

RE-DISTRICTING THE STATE.

A considerable portion of this week's paper is devoted to a publication of the views of our Whig friends of the quill in the State upon this subject. We consider it the most important subject that has presented itself to our mind for some time. It is one, the adjustment of which will call for clear hands, and honest, patriotic hearts. No measure, with which we are acquainted, has been breached in North Carolina, which presents a more imposing aspect; and a weighty and delicate responsibility will rest upon the members of the Legislature, who undertake at the next session to consummate it. We have no doubt of its entire constitutionality, nor any of its political fairness, nor of the forcible reasons which exist why the Whigs of the "Old North State" should have a majority of the Representatives in Congress—(to which their popular majority entitle them) should the next Presidential election be carried thither, nor are we certain that it will not tend for a time to increase the Whig strength in the State rather than diminish it, as the Standard newspaper intimates that it will,—but we cannot divert ourselves of the opinion that the measure is somewhat of a RADICAL NATURE, and may be fraught with evil consequences to the heretofore conservative position of our beloved old State—as a door once opened by the Whigs of the State to radical legislation, may give the same an impulse which will cause it to disregard all Constitutional limits; which result has been brought about by the same cause in the present distracted State of N. York. Yet, in writing what we have, it is with no intention of endeavoring to erect a barrier to the will of our co-temporaries or that of the majority of the Legislature, but we are honest in our confessions, and consider it a duty to publish it.

Rutherford Republican.

CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS.

As the question of re-districting the State has been broached by our co-temporaries in the State, or rather the Whig portion of them, we think it best, that our readers may be enabled to form a correct opinion with regard to the propriety of the measure, to lay before them a statement of the Districts as at present composed. By reference to a Map, a person can judge of the fairness or injustice of what is called the "odious GERRY-MANDER" of 1842:

FIRST DISTRICT.

Cherokee, Mecon, Haywood, Buncombe, Henderson, Rutherford, Burke, Yancy, McDowell, Caldwell, and Cleveland.—JAMES GRAHAM, Whig, present member.

SECOND DISTRICT.

Rockingham, Lincoln, Iredell, Davie, Rowan, Catawba, and Cabarrus.—D. M. BARRINGER, Whig, present member.

THIRD DISTRICT.

Ash, Wilkes, Surry, Stokes, Rockingham and Caswell.—D. S. REID, Democrat, present member.

FOURTH DISTRICT.

Richmond, Montgomery, Anson, Stanly, Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford.—A. DOCKERY, Whig, present member.

FIFTH DISTRICT.

Wake, Chatham, Cumberland, Moore, Johnston, and Wayne.—JAMES C. DOBBIN, Democrat, present member.

SIXTH DISTRICT.

Robeson, Columbus, Bladen, Brunswick, New Hanover, Sampson, Duplin, Lenoir, Jones, and Onslow.—J. G. MCKAY, Democrat, present member.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.

Orange, Person, Granville, Franklin, Warren, and Halifax.—J. R. J. DANIEL, Democrat, present member.

EIGHTH DISTRICT.

Nash, Edgecombe, Pitt, Beaufort, Washington, Tyrrell, Hyde, Craven, Carteret, and Greene.—HENRY S. CLARK, Democrat, present member.

NINTH DISTRICT.

Martin, Bertie, Hertford, Northampton, Gates, Chowan, Perquimans, Pasquotank, Camden, and Currituck.—ASA BIGGS, Democrat, present member.

Look at the map of the State of North Carolina, and you will readily discover that the MODERN DEMOCRACY in the Legislature of '42 did not by any means lay off the Districts according to the contiguity of the Counties. And any one acquainted with the political complexion of the Counties will see that they were governed alone by a party consideration.—Ruth. Repub.

RE-DISTRICTING THE STATE—AGAIN.

We transfer to our columns some remarks on this subject from the able pen of the Editor of the Petersburg Intelligencer, to which we invite the eyes of the reader.

It appears from the lights now before us, that there are gentlemen of both the political parties in this State in favor of and opposed to Re-districting the State. Of course, all the Democratic Editors are opposed to it—and they, ministers of grace, hear it call themselves DEMOCRATS!—What is a DEMOCRAT? There was a time when we could answer the question—but as these Editors interpret the meaning of the word—the modern meaning—we give it up! Indeed they do not seem to understand its definition themselves.

