PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THOMAS J. WARREN.

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The number of insertions desired must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published until ordered discontinued and charged as-

Miscellaneous.

From Godey's Lady's Book. A Dollar on the Conscience.

"Fifty-five cents a yard, I believe you said?"

The customer was opening her purse.

Now fifty cents a yard was the price of the goods, and so Mr. Levering had informed the lady. She misunderstood him, however.

In the community, Mr. Levering had the reputation of being a conscientious, high-minded man. He knew that he was thus estimated,

and self-complacently appropriated the good opinion as clearly his due.

It came instantly to the lip of Mr. Levering to say "Yes, fifty-five." The love of gain was strong in his mind, and ever ready to accede to new plans for adding dollar to dollar. But, ere the words were uttered, a disturbing per-

ception of something wrong restrained him.

'I wish twenty yards," said the customer, taking it for granted that fifty five cents was

the price of the goods.

Mr. Levering was still silent, though he commenced promptly to measure off the goods.

"Not dear at that price," remarked the lady. "I think not," said the store-keeper. ."1 bought the case of goods, from which this piece was taken, low."

"Twenty yards at fifty five cents. Just eleven dollars." The customer opened her purse as she thus spoke, and counted out the sum in glittering gold dollars. "That is right, I believe," and she pushed the money towards Mr. Levering, who, with a kind of automatic movement of his hand, drew forward the coin, and

swept it into the till.
"Send the bundle to No. 300 Argyle street, said the lady with a bland smile, as she turned from the counter and the half-bewildered store

"Stay, madam! there is a slight mistake!" The words were in Mr. Levering's thoughts, and on the point of gaining utterance, but he had not the courage to speak. He had gained a dollar in the transaction beyond his due, and already it was lying heavily on his conscience. Willingly would he have thrown it off, but, when about to do so, the quick suggestion came, that in acknowledging to the lady the fact of her having paid five cents a yard too much, he might falter in his explanation, and thus betray his attempt to do her a wrong. And so he kept silence, and let her depart beyond call.

Anything gained at the price of virtuous selfrespect, is acquired at too large a cost. A single dollar on the conscience may press so hea vily as to bear down a man's spirits, and rob present case. Vain was it that Mr. Levering sought self-justification. Argue the matter as he would, he found it impossible to escape the smarting conviction that he had unjustly exacted a dollar from one of his customers. Many times through the day he found himself in a musing, abstracted state, and, on rousing him. self therefrom, became conscious in his exter nal thought that it was the dollar by which he was troubled.

"I'm very foolish," said he, mentally, as he walked homeward, after closing his store for the evening. "Very foolish to worry myself about a trifle like this. The goods were cheap enough at fifty-five cents, and she is just as well contented with her bargain as if she had only paid fifty."

But it would not do. The dollar was on his conscience, and he sought in vain to move it by efforts of this kind.

Mr. Levering had a wife and three pleasant children. They were the sunlight of his home. When the business of the day was over, he usu ally returned to his own fireside with buoyant feelings. It was not so on this occason. There was a pressure on his bosom-a want of self satisfaction. The kiss of his wife, and the clinging arms of his children, as they were twined around his neck, did not bring the old delight.

"What is the matter with you this evening, dear? Are you not well?" inquired Mrs. Le vering, breaking in upon the thoughtful mood of her husband, as he sat in unwonted silence. "I am perfectly well," he replied, rousing himself, and forcing a smile.

"You look sober."

"Do I?" Another forced smile. "Something troubles you, I'm afraid."

"O no; it's all in your imagination." "Are you sick, papa?" now asks a bright little fellow, clambering upon his knee.

"Why, no love, I'm not sick. Why did you think so ?" "Because you don't play horse with me." "Oh dear! Is that the ground of your sus

picion?" replied the father, laughing. "Come we'll soon scatter them to the winds." And Mr. Levering commenced a game of rombs with the children. But he tired long before they grew weary, nor did he, from the beginning, enter into this sport with his usual

"Does your head ache, pa !" inquired the child that had previously suggested sickness, as he saw his father leave the floor, and seat himhimself, with some gravity of manner, on a

"Not this evening, dear," answered Mr. Le-

wering.
"Why don't you play longer, then ?"
"Oh, pa!" exclaimed another child, speaking from a sudden thought, "you don't know what a time we had at school to-day."

