

RALEIGH REGISTER

AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace, unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1839.

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JOSEPH GALES & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS.
Subscription, three dollars per annum—one half in advance.

Persons residing without the State will be required to pay the whole amount of the year's subscription in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
For every 16 lines (this size type) first insertion one dollar; each subsequent insertion 25 cents.
Court Orders and Judicial Advertisements will be charged 25 per cent higher and a deduction of 33 per cent. will be made from the regular price, for advertisements by the year.

Letters to the Editors must be post-paid.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
HALIFAX COUNTY,
Superior Court of Law—April Term, 1839.
Charlotte Alsbrook, vs. Willis Alsbrook.
Petition for Divorce.

In this case, it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Willis Alsbrook is a non-resident of the State—it is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the Raleigh Register for three months notifying the said Willis Alsbrook, that unless he be and appear at the Superior Court of Law to be held for the County of Halifax at the Court House in the town of Halifax on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday in September next and plead, answer or demur, otherwise, judgment will be taken pro confesso as to him and heard ex parte.

Witness, Robert L. Whitaker, Clerk of our said Court at Office, the fourth Monday after the fourth in March, A. D. 1839.
R. L. WHITAKER, C. S. C.

Notice.
To Abram Hester, and others:
TAKE notice that I have been arrested at the instance of Abram Hester, and shall appear at the next County Court of Wake to be held at Raleigh, on the 3d Monday in August next, for the purpose of taking the benefit of the Act of Assembly of 1822, for the relief of insolvent debtors, when and where you may attend and cross-examine if you think proper.
WESLEY HODGE.
Raleigh July 20, 1839. 38—3t.



From Richard P. Stith, Esq.

BAUNSWICK, May 10, 1839.
DEAR SIR:—I have been very reluctantly, though unavoidably, compelled to keep the Piano boxed up, which I purchased of you not long since, until very recently. It is now up, and I am confident I never heard a more delightful toned instrument. My wife, who has been a performer from the time she was eight years old, thinks it surpasses any Piano she has ever touched; and all who have heard it, concide with her. Several have extolled the sweetness and melody of the tone so highly as to compare it to the softest toned Organ. It is considered so very superior in every respect, that it is generally believed that I gave \$600 for it. I assure you, we could not be more pleased; and I now tender you my grateful acknowledgments for the very great care which you evidently took in packing it. I would advise all who wish to purchase Pianos to give you a call before they go elsewhere.
Yours, most respectfully,
R. P. STITH.

To Mr. E. P. Nash, Petersburg.
I have now on hand (price \$325.) a Piano precisely of the same kind in every particular, as the one sold Mr. Stith, alluded to above. I would defy any one to point out the slightest difference in tone or finish, if they were side by side.
E. P. NASH,
Book & Piano Seller, Petersburg.
June 21. 36

GENERAL AGENCY
AND
COMMISSION BUSINESS.

The Subscribers have formed a Copartnership under the Firm of FREEMAN & STITH, and offer their services to the public as General Agents and Commission Merchants. Apply, for the present, at the Store of Messrs. W. & A. STITH.
E. B. FREEMAN,
W. A. STITH,
A. B. STITH.
Raleigh, May 4, 1839. 27

Matchless Sanative.
THIS invaluable Medicine, of the merits of which abundant evidence is afforded by an advertisement in this paper, is kept constantly on hand for sale by the Subscriber, at the Post Office Chapel Hill. All orders will be promptly attended to.
J. B. M'DADE.
March 1, 1839. 6mo—18

Notice.
To John Kane, and others:
TAKE notice that I have been arrested at the instance of John Kane, and shall appear at the next County Court of Wake, to be held at Raleigh, on the 3d Monday in August next, for the purpose of taking the benefit of the act of Assembly of 1822, for the relief of insolvent debtors, and when and where you may attend and cross-examine, if you think proper.
W. M. D. BAGWELL.
Raleigh, July 20, 1839. 38—3t.

NOTICE.
TAKEN UP and entered as a stray, by Richard Bullock, living 10 miles West of Oxford, on the Hillsboro' Road, a Bay or Brown Horse, supposed to be nine years old, all four of his feet white, a blaze down his face, and his left ear has the appearance of being bit off. Valued at \$50.
A. LANDIS, Ranger.
Granville County, July 1839.

