

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE REGISTER.

Mr. Gales: The next Legislature, as all know, will have many important subjects before it—subjects which will require much deliberation, and demand all the experience of that body for their wise adjustment. Of these, I am aware of none which the people will feel more interest in, than that of re-districting the State. For a while, I doubted somewhat, the policy of altering the Congressional Districts, there being suggested some reasons against it, which, at first view, appeared plausible; but I must confess, the more I have reflected on the matter, the more clear my conviction has become, that it is demanded by every consideration of policy and justice. So far as the Members of the Legislature are concerned, whether they are Whigs or Democrats, this subject stands upon much higher grounds than mere considerations of policy. It is their duty, under the circumstances, and in the face of all the facts of the case, to re-district the State. It is a duty they owe to themselves—to the Constitution, and to the People. I do not see how they can neglect or refuse it, without a plain, palpable abandonment of their obligation as Legislators. This I conceive to be clearly demonstrable. What then, in the first place, are the facts? At every popular election since 1836, the Whigs have carried the State by majorities ranging between three and twelve thousand. Whenever their full strength has been polled, they have proved to the whole Universe, that North Carolina is thoroughly Whig in her politics. In 1842, the Democrats had an accidental majority in both branches of the Legislature. Not satisfied with sending to the Senate of the United States one who entertained political sentiments directly at variance with those of a large majority of the People of the State, they availed themselves of this accidental power, then wielded by them, to deprive that majority of their just voice and influence in the popular branch of Congress. Since that time, the true and genuine sentiments of the State have not had their just influence in the House of Representatives. A minority had appropriated to themselves, under the provisions of an unjust law, what belonged to the majority, whose rights and protestations they have disregarded. It was a species of political high-way robbery—the seizing and appropriating to their own use, under the brute force of mere numbers, the political privileges of the Whigs of the State—and not for a year or a session, but, as they pretended to believe, and no doubt desired others to believe, unalterably for ten years! To accomplish this, however, it became necessary to disregard every fair principle by which the State ought to be districted. Large Whig majorities were thrown together in masses, and thereby neutralized or rendered powerless. To achieve this more effectually, they strung together large Whig Counties, extending from the South Carolina line almost to that of Virginia. They disregarded every thing like convenience or contiguity—similarity of pursuits, or harmony of interests. They illustrated the former principle of action, by linking together Counties in one direct line, from Person to the Tennessee boundary, a distance of about 200 miles—and the latter principle, by endeavoring "to mould into one," the farmers and distillers of Nash, and the fishermen and wreckers of the Sea-coast, hundreds of miles apart. By such means only, were they enabled to secure to themselves a majority of the Representatives in Congress. They knew they were not entitled to such majority—that in appropriating it to themselves, they had lifted the true voice of the State. The previous elections had proved this to the satisfaction of all, and subsequent elections have confirmed it beyond a doubt. And, pray, what are the Whigs now very generously asked to do, by these losers of the dear People? Why, to continue this fraud upon their rights—this injustice—this monstrous perversion of the very first principles of popular Government! The questions then for every member of the Legislature to answer, are—Shall this be? Must such injustice be longer sanctioned and borne? Will it not be an abandonment of duty, and a breach of oath? These are serious enquiries—let us endeavor to solve them. One of the fundamental principles upon which a Republican Government rests, is that the majority should rule. This indeed is the corner stone of all popular government—the very starting point of all its other principles—the pivot upon which every thing else turns. It is true, this majority must be checked by the compact or Constitution of Government under which it exists, so far as that has thrown any check around them. The Let Section of our "Bill of Rights," which forms a part of our State Constitution, declares, "that all power is vested in and derived from the People only." Now, who is that, constitute the People, as here meant? Not the voters of one section or district—not the minority, but clearly the majority of all the voters. In that majority of all the voters is vested the "political power" of the State. To give any other construction to the Constitution, would lead to an absurdity and contradiction—would annul the first principles of popular Government. Now, I take it, that these declarations or political axioms contained in our "Bill of Rights" and made a part of our State Constitution, are as binding—as obligatory on the conscience of Public Officers and Legislators, as if they were positive and unequivocal commands, addressed directly to each and every one, who may have taken an oath to obey, protect, and support the Constitution. He, then, who in his capacity as Legislator, by the exercise of chicanery or power or otherwise, deprives the majority of that political power, which is guaranteed to them by the Bill of Rights—is acting against the spirit of the Constitution, and in direct violation of its provisions. A law which effects this purpose, whether it be intentional or not, is a violation of the Constitution. Much more is it so, when the plain object and avowed purpose, is, to deprive the majority of their political rights. Can there be found on record a more palpable—a more glaring instance of an intentional deprivation of political rights than the Act of 1842?