Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

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EDITH.

BY FRANCIS COPPÉE.

He entered unannounced, and his foot-fall made no noise on the soft carpet. He stood still a moment, for he saw before him the being who held his destiny in her hands.

The rooms were separated by an arch and columns only; and Edith sat there, with a single gas-jet burning but dimly above her, and shedding, as it came through the ground-glass, a soft and moon-like light about the room, while it threw into shade the curtained and mirrored vista beyond. Her dark eyes were bent on the carpet before her, but unconscious of their own gaze. The volume she had been reading had fallen unnoticed from her fingers to the floor; and her arm, hanging at her side, rivalled in whiteness the face that but partially hid it from view. The other arm rested on the sofa, and her head leaned forward, and rested lightly on the ends of her taper fingers. There were no rings in those delicate ears; no bracelet on that graceful wrist; no ring on the slender finger: and much I love to see beauty so adorned.

A grave, almost sad expression rested on her face. Her breath went and came, and her bosom rose and fell slowly; each respiration left her with a sigh, and the interval was so long that it seemed as if she had ceased to breathe.—Selwyn moved toward her, still unobserved. His heart beat faster as he approached; he breathed more heavily. A possible future without her! The thought weighed on him like an incubus, and he hesitated before opening the gate that might either lead him to a precipice or a paradise.

'Edith!'

The emotion with which her name was uttered lent a thrilling tone to that deep, low voice. She started, and looked up, and met his earnest gaze; but her eyes drooped again to the floor, and the warm blood came to her face and neck, more hot them paler than before; but no word followed the glance, and they remained a few moments in silence.

'Edith!'

'Ten years ago, a little black-eyed being, you flitted in my pathway for a moment, and then passed away, like a gleam of sunshine through the clouds of a troubled sky. The music of your merry laugh rang on my ear like the echo from silver bells. The playful archness of your ever-changing ways seemed to rob guile of its meaning; but there was at times in those sparkling eyes a look of earnestness beyond your years, that made the beholder pause and ask a blessing on your voyage of life. You were flowering into existence, and the many colored petals of thought, of hope, of affection, were opening to life; and the gardener, Imagination, took the plant, which gave promise of such beautiful flowers, and transplanted it into the most hallowed nook of what there is of garden in my being; and he tended, watered, and watched over it, taking here a leaf, there a branch, until he had made it a perfect unity. And the plant grew and grew; and, as it grew, it turned, like the statue of the ancient sculptor, into a new life, and it became one of the Penates, and its image was inched in the wall of my soul.

'You came again, Edith, when the girl's form had rounded into womanhood; when the laugh had lost its merry echo, but was deepening to the heart. You came again, Edith, and I found my fancy had not over-painted, my imagination had not done justice to your being. Your earnest eyes gazed out upon the plastic world, and sought and recognized all things beautiful and good in nature, art, and action; and thoughts of wonderous depth oft came, and flashed like lightning on the subject that we analyzed; and the quick play of weird and airy fancies, too, as if you sought to hide with flowers the fruit your soul-tree bore. Years have rolled by since then, Edith, and I have always met the same kind, frank, and genial welcoming; no more; no word, no act that haste itself could misconstrue; but, Edith, I have been awakened from this dream of friendship, and, O God! the all I cast upon the hazard of this die.'

'Edith! I love you.'

Edith's eyes were still cast down. When he first spoke, her bosom heaved with a quickened motion, and, as he went on, she pressed her handkerchief and hands there, to hide the agitation that was mastering her; and as the last words fell his lips, eloquent with the deep tone that passion had given them, the tears welled from [illegible] lids.

They might be tears of pity only—*might* be tears of love.

Selwyn bent on his knee before her, and, taking her hand in his, said:

'Edith, a word before my fate is sealed. I bring no *selfish* love to offer at this shrine. If in the deep recesses of your woman's heart another reigns supreme, or even——'

She raised her eyes to his, and their gaze met in a long, earnest, deep, absorbing look, that joined their souls for ever, and revealed the love she had cherished in her heart for years. He clasped her fair head, sobbing, to his breast; his arms were crossed around her form; his soul blessed her in silence; a psalm of thanks-giving went up to heaven from his heart, and his warm lips pressed their first kiss upon her smooth white brow.

