

ries will ever lend support and illustration to things which are already known by giving us a larger insight into the universal harmonies of nature."

On some minor points, as new discoveries are made, it is probable that there may be some change of views, but the great inductive truths of this science may be considered as settled. A science that in the elegant language of Dr. Brewster, "connects the future with the past, unites knowledge with faith, and glides the sunset of things that are, with the auroral splendor of things that are to be."

In other departments of science and arts, it is probable that the world is prepared for changes, and that there is a great desideratum in the shape of some new motive power, less cumbersome, less expensive, and more efficient than steam. And if that vaunted discovery whereby water is made to supply both fuel and light, proves to be what it pretends to be, this will make great revolutions.

Under the spur at present applied, and the great struggle for intellectual advancement, especially the hope of turning knowledge into gold, it is impossible ever to conjecture what may be witnessed in the next half century; or what they may see and know who are found on this stage of action in the year 1900. As soon as birth is given to a new thought, it flies with the speed of electricity around the world: it gives a new impulse to some other mind, and urges it on in the path of new discovery.

Fifteen or twenty years ago there was not an edifice on this continent devoted to the survey of the heavenly bodies, and the promotion of a science so sublime in the views which it offers to an enlightened intellect, and so important in its practical applications among a commercial people, while Europe had between one and two hundred. But now there are some fifteen observatories in the United States, erected at a great expense, and supplied with instruments to reveal the secrets of the Stellar world, and the wonders of the sky. And no new body can appear, but at once a dozen telescopic eyes are scrutinizing the stranger here, and many more in Europe. Much attention is given to the perfection of these instruments, and there is scarcely a college of any pretensions but is provided with one.

But it may be asked, what are the great benefits of all this circle of sciences, that so much time and attention and expense, should be bestowed on their cultivation? We reply that they are so connected with our physical comforts, our intellectual enjoyments, our spiritual interests, that without them society would be thrown back into a state of barbarism. It is not easy to enumerate all the advantages arising from them. As a part of a course of education, they are indispensable for their aid in mental discipline. They form the mind to accurate, patient thought. We learn to think and reason by following in the track of others; by seeing how they have done: why not then, when we investigate the great laws impressed on the material universe by its Maker? The object of all these sciences is Truth. They rest not upon conjecture, but upon the highest certainty. The greater the mind the more simple, easy and artless its plans. And here we follow out the plans of the great Master Mind; we find all things, from the mightiest globe, to the smallest atom, regulated by number, weight and measure. In the midst of the greatest apparent complexity, see great simplicity. A love of investigation, a spirit of enquiry must be awakened. The mind naturally loves order. And Pythagoras introduced the word cosmos, order, to signify the regularity that reigns in the universe, and this reason itself; and Plato thought that for this reason it must be endowed with a spirit, to cause these motions. Let young persons become well versed in natural science, and they will hardly be led astray by false philosophy: they will not become fanatics; they will not be deluded by sophistry.

2d. They lead men to some accurate habits of observation. How important is this for their interests and happiness! And how different are men in this respect! Let two men travel the same road on a journey, one will notice all that passes under his eye; he can give an account of the scenery, the face of the country, its natural productions, the rocks, and trees and plants that abound; the qualities of the soil. The other having the same organs of vision sees literally nothing; it is all a blank to him. One scrutinizes every thing, the other overlooks every thing: good habits of observation are invaluable to a man in passing through the world.

3d. They gratify curiosity and excite an ardent desire for more knowledge. And who can tell how much this thirst for learning adds to our enjoyment in life? Or how much we are kept thereby from grovelling pursuits and pleasures. The enthusiasm of students in this department is proverbial. And the poet reckons it among the purest sources of happiness on earth:

"When Philosophy the reason led  
Deep through the outward circumstance of things,  
And saw the master wheels of nature move;  
And travelled far along the endless line  
Of certain end, and probable, and made  
At every step some new discovery,  
That gave the soul sweet sense of larger room."  
Thus the mind is led on from one Alpine top to another, till in the eloquent language of John Q. Adams, "to the toil of a tireless hand, and the vigilance of a sleepless eye, and to the meditations of a thinking, combining, and analysing mind, secrets are successfully revealed, not only of the deepest import to man in his earthly career, but which seem to lift him from the earth to the threshold of his eternal abode, to lead him up blindfold to the council chamber of Omnipotence, and there stripping the bandage from his eyes, bid him look undazzled at the throne of God."

