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TERMS.

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Court Advertisements, and Sheriff's Sales will be charged 25 per cent higher than the usual rates.

POETRY.

YES, WE MISS THEE AT HOME.

Yes, we miss thee at home; yes, we miss thee;
The hours glide slowly away,
With fond dreams of thee, as thou roamest,
And weary regrets at thy stay.
The fireside circle is broken,
Home pleasures are mingled with pain,
As over the past we still linger,
And long for thy presence again.

Yes we miss thee at home, and how lonely
The evenings that once were so gay,
The music that once had its gladness—
The melody gone from the lay—
Each heart still remembers the absent,
Is with thee, in joy and in care,
In spirit, we want to meet thee—
In spirit thy pilgrimage share.

Yes we miss thee at home; yes, we miss thee;
At morning, at noon, and at night;
At evening, we wait thee a blessing;
At evening, a tender good-night.
Amidst my wanderings so distant,
Thinking of you, wherever thou dost roam,
Doth no memory recall scenes of pleasure
And dreams of the loved ones at home?

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee,
And on my cheek, thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.
For thoughts, like waves that glide by
Are sweetest when they shine;
Mine earthly love has faded in light,
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er me;
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep—
Sweet spirit, meet me here;
There is an hour when holy flames,
Through stambled hearts, are kindle,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst stand by my side.

The thoughts of thee too sacred are
For thy dear common breath;
I can but know thee as my stars,
My angel and my dream.
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee,
And on my cheek, thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.

[From the New York Evening Post]
MODERN DEATH.

When the earth was fresh and young—
Ere the sun a fiery met,
From his rising to his set—
Round the globe these accents rung:
Death, the Demon Archer comes!

Send him, then, upon the earth;
And, when he comes, rough and rude,
We stand from the holy wood,
Giving bloody murder birth,
Saying—"Death has won the world!"

From his terrors Millions flee;
But he bent his fatal bow,
Laid his victims pale and low—
Screaming valleys with the dead,
Crying—"Death, the Archer, comes!"

Next he seized the sword and spear;
Ranks and legions swiftly broke,
Levied armies at a stroke,
Till the world, with trembling fear,
Heard the Demon yell afar.

Then, with hell-entranced arms,
Smote he heaven, and earth, and main,
Breaching war with iron rain,
Starting nations with alarms,
Roaring with his thunder voice.

Back recoiled the dying hosts;
But the Demon, with a scream,
Grasped the engine of Steam,
Pledged to graves unnumbered ghosts,
And began his Modern race.

Wily-tongued, he lures mankind;
"I do travel far and fast,
Swift as lightning, or the blast;"
Hurrying crowds leap on behind,
Death, the Demon mounts the Engine.

Through the valleys, o'er the plains,
Over the gulfs, and over streams,
Rushing with infernal screams,
Dash the rival-lightning trains,
Death, the Demon, drives the Engine.

Prudence reels with dizzy brain;
"Onward! swifter, faster still!"
"Onward! round the blinding hill,
Speed is money—life for gain!"
Let the Demon speed the Engine!

But the clouds repeat a crash!
Ruin strews the bloody ground;
Mangled corpses groan around;
Death his scimiter like a flash;
Laughs the Demon on the Engine.

Fit and wide the country was;
Terror for an hour restrains—
But again speed on the trains,
Rushing, shrieking through the vales,
Death astride the hissing Engine.

Glory, mortals, in your speed!
Ride the lightning—ride the gale—
Ride upon a comet's tail;
But, on earth, to this dire goal—
Demon Death is on the Engine.

A LEAP YEAR RHYME.

Alas! alas! I have no beau
To take me out a sleighing,
The one I had I lost last year
About the time of haying
And so, as one year out of four
Kind custom doth decree
The ladies for themselves shall speak,
Will any one take me?

Who'll buy, who'll buy, a heart as warm
As ever beat for man,
My character, I'm glad to say,
I'm willing all should see,
My eyes are blue, and brown my hair,
And my complexion fair.

My rank in life I'll tell to him
Who says "I'll take you Lillie!"
For should I put it all in print
Perchance you'd call me silly;
I have some friends, I'm very sure,
And trust few false have I;
And this is all I'll tell you now—
Will any body buy?

The purchase money must be paid
Not in poor sordid gold,
But in true love and tenderness,
That's neither bought nor sold.
Love that will cling through good and ill,
Through sunshine and through shade—
A love that grows as years roll on
When beauty's charms shall fade.

The requisites that I require
I bid thee, thus express:
He must be five foot ten, or higher,
And pleasing in address,
His age from thirty to two score,
For I detest men younger,
And never could look up to them
As the weaker to the stronger.

His character for truth and honor
Of course must stand quite high,
(For of that class they can "tast men,"
I must confess I'm shy);
A mind so much above my own
That I to him could bend
And find in that dear single one
My lover, my sister friend.

And in return I'll give to him
All that I can and true,
And ever try to yield to him
The obedience that is due
A little corner in my heart
Is waiting to be sold
A fortune so this pleasant day
For something more than gold.

Who bids for this young lady's heart
Tis sunny, winter's morn'
Quack, or you're late, good gentle folks;
"Tis going—going—gone."

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.
Who would sever Freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the treacherous line?
Though by birth one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest.

Dear to me the South's fair land—
Dear central mountain band—
Dear New England's rocky strand—

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YOU THERE!

Don't you remember well, dear friend,
The many happy hours
That we have oft together spent,
When youthful days were ours?

My thoughts oft wander back again
To happy scenes long past;
They're treasured in memory,
Forever there to last.

How many fleeting years are gone
Since days which then were ours!
But, ah! they really seemed to us
Just like so many hours.

But let us not recall them now—
They ne'er can come again—
Alas! such thoughts can only weep
The heart's most bitter pain.

They will not draw our thoughts far back
To days forever o'er—
The memory of former joys,
What have we now to spare?

POLITICAL.

Do not assert, without fear of contradiction, that the Nashville Union, that there has never been a resolution adopted by a Know Nothing meeting in a single State, on the subject of slavery, which would have the South would do adopt.

Raleigh Standard

A Coln. General.—"Good morning, nigra," said a curled up, shaving d-rake yesterday morning, as he encountered a half-frozen skinned acquaintance in the street.

War since 1776, and it seems that their widows or children are entitled to 160 acres of land.—Those who have received less than 160 acres are entitled to as much more as will make that quantity.

Persons in Halifax County, who may desire to confer with me at Weldon, I had also attend the Courts of the adjacent County.

TO A SHANGHAI.—Some new star in the poetic world thus addresses the lord of the bow:—
Feathered griffin! Whogave you wings?
How didst thou furnish these legs?
As those come out of eggs?

FINE HAMS.—We have duly inspected and tested, on sundry occasions, the hams cured at the extensive pork establishment of Messrs. MacCallister & Co., of this city and pronounce them A No. 1. The softness and tenderness of the meat is remarkable and the flavor superb.

ROUNNETS, BONNETS.
A FEW Black and Drab Beaver Bonnets of the latest pattern can be had at the TEMPLE OF FASHION for \$1, warranted equal to any that can be produced for double the money.

POTATO ONIONS.—We have on hand a good supply of the above excellent Onion sets which we should be glad to sell to our friends.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.—We have just received a new lot of Gold Hunting English Levers of superior finish and quality, gotten up expressly for our sales.

FLUR COMING DOWN.—Three sled loads of flour sold at Saturday at \$6.50 per barrel. Several months since it was selling in our city at nine and ten dollars.

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