'Now, Peter, we are ready.'

How proudly those beautiful bays arched their graceful necks, pricked up their ears, and pawed the crisp snow, as they shook into a merry music the circles of silver bells round their bodies, and depending from their heads in a graceful sweep beneath the martingales, impatiently waiting for the motion of the reins or the crack of the whip, as if 'Peter' were a god, and they proud to do his bidding.

'All ready, Peter!'

And off they started: not suddenly or with a jerk, but prancing and pacing their way, as if they *too knew the freight of happy hearts they were drawing*, and were proud in their gladness.

And who were the happy beings behind our beautiful bays, to whom the present was like sunshine, the future without a cloud!—the present profound peace, the future without a sigh!—the present a garden of flowers, the future an immortality of fresh greenness and fruit!

Two were affianced hearts and affianced hands, and two in a few days were to stand near them at the altar, when the vows which had been for long years spoken in their heart of hearts before God, were to be shaped into words before man.

First, there was Edith, of the queenly brow and dark earnest eye, with the ringing laugh, that came not often, but, when it did, it came in her heart, and found its echo in your own; [illegible] the sparkling gem of the frost, [illegible] lit up the eye with a wave of beauty; [illegible] spring from roots which shoot down [illegible] far into the earth. So it rang gayly on the ear; but your rougher nature was softened under its sweet influence, and you felt that its roots were in her soul.

Then there were Silvie and Jenny, the chosen friends for her bridal; the first with a calm gentle, serious face when in repose, which turned, as it became lighted with a smile, (it seemed like magic,) into as mischief-loving a countenance as the sun ever shone upon—the mischief that could not harm a worm, but would have her face to make room for tears if it hurt the feeling of the meanest. And Jenny, the fair young Jenny, with the white brow and curling light-brown hair, and a neck that might send the sculptor to his studio to work—no need to dream of ideals now—the thoughtful, impulsive child of nature, weighing her words in serious moods, but, when the gayer ones came round, no lark's song more impulsive. The words came first, and, as the after-thought showed them the fancies that her words might paint, her blushes gave them color and relief. Oh, she was more loveable so than thousand who never say a thing amiss, and measure every word!

And Selwyn sat there, in the prime of his manhood, with the happy three: his bark had been tempest-tossed enough, and weather-beaten many a gale of passion and ambition, but now the haven of rest was in view, the sails mostly furled, streamer flying, the music (of his beating heart) sounding from the quarter deck. With him all was peace, calm assurance of his present and his future, the will, the strength to guide and protect the dark-eyed being at his side, the heart that overflowed with affection, that loved, as it never had loved, as it never would again.

Our boys had left the town behind them, and were on the broad, smooth white avenue: their slender limbs moving quick and regular as clock-work, their silver bells echoing so musically in the still, cold air; their heads not so erect now, their ears laid back; and on they went, with the speed of light, as if they had a human enthusiasm, and were earnest in their work. And dogs ran out from the way-side cottages, barking, jumping, and frolicking in the fresh, light snow; springing in and out between the hoofs of the horses, as if they were beings of air, and could not be harmed; frisking about in the snow flakes, throwing them up, and barking again as they fell about their ears. The air was still as the sleep of a child, and exhilarating as the first glass of the foaming wine. The hoofs trod on the crisp snow, and the runners slid over it with a crunching sound. All things were white; fences lay hid under broad fields of snow, on which the sun light shone, reflected, and sparkled; but it was like the grace of Heaven to some sinners' heart—it lay there unmelted and the same!

The trees had veils of white snow-lace hanging about them, as if they were arrayed for the bridal with the coming spring. And the happy hearts in our flying sleigh, what of them? Wit, humor, repartee flew from lip to lip, and from ear to ear, with all the *sparkle of the scene* about them, with all the *warmth* of the June sunshine; and white, and brown, and gray warm furs were around and about them, and hanging from the sleigh and graceful [illegible]; and great odd weird eyes stared out from the furs, as if the life had been taken from the animals with their skins, and retained in them.