FOR SALE,
200 to 250 MORUS MULTICAULIS Trees of this year's growth. They are well grown and fine trees, for their age. Apply at this Office.
Raleigh, July 26, 1839.

NOTICE.

OFFER for sale that valuable Tract of Land, well known as the NINE OAKS, containing 2000 acres, and being in the county of Granville, N. Carolina, on the Stage road between Oxford and Williamsboro', ten miles from the former and two from the latter village, and eight miles distant from a depot of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad. On the Tract is a handsome and commodious Dwelling House, with the necessary out-buildings for a family, and the location remarkably healthy and well watered. The soil is well adapted to the production of Tobacco, Wheat and Corn, and the Society of the neighborhood, with the great facility of getting produce to market, renders it a most desirable situation. The Subscriber will take pleasure in showing the premises to those desirous of purchasing, and make known the terms, which shall be liberal.
P. HAMILTON,
Williamsboro', Granville Co., N. C.
July 16, 1839. 38—2m.

No. 26, Liberty Street.
New-York, July 19, 1839.

Huntington & Campbell,
Wholesale Dry Goods Merchants.
offer for sale a General Assortment of New Fall Goods. The entire new plan on which they sell, gives great satisfaction.
July 27, 1839. 39—2m.

A BUGGY and HARNESS for sale by
W. & A. STITH.

An Oration,
DELIVERED AT FORESTVILLE,
Wake County, July 4, 1839,
DANIEL SANFORD CRENSHAW.

[By Request.]
LADIES & GENTLEMEN:—Our Country—our whole country—how affecting are the ties which bind us to thee! how venerable are they claims to our faithful services, to our purest affections! By all that is most solemn and binding in duty; by all that is most eloquent and holy in love; the voice of nature and the testimony of all experience, the brightest and darkest page of history, the wisdom of Philosophers, the energy of eloquence and the enthusiasm of poetry, all attest the truth, thy country is thy parent. Reverence, gratitude, obedience, and love, are due to her. How solemn is the review of the history of nations; how doubly impressive the lessons taught by the annals of free States. Tell me, is there one, either in the ancient or modern world, whose history we should be willing to adopt as the history of our own country—whose institutions we would accept as models of our own? True, their rise and fall forms no parallel in the history of ours. Assuredly, then, we cannot be insensible to the solemn truths which the fate they shared, teaches, and the affecting calamities which afflicted and destroyed them. In the structure of their States, of their society and government, we behold the hideous combination of Monarchy, Aristocracy and Democracy. Their civil dissensions, and more ferocious civil wars—the insecurity of life, liberty and property—the selfish ambition of rulers, the reckless passions of the demagogue—the degraded condition of woman, and the disregard of social happiness and virtue, were among the prominent causes of aggregated misery.
The age which gave them birth, and the pressure of external circumstances, stamped upon them all, the character of Military Republics. Their institutions were founded by the sword, maintained with the sword, and perished by the sword. Is it wonderful, then, that the experiments of freedom in the ancient world, exhibit such a catalogue of guilt and misery? How little did the Republics of Venice and Genoa (if proud Aristocracies can be so called) promote the general good of the people? How were the prospects of Constitutional liberty in Spain destroyed, by the arrogant and despotic Kingens? How were its principles violated and degraded in England, by the first and second Charles? How were they in Revolutionary France, the bleeding victims of Atheism and anarchy and the very slaves of the Imperial Napoleon. And what shall we say of the Helvetic confederacy, scarcely known in the history of man but as the mother of the mercenary soldiery of modern Europe, and held together only by the chains of despotism which girds them round? And what of the Batavian Republic, rescued from the weakness of its organization, and the avareness of its commercial spirit, by the inexorable pressure of surrounding monarchies? How painful the feelings—how solemn the reflections that arise on this review. Who does not grieve from their lamentable failure the instructive truth, that the improvement of the people—the whole people—in domestic and social virtue, intelligence and happiness, was not the great end of all their institutions. And yet, what other legitimate, laudable object, could they have had? Is not government founded, are not rulers ordained, only for the good of the people? Except this be their end and operation, society will always be a reproach to those who found and administer Governments. Instead of having been settled by the subjects of gloomy despotism from Spain and Portugal, or even from the gay, licentious and gallant France, our country was colonized by that British race which alone of all men ancient or modern, ap-

pears to have understood the true relation of the people to their rulers and the true character of Political Institutions.

