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GREAT FIRE IN OXFORD.
A correspondent of the Raleigh Register, writing from Oxford, N. C., 26th inst., says:
"The inhabitants of our quiet village were aroused from their sleep this morning, at about 2 o'clock, by the startling alarm of fire, and the loud and prolonged ringing of bells. The large store of Messrs. R. N. & D. C. Herndon was discovered to be in a blaze, the fire burning with awful vigor and extending with wonderful rapidity. The house was so much enveloped in flames, that despite the efforts of the excited and alarmed multitude assembled, only a safe and a portion of the books were saved. The conflagration soon communicated with the Tailoring shop belonging to Gen. McClanahan, lying north of the store, and with the row of buildings immediately south, the property of R. N. Herndon, Esq. All these, in two hours' time, were a mass of ruins. The tenement adjoining the Tailoring shop was fortunately constructed of brick, the covered with a wooden roof and occupied as a Drug store by Messrs. R. J. Mitchell & Co., and by the most unremitting efforts was finally saved, although much damaged from the roof being on fire for more than an hour. The two hotels of the village are situated on the same side of the street on which the fire occurred, and the fire actually extended as far as the Granville House on the South, belonging to Dr. Samuel Williams, and for the brick-store which has reached the Oxford Hotel on the North, the property of R. N. Herndon, Esq. The loss sustained is estimated as follows:
"Messrs. R. N. & D. C. Herndon, \$35,000; insured for \$10,000; R. N. Herndon, \$1,000; besides all of his individual books; R. J. Mitchell & Co., \$200; insured; R. J. Mitchell & Co., \$500; W. S. McClanahan, \$1,000; R. L. Hunt & Bros., \$1,000; insured; J. G. & H. C. Herndon, \$50, insured."
This is the first large fire that has occurred in Oxford. It found the citizens utterly unprepared; no engine, no fire company. We regret that so heavy a calamity has fallen upon the people of Oxford.

Elegant Everything.—We came across a paragraph the other day, showing how to make "elegant bread pudding." This word elegant is gradually supplanting all the other adjectives in the language. The Cockney pays his highest compliment to Niagara Falls when he calls it elegant. The Petersburg politician thinks his candidate *some* when he makes "an elegant speech." The young lady talks of an elegant sermon, an elegant day, an elegant bonnet, an elegant opera, and an elegant nation, &c. The surgeon goes into enthusiastic fits over an elegant stump of a broken leg. The market woman sells you elegant onions, beets, carrots and potatoes—in fact, she never has any other kind. The tailor invariably fits you to an elegant coat; you die under an elegant system of medicine; and you are buried in an elegant coffin; and have an elegant tombstone with an elegant epitaph put above you. From puddings to poetry, from sausages to steam engines—everything is elegant nowadays! But the most elegant thing we know of is the deluge of an aspirant for political notoriety in this burg, and his double summersault!

Proverb.—Cease to engender your adolescent pullets ere they become ostriches!
Foliate.—Don't count your chickens before they are hatched!—*South Side Democrat.*

Boston Immorality.—The capital of New England is acquiring an unenviable notoriety by its indecent criminal trials. Directly upon the heels of the Kalmou trial comes the Dalton trial, which the Boston papers state exceeds in repulsive indecency any similar one that has ever taken place in that part of the country. Even the Boston Times "shudders at its revelations." And yet the parties involved in these scandals are young married people belonging to highly respectable families, who had borne good reputations until their immoralities were brought to light by the homed of young Sumner, who was beaten to death by the man whose domestic peace he had destroyed. Boston may not be worse than New York, or any other of the large towns of the Union, but it has lately had to endure the shame of more scandalous trials than its population would entitle it to if their morals were on a par with other American cities.—*New York Times.*

A Strange Use of Beards.—The Congress of East Gosh made a sensation at one of Euphrates Nippon's recent lectures, by assisting with her robe looped up, by her sides, as to expose her eyes, and her hands almost to the knees, and exposing the neatly turned ankles, which were exposed with magnificent bracelets. The robe of course were of soft silver, the latter perfectly light and would readily ignite, with extremely hot knives, and no ornaments or trimming whatever, but a large diamond necklace, the former displaying an unbecomingly large topaz stone. On the head she had a crown of diamonds, which she wore with a look of indifference, as though the fire and the heat of the Napoleonic dynasty were not burning her.

