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The People's Press,

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BY L. V. BLUM.

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Miscellaneous.

THE DOME OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

Capt. Franklin's report upon the dome of the Capitol, which has excited much interest, has been submitted to the Senate. He says the pressure of the new dome upon the foundation walls is one-fifth of the force necessary to crush the materials on which the wall is built, and the pressure exerted by it on the smallest or weakest section of the supporting walls is less than one eleventh of the crushing force of the materials. These results are obtained by taking everything in the most unfavorable state of the dome, and under the worst circumstances. No doubt is entertained of the perfect stability of the dome.

The whole weight of iron work required is 2,700 tons, of which 1,900 tons have been erected during the last three years. The original design laid before Congress was altered in 1856, and \$100,000 appropriated in August of that year, and \$500,000 on March 3, 1857. Another change was made last year to accommodate Mr. Crawford's figure of Freedom and its pedestal for the top of the dome, it being larger than the first design. The dome cannot be restored to its original plan without large loss and retarding the completion. The sum of \$901,800,41 has been expended on the dome of the old dome and progress on the new. The balance on hand is \$98,145.59. The sum of \$245,000 is required for the completion. The total cost will be \$901,000, and three years' more time is necessary.

A BRONZE DOOR FOR THE CAPITOL.

A letter from Rome, Italy, says: "Rogers is engaged here upon a bronze door for the Capitol at Washington, which is to cost \$25,000. The first scene represents Columbus before the Council of Salamanca, unfolding his great theory. In the second he is just setting out to seek royal aid. In the third he is before the King and Queen, laboring to convince them. Isabella leans forward and seems interested, but Ferdinand scarcely deigns to heed the visionary enthusiast. In the fourth he is confiding his son to the care of the monks, while his ships wait. In the fifth he is landing in great state upon St. Salvador. The sixth is at Hispaniola, where one of the sailors is bringing an Indian girl to the ship on his shoulder. The next is the great navigator's triumphal entry into Barcelona on his return. In the succeeding one he is about to be sent home from Cuba in chains and disgrace. The 'last scene of all' is death. The priests have administered to him the sacrament, one holds a crucifix for him to kiss, friends and attendants are weeping around, and the spirit of the dying man is about to start on that last great voyage from which none return. In niches surrounding these scenes are figures and busts of various royal personages contemporary with Columbus, including Ferdinand and Isabella, &c."

Palestine.—The Holy Land, we are told, exhibits unusual indications of activity and life. Owing to a great degree, to the influx of Russian pilgrims, Jerusalem has become, of late, one of the most bustling places of its size anywhere to be found. Rents have doubled, and more than doubled, in the space of a couple of years. Outside of the city walls extensive fortifications, under the direction of the Pacha, are going up, for protection against the Arabs. Hundreds of men are employed blasting these ancient rocks and laying them out in solid masonry. Wide roads are also constructed, and several small forts along the Jaffa road; so that the country around the city presents as busy an aspect as the city itself.

The New Dime.—The new dime has been issued from the Mint. It differs from the old coinage in several respects. The goddess of Liberty is in a sitting position as on the old coin, but instead of the encircling stars there are the words "United States of America." The words "One Dime" on the other side of the coin are in a wreath of cereals, instead of the old fashioned wreath of leaves. The new coin is very neat and pretty; but in the specimens which we have seen the milling around the edge is rather wiry and ragged.

At Barnum's Museum, an interesting event has just taken place in the reptile department. One of the lady anconas has just been brought to bed of a charming family of baby snakes, numbering 90 or thereabouts. There are about 40 pairs of twins, with a few spares; and all being tenderly brought up on a dainty diet of rats and mice.

A Thrilling Cave Adventure.

I was born and brought up in the neighborhood of the salt works of M—. My father was second engineer, and I filled the situation of assistant. The scene of our mining operations, at the time of the event which I am going to narrate, was in a narrow valley, lying close to the foot of a perpendicular cliff or rock about one hundred feet high. On its bare sides neither grass or shrub was to be seen, and scarce any inequality was visible, whereupon the climber might find a resting place. In fact, it was considered unscaleable for a distance of about two miles, when it sank down gradually at either end to the level of the plain. Ascending the cliff, one beheld on its summit a wide plain, stretching off in the distance from the sharp edge of the precipice, and from that dizzy point could look down upon the works of the miners below, close under its sides.