Is it not equally remarkable, that the efficient settlement of these shores was postponed, "till the selfish and ambitious contests of the red and white rose" till the slavish spirit that marked the Parliaments of the tyrant Henry and the despot Elizabeth had passed away forever, and the foundations of modern British freedom had been laid by the Puritans, during the very century when the fearful struggle of their principles, against those of aristocracy and despotism, was going on in England? Those principles were transplanted in a new world, and by the aid of experience, we will continue to improve, and cause them to spring up, in nobler, fairer farms, to elevate, honor and bless the people of this youthful nation. We never have been slaves; we were born heirs to liberty as our fathers' legacy. Shall we not fondly cherish their virtues, imitate their examples, and follow their precepts? Having their assurance that opposition to tyranny is not rebellion to God, let us, like Hannibal, swear eternal enmity to all usurpation of power. Their reasons, as assigned in the Declaration of Independence, are, unquestionably, the most conclusive, yet nobly independent, ever recorded in the catalogue of National history.—It was the dawn of the day-star of Liberty, which preceded the sun and marked out his pathway, amid the crumbling ruins of fallen greatness—where the spirit of hope reared and resolved in future years, there to dedicate a Temple sacred to Liberty, to be guarded by the arms of the mighty and the spirits of the brave—whose walls are impregnable, not laid in base stone and mortar, but in the hearts of her citizens—yet the mighty Lords of Europe threatened its overthrow and caused forces more than sufficient to be landed on our coast; yet, our forefathers had vowed a friendship, and how well their infant arms redeemed the pledge, has been thundered in language which could not be misunderstood, from Boston to New Orleans, connecting with them, many incidents too painful to disclose. High Heaven, alone, has witnessed the torrent of tears and blood which has fallen beyond the sight of human sympathy. The mountain cliffs, hills and valleys, have opened their bosoms to conceal the crimson tide; and the pellucid rivulet has gently born away seas of tears, which, in the anguish of hope and despair, has been committed to their channels. During the whole series of the Revolution, we have much to deplore, yet, more to admire. The inevitable conclusion we must necessarily draw on surveying the whole scene is, that the summit of human happiness is attained by contending nobly with, and conquering the incidents of life, knowing, that resolution is omnipotent, and whatever we resolve to do, we can accomplish, relying on our own united resources and not on the fortuitous influence of wealth, or mushroom force of birth. Such generous ambition, such insatiable love of country, has exalted us to the stand amongst the nations of the earth we now occupy. We are no longer pointed out as vain enthusiasts, our views of republican Government criticised as an untried, unnecessary experiment. We stand firm in our own strength, under our Constitution and Laws, preeminently superior to all the world, in our system of government and unbiased institutions of learning, as an illustrious example to the nations of the earth, that a free people are capable of framing and adopting laws sufficiently wholesome and conclusive to make that people happy. We stand alone as an eminence, firm in the citadel of our liberty as the lone pioneer, which must conduct in future ages, those who would be free, to a like state of happiness and prosperity. Even as the young Eagle, seeing its mother soar aloft towards the sun, endeavoring to follow in her flight, spreads its untried wings, but finds itself unequal to the task and sinks to the ground; but after repeated trials and unavailing efforts, it at length succeeds, and with expanded wings traces the airy way its parent went. Our system of government has produced changes in mankind which all the world must admire. Many strange incidents have occurred in our history. Whilst we admire the conduct of some, we reprobate that of others. Some who aspired to greatness have sunk again to infamy; in contemplation of which we involuntarily exclaim, alas that the noble, accomplished or brave, should ever fall. The eulogies of the brave have been so often and nobly denigrated, they only require of us the sincere devotion of our hearts to the cause of Liberty. Their unparalleled deeds are recorded high on the imperishable Journals of fame, to be admired and imitated to all futurity. Fathers, teach your sons to reverence the names and deeds of the signers of this Declaration. Bring them up to the altar of your country on every Fourth of July; swear with them by the memory of all the past, by all the hopes of the future, to transmit this day, with all its associations, unimpaired, down to succeeding posterity. Thereby it will be well with us and our children forever. When the children of Israel were delivered from the cruel bondage under which they groaned in Egypt, they were divinely ordered to commemorate the day of their deliverance, and this commemoration was to be perpetual through all generations. They were solemnly charged to