We do not favor Redistricting the State for the mere purpose of enabling the Whigs to send a majority of the delegates to Congress. We go for it because we want the Districts laid off in a better form—a form, at the same time, that will enable a MAJORITY of the Freemen of our State to send a majority of Delegates to Congress, instead of the MAJORITY sending a larger, yet double the number (as is now the case, and as must continue to be the case, unless the present system be altered) of the majority. We go for it because the Districts were arranged for the convenience and benefit of a party—and not for the convenience and benefit of the whole people.—We go for it, because the State was distracted by a large minority of the people; instead of a majority—that is to say, although from accidental causes the Democrats had a lean and lank majority in the Legislature, yet the Whigs had a large majority of the popular vote. And it is a part of our patriotism—our democracy, if you please—to contend that, in districting the State, some regard should have been paid to the rights of the MAJORITY, as well as the rights of the FEW.

But, say some, although the State is miserably distracted, and the law grossly unjust—and although the Whigs had a majority of the popular vote at the time the law was passed—and notwithstanding each succeeding year has greatly increased this majority—we are opposed to its alteration! Opposed to the alteration of a law acknowledged to be unjust, partial, and

despised by a large MAJORITY of the people—why? Are gentlemen AFRAID? Are the sovereign people to bear grievances which they can redress, and yet dare not redress their wrongs! Think you the Democratic party would fold their arms in submissive obedience to a law that allowed them but three districts out of the nine, if the Whigs had been in the minority as the democrats were when they passed the law, and supposing them to have a majority, as the whigs will have in the next Legislature! Do they shudder in holy horror, at the idea of "precedent" for "unstable legislation," when clothed with power to rule legislation! Did their knees tremble when they altered the Tariff law! Did they shake all over, as if smitten by a mighty ague, when they re-established the condemned Treasury!

We maintain that a people—a majority of the people—have the right, and are in duty bound, to alter, amend, or abolish bad laws. We assume that the Districting law, as it now stands, is a bad law. Bad, because it is unjust. Unjust because it gives twice the power to the few that it gives to the many. It should be altered because it is unjust, and because the Districts are without shape, form or convenience.

Milton Chronicle.

RE-DISTRICTING THE STATE.

One of the most important duties of the ensuing Legislature, will be the arrangement of the State into Congressional Districts, by which the political character of the State will be fairly represented. This step is due to the vindication of republican principles on which our institutions are based, and is required, absolutely, by justice to the people, who look to the Legislative body as the guardians of their rights and privileges.

But this is not all. The measure is required because it is to redress an outrage, perpetrated on the elective franchise; because the Legislature of 1842 were instigated to gerrymander the State, with the sole view of subserving the interests of party, and without a solitary motive of public utility or the advancement of the general welfare.

We believe two of the Whig papers in the State are opposed to re-districting at this time. They take a very different view of this case, from the light in which we view it. Suppose it is a precedent for frequent changes! We care not how often there is a change in the Districts, so that those elected by the Whig party are for the purpose of repelling a trespass upon the rights of the people. Better to change every month, than permit unprincipled partisans to desecrate the principles of republican liberty, and violate the provisions of the Constitution.—Commercial.

WELL-MERITED COMPLIMENT.

A grand public dinner was given, on the 12th ultimo, at Frankfort, Kentucky, by the Whigs of Franklin county, to the Hon. J. J. CRITTENDEN, Senator, and the Hon. G. DAVIS, the Representative of the district in Congress. Besides a large number of residents of the vicinity which were present, the entertainment was attended by a large concourse both of ladies and gentlemen from the surrounding counties, swelling the entire company to two thousand persons. The extensive tables were bountifully spread with the choicest viands of that favored region. These being fully enjoyed, and the tables cleared, the President of the day, the Hon. JAMES HARLAN, rose and delivered a brief address appropriate to the occasion, and introductory to the following resolutions, which he read:

Resolved, That the PROTECTION OF HOME LABOR, AND THE DISASTROUS EFFECTS OF FOREIGN FAVORITISM, are cardinal principles in every wise and well-organized Government; that it is especially a fundamental object in the establishment of the Constitution and the Federal Union, and that this vital and indisputable policy has been sanctioned in the practical measures of the Government, from its very origin, in the days of Washington, through every Administration, except the present.