4th. Nor must we omit to mention the good moral influence of these studies; they are directly connected with Him who gave to the winds their weight; who calleth the stars by their names, and leadeth out their hosts by number; who established the ordinances of heaven; who hung the earth upon nothing. When studying His works, we are looking into His mind, in which the "whole creation fair as it existed before it was." How then can it be but that the mind will be led back to its own fountain, the Great Father Mind, and adore the Maker of this wondrous scheme of things? Paley remarks that, "If there be one train of thinking more desirable than another, it is surely that which regards the phenomena of nature with a constant reference to a Supreme Intelligent Cause." There have been indeed bad men pursuing these studies, but they were first corrupt in heart, so as to say, "There is no God," and they then endeavored to make His works bear testimony against Him; but they will not—they speak to the heart from Him; and,

"We feel within ourselves  
His energy divine: He tells the heart:  
He meant, He made us to behold and love  
What He beholds and loves, the general orb  
Of life and being; to be great like Him,  
Beneficent and active: Thus the men  
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself  
Hold converse, grow familiar day by day  
With His conceptions, act upon his plan;  
And form to His, the reliquy of their souls."

5th. Nor are these sciences barren of interest in an economical point of view. They are connected with the industrial pursuits of life. Science has ever been in modern times more than the handmaid of the Arts. And can the business of the world be pursued to any advantage without her aid? Can Agriculture, or Manufacture, or Commerce, or Mining? What has so cheapened the comforts, conveniences, and even the luxuries of life? It is because every new principle of science becomes a new, better, more improved rule and process in art. It is set to work; it earns money; it cheapens the products of labor, and the consumer gets the benefit. What has made our mother country, England, the work-shop of the world? How can she push her commerce into the remotest seas, and send the products of her industry around the globe? It is because she has many great minds employed at mental, as well as many at manual labor. Her machinery is brought to the highest state of perfection. Without the principles of science, her miasms in many cases would not be worth the working; but they are the great sources of her wealth and prosperity. And how vast the difference between a farm conducted with due regard to the kinds of crops, and the manures best adapted to the soil, and another where the owner is ignorant of these things, or neglects them? Here knowledge is wealth. It enables a man to proceed not blindly, but intelligently in all departments of business. In order to set an example, and furnish a model farm, Lavoisier in France cultivated two hundred and forty acres on chemical principles, and in a short time doubled the annual produce. "Twenty years ago, tide water Virginia was almost a desolate waste, but in ten years the agricultural products of Eastern Virginia have more than doubled." And more than trebled since 1828.

"Lalonde's Life of Lalonde."  
[TO BE CONTINUED]

From the Spirit of the Age.  
"COUSIN SALLY JONES."  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD."