"Ah! what was the cause !" "Oh! you'll hardly believe it. But Eddy Jones stole a dollar from Maggy Engeld!"
"Stole a dollar!" ejaculated Mr. Levering.

"They sent for his mother, and she took him nome. Wasn't it decadful?"

"It must have been dreadful for his poor mo

ther," Mr. Levering ventured to remark.
"But more dreadful for him," said Mrs. Levering. "Will he ever forget his crime and disgrace? Will the pressure of that dollar on his conscience ever be removed ? He may never do so wicked an act again, but the memory of this wrong deed cannot be wholly effaced from his mind."

How rebukingly fell all these words on the ear of Mr. Levering! Ah! what would he then have given to have the weight of that dollar removed? Its pressure was so great as almost to suffocate him. It was all in vain that he tried to be cheerful, or take an interest in what was passing immediately around him. The innocent prattle of his children had lost its wonted charm, and there seemed an accusing expression in the eye of his wife, as, in the conern his changed aspect had occasioned, she looked soberly upon him. Unable to bear all this, Mr. Levering went out, something unusual for him, and walked the streets for an hour. On his return, the children were in bed, and he had regained sufficient self-control to meet his wife with a less disturbed appearance.'

On the next morning, Mr. Levering felt something better. Sleep had left his mind more tranquil. Still there was a pressure on his feelings which thought could trace back to that unlucky dollar. About an hour after going to his store, Mr. Levering saw his customer of the day previous enter, and move along towards. the place where he stood behind the counter. His heart gave a sudden bound, and the color rose to his face. An accusing conscience was quick to conclude as to the object of her visit. But he soon saw that no suspicion of wrong dealing was in the lady's mind. With a pleasant, half-recognition, she asked to look at certain articles, from which she made purchases, and in paying for them placed a ten dollar bill in the hand of the store keeper.

"That weight shall be off my conscience," said Mr. Levering to himself, as he began tounting out the change due to his customer; and purposely, he gave her one dollar more than was justly hers in that transaction. The lady planced her eyes over the money, and seemed slightly bewildered. Then, much to the store eeper's relief, opened her purse and dropped it therein. "All right again!" was the mental ejaculation of Mr. Levering, as he saw the purse disappear in the lady's pocket, while his breast expanded with a sense of relief.

The customer turned from the counter, and had nearly gained the door, when she mused, drew out her purse, and emptying the contents of one end into her hand, carefully noted the mount. Then walking back, she said with a thoughtful air:

"I think you'ye made a mistake in the change, Mr. Levering.,'

"I presume not, ma'am. I gave you four dollars and thirty-five," was the quick reply. "Four thirty-five," said the lady, musingly. Yes, here is just four thirty five.'

"That's right; yes, that's right;" Mr. Leverng spoke, somewhat newously.

The articles came to six dollars and sixty. five cents, I believe ?" "Yes, yes, that was it!"

"Then three dollars and thirty five cents will be my right change," said the lady, placing a small gold coin on the counter. "You gave ne too much."

The customer turned away and retired from the store, leaving the dollar still on the conscience of Mr. Levering. "I'll throw it in the street," 'said he to himself, impatiently, "or give it to the first beggar that comes along." But conscience whispered that the dollar wasn't his either to give away or throw away. Such he tenderly loved his brothers, and idolized his prodigality, or impulsive benevolence, would e at the expense of another, and this could not mend the matter.

