is equal
to five inches of manure. People capable
of estimating matters, imagine that the wheat
crop of 1856 will be the largest ever har-
vested in this country. To estimate the
value of snow upon the ground at ten mil-
lions of dollars would be a low figure."

Extraordinary Elopement.
A gentleman residing a few miles east of
the village of Whitehall, having occasion to
be absent for a load of wood, a few days
since, on his return, not seeing his better
half about the house as usual, supposed she
had gone to visit some neighbor, until mis-
sing some articles led to an investigation—
when, much to his surprise, he found that
she had donned his best suit, from boots to
cap, cut off her hair, and, thus transformed
from a loving wife to one of the lords
of creation, had taken also fifty dollars in cash,
and started on a tramp; footing it to Fair-
haven, about five miles, where she took the
cars back, passing her late residence on her
way South, where her husband had gone
in hot pursuit. We understand the trans-
formation was so complete, and so nicely
did the clothes fit, that she passed her
nearest neighbors unrecognized. It is
thought by her friends that she is laboring
under temporary derangement.

Whitehall Union.
Enthusiasm at The West.
The St. Louis Intelligencer says:
"Enthusiastic meetings of the Ameri-
can party are taking place in all parts of
the country. The spirit of 1840 is a-
roused, and promises to sweep the land
like a tornado. We put down Missouri
for Fillmore and Donelson by 10,000
majority sure. And if such things can
be done in Missouri what may we not
expect elsewhere? Roll on the ball!"

FORGETFUL JUDGE. The Milton N.
C. Chronicle relates the case of a Judge
in Alamance county who, a few moments
after charging the grand jury particularly
with regard to the small note law, came
off the bench and in paying a debt, gave
his creditors some \$2 bills.

—Charlie, what makes your face so
red?" asked his sister's admirer of a little
urchin five years old.
"Cause I put some of sister's paint on
She puts it on every day."
It was an embarrassing disclosure all
around. At least Charlie thought so when
the visitor was gone.

WARREN.—A line to fill this column.