

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,
Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULERS."



"DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE."
Gen'l Harrison.

NEW SERIES.
VOLUME VIII—NUMBER 1.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1851.

OF THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.
Subscription, per year, Two Dollars—payable in
advance. If not paid in advance, Two Dollars
plus postage will be charged.
Advertisements inserted at \$1 for the first, and 25 cts.
for each subsequent insertion. Court orders
and legal notices, higher than these rates. All
communications to those who advertise by the year,
and all other notices, must be post paid.
We do not know when we have met with
editorial production, in any journal which
has impressed our mind with greater force, as
its enlarged views of the matter of style,
treats, and of its terse and pointed style,
the following, which is but one of a num-
ber of able articles in public affairs which we
are proud to observe in the columns of the pa-
per from which we copy it.—Nat. Int.
From the New Orleans Picayune, of April 13.
THE TONE OF LEVITY AND INDIF-
ERENCE WITH WHICH CERTAIN DISSENTING PAPERS
are attempting themselves to speak of the gravest
questions of international arrangement; the
disdain they profess to feel in the conduct of
negotiations between the United States and for-
eign powers, of the deepest interest to many
of the members of the Confederacy, might be
attributed to the excessive zeal of sudden con-
science, or to the naïveté of inexperienced jour-
nalists.
But in the old hand-bicwers of sedition
and in their resolution in themselves
to persist in their course. When, for ex-
ample, the Charleston Mercury prates of a cor-
dial alliance between Mr. Webster and the
Secretary of Foreign Affairs, upon the
free negro sailors entering the ports
of the States, as a matter in which South
Carolina has only the concern of an indiffer-
ent neighbor, it inspires little respect for its
zeal, and less for the organization of which
it is the mouthpiece. We should be loth to
hear that the people of South Carolina could
be so easily won over to such absolute want of interest,
and to such a want of any other coun-
try, were that State in reality severed from the
Union.
There are memories and associations
which might keep alive something like a patri-
otism for the remaining States if one should
attempt to swing from their orbit. But if they
are already begun to regard us as foreigners,
and look upon monarchical Governments with
a favor as upon their own, they will have
no reason to complain of the other States if
they oppose a dissolution of the Union begun
and set on foot there, with just the same deter-
mination and means they would employ in re-
sisting an attempt upon the Confederacy from
abroad.
But such language is mere bravado on the
part of the dissenters. It finds no response
in the public sympathy, nor even an echo in the
words of those who use it. It is much in the
style of Mr. Agre's appeal to Sir Lucius O'-
Rigger. "We shan't run, Sir Lucius," quoth
that redoubtable gentleman, by way of assuring
himself that he was about to do something
such he had no heart for. And just so do
certain public organs speak of the dissolution
of the Union with affected sang froid, or as a
thing achieved, by way of avoiding the grim
and ghastly spectacle which intervenes between
conception and its consummation. The
Union, however, denounced by abolitionists on
the one hand and sedition mongers on the other, is
not that dignity which challenges the con-
tempt of those who seek its overthrow; and
however we assume to consider it a trifle, nei-
ther conceals nor strengthens his nervous con-
vulsion.
This habit of light remark respecting the
Union has grown out of an equally inconsid-
erate mode of speech, though perhaps more gen-
erally used. It is quite the custom of politi-
cians to take it for granted that the first drop
of blood shed in civil strife will be the knell
of the Union. This supposition is based upon
a very false hypothesis, the hypothesis that
the Constitution is such an inflexible and ex-
tended statute, that it cannot spare blood enough
to shed honors or ally unnatural or dan-
gerous excitement. Public men, who have
been wise in other respects, have countenanced
delusion; and cabals, profiting by what
other men have uttered, without exactly ap-
preciating the value of words, press forward
their machinations under an impunity fancied
from the idea that they cannot be touched with-
out the certain destruction of the Government.
If this be true, the whole structure of the Re-
public is at the mercy of every paltry club
of demagogues and treason plotters that may
array itself against the power and sovereignty
of the Confederacy. And in this connection
Southern fanaticism are quite as formidable to
the safety of the State as Southern factiousness.
But whence comes the idea that the only
mode of free government on earth is to dis-
appear with the smoke of the first gun fired in
its defence? Or where is the warrant for suppos-
ing that the whole structure of American lib-
erty is to fade into nothingness, peaceably and
quietly and ignominiously? For this result is ar-
rived at as a corollary from the supposition that
the Union cannot be saved by visiting with the
penalties of treason such as combine to lay it
in ashes. The conspirator is taught to hold
himself beyond the reach of punishment, be-
cause the means necessary to enforce his re-
sponsibility to law involve, according to these
wise teachers, the annihilation of the sov-
erignty whose law is outraged. According to
this school of ethics, treason is alone a thriving
operation in the land; for what sanction have
good and true citizens if the turbulent can bring
confusion and dismay upon them because they
cannot be quelled without quelling the Govern-
ment with them? This species of argument
may keep disorganizers in heart till they com-
mit some overt act against the State. We ap-
prehend that, from that moment, they will find
a little comfort in their logs as they will see
it in a theoretical impunity.
But to resume the inquiry whence do they
derive the fancy that it is merely such that the
Union is to dissolve like a first? That it is
the out of imitation? Is there any example in
ancient or modern times of a powerful and
prosperous people losing their nationality with-
out a struggle? Has any independent State
ever succumbed to foreign force or internal ma-
chinations without first striving the land with
blood? There is no example if even bad Govern-
ments suffering themselves to be extin-
guished like a candle, or sponged from the fam-
ily of nations like a bad sum from a school-
boy's slate. The most barbarous as the most
civilized States have only submitted to dismem-
berment after thorough exhaustion. The pro-
cess of time is dotted with the graves of
dead nations; but whenever a sovereignty has
been laid in the dust, there the sword and the
plow have been busied with the bones and the
remains of men. Even now we see quench-
less blood break forth again to attest the bitter
fate of those who remain of people hold on to
their nationalities.
The example of moral decay and