Upon the top of the cliff which I have been describing, I was strolling listlessly, late one Sunday afternoon, thinking of a strange and sad circumstance which had happened about a year before in our family. My only brother, a lad of fifteen, had gone out, early one summer morning to shoot plover on the heights, and from that hour had never been heard of. When last seen, he was mounting the cliff, from the eastern side, and though (when alarmed at his long delay) we made immediate search and inquiry, we never gained any further information. To speak of our family distress, and my own heart-grieving for my well-beloved brother, it is not now my purpose; but it was the only subject of my thoughts on that quiet summer evening, when all the noise from the works were hushed, and the stillness seemed tenfold by contrast.

I approached very near the edge of the cliff. I was now at its steepest part, and looking down at its smooth sides, I thought how terrible a fall would be; but my brother could not have fallen down. In that case his mangled body, at least, would have been found. I was recalled to myself by a strange sinking of my feet. My first confused idea was that the soil had given way from the edge of the cliff, upon whose utmost verge I stood, and that I was about to be precipitated to the bottom. I became dizzy with horror, for I felt at once that I could not recover myself, so sudden was the caving in of the earth beneath me. I made one stumble forward, in a wild struggle to save myself, felt a ringing and crushing in my ears, and then I lost all further sensation.

It must have been many hours before I was sufficiently conscious to know that I still existed. Sick and bruised, I was long unable to raise myself from the prostrate position in which I became aware, at last, that I was lying. It was quite dark, and every portion of earth or stone that I touched was wet, and a smell of damp salt pervaded the atmosphere. I thought I had fallen into an exhausted salt mine, but soon remembered that I had been standing on the edge of the cliff. It was an impossibility. Then came the idea that I must have fallen to the bottom, and the loose earth and stones have fallen over me. That, too, I soon found equally unlikely, and after groping about some time on my hands and knees—every moment one of intense agony—I became sure that my prison was a cave of some extent. Too weak to move any farther, I lay down and endeavored to think of my position. It seemed a hopeless one. I was certainly in one of those caves formed in salt rocks, and sometimes found by miners, running far below the earth's surface. I had no idea how far I had fallen—it might be but a few feet, it might be many hundred. As yet I could find no trace of the passage through which I had dropped, but I remembered that I had a case of matches in my pocket, and it was not long before I succeeded in dragging them out, though it was excruciating pain to my bruised limbs to move them.

Having no taper, I determined to be very careful of the matches, and to improve the short moment of light during which one would last. I rubbed it very carefully against the sole of my boot; then harder, then furiously; but it would ignite. Then I tried another, with no better success. They were too damp, everything was damp—the matches were useless. With a faint hope of drying them in time, I put the box into my breast, and buttoned my vest over it. What with my failure in procuring a light, and the pain of my bruises, added to my terror and bewilderment of mind, I suffered intensely. Through all, it became clear to me that, instead of falling over, I had fallen through the cliff—strange as it was that hollow ground should occur so near to the edge without the external wall of the cliff caving in towards it. The space through which I had fallen must have been narrow, for my body had been bruised, and the skin was torn from my sides, with strips of my clothing—that I could feel. Oh for a light to examine better into my miserable position; but after all, I did not feel without hope. I could not lose the idea that I was to hit upon some means or way of escape; if I only could get the matches to ignite, and show me the form and size of the cave.

Worn out with pain and thought, I must have slept. I awoke with a raging thirst, and almost at the same time, I became sure I heard the dripping of water. I dragged myself towards the sound, stretched out my hand and drops from above fell upon it; eagerly I swallowed a few, which burned my throat: they were distilled brine—salt

as any impregnation of water could possibly be!