"This is all squeamishness," said Mr. Levering, trying to argue against his convictions.— But it was of no avail. His convictions remained as clear and rebuking as ever. The next day was the Sabhath, and Mr. Le-

vering went to church, as usual, with his fami Scargely had he taken a seat in his new, when, on raising his eyes, they rested on the countenance of the lady from whom he had abstracted the dollar. How quickly his check flushed! How troubled became, instantly, the beatings of his heart! Unhappy Mr. Levering! He could not make the usual responses that day, in the services; and when the congregation joined in the swelling hymn of praise, his voice was not heard in the general thanks-giving. Scarcely a word of the eloquent sernon reached his ears, except something about "dishonest dealing;" he was too deeply engaged in discussing the question whether or no he should get rid of the troublesome dollar by dropping it into the contribution box, at the close of the morning service, to listen to the words of the preacher. This point was not sattled when the box came round. But this disposition of the money proved only a temporary palliative. There was still a pressure on his feelings; still a weight on his conscience that gradually became heavier. Poor man!-What was he to do? How was he to get this dollar removed from his conscience? He could not send it back to the lady, and tell her the whole truth. Such an exposure of himself would not only be humiliating, but hurtful to his character. It would be seeking to do right in the infliction of a wrong to himself,

At last Mr. Levering, who had ascertained the lady's name and residence, inclosed her a dollar anonymously, stating that it was her due; that the writer had obtained it from her unjustly, in a transaction which he did not care to name, and could not rest until he had made restitution.

The deed was entered in the book of his life, and nothing could efface the record. Though obscured by the accumulating dust of time, now and then a hand sweeps unexpectedly over the page, and the writing is revealed.' Though that dollar has been removed from his conscience, and he is now guiltless of wrong, yet there are times when the old pressure is felt with painful distinctness.

Earnest seeker after this world's goods, take varning by Mr. Levering, and beware how, in a moment of weak yielding, you get a dollar on your conscience. One of two evils must fulow. It will give you pain and trouble, or calous the spot where it rests. And the latter of those evils is that which is most to be deolored.

Robespierre.

Frequently, when stiffly standing in live colored coat, with fixed eye, contracted row and shrill voice, accompanied by hard gestures, Robespierre was pleading at the Triune for the people's cause, Mirabeau, in the midst of whisperings and mockeries, had been seen to-contemplate in pensive curiosity that man-pale visage and strangely smiling, whose physiognomy breathed forth, as it were, a dreary gentleness, in whom all things spoke a passion for order, and who appeared full of respect for himself-so careful was he of his attire, so grave in his attitude so studied in his speech.

Who might this new corner be, on whom lingered thus the presentiments of genius, and what part was he to play in the revolution? He was to demand justice for all men-for all, without exception; he was to be the preacher of right. With him there was to be no compromise; for is not truth one? Let no party dain him; he is of the party of his own convictions ; that suffices. At his first step in the career where he was to leave the trace of his blood and a name accursed, he earned the surname of The Incorruptible. As a simple advocate, honest people quoted his integrity; as a legislator, the wicked feared him. Always ready to defend the people, he knew not how to flatter them; he had at once too much pride and too much virtue. In the midst of a society in disorder, he worshiped regulation. Anarchy be abhorred. Popularity, earned by cynical habits and language, he despised. He never concealed his disdain for extravagances in thecy or action. Yet Freron admired him. Hererf respected him and he forced Marat to praise

His life was laborious, austere; his manners did honor for his principles. Others, among known Tribunes, might, display a suspicious pulence, sup by the light of the golden chandeliers, and intoxicate themselves with wine luxury. He occupied in the Rue Saintonga, a to his sister, could not always set aside sufficient to buy him a coat.

But if there are imperfections which an imperfect nature willingly covers with its sympathy, there are weaknesses which we adore; these Robespierre had not. Something impenetra ble enveloped his mind. His virtue, like a sickly star, shone without beaming. Even on the lips which commonly opened only to exalt him, it seemed as if his presence checked light praises and familiar smiles. When he spoke of mercy, he awakened fears. Yet at Arras; where he was born, his childhood, we are assured, had given evidence of frankness and of charming states. Although already inclined to serious meditation, laughter, even to tears came easily to him, for an aviary in those times formed his republic. Early an orphan, sisters: next to them came his dear birds. La. ter when he left the College of Louis le Grand the doors of which had been opened for him by the affection of the Abbe de Waast, and where he had Camile Desmoulins as a fellow-pu pil, his thoughts began to turn towards love, and took form in gallant verses. He en tered the society of the Rosatis, celebrated the is hero, and earned the academical crowns of his province. What shall we add? The oath which Molle. Deshortis swore to him, that she would never be another's but only histhat oath of love broken in absence-plunged him into prodigious and ineffectual grief. Louis Blane,

Editing as a Profession.