My Love.—The Hastings Court in Devon, Mass., at its sitting recently, refused to grant a divorce on the ground that the parties had been married in a country where the laws were such that they were allowed to remain together.

The Western Pink Road.—The Charlotte Whig says that the above road, with the saw mill, &c., was sold on the 21st inst., and brought about \$12,000. There was a mortgage on the road to the amount of \$20,000.

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CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

SALISBURY, N. C.
TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 5th, 1857.
TERMS OF THIS PAPER \$2.00 CASH.

THE LAND QUESTION—again.

The Raleigh Standard repeats its denunciatory epithet,—"Lunatic"—in a lengthy article in its issue of the 2d inst. It says—"We adhere to the opinion, though we may well change the expression by saying, it is the same old lunatic, dressed up and presented for the occasion to advance selfish purposes." Who dressed it up and presented it for the occasion "to advance selfish purposes"? The whole democratic delegation in Congress voted for a bill at the last session, satisfactory to us, and we have only taken occasion to thank them for it, and to express the hope that they will press it to a final consummation in the next Congress. We sincerely believe the people of the State, thank them. We have heard numbers speak of that vote, and without exception they have commended those gentlemen. It is believed that the measure was called for, for the public good not less than being eminently just to the old, and especially the Southern, States; and that nothing short of a high sense of public duty urged gentlemen of the democratic school to depart so far from the creed of their party as to sustain it. Are these they to whom the Standard alludes, when it charges that this question has been "dressed up and presented for the occasion to advance selfish purposes"? Pray who else can be personally advanced by it? The blow, we know, is aimed directly at Whigs and Americans, but how can it subserve them? In this district Mr. CRAIG has no opposition, and so far as we know, at present, will have none. The agitation of the land question here, then, cannot subserve a selfish purpose favorable to any Whig or American. Who are they to be personally benefited by it? Let the Standard out with their names. Its own-party members are entitled to more credit (blame, it would say) for the present agitation of this question than all the Whigs and Americans combined; for their vote on it in Congress, brought it up conspicuously and fresh to the public mind. Could it be expected that old Clay whigs would lose so favorable an opportunity to press the claims of one of their cardinal tenets? No, verily! Honest in their convictions on this great question, but practically powerless themselves, they are willing to encourage and help those who are able to advance it, however opposite to them on some other points. Their own consistency, not less than their duty demands it, and if it results in a "Lunatic" it will not be so from any lack of firmness on the part of those who have and do yet, stand by it and defend it from right principles.

The burden of the Standard's lengthy article on this subject—we were going to say, is the old cry, let the proceeds of the public lands go into the general treasury and thence be applied to the general charge and expenditure; but it is really a denunciation of the Whigs and Americans. That, however, is the method of disposal advocated by it; and that, strictly practiced, would be equitable and right. But who needs now to be told that it is utterly vain to expect that mode to be observed? Who needs to be told that Congress is annually disposing of the public lands by millions and millions of acres for purposes having not the least relation to the general charge and expenditure of government? Who has not heard that more lands have been given to States, companies, &c., &c., for a few years past, than appropriated for government use? Who needs to be told that this system has attained such strength in Congress, that it has become idle to talk about arresting it? Men may talk—the Standard may cry aloud against it until it is hoarse—and yet the work of squandering goes right on. What a "Lunatic" is it, then, for the democratic press, to pursue, forever, this phantom, and endeavor to lead others into such a deceptive class! The public lands belong to North Carolina with the other States. They have, many of them, large sales, every year; and in this way build rail roads, State Houses, Asylums, Colleges, School Houses, &c., &c. Our State refuses her portion on the ground that it is wrong! Will Congress ever make good to North Carolina the bargain she sustains by the original system? Never! Where's the wisdom, then, of standing back?—of turning out heavy handed, whilst less scrupulous communities have no hesitation in appropriating to themselves the public domain—our share with their own—we trusting, the while, to an uncertain future!

Such a policy may suit the democratic press, but we sincerely trust that the democratic people of North Carolina will follow the dictates of common sense rather

simply because they are used in a certain round of party signals.

