The Standard.

An Autumnal Song.

The frost has fallen like a blight,
And the leaves are trembling down—
And some are tinged with golden light,
And some are crimson and brown;
While the meek-eyed flowers have gone to rest,
Like the little children at night;
But they wake not covered with smiles again,
When the distant east grows bright,
O, the meek-eyed flowers, the meek-eyed flowers,
What beautiful gifts to us are given,
To charm our weary hours.

The birds are singing amid the trees,
But their notes seem sad and low;
And the grasshopper chirps in the waving grass
Memories of long ago;
The south wind sighs for he misses now
The hand of the summer so sweet,
That scattered roses along his path,
And dew-drops at his feet,
Oh, the soft south breeze, the soft south breeze—
How it thrills my heart as it sighs along,
And whispers among the trees.

'Mid the autumn time, that sad sweet time,
And there cometh now to me,
My friends, mid the leaves and fading flowers,
Sweet memories of thee:
Of the good old times, the good old times,
In the sunny morn of life,
Of the happy hours, when like the flowers
Our hearts with odors were rife.

Oh, the good old times, the good old times,
Sweet memories of thee;
Of the good old times, the good old times,
In the sunny morn of life,
Of the happy hours, when like the flowers
Our hearts with odors were rife.
Oh, the good old times, the good old times,
My fond heart singeth of them to-night,
In strange melodious rhymes.

I see our home, our early home,
On the gently sloping hill;
And the winding stream that swept along
'Mid the willows soft and still;
And the orchard too, with its golden store,
And the walnut in the lane,
With the grape-vine clinging around its limbs—
I see them all again.
O, the orchard sweet, the orchard sweet,
How oft we found on its short soft grass
A rest for our weary feet.

I will twine a wreath of faded flowers,
I will twine a wreath for thee,
An emblem of our childhood hopes,
That faded so silently;
I will think of thee, long cherished one,
In these mild autumnal eves;
I will call thy image before me now,
'Mid the fading flowers and leaves,
Oh, the faded flowers, the withered flowers,
They tell me how the bright hopes died,
That sprang in our childhood hours.

MR. BARRINGER'S ADDRESS.

Extracts from an Address, delivered by the HON. DANIEL M. BARRINGER, *October* 27, 1859, *before the Mecklenburg Agricultural Society.*

I congratulate you, too, gentlemen, on the manifest progress which agriculture has made in the last few years throughout all this region of our State.—You are having your reward in a much larger production from the fields and an increasing general prosperity—in the great appreciation of your lands, and in the increased comforts and happiness of home. Much has been done—yet a great deal more remains to be done—in fact, little has been done, compared with what can and will be, ultimately accomplished, to restore the natural fertility of this beautiful and originally, very rich section of the State. The virgin soil which our fathers found and which attracted to its possession one of the best emigrations that settled any portion of our country, has been abused and neglected and has long since disappeared. A new country—a sparse population of pure and simple habits—of few wants—with the necessaries of life easily supplied by the most imperfect and careless cultivation—luxuries they did not need or care for. I remember when a boy in a store to have heard an aged matron, of Revolutionary times, who had passed her three score and ten years—an ancestor of a large and respectable progeny in a neighboring county, make it a boast that she had never worn a calico dress or taken a dose of medicine. Homespun and health, honesty and patriotism, were the fashion then. They lived within themselves and on their own means. The low price of land here, and in the farther South and West—its very cheapness constantly inducing the farmer to buy other and better soil, when the present was exhausted, instead of improving his own—the disturbance of the Revolution and subsequent period in our history—the constant stream of emigration, which has poured out from our State to all portions of the South and West, and above all, the fatal want,, for so long a time, of a good and a *Home Market* for the productions of the soil; these have been the leading causes which have retarded agricultural improvements among us—and entirely changed for the worse, the original appearance and character of our soil. But its bases still remain.—Its present condition invites and demands our utmost scrutiny, care and intelligent culture. It may be—shall I say, is now being, as it assuredly will ultimately be made by an improved agriculture, richer and more productive than it ever was.

We have the most powerful and urgent motives to renovate this wasted soil and restore and surpass the natural fertility of our fatherland. The fatal causes of a pernicious deterioration are no longer in operation. Emigration has nearly or quite ceased to drain us of our people and our wealth. Our country is gradually filling up—and we are rapidly becoming an old and settled community—our lands throughtout the State have more than doubled—and in this immediate section, have tripled and quadrupled in value in the last few years. Our wants both of the necessary comforts and luxuries of life, have increased with our increasing population and the facility of their gratification. The social position, as well as the prosperity of the tiller of the soil has been greatly enhanced—and more than all, we now have a ready and a good market for whatever we make. By a mighty power, whose agency was unknown to our forefathers—a power which is revolutionizing the world—the citities on the sea are brought, as it were, to our homes and the once distant and expensive markets for our produce, are now at our doors. The slow beast of burden—of flesh and blood—consuming your substance, is replaced by the *Iron Horse*, who, fed by fuel and flame, dashes on in his fiery course—day and night—doubling the value of the husbandman's labor and rapidly transporting for a comparative trifle, the produce of the farmer and the goods of the merchant, even when they sleep in the repose of their homes.