The daughter of Eve, who rejoiced in the above appellation for her maiden name, was small of stature, perfect in form and remarkably healthy. Her features were well formed & her complexion, when a girl, would have been as fair as "monumental alabaster," but in spite of all her mother's pains, her face would freckle. Her hair too, was coarse and disobedient, for she never could make it tie smooth. Yet there was a good humored expression of face, and a lightness of heart, of step and of manner, that rendered her infinitely agreeable. She could jump to her own height with ease, and was playful as a fawn. Sally had cherry red lips, and a set of teeth that was the envy of her sex and the despair of dentists. She was married at eighteen, to Colonel Smith of Roanoke, a sensible, accomplished, well-looking man, who loved her with his whole soul. They had five lovely children in about eight years, at the end of which time she was better looking and more interesting than she had ever been before. The invidious specks of her youth had given place to a clear red and white, beautifully mingled, and the levity of her action to a sedate and dignified demeanor. She had all the artlessness of her childhood, with the grace of woman. Smith, as we said before, loved her dearly; the choicest flowers, the richest dresses, the most tasty furniture, the most stylish equipage, were all her's to command; for his means were ample and his temper munificent. Colonel Smith was essentially a domestic man, he was ever at home, rejoicing in his teeming cornfields, his pleasure grounds, his green-house and his wife and children. Happy man was he! for he knew he was beloved in turn by true and innocent hearts! A liberal board, a fine library, a cordial and hearty manner, and a good literary taste, made his house the resort of much excellent and polished company. He was beloved by the poor as well as by the rich, for he bestowed much in charity—graciously and without ostentation. He had some tastes however, as most men have, different from those of his wife. He loved fox hunting and fine horses; but for the time we are remarking—that is, for the first eight years of his married life, he indulged this taste with moderation. About this time however, he began to rise earlier in his sport, and to remain out longer than he had done, and as it was ever the fashion to carry with them a flask of brandy, Smith and his companions sometimes returned not a little flustered with fatigue and drinking. Pursuing their sport with increasing eagerness they began, after a time, to find it necessary to replenish their ticklers at a neighboring dram shop and even to abide there a little after sunrise to rest and refresh themselves. This roystering life was kept up till the elegant Colonel Smith was about to become a drunkard. His more refined neighbors began, one by one, to fall off in their visits, and their places were filled by rowdyish, hard drinking fox hunters, whom he formerly had kept at a distance. To a critical observer it might be noticed that a change had taken place in his domestic affairs. His fences had gone down and briars had grown up in the corners. His fallow ground was not broken up in the fall. His crops were less abundant. His slaves less neatly clad. His horses shabby. His houses leaky, and once or twice in the last year also, it was noticed that the Sheriff had paid him a visit, and after that for some time his air was more petulant and crusty towards those around him. But such was the implicit confidence of his lovely "Cousin Sally," as every body called her, that she never once dreamed any thing was wrong. At length having remained at the dram shop for the greater part of one day after his usual hunt, he was brought home by two of his boon companions, dead drunk. Poor Cousin Sally, the whole secret at once flashed over her senses, and was like a thunderbolt. But

bore up under the affliction with rare fortitude. The scene was repeated again and again, and it began to be common, but such was her respect for her husband that she did not even murmur. At length one morning she complained of a most dreadful tooth ache, the first she had ever had in her life. No remedy could be found, and she seemed to suffer the pangs of death. For several days and nights her sufferings continued, her appetite failed her, her strength began to give way, and her husband became alarmed for her situation. A dentist was brought in, but she would not hear to having a tooth extracted, though her husband urged it upon her most earnestly. At length, in the urgency of his solicitation, he declared that "that he would do any thing she would ask him to do, if she would submit to the operation."

At this she looked up with tears in her eyes, and asked him "if he was in earnest in that proposal."

"As I live I will do it," said Smith, with energy.

"Will you join the Sons of Temperance if I will submit to have my tooth pulled out?" said she solemnly.

Smith read volumes in her tone and manner; he looked like one detected, and convicted! but he had gone too far to back out.

"Yes," said he, after a pause, as if gathering strength within himself—"yes, as I live I will do what I say. I have done exceeding wrong, but I have never yet violated my word, so come on doctor."

"Yes, come on doctor," said the lady, and down she sat with as much composure as if she were going to take her tea. The dentist had been ready all the time, and knowing how variable are the resolutions of ladies upon occasions of this trying character, he lost no time in getting to the work. Which tooth it is, enquired he.

She put her finger on one of her back teeth and told him to take that out. The instrument needing some adjustment, he was forced away for a moment, when again addressing himself to the task, but she this time pointing to another tooth.—This somewhat confounded the artist, but she fearing that her stratagem might be discovered, urged him impatiently to proceed. This time, as he began to fix the cold implement upon her tooth, she indicated the one she had first pointed out as the offender, which no little increased his confusion; but on her again urging him he wrenched the offending molar from its bony socket. The pang was borne without the twitching of a muscle or the twinkling of an eye.

"Now," says she, "I have fulfilled my part of the bargain, now stand to yours!"

"I will do it as I live!" said Smith with increased firmness.

In the mean time the dentist was curiously examining the tooth which he had extracted.

"I fear," said he, "that I have pulled the wrong tooth, for certainly that one has never ached. Will you permit me madam, to examine your other teeth?"

"It matters not," said she laughing. "I am certain that has hurt me as much as any of the others?"

Smith saw through the ruse, and taking his lovely wife in his arms, kissed her fervently.