AMATEUR CONCERT.
There is to be an amateur concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, at Mr. Boyden's new building, to-morrow evening, for the benefit, as we learn, of the Episcopal Church in this place. The parties concerned, we doubt not, will provide an entertainment in all respects successful and pleasant.

Railroad Dividend.—The Wilmington & Weldon Railroad pays a semi-annual dividend of 2 1/2 per cent. on the 15th of May next.

Rain.—We have had an unusual fall of rain, commencing on Saturday morning and continuing, with brief suspensions, until yesterday afternoon. Every thing out of doors is wet most thoroughly. The temperature was warm, and vegetation, within that short time, achieved wonders.

COL. PURYEAR'S ACCEPTANCE.
The following letter from Col. Puryear, in answer to one from the committee appointed by the late Whig and American Convention, to inform him of his nomination as candidate for re-election to Congress, accepting the nomination, has been received:
HUNTSVILLE, N. C., April 13th, 1857.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your communication informing me of my nomination as a candidate for Congress in the 6th Congressional District. It is highly gratifying to me to know that I retain the confidence of friends with whom for many years I have acted in the support of great and important principles which are sound and conservative in their character, calculated to maintain and strengthen the Union, to support the Constitution, and perpetuate in their purity our glorious Republican institutions upon which the blessings of liberty depend.
During the four years in which I have acted as your representative, these institutions have been unceasingly and endangered by rash and useless legislation to an extent which alarmed the stoutest hearts; and the cry of disunion was sounded from many quarters, as the great remedy for every wrong. This is a remedy to which I shall never resort until I see that by a violation of the rights and privileges guaranteed by that sacred instrument we are deprived of the rights and privileges of every section of the nation, and to every American citizen. As the dangers of disunion increased, my determination to resist them grew stronger, and I adopted as my motto, the national patriotic language of Daniel Webster, when he said, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable;" and of Andrew Jackson, when he said, by the Eternal God, the Union shall be preserved.
Now, gentlemen, when to this add that "Americans shall rule America," you have the principle true in my political creed.
I accept the nomination with deepest emotions of gratitude for this additional evidence of your kindness and partiality, and with the highest appreciation of the honor conferred upon me; and pledge myself that our glorious banner shall never trail in the dust because of any dereliction of duty in me.
Most respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
R. C. PURYEAR.

Messrs. Henry Walser, J. M. Clond, Jas. E. Matthews, B. C. Douthit, Thos. J. Wilson.

"It is my distribution, so far as I may be able, to distribute the patronage of the Government in such a manner as to demand the approval of every division of the Democratic party."

Such, says the Washington correspondent of the New York News, a Democratic paper, was Mr. Buchanan's reply to two recent applicants for office. In the earlier days of the Republic a President would have avowed his determination to make his appointments so as to secure the approval and advantage of his country, not of his party.—*Fay, Oversee.*

SLAVER CAPTURED.
New York, April 29.
A British man-of-war has captured and carried into Jamaica, an American slaver, with three hundred and eighty Africans on board. One hundred and thirty died on the passage. The steamer had started in pursuit of another slaver. Both were bound for Cuba.—*S. Carolinian.*

Remored Expedition against Mexico.
New York, April 28.
The Herald of to-day says that an expedition is being fitted out here against Mexico by the friends of Santa Anna. A vessel has been chartered, and arms, ammunition and men are being procured.

The Cold Weather in Texas.—We have just seen a letter dated at Lockport Texas, April 15, which says—"We had a few snow here on Easter Monday, 1 inch deep and a heavy frost. Corn, Cotton and Fruit, all killed. Corn is usually planted here in January, and at the time of the snow, was from three to four feet high. The farmers are plowing up the fields and planting a second time. No Cotton seed to plant."

Laws and Journals.—We have the pleasure of announcing that we have just completed the printing of the laws and journals of the last session of the General Assembly. The sheets are in the hands of the binder, and the books will be ready for delivery in a short time. A portion of the journals are now bound. The volume contains 904 pages—the volume of laws, 380 pages.—*Raleigh Standard.*

The Medical Society of the State of N. Carolina held its eighth annual meeting in the town of Edenton, on the 15th inst. In the absence of the President, Dr. C. E. Johnson, Dr. O. F. Manson was called to preside.