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Whatever be the trade—profession or pursuit of life, the support of all must come, directly or indirectly, from the earth and its tillage. It is a decree of heaven. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." It was done in mercy—to sweeten the toil of man and give enjoyment to his labor. And this sweat of the face, is the best of all fertilizers—without which none other will avail. But it must be assisted by other means. If you cannot afford to buy guano, or phosphate of lime, or gypsum or the various other means to furnish the necessary ingredients to a rich and producing soil, you can make on your farms and in your stables, that which will answer as well, probably a great deal better and which is more universal and more certain in its application. But it is not sufficient that you make and save and get manures and put them on your lands. These, too, must be prepared for its proper reception—absorption and beneficial influence. The ground must be well tended—must be well and deeply plowed—must be made porous and dry as well as rich. The air must penetrate the earth, so that the plant may be sustained both by the organic and inorganic elements which constitute its food, and which is so essential to its vitality, proper growth and maturity. We must drain or irrigate the land as its local condition may require. Our lands, however, in general, need more of the former, than the latter, beautiful and enriching as the process is, and so indispensable, in many countries, unsupplied with sufficient moisture, like the Southern provinces of Spain where it is still practiced as taught by the Moors. Drainage, too, is now necessary with us, not only for the soil, but the health of the country. What a change in this important respect would a good system of drainage and a high cultivation produce throughout all this region of country!

Rotation of crops, is too much neglected with us. Renewal of the same crops impoverishes the soil.—It is well known that our leading staples, which we so often annually cultivate in the same field, corn

tobacco, cotton and even wheat rapidly exhaust the substance of the earth, whose texture and composition are continually changing. By change of crop or resting in fallow, we restore the lost salt ingredients, and fertilize the soil again. And especially is this desirable result produced by green crops, or green manures as they are sometimes called. Nature must be clad and her favorite habiliment is green. See the wild prairie, and the meadow, the forest, the mountain and the valley, how green they are in nature's robes! How beautiful and how bountiful her supplies for ever renewing growth and strength and multiplying increase, when untouched by the destroying hand of man! Use, then, not only the artificial and inorganic manures from the stable and lime-kiln and marl and guano, but restore the wasted, the overtasked and overwrought powers of the earth, by sometimes covering, with her own beautiful carpet of green and warming her into new life and activity, and fruitfulness. It is these green crops, whether of turnips, or peas, or clover, or other grasses, or cereals which so much adorn the English landscape and enrich its soil; and it is their absence which first and most strongly impresses the mind of every intelligent Englishman who visits our country and especially the South. When our fields are bald, or worn, whenever the great protection of nature given by the forest, and the wild covering of the fields is removed, the hand of man should supply, as far as possible, what has been taken away, the elementary substances which have been exhausted and which are indispensable to the fertility and fruitful condition of every soil. We should not forget, too, that by occasional changes of the crops we destroy the myriads of insects which prey upon the fruits of our labor, by taking away their food and depriving them of their means of an ever-multiplied increase. A good farmer should be regular, punctual, systematic, careful in all things. He lives and moves and holds daily converse with nature, whose first great law is *order*, order in all her sublime and glorious beauties. Let there be an air of neatness and tidiness in all things about the farm; a smooth and clean surface to the fields; straight rows adding much to its beauty; good fences, clear ditches and fence rows, everything in good repair, and in the right place, with barns and other buildings properly situated: and especially let there be a good, and comfortable and handsome dwelling for the *family home*. If a man cannot afford to have a large or an expensive house let him have a small and a cheap one; but by all means, let it not be in the wrong place, or uncomfortable, unsuitable to the climate, not to say, unhealthy; a receptacle and originator of malaria from the fatal effects of rotting wood and other decomposing vegetable matter; where the inmates always sleep in the midst of disease and the certain causes of death; with floors so close to the ground that no air can penetrate or dispel the fatal moisture and malaria, and so exposed to the heats of summer and the blasts of winter that more money is spent in Doctor's bills for pneumonias and rheumatisms and agues and typhoids than would pay ten-fold, the cost of a better construction and keep it in better repair, while the innocent unconscious inmates wonder why they should have taken a cold or the fever and why they should be afflicted with such distressing maladies, while their neighbor is exempt, whose only advantage is that he has spent some of his money for a better and more comfortable house for his family to live in. I regret to say that, heretofore, rural architecture has been too much neglected in our State. But I rejoice to believe that we are now beginning to cultivate an improving taste in this very important matter; that we are learning how, and are becoming disposed to beautify and embelish our rural homes—and to combine the useful with the beautiful. Let no one go beyond his means—but as far as possible within them, let home be made not only a house to live in, not only to eat and to sleep in as some would seem to think, but a sacred spot full of opportunity for high, moral, religious and mental culture—full of cherished, life-time associations around which dear memories may cluster and cling with the fondest affection—with a cherished memento in every object within and around it—the grounds, the trees, and the library, with the maps, the drawings and the paintings, where the heart and mind are trained and encouraged to high impulse and noble, generous deeds of patriotic duty and Christian charity and love. Such should be the home of the American farmer, as far as be in his power: and the poorest can do much more to obtain it than he at first imagines. I never saw a family mansion, however humble in it size and unpretentious its surroundings, nestling in the shade and under the beautiful foliage of nature, away from the dust of the roadside, with its green sward of grass in a neatly kept yard and its little clump of trees or stately grove in front, with climbing vines and sweet scented flowers about the doorway, the tasteful handiwork of a mother or a daughter, of that lovely *woman* who, in the beautiful language of Sheridan, "governs us all; let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened so much the more shall we be; it is by woman that nature writes on the hearts of men"—I say, I never saw such a home—with such harmonizing, such refining attractions round about it, that I did not believe that the inmates, whatever their wealth or poverty, were not better and wiser and happier than others. I have seen some homes—they were not homes—I will not desecrate the sacred name—they were *eating and sleeping places*—(hardly fit for that) of men, who were consumed by a vile and corroding avarice—steeled and encased, as with a coat of mail, against every feeling of human sympathy and love, whose income was at the rate of thousands a year, and whose only pleasure and consolation and comfort consisted in being able to count at the end how much richer they were than at the begining of the year. No wonder that children brought up in such miserable tenements, without comfort or refinement, too often without any education, should seek, the first opportunity, at least such of them as may have been spared by constant disease and ruthless death, to fly from a dwelling which was not a *home*—and this, even a birth-place which had no attractions. My advice then, to the farmer, is—first: to make and keep his *land rich—tend it well, reject no improvement because it is new*—if it be founded on reason and fair experiment—and make his home the place of all others next to the Church, to be loved most by his wife and children, the home of their affections as well as their interests, and where they may learn and cultivate a knowledge of all the duties and trials of the life that now is and the blessings and bliss of that which is to come. If you tell me that you cannot afford to do all this on as much land as you wish to work, then I say, tend *less* and make it more productive for the labor bestowed. It is far better, on all accounts, to do so.