keep this ordinance in its season, from year to year, and to explain its origin and design to their children. Great national deliverances ought to be remembered with the liveliest gratitude. We hallow once more the returning anniversary which has, for 63 years, gladdened the hearts of millions—the natal day of freedom, when a spark was kindled which will yet light Europe into a conflagration—when three millions pealed a shout whose echoes yet ring throughout the world. The scenes of that day have not yet faded in the dim distance of the past—the shadows of time have not yet obscured the mighty recollections of an age of undying fame. The actors of that period will be venerated and loved to the latest period of posterity—a long list of heroes, sages and patriots, whose virtues were like the countless galaxy of the skies. The moral astronomer finds it impossible to ascertain their distances, or combine their energies; he is, therefore, compelled to group the dazzling whole in one brilliant constellation of unclouded glory. But this day should not be spent in living over the past—the present and future should also claim our attention. It is for us to enquire, on this glorious occasion, whether we are advancing or retrograding—whether there are no shackles upon the intellect, no unseemly prejudices to be removed from the mind.—It is proper we should enquire, whether true knowledge has shed its hallowed rays in every dwelling place; or whether the great mass are left to grope their way in thoughtless ignorance. There is no halting place, no neutral ground, to be occupied—no medium—we must advance or recede; our course must be upward and onward, or downward and backward. If the star of our national prosperity is not ascending to the zenith of glory, it must be descending to the nadir of darkness and desolation. Nations are not immortal—like men, they die. The waters of oblivion cover their resting place forever. Ask the mighty past, with its buried sovereignties—Assyria, Carthage, Tyre, Palmyra. The roar of the great world wakes not their repose. Think you we are secure from these fluctuations, this ebb and flow of tide and time? Are there no dangers to dread in this sunny land where liberty has reared her everlasting home? Will the baleful shadows that even now are beginning to steal over our bowers of bliss ever become thick, black, impenetrable, like the midnight of Egypt? Have not nations, as happy and prosperous as ours, gone down to the sepulchres of the departed, almost without a warning, in the midst of their strength and undecayed vigor? What ruined the Republics of olden time? Wealth, luxury, fictitious prosperity; and solitude now nestles in their palaces. It would appear, inferring from these countries, that Providence has ordained in the moral, as in the physical world, the same gradations from darkness to light, and from light to darkness. Even as the great luminary of day increases in light and brilliancy from dawn till he reaches the meridian, when all nature is pervaded by his beams, and cheered by his light; but when this point is gained, his decline is indeed begun; by imperceptible degrees, he withdraws the light and warmth he gave, and soon leaves the world enshrouded in its original darkness. So, in the infancy of nations, the Star of reason struggles through the clouds of ignorance and superstition, till the human mind is fully enlightened; for a time that star seems stationary, yet it is but too surely retrograding with hasty decline to its primary state of obscurity.

Where now, is the Forum, Coliseum, colossal monuments, oracles and proud Imperial seven hill City, throned on its hundred isles? Gone like the fatalist's dream of destiny—like the gay gossamer before the morning Sun. Time and the devastating hand of ignorance has scattered them before the winds of heaven, yet a halo, sacred as the spirit of prophecy, seems to pervade that once favoured land, whilst the bondsmen of slaves chaunt their native ditties over the tombs of the illustrious dead, who years ago, crossed swords in defence of that devoted City. Bright spirit of fortune, guard us from a similar fate; let not our civil or religious privileges, be invaded; let us never sacrifice principle to expediency; let us not disappoint the hopes of the world; save us from internal dissension, and we are based on foundations impregnable as the Pyramids of Heaven, and like them, shall stand until the Heavens and the Earth shall pass away!