The annual address was delivered by Dr. S. S. Satchell, of New Hanover, in the presence of the Society and a large number of ladies and gentlemen. His subject was "The Obstacles to the Advancement of the Science and Profession of Medicine."

Reports upon the diseases which prevailed in their respective counties during the past year, were read by Drs. McKee, Summerell, Kelly, Pittman, and Mason.

The Society resolved to commence the publication of the North Carolina Medical Journal, some time during the present year, and elected Dr. Edward Warren, of Edenton, the editor.

Dr. William H. McKee, of Raleigh, was elected President for the present year; Dr. W. G. Thomas, of Wilmington, Corresponding and Recording Secretary; and Dr. J. B. Dunn, of Wake, Treasurer.

A considerable number was added to the members of the Society, and there can be no doubt now of the continued prosperity and success of this important organization.

The next meeting of the Society will be held at Newbern, on the third Tuesday in May, 1858.—*Hillsborough Recorder.*

GREAT CONFLAGRATION.
MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.
Sunday, April 26, 4 o'clock A. M.
A fire broke out in the Eclipse Livery Stable, on Lawrence st., between Market and Monroe, this morning about 4 o'clock. The stable being filled with combustible material, the flames spread very rapidly, and of course but little time was left to rescue the many valuable horses with which it was occupied. It is supposed that at least thirty of them perished, including most of the valuable ring horses belonging to the Circus of Col. Orton—the celebrated stallion "Bob Logie," property of Mr. Hitchcock—the fast trotter belonging to Fred Tyler—the beautiful buggy horse of Wm. Farley, and probably all the horses of Mr. Carter, proprietor of the stable, besides many others. But the exact extent of the loss in this particular, however, cannot be ascertained until after daylight, as doubtless a number of horses, after being terrified out, wandered about the city.

The flames next communicated to the building occupied by Brown & Bulger as negro trading houses, which were soon consumed. The next and last house which caught fire and burned was that of Mr. Sayre, situated on Monroe st. We are not informed as to who were the occupants of this last named building.

We regret to learn that James Porter accidentally fell into the well attached to the Livery Stable, and injured himself severely. His thigh, we understand, was broken, and he has just been carried home almost insensible.

MANIFEST DESTINY.—SHALL WE BUY OR STEAL?—That appears to be the only question with the "progressive" among our people.
From a long article on "Manifest Destiny," in the National Intelligencer, we make the following extract:—
"So dominant has this predatory spirit become in the estimation of a few political writers that they think the government of the United States should be in haste to bargain for the purchase of certain valuable lands in Mexico before a portion of our own citizens shall forth and seize upon them for their own behoof and aggrandizement, as though, forsooth, the Federal power of the United States had become so decreed in duty or pained in efficiency as to find itself reduced to the ignominious necessity of acting under duress from the menace of a law landlord. Let not the reader suppose that we misrepresent the logic of this 'progressive' school. In a recent letter from the astute Washington correspondent of the Baltimore 'Sun' we find the following paragraph:—
"Had Mr. Forsyth's treaty provided for the cession to the United States of Sonora for a reasonable sum of money, and Lower California, I have every reason to believe that it would have been ratified by the Senate."
"What instructions the Administration now propose to give to Mr. Forsyth or his successor cannot be known, and probably are not even determined upon."
"Manifest Destiny is to be given up to American filibustering, without the least prospect of every efficient obstruction from this Government. It is a country rich in mineral resources, and the Californians look upon it, and also upon Lower California, as a sort of appendage to their own State. Santa Anna frequently stated to Americans who visited him that Sonora was much richer in gold than California. Whether it would not be more creditable to buy it than to steal it is worthy of public consideration."

The reader will mark the only alternatives proposed as within the range of possibility—to buy Sonora or to steal it! Let us should allow Mexican still to hold a province of her own seems never to have entered the writer's comprehension. That, we suppose, would be too great an exaction on our forbearance and self-denial, especially as it is "a country rich in mineral resources," and as the Californians already "look upon it, and also upon Lower California, as a sort of appendage to their own State."