This disappointment crushed me terribly. I should die of thirst ere I had found a mode of exit. I thought of the matches, and tried them again, in vain; this time, however, they gave forth a light smoke. In time the heat of my breast would dry them—that was a hope. I had no idea of time, save that my watch had run down while I slept. I wound it up again, knowing that when it again stopped eight-and-twenty hours would have gone by. Again, on my hands and knees, I crept around, feeling by the damp walls, and as I continued to recede from the spot where the salt water dropped from a projecting rock, I discovered that the cave must be nearly round, and not many yards square. Having discovered this, I became more collected and resolute, and forced myself to a calm review of my position. I had to acknowledge to myself, that my only chance of escape seemed the hole or crack through which I had fallen; but no ray of light betrayed that spot—earth and stones must have fallen in and choked it up. Parching with thirst, and faint with bodily injuries, I was almost at the point of despair, when a distant sound fell upon my ear. I listened with intense attention. Soon, more and more distinctly, I recognized the noise of machinery, the rumbling of carts, and the voices of men; then a bell rang, and with a throb of joy, I recognized it as the morning summons to the laborers in the works. A night only could have passed since my leaving the outer world. Had they missed me? Would they search for me! Alas! there was nothing to lead them to suspect the spot of my captivity. I thought of the strange disappearance of my young brother—this double bereavement would kill my poor mother; but still I was comforted by the knowledge that only a partition of rock separated me from my fellow-men. Now I could almost distinguish their voices. I felt that it was vain to hope that my calls and shouts could be heard by them, yet I could not forbear shouting till I was quite exhausted.

Then I reflected on the means I could find of digging away the barrier of rock. It could not be thick. I knew that by my facility in hearing sound, and concluded that, as I had fallen close to the edge of the cliff, I had sunk straight down to the level of the valley at its foot, and possibly the wall of my prison was not more than two or three feet in thickness. But I had no implement, save my knife, and that was a slender one, quite unequal to cutting a passage through even the soft and damp salt-rock, which formed the partition. Suddenly I remembered having picked up a heavy iron ox shoe on the wagon road during my Sunday walk. It was still in my pocket. With what joy I pulled it out and commenced eagerly my work.

I will not detail the agonies of those days and nights when I worked on in the darkness, sometimes encouraged, sometimes nearly hopeless. I could not find that I made any visible progress; the sounds were no nearer than at first, and I was growing hourly more exhausted from fatigue and burning thirst. The salt air of the cave inflamed my eyes, parched my skin and excoriated my throat; and often I had a horrible idea that I should go mad; but I worked on. I had wound up my watch 5 times, therefore it must have been the sixth day—deliverance as far off as ever. I had been trying to loosen a fragment of rock which had been somewhat detached from the strata (this I could only judge of by feeling). If I succeeded I should much reduce the thickness of the barrier at that point; but I had to stop and rest before the final trial. I again tried my matches. I had constantly done so hitherto, but without success, and that few remained; but now the third one that I tried gave forth a light smoke, then a light blue flame, and finally a clear red light. I held it carefully and beheld plainly the cavern in which I was immured. It was a small one, and sparkling from the saline crystals as if studded with gems. Opposite to me was a dark object, on a projection of the shelving rock, and bearing a similarity to the outline of a human figure. I lifted high the expiring match, and, by its last ray, I saw a human face!

In a frenzy of impatience I tried the few remaining matches, in vain; the last one was in my hand; more carefully I drew it over the damp paper; it burned only for an instant, but in that instant, holding it directly even with the body, I recognized the dead, pale, but unchanged face of my poor lost brother Henry!

I was again in darkness, with the dead body and my frenzied thoughts. After a time I resumed fiercely my labor at the rock. A few blows loosened it, and the large mass rolled inward, and from the fissure in the rock which lay behind it came in a narrow streak of daylight. I was all but mad, or I would not have had sufficient strength to effect my purpose.

By the aid of my ox shoe I soon increased the hole till it was large enough to admit my head. My shouts soon brought assistance from the works, to which, as I had supposed, I was very near, and soon from that fearful tomb were drawn the living and the dead bodies.

No one knew me until I spoke. The body of poor Henry had been preserved by the salt, and was also partly petrified. That he had been killed by the fall was evident, and had never moved from the ridge on which he fell.

The Oil Wells of Pennsylvania.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Titusville, Crawford Co., Penn., Feb. 20, gives the subjoined account of the Oil Wells in that vicinity:

Since I wrote you last, says the writer, I have been looking round among the oil wells at Titusville and in that vicinity. Thinking that your readers would like to know how the present developments correspond with the predictions two months since, I will give the result of my investigation, and you may give them to the world or to the flames.

The oldest well, leased from the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company by the Seneca Oil Company, is doing a regular business of 500 gal. of pure oil per day. Col. Drake is sinking another well in the immediate vicinity of the former, with every prospect of success.