"There," said she, "our covenant is sealed with my blood, for your lips are all bloody." Very good said he, as he wiped the crimson gore from his lips and gazed at it on his handkerchief. It is in truth a bloody token—but it is the sacrifice of a true heart, and I should be worse than an infidel if I did not fulfil my promise.

And he did fulfil his promise. Eight more years have transpired and all that time the halcyon days of their early love have continued to dawn upon that house. Sons and daughters have grown up around them, and call them blessed. But Smith has never taken another fox hunt; he has never been in the inside of that loathsome grog shop, for he took the pledge and he has faithfully observed it.

Sally Jones was once twitted by one of her inquisitive cousins about that tooth drawing, but she cut the matter short by saying, with emotion, "it is better to lose a tooth once, than to have your heart-strings continually tugged at for a whole lifetime."

The School Calamity at New York.—Most of the unfortunate children killed by the dreadful calamity in New York, at the Ninth Ward School house on Thursday afternoon were buried on Saturday and Sunday. Seventeen were interred in the Greenwood Cemetery on Saturday, and their funerals were attended by the surviving members of the classes to which they belonged. Probably there was not a clergyman in the city yesterday who did not allude in his sermon to this terrible calamity, and take occasion to impress upon his hearers the uncertainty of life. No disaster has ever seemed to create more general gloom and mourning. It is the subject of conversation in every circle. Many interesting incidents are currently related, and have been reported in the various journals.

It is said that one poor girl, who was on the staircase after the balustrade had gone, feeling herself pressed toward the edge of the stairs, threw her arms around a younger girl next to her, who, having more support, stood in no immediate danger. The little one feeling the grasp of her friend, said, "Anne, let go, please, or you will drag me down with you." And Anne did let go; she kept her footing for a few seconds, and then reeled and fell upon the mass of sufferers below. She was among the dead.

Letitia, the youngest daughter of Mr. Justice Bleakley, was a pupil in one of the small classes, and when the children rushed for the stairway, she was carried with the current, and, as she describes, they all went down together as if upon the tossing waves. When descending below stairs she sank upon one of the steps, beneath several of her school mates, and while lying there she was almost suffocated, became drowsy and sleepily, and finally sank to a little girl beside her, "Antoinette, I am going to sleep." At this moment a piece of wood fell upon her head, and, cutting it near

the temple, the blood flowed profusely, which revived her, and in a few minutes she was excited from her perilous situation.

[Commercial Advertise.]

From the Fayetteville Observer.  
MORGANTON TRAGEDY.

We copy the following from the Wilmington Journal, for the purpose of expressing our concurrence in most of its views.

Sympathizing with Mr. Avery, as every man acquainted with the characters of the parties, and the nature of the provocation, must do, we have yet been shocked at the indiscreet publications made in Western papers on the subject. The law undoubtedly pronounces the act of Mr. Avery a deliberate killing of a human being, subjecting the perpetrator to the most ignominious punishment. Yet the newspapers scout the law, justify the legal offender in advance of his trial, rejoice in his acquittal, tell us how despondent he was before, and how relieved and cheerful he was after, he had shot Fleming. All this has struck us as in the worst possible spirit. No one can properly justify the killing of another, except in self-defence, a plea which is not set up in this case. No one, no newspaper especially, should justify and applaud an act in violation of human and divine laws. Our sympathies may be, nay must be in this case, with the offender of those laws.—But as the Journal well says, "the pardoning power is vested in another place."

And we be to society when individuals, and presses, and juries, all unite in vesting in individual hands the right to kill, and the right to absolve from the legal results of such killing. Better for society, better for Mr. Avery himself, if public feeling had not usurped the powers of the Law. Far better if the Jury had done its duty, and the Executive of the State had then exercised the attribute of mercy with which the same Law has clothed him, for this and other cases.

Some good will probably grow out of this sad occurrence. The almost indiscriminate abuse of parties and witnesses in Court, by some Attorneys, is a great evil, deeply felt and much complained of. We cannot tell whether or not this was a case in which Mr. Avery was justified in such severity of remark. It is more than probable that it was. But the occurrence may well induce Lawyers to give more reflection to the subject, and to be very sure that their duty requires such a course, before they adopt it. And parties and witnesses, who feel sore under remarks so indulged in, will do well to remember the fate of Fleming, before they take into their own hands the right to revenge such insults.