Resolved, That the Whig Tariff of 1842 constituted a bankrupt Treasury; revived the prostrate and discredited credit of the Government; re-invigorated the paralyzed labor and industry of the country; re-animating the decaying fortunes of the Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce of the Nation; and, showering benefits and blessings like the dew of heaven throughout the Union, restored confidence, prosperity, and happiness to the people.

Resolved, That by the repeal of the Whig Tariff of 1842, and the substitution of the Experimental Tariff of 1846, under the hazy theory of FREE TRADE, the labor and industry of the country will sustain a dreadful shock; the resources of the Treasury will be exhausted; the national finances and credit deranged and impaired; the public debt increased, and the property of the people steadily menaced.

Resolved, That the Sub Treasury system of keeping and disbursing the public money, so often rejected by the solemn and decisive voices of the people and their representatives in Congress, because it virtually divorces the Government from the people, and heartily decries the sympathies of the Executive, and the business operations of the country, but now again adopted by the dominant party in Congress, is anti-republican in principle and ruinous in practice.

Resolved, That President POLK, in vetoing the River and Harbor Bill, has struck a dangerous blow to the vital interests of the country, and especially of the West; and that by this act, he has set at naught the bill indemnifying our citizens for French Spoliation, chiefly on the ground of his ignorance of the claims examined, approved, and allowed by the constitutional authority for raising and expending revenue, an alarming assault has been made upon our institutions, threatening the subjugation of all the other departments of the Government to the enlargement of the already overgrown and dangerous influence of the Executive.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the peaceable and honorable termination of the Oregon question on terms just and honorable to the United States and Great Britain, avoiding the horrible animosity of war between two great civilized nations, accomplished, as it was in a great degree, by the wisdom, moderation, prudence, and patriotic statesmanship of the Whigs of the Senate, and particularly of our eminently distinguished Senator, MR. CRITTENDEN.

Resolved, That the Whigs here assembled, united solely upon patriotic principles, having as ever the same country to love, the same principles to uphold, and the same interests to promote, renew to their brethren of the Union their pledges of firm adherence to their principles, deeming their success essential to the maintenance of the Union, and the prosperity and happiness of the people.

The question being put on the adoption of the resolutions, it was carried by a thundering shout in the affirmative.

Mr. HARLAN closed his remarks by offering the following sentiment: Our distinguished Guests—JAMES J. CRITTENDEN and GARRETT DAVIS: By the purity and virtue of their private lives they have won the cordial respect and warm affections of their respective countries; and by the honesty, ability, and zeal of their public services—the former in the Senate and the latter in the House of Representatives of the U. States—have secured, not merely the lively admiration, but the earnest approbation, the hearty confidence, and the enduring gratitude of their constituents and countrymen.

This tolet was responded to by Mr. DAVIS and Mr. CRITTENDEN successively, in able, eloquent, and fervid speeches, of which we hope to see in the Frankfort papers some report. The vast company then separated in good order, each one deeming himself fortunate in having been present on an occasion so gratifying and instructive.

LAST DAY OF GRACE, OR PAYING A NOTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF YANKEE NOTIONS.

"Procure a hundred pounds!—I say to thee, There's no such sum in nature. Forty shillings, and be now 'th' mist—and that's a treasure! 'Tis a few pence—said let me tell it to thee! For 'tis as wonderful as calves with five legs."

Beaumont and Fletcher.

In the days of old, when all men were honest, and generous—all human affairs went on smoothly. No rigidly strict, no mercenary selfishness, no sordid love of lucre, no miserably cold-heartedness existed to throw a chill upon the warm and genial kindness of social intercourse. If a debtor could not pay, doubtless the creditor crossed out the account and let him go. If any man wanted to borrow money, which might happen, of course, in the best of times, he found a hundred friends ready to lend him any sum.—Bless me! how the dollars trotted from hand to hand! Lending money is certainly the best, noblest, and greatest invention that the genius of man has ever achieved. Oh ye powers of prosperity! what harmony, joy, abundance, content, felicity, and glorious jollity, must have filled the land! For cash being plenty in every man's pocket, all the shops overflowed with custom; all handicrafts were in full activity, and everybody drove a rousing trade. People paid their taxes without grumbling. Everything was cheap, besides being in great demand; the jails were empty, and the lawyers starved!