One mile below, Crossley & Co. have found abundance of oil, but are not barreling any at present. A few rods below, Stackpole & Fletcher have found, in addition to a fine show of oil, a very strong salt well, making two ounces of salt to the gallon of water. The oil is of no disadvantage to the salt water, as it separates more perfectly than the fresh water springs. This is a great acquisition to this country, as all the salt is imported from the Lake. The next well of importance is the Hubbard, of Buttonwood well, Brewer, Kellogg, and others, proprietors. This well is one of the best, and will run about 400 gallons per day. The oil of this well is of a thicker quality, and will be a better lubricator than the oil of less specific gravity.

The next well is the famous "McClintock well," of Brewer, Watson & Co., proprietors. The oil from this well, daily, is variously estimated from 1,000 to 1,200 gallons.

The proprietors of this well have a large amount of oil territory, and are either boring, or having bored, some twelve wells on the choice points along the banks of Oil Creek. They have a quantity of oil lands of the Caldwell Creek, one of the tributaries of Oil Creek. The indications on this latter stream are nearly as good as any yet been discovered. They are also the lessees of the Indian Reservation in the State of New York, where the oil is no new thing. The spring of Parker and Barnard, of Titusville, which has been of doubtful promise for a few weeks, is now one of the best yet opened. I think 800 gallons per day not a high estimate to put on this well. The oil is thin and fine, and will look but a trifle in rectifying. Barnard disposed of one-sixteenth of their oil interest for \$10,000, cash, to a company from Ohio, the whole of which, in September, might have been purchased for as many hundreds. These are all the wells really in working order, but many more are nearly completed, and promise well for the future.

As I write, there is a steadily increasing demand for oil territory, and the excitement in the vicinity of Oil Creek to secure claims with a good surface show of oil, we never so great. One year ago, and this quiet valley knew scarcely anything of the outside world, excepting what was reported by merchants returning from the East; and the thirty or forty copies of The Tribune were weekly received; now we get the Semi-Weekly and Daily.

This important and surprising discovery of natural wealth is destined to make this one of the wealthiest portions of the country. Mechanics of all kind are in great demand; the local trade has increased more than fourfold what it was in the Fall. Capital is being invested in large amounts. The people here have no idea of depriving themselves of the advantage arising from the influx of strangers, and seem willing and desirous that all who choose should share their opportunities of making a fortune. Now four-horse coaches daily over the road are insufficient to accommodate the travel, which has heretofore been accomplished with a two-horse hack twice a week.

INTERESTING FROM CHINA.

Prison Tortures—A Chinese Court.

From a letter received by Mr. L. M. Andrews, of his city, from his nephew in Hong Kong, China, we are permitted to make the following interesting extracts.—The letter bears date of November 18th 1859:

"I have recently returned from a trip to Canton, where I gathered many items of intelligence which will be interesting. We were so fortunate, shortly after our arrival, as to secure the services of Mr. Gray, stationed there as chaplain, who, being well versed in Chinese affairs, played the cipher game to our advantage. We commenced our explorations by visiting the prisons, happening to hit most fortunately, on a criminal court day. We were the first persons ever taken by our guide into a Chinese court. The magistrate, a very high Mandarin, knew Mr. Gray, and upon our entering, stopped the court. We were introduced and invited to take seats, which, after a great deal of bowing and salaaming we did.

"The Mandarin and ourselves were the only persons seated in the court—the magistrates' assistants always standing during hours. There was several interpreters present to question the prisoners on trial, and to answer the Mandarin. That functionary never deigns himself by speaking any other dialect than that strictly Mandarin dialect. There was quite a lot of prisoners, all with manacles upon their limbs and necks, awaiting their turn for trial. One of them was fastened upon a instrument of torture called 'the rack'

used to extort confession, true or false, from their victims.—This rack resembles a carpenter's saw bench. The victim is made to kneel, the rack is then placed upon its end, against his back. His one or two feet are passed through a hole in the end of the rack, and tied fast to the upper feet which strains the cords of his neck horribly.

"A bandage is then placed across his forehead and fastened to the end of the rack. A slip-noose is put upon each thumb, by which his arms are drawn behind him and upwards, and also made fast to the upper feet. A slip-noose is also put upon each big toe, which is drawn upwards and made fast at the same point, and are drawn so that the victim's knees are about one inch clear of the floor—thus leaving the whole weight of the body suspended by the thumbs and toes. The victim was kept upon the rack about half an hour, and when I rose fell upon the floor—having for the time being lost all control of his limbs. He was left lying as he fell, until his blood resumed its circulation, when a chain was put about his neck and he was led away to the dungeon. He was no doubt convicted of the crime with which he was charged, as he was desirous of kneeling before the Mandarin and pleading for mercy, but was not permitted so to do.