We did not intend, at first, to say any thing on this subject, but the remarks of Mr. Avery, have induced us to add our feeble mite to its effort at the maintenance of the Law.

From the Wilmington Journal.  
STANDARD OFFICE,  
RALEIGH, NOV. 22, 1851.

ACQUITTAL OF MR. AVERY.

"It affords us great pleasure to announce the triumphant acquittal of W. W. Avery, by a jury of his country.

"His trial for killing Samuel Fleming commenced in Burke Superior Court, on Friday the 14th, and closed on Saturday the 15th. The Jury, after ten minutes consultation, returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

"A crowd of a "thousand people responded with tears of rejoicing to the verdict of the jury."

"We congratulate his friends throughout the State, and the public generally, upon this result."

We are not acquainted with the particulars of the case farther than they have been published in the papers, and cannot therefore speak of the precise nature of the evidence adduced on trial. We believed at the time we first heard of the affair that not a hair of Mr. Avery's head would be hurt on account of it. No matter what the verdict of the jury might have been, even to the conviction for murder, the demand for pardon would have been so urgent and universal that no executive could have refused to accede to it, and the public opinion which would have demanded the pardon, would have acquitted him of all imputation. But we must say this much, not only because it is our own opinion, but also that of many others whose judgment we respect, that unless some additional evidence was produced on trial, calculated to show that the shooting was done in self-defence, or that Mr. Avery fully believed it to be so, the majesty of the law, which had been insulted, the sanctity of a court of justice which had been violated, nay, the oaths of the jurors themselves, required a different verdict for their vindication. As we have before said, not a hair of Mr. Avery's head could or should have been hurt, nor his reputation have suffered the slightest blot or stain. Unless, we repeat, some hitherto undeveloped circumstances appeared on trial, the course which would have met our views would have been for Mr. Avery to have submitted and for the Governor to have pardoned him. The executive has such equitable power. A jury has not and should not be asked to exercise it in violation of their oaths.

Whether, in a strictly religious point of view, Mr. Avery acted rightly or wrongly we cannot pretend to say, but as a man of the world, situated as he was, and managed and insulted as he had been, and with precisely such a state of public opinion upon such subjects as exists in the community in which he lives, no other course was open or possible for him, and instead of blame, he deserves sympathy. Our remarks are not, therefore, intended by way of censure upon him, but as a remonstrance against the custom of juries, sworn to decide impartially in accordance with the law and the evidence, permitting their

personal feelings in regard to the equity of the case, to swerve their judgments from the strict obligation imposed upon them by their oaths. With juries, the law alone should take its course. The pardoning power is vested in another place.

We have copied in our paper the account of the murder of Mr. Fleming by W. W. Avery, Esq., as reported by the Asheville Messenger. Being wholly acquainted with the parties except what we gather from our exchange papers, it would be unbecoming in us to attempt to forestall public opinion either way.

The circumstances however under which this murder was committed mark it with seeming atrocity unequalled in the catalogue of crimes. To know that a fellow being has been murdered under any circumstances is horrible to think of; but to know that in open day, in a Court House, in the presence of a Judge setting in his official station, that one man should slaughter another is truly stultifying to the human heart. Without pleading any man's cause or vindicating character, we have no hesitation in pronouncing the case before us, one of the most lawless, and one having the most fearful tendencies as a precedent, in all the long string of murders now recorded in the history of our country.

To say that one of these men was a villain and the other a respectable citizen, and allow at the same time this to be the fact; that in our opinion is not a sufficient answer in the case before us. If such a standard be raised in our country—recognizing the right of a respectable citizen to kill all the knaves, we apprehend that there are yet rivers of blood to be shed. In all such cases the laws prescribe the mode of redress, and when the power of law loses its influence in these matters, then as a nation, as communities, we are cut loose from our moorings; and left at the mercy of mob law and violence. It is to be feared that the frequency of murder in our country, is having a tendency to blunt the moral feeling of men and thus better prepare them to submit in silence to the practice, rather than arouse and alarm.