But these things were too good to last. By and by a little cloud began to gather over the sunshine of this golden age. The great and irresistible proclivity of all human institutions towards evil, began to manifest itself. Men became less liberal and generous. Doubtless some miserably old hunk or other, first set the example by refusing to lend his money; this inaugurated others; and the example was soon followed by universal imitation. Such is the perverse fate of the world! All good customs get speedily out of fashion.—Now, when those who had money could no longer lend it, those who wanted money could no longer borrow it! So money became scarce; people could not pay their debts; trade declined, and lawsuits increased. Nobody would be generous, or charitable, or public-spirited any longer; but all mankind suddenly grew selfish, mercenary and calculating. Each man looked out for the main chance, and took care of nothing but number one; and the result of all this pestilential contagion was the bleeding of that horrible, direful, wasting, ravaging, lecherous epidemic, which is now stalking over the earth at noonday in the frightful shape of hard times!

Such appears to me the true philosophical explanation of this phenomenon; but whether this, or any different account of its origin be the nearest the truth, the melancholy fact is indisputable, that hard times really exist; and the question most interesting to all philanthropists, politicians, moralists, financiers, philosophers, poets, and good devils, is how to get rid of them. Dare we hope that some species of legislative, metaphysical, or monetary vaccination will be discovered in the course of time, that shall extirpate this dire disease, and restore the felicity of the good old golden age?

Such were my reflections as I rose in the morning, knowing that my note at the bank must be paid that day; but knowing no more than the man in the moon where the money to pay it was to come from. I dreamed through the night of all sorts of vain and tantalizing attempts to find something in my pocket. I awoke and found it was no dream! It was a prodigiously gloomy morning—at least it appeared so to me. Everything seemed to go wrong in my endeavors to dress; my pantaloon legs were wrong-side before; my buttons were in the wrong places; vest inside out, and stock bottom upwards. "Where shall I get the money!" said I to myself, in great perplexity, and at that moment stuck a particularly sharp pin into my windpipe. Pah!

At breakfast nothing went better. The coffee was scalding hot, the steak tough, and my appetite languid. Everything had a trick of slipping from my fingers. I broke a cup and saucer, and dropped a thumping slice of toast in my lap.—Pantaloons bran new! "Shall I ever have another pair," thought I. "Two o'clock, and the note must be paid!"

I looked over my pocket-book again, as if I expected to find what I was looking after. What a fool! I knew as well as I knew that I was alive, how much was in it—or rather how much was not in it. Six hundred dollars to make up the sum! Can't I collect some of my debts this forenoon!" thought I. What a fool again! for who ever could collect a debt when he wanted it! "Two o'clock," said I again, "and it must be paid!"

I sat down and fell into a profound cogitation. I thought of the mines of Potosi—of the mint of Mexico—of the Massachusetts Bank—of John Lackland—of Job's cat, and of my own empty pockets.

I never thought so hard in my life before. But thinking will never pay a man's note. At last a bright thought struck me. "I'll borrow the money!" said I. Eureka!

Before the resolution had time to cool, I ran to my neighbor, Mr. A. "Neighbor A," said I, "you are an excellent man; just lend me six hundred dollars."

"Six hundred dollars!" exclaimed he, turning up the whites of his eyes, "I have not a dollar to spare if it was to save my own life; every cent is gone. My boy lent forty-two thousand dollars out of my drawer before I came down from breakfast this morning!"

I saw plainly there was nothing to be got in this quarter; so I ran to my particular friend, Mr. B.—"My dear sir," said I, "lend me six hundred dollars as a particular favor."

"Six hundred dollars!" said he;—"and do you want this money?"

"So much so," replied I, "that if it were for my own particular use, I could not want it more."

"I am sorry for that," returned he, "for there's not a dollar of money to be had now-a-days. Money!—I believe it is all sunk to the bottom of the sea, for my part. Six hundred dollars, with a vengeance! Why, if I had a ten dollar bill, I'd go about town and exhibit it as a rare-show!"