We see by our exchanges that several neighporing newspaper establishments are for sale. They are said to be, and we believe they are, in flourishing towns, surrounded by a thriving country-and are well supported. Impaired health of the editors, which renders it impossible to continue longer in the business, is assigned as the sole cause of these frequent edi torial changes.

These facts furnish us an instructive lesson. Whilst the merchant, the lawyer, the mechanic and the farmer pursue their various occupations for years, with health seldom interruptedwhist the preacher, performs, probably, as much mental, and four times as much physical labor as the editor, without any deleterious effect upon his constitution, the latter languishes under disease, and unless relieved sinks into premature decay and dies. We could point out hundreds of instances, tending to prove these facts. G. D. Prentiss, of the Louisville Journal, says that of two or three partners that he has had in that establishment, and three associate editors, only one is now living! But we need not multiply instances-many of our Texas readers, young as the country is, can the "Old Dominian." And yet there are compoint out in their village cemeteries, the mound paratively few who are aware of the origin of

sons of relaxation, are not injurious to health. Judicious exercise is necessary for the healthful development and vigorous action of the mental as well as the physical constitution. The occupations of the lawyer, the divine, the farmer and mechanic ail afford the mind abundant periods of rest. But such is by no means the case with the editor. His duties must be per formed continually-not periodically. Whether he feels like mental exertion or not, whether sick or well his articles must be written, and his multifarious duties performed. These labors are certainly sufficient to break down an ordinary constitution—but when we add to them, pecuniary disappointment and embarrassment, lack of expected appreciation-the indifference of friends and sarcasm of enemies, we have a satisfactory explanation of the causes which disappoint the hopes, and cut short the career of so great a portion of newspaper edi-

There is occasionally an editor endowed with a strong body and a well poised mindalike indifferent to censure and praise - satisfied with his own powers, neither allured by hope nor alarmed by fears that will triumph over all obsticles, and pursuing the even tenor of his way, attain renown, wealth, and long life; but whilst such an indivinual may, like any other prodigy, occasionally be found, numbers will fall around him-the victims of unrequitted mental labor, and disappointed hopes.

Victoria (Texas) Advocate.

The Poet-lawyer of Arkansas, Albert Pike, closed his speech before the recent convention in Charleston, by the following eloquent tribute to the Indies :

Mr. President, if I had time, I intended to address a word or two to the ladies, and I feel compelled to do so, because I received a boquet of beautiful flowers, with a card, saying that it was presented by the Pce Dee ladies. I thank them for the kindness shown me for the too faeble efforts I have made here. If I had time I would say a word or two in regard to the in-

fluence of women.

In the first place, ladies I beg that you will always be present when such Conventions are being held. We have seen in this Convention that it is not so much that the measures discussed are important, but that there is a spirit of rivalry created by your presence, and an un-willingness to bear defeat. Your influence can be better exercised in the galleries of the Con vention by preventing our disputes from de-generating into quarrels, than in any way I can think of; and I have no doubt that it will of-ten happen that the presence of ladies will go further to make men harmonious and united, and to prevent strife and difficulties, than any wretched apartment, shared and half paid for by a companion, youth. He spent scarcely with your presence in Conventions like this. Course to visit Casar's Head, with its no less thirty sous for his meals, and went on foot where duty called him, and out of his salary as husbands and brothers. We all want to be Greenville, the Queen of the Mountains, after deputy piously diminished by an annuity paid proud of ourselves, and when was not a woman in favor of what was manly and honest and right. [Applause.]

Do not say that you can have no influence. Remember the time when Maria Theresa went to the Camp of the blunt Hungarians with her infant in her arms, and said, "Behold your King; protect him." That single act of heroism saved Austria from dismemberment. Who can tell what would have been the fate and fortunes of Napoleon Bonaparte if he had continued to live with his Josephine, and had not sought a courtly alliance? Who knows but that he would have lived out his time on the throne of France, that the battle of Waterloo would not have taken place, and the present European war perhaps through that very means entirely averted? None can tell.