—Would there not be a great wrong done to the People of the State, were the Legislature, by refusing or neglecting to lay off Districts—to cut her off from her representation in Congress!—How much greater is the wrong of making her speak a false voice in the National Legislature—of sending as her Representatives, men who denounce her principles, and fight, incessantly, against the political interests of a decided majority of her People! Can there be a plainer violation of the principle that "all political power is vested in, and derived from the People"? And most assuredly, the members of the ensuing Legislature will not be able to evade the conviction that to suffer this injustice to continue longer—that to deprive the people of the State of their just po-

litical power in Congress, even for two years longer, will be a continued violation of the Constitution for which they will be responsible to their consciences and their constituents. The oath which they take is no child's play. Each member swears that he will "endeavor to support, maintain and defend the Constitution of the State."—(Rev. Stat. 432.)—Can any one be endeavoring to support and maintain the Constitution, who is not endeavoring to procure the repeal of the tyrannical law of 1842, and obtain a just and equitable division of the State into districts, so that the "political power" of the State may be vested in and come from the "People"? Can that Legislator be endeavoring to support and maintain a Constitution who neglects to urge the repeal of a law which operates directly and plainly in violation of that Constitution? Can he be defending what he is sworn to defend, who sees an enemy approaching and neglects or refuses to drive him back when he has the power to do so? Can he be endeavoring to support and defend the citadel who stands inactive and allows its foundations to be undermined and its walls to be razed to the ground? Can a Whig or Democrat (I put the question direct) be endeavoring to support, maintain or defend the Constitution, who remains silent and permits a law to continue in force, which is at war with the very first principles of the Government—which violates the first article of the "Bill of Rights"—and which plainly, palpably, and unequivocally, deprives the people of the State of their just and honest voice in Congress? If he can, then indeed are the provisions of the oath worth but little, and the Declaration of Rights becomes a list of old political saws, strung together for the amusement of the political mountebank, rather than the instruction and guidance of the Legislature. It is under the influence of these considerations that I have been brought to the conclusion that it is the duty of every member of the Legislature, and every citizen, to exert himself to have the State re-districted. It is above—and far above mere suggestions or considerations of policy. It is a question involving the preservation of the principles of our Government and Constitution—and the restoration of violated rights. As to its effects upon the Whigs as a Party, it does not deserve a moment's consideration. If by giving to demagogues a theme for declamation it were to bury the Whig party for years, yet it should not weigh a feather against the all-absorbing and overpowering consideration of right—of justice—of principle. If this be surrendered tamely, we are fit to be slaves, and none of the wise provisions of our Constitution will prevent our ultimately becoming so, for they may be and will be violated with impunity by an unscrupulous party, whenever it gets the reins of power. But what do the Whigs fear in this matter? Are they afraid to do right lest they may by some fortuitous event, or some caprice of the People, lose their popularity? Then indeed are they unworthy of the confidence reposed in them, and the sooner they retire to the shades of private life, the better for both them and their constituents. But the Whigs, thank Heaven, are not afraid to do what is right—and power shewing any such craven fear, may their power evaporate "into airy nothingness," and the sceptre of their influence be clutched by other hands. But even if the Whigs were capable of indulging such fears, where is the reason for them? Are they to be frightened by the noise of every political birch which may be shaken by the leaders of Democracy? Have they yet to learn the true character of these leaders? Will the Whigs dread discussion before the People upon a subject, on which they will have reason and justice to support them? But some have indulged the apprehension, that to repeal the law and re-district the State, will be establishing a bad precedent, and that should the Democrats gain the ascendancy, they will alter it again. This will produce, they fear, instability of legislation. But see what a weak process of reasoning this is, and how unworthy the Whig Party. Forsooth, we must decline doing a right thing, lest the Democrats following our example may do a wrong one! We must refuse to repeal a bad and unjust law and pass a good one, lest that good one may be repealed by the Democrats hereafter! Now, in this as in all other matters, I am in favor of acting according to the old maxim, "let every tub stand on its own bottom." The same process of reasoning might be used against perfecting any and every Whig measure, wherever the power of repeal exists for both them and for the Whigs shrinking from no rightful responsibility. Let them act boldly and answer promptly. Nothing was ever yet gained by timidity and backwardness. Believing that our principles are right, and that the salvation of the country depends on their success—knowing that the law of 1842 was and is now unjust—oppressive, and unconstitutional—that it deprives the Whigs of their just rights, let us go forth boldly and fearlessly to its repeal! The People demand it. It is demanded by the high considerations of right and justice, and against these—all these, the mere flitting hints of party policy, are not worth a gossamer. Let the Whigs do right, and my honest conviction is, that if they suffer such a wrong to themselves to continue, when they have the power to right it, they will not deserve the confidence of the People, and will eventually lose, perhaps never to regain it. ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