Ten long minutes did I wait, wishing his companions, with their little about getting, a thousand leagues off; and every ten seconds stealing a look upward to the dial over the City-hall, watching the progress of the minute-hand, which advanced with a fearful rapidity towards that point beyond which there was no salvation of credit. It was strange he could not see me; or rather I should have said it was strange he would not; but I was too much in a perturbation to think that men, especially money-lenders, love to torment those whom they have in their power.—The ten minutes seemed endless, all and singular of them; but at last my gentleman pretended suddenly to discover me. "Ah! Mr. Lackpenny, how do you do?"

"My heart by this time was up to my throat; for in a small fraction of an hour the bank would be shut, and my note unpaid—a consummation not at all desirably to be wished by a man who desires to be in good name and fame upon 'Change. I was hardly collected enough to state my necessity, but old Sharp can understand such matters from half a word.

"Lend money!" he exclaimed; "I never do such things."

"You don't indeed!" said I.

"No," returned he, taking out his snuff-box with an air of the greatest conchance; "but, for a proper consideration, I think I know somebody that will."

"What is the man's name?" asked I with an equal degree of pretended seriousness, though I knew the man's name was Solomon Sharp, and that he was standing that moment before my face.

"I'll see him and let you know," said my honest friend. "Call here in a quarter of an hour—possibly it may be done."

"A quarter of an hour!—Oh, Mr. Sharp!—but if you think it can be done in a quarter of an hour—"

Mr. Sharp looked as composed as if the whole affair had been nothing more than the picking up of a straw. He walked out, and so did I. We separated, and I saw him go up State-street, pass round the Post Office, and return to his den, without speaking to a soul on the way. When the ten minutes had expired, I went to him. "Well, Mr. Sharp?"

"I have called on the man," said he, "but he is not at home."

"This," thought I, "is to demand ten per cent more from me." "Mr. Sharp!" said I, imploringly. "shall see him in five minutes, without doubt," returned he. "Wait here and I will step out again."

"Oh for a stone bow!" thought I, "to hit this fellow in the eye! with the money in his pocket all this time—to tease his gudgeon to death before he looks him!"

My veracious friend went out again, walked round the Post Office and came back. It was almost three o'clock and I was ready to fly out of my skin: every moment seemed an hour. "Well, Mr. Sharp, what does the man say?"

"Say!" replied the conscientious gentleman, shaking his head; "why he says that money is money now."

"Very well, Mr. Sharp, I knew that before—but will he do the note!—for heaven's sake!"

"He thinks he might," drawled out my tormentor with an air of the utmost unconcern.

"Well, Mr. Sharp, how long will it take?"

"Can't do it for less than fifty per cent!"

"Fifty per cent, Mr. Sharp! surely you mistake! Fifty per cent, for four months! Oh, monstrous!"

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT OF THE BALTIMORE PATRIOT, thus concludes a late letter:

"Perhaps there never was a man treated worse than Mr. Bancroft has been! People, somehow or other, will not like him. On the Saturday previous to the adjournment of Congress, when the President and Cabinet were at the Capitol Mr. Bancroft advanced with his own peculiar manner, up to Senator Rusk, and offered his hand to that gentleman. Gen. Rusk drew himself up in all the dignity of his nature—for he is a very fine specimen of a man—and said 'Sir, I shall not shake hands with any such man as you are. I do not consider you a gentleman.'"

The insulted Secretary repaired to Mr. Walker, and told him how he had been treated by the Texas Senator. Whereupon Secretary Walker sought out Gen. Rusk and undertook to chide him (somewhat gently though) for having insulted a member of the Cabinet!

"A member of the Cabinet!" exclaimed Gen. Rusk, "and who is he more than any body else who conducts himself properly and as a gentleman! The person I refused my hand to is no gentleman, and if you, sir, wish to resent the affront which he is unwilling to resent, you can do so in any way you may choose!" Mr. Walker was soon not at.

These facts were communicated to me by a Locofoco Ex-Senator to Congress, and by an officer of his name in the world, and will, I imagine, hardly be denied.

A LUCKY FELLOW.—On the 3d of July last, a celebrated merchant tailor of Broadway, New York, named TERRY, had in his possession a \$10 bank bill the genuineness of which he had reason to doubt. He took it to a broker for his opinion, who had told him he thought it was good; but still Mr. T. was not fully satisfied and asked if he would change it. The broker declined but said he would give two lottery tickets and \$1 in change for the bill. He accepted the offer and took the lottery tickets and laid them aside, thinking at any rate they were not worse than a bad bill.