Why the lives of every one of us may have been produced by an act of heroism. I believe it was a South-Carolina matron (Mrs. Mott,) in the war of the revolution, who presented to the commander of our forces the arrow tipped with fire, for the purpose of destroying her own dwelling, rather than permit it to fall into the hands of the enemy. And there are hundreds here who would do the same. Why, even among the degenerate Mexicans, I have light songster of Vert-Vert, in a tone worthy of always found the women infinitely higher in their impulses than the men; and in South-Carolina there are hundreds and thousands of women who would bring the flaming arrows and destroy their dwellings, rather than permit an enemy shelter there. [Great Applause.]

Help us then, and teach these timid, dubious men [immense applause] who are faltering in the twilight of dubuity, and hestating between this course and the other course. Teach them to unite with the man the energy of the women, that you may have a railroad to the Pacific and secure to your South the victory

And if you enter into that undertaking your memories will be more endeared than those of the greatest benefactors of your race. Teach us to do our duty and the South will be safe. [Applause] That you will do so in all emergencies, I do not doubt; and I have only now to say in conclusion, that I have not been too positive in my assertions; that I have felt my opinions and uttered them like any other man; but that I have been solely actuated by a zeal for the cause; for I do believe as sincerely as believe that I live, and that the light liveth, that this or some similar plan is essential not only to the wealth but the security and salvation of the Southern States .- [Long continued applause.]

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "OLD DOMINION." Few things are so well calculated to awaken in the mind of the proud Virginian when wandering in foreign lands, touching reminiscenses of home and kindred, as the simple mention of the "Old Dominian." And yet there are com-Ah! the humiliation of spirit suffered by Mr. beneath which repose the remains of the gifted the term which has so long and so generally freight charged for the transportation of gold.

Levering in thus seeking to get ease for his young man who started the first paper in their been applied to Virginia. It originated thus: Moreover, he denied the right of the officers of

on his throne, in gratitude for the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat of arms to be quartered with those of England, Ireland and Scotland, as an independent member of the empire—a distinct portion of the "old dominion." Hence arose the origin of the term.—

Copper coins of Virginia were issued even as day.—Atlanta (Geo.) Intelligencer. late as the reign of George III. which bore on one side the coat of arins of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Virginia.

Pickens Climate.

As the summer season approaches, and the ime for our low country, friends to seek safety from the fatal malaris of their rich low grounds few words from us on the climate, water and scenery of our own favored land may not be out of place. We would say to them, if you desire to enjoy pure, water, health invigorating breezes, to quaff water riready "iced," as t gushes from the undefiled fount-and to feast on scenery the richest and most varied, from the distant mountain view and gentle green slope to the wild and rugged, cragged mountain, with its dark gorges and thundering cataracts—come to Pickens. Although you may not meet with the princely hotel of the North, you will be consoled with the conviction that you have received value in full for the small draw upon the purse, and the hearty welcome

of mine unsophisticated host.
Ride up the Greenville and Columbia Road to Anderson-spend a few days in its beauti ful precincts-thence to Pendleton, with its time honored urbanity and hospitality, where one may ever kill time pleasantly. After which, call upon the Editors of the Keowee Courier, who will take pleasure in directing your attention to the many interesting spots, and enlivening your stay with good cheer, among the red hills of Pickens C. H. on the banks of Keowee. Here they will direct your steps to the beautiful and thriving town of Walhalla, but now pluming her wings for a more lofty flight; from which place to Tunnel Hill, with its rich and varied mountain scenery, and the curious works of man, who, with his puny arm, dares attempt a passage through a solid mountain of rock. Here, too, may be seen as beautiful water falls as ever delighted the eye of a traveller. Now turn your course and tarry a night at Oconee Station, to contemplate both the beauties of nature and the relics of the Revolution. A days ride, passing along the picturesque valley of Cheohee, will land you in the far-famed Jocassee Valley whose charms are too vividly depicted by other hands than ours, and where days may be whiled away with lethean delight. Cross the Jocassee River and admire the beautiful scenery of Eastatoe. as you travel on to the world renowned Table a two or three weeks tour, and say that you are not invigorated in health and richly regaid for the exertion, call upon us, and if you fail not to establish a character insensible to the charms of nature, we'll pay the forfeit be it what you say.