"We followed the prisoner, and saw him thrust into a room with some thirty others, all of whom were condemned to death. The cell was very small, excessively warm, and the stench from it, to us, unendurable. The cell had not a single article of furniture in it, and all the occupants were entirely nude. They greeted us with 'Chin Chin Tsai-pai,' and 'Goshaw Tsai-pai,' which was 'How do you do?' 'Give us a present!'

"We saw also, on a visit, several convicted felons, undergoing the punishment of the 'Canque,' which consists of a square board with a hole in the centre, and goes together with hinges. It is put upon the victim's shoulders, with his head through the hole. The 'Canque' are of different sizes and weights, according to the age and the degree of crime. Offenders are frequently compelled to wear them from four to six months, during which time it is impossible for them to lie down, and they are compelled to sit and sleep upon their haunches. Several of them had eaten and slept so long in one posture that their skin was chafed through, and they were almost covered with raw sores.

"Among others whom we saw confined was the mother of Tai Ping Wan, the great rebel chief, of whom the Mandarins or Imperialists, stand in great fear. They have never been able to defeat him, and have offered large rewards for his capture, without success. Imperialists have arrested his mother and all his relatives, as far as they have been able to trace them. His mother is a woman of small stature and nearly seventy years of age, with hair as white as snow. She had heavy chains upon her ankles, and a chain also around her neck, with a stone fastened to the end, which trailed upon the ground. The other relatives of the rebel chief were also in chains.—The females were embroidering, and the males were knitting undershirts, using small linen twine. We likewise saw many rebels in chains, with their ears cut off, and others who had been hamstrung, who were unable to rise upon their feet, but dragged themselves along with their hands.

"We next visited the Mohammedan Mosque, where we saw charts of the pictorial language. The Mohammedan pagoda is an immense brick structure, supposed to have been built 70 years B. C. Its immense weight had sunk it into the ground, so that we could just see the arch of the door. A tree of quite large dimensions was growing upon the top, the roots of which encircled it on the outside. We also visited a temple where they worship Confucius. It contains an image of the object worshipped, and is the only one of the kind in the empire. It was erected a few years since at the suggestion of Gov. Yeh. The base of the image was shattered by a ball from an English frigate while shelling the city in 1856. We visited also the 'Flower Pagoda,' which is said to be 1900 years old. There is a tradition connected with this pagoda to the effect that its founder stated, upon its connection, that if the top should ever fall, there would be trouble in Canton. It so happened that the top of it fell in September, 1856, and the English shelled the city in October of the same year. The portion which fell, struck the roof of a joss-house, passed entirely through, struck a priest who was worshipping and killed him."

A Chinese Home.

"During Minister Ward's late visit to Peking a private house was allowed him for the use of himself and suite. The Chinese correspondent of the Boston Traveller who accompanied Mr. Ward thus describes the place:

"Let us look about the premises we are to occupy. The owner was a private gentleman of wealth and standing, whose family had for the time vacated them, not a woman or a child appearing while we tarried, though we often saw the owner, who was quite courteous and obliging. At the request of the Government he had consented to give us the use of his house, or houses, for there were two, both of brick, and running parallel, and being about one hundred and fifty feet long, with a court between about thirty feet wide and paved with hewn stone. Like almost all Chinese houses, they were of only one story, and with roofs covered with tiles. Two or three arches were thrown across the court, seeming to divide the long space into rooms, and doors opened into each building as they were needed. The rooms, however, were few, and dark from the use of semi-transparent paper instead of glass windows. They were neat, and the walls and ceilings covered with handsome paper. The Chinese use but little furniture, and the most of what had ever belonged to this had been removed as unsuitable to our tastes and customs. A gate, closed at night, opened into a narrow street, which led into the centre of the village, and with a few rods' travel out of it. Altogether, the buildings were commodious, neat, and in good taste. Nor had the Government and owner been content with furnishing the best house in the place, and supplying us with the substantial and delicacies of the coun-

try. It was the hot season of the year, and, to relieve their foreign guests from its oppression, josses had been erected along the side of each house, some thirty feet high, while poles of equal height were placed in the centre, on which bamboo rafters were laid, over which new white matting was spread, which reached from roof to roof, and quite shut out the sun, while, as the sun changed its position, or set, or other circumstances required, large windows could be made in the roof by pulling certain cords, through which the air was freely admitted. In the evening it added to the beauty of the scene to have large lamps suspended in various places through the court, hexagonal in form, two feet long and one in diameter, the frame being of wood, and some of them having strips of red cloth in their hexagonal sides, and others stained glass. On the top an ornamental story was added, a foot high, of carved wood, which projected some half a foot beyond the lantern proper. They discovered a good deal of art and taste, and are for ornament more than for use. Long strips of red cloth were hung up on the walls in various places, as expressive of good wishes.