Oh, they were gay and rich; and they laughed and talked lightly of their love, with graceful words: but it was like the white foam on the ocean, covering unfathomed depths; like the myriad forms, the graceful beauty of the weed which rests lightly on the surface of the sea; like the airy forms of the fairy snow flakes, covering a warm earth full of hidden flowers and fruit; like the mist seen from the mountains, hiding for a moment the profound depth of the green vale! On went our gallant boys, as if the goal were before them, covered with thousands to welcome their coming, and the race was for life.

Sudden and startling as the cry of 'fire' in the still night, as the thundering clap from a sunny sky, came the thrilling whistle of a locomotive, ringing over the fields with an unearthly echo; and suddenly as a flash, the spirited bays sprang aside from the horrid sound. A moment the runner hung on the edge of the steep bank; another, and they were all dashed from the sleigh, while a shriek rent the air! One of the horses fell, and brought the other struggling upon him. Peter was swung round through the air, but held on to the reins as if it were a death gripe; and darting up from the place where he was thrown, he sprang to their heads, before they could rise and make off. Jenny was thrown from the entire bank, but her wrappings of fur and the snow saved her unhurt, and she sprang up towards Edith. Selwyn's head struck first, and for a moment she was unconscious, but the cold snow on her face revived her. Selwyn caught at the side of the sleigh, to keep himself from falling upon Edith; the wrench in his arm was a powerful one, but it brought him to the ground on his foot.

And Edith, poor Edith! she was thrown against a rock that the snow had hid, and was stunned and lay there insensate and unconscious on the rock which had perhaps given her the death blow. Selwyn sprang to her side, and raised her up with the eagerness of terror for the weakness of a child. In a moment he had reached the bank, and enveloped the pale, breathless form in a fur robe. Then he called to the driver of an empty sleigh that was passing, and cried:

'Here, driver, quick! here's gold, *gold*—quick! as you love HEAVEN, to ——street!'

In a moment they were seated, and away again. Selwyn clasped the body of the poor Edith to his breast, but a tremor shook the strong man, as if he were a child. He had shut his eyes as he placed the furs round her fair form, for fear he *might* see blood, though he did not dare to own the fear even to himself. He might have felt her pulse, to see if she lived.—No, he could not do that; his soul clung to the uncertainty, to this agony of doubt, in preference to learning that which might unhinge his reason in despair.

Dead! Dead! The blackness of darkness seemed to be closing on him like the door of a dungeon, as he shrank back, appalled from the frightful word.

'Faster! man, faster: For God's sake, faster!'

The horses sprang into a run as they felt the lash on their backs. Horses, fields, snow-drifts, flew past them, but the minutes seemed ages as they went on. Not a word was uttered; no one dared even to look at the other, lest the answering glance should be despair—*death*.

The city is reached at last; spire after spire is left behind. All things make way for the furious career of the sleigh; all looks on with the horse's fate beyond control, and by the [illegible] their light over the nations; and once more we look back and see that mankind had 'entertained its angels unawares.'

The gay young companions of the fatal ride listen to the prattle of little ones who cluster round grand-mamma's arm-chair. But most of those who made the moving, living, breathing 'world,' are where the lapse of time is unnoted and unknown: where the hour and the thousand years are alike.

Do you see that old man upon whose face three-score-and-ten has made its mark; whose hair is all white with the snows of the winter of age, but whose step is yet firm and quick, whose glance is earnest and absorbed, unheeding the crowd about him! Do you note the profound, yet calm expression of sadness, of sorrow over his pale face; a sadness of the soul that seems to be part of his existence, and pervades him like an atmosphere! Do you see him turn at the importunity of that sick beggar, with a quick, penetrating glance, listen to her story, and walk away with her to her cold, wet, fireless home, that he may witness true suffering from pretence, and aid accordingly! It is SELWYN—the lover of a quarter of a century past; the lover, husband, widower, in a breath.