About two weeks after he had a note of some hundreds to pay, and up to 2 o'clock on the day on which it became due, had not a dollar where-with to meet it.

He was "shinning" about to raise means, his pace increasing as the hour hand approached that dreadful three o'clock. It wanted but five minutes and still the prospect was gloomy. He had only one friend to whom he had not applied, and was on his way to his place of business, when some one caught him by the arm and asked to speak a few words with him.

"Can't," said T., wiping the perspiration from his face. "Three o'clock—note no money—protest—" and other similar disconnected sentences he uttered as he strove to free himself.

"Where are those lottery tickets I sold you?" asked the broker, for it was he.

"At home," said T. and taking out his watch and seeing that it wanted but two minutes to 3, he made a spring that cleared him from the grasp of the broker.

The broker seemed determined not to let the tailor slip out of his hand so easy, as he gave chase; and soon came up with him and began—

"Those tickets—"

"Hang the tickets!" he exclaimed in agony: "it's my note and the certainty of a protest, that troubles me."

"Then hang your protest and note too; it's the tickets that trouble me. Why I want to tell you but you won't let me, that you have drawn a prize of \$40,000, and I will hand you the money before sun-down."

T. forgot about the note—kicked the protest and the man that served it, to old Harry, and before night went and received as the net proceeds of his tickets, \$34,000. No sooner had he convinced himself that all this was real, than he sent his grose to a place where it will need no artificial heating; and he is now in Brooklyn comfortably ensconced in one of those pretty cottages in Canton st., near Dr. Stone's Church, which he has purchased. He has settled on his wife and children \$14,000, kept \$10,000 for himself, set up a nice little carriage, and, like a sensible man, sits down to enjoy the "otium cum dignitate" for life.—Brooklyn Ad.

A GOOD JOKE!

Not many months ago, a 'green'an,' desirous of showing the length and breadth of his affections for a lovely lassie, for whom he professed more than an ordinary attachment, falling upon his benighted knees and calling Cupid to witness his adoration of his heart's idol, he begged her, in mercy, to receive a small present from him as a token of his plighted vows. The lady having no particular love for her passionate suitor, rejected his offers. Nothing daunted, he continued to urge upon her his greatest desire, until she finally consented to accept from him anything which might please his fancy. With this, he implored upon her soft, delicate hand a fervent kiss, and bidding adieu for awhile, to his society's brightest treasure, he bounded off at the speed of an antelope, to the centre of the city, when he began to tax his imagination to its fullest extent as to what his present should be. Being near a Restaurant, and perceiving the bill of fare, a thought struck him that a few nice oysters and a savory beef steak, would more than delight his fastidious and charming delecta. The idea was barely conceived, when he rushed into the tavern, ordered a peck of shell oysters, which he placed in a red bandanna; a beef steak, which he crammed into his hat, and in a few moments was again at the door of his lady-love's residence, rapping loudly for admission into her lovely and divine presence. In an instant the lady made her appearance at the door, and to her great consternation, there stood her admiring suitor, with large drops of sweat clustered around his brows, almost breathless, bearing in his 'kerchief a quantity of huge shell fish in his hat a piping hot steak, highly seasoned, while under his arm a penny loaf stuck forth its brown end, to show the genuineness for the fry. The effect was electric. In an instant the lady became convulsed with laughter—the inmates of the house were aroused—and the whole family circle, after witnessing the scene, became one of merriment.—The chagrined lover, feeling mortified at the unfruitful reception of his gifts, grow indignant, dropped them at the door, made his exit and has not since been heard of; but the bare mention of 'oysters and beefsteak' in that neighborhood, is ever heralded with a burst of laughter. PAUL PEE.

PROVERBS.—A white glove often conceals a dirty hand. The remedy for injuries is not to remember them. Be a friend to yourself, and others will. Go into the country to hear the news of the town. Be not a baker, if your head is made of butter. Call me cousin, but cozen me not. Praise is disparagement. Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy. Zeal without knowledge is like fire without light. Youth and white paper soon take an impression. Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms. The church is out of temper, when charity is cold and love is hot. The sting of reproach is the truth of it. Envy shoots at others and wounds herself. A goose-quill is more dangerous than a lion's claw. Beware of a slight dog and a wet rat.