"Let the most singular and yet touching and beautiful usage in the fastening of long strips of red paper upon the door-posts, covered from top to bottom with large gilt Chinese characters. Of course they are unmeaning without an interpreter, and, as we had three within, one of them, at my request, translated them for me, and here I give them to your readers. Opposite the main entrance was written in large characters, 'Great Joy!' Over a door, 'Receive all Heavenly happiness!' On the side of the door, 'Felicitous be the sun and auspicious the clouds!' and 'Harmonious may be the breezes and sweet the rains!' Over another door, 'Happiness comes from Heaven.' On the sides of another door, 'Imagination, like a great dragon, soars on hundred feet!' and 'Literature, like a good bird, is vigorous a thousand autumns.' Another pair of sentences was perfectly Chinese: 'The virtue of sages is like sweet wine—Heaven's grace endures;' and 'The words of a King are like silver sounds—the favors of the Kingdom are many.' The posting of such sentences over the doors of houses and on each side of a common practice, generally expressing a welcome and good wishes to the guests and strangers who visit the house, or else containing sentences from the Chinese classics, which are held in veneration among the people."

Is It Possible.

We publish in another column an Editorial article from the columns of the Raleigh Standard, under the heading of "The object of the Oppositionists," in which it is charged

1st. That the Opposition party are conspiring with Black Republicans, to defeat the Democrats.

2d. By artful appeals to the passions of the people they seek to secure a seat for one of their number in the U. S. Senate.

3d. That if they succeed in securing a majority in the Legislature, they will use their power in re-districting the State in such a manner as to ensure party triumph in 1861.

4th. That they design carrying out a spirit of proscription against all Democratic State officers.

5th. That, without scruple, they will wield their influence and power, if successful, to control, for party ends, all State institutions and public works.

6th. That, if successful, they will encourage the assaults of Black Republicans, and thereby the interests and honor of the State may be sacrificed.

Surely the picture is overdrawn in the sixth count. Although we are not a Whig, never was and never expect to be, yet we cannot doubt the fidelity and honor of Southern gentlemen because they differ with us. We would expect the Opposition party in this State, if they carry the elections, to do just as our party has done—fill the public offices with men out of their own ranks—feed at the public crib. That is no very great sin; but we cannot believe that the party would conspire with Black Republicans, or that it would barter away the interests and honor of the State. Surely brethren of the same household, nursed at the same table, communed at the same altar, educated at the same institution and associating with us in our daily labors and business transactions; slaveholders too, and as honorable as any class of men to be found in any community, simply because they are opposed to a successful Democratic rule, would not be guilty of such foul wrong as to suffer the interests and honor of the State to become tarnished in their hands.

We believe and hope the Standard is mistaken; but that, should the Democracy be defeated—though it is not very likely—our Opposition friends will prove themselves as well qualified to take charge of and protect the honor and interests of the State as the Democratic party. We will see.—Charlotte Bulletin.

Hope Made Powder.—The Warrenton News is authorized by Gen. T. J. Green, of Warren County, to state that he will give fifty dollars premium for the best keg of home-made powder, and twenty-five dollars premium for the second best keg. The powder is to be exhibited, and satisfactory evidence given of its being manufactured in North Carolina, at the next State Agricultural Fair.

The scarlet fever has been raging fearfully in Illinois and Ohio. At Bloomington, during the past winter, some 400 children have fallen victims to the disease. In Steubenville, Ohio, the deaths number from two to five daily, and already two hundred children have succumbed to its deadly influence.

THORNS FOR TEXAS.—Lieut. Gen. Scott has addressed an order to Assistant Quartermaster General Tompkins, at New York, from which it appears that all the disposable troops of the U. S. Army are to be concentrated in Texas for the protection of the frontier.

"Where shall I get a panel?" said the Sheriff to the Judge. "Why, I suppose, sir, that you can get enough panels out of doors."