extinction which history furnishes, admonishes us of the scenes which the agonies of an expiring State evoke. The crumbling fabric of the Roman Empire, though worn out by civil wars and cancerous with corruption and debaucheries, involved the civilized world in five centuries of darkness. There was yet in that cankered and tyrannous organization the strength to deluge Christendom in blood, and blacken the area of civilization with fire.—What may be expected of a nation expiring in the vigor of its youth? What the "thrones of a people brought into collision by excess of force? by discontents augmented, if not com-
menced, in the uneasiness of abundance?—Even malcontents, when not savoring in their disloyal vocation, extol the United States as the only abode of liberty on earth, and the greatest and the most prosperous people known to the history of mankind. Yet they affect to believe that such a people thrown back upon their defective and separate colonial organizations without a murmur. They cannot and do not think so. The People who hold the only abode of freedom, and are prosperous and progressive beyond any precedent of ancient or modern times, are not going to cast from them a Constitution which covers them with its protection or divide off into distinct and hostile tribes at the bidding of either Northern or Southern secessionists.
That which has secured liberty to mankind, and advanced three millions of oppressed and isolated colonists into a commanding, thriving, and happy nation, is worth the blood which our forefathers shed in achieving, and as much more as it is necessary to maintain it. It is idle to imagine that the great masses of the people will tamely submit to the dissolution of a Government which is their only safeguard against foreign aggression or domestic tyranny. They are no more prepared to be yoked to the car of Cuban patriots or higher-law publicists, North or South, than they are to regard with indifference a diplomatic contest between England and the United States about a matter which affects the safety of a large number of States.—Those who take sides with Great Britain upon this subject will do well to defer the disruption of the Union until England resolves herself into the heptarchy out of which she was formed. The illustration is apt to their present sympathies; and even more opportune as affording them some idea of the scenes which will have to be passed before arriving at the goal of their disloyal ambition.

BUT ONE SURVIVOR now remains of the gallant party of seventy that burnt the frigate Philadelphia in the harbor of Tripoli, after she had been taken by the authorities of that country.

The death of Joseph Knox Boyd, in Washington city, on the 15th inst., leaves but one survivor of that memorable event, namely, Commodore Morris.
In 1803, the Bashaw of Tripoli took it into his head to impose upon the young American republic; and would not agree to trade with her unless she would pay tribute. The United States refused to do any such thing, and the Tripolitans commenced the game of pirating upon American Commercial vessels. War was then declared by the United States against Tripoli, and a small fleet of the Navy was sent to blockade the Tripolitan ports.—During the blockade, the Frigate Philadelphia, under command of Capt. Bainbridge, gave chase to a small Tripolitan vessel, in the Harbor of Tripoli, and pursued her so close that the frigate got around. The jig was up with them. They were far off from the aid of the balance of the fleet, and within musket shot of the enemy's battery. They fell an easy prey to the enemy. The officers and crew were taken prisoners. The former confined in a miserable, stinking, desolate dungeon, for many months, and the latter sold as slaves. For all of whom the old Bashaw calculated on getting high ransoms. For some of the officers we believe he did get ransoms.

