



THE Whig and Advocate.

SALISBURY, N. C.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1864.
Office on Main street, a few doors Northeast of the Court House.

OUR TRIP.

We were absent last week, on a flying visit of business and pleasure to the counties of Davie, Yadkin, Surry and Ashe. The labor, and excitement of the late election being over, and feeling somewhat like the root of the tongue down in the mouth at the result, we concluded to test the virtue of a little mountain air and scenery, as to our physical health, and see how efficacious they would prove in exercising the Grey, Black and Blue political devils of triumphant Democracy, which haunted our imaginations. By the aids of Philosophy, Poetry and History, we partially succeeded in our attempts and object. We were consoled in some degree by the reflection that "the battle is not always to the strong"—that the wisdom of the wise is often confounded in this world by the foolishness of ignorance—that the immortal Clay and the gallant Scott, were defeated by two obscure men—that it was reserved for other generations to do full justice to Washington and Fulton, and that although the star which guided Napoleon so often to victory, at last went down in blood and darkness, his genius is now appreciated and his fame forever established throughout the world.

The road to destruction we are told is broad, and multitudes follow its beaten track, the road of safety is narrow, and few there be that find it. Then we thought it would be far better in the end with Whigs than Democrats—
"Better alone, stand up with conscious pride, Than err with millions on your side."
We knew that the old Farmer of Pee Dee, had done his duty, and we fondly hoped, that the bread he had cast upon the political waters would return after many days to nourish a shattered Constitution, to supply the poor youths of the country with mental and moral aliment, and send the tide of commercial, agricultural and mechanical life through the veins and arteries of Plank and Rail Roads to every section of the State. We recalled the following lines of Bryant (never before quoted) and felt satisfied.

Whigs crushed to earth, will rise again,
The eternal "sign" of Truth is theirs—
But Locos wounded, writhe in pain,
And die with horror, grief and fears.

We were pleased to see en route that the Town of Mocksville and the County of Davie (the scene to us of so much kindness and so many favours) is alive to their interests. The prospect of the Lexington and Mocksville Plank Road has infused new vigor into the citizens of the Town and the abundant harvest and the fields now overburdened with the green and luxuriant corn will amply reward the labors of the honest and industrious husbandman. May God always help those who help themselves—by integrity, skill and enterprise.

On Sunday we attended at Smith Grove a Camp Meeting, where we suppose were assembled some fifteen hundred persons.—The Rev. Peter Doubt preached the 11 o'clock sermon and the Rev. Mr. Postell the sermon at three o'clock. We accompanied Stephen Douthett Esq., (the former Member from Davie) to his hospitable residence where we met with the kindest treatment and where we had the pleasure of meeting several intelligent and accomplished young ladies. Although a Benedict we hope such society will never to us lose its fascinations. If so, we would set down and seriously consider how far we had strayed in this world of temptation and vice from the paths of virtue and truth.

On Monday we crossed the Yadkin at Sheek's Ferry and then in a few miles recrossed it again at the Shallow Ford rendered memorable by the passage of Lord Cornwallis then in hot pursuit of Gen. Greene. These two distinguished Generals it is well known met shortly thereafter at Guilford Court House where the tide of British victory in the South was turned, which ended shortly after in the surrender of Cornwallis and the acknowledgment of American Independence.

We passed through the village of Huntsville on the West side of the Yadkin near which place a sharp battle was fought during the Revolution between the Whigs and Tories which we never have seen recorded in History. Several of the combatants on both sides were killed and wounded, and the Captain of the Whigs found there a grave which contains all that is perishable of a man who possessed the bravery and patriotism of a Washington or Napoleon. Tradition alone has preserved his name and exploits but no "storied urn or animated bust" marks the last resting place of a hero who gave all he had—his life, in the defence of his country. We hope some friend familiar with the facts of this battle will pay a debt of gratitude to the honored dead, and transmit them for publication.