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Farming is the *best business* "for most—and surest for all. The field of Agriculture is wide enough for the exercise of all our faculties and talents and tempers—moral, mental and physical. It is the most ancient as well as among the most honorable of pursuits. Even in the heavenly luxury and angelic innocence of Eden—where every tree grew that was pleasant to the sight and good for food, Adam was placed by the Lord *to dress and to keep it*." We all know the sacred histories of his Sons and of Abraham—of Isaac—and of Jacob—of Moses and of Gideon, of Saul and of David who wore a shepherd's bag when he went out to fight the battle of Israel—and of Elisha plowing with his twelve yoke of oxen. Almost every orator, on occasions like this, brings out the great Cincinnatus for our admiration, to which illustrous name might be added that of the equally celebrated statesman, Senator and Philospher, Cato, who wrote one of the best books, of any time, on farming. All history shows that the natives of the Earth, in the periods of their greatest glory and power, have always been the most agricultural. The history of Agriculture is the history of the march of progress—refinement and civilization. When it its neglected or depreciated the human mind retrogrades and mankind are not only less refined but lest intellectual. For the cultivation of the earth is most favorable to the development and expansion of the Intellect—inspires a high sense of moral duty and obligation—of truth and justice—and inculcates a fervent—pure and exalted devotion. It is the most necessary and useful of the avocations of men. Whatever the change in the social—or political world, until nature herself is changed the tillage of the ground, to some extent or other, must go on. Every thing depends on it, political and social order, the learned professions, commerce, manufactures, the mechanic arts and, indeed, there can be no healthful organization of society or encouragement to its improvement; except on the basis of a cultivation of the Earth.—And yet all are mutually dependent on each other, the divine, the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, the mechanic, the manufacturer, the shipper, the farmer himself. The various interests of society are linked together—and are made to support and sustain each other.

There will always be, to some extent absurd prejudices of one class against another. But he can never be a true patriot—but always, an enemy to his country and her best interests, who endeavours to array the poor against the rich, or the rich against the poor, or any one class of society against another, in a country like ours where all honest labor is honorable, where the poor and humblest may attain the highest distinction and the greatest wealth, and where, thank God, and the wisdom which established and secured our liberties; we have no "ranks" in society and none but the true nobility of nature and of worth. It is a striking fact in the history of nations and especially of the free, that the men who have controlled the destinies of empire have generally been born and raised in the country—beyond the temptations and corrupting tendencies of large cities, in which there is a constant tendency to human degeneracy, arrested only by an incessant and ever fresh infusion of population from the country, the never failing source from which they must be replenished.

The rural districts always have, and always will rule this great country. The lives of our own great men, strikingly illustrate this truth. Our Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun and Webster, and a bright galaxy of other eminent names, of the living and the dead, were all reared in the retirement of country life and scenes, and when full of honors and of fame, still loved their rural homes where they were proud to live and wished to die. It is well that it should be so. It is to the country we may safely look for all those happy and expanding influences on the character—its energies and affections, the minds, hearts and bodies which fit men to be good citizens of a great Republic. While Agricultural life tends to localize our affections and make one love the soil he owns himself, as almost any one may do here, and at the same time increases and enlarges our patriotism, and makes us ever ready to defend and to die, if necessary, for our country, our homes and our firesides.