This sending men into eternity, with a powder flash notice only, is a serious matter, involving the most important considerations for time and eternity.

Saith the word of God, "He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." And again, "No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him."—North Carolina Argus.

DRUNKEN LEGISLATORS.

The Southern Era, after administering a wholesome rebuke to some of their Virginia legislators, for a drunken spree on a celebration of the opening of a railroad, adds:—

This evil is great, and demands a speedy remedy. Not only are minor legislators guilty of those departures from propriety, but even the highest become agents of the prince of darkness. A story is travelling the rounds, about Commodore S——'s bad speech, which he in a hotel on the afternoon of his election to the United States Senate. After the speech was concluded, a rough-looking customer said, "Commodore, that was decidedly a bad speech." The Hon. Gent began to apologize, when his tormentor, observing his confusion, continued, "It don't matter much, but the truth is, on such occasions as this here, we should have short speeches and long drinks." The story closes by saying, "the Commodore soon introduced his friend to the fare." Here is one of the highest in the wine—one upon whom the eye of young and old are fixed, exhibiting a spectacle disgusting in the extreme. "I would rather be a dog and bay the moon, than such a Senator." But "one sinner destroyeth much good," and the gallant Commodore has, by that act, destroyed more than he will ever effluatate in his new field of labor.

We ask for a moment, if Legislators do not forget when they arrive at the halls of legislation that they were temperance men at home? We fear they do. Craven heated mortals, who fear to stem the torrent of corruption around them, and dare not be singular when conformity is crime.—Journal.

NO LICENSE IN OHIO.

No license to degrade, brutalize, beggar, slay, murder and destroy—to fill jails, penitentiaries, hospitals, mad-houses, brothels—to clothe in rags and tatters. No license to make weeping widows, orphans, strutting japs, lunatics, spendthrifts, idlers, loungers, loafers, brawlers, snufflers, smokers and chewers, dyspeptics, jaundices, palsies, leprosy, pestilence, destructions that waste at noonday. No license to make red noses, bloated cheeks, debauchees, pickpockets, incendiaries, thieves, robbers, murderers, cut throats, murderers of fathers, murderers of mothers, fighters, biters, snarlers, growlers, toppers, drunk'n sots, blasphemers, miserable wretches, infidel scoffers. No license to destroy the peace and happiness of families, neighborhoods, and cities—to turn the world up side down, men into devils, devils incarnate—to make hells on earth! Quite a step towards civilization.

For so much gold we license thee,  
(So says our laws) a draught to sell,  
That bows the strong, enslaves the free,  
And opens wide the gates of hell:  
For public good requires that some,  
Since many die, should live by rum."  
Ohio awakened from her slumbers, went forth to battle—fought, conquered.—Christian Advocate.

HORRIBLE.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Saturday American, writing from Cincinnati, under date of July 16, gives the following, which is horrible enough to startle the dead. How long will the living sleep in the midst of so much danger?—Read it:

"On last Saturday, a poor creature laboring under delirium tremens, ran to the woodpile of the steamer J. J. Crittenden, as she was about landing at Paducah, seized a stick, and rushed on deck as if pursued by a thousand Rancheros. A Mr. Price, the head engineer of the boat, endeavored to secure him. But the poor wretch, supposing his pursuer no doubt to be the chief of the devils in his vision, seized upon him with the spring of a tiger, and with a superhuman effort leaped overboard—both sinking to rise no more. Oh! what a traffic in human blood is fostered and secured by law!! The sale of indulgences with all its horrors, will not compare with this page from the book of hell.

Eighty nine barrels of liquor were seized recently by the authorities of Augusta, Me.,

and condemned, partly to exile, and sent, having lectured there the night before, and being summoned with some other officers to aid him, pulled off his coat, and rolled them out of the store and the street, having their heads or bungs knocked in legal executioner!

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.  
Salisbury, N. C.

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 14, 1851.

NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE.

Salisbury, Dec. 14, 1851.

The N. C. Conference closed its session at this evening at nine o'clock. It was longer session than usual, in consequence of amount of business to be transacted, and many things of an exciting nature were considered, still the unanimity and fraternal feeling pervaded the assembly, having seldom seen a more orderly and edifying Ecclesiastical body, or one more to sit in this place, which left a most favorable impression on the public mind. The parting moments they were together, touching interest.