You, Ladies, should be aware of the influence you exert in the world. Your smiles and tears are arguments unanswerable and invincible. In the classic groves and vales, where your steps have never strayed, it is often felt, and causes the midnight lamp to shed a cheerful ray when all around is drear and dark, and nought, save the untiring aspirant for thy favor, guards the citadel which thy fetters have bound. All the world acknowledges thy sway. Xerxes, Hannibal, Cæsar, Nero, Anthony and Bonaparte, were controlled by the fairy spell which the windows of thy soul convey to the heart, and even where thy intellect is not respected, thy charms hold absolute, even despotic control. "Your ambition should be to reside in a circle of chosen spirits, and see yourselves surrounded by the lights and ornaments of the age. It was for a saintly smile, that the enamoured Leander braved the fatal waves of the Hellespont. What

incentive so powerful to court distinction? For what do we wear the chaplet of fame, but to winthy approval—to shine as an emerald in the crown? For this, Wars have been waged, kingdoms depopulated, thrones and sanctuaries corrupted, and mighty reason has fallen a weak and hapless child of circumstance, the mere plaything of time and chance, at thy feet. Thy daring deeds of valor, thy devotion to the cause of liberty, and thy unexampled constancy, have nobly won for thee, the Eternal gratitude of an American people. Thy enrapturing voice has oft reclaimed the prodigal, who was abandoned to despair and lost to every other argument; and, since thou art destined to wield the sceptre of nations, you should wisely judge and prudentially act. Here, you realize the elevation and dignity of the situation you occupy, compared with the Females of other countries; here, you feel and know, that you are the wives, mothers and sisters of freemen, who have never served or bowed the knee to any Prince, except to Heaven's King. When you assemble with us on the 4th of July, and join in the celebration, your presence enlivens the scene and gives a higher interest to the whole occasion.

Hail woman, first in Eden's bowers,
The loveliest and the best,
Empress of this fair world.

I must not close this picture, without entreating every American often to recall the memory of a Washington, Warren, DeKalb, Wolf, Marion, Green, Lafayette, McDonald, Montgomery and Jackson, whose deeds should be emblazoned to all futurity: Their names are enrolled among the great and the good.
Eternal stations they've won 'mid that high brotherhood;
Deep in the hearts of all, enshrined they'll be,
And shine as a beacon to far posterity!
Like the fallen Othello, their last consolation was, that they had "done the State some service;" and, knowing in the language of Napoleon, that posterity would do them justice and demonstrate to the world they had lived not in vain, this recollection more than repaid them for a life of toil and hardship. Would that Heaven had made us such men! To the few survivors of all that mighty band, how melancholy must be the reflection, when you recall those stirring times of the past; when, side by side, you marched in battle array; the measured steps of the wakeful sentinel, as he walked the dark alignment round, when all was hushed in silence and surrounding gloom, save now and then the murmur of the gay cavalier, whose midnight slumber is disturbed by dreams of home and friends. The reveille of the drum, at day, calls to immediate action as the line of march is resumed; the lovely rays of the morning sun burst forth upon the glittering steel and makes the hearts of all around joyful.—"Poor pilgrims of a wintry day, by time and chance you're driven."

Before that mighty monarch of day shall hide his face beyond the Western hills, or the burning sapphires of night unveil their lustre in the blue expanse of Heaven, thy proud manly form, with all its beauty, shall lie a mangled corpse on the dreary plains of battle! Thy gallant spirit shall have winged its way to scenes of immortality! When in meditation like this, you call the friends of your youth, and ask—where are they?—the mournful echo alone answers—Where are they? Here and there only, can you find a congenial spirit to unbosom yourselves to. You are the remnant of an illustrious band—may the declining days of your existence be long protracted:
Filled with the face of Heaven which, from afar Comes down upon the waters; all its hues, From the rich sunset to the rising star, Their magical variety diffuse;
And now they change—a paler shadow strews Its mantle o'er the mountain's parting day— Dies like the dolphin which, each pang imbues With a new colour as it gasps away Till life is gone, and all is grey!