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Educate your children then, and educate more of your sons to *live in the country* and become *farmers—intelligent, skilful* farmers, able to *till* the Earth and to *keep* it. I do not mean that they should be Professors or Lecturers on farming and the Science of Agriculture. Mere theorists, however valuable their knowledge in the hands of practical men rarely make good farmers or succeed in any branch of practical industry. But I mean they should have a knowledge, yes, a scientific knowledge of the business in which they are to be engaged—know something, yes, a great deal about soils and vegetation—the qualities of the plant and the capacities of the ground, and learn how to make "two blades of grass grow where but one grew before"—to know much of nature and her immutable laws.—Let a sound practical judgement be assisted by an intelligent use of that knowledge which a well-educated and well-informed mind alone can give. Let a well-directed *common sense* be the basis of all action, as it is the foundation of all success, whether in Agriculture or Mechanism, in the learned professions, in the battle-field or the Cabinet, in Statesmanship and diplomacy. Genius may conceive, but talent, and knowledge and sound *common sense* must execute and lead to that success which is the surest and most infallible test of true ability in whatever department of life.

PRESIDENTIAL VOTE.

1828.—	Jackson,	650,943
	Adams,	511,475
	Aggregate vote,	1,162,418
	Jackson over Adams,	139,468
1832.—	Jackson,	707,217
	Clay,	328,561
	Wirt,	254,720
	Aggregate vote,	1,290,498
	Jackson over Clay and Wirt,	123,936
1836.—	Van Buren,	764,895
	Harrison, White, Webster,	738,128
	Aggregate vote,	1,503,023
	Van Buren over all,	26,767
1840.—	Harrison,	1,274,777
	Van Buren,	1,128,708
	Birney,	7,500
	Aggregate vote,	2,410,985
	Harrison over Van Buren,	146,069
	Over all,	148,569
1844.—	Polk,	1,335,436
	Clay,	1,297,115
	Birney,	62,229
	Aggregate vote,	2,694,770
	Polk over Clay,	38,321
	Clay and Birney over Polk,	23,908
1848.—	Taylor,	1,372,955
	Cass,	1,222,217
	Van Buren,	291,858
	Aggregate vote,	2,886,030
	Taylor over Cass,	149,738
	Cass and Van Buren over Taylor,	142,120
1852.—	Pierce,	1,555,955
	Scott,	1,342,585
	Hale,	155,624
	Aggregate vote,	3,054,164
	Pierce over Scott,	213,370
	Over Scott and Hale,	57,746
1856.—	Buchanan,	1,817,394
	Fremont,	1,337,857
	Fillmore,	866,808
	Aggregate vote,	4,022,059
	Fillmore and Fremont over Buchanan,	387,271

Practical Abolitionism.—A number of prominent Abolitionists from the east who are in attendance upon the Evangelical Abolitionists Convention, now in session in this city, are stopping at the Richmond House. Among them are the Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, of New York. Yesterday, at dinner, a *negro* was discovered at the table, sitting at the left of Brother Cheever, while at his right sat a couple of Boston ladies. Some ladies at another part of the table called the attention of Mr. Tabor, one of the proprietors, to the fact, and expressed the very common feeling among persons not practical abolitionists, that it was not agreeable to sit at the dinner in company with a negro. Mr. Tabor at once directed one of the black waiters to have the black removed, and it was done accordingly. The Abolitionist by whom the negro was sitting, manifested great sympathy for the black and demanded feelingly if the rules of the house banished him from the company of his friends and companions at the public table. Upon being informed that such was the case, they were constrained to acquiesce. On leaving the dinner table, a Boston Abolitionist found the negro whimpering in the hall, and to soothe the deep sorrow of his heart, put his arm around the black, fondly caressing him. This disgusting manœuvre was performed in the presence of a considerable number of gentlemen, and excited anything but respect for the individual who thus sought to advertise his political sentiments. How the negro came to be at the table could not be ascertained. Cheever occupied the head of the table, the negro his left, and the ladies his right.—*Chicago Times*, 19th.

The Best Razor Strop.—Get a root from a cypress tree, dry it in the shade, shape it as you wish, and straightened with a sharp foreplane. Use it as any other strop, and once in six months take a thin shaving off every side with a keen foreplane, when it will be as good as new.

These cypress roots are beginning to be known among the barbers of New Orleans and other cities as superior to all other razor strops.

THE HARPER'S FERRY INSURRECTION.

Close of the Trials—Sentence of Cook, Coppie, Copeland and Green.

CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 11, 1859.

The proceedings of the Circuit Court for Jefferson county were brought to a close yesterday morning, after a session of three weeks, which was occupied exclusively in the trial of the Harper's Ferry conspirators. The Circuit Court of Frederick county, over which Judge Parker presides, commences to-day, and hence the necessity of the closing of the term for the county. The term will long be remembered as the most interesting ever held here, five men having been tried and found guilty of the highest crimes known to our laws.

The convicts, Cook, Coppie, Copeland and Green, were brought out yesterday at twelve o'clock to receive the sentence of Judge Parker. The court room was crowded, and the anxiety to get another view of the prisoners was great. They were brought into the court by the deputies and placed in the bar, in a range of chairs facing the Judge. Near Cook was seated Gov. Willard and Mr. Crowley, both of whom seemed bending beneath the weight of sorrow this affair has cast over them and their families.

REMARKS OF THE PRISONERS.