We reached Rockford the ancient capital of Surry county, about three o'clock, where we were kindly and hospitably entertained at the Hotel kept by E. Cranor, Esq. The

The line of this road would be straight and direct. The above distances may be relied on as they have been ascertained by actual measurement, and will be verified by the report of the Engineers who are now surveying these two routes. I have also been informed by competent engineers, that the Salisbury and Taylorsville road will cost less than the Asheville route by more than two millions of dollars. Then this being so, it will surely be a consideration of great importance in the location of this road, and to an honest State, that does not wish to cripple her credit, or resort to the doctrine of repudiation, these facts will have a controlling influence.

Another argument in favor of the Salisbury and Taylorsville route, is, that the extension of the road to Asheville will give too great an advantage to South Carolina. Asheville is 115 miles nearer to Charleston than to Beaufort. It is only 48 miles from Asheville to Greenville, S. C., to which place S. C. has, from Charleston, one of the most flourishing roads in the State. And who can doubt that she would not run her road up to Asheville when such a tempting point is presented to her? It may be said that our Legislature would not grant a charter for a road leading to S. C.; the result of which would be so fatal to our interests, but to rely upon this, would be too hazardous when so much is at stake; and no one, who has ever seen the beauty of the country, the fertility of the soil, and the intelligence and enterprise of the citizens between Asheville and Greenville, can have a doubt about the construction of this cross road. The people of that section of the State, have administered to Charleston, it is their best and most natural market, and they cannot be diverted from it—this Greenville road has for years been a favorite enterprise with those people.

The Salisbury and Taylorsville route presents no such advantages to South Carolina, there is no point on this route, where it can be tapped with a South Carolina road until you get to Salisbury, and then it is too late.

In adopting the Salisbury and Taylorsville route, the road will accommodate as many county towns and pass through as many counties in our State as the Asheville route, so that nothing would be lost on that account. And if you will examine any correct map of the country, you will find that a direct line from Salisbury to Jonesboro, will pass through Statesville, Taylorsville and Lenoir, upon this route, there are no difficulties to an easy and cheap construction of a Railroad.

Another matter in connection with this road, to which I will call the attention of the public, (because they are interested in it) is, that it is now being made of Salisbury. I have been disappointed to find that the engineers, after arriving at a point two miles East of Lenoir, have turned South to the Horse Ford on the Catawba River, thence down the south bank of the river, recrossing the river, in the direction of Sheppard's Cross Roads, in Iredell county 12 miles South of Statesville, then running to Mrs. Partee's, on the Central Road. Why this deflection from a straight, direct and better route, has been chosen, I have not been informed. This diverging line will add 14 miles of distance to the road—cause two bridges to be made across the Catawba River—will pass over a much more hilly and uneven country, and from the most favorable calculations that can be made, will add from five to six hundred thousand dollars to the cost of the road.

It will also miss every town or village on the route from Jonesboro to the Central Road. Again, I cannot believe, that making the terminus of this road, at Mrs. Partee's, would be a compliance with the charter granted by the last Legislature; it provides that the starting point of this road shall be "at or near Salisbury." Mrs. Partee's is 10 miles from Salisbury, about as near to Concord as Salisbury; then, if the charter is complied with by this terminus, would it not have been correct to have said, at or near Concord? And a provision of this kind might have altered the fate of the passage of that charter through the last Legislature very materially. At all events it seems to me that the most direct and most practicable route should be examined, and if there are no serious objections to it, then adopt it, if the most direct, and consequently the shortest route is impracticable—then go as near to it as possible. Mr. Gillespie, in his book on Railroads, says "straightness of direction is more important on Railroads, than on common roads; for two reasons, the economy of straightness and the resistance of curves. From the great cost of the superstructure of the Railroad and the continual increasing expense of keeping it in repair, it is highly desirable that it should be as straight, and consequently, as short as possible. As the earth work of Railroad costs almost nothing for repairs, while those of its perishable superstructure are very great and proportionable to its length—as is, also, the cost in fuel, wages, and wear and tear of the engines—of running the road, it will often be advantages to make large expenditures for the former element of costs, in order to lessen the length of the road, and consequently the annual expenditure for the latter. Thus it is recommended, that in order to get a direct and straight line, a large expense should be incurred, and would add to the profits of the road, but in our case, so far from incurring an expenditure, it would greatly diminish it. Then, why should we not have a survey, at least, of a direct line from Salisbury to Jonesboro and let the whole State know the facts?"
Taylorsville, N. C.

at the solemn hour of midnight, he first unfurled an American banner above a British fort.