In the above crude programme we have for gotteh to note the Whiteside mountain, a .pi'e we dare say, when better known, destined to attract as much or more of the attention than any other natural curiosity in the Southern States. The climate, too, of this elevated spot is one of its greatest features. Here fire is comfortable in mid summer, and frost frequently appears in July and August. Think of it! you who are sweltering way during those months in the low lands. We find we have sadly wandered from our

caption, as our intention was, in the commercement, to urge upon our friends below, the advantages of making summer settlements in this District, now that the prospects of the early completion of the Blue Ridge road are hrightening, and thus spending the wealth drawn from Southern soil among our own people; and when, from the laws of trade, it must, sooner or later, make its way back to the seaboard: Such a course can but result beneficially to all parties, and, sooner or later, must be preserved. The climate of this section of land mountain. It may seem strange and impossible, yet it is none the less true.

Lands may be procured in any of these localifies on the most moderate terms. Timber; for building purposes, is plenty and of superior order; as, also, provisions of every description, and live stock are plenty and cheap. We know of no more desirable summer climate, and we have some experience.- Keowee Courier.

AN INTERESTING CASE-A case of considerable interest is now in course of litigation in this city, between the Western and Alantic Railroad and a passenger named Eusebius Hutchens, who came down the road on Tuesday tast. It appears that Mr. Hutchens bro't with him over the road, two carpet bags, one of which, with contents, weighed about eighty pounds. Upon the arrival of the train, the Superintendent and Agent of Transportation having received intimation that the carpet bag contained a large amount of gold, waited upon the gentleman and demanded payment of freight. The regular price of freight on gold is one dollar on every thousand dollars' worth. The passenger refused to pay the freight on the ground, we understand, that even if it contained gold, (which he did not admit.) having brought it in the passenger car as baggage, and assumed the responsibility of its loss himself, the road was not entitled to the price of

His voice was husky, and he felt a cold chill passing along every nerve.

"Yes, pa! he stole a dollar! Oh, wasn't it dreadful?"

"Perhaps he was wrongly accused," suggested Mrs. Levering.

"Emma Wilson saw him do it, and they found the dollar in his pocket. Oh! he looked so pale, and it made me almost sick to hear him cry as if his heart would break!"

If a simple at of restitution could have covaling the past, happy would it have been for "Wast did they do with him?" asked Mrs.

Levering.

Buring the Protectorate of Cromwell, the Colbusy as the interprise with periences. The longer the dollar remained in the persence of his wife and a brilliant prospect before a special rate, for the transmit on the transmit of the carpet buyons, spirits, and a brilliant prospect before only of Virginia refused to acknowledge liss authority, and declared herself independent.—Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to action, and just as his labors began to be appreciated, and he was about to reap the periences. The longer the dollar remained in the carpet buyons, spirits, and a brilliant prospect before only of Virginia refused to acknowledge liss authority, and declared herself independent.—Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to acknowledge liss authority, and declared herself independent.—Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to acknowledge liss authority, and declared herself independent.—Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to acknowledge liss authority, and declared herself independent.—Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to acknowledge liss authority, and declared herself independent.—Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to acknowledge liss authority, and declared herself independent.—Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to acknowledge liss authority, and declared herself independent.—Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to acknowledge liss authority, and declared herself independent.—Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to acknowledge liss authority, and declared herself independent.—Shortly aft

Willis Hester, ouce More.