The prisoners were then directed to stand up and asked if they had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon them. Cook and Coppie then proceeded to deliver short addresses, the former being somewhat vehement in his manner of speaking, whilst the latter made a firm impression by his great and collective style of delivery. Both protested their ignorance of the attack on Harper's Ferry, until the Sabbath before the night of the attack, when they were called on to swear to obey the orders of their commander Brown. Coppie stated that he knew he should be punished for his foolhardy attempt, but he thought it should have been lighter than had been adjudged. The negroes declined saying anything.

SENTENCE OF THE PRISONERS.

Judge Parker then proceeded to deliver the sentence on the prisoners, which was received by them with great firmness. The sentence was that John E. Cook, Edwin Coppie, Shields Green and John Copeland: Your trials, on which we have been so long employed, have at length ended, and all that remains to be done to complete these judicial proceedings, is to pronounce and record the judgments which by law must follow upon the crimes for which you have been tried, and of which you have been found guilty.

These crimes have all grown out of a mad inroad upon this State, made with the predetermined purpose to raise in our midst the standard of a servile insurrection. In the execution of this purpose, in the darkness of a Sabbath night, you seized upon a portion of our territory, captured several of our best citizens—holding them as hostages of war until your party was itself overcome by force—armed such of our slaves as you could seize upon with deadly weapons, which they were to use against their owners, whom you denounced to them as their oppressors; and, in your efforts to push your bold and unholy scheme through to a successful issue, you have taken human life in no fewer than five instances. The evidence most abundantly proved that all these things had been done, and by the force of that evidence jury after jury has felt itself compelled to bring in its verdict of guilty against each one of you.

Happily for the peace of our whole land, you obtained no support from that quarter whence you so confidently expected it. Not a slave united himself to your party, but so soon as he could get without the range of your rifles, or as night gave him opportunity, made his escape from men who had come to give him freedom, and hurried to place himself once more beneath the care and protection of his owner.

When we reflect upon all the mischief and ruin, the dark and fearful crimes, which must have attended even your partial success—men everywhere should be thankful that you were so soon and so easily overpowered.

For these offences the law demands the penalty of death, and imposes upon me the duty of pronouncing that sentence. It is the most painful duty I have ever been called on to perform.

In spite of your offences against our laws, I cannot but deeply feel for you, and sincerely, most sincerely, do I sympathize with those friends and relations, whose lives are bound up in yours, and whose hearts will be so wrung with grief when they shall hear of the sad fate which has overtaken you, the objects of their warmest and holiest affections. For them we all do sorrow; whilst a due regard for our safety may not permit us to forgive the offences of which you have been guilty, I hope that they will turn for consolation, and you for pardon, to that good Being, who in his wrath remembereth mercy. Make then your peace with Him for you must soon be ushered into His presence, there to be dealt with as His justice and His mercy may ordain.

To conclude this sad duty, I now announce that the sentence of the law is, that you, and each one of you, John E. Cook, Edwin Coppie, Shields Green and John Copeland, be hanged by the neck until you be dead—and that execution of this judgment be made and done by the Sheriff of this county, on Friday, the sixteenth day of December next, upon you, Shields Green and John Copeland, between the hours of eight in the forenoon and twelve, noon, of that day—and upon you, John E. Cook and Edwin Coppie, between the hours of twelve (noon,) and five of the same day. And the court being of the opinion that the execution of this sentence should be in public, it is further ordered that this judgment be enforced and executed, not in the jail yard, but at such public place convenient thereto as the said Sheriff may appoint—and may God have mercy upon the soul of each one of you.

During the delivery of the sentence the utmost silence was observed, and the solemnity was very marked. A large number of the spectators wept, as also did the Judge.

The prisoners were remanded to jail, there to await the execution of this judgment.

[Correspondence of the Constitution.]

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 7, 1859.

Another of the bloody days for which Baltimore has become sadly famous has just passed over, and ruffianism has appalled even itself. With fully two thirds of all the legal votes against them, the know nothings have a majority of two to one in this city. This, to people outside of Baltimore, seems incredible, but there are good reasons to explain it. When you bear in mind that the judicial and civil authorities and four hundred armed policemen were in absolute confederation with one thousand ruffians armed to the teeth against the society of Baltimore, you will understand how such must have been the result, unless society was prepared for open revolution as the means of protection. I need not rehearse the sickening recital. Our shame has already been spread to the world.

But a providential vengeance seems to have overtaken the people who enlisted in the service of debauchery and crime at the instigation of the official monsters who have ruled our city for four years past. The misdeeds of the know nothings in Baltimore roused the spirit of the people in the counties, and a glorious victory has been the result. In the senate of the State we have a majority of *two*, and in the house of delegates *sixteen*. This will bring such a rebuke to Swann and his ruffian confederates as even a defeat in Baltimore city would not have furnished.

It secures the election of a democratic United States senator, and amongst the first acts will doubtless be those which will swiftly and surely relieve Baltimore of its corrupt courts and magistracy, its policemen, and its army of ruffians.

The senator and delegates from Baltimore will, of course, be expelled, and the election of these be pronounced *void*; and if Congress will, as it ought, accept the verdict of the State authorities that there was no election in Baltimore so sufficient to expel Winter Davis and Harrison Harris, then national men will fill their places. Their seats will be contested by their opponents in the late election.