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Only those who have felt the pain of separation from loved ones, know to the full extent, the sadness of that hour, and the painful excitement attendant upon the last evening with those from whom, on the morning we part. To wish for nothing but to see the approach of that moment when the last adieu is to be spoken to friends that have been ours through the vicissitudes of life in hours of darkness when the heavy waters of affliction sweep over the soul. Like ministering angels, they were near to stay the tide by affectionate condolence, or by plans consoled and admonition to lead the mind to the source of all good, and in the midst of the thick darkness to direct the eye of a feeble faith to "Bethlehem's star," or when prosperity shone warmly about our pathway and joys clustered around the heart, it was then their happiness to rejoice with us.

It is strange then when we are about to be separated by distance, that regret should spring as it were from the heart's depth, that soon memory alone, will treasure up our joys and our communion, be only of the past; while despite all our efforts to the contrary, and forbidding like dark shadows over the landscape cast their gloom. Cheerfulness, indeed, tries hard to chase away the shades of sadness; but it is only a feeble ray that can there enter the soul. The shortness of time—the uncertainty of human events, and the many contingencies incident to this ordinary scene all fall in the balance against hope and the melancholy thought will arise that we are looking for the last time upon beloved features. Smiling eyes and a beamed brow are carefully concealed by forced smiles, and the allusion to the essential sorrow suddenly suppressed on the fearful words escape the lips that would prove traitor to the heart, tongues are silent while hearts are almost bursting with their untold words.

The waters are put up and the barrier must not be broken. Feet and hands busy themselves with the nameless preparations incident upon a journey; all emotion collects here and there her numerous tribes, yet no word is spoken, none dare trust themselves. Each old hand and dear spot, hallowed by friendship, is again revisited; the last lingering look of love taken, and the embracing word of affection dropped even upon the green vest of the old man, a memento plucked from the favorite plant, a leaf or leaf from the shrub planted by hands whose work is now done and their owners be in the sleep that knows no waking. Perhaps a spray is taken from the fragrant camellias whose graceful wreaths shaded with rare beauty the old doorway and dangled lightly to the summer breeze, while its sweetest wafted the humming bird and last perchance a sketch of the old domestic is hurriedly, yet, even stealthily taken, all previous treasures to be laid away as mementoes of the past, to become upon some day suddenly and serve as guide books to memory to lead us back to scenes of love and seasons of sweet intercourse.

Oh! who will say that partings are not sad things? Even when a reunion may be looked forward to in this world. The severest parting our hearts ever felt was, perhaps, at the parting hour. We have said farewell with swelling throats to the narrow door to those who have withered and fallen in the way like spring blossoms tipped by untimely frosts, and knew that the good shepherd had called them early to his bosom, and felt that he called for them there was no fear; but this was sorrow without fear or pain. Well do we remember the anguish we once endured when, with binding tears and choked utterance we essayed to utter the good-bye of a burdened heart to one whose life, on whose once active frame the ravages of disease were then and only visible, we feared that an earthly sun would not witness our reunion, for distance would soon smother us, and we shuddered to think of the decision that time might make in homes and hearts.

The star of hope dawned not so brightly in an earthly sky as when seen by the light of eternity; there are moments when its light is excluded from this world, but faith lifts the curtain and points to its undimmed brightness in a world of glory; if earth no more witness our reunion heaven will.

There is a land of endless joy,
A sky without a single cloud,
And in this bright and happy world,
No care shall then embitter the soul;
But pleasure pure without alloy,
Shall fill the heart that here is rent,
With anguish deep and sore regret,
And mortal care no more shall fret,
The hallowed sigh of grief that's pent;
To hearts here wears of their lead,
And parting then will be no more,
For in that land there is a word unknown,
MARY E. B.
OF SALISBURY.

Sonnet To—
BY GREYVILE.
When stars are gleaming in the quiet skies,
And moonlight soft is streaming o'er the earth,
When fays dream and visions have their birth,
And when in sleep are born a waking wish;
When zephyr-breaves waft the fragrant rose,
And gently kiss the dewy myrtle flowers,
And mingle odors of the garden-bowers,
Beside the city streamlet, as it flows
Across the meadows on an onland shore,
And winding ripples through the darkness wood,
Let by the beams which pierce the depths between,
And peaceful like its calm solitude—
"Then, in its secret I would love unseen,
To thee, my all, my passion and my god!"