As soon as this disastrous news was communicated to the fleet, Lt. Stephen Decatur conceived the project of destroying the grounded vessel, and thus keeping her out of the hands of the enemy.—Getting permission from the commander of the fleet, he called for volunteers to the desperate act. He obtained 70 men of whom Joseph Knox Boyd was one. They proceeded under cover of night to the Philadelphia—boarded her, sword in hand, and drove the cowardly Tripolitans overboard, and killed those that resisted. By this time the whole harbor was in an uproar, and armed vessels were approaching from all sides, while the battery of the Bashaw's palace was pouring broadsides at the brave seventy. Decatur and his men, without a moment's delay set fire to the frigate and left in double quick time. They barely made their escape; but not a man was lost or wounded! They had the pleasure of seeing the frigate burn and blow up, instead of becoming a prey to the Tripolitans.

This was one of the greatest deeds of the young Republic. But few of the officers or crew of the Philadelphia now survive to tell of the scenes they saw, and the cruelties they underwent while prisoners in Tripoli. A book giving a true narrative of them would be highly interesting.

Wealth, says Dr. Chalmers, is the goddess whom all the world worshipeth.—There is many a city in our empire, of which, with an eye of apostolic discernment, it may be seen that it is almost wholly given to idolatry. If a man look on higher than money, then money is his god.

THE PASSING BELL.

"In the midst of life we are in death"
Again we are reminded that mortality is stamped upon the dwellers of earth.—Another of our race has gone to his last repose. The messenger of death has borne another loved one to the spirit land: The domestic circle has again been broken, notwithstanding the skill of physicians and the tears of bereaved friends.

See yonder procession, with measured tread, following the remains of one dear as life to that final resting place. What sorrow, what loneliness, what feelings of desolation, what emptiness of earthly joys now fill their hearts, as they take a long, long look at that dear but lifeless clay!

Who is this so recently done with things beneath the sun?
The aged sire, having out-lived his generation, whose head was long since whitened by the harvest gathering, is now no more. Grief-stricken are his children, as they realize their loss, that he to whom they have always looked for instruction and counsel is removed from them forever.

An affectionate husband has been taken from the embrace of the wife of his bosom. She stands by the grave and weeps as though her heart would break. She feels, oh, how deeply feels, the wound that has pierced her inmost soul, and as if she lost her all of life. To her this is a day of sadness and gloom, such as she had never known before; and now she could almost wish to be quietly resting by the side of her husband.

A devoted wife and tender mother has been removed from the companion of her youth and the children of her pride. Disease fastened upon her life and took her hence. Aid was proffered but in vain.—Now the husband feels that all of earth is held by a feeble tenure. Now does a deep drawn sigh escape his lips, as he beholds the object of his early love shrouded in the drapery of the tomb. As he stands gazing upon those loved features, so firmly, coldly fixed, and yet with the same sweet smile that had ever rested on him, come up those words of tenderness and confiding trust, those acts of kindness, those attentions to his every want, her virtues and her moral worth, till he would fain have died to save her. The children gather close around, while from their eyes fall tears like drops of rain. Motherless ones, they weep, they mourn, and well they may, for they have lost a friend whose deep pure love no pen can portray nor tongue describe. Henceforth, the father binds them closer to his heart, as if he would in them behold the image of her in whom his highest earthly hopes were centred.

A youth, blooming with health and vigor, is stricken down at a single blow.—And yet, could beauty, intellectual development, or a fine education be interposed, that group of mourners were now at their own homes, rejoicing that their number was unbroken. But ah! the shaft was sent with unerring aim. Those bereaved parents, who had looked forward, cheered with the hope that this star would brighten the evening of their days; the chosen one, now crushed in utter despondency, and refusing all attempts at consolation; the circle of friends stripped of their brightest member, are now called upon to look for the last time upon the "earthly tabernacle" of one—oh, how fondly loved! Their hearts bleed at every pore, and they strive each to console the other, with words of sympathy, but tears and silent grief forbid them utterance. Only deep down within the soul, where thoughts commune with the inner self and with their Maker, can they find peace.