DISASTERS OF A DIFFIDENT MAN. It was at a dinner in Paris. The ordinary routine of a French table had commenced. A regular series of servants appeared each instant at our elbows, inviting us to partake of a thousand different kinds of wine. Resolute to avoid all further opportunities for displaying my predominant trait of bashfulness, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying not to every thing that was offered to me, and eating with the most devoted application, till my fair neighbor, tired with my taciturnity and her own, at length herself began a conversation by inquiring how I was pleased with the opera. I was just raising a large morsel of potatoe to my mouth, and in order to reply as quick as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it as hastily. Heavens! it was hot as lava! What could I do? The lady's eyes were fixed upon me, waiting a reply to her question. But my mouth was all in a flame. I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side, while my eyes, which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were strained from their sockets. She regarded my grimaces, of the cause of which she was ignorant, with an expression of amazement and surprise, at which I can laugh now when I think of it. "Monsieur is ill!" at length she gently and in an anxious tone inquired. I could hear no more. My mouth was aching with intolerable pain; so quietly abandoning the point, I opened it to the utmost and out dropped the infernal brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tenderness or forbearance ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady. She soothingly condescended with me, on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics till exerting the magic influence that true politeness always exercises, I began to forget even my own blunders. Gradually my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered should have the fate of the action that I attempted. I even ventured to hope, nay, to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of calamities was completed for the day. "Let no man call himself happy before death," said Solon, and he said wisely. The Ides of March is not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nice done with butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it very much resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table, and when my fair neighbor inquired if I was fond of cauliflower, I verily took it to be the French for custard pudding, and so high was my paenegyric of it that my plate was bountifully laden with it. Alas, one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to heaven that the corfleur had vanished with it. But that remained bodily, and as I gazed despondent on the huge mass that loomed almost as large and burning as Vesuvius, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake, though I could as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, I struggled manfully against the mountainous heap at its base—shutting my eyes, and opening my mouth, to inhale as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began intelligently enough to intimate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not even expelling that which had already gained admission. The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions which appetite could not have inspired, when my plate having got something over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so heavy a load, bent under in its turn, and a great portion landed safely in my hat. The piece instantly righted itself, as I raised my person and saw as I glanced my eye round the table, that no one noticed my disaster. I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolved not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief together, with its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket. The dinner-table was at length deserted for the drawing-room, where coffee and liquors were served. Meanwhile I had sought out what I considered a safe hiding-place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining-room, for I dare not carry it any longer in my hand, having first thrown a morsel of paper, to hide the cauliflower, should anyone chance, in seeking for his own hat, to look into mine. On my return to the drawing room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I had sat at the table. Our conversation was resumed, and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running up her arm. "Take it off!—take it off!" she ejaculated in a terrified voice. I was always afraid of spiders; so, to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my pocket handkerchief from my pocket, and clapped it at once on the insect, which was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious heavens! I had forgotten the cauliflower, which was now plastered over her face like an emollient poultice, fairly killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady—his little streamlets of soft butter glided slowly down her neck and bosom. "Mon dieu! Mon dieu!" exclaimed the astonished fair one. "Mon dieu!" was re-echoed from every person's mouth. "No! no!