Board for Members.

JAMES LITCHFORD, having taken a large three story New Brick Building, at the corner of Hargett and Fayetteville Streets, formerly occupied by B. B. Smith, and within two hundred yards of the State House, will be prepared to accommodate 20 MEMBERS OF THE APPROXIMATE LEGISLATURE. His rooms are large and comfortable, and shall be as good as the market will afford. Terms moderate. Raleigh, Sept. 21, 1846.

BOARD FOR MEMBERS.

THE Subscriber would respectfully announce to the Members of the approaching Legislature that he is prepared to accommodate from thirty to thirty-five members during the Session. He has enlarged his dining-room, and has constructed a brick building on a lot situated near his house, with four good rooms and he will use his best exertions, as heretofore, to give satisfaction. His terms will be moderate, and usual. JOHN HUTCHINS. Sept. 20, 1846. 79-66

Washington Hotel,

(About 150 yards south-east of the Capitol), RALEIGH, N. C.

JAMES HALL, having taken this well-known Establishment, respectfully informs the members elect of the ensuing General Assembly, and others, that he is prepared to accommodate in a manner which cannot fail to please, those who may favor this house with their patronage. His table will at all times be furnished with the best market affords, his rooms with every thing calculated to render them comfortable, and his bar with good liquors. His Stables which are spacious, will be supplied with plenty of provender, and attended by careful and experienced hostlers. He deems it unnecessary to say more, preferring rather to give "practical proofs" than mere promises. Raleigh, Sept. 21, 1846. 76-51

Brigade Orders.

HEAD QUARTERS, Albright's, Orange County, N. C., September 14th, 1846

To the Officers of the Sixth Brigade of North Carolina Militia.

YOU are hereby commanded to attend at your usual parade grounds, with your respective commands, armed and equipped as the law directs, for parade and review, with six rounds of powder, on the following days, to-wit:

- The 36th Regiment on the 12th of October.
The 5th " on the 13th "
The 94th " on the 14th "
The 45th " on the 15th "
The 47th " on the 17th "
The 48th " on the 19th "
The 49th " on the 20th "

By order of JOSEPH HOLT, Brigadier General. WILLIAM A. LEA, Aid de Camp. September 16. 76-33w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—CHATHAM COUNTY.—Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, A. D. 1846.

Thomas A. Futral and wife Julia Ann, Elizabeth W. Brooks, Isaac O. Brooks, Evander E. Brooks, William Dorsett and wife Margaret, Josiah H. Brooks, Samuel Culbertson, son of John, Daniel Marchison and wife Nancy, Daniel Stoner and wife Nancy.

John R. Marsh, Solomon Bray, John T. Brooks, Executor of Josh Brooks, John Brooks, Winifred Harper, William Brown and wife Ruth.

Petition for Partition of Land.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendants, John Brook, Winifred Harper, and William Brown and wife Ruth, are co-tenants of this State, and that process cannot be personally served upon them; It is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Raleigh Register, for six weeks, commanding the said Defendants, to appear at our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Chatham, at the Court House in Pittsboro', on the second Monday in November next, then and there to plead, to answer the said Petition, otherwise the same will be heard ex parte.

Witness, N. A. Stedman, Clerk of said Court at Office at Pittsborough, the 4th Monday in August, A. D., 1846.

N. A. STEDMAN, Clerk. Pr. Adv. \$5 65d. 76-6w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—GREENE COUNTY.—Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, A. D. 1846.

Alice Harper, John Harper and others, Heirs-at-Law of Charles H. Harper, dec'd.

Petition for Dower.

In this case, it being made appear to the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendant, John Harper, is not an inhabitant of this State, and process cannot be served upon him; It is ordered, that publication be made for six successive weeks in the Raleigh Register, and the New Bernian, commanding the said John Harper to appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Greene, at the Court House in Snow Hill, on the second Monday of November next, and plead, answer or demur to the Petition; or, the same will be taken pro confesso, and set for hearing ex parte.

Witness, James Williams, Clerk of our said Court, at Office, the second Monday of August, A. D., 1846. JAS. WILLIAMS, C. C. Pr. Adv. \$5 65d. 76-6w

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