And in this brilliant victory the national sentiments of the State have been truly developed. The know nothing State councils in May last, by resolution, called upon Maryland to join the black republican opposition of the North against the democracy, and in this election she has responded no. In every county, by resolutions and the speeches of our candidates, the most unqualified and complete endorsement of President Buchanan's Administration was declared and sustained by the people. Maryland has, then, recovered herself, and will be democratic in the next presidential election. W.

QUARTERLY STATEMENT,

Showing the Condition of the Bank of North-Carolina, November 15, 1859.

Dr.				Cr.			
Notes Discounted,			$ [illegible]	Capital Stock,			$ [illegible]
Bills of Exchange,		$ [illegible]		Notes in Circulation,			[illegible]
Domestic Bills,		[illegible]	[illegible]	Public Treasurer,			[illegible]
U. S. Stock,		[illegible]		Bank of State of N. C.,			[illegible]
N. C. State Bonds,		[illegible]	[illegible]	Due to other Banks, viz:			
Due from other Banks:				Bank of South-Carolina, Charleston,		$ [illegible]	
Merchant's Bank, N. Y.,	$ [illegible]			Bank of Washington, N. C.,	$ [illegible]		
Continental Bank, N. Y.,	[illegible]			Bank of Cape Fear, Washington,	[illegible]		
Fulton Bank, N. Y.,	[illegible]	[illegible]		Bank of Cape Fear, Wilmington,	[illegible]	[illegible]	
Mechanic's Bank, Balt.,		[illegible]		J. D. Vermilye, Cas., N. Y.,	[illegible]		
Farmer's and Mechanic's Bank, Philadelphia,		[illegible]		Bank of the Republic, N. Y.,	[illegible]	[illegible]	
Merchant's Bank, Boston,		[illegible]		Bank of Baltimore,		[illegible]	
Bank of the Metropolis, Washington,		[illegible]		Deposites,			[illegible]
Bank of Virginia, Pet.,	[illegible]			Dividends,		[illegible]	[illegible]
Exchange Bank of Va., Petersburg,	[illegible]			Profit and Loss,		[illegible]	[illegible]
McIlwaine, Son & Co., Petersburg,	[illegible]						
Bank of Va., Portsmouth,	[illegible]	[illegible]					
Bank of Charleston, Charleston, S. C.,	[illegible]						
Com'l. Bank, Columbia,	[illegible]						
Bank of Chester, Chester,	[illegible]						
Planter's B'k, Winnsboro',	[illegible]	[illegible]					
Bank of Louisiana, N. O.,		[illegible]					
Patrick, Irwin & Co., Mobile,		[illegible]					
Farmer's Bank N. C., Greensboro',	[illegible]						
Branch Bank Cape Fear, Salisbury,	[illegible]						
Bank Wadesboro', Wadesboro',	[illegible]						
Bank of Charlotte, Charlotte,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]				
Notes of other Banks,			[illegible]				
Specie—Gold,		[illegible]					
Silver,		[illegible]	[illegible]				
Vouchers unadjusted,			[illegible]				
Bills & checks in transitu,			[illegible]				
			$ [illegible]				$ [illegible]

November 19, 1859.

C. DEWEY, Cashier.
99—1t.

SAML. T. IREDELL, M. D. CHS. T. IREDELL.

IREDELL BROTHERS,

ARE NOW IN RECEIPT OF THEIR NEW supply of

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,
Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs,
Varnishes, Brushes, Perfumery,
Soaps, Fancy Articles, &c.,

To which they would call attention.

The medicines were selected solely with regard to their purity, and will, at all times, be compounded by a competent Apothecary.

Physicians' orders will be carefully and promptly filled at a small advance on wholesale prices.

They keep constantly on hand every article to be found in a first class Drug Store.

SOAPS—of all qualities.

SILVER SOAP—for cleaning Silver Ware, Glass and Paint—an excellent article—just out.

RIMMEL'S CELEBRATED ENGLISH SOAPS—for the Toilet.

PERFUMERY—a superior assortment.

TOILET BOTTLES, POWDER BOXES, PORTE MONNAIES, &c.

POMADES, HAIR DYES AND INVIGORATORS—in great variety.

BRUSHES—of all kinds and qualities.

CASTOR OIL—without taste or smell.

WINES AND LIQUORS—of the purest brands for medicinal purposes.

ALE AND PORTER—of best quality.

CIGARS, CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO—of the finest kinds.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES AND CIGAR TUBES—warranted genuine.

IREDELL BROTHERS, Druggists,
Raleigh, N. C.
October 19, 1859. 90—w&sw4t.

RUNAWAY.

WAS TAKEN UP AND COMMITTED TO THE common Jail of Martin county, N. C., on the [illegible] day of June, 1859, a negro man, who says his name is TOM, and that he belongs to a Mrs. CROSS near South Quay, in Southampton county, Va., but that he was hired out for the present year to Elisha Lee, to work in the Turpentine Farm, near Kingsville, South Carolina, from where he says he ran away on or about the first of April last. The said negro has lost his right eye, very dark complexion, and badly dressed; he is about 5 feet 7 inches high. The owner will please come forward and prove said negro according to the acts of Assembly, and pay fee, &c., and receive his property.

W. W. WARD, Sheriff.
Martin Co., N. C., June 8, 1859. [illegible]
(Prnt Adv. $15.)

FOR SALE,

A PAIR OF SUPERIOR CARRIAGE HORSES, ONE five and the other eight years old. Also a thorough bred horse five years old. All well broke to single or double harness.