—the spider—Monsieur is killing the spider." "Well might the company be astonished; the spray of the execrable vegetable had spattered her dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket, but its contents remained. "What a monster must it have been," observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation, "I declare that I should think he had been living on cauliflower." At that moment I felt some one touch me, and turning, I saw my companion, who had come with me. "Look at your pantaloons," he whispered. Already half dead with the confusion and disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my own white dress, and saw, at a glance, the horrid extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting on the pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft, paste-like vegetable, which had bedaubed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if they were actually dissolving my pantaloons. Daring from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat; but, before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"Secret. Let it see—" the rain the first syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard rising like a fierce tempest without the doors, suddenly there was a pause, a gurgling sound, as of one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat, and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained; we had exchanged hats—and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustachios, ears, and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride, like the Colossus, and stooping gently forward, his eye sorely closed, his arms drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter from every pore. I staid no longer, but retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a "fiacre," and arrived safely home, heartily resolving that I'd never again deliver a letter of introduction. THE WHIG PARTY IN OHIO. The annexed Circular from the Whig Central Committee of Ohio, while it announces with calm dignity the signal triumph of their party in the late election states briefly, but clearly and comprehensively, the issues which were involved in the contest and which give to the victory its chief value. TO THE WHIGS OF OHIO. WHIG STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE ROOM, COLUMBUS, OCTOBER 17, 1846. In closing the labors of this campaign, the State Central Committee cannot but congratulate you in view of the triumphant vindication of your principles in the recent election. Sufficient returns are in to make it certain that we have elected our Governor by a majority not far from 3,000; we have carried both branches of the Legislature, and have gained four Congressmen. Thus have the freemen of Ohio rebuked those that were in favor of repealing our just and equitable Revenue system, and rejected the hard-money doctrines of the self-styled Democratic party, and repudiated those who would tarnish the honor and bring the disgrace of repudiation upon our State. We have secured the continuance of a sound and safe Banking system, and prevented the repeal of a revenue law that will build up and sustain the credit of the State, and enable us to pay off the large public debt created by the mismanagement and enormous frauds and peculations of the Locofoco party. To the Whigs of the Union we say, be of good cheer; Ohio is now, as ever, a stronghold of Whig principles, and her free and patriotic sons will, at all proper times, assert and vindicate them. In this election Ohio has spoken out her sentiments upon the subject of a Protective Tariff, Internal Improvements, the Subtreasury, Direct Taxation, and a War waged for mere conquest. The result is seen in her votes, and the National Administration may profit by it. JOHN A. LAZELL, JOSEPH RIDGWAY, JOHN B. THOMPSON, JOS. SULLIVAN, J. L. CURTIS, J. L. BATES, Whig State Central Committee. THE OREGON QUESTION. This is now an old story, and is quietly settled and done with. But it is curious and instructive to look back, in this country, every now and then, at the strange alterations which take place in party feeling and party sentiment with regard to public measures. In nothing has this alteration been more apparent than in the matter of the Oregon dispute. We have before us an extract from a strong Administration journal, published whilst the Oregon negotiation was in progress, and supposed to speak the opinions of a large portion if not the whole of the "Democratic" of the United States. Here is the extract: "The public rumor respecting the boundary line of Oregon, having been agreed upon with the British Minister to be the 49th degree, is believed to be unbounded—no such arrangement having been made; no such arrangement sanctioned by the American people. Oregon is all ours; we negotiate for nothing short of ALL that belongs to us, we will have 'no compromise' upon the question 'but at the cannon's mouth.' We own it and we will keep it, come what may." "The Missouri Reporter says: 'The West will never acquiesce willingly in any arrangement by which that portion of Oregon Territory North of the 49th degree shall be surrendered to England.'" "No, nor will the East acquiesce in any such arrangement either. It is entirely useless to discuss the question—the minds of the American people are fully made up in the case. Oregon is ours—and Ours it shall remain!" "We give a specimen of what the West thinks about the matter. It is in the shape of a toast drunk at Columbus (Ohio) on the 4th of July: 'By Wm. Lawrence. Oregon—ALL OR NONE! We have the hearts to 'will it'—the hands to advocate it—the strong arms to defend it—and, if the occasion require it, the blood to spill in its defence.'" "These were the feelings which the party professed to entertain, and these were the sentiments which were echoed and re-echoed from one end of the country to the other, 'a deep calling unto deep,' and the nation appeared to for the maintenance of its rights. And yet all of Oregon was not obtained, the 49th parallel was adopted, and the party not only quietly acquiesced, but has been busily at work from that day to this, defending the settlement that was made, and, instead of 'spilling blood' and firing 'cannon' actively engaged in securing the political power of those who relinquish the whole of Oregon. Alexandria Gazette.