Need we follow him through all his subsequent career? Need we follow him through those thrilling scenes that swept over our then distracted country, like troubled visions over the bosom of dreaming sorrows? If we do, we can but behold the workings of the three leading traits of his character. Hence, omitting the many actions by which he gave to his character additional force and to his name additional lustre, we will behold him but upon one occasion.

We behold him pale and haggard, from the effects of disease, reclining in his tent, while over you plain, hangs a cloud of battle smoke from which issues the thunder, and the flash of artillery, and dread din of battle. Anon a passing breeze lifts the cloud and discloses the wild scene of confusion, blood and death. He looks. The eagle of victory is about to perch upon an enemy's standard. He mounts his noble steed; and a non-commissioned officer, he flies to the scene of action. "Like a fixed warrior mounted upon a demon steed," he transforms despair into courage, confusion into discipline and defeat into victory. Saratoga is won, Gates is crowned with an unwearied wreath which faded beneath the blaze of a southern sun, at Camden; and Arnold the hero is neglected. Then came the dreadful conflict between revenge and patriotism. While pondering some fearful design, that being whose impress was stamped upon his inmost soul, whispered into his ear, "treason." His excited mind caught the idea; and without consideration, came the resolve, and then the fatal deed that stamps the name of Arnold with eternal disgrace. We would not say aught against the lovely Mary. She loved her husband with a woman's true devotion; and, in her kindness, acted to promote his weal. For this single tender fact, would we bid the long green grass twine more lovingly and the roses bloom more innocently above her ashes.

Arnold perpetrated the foulest deed that stains the escutcheon of American history; but when we consider the glaring neglect, his natural temperament and the seductive influence of a loving wife which misguided him; as to his memory we would say, may the waves of oblivion soon roll over it, and as to ashes, "in pace requiescat."

I. E. S.

For the Whig and Advocate.

SALISBURY AND JONESBORO RAILROAD.

MR. EDITOR:—At a risk of being charged with acting from personal motives, I ask the aid of your columns to communicate a few facts and figures relative to the Western extension of the Central Railroad, some point "at or near Salisbury" to the Tennessee line, is not an enterprise of local or sectional character; it is one in which the whole State is deeply interested. The East is interested to the extent that their interests are identified with the success of the whole Central Road, and to the extent of their desire, to build up a great Commercial City on the Atlantic. And in extending this road, Mr. Editor, to the Tennessee line, its success or its failure depend altogether upon its location. If its location is a wise and judicious one, it cannot fail to be profitable and beneficial to North Carolina, but one wrong step in this point, and the road will be a nuisance to the State, and like the Raleigh and Gaston Road, will hang like an incubus upon that spirit of Internal Improvement which has been so thoroughly aroused in our State. It has long been known that the great rival of our sea-ports, is Charleston; this city is watching with a jealous and anxious eye that great flood of Western trade and commerce which we may expect our own sea-ports to obtain by a judicious location of this Western road. And we may regard it as a certain and fixed fact, that as soon as we locate this road with a point accessible to Charleston, that the enterprising and wealthy citizens will step forward, and by tapping our road, deprive us of that trade which alone can build up a City at Beaufort and make our road profitable; then to avoid this, a proximity to the South Carolina line should be avoided. The charter for the extension of the Central road West, provides, that this Western extension shall "commence on the N. Carolina Railroad at or near the town of Salisbury," thence the most practicable route across the Blue Ridge to the Tennessee line. Now I believe it is almost universally conceded that there are but two prominent routes or localities claimed for this road. One is to start from some point at or near Salisbury, thence via Asheville, down the French Broad River, through the Paint Mountains to the Tennessee line, in the direction of Jonesboro or Knoxville. The other is from Salisbury, via Statesville, Taylorsville, Lenoir and the Watauga gap to the Tennessee line, in the direction of Jonesboro. One of these routes will, doubtless, from the locality of the country, be adopted, and the great question for the next Legislature to settle, is, which of these routes shall be chosen. The distance from Salisbury to Jonesboro, via Asheville, is 225 miles, 185 miles of this distance is in North Carolina—to Knoxville the distance is much greater. From Salisbury to Jonesboro, via Statesville, Taylorsville and the Watauga gap is 148 miles, only 115 miles of this distance is in our State—thus showing that the same connection can be made by the Salisbury and Taylorsville route with a saving of 70 miles of road in our own State. The gap in the Blue Ridge, at Watauga, is said by Engineers to be the most practi-