A lovely infant, just beginning to steal away the parent's affections, has been removed hence by the angel gatherer. The treasure, the fond mother had purposed to wear upon her own heart, as an ornament of joy. But no, she must now, though reluctantly, yield it up to seek another sphere. In her grief she looks only upon the casket which is soon to crumble, while she sees not the jewel it contained. Yet, would she dry up her tears and direct her eye above, she would behold her lost gem replaced in a more brilliant setting, where it will shine in undimmed splendor amid thrones and dominions for ever and ever.

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, for by sorrow the heart is made better." Thus it is rendered certain that we all must die. The infant, the youth, the middle aged,

and the aged, must alike return to their mother dust.

"If a man die shall he live again?"—This all-important question is prompted by such an hour; and to its affirmative answer, both the analogy of nature and the inspiration of the scriptures fully concur.
"Yes, it is certain that we shall lay down these bodies of ours, and as certain that we shall rise again, clothed with immortality."
"Blessed are they that have part in the first resurrection."

COLVER AND HUMANITY!

From the Boston Daily Bee.
Human being bought in Boston.—The Southern Slave Trade put into the shade.—Parson Colver of the Tremont Temple, the purchaser!—State of the Free Soil Clergy in Boston, and the corruption, knavery and heartlessness of its leaders.

We hardly thought that the traffic of human beings existed here in this pious city of Boston. But it seems we were mistaken. A transaction has just occurred—a trade made, by which a human being, and living on our own soil, has been bought with money and transferred from one party to another.
The facts of the case are as follows:—Some few weeks since the father, Benedito Fontanarosa, and son were brought into the Police Court on a charge of leading idle and dissolute lives. The father went about the streets begging, and was usually accompanied by the boy. Both parties were found guilty and sentenced to four months in the House of Correction.

A few days after, Rev. Nathaniel Colver went over to South Boston, saw the boy, was much pleased with him, and determined in his heart and pocket to at once strike a trade. More than all this, it got wind that the boy was a Catholic—which was of course a great crime. So much so, very possibly, along with the consideration that the boy was a very promising one, that it was his duty to buy him.

In good time the papers were made out and doubly clinched, and Colver, with a chosen interpreter, went to the father, and then and there, by his own rendering and interpretation, made the bargain, paid the stipulated sum in cash, had the instrument signed, and took the boy from his father. This constitutes as open a sale of a human being as could possibly be. The record of the slave-mart could not out parallel it.

Such an infamous transaction as this, coming from one who has occupied the position, and held the fanatical opinions of Colver, has struck us with amazement. It discovers not only the most scandalous inconsistency, but want of principle and humanity which never before came to our ears.

The following is the DOCUMENT, OR BILL OF SALE, by which Colver obtained possession of the boy. The reader will please give the word

SELL

its proper emphasis and meaning.
This agreement, in two parts, between Benedito Fontanarosa, now comorant of Boston in the county of Suffolk and State of Massachusetts, of the first part, and Nathaniel Colver of said Boston, Clergyman of the second part, Witnesseth:

That whereas the said Fontanarosa is the father of an infant son, namely John Baptist, born on or about the tenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-one, and whereas the said Fontanarosa is desirous to provide for the maintenance and education of said infant son in a better manner than he can see the prospect of doing under his own care: Now, therefore, in consideration of the sum of ONE DOLLAR to the said Fontanarosa, paid by the said Colver, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, and in consideration of the promises and undertakings of the said Colver herein after written, the said Fontanarosa hereby GRANTS, SELLS, ASSIGNS and CONVEYS unto the said Colver all his right and title and claim now existing, or hereafter to arise, which he has or may have with the services of his said infant son, until his said son shall arrive at the full age of twenty-one years, with full power during said period to said Colver granted and delegated to exercise over said Fontanarosa, or in his own name, all the parental or other authority which the said Fontanarosa might exercise over said infant son, until he shall arrive at the full age of twenty-one years as aforesaid.

And the said Colver, in consideration thereof, hereby undertakes and covenants on his part to and with the said Fontanarosa to take care of and provide for said child, in sickness and in health, and to educate, sustain and govern said child, in a lawful and proper manner, and in the same manner and to the same extent as he would be required to do if said child were his own proper natural child, until said child shall have arrived at the full age of twenty-one years.