'Twenty-five years ago.' There is the sound of a knell in the sentence. What is *not buried* in that lapse of time! The hopes, faiths, beliefs, expectations, as well as the living beings about us.

Far away from the cemeteries where fashion has set her stamp, and death looks gay; far away from the grave-yards which look so lonely and sad; far away from the noise or echo of man's busy life, deep in the far forest, rises, among the trees which shadow it, a white marble shaft, pointing to that heaven where the wife of a moment has gone.

There is nothing but 'Ezern' on its smooth surface to tell its tale to the wandering beholder. Few ever see it but the venturing hunter: it comes upon him like a mysterious *presence*: he lays his gun on the grass, weaves his own tale of the strange monument, and the light, merry birds fly about unharmed by him for hours as he dreams. And every year in the autumn-time, when the day comes round that Edith first owned her love; when nature has put on her gayest attire to hide for an hour the gloom of her coming death; when the trees are all decked in their carnival hues, and scatter their bright leaves like smiles to the frolic winds before they enter on their long, cold Lent, their wintry fast, the old man kneels at the tomb of his Edith, and thanks God that he has tempered his judgments with mercy; and his heart swells with gratitude that, though it has been shut like the door of a vault to love, He has opened it with sympathy for the sufferer, and has permitted him to be a comforter to the afflicted, a light to some who are groping in darkness, and enabled him to make some suffering corner of this earth less a Hades—more a Paradise.

And then a tender and sad memory will come, like the recollection of a dream of the Edith of his youth, and of his manhood. And he thanks Him again that he has sent him on this road toward his haven of rest, where perhaps he will recognize and join in eternal thought, in eternal love, in eternal progression, toward the infinite, the being to whom he felt his soul of souls was united with a love that time and suffering had purified from all it first might have held of earth. And each year he leaves the tomb stronger to guide, and help, and bear, and feeling nearer to that heaven where well he knows that, if he does not join his Edith in actual recognizance, he will meet more than his ideal, he will meet the *infinite of love and beauty, of which his earthly love was but an emblem*: and alone, yet not lonely, toward eternity he is 'passing away' passing away.'

From the Richmond Penny Post.

THE MORMONS.

We alluded the other day to the position which these people have already assumed towards the government, impliedly, and which, we intimated our belief, was becoming every day more decided. The Pennsylvania Inquirer publishes extracts from files of Mormon newspapers, the tone of which goes very far to justify the worst anticipations that can be formed of them. In a recent address, Governor Young assumes powers which are not less than imperial. The Gladdenites, a sect of the Mormons, are thus threatened by his Excellency:

"It they wish to labor, and obtain a living, they are welcome to do so; but they are not at liberty to disturb the peace of their neighbors in any way; neither let this people disturb them, but grant them every privilege claimed by and belonging to American citizens. Let them meet together and pray, if they please; this is their own business. Let them do as some did in a camp meeting in York State. One man met another and said 'How do you do? How are you getting along on the camp ground?' 'Why, they are serving God like the very d——,' was the reply. And the Gladdenites may serve God like the same, if they will keep out of my way, and out of the way of this people."

This is quite in the style of the Czar. Anywhere else, the Gladdenities, if guilty of a breach of the peace, would be tried by a jury; but here, they are to expect the vengeance of Gov. Young.

The authority which he assumes over the Saints, is made still more apparent by the following extract from an address delivered by him on a late occasion, when he was about to leave the city of the Great Salt Lake, temporarily:

'I wish to say to all the brethren, young men and boys, while I am gone from your midst for a season, let your conduct and conversation be such as becometh your profession in all things. I hope I shall not hear of 'drunkenness, confusion and quarreling, when I return. I am never afraid of it when I am here, for I can manage such characters so completly that I do not think it worth while to begin.—While I am gone, behave yourselves. I will preach to you the same sermon I do which history makes mention.

preached to the missionaries a week ago, viz: 'Walk uprightly.' When I return, and find you have done this, all will be well; if you have violated this counsel, you may expect to be chastised. Let it be said when I return, 'All is right; all has been peace; and good order has prevailed in your absence.'"