having made the passage in forty-six days. This is a remarkable case of even sailing, and may be considered a satisfactory trial of speed between the two ships. Considerable interest was felt in San Francisco in regard to the race and some bets were made on the result.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Whig and Advocate.

THE MISGUIDED HERO.

VARIOUS indeed are the external appearances of men; but no less various their mental constitutions, their gradations in society and the causes effecting this diversity of mind and grade. The causes thus operating are too numerous for recital. The principal, however, are the circumstances which attend the youth, in his education, from infancy to maturity. Let the features of the mental system be cast in the delicate mold of polished and polite indolence; and the result will be an effeminate and imbecile intellect. Let them be cast in the mold of useful employment and self-reliance; and the result will be an energy of character and a firmness of purpose which, if combined with native power, will lead to fortune and fame. The history of the past fully establishes the fact, that many, who have won for themselves laurels of unfading hue, and obtained "space in the world's thought and dominion over their fellow-men," have been men of striking mental peculiarities. Hence some, with strong but illy proportioned minds, have been reckoned among the favored of Heaven and the honored of earth. Such was the cast of the mind of him who constitutes the present theme.

He was born in a country, the wild and rugged aspect of which might well have impressed the most effeminate with a manly courage. The very atmosphere he breathed, refreshed by gales sweeping from savage forests, seemed an atmosphere of independence. The howl of the panther, as it re-echoed over hill and dale that had never been glided by the light of science, might well have aroused a spirit of self-defence. The wild scream of the bird of Jove, as he floated away to some smoky crag that loomed heavenward in the distance, might well have awakened an eternal antipathy to every species of servitude. In addition to the wildness of his country, tasks fraught with most fearful hazard were daily to be encountered. Savages hung upon the skirts of the forests, like lightning upon the edge of the cloud ready to sally forth and destroy. That country was America and those savages were American Aborigines.

Innately bold and intrepid, and educated in the school of American Colonization, our hero presents himself to the world, a man in the prime of manhood, and the possessor of many of the elements of true American throno, was a lion-hearted courage, equal to that which sustained Leonidas with his three hundred Spartans in the charnel-house of Thermopylae, was his.—An immortal hate and undying revenge, equal to that which the genius of Virgil has immortalized, was his.—But that sacred *amor patrie* which encircles the names of so many of his cotemporaries with a halo of glory, was not his. Ambitious, courageous, revengeful and unpatriotic, he so conducted himself as to incur the odium of all his cotemporaries and hand down a name which is regarded as but a synonym for every disgraceful epithet. We allude to Benedict Arnold.

View him when we may and as we may—whether in boyhood, in the prime of life or in the dotage of age; whether—as a villainous youth, an honored general or a degraded traitor—we see three leading traits of character—exhibited in every act he performed, ambition, courage and revenge. When his character was gradually unfolding, these three elements were developed in those cruel and daring deeds which excited the admiration of his youthful associates. While winning glory as a military chieftain, they were exhibited in the success that crowned his every effort. When degraded and spurned as a traitor, they were manifested in the haughty return of every insult. There then were the predominant elements of his character.