And it is furthermore agreed between the parties, that should the said Colver die, before the said child shall have ar-

rived at the full age of twenty-one years, the said Fontanarosa shall not be released from this his obligation, but if any widow whom the said Colver may leave, or other person under her direction, or any person by said Colver nominated before his death, or appointed in any last will or otherwise, will continue to provide for said child as aforesaid, this obligation shall still be binding on said Fontanarosa, without any further renewal or other act done, and shall be deemed as running between said Fontanarosa and said widow or other person.

In witness whereof the parties have hereunto set their hands and seals this seventh day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

NATHANIEL COLVER.
his
[Signed and sealed.] BENEDITO FONTANAROSA mark.

Executed and delivered in presence of HENRY FAXTON, NICOLA ROBORITO.

Within a few days we understand that the father of the boy, understanding the real merits of the case, was much incensed at the unheard of proceeding. At this few will be surprised. That a man has figured, and preached, and prayed for the "poor slave," and who has pretended more sympathy for those in bondage than any other man in the city—that such a man should be guilty of such an atrocity is almost beyond belief. But here is the proof in white and black, duly signed and sealed.

Mr. Colver has thus made property of a human being, and that in a State where it has not been done since the abolition of the Slave law. He has taken a free man in a free State and made him a slave for eleven years. And all this for the consideration of gold. What an act is this for a clergyman of Boston! And more than all, for one like Mr. Colver. There is truly a rottenness in Denmark our philosophy has never dreamed of.

In the event of the boy running away, Mr. Colver would stand in the same relation to his property that Potter did to the Fugitive Slave Sims. He would have the same right to pursue him, and precisely the same constitutional questions would be brought up. Who knows but that this boasted "conscience" Parson will yet have occasion to chase and reclaim through the law the human blood he has got from the droppings of the sanctuary.

Altogether this is a most amazing and unexpected movement of the back-bone of Free Soil party.

It is a singular coincidence that the signing of this instrument was just one year after Hon. Daniel Webster's great speech on the Compromise Bill, in the United States Senate. The one effort exhibited a man in his greatest proportions—the other a clergyman trafficking for "filthy lucre" in his fellow man. "Oh, my countryman, what a contrast was there."

NEW DISCOVERY—IMPORTANT TO NORTH CAROLINA.

Sir—I saw at Charleston a few days ago a specimen of straw braid work, the most durable, beautiful, and of the most cheap and abundant material in the world—one which your State can furnish in such vast quantities that the whole world may be covered with straw hats at the very cheapest possible cost of material, and yet the supply shall never fail. The article I allude to is the leaves of common long pine; prepared in somewhat the same way that rye straw is prepared for braiding; that is, gathered while growing the most luxuriantly and scalded and dried in the shade; its toughness is then remarkable. In fact it is almost indestructible. I hope to see it generally substituted in place of straw or cereal grains, or imported grass, for all braid work. It makes beautiful and very durable work baskets, and if used for a foundation for covering with the leaves of the cones, would greatly add to their value.

If any of my fair friends in the region of pines, will prepare some articles of this kind, with specimens of prepared or unprepared straw, and forward them to me at the New York Agricultural Warehouse of N. B. Allen & Co., No. 786 and 161, Water street, New York, I will exhibit them in the name of the maker for a premium for a new American manufacture, at the next Fair of the American Institute, Philadelphia, besides taking every opportunity to call public attention to this, as I consider, very important matter, through the columns of the American Agriculturist and otherwise.

Papers of the South generally may promote a new branch of industry by calling attention to this new use of pine straw.

I am most respectfully your friend, the "Agricultural Traveller."

WILMINGTON, N. C., April 21, 1851.

We understand that the Grand Jury of Guilford, last week, found a bill of indictment against a man named Ballard for circulating a pamphlet similar to that for which McBride was convicted at Forsyth Court. Ballard was imprisoned, but admitted to bail on Monday last. He is the same man, we learn, against whom an indictment was sent in to the grand jury at last term, and found not a true bill.—Greensboro' Patriot.

JOINING THE SONS.

The Mountain Bearer of the 25th ultimo says— [The letter from which we give an extract below was not intended for publication; but it is from an old and intimate friend with whom we can take liberties—one of stern Roman virtues, with a vein of quaint humour running through his nature, rendered all the more quaint because it is not intended for humour: it is the spontaneous outpouring of simplicity, of a heart that knows no deception. He formerly regarded the Sons without favor, but was converted by P. S. Wirtz, and is now a warm friend of the Order.]