He thus alludes to another of his addresses, to the expulsion from Missouri:

"I know how it was in Jackson county. There are families in this city that went to that county twenty-one or twenty-two years ago last fall, if I mistake not. I know what their feellings were. All their desire was to get into the town of Independence, Jackson county, where they expected to find all sin and iniquity dried up—heaven begun on earth, and an end to all their mortal griefs. That was the motive that prompted them to go there.—Poor souls! how little they knew about salvation and its mode. I might have gone there, too, but I wanted to thunder, and roar out the gospel to the nations.—It burned in my bones like fire pent up. So I turned my back upon Jackson county to preach the gospel of life to the people."

It will be recollected that during the administration of President Fillmore, Brigham Young, in an address delivered to the "faithful," at a place called the "Bowery," denounced the Judges of the United States, required his followers to refuse obedience to their mandates issued in the name of the Law, and threatened to "cut their throats," or have them cut, if they did not leave on the shortest possible notice. He thus alludes to this scandalous scene, and the impunity with which he insulted the majesty of the law:

"In the short speech of not more than five minutes, which I delivered in the old Bowery when that Judge publicly insulted this people, there were men and women in the congregation who suffered more in the anticipation of what might be the result of it in future, than the generality of this people have suffered in being actually mobbed. They could see, in imagination, all Tophet let loose upon us, themselves strung up, their ears cut off, their bowels torn out, and this whole people cut to pieces. After they had time to think, they found themselves still alive and unhurt, to their great astonishment. They suffered as much as though they had been sent to the bottom of the bottomless pit. They suffered all this because I told that corrupt man he ought to be kicked out of the Territory for his insolence and barefaced presumption."

The Prophet's discourse is not always as grave as that of the Fathers of the Old Testament. He sometimes condescends even to pun. For instance:

"I said some time since on this stand, if I was not a prophet, I certainly had been profitable to this people. I know I have, by the blessing of the Lord, been successful in profiting them. The Lord has done it through me."

"A man has to travel a rougher road to get a wife in Deseret, than we were induced to think, from the great superabundance of the article in possession of Brigham. He thus explains the *quo modo:*

"If a gentleman wishes to associate with our females let him repent and be baptized for the remission of his sins.—Let these gentlemen go forth and preach the gospel to the nations, like the Mormon Elders, without 'purse or scrip'—Let them be mobbed, tarred and feathered, and whipped a few times for Christ's sake, not for their own follies, and return after a few years's labor, clear in conscience, pure in heart and unspotted from the world. If they can do these things and endure, they may begin to associate with our females, and seek among them a companion and partner for the life that now is, and for that which is to come."

The Inquirer says, the Mormon theory teaches that the departed Saints employ themselves in the next world, in converting the devils. We should think they had a hard time of it. The following allusion, by one of the Saints, will be read with interest:

"As for my going into the immediate presence of God when I die, I do not expect it, but I expect to get into the world of spirits, and associate with my brethren, and preach the gospel in the spiritual world, and prepare myself in every necessary way to receive my body again, and then enter through the vail into the celestial world. I never shall come into the presence of my Father and God until I have received my resurrected body, neither will any other person; and I doubt whether all those who profess to be Saints, will ever be gathered with the spirits of the just in the spiritual world; but they will be left where they attain to. The righteous are gathered to the spirit world to prepare for the resurrection of their bodies."

The Inquirer thinks this the most remarkable delusion of modern times, because, although full of error and absurdity, followers continue to flock to it in crowds. Now, for our part, we conceive that followers continue to flock to it in crowds, for the very reason that it is full of "error and absurdity." A profound judge of the human heart has said that "When men are determined to believe, the very absurdity of their creed confirms them in their faith." This has been found true with regard to every false religion of which history makes mention.

THE BANKS.