The age in which he lived was propitious to the display of such a character. The germ of liberty had been transported across the briny deep, and implanted into American soil, where all things seemed to favor its growth. It had sprung up and was bidding fair to become what it now is, the glorious tree of American independence. Tyranny had fixed her watchful and jealous eye upon that vigorous plant, and was bending all her energy to root it from the earth. Then it was, that clarion voice of a sylvan-bred Henry was heard to re-echo over the Old Dominion, calling forth her sons to the defence of right.—Then it was that "the clanking of chains," that had been forged to bind American hearts, awakened from every hamlet the response, "give me liberty or give me death."—Then it was that many a patriot unsheathed his sword which dipped in human blood, he inscribed his name high on Parnassus' immortal roll. Among the first to espouse his country's cause was Benedict Arnold; and to him was the very first trust of importance committed. In the dead of winter, at the head of an iron band of iron-hearted men, he proceeded through the forest of Maine where the foot of civilized man had never before trod, how no sound greeted him save the howl of beasts and the sighing of winds, and as far around as eye could reach to be seen but the blite of winter. Though gaunt famine confronted him, onward and undaunted he proceeded; and

POLITICAL TROUBLES.

Whilst some of the Democratic presses are daily performing a "labor of love" in hunting up evidence of Whig dissensions and Whig troubles ahead, they are generally careful not to let the public know that they have discord in their own political household. The Albany Argus, however, has the candor to speak out plainly on the subject, as will be seen by the subjoined article, which we copy with the simple remark that in some of the Western States there are also signs of irretrievable disorder and defection:

FROM THE ALBANY ARGUS OF TUESDAY.

DIVIDED ATTACHMENTS.—It is well and truly said, not long since, by, we believe, the Sandy Hill Herald, that the Administration forces in this State had split into two adverse factions—the one looking to the Soft Mass Convention and the other to the Fusion Mass Convention of the 16th August at Saratoga Springs. Judging from appearances, the latter is much the largest and strongest division of that "harmonious" party.

We have attempted to keep a record of such of our "Administration" exchanges as favor the one or the other of these "mass" gatherings. The opinions of most of them have been fully developed in the course of certain interesting little family discussions which late indiscreet articles in the Albany Atlas have elicited. A few, however, have succeeded in avoiding any committal one way or the other.

We think it can safely be reckoned that of the *Excelsior* and *Soft* papers published in this State about two-thirds propose at present to support the actions taken at Saratoga Springs and the candidates there nominated, should the meeting venture to nominate any; and the other third, representing the office-holding interest, and clinging to the "spoils" dispensed from Washington, propose to stand by the nominees—for it is not probable that there will be a platform—put forward by the Soft Syracuse Convention.

The supporters of the Administration are neither numerous nor influential in this State, and this unfortunate division in their ranks bids fair to take them out of the political field entirely. Under the circumstances, this is rather to be deplored. The Administration party may regretfully exclaim, in view of the two Conventions and of its embarrassments in making a choice between them—

"How happy could we be with either,
Were our dear charter away!"
National Intelligencer.

IMPORTANT CHANGE IN THE PRICE OF THE PUBLIC LANDS.

Amongst the acts of the late session of Congress published in our paper of to-day is one of much importance, which should not escape the attention of the reader. It effects a complete revolution in the land system of the United States, and in our judgment supercedes the necessity for the Homestead Bill, which was left among the unexecuted measures of the late Congress.

We are informed that the following conditions are to be observed in the sale of public lands and cultivators, (commonly known as Mr. Cobb's Bill.) This act fixes the price of the public lands hereafter according to the following scale:

Land which has been in market ten years or upwards, one dollar per acre; if in market fifteen years or upwards, seventy-five cents; if in market twenty years or upwards, fifty cents per acre; if in market twenty-five years or upwards, twenty-five cents per acre; if in market thirty years or more, twelve-and-a-half cents per acre.

Under this act, railroad grants and mineral lands are not to be entered, and not more than three hundred and twenty acres can be acquired by any one person. The prices fixed above are similar to those in Mr. Hunter's substitute for the Homestead Bill.