San Juan de Ulua. In the London News the following description is given of the works of this renowned Fortress. It is now generally conceded that an attempt to gain possession of it by a naval attack would lead only to a deplorable loss of life; nor do we suppose that our Government designs to make an attempt which, if successful, would not compensate for the inevitable cost, and if unsuccessful, would reflect disgrace upon our arms. The description given in the News is none the less interesting on this account: San Juan de Ulua.—On the termination of the war with Spain, after the miserable remains of their garrison had been sent off to Havana, I went with two companions over the castle of San Juan de Ulua. It is a tremendous place if at all well manned. No wonder it had held out so long—Had it not been for the raging of the yellow fever within its walls and the want of provisions, the Mexicans would never have taken it without a naval force very superior to the one they then possessed, though they have never since had any force comparable to that one. The outer walls of this fortress are of immense thickness—upward of twelve feet; and in the positions most exposed, the walls are seventeen or eighteen feet in depth of solid white stone. It is a very porous and rather soft stone, so that balls do not split or crack it so much as they quietly imbed themselves. These outer walls have batteries all round; the guns were well planted, with here and there a neat corrier for a mortar. The inner walls are so constructed that if the outer walls are gained it would still be at a slaughterous expense to the besiegers, if the garrison were at all competent to avail themselves of their position. We entered the fortress from below at the principal gate, which was of great strength and very skillfully contrived; and then went along a stone passage, which had several gateways and "cunningly devised" narrow passages, with high stone walls on each side. This was terminated by a canal or moat, with a drawbridge over it. We next arrived at flights of stairs, and passing up several vaultlike ascents we gained the top of the grand batteries. Their general characteristic is that of great strength and plenty of room to work in. They mounted one hundred and twenty long 24 pounders, all of brass. They were for the most part in excellent condition. The mortars were of large calibre, though not in such good order as the guns. The powder magazines were each literally a dry stone wall, plucked at the top with blankets, and having a round metal lid over the mouth that opened upon the batteries. We next descended to the inner works, and gained the secondary walls by a circuitous route. Besides the necessity to the besiegers of having guides who well know every turn of the works, the excitement and smoke are almost certain to produce a confusion, in which the voice or presence of the guides would be lost, and the party dashing onward might only arrive at a dead wall, a gap looking out upon the sea, or the mouth of a 24 pounder. The circuitous route of our descent from the upper to the lower range of walls was entirely exposed to their batteries, the guns grinning at us all the way like so many black tasks as we traversed stone causeways and narrow passages. Whole regiments might here be raked down after they had conquered the outer wall. But the "chances of war" are numerous; and one imperfection in the greatest power (if otherwise perfectly) may render it insignificant, and perhaps ridiculous. On arriving at their inner batteries we found the guns in a wretched condition. They were no better than a Chinese effect, "calculated" to strike terror into the mind. But one may imagine how very angry the subtle architect of this formidable castle would have been, could he have seen his excellent arrangements for the safe and nearly certain destruction of the assailants thus rendered abortive. We now descended a very wide and steep flight of stone stairs, which led down into the grand castle square, or little town, as one might almost call it. We entered at the bottom through stone gateways—the architect had never missed an opportunity for giving the besieged protection in retreating, and time to rally—and then found ourselves in a large open square, enclosed on all sides by very lofty walls, the lower part of which displayed doors and entrances into barracks, guard-houses and shops of various kinds for the sale of such articles as a garrison would need. The Governor's house is at the farther end. It was a genuine soldier's lodgment, and very bare of all ornament, except those of war, for it was riddled all over with the marks of shot and shell. Its strong covered balcony, intended to serve as a protection both from the broiling sun and from the fall of missiles, was in many places torn in long gaps. All the towers and buildings of any elevation had also been knocked about and defaced by the shot and shells from Vera Cruz, previous to the surrender of the castle. But the mutilations and destruction did not materially affect the strength of the place. Very few of the guns had been discharged; even the outer batteries were not injured so as to render them ineffective, with the exception of a gap of ruins in one or two places. There is about a mile's breadth of sea running between San Juan de Ulua and the town of Vera Cruz. How strongly and skillfully this fortress is protected by art, the reader has now some idea; but San Juan de Ulua is equally protected by nature; for, while the defences of art which I have briefly described are briefly devoted to the side and angle facing the town, those angles which face the main ocean on the opposite side, or back of the castle, are protected by long successions of rocky reefs, utterly defying the approach of any vessel of war. Many black and rotting vessels, visible even at high water, attest the natural "errors of the place." But in these days it is generally understood by all military men that no place is impregnable, and that thorough soldiers, well officered and led, can, and will, and do, take any place. At what cost, is not the question. The thing can be done. STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—CHATHAM COUNTY.—Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, A. D. 1846. Amos Richardson, Samuel Richardson and Isaac Richardson, vs. Edward Buckner and wife Elizabeth, James Hadley and wife Mary, Keniah Richardson, and the children of William Richardson, dec'd, William Richardson, dec'd, Isaac Mechem, and children of Edward Mechem and wife Martha, dec'd. Petition for Partition of Lands. It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that all the Defendants are non-residents 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 of November next, then and there to plead to, or answer the said Petition, otherwise, the same will be heard *ex parte*. Witness, N. A. Stedman, Clerk of said Court at Office in Pittsboro, the 2nd Monday in August, A. D. 1846. N. A. STEDMAN, Clerk. Pr. Adv. \$5 62½. 78—6w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—CHATHAM COUNTY.—Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, A. D. 1846. John Harper and others, Heirs-at-Law of Charles H. Harper, dec'd. Petition for Divorce. 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, to 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 62½. 76—6w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—CHATHAM COUNTY.—Superior Court of Law, September Term, A. D. 1846. Sarah Ware, vs. Henry F. Ware. Petition for Divorce. It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Henry F. Ware, the Defendant in this case, is not a resident of this State: It is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Raleigh Register for thirty days, notifying the said Henry F. Ware, that on the 15th day of December, 1846, at the Tavern house of Champion Bledsoe, in the County of Furauna, and State of Virginia, the Plaintiff, by her Attorney, will proceed to take the testimony of Champion Bledsoe and others, to be read in her behalf in said suit now pending in the Superior Court of Law for Granville County. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, at Office in Oxford, the 25th day of September, A. D. 1846. BENJ. C. COOKE, C. S. C. Pr. Adv. \$4 50. 78—6w

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 Murchison and wife Nancy, Daniel Stoner and wife Nancy, vs. John R. Marsh, Solomon Bray, John T. Brooks, Executor of Job Brooks, John Brooks, Wanfried Harper, William Brown and wife Ruth. Petition for Partition of Lands. It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendants, John Brooks, Wanfried Harper, and William Brown and wife Ruth, are non-residents 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, or 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 2nd Monday in August, A. D. 1846. N. A. STEDMAN, Clerk. Pr. Adv. \$5 62½. 78—6w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—NASH COUNTY.—Petition filed 23d September, 1846. The Petition of Elijah Boddie, of Tennessee, Plaintiff, vs. Tempe Battle, widow of Frederick Battle, Thomas Yarborough and his wife Mary, James Yarborough, William Battle, Thomas Battle, Elizabeth Battle, Martha Battle, Lawrence Battle, Nancy Battle, and Tippecanoe Battle, Defendants. In this case, it appearing that the defendant, Thomas Yarborough and his wife Mary, are non-residents of the State of North Carolina, Francis M. Taylor, Clerk of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions for the County of Nash, do, according to the Act of Assembly in such case made, by this advertisement, hereby notify the said Thomas Yarborough and his wife Mary, to appear before the Justices of our said Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held in the Court House in Nashville, on the second Monday of November next, and plead, answer, or demur to said Petition, otherwise the same will be taken *pro confesso* by them, and heard *ex parte*. Witness, Francis M. Taylor, Clerk of our said Court at Office in Nashville, the 23d day of September, 1846. FRANCIS M. TAYLOR, Clerk. Pr. Adv. \$5 62½. 77—6w

TO THE NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN JUSTICE, DECEASED: In the matter of William H. Bridges and Sarah his wife, John Justice, William Duncan and Elizabeth his wife, Warren Durham and Nancy his wife, Allen Justice, David Justice, Keziah Justice, Elizabeth Justice, Sarah Justice, Allen Robertson, Nathaniel Robertson, Merritt Stephen Robertson, David Robertson, Thompson Robertson, John Robertson, William Justice, son and Elizabeth his wife, William Justice, Clayton Justice, Wesley Edwards and Dolly his wife, and Franklin Freeman and Sarah his wife—Plaintiffs, vs. Stephen Pleasants, Executor of the last Will of Stephen Justice, deceased—Defendant. PURSUANT to an Order of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, directing me to equitably divide the estate of the said testator, (John Justice), living at the death of the said testator, to all such persons: I do hereby give notice to all such persons, to come in and make out their kindred before me at the Office of said Court, in the City of Raleigh, on the second Monday in March next, or in default thereof, they will be excluded from all part of the distribution of a fund now in said Court.

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 persons, to come in and make out their kindred before me at the Office of said Court, in the City of Raleigh, on the second Monday in March next, or in default thereof, they will be excluded from all part of the distribution of a fund now in said Court. EDWARD B. FREEMAN, C. C. Pr. Adv. \$5 62½. 79—6w