The Raleigh correspondent of the Greensboro *Patriot* writes that there is one consideration in favor of rechartering the Cape Fear Bank and the Bank of the State, which at once strikes the mind with great force, to wit: that the withdrawal of money accommodations from among the people, consequent upon winding up the old banks, and the collections of individual capitals, for the purpose of vesting their funds in new banks, will greatly aggravate the evils of the existing pressure, particularly with that class least prepared to endure the operation.

True as Gospel!

Yet, although the *Patriot* admits that the old Banks have been admirably managed; that they have been safe for the State; accommodating to the people, and profitable to their stockholders; it is yet, we infer, opposed to their re-charter, believing that the weight of the popular judgment is in favor of requiring the old institutions to wind up at the expiration of their charters, and then start *de novo*, or that new ones start in their stead.

It strikes us that the old rule, to "let well enough alone" is applicable here; and that the Legislature had best give a new lease of life to these faithful public servants, by granting them re-charters; rather than launch out on the uncertain sea of experiment, attended with danger and general distress.

☞ The two Houses of the Legislature upon the motion, in the House of Commons, of Mr. Winston, of Bertie, have increased the number of the Committee on Revolutionary monuments from five to eight, and have instructed the committee to enquire and report what monuments ought to be erected, *where* they should be erected, and the probable cost of the same.

The proposition of Ex-Governor Reid to erect two "*small*" monuments in the Capitol Square, at Raleigh, has deservedly created no little ridicule. The proposition of Mr. Winston has for its object the erection by the Legislature of one monument at Charlotte, in memory of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration, and one in Raleigh, in memory of the signers of the National Declaration. We are glad to see the subject thus placed on an elevated footing. Our State has been greatly remiss in this matter, and we hope soon to see her character retrieved. Mr. Winston accompanied his proposition with some excellent and patriotic remarks which commanded the marked attention of the House.—*Raleigh Register.*

LATE SCENES IN THE SENATE.

The scenes in the Senate pending the highly able debate upon the questions of Constitutional Reform, which have recently been before that Body, have all of them been interesting, some, and not a few discreditable. Under the latter description we might well classify the efforts of the Hon. Asa Biggs to give the grave subjects under consideration a party aspect, and to seize the occasion of their pendency for indulging in that partizan malignity, which forms so prominent an attribute of his political nature.

It will surprise the people of the State to learn that the dominant party, in the Senate, in the progress of its deliberations on the Free Suffrage Bill, actually *rejected* an amendment, offered by Mr. Haughton, providing that no person should be permitted to vote until he shall have been naturalized,—thereby declaring that all foreigners, who may come to this State, shall have the privilege of voting for members of the Senate, after they have resided here twelve months and paid public taxes, *although they have not been naturalized according to the laws of the United States.* This monstrous perversion of the genius of our free institutions could only have emanated from the representatives of a party, that is radical and destructive in all its tendencies. For this action of a majority, so intent upon the accomplishment of its purposes as to overleap one of the safest and most sacred safeguards of the Constitution, we predict an indignant rebuke at the hands of the citizens of North Carolina.—*Ral. Reg.*

FIFTY YEARS OF NEWSPAPER LIFE.

The *National Intelligencer* made note of the remarkable circumstance a few days since, that the Member of Congress from the Marietta, Ohio, District, had just called at the office to pay the [illegible] subscription of an old and constant [illegible] to the paper residing in that district. For nearly the whole of this long period his newspaper intercourse has been with a single firm of publishers and editors—Messrs. Gales & Seaton. The compliment, creditable on his part, as affording the highest proof of his own good judgment and steady appreciation, was most worthily bestowed. The *Intelligencer* as its name imports, has ever been one of the *National* institutions of the Federal Metropolis. Its Republican course has been an undeviating one. True to the country and the Administration of Madison in the war of 1812-15; among the first to advocate the American System established under the auspices of Calhoun and Clay, after the peace, in the able Congress of 1816; faithful to the same system of public improvement and democratic industry under every subsequent change of Administration and personal position; unyielding to the storm of Jacksonianism which displaced one of the truest and wisest statesmen of the country—by the defeat of John Quincy Adams for a second term of the Presidency; and preserving, for nearly thirty years since that event, a dignified and uniform opposition to the false theories and radical practices of the new Democracy then inaugurated, the veteran editors have won a reputation for fidelity and consistency, which the whole country must respect, and which thousands of old friends and new, like the Ohio subscriber, [illegible] appreciate.—*N. Y. Times.*