NULLIFICATION IN GEORGIA.

We perceive from our Georgia exchanges (says the Charleston Courier) that Judge Benning decided that the Supreme Court of Georgia is co-equal and co-ordinate with the Supreme Court of the United States, and not inferior and subordinate to that Court; that as to the reserved powers the State Court is supreme; that as to the delegated powers, the United States Court is supreme; that as to powers both delegated and reserved, *concurrent powers*, both Courts in the language of Hamilton, are "equally supreme," and that, as a consequence, the Supreme Court of the United States has no jurisdiction over the Supreme Court of Georgia; and cannot, therefore, give it an order or make for it a precedent.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN.—We notice that Wm. A. Graham, late Whig candidate for Vice President of the United States, has accepted a seat in the Legislature of North Carolina. This reminds us of an unsuccessful applicant for the Havana consulship, who, as a last appeal, requested a Senator to make him a present of an old suit of clothes.—National Democrat.

The above strikes us as a very bad specimen of democracy. Mr. Graham has been elected, by the request and partiality of a very intelligent and faithful constituency, to a seat in the Senate of his State, composed usually of its very best citizens. If it be a "mighty fall" from being a candidate for Vice President to an election of State Senator, it is one which has placed Mr. Graham in a position of most honorable usefulness to his State. We wish there were more such "falls" in all the States, convinced as we are that thereby there would be a moral use in the politics of the country and in the character of legislation. The Democrat forgets that it is service which gives dignity to place rather than men to position. Washington consented to command the armies of the United States after he retired from the Presidency, and all feel now, felt then, that he added to his laurels by his willingness to enter upon new duties so late in life. We hope such examples will be followed in all time, entirely confident as we are that the State will be greatly benefited thereby.—New York Express.

REMARKABLE SAILING.

The clipper ship *Romanace* of the Sea, of Boston, Capt. Dumaresq, and the *David Brown*, of New York, Capt. Brewster, left San Francisco in company on the 31st of March, both bound to Hong Kong, and on the 16th of May both vessels entered that port, each

NEGRO MELODIES.

To the present prevalence of negro songs, none can deny, is attributable much of the slang and low breeding found even among circles where better might be hoped. Said a gentleman of fine taste to the writer, speaking of a lady who had frequented one of the Ethiopian exhibitions during a fortnight of consecutive evenings, "Why, Miss — has gone so often that she is nearly black." A significant and just criticism. There exists in every one enough of the faculty of imitation to enable him to adopt any manner, style or habit which may chance to impress his fancy or chime in with his momentary mood; and, as in this present fallen state of being, our nature is by far more ready to copy evil than good, we are, consequently, especially susceptible of bad influences. The negro minstrelsy, acting on this feeble, is, therefore, exercising a more extensive and injurious influence upon society at large than many would imagine, not only as regards the progress of musical science, but also of morals and religion.

It is true it receives no countenance from persons of natural refinement, nor from those whose tastes have become so through judicious education and elevating associations; but it is dangerously alluring to a far more important, because a more numerous class,—the thoughtless and the very young, who are attracted by anything new and which demands no skill from the intellect. Through the medium of amusement pernicious lessons may be conveyed with double facility. Here is an extract from a new version of the History of the Creation, taken from the music-book of a young lady:

"Day first made the earth, and den dey made the sky,
And den dey hung it up above and left it dar to dry;
Den dey made the stars out of nigger wenches' eyes.

To give a little light when the moon don't rise."
Instill this elegant lyric into the memory of a child—and such like are every day learned by little children, before they have been taught the name of God, or the first line of nursery hymn, to the extreme delight of those who forget their respectability at the great tribunal—and sacred truths will henceforth be associated in his mind with low burlesque. First impressions never wear off, and the stain thus imprinted on the soul is ineffaceable. A lady of the writer's acquaintance once forcibly illustrated this fact. She had attended on Saturday night a negro concert, and been much entertained with a choice *morocco*, the burden of which ran somewhat thus:

"Dar's no use knockin at de door any more."
On the ensuing Sabbath she went as usual to church, where the Rev. Dr. — preached a most impressive sermon upon the subject of the Final Judgement and of the eternal misery of the wicked, who shall be banished from the Divine Presence. In the course of his remarks he happened to say, "And then, my brethren, there will be no use knocking at the door any more," or words to the same effect, which so revived the absurd scenes of the previous evening, that her own rhyme now abroad about Jordan, being mockery upon that most awful of truths, the mysterious transit-moment of the soul from time into eternity, symbolized by the river Jordan. The author (?) perhaps intended no profanity—nothing but ignorance of the sacredness of the subject could be an apology.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

Now that the election is over and Congress has adjourned, we trust that the good people of the State will turn their attention to the second annual fair of the State Agricultural Society, which will be held in this city in the month of October.

The last Fair was but the commencement of a great and important movement in our State, that, if properly sustained and directed, can and will improve the agricultural and mechanical interests of the State, far beyond anything else. Every citizen of the State should feel that he himself is personally concerned in the success of the State Fair, for that will stimulate exertion in all the employments of life, and by exciting a spirit of emulation, will lead to the introduction and invention of many valuable improvements. A large portion of our people will be directly benefited by, and all will indirectly feel the advantages flowing from an improved system of agriculture in the State. There is no one that he is excusable for a failure to make efforts to compete for the prizes. All cannot get prizes, but all may be largely benefited by the Fair.

The last Fair was an experiment, but it proved much more successful than many supposed it would be. The next may be far in advance of the last; and our farmers and mechanics may go on improving from year to year, until the effects of their labors may be seen in the thriving condition of every portion of the good old State.

The accommodations on the Fair grounds will be much more ample and suitable than they were last years. The grounds themselves have been much improved and the committee that has it in charge, are having additional buildings erected for the reception and safe keeping of articles that may be brought for exhibition. Strangers may be assured that our hotel keepers are making exertions to accommodate all who may desire to visit the fair.—Raleigh Star.

POLITICS IN MAINE.

A mass fusion meeting of citizens of the first Congressional district of Maine was held at Biddeford on Wednesday, at which John M. Wood was nominated for Congress nearly by acclamation, as he had on the first and only ballot 439 votes to 11 for all others. The meeting is stated to have been an enthusiastic assemblage. Very strong anti-Administration and anti-slavery resolutions were passed.

The "Fusion" Convention at Bangor, on Thursday, passed by entirely any recognition of the nomination of Mr. Reed, the Whig candidate for Governor, and contrariwise recommended the support of Anson P. Morrill, the "Soft" Democratic and Maine Law candidate, and also nominated a coalition list of Senators for Penobscot County. It is not our business to interfere with the politics of our friends in Maine, but we do not believe that the true Whigs of Penobscot county can allow themselves to be mixed up with any such coalition.

EMBALMED BODIES.

A writer in the London Notes and Queries, furnishes the following interesting account:

"A few weeks ago, in clearing out an old chapel at Nuneham Regis, Warwickshire, which had been pulled down, all but the belfry tower, forty years since, we thought it necessary to trench the whole space, that we might more certainly mark out the boundaries of the building, as we wished to restore it in some measure to its former state. It had been used as a stack-yard and a depository for rubbish by the tenants of the farm on which it was ever since its dilapidation. We began to trench at the West end, and came on a great many bones and skeletons, from which the coffins had crumbled away, till, filling the earth had been moved, we went deeper and discovered a leaden coffin, quite perfect, without date or inscription of any kind.—There had been an outer wooden coffin, which was decayed, but quantities of the black rotten wood were all round it. We cut the lead and folded back the top, so as not to destroy it; beneath was a wooden coffin, in good preservation, and also without any inscription.