C. B. HARRISON.
November 14, 1859. 99—3t.
☞ Register copy three times.

SITUATION WANTED.

A YOUNG LADY WISHES A SITUATION AS governess in a family, or teacher of English branches in a private school or seminary.

Apply to, WM. BINGHAM,
Oaks, N. C.
November, 15, 1859. 99—2taw.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!!
Received Daily.

FAMILIES SUPPLIED IN ANY QUANTITY, WARranted fresh and sound, and good measure given,
At the
OAK CITY HOUSE.
Raleigh, Oct. 26, 1859. [illegible]

TO DRUGGISTS.

A GRADUATE OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT of the University of New York, and a practitioner of seven years experience, desires a situation in a wholesale drug establishment. His reason for wishing such a situation is, that his health will not admit of the exposure incident to the practice of medicine. The most satisfactory references given, both as to character and qualification.

Address, MEDICUS,
Pittsboro', N. C.
December 29, 1858. [illegible]

GEO. A. WARDER. WM. D. BARRETT.

WARDER & BARRETT,

Both of the late firm of

GEO. A. WARDER & CO.,

ESTABLISHED IN 1849,

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Hats, Caps and Straw Goods,

(*No. 306 Baltimore Street, opposite Hanover Street,*)

BALTIMORE, MD.,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ASK THE ATTENTION of Merchants to their large and well assorted stock, embracing every style, quality and color of

Men's and Boy's Hats and Caps.

Selected expressly for the trade, by the case or dozen. All orders will receive prompt and careful attention.

September 1, 1859. 80—w1y pd.*

WM. H. TURLINGTON,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Wilmington, N. C.,

WILL GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO ALL consignments of *Naval Stores, Cotton, Flour, Timber*, and other country produce, either for sale or shipment.

My Wharf and Warehouses being conveniently located for the reception of produce either by Railroad or River, enables me to make my charges light.

Refers to H. A. SAVAGE,
Cashier Bank of Cape Fear, Wilmington.
JOHN DAWSON,
President Bank of No. Car., Wilmington.
W. H. JONES,
Cashier Bank of Cape Fear, Raleigh.
November 11, 1859. 97—w1y.

SIDNEY A. SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RALEIGH, N. C.,

Will attend the County and Superior Courts of Wake, Johnston, and Harnett.

Office on Fayetteville Street, opposite the Lawrence Hotel.

Raleigh, March 21, 1859. 74—tf.

NO HUMBUG.

THE SUBSCRIBER WISHES TO INFORM THE public generally, that he has now on hand, and is prepared at all times, to furnish a remedy for the [illegible] disease known as YELLOW JAUNDICE, a disease of the liver.

It is well known that the Physicians are generally from two to three weeks effecting a cure. I now offer a Remedy to the public which is perfectly safe and harmless in its nature, which will have the desired effect in 48 hours as well as a [illegible] practice with calomel.

It is so cheap that all can purchase it, being only Two Dollars per Box; therefore, none need be without it.

Upon the receipt of $2, a Box of these Pills will be sent to the address of any person in the United States, and a cure guaranteed.

W. W. [illegible]
Raleigh, Nov. 9, 1859. [illegible]
☞ City papers copy weekly till forbid.

JOHN W. GRAVES,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Yanceyville, N. C.
June 7, 1859. 55—w&swtf pd.

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.—WAKE COUNTY.—In Equity.—Charles H. King and others vs. Andrew King and others.

Pursuant to an order made at Fall Term, 1859, of the Court of Equity for the county of Wake, the undersigned, Clerk and Master, will proceed to sell to the highest bidder, on the premises, on SATURDAY the 17th December next, the land in the pleadings mentioned and described, to-wit: A tract of land situate and lying in Wake county, containing about 300 acres, adjoining the lands of Wm. T. Smith, dec'd, Frances Cope, Wm. A. Smith, Walter E. Smith and Henry Judson, which said land was, during his lifetime, the property of John King, dec'd.

TERMS OF SALE:—5 per cent. of purchase money to be paid in cash. A credit of nine months for residue will be given to the purchaser on his entering into bond with approved sureties, bearing interest from day of sale.

Given under my hand, at office, this 1st November, 1859.

ED. GRAHAM HAYWOOD, C. & M. E.
Nov. 4, 59 9. (Pr. Adv. $8.) [illegible]

E. E. HARRIS'S SALOON.
HARGETT STREET, ONE DOOR FROM FAYETTEVILLE STREET,
(Opposite Williams & Haywood's Drug Store.)

HARRIS'S SALOON IS SUPPLIED WITH THE best stock of FINE LIQUORS in the City, and his variety of WINES will be found to embrace all the choicest brands.

Clapper's Celebrated Cream Ale

on draught. Superior CIGARS and CHEWING TOBACCO, &c., &c.

The Subscriber is determined to keep one of the best regulated SALOONS in the State. His Stock of Wines, Liquors, Ale, Porter, Cigars, Tobacco, &c., has been selected with a view to a first class patronage.

The premises have been refitted at considerable cost, and no effort will be spared to give satisfaction to the public.