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY, like our Banks, is founded on a *specie* basis—no other securities will pass current. Morality, talent, industry, are well enough in their way, but smacking too much of the old fogy times, when these things were better than riches, they are of but light repute now, when weighed in the balances with dollars and cents. There is a ring in the very title of this latter, which carries conviction now-a-days to the fashionable heart. There is a music about it which the best of attributes and natural gifts do not possess. Why, look at it.—We see a life struggle going on every day, wherein energy, ambition, genius, it may be, are contestants with iron-handed adversity. How calmly, how indifferently look on the spectators! It is to them of but little moment. What matters it if the heart fails, the strength yields, the mind glooms in the unequal struggle?—Who cares? No one. Let him pass, he is guilty of the crime of poverty. Let him wear out his life,—let him brood over the ashes of the past—let him look to the end of his profitless life, as a relief from his disappointments and memories—let him die. Who cares?

On the other hand, gentle Sir, you who have just drawn the highest prize in the Havana lottery, and are now engaged in a thriving business, do you not perceive a change? You may not have noticed it, Sir, but you are this moment a very different personage from what you were six months ago. A very different personage. Why, Sir, you are taller by a head. Your heart is better, your nerves steadier, your face handsomer, your head longer, clearer, stronger. Quite a metaphosis. From being only Squire Nabob's passing acquaintance, you have become his fast friend. He who would have snubbed you last year, has a particular partiality for you this. The old gentleman may have a daughter. You have the entree of the house. It is surprising how popular of a sudden you have grown. Those observations which fell from your lips like lead a short while since, are golden words now. You are a man of parts. Your judgment is first rate—your general view of things orthodox. People throng around you, and court you—the very creatures that, in your hours of darkness, would have lapped your heart's blood—they are your property, Sir, you have bought them with the almighty Dollar. The incense of gratified pride is yours; office and trust are thrust upon you. Society opens her fashionable gates. Walk up among the upper ten, Sir, and take your appropriate place. The dancing room—the saloon—the gardens are open to your approach. And, if you wish a wife, there she is, Sir, resplendent with jewels, young, and "altogether lovely." Surrounded with admirers her cheek flushes with new conquests, her eyes lighten with a dangerous flame. There she is, Sir, all youth and loveliness. Do you want a partner? Advance, my Dear Sir, advance; you have strong cards in your hand—hearts are not trumps—your rivals will recede as you approach, and Miss Dorothea Dimity's sweetest, brightest smile is yours.—*Wil. Herald.*

☞ The refusal of the majority in the House of Commons, on Thursday last, to concur in the proposition of the Senate to print, for the information of the Public, the Communication from the Public Treasurer, (in reply to the resolution of inquiry introduced on Monday last, by Gen. Bynum,) explaining the reason for the demand of an appropriation of $100,000, to meet the immediate wants of the Treasury, will strike the people of the State, we doubt not as unworthy a set of men, professing to be independent legislators. The "Standard" has on more than one occasion attributed the credit, which the State enjoys, its assumed "financial prosperity," &c., to the benign effects of "Democratic" rule. It seems, however, that the majority in the House are afraid to let an exhibit be made. It is due to the people of the State that they should be fully informed in a matter which so vitally concerns their interests!—*Raleigh Register.*

WOMAN.

As the dove will clap its wings to its side, and cover and conceal like the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end.—She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and send the ride of life in healthful current through the veins. Her rest is broken; the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholly dreams, 'dry sorrow drinks her blood,' until her feeble frame sinks under the least external assailant. Look for her after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition that laid her low, but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey for the spoiler.—*Washington Irving.*

Cutting Wood.—A negro man can cut for his task one cord of oak wood, 4 feet long. The cord, when piled and well filled in, to be 8 feet long and 4 feet high,