"As soon as the leaden top was rolled back, a most overpowering aromatic smell diffused itself all over the place. We then unfastened the inner coffin, and found the body of a man embalmed with great care, and heaps of rosemary and aromatic leaves piled over him. On examining the body more closely, we found it had been beheaded. The head was separately wrapped up in linen, and the linen shirt which covered the body was drawn quite over the neck where the head had been cut off.—The head was laid straight with the body, and where the joining of the head and neck should have been it was tied round with a broad black riband. His hands were crossed on his breast, the wrists were tied with black riband, and the thumbs were tied together with black riband. He had a peaked beard and a quantity of long brown hair, curled and clotted with blood, round his neck. The only mark on anything about him was on the linen on his chest, just above where his hands were crossed; on it were the letters 'T. B.' worked in black silk.

"On trenching towards the channel, we came on four leaden coffins, laid side by side, with inscriptions on each; one contained the body of Francis, Earl of Chichester, and Lord Dunsmuir, 1653; the next the body of Audrey, Countess of Chichester, 1652; another the body of Lady Audrey Leigh, their daughter, 1640; and the fourth the body of Sir John Anderson, son of Lady Chichester by her first husband. We opened the coffin of Lady Audrey Leigh, and found her perfectly embalmed and in entire preservation, her flesh quite plump, as if she were alive, her face very beautiful, and her hands exceedingly small and not wasted. She was dressed in fine linen, trimmed all over with point lace, and two rows of lace flat across her forehead. She looked exactly as if she were very young, and her hair was so black and her eyebrows were quite perfect, and her eyes were closed; no part of her face or figure was fallen in. We also opened Lady Chichester's coffin, but with the embalming had perfectly failed. She was a skeleton, though the coffin was filled with aromatic leaves. Her hair, however, was as fresh as if she lived; it was long, thick, and as soft and glossy as that of a child, and of a perfect auburn color.

"In trenching on one side of where the altar had been, we found another leaden coffin with an inscription. It contained the body of a Dame Maria Brawne, daughter of one of the Leighs, and the lady Maria, daughter to Lord Chancellor Brackley.—This body was also quite perfect, and embalmed principally with a very small cofeolored seed, with which the coffin was nearly filled, and it also had so powerful a perfume that it filled the whole place.—The linen, ribands, &c., were quite strong and good in all these instances, and remained so after exposure to the air. We kept a piece out of each coffin, and had it washed without its being at all destroyed. Young Lady Audrey had earrings in her ears, black enamelled serpents. The perfume of the herbs and gums used in embalming them was so sickening that we were all ill after inhaling it, and most of the men employed in digging up the coffins were ill also. My object in sending this account is if possible, to discover who the beheaded man was. The chapel is on the estate of Lord John Scott, who inherited it from his parent's grand-mother, the Duchess of Beucheu, daughter of the Duke of Montague, into his family Nuneham Regis, and other possessions in Warwickshire came by the marriage of his grand-father with the daughter of Lord Dunsmuir, Earl of Chichester."

The Beginning of Mormonism.—Twenty-eight years ago Joe Smith, the founder of this sect, and Harris, his first convert applied to the senior editor of the Journal, then residing in Rochester, to print his "Book of Mormon," then just transcribed from the "Golden Bible," which Joe had found in the cleft of rock, to which he had been guided by a vision.

We attempted to read the first chapter, but it seemed such unintelligible jargon, that it was thrown aside. Joe was a tavern idler in the village of Palmyra. Harris, who offered to pay for the printing, was a substantial farmer. Disgusted with what we considered a weak invention of an impostor, and not earning, the proposition was declined.

The manuscript was then taken to another printing office across the street from whence, in due time, the original "Mormon Bible," made its advent.

"Tall trees from little acorns grow."
But who would have anticipated from such a bald, shallow, senseless impostor, such world-wide consequences? To remember and contrast Joe Smith with his look-alike, pretending to read from a miraculous slate-stone placed in his hat, with the Mormonism of the present day, awakens thoughts alike painful and mortifying.—There is no limit, even in this most enlightened of all the ages of knowledge, to the influence of imposture and credulity. If knaves, or even fools invent creeds, nothing is too monstrous for belief. Nor does the fact—a fact noticed or disregarded—that all the Mormon leaders are rascals as well as impostors, either open the eyes of their dupes or arrest the progress of delusion.