E. E. HARRIS.
Raleigh, Oct. 1, 1859.

E. E. HARRIS'S
BILLIARD SALOON.
Raleigh, Oct. 28, 1859. [illegible]

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.—WAKE COUNTY.—In Equity.—John B. Love and his wife Margaret E., Mattie J. Comm and others, heirs and distributees of the late James Comm, *ex parte*.

Pursuant to an order made at Fall Term, 1859, of the Court of Equity for the county of Wake, the undersigned, Clerk and Master, will proceed to sell at the Court House door, in the City of Raleigh, on Saturday the 26th of November next, the land in the pleadings mentioned and described, to wit:—a certain lot situate in the City of Raleigh, on the west side of Fayetteville Street, at the intersection of Fayetteville and Hargett Streets, and South of Hargett Street, beginning at the corner of Fayetteville and Hargett Streets, (the same being the corner of lot No. [illegible], in the plan of the city of Raleigh,) and running down Fayetteville Street eighty-five feet to the lot owned by the late Richard Smith, thence northwardly along the line of that lot to its north-western corner, thence northwardly along the western boundary of that lot, and the adjoining lot of Lougee, [illegible] feet to the dividing line of the late Kyle, along that line to Salisbury Street, thence northwardly to Hargett Street, thence eastwardly to the beginning, the same being the northern part of lot No. [illegible]. Terms—Cash.

Given under my hand, at office, this 27th October, 1859.

ED. GRAHAM HAYWOOD, C. & M. E.
Oct. 28, 1859. (Pr. adv. $8.) [illegible]

THE OLD NORTH STATE, FOREVER.

LOOK HERE, FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS, will you buy the noble STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the County Agent, for this

New, Large and Magnificent Map.

And you will get the whole State, with her Rivers, Railroads, Gold, Copper, Lead, Iron and Coal Mines, and all the Cities, Towns and Villages, her noble Mountains and Springs, and her Fields and Flowers.

If you want this GOLDEN PRIZE, now is the time. Map seven feet by five. Border views of the State House, Insane Asylum, Chapel Hill, Male and Female Colleges, &c., &c., one of the cheapest and best Maps ever published.

PEARCE & BEST,
Hillsboro', N. C. 1859.

AGENTS WANTED for Every County in the State. Terms liberal. Apply as above.

July 1, 1859. [illegible]

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA, WAKE COUNTY.—Court of Equity, Spring Term, 1859.—James Monroe Jones, Madison Jones and Geo. W. B. Jones, by their next friend, Beverly [illegible] Jones, *ex parte*.

Pursuant to an order made at Spring Term, 1859, of the Court of Equity for the county of Wake, the undersigned, Clerk and Master in Equity, will proceed, on the 26th of December next, to sell to the highest bidder, at the Court House door in the City of Raleigh, a valuable negro boy named Squire, the property, during his lifetime, of the late Martin Jones of this county.

TERMS OF SALE:—5 per cent of purchase money to be paid in cash. A credit of six months for the residue will be given, on the purchaser entering into bond with approved sureties, bearing interest from day of sale.

Given under my hand, at office, this 8th Nov., 1859.

ED. GRAHAM HAYWOOD, C. & M. E.
Nov. 11, 1859. (Pr. adv. $6.37½.) [illegible]

HILLSBORO' N. C. MILITARY ACADEMY.

THIS ACADEMY WILL BE CONDUCTED ON THE plan of the Virginia and South-Carolina State Military Institutions.

For a Circular address the Superintendent,

COL. C. C. TEW,
Hillsboro', N. C.
January 28, 1859 [illegible]

CLERK WANTED.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS IN WANT OF A YOUNG man to act as Salesman and Book Keeper, in a Retail Store for the next year. One who has had several years experience in the above business, and who can come well recommended for habits of industry, economy and honesty, can find employment, at a good salary, by addressing,

W. H. JONES,
Ringwood, N. C.
November 12, 1859. [illegible]

Office Wilmington and Man. R. R. Co.,
Wilmington, N. C., 2d Nov. 1859.

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Stockholders of the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad Company, will be held in the town of Wilmington, on THURSDAY, the 10th instant.

WM. A. WALKER, Sec'y.
November 4, 1859. [illegible]

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

Northern Mail arrives daily (except Sundays) at 2½ P. M.
Closes daily at 7½ A. M.
Western Mail arrives daily at 6 45 P. M.
Closes daily at 7½ A. M.
Eastern Mail arrives daily at 5 45 A. M.
Closes daily (except Sundays) at 2½ P. M.
Fayetteville Mail arrives daily at 5 A. M.
Closes daily at 6 P. M.
[illegible] Mail arrives Monday, Thursday and Saturday at 12 M.
Closes same days at 2 P. M.
[illegible] Mail arrives Wednesday at 9 A. M.
Closes at 10 M.
Louisburg Mail arrives Thursday at 10 M.
Closes Thursday at 2 P. M.
[illegible] Mail arrives Monday and Saturday at 6 P. M.
Closes Monday and Friday at 7½ A. M.
[illegible] Mail via [illegible], arrives Tuesday and Friday at 6 P. M.
Closes Tuesday and Friday at 6 P. M.
GEO. T. COOKE, P. M.
Office open for delivery of Mails from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M., then 6½ to 7 P. M.
Raleigh, Sept. 22, 1859.