In a notice of this individual last week, we stated that a letter had been received from him by the Sheriff of this county, informing him that the horse upon which he fled was left in Fayetteville. This statement proved to be true, and the horse has been recovered. Since then, Hester himself returned to his residence, five miles west of this place; and information thereof having hear communicated to the Sherical S thereof having been communicated to the Sheiff, he proceeded to arrest him, and lodged his in jail. As this affair has occasioned and talk, and as considerable curiosity is manifes ed in regard to the manner of the arrest, we give the particulars as follows:

The Sheriff having summoned a posse of citizens, on Friday morning before day, light proceeded to Hester's House. When he reached there, and so disposed of his men as to sured there, and so disposed of his men as to sur-round the house, the Sheriff approached the door, and meeting Mr. William H. Thompson coming out of the house, he requested him to inform Hester that he must surrender, or he would be shot, as armed men had surrounded the house. Thompson told the Sheriff that Hester interfded to surrender, and then proceeded to inform Hester of the Sheriff's de ceeded to inform Hester of the Sheriff's de-mand; in the mean time. Hester slipped out of the back door with his gun, and he was seen by the Sheriff. As soon as this was dis-covered, the Sheriff pursued him, on horse-back, followed by others of the corporation.— As the Sheriff approached him, Hester cocked his gun, and twice presented it, saying, "Sher-iff, I don't want to kill you;" to which the Sheriff replied. "You must surrender or man Sheriff replied, "You must surrender, or un of us must be killed." Hester continued to flee, and in endeavoring to cross a branch which proved to be very deep, (having been swollen by the rain of the night previous,) he fell, and was nearly covered with water—the Sheriff, meanwhile, got ahead of him on the opposite side. Hester recovered himself, turn opposite side. Hester recovered himself, turned back, and ran down the branch, when the Sheriff presented his pistol at him and exploded the cap. As Hester ascended a slope the Sheriff threw his pistol at him; and when he saw that Hester's attention was directed to other pursuers, the Sheriff jumped from his horse, seized Hester, and threw him down-he making no further resistance. He was taken about a quarter of a mile from his house. On Monday last, Hester was brough before Chief Justice Nash, for an examination into the charge of negro stealing. Such evidence as was at hand was taken, and at the request poned until Saturday, the 6th of May.

THE GUANO DIFFICULTY AT BALTIMORE The Washington Star of Saturday states that it has been told that the agent of the Pernyina Government at Baltimore, Mr. Barada, threatens to remove his agency for Guano from Baltimore to Norfolk. This threat is occasioned by the desire of the authorities of the State of Maryland to appoint their own sworp weigher of Guano, for the protection of those who may buy the article. To this Mr. Barada objects, saying, if the State of Maryland will not allow him to appoint his own weigher, he will then remove the agency. It is the business of the Inspector of Guano not only to see that the arficle is genuine, but also to weigh it, that bayers may not be imposed upon. The Star thinks the position of Barada an unwarrantable assumption that will not be submitted to any where. It has come to a pretty pass, when ilege of appointing officers of our State Governments.

Hillsborough Recorder.

FALSE ECONOMY.—We had the pleasure of an interview yesterday morning with John Caldwell, Esq., the President of the South Careountry is the most varied in the Southern States; for, within the space of thirty miles, may be selected that of every description from that the Postmaster General refuses to grant any compensation for another mail Linin on his the warm Southern to the coldest New Eng. per mile, and the amount demanded was only \$62.50 per mile additional—making an extrasexpense to the Department of \$12,500. All the Northern roads receive, we believe \$200 per mile for double mail service, and although per mile for double mail service, and although it would involve a heavy sacrifice to the South Carolina Railroad, yet for the public good the President and Directors were willing to accept that sum, and had in tanjunction with the Presidents of the various roads South made arrangements for forwarding the great Southern mail every twelve hours. mail every twelve hours. The Postman General, however, having declined to accept to the just demands of Mr. Caldwell, the ev ning mail from New York will continue to be delayed tweive hours at Wilmington, N. C., to the great inconvenience of all engaged in mercantile pursu'ts between that city and New Or. leans. The entire additional expense to the Government for a double mail service between Wilmington and New Orleans would only he, we understand, \$30,000, and why, while the surplus revenue of the country amounts to nearly \$28,500,000, such a pitful economy should be exercised is what we cannot imagine. We are in hopes, however, that Judge Ca bell, on reflection, will reconsider his deci and grant us the facilities we require a Charteston Course

> "The Future of the Human Rice" le a free pamphlet by Robert Owen. It is based upo table-rapping and spiritual letter we