Alas! for ambition—the path of glory leads but to the tomb; and 'tis a precedent, without exception, that the lapse of time which immediately succeeds a Revolution is the time when liberty is mostly prized; when the arts and sciences are more liberally encouraged; and when virtue and morality exert that influence which is calculated to add to the general happiness and prosperity of a people. Yet, by some strange infatuation, we cease to esteem those things with which we are most familiar, notwithstanding they contain in themselves the natural and only sure elements of our happiness. Our love of novelty is such, that we go on to seek new enterprises, in search of which we dissolve the enchantment which was the first web to bind us. And Oh, how differently has been revealed to us, the after piece of all our fond anticipations?—How brightly broke the morning of our liberty? With what sanguine, warm enthusiasm, our forefathers hailed the brilliant light! The sun, in his gradual ascent, has dawned with cheerful lustre on the dark chaos of such anxious solicitude, and invigorated the dying energies of liberty, and though storms have passed beneath, and clouds have obscured his light for awhile, his brighter refulgence, as if by magic, has dissolved the vista and now appears conspicuously fair—a form of perfect beauty, chaste as the icicles of Dian's temple, and pure as the driven snow—and yet in the face of day, vain, ambitious, dissatisfied man, thy acts are an omen, and foretell of many

a change to come. The exaggerated excitement, produced by the first hallucinations of liberty, has been sobered down to every days life and practice, suited to the temperature of an American clime and adapted to the wants of an American people.—Here, liberty has fixed her seat, spread her rich banquet, and invites us all to be her welcome guests. Health peace and plenty fill our land. Here, the loveliest smiles of female beauty reward the noblest deeds of manly courage; here, Literature and Science shed their mildest, brightest effulgence, while the great Sun of Righteousness shines with his clearest splendor, giving beauty, strength and glory, to all our land. No direful sounds from the clarion of War—no cries of suffering, bleeding, agonizing, dying countrymen, is heard in all this mighty land. The laurel wreath encircles us from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same—Angels of light behold our unparalleled prosperity, and whilst you gaze intensely on the admiring scene, wait the sincere aspirations of devoted hearts to Him, in whose hands the destinies of men, angels and worlds, are deposited, that he may long continue our happiness, and hurl Heaven's vengeance down to blight forever the hand or voice, that may first dare to disturb this calm, or violate the sanctity of this proud Temple of Freedom, founded in our fathers' blood, bedewed by their tears and consecrated by their prayers. The triumphant reign of tyranny is forever banished from these shores, and the towering Eagle, perched on the summit of the Tree of Liberty, with the talisman's glittering glory encircled by his talons, while he gazes on the sun, displays in his beak our motto—"We are one." Happy, thrice happy America! Arise with thy diadem of stars, wing thy way to shine as a coronet in the crown of the world, for thou, and thou alone, art worthy!

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSON OF JESUS CHRIST—As it was found in an ancient manuscript, sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome.

There lives at this time, in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped,—his aspect amiable, reverend. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling into graceful curls below his ears, agreeably touching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the head dress of the sect of the Nazarenes.—His forehead is smooth and large, his cheek without spot, save that of a lovely red: his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his head is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave, and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being! No man has ever seen him laugh; but the whole world behold him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears that it is difficult to keep from joining in sympathy with him. He is very modest temperate and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present a man for excellent beauty and divine perfections, every way surpassing the children of men.

A CURE FOR A SNAKE-BITE.—An occurrence happened one day last week a few miles from this place which ought to be generally known.

John Pressnal, Jr. a Farmer on Little River in this county, was severely bitten by a Pilot Snake in his harvest field.—After striking the snake with his eyeth and cutting it in two, he made his way to his house as speedily as possible, and sent off to a near neighbor for some brandy, having heard that was good for a snake bite; and there was no physician nearer than Asheboro'. Not knowing what to do, and being in great pain, the sufferer casually laid hold of a bottle of camphor—about half full, (camphorated spirits—probably brandy,) and placing the mouth of the bottle to the wound, (the acle we believe,) he felt partial relief instantly. All present thought they could plainly see the poisonous fluid escaping from the wound into the bottle. By continuing this process an hour or two, he became entirely relieved, and went back to his work again without further inconvenience. The above facts were related to us by Mr. Michael Luther, a neighbor of Mr. Pressnal, and a man of undoubted veracity.—Southern Citizen.

Not far from two centuries ago, the Scottish Legislature enacted that "a good and sufficient school shall be erected and maintained in every parish." To these five little words "a good and sufficient school" introduced into an act of Parliament, not longer than a man's thumb, is Scotland indebted at this day for the superiority in morals and intelligence which her people possess over all others in Europe.