We will merely premise that he has been an acceptable teacher for several years, that he had just been before the examining Committee and obtained his certificate, and let him tell his own story from this point.]

"Well, after I got my pass I thought nothing more was to be done but go home, and as soon as I could have time, go to our Committee, get employed, and go to teaching. But alas! I had been guilty of the horrible, abominable, and unheard of crime of "quit drinking," or joining the Sons of Temperance. Don't be surprised till I say a little more. You know our neighborhood generally loves the tea, and it was almost unpardonable for a man to receive a neighbor on a visit, or ask him to a working, without giving him plenty to drink; and if he wouldn't drink, or even get tight occasionally, he was looked upon as a low-life, sneaking, stinky scamp, that every body was ready to give a kick; but, thank God! it is some better now, though there are yet a few of the old stamp, who think their word should be law, and who are so obstinate as to hardly yield to any liquor but a bottle of liquor; and, to be plain, such are some of our Committee. But I have ideas they would object to me as a teacher because I was temperate. On the contrary I thought they would employ me more willingly on that account. Moreover, I had heard them express their opinion about me not a month before: they said they were well pleased with my teaching last year, every body in the District was pleased, and they had rather employ me than any one else.

"But after I had been examined, got my certificate, and moreover received the praise of the examining Committee, (no vanity,) and, withal, joined the Sons of Temperance, I presented myself before them—hear the result: one got up and walked off, and pretty straight too, (better than common.) No 2. did not know so well about it yet. No 3. had heard some folks say my price last year, (15 dollars a month) was too much, and if I taught, I must take less. Now, who couldn't read the meaning of all this? But I didn't give it up then. I talked all the reasoning I could, every chance I got, though I expected what was the matter, and what would be the result. Finally, after bothering me out of nearly a month's business in one way and another, they concluded I might teach at \$15, after hearing me say I wouldn't do it. The fact was they didn't want me at all. I had expected it, and have since been told that it was so. Why?—because I was a Son of Temperance.

"I am now engaged in another District at \$19 a month, and from July 16th to Christmas I am to have \$24 a month."

TEMPERANCE FACTS.

The following startling statements relate to eight different families in a single town! The parents were moderate drinkers! Can heads of families read these facts without concern?

The first had one child, a daughter. A great sum was expended on her education. She died from the effects of strong drink.

The second had an only son. He was educated with great care and expense, but was killed by wine.

The third had four sons and one daughter. The daughter is a drunkard, and one son has gone to a drunkard's grave.

The fourth had three sons. One died of intemperance, one killed in a duel, and the other is a drunkard.

The fifth had one son who killed himself by drinking, and two step-sons are drunkards on wine.

The sixth had five sons. Two are dead through intemperance, and another is a drunkard.

The seventh had five sons. Four are drunkards, and one through the influence of liquor is an idiot.

The eighth had five sons and three nephews. Four of the sons have been killed by alcohol, and the fifth is a drunkard; and the three nephews are in the drunkard's grave.—N. Y. Casket.

Questionable state of Affairs.—The Warrenton (N. C.) News boasts that there is not a drunkard nor a loafer in Warrenton and but two cases on the State docket, and not one on the civil, at the recent session of the Superior Court.

Without intending to detract any thing from the good character of Warren county, we must give the opinion of the lawyers on this subject. They say that where there is litigation there is wealth, and by consequence, there must be poverty where there is none.

We differ from the opinion yourself, but as the opinions of the gentlemen of the bar are not to be lightly treated, we call the attention of the News to this fact, lest he halloo before he is out of the woods.

If we were going to measure a community by the amount of its litigation, we should do it after this fashion: that where there is most litigation there is the least honor and Christianity.—Fay. Carolinian.

Earthquakes of a destructive character occurred in Turkey in Asia, and on the Black Sea, and at the island of Rhodes. The first shock took place on the 28th of February last, at Rhodes, where several houses were thrown down, burying persons in the ruins.

At the town of Makri, between the Rodope Mountains and Archipelago, (see Morse's Atlas of Greece, Italy and Turkey) many of the houses, stores or buildings, were thrown down and hundreds killed. Fissures opened in the street, emitting sulphurous vapors, producing suffocation. Old springs dried up and new ones bursted out.

At the town of Levissy, 1500 houses were thrown down, burying, it is estimated, 600 people, which number had been more than doubled by the night.