The following resolutions, passed and were handed us for publication:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Conference be presented to the citizens of Salisbury, hospitality which has been so kindly extended during our session.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Conference be tendered to the Pastors of the Baptist and Lutheran Church, to the Sons of the Masonic Fraternity and the County of Salisbury, for the use of their houses.

The following are the appointments for the ensuing year:

RALEIGH DISTRICT.  
H. L. LEIGH, P. E.

Raleigh—P. Doub. B. T. Hays, Jr. City Mission—D. Colburn. Circuit—J. W. Floyd. Tar River Mission—N. A. Hoke. Circuit—N. F. Reid, P. H. Henderson—T. B. Rooks. Greenville—to be supplied. Person—I. T. Wyche. Clarksville—Wm. A. Brann. Hillsboro' Station—to be supplied. Circuit—W. H. Barnes, A. H. Chapel Hill—S. M. Frost. South Lowell Academy—Jas. A. Deane.

GREENSBORO' DISTRICT.  
W. B. BARNES, P. E.

Greensboro—J. Jamieson, S. D. Beale, Guilford—Chas. H. Phillips. Randolph—T. W. Postell. Montgomery—T. B. James. Haw River—T. C. Moses. Pittsboro' Station—W. W. Allen. Franklinsville—James P. Lames. Rockingham—E. E. Freeman. Wetzlar—to be supplied. Deep River—J. W. Tamm. G. F. College—C. F. Dabney, President. Normal College—A. S. Andrews. English Literature.

SALISBURY DISTRICT.  
W. S. CARTER, P. E.

Salisbury—J. H. Simpson. Rowan—J. W. Farraday. Mocksville—Lemon Stoll. Iredell—A. C. Allen. Taylorsville—W. W. No. 1st. Wilkes—to be supplied. Jonesville—A. J. Tomlin. Surry—J. M. Gunn. Stokes—J. M. Westbrook. Forsythe—to be supplied. Davidson—J. Tillett. Blue Ridge Moss—to be supplied.

DANVILLE DISTRICT.  
T. S. CAMPBELL, P. E.

Pittsbloria—A. Norman, S. P. Caswell—Wm. Jordan. Halifax—R. P. Bibb. Danster—J. H. Jefferson. Mecklenburg—Jos. Gossett. Stanton—Z. Rush. Franklin—J. W. Lewis. Alleghany Miss.—to be supplied. Patrick—Joshua Bethel. Henry—L. L. Hendon.

WASHINGTON DISTRICT.  
Wm. Cross, P. E.

Washington—H. H. Hubbard. Roanoke—J. B. Martin, R. O. P. Plymouth—L. S. Birkhead. Turbott—R. I. Carson, F. H. P. Columbia—Alex. Gattis. Matamoras—H. Gray. Bath Miss.—Wm. M. Walsh. Portsmouth, ds.—J. M. Sharp. Newse—M. N. Taylor, J. J. Hays. Carrick—to be supplied. Cape Lookout Miss. J. J. Jones.

NEWBERN DISTRICT.  
D. B. NICHOLSON, P. E.

Newbern Centenary—N. H. P. Andrew Chapel Miss.—I. Snow Hill—P. J. Carraway, G. A. Smithfield—L. W. Martin, G. A. Duplin—J. D. Montague. Onslow—R. R. Dunkley. Trent—H. H. Gibbons. Beaufort—A. Weaver. Straits, J. J. Jones. Cape Lookout Miss. J. J. Jones.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT.  
J. REID, P. E.

Wilmington—R. T. Heflin, W. H. Topail—W. S. Chaffin. Sampson—Jeremiah Johnson. Fayetteville Station—J. H. White. Circuit—C. P. Jones. Bladen—J. T. St. Clair. Fisher. Cape Fear Miss.—J. L. Fisher. Smithville—W. J. Langston. Smithville Academy—James H. Whiteville—J. W. Tucker. J. M. Fulton, appointed Missionary.

A. Lea, transferred to Memphis, Tenn. J. H. Roberson, D. D. Byars, J. T. Ervin, transferred to South Carolina.

Life of Hugh Miller.  
Report on Smithsonian Bequest.