Recival in Wilson.—Rev. B. F. Long, under date of the 23d inst., sends the following good news from Wilson:
"Dear Bro. Hefz: We have had a good little meeting in Wilson. Thirteen have been converted."

Den of Counterfeiters Broken Up.—The Pittsburg papers, of Saturday, state that a descent was made upon a notorious and extensive gang of counterfeiters in the vicinity of Friday last, and five of the number arrested and committed to prison. The establishment was a basement in Duquesne borough, known as the "Rafferty's House," kept by a man named Calverton. The parties arrested were William Calverton, Mary Murrian, George W. Stewart and George Hince. On the person of Calverton was found bogus gold and silver coin amounting to nearly \$30, all exceedingly well executed, and a \$2 note on the Northern Bank of Kentucky, altered to a \$20. The house was then searched, and in the cellar was found a small basket, filled with dies of various sizes, acids, etc., and a small quantity of unfinished quarters and half dollars. The officers then proceeded to the other buildings, and in the stable, secreted under one of the flooring boards, was espied a carpet sack, filled with a large amount of counterfeit coin, dies for both American and French money, and all other implements necessary to the manufacture of bogus coin.

Chicago, April 22.
Twenty Buildings Demolished—Nine Burnt Down.—A place known as Sand's Row, notorious as a residence for thieves and other disreputable characters, was yesterday invaded by the Police and broken up. Twenty buildings were demolished and nine burnt down.

St. Louis, April 25.
Kansas Affairs.—Address of Mr. Stanton.—Secretary Stanton has published an address to the people of Kansas in the Lecontean Union. He says the administration has recognized the authority of the territorial legislature and the validity of the territorial laws, and has especially recognized the act providing for a constitutional convention. He presumes that that convention will submit the vital question of the domestic institutions of the State to the subsequent vote of the people, and thinks that Congress will then admit the territory immediately into the Union as a State. He recommends a general amnesty for past and present prosecutions, and expects the presence of Gov. Walker about the middle of May.

St. Louis, April 25.
From New Mexico.—The Santa Fe mail arrived at Independence on the 21st inst. The Indian depredations continued in New Mexico, and extensive preparations were being made for a campaign against the Apaches, to commence about the 1st of May. Difficulties with the Utales were apprehended; but the Kiowascaposes themselves were friendly.—The weather was unusually warm, and the farmers were busy planting. Business was dull.

Sunday Life in Chicago.—Here is a picture of Sunday-life in Chicago city, now and for some time, under Republican administration. It is furnished by the Times:
"Here, in Chicago, on Sunday, we have 50 churches open during the forenoon and evening; but at the same time, there are no less than eighty ball rooms, in each of which the 'band plays from morning till midnight, and waltzing goes on without intermission. In addition to these 'festivities,' we have two theatres, each with its performers, in tight and very short garments, rivaling Ellsler in their graceful evolutions. Saloons have their front doors closed by proclamation, but do a thriving business through side-entrances."

Curious Fact in Shot Manufactory.—Previous to 1782, shot were made by dropping lead into water, and they were invariably flattened on one side. In that year, Mrs. Watts; the wife of a British shotmaker, who had been earnestly bethinking some method of making the shot perfectly round, is said to have dreamed that it could be done by dropping the lead from a great height. She and her husband tried it in the shaft of a coal mine with perfect success, and took out a patent, realizing a fortune thereby.

Only those who have felt the pain of separation from loved ones, know to the full extent, the sadness of that hour, and the painful excitement attendant upon the last evening with those from whom, on the morning we part. To wish for nothing but to see the approach of that moment when the last adieu is to be spoken to friends that have been ours through the vicissitudes of life in hours of darkness when the heavy waters of affliction sweep over the soul. Like ministering angels, they were near to stay the tide by affectionate condolence, or by plans consoled and admonition to lead the mind to the source of all good, and in the midst of the thick darkness to direct the eye of a feeble faith to "Bethlehem's star," or when prosperity shone warmly about our pathway and joys clustered around the heart, it was then their happiness to rejoice with us.

It is strange then when we are about to be separated by distance, that regret should spring as it were from the heart's depth, that soon memory alone, will treasure up our joys and our communion, be only of the past; while despite all our efforts to the contrary, and forbidding like dark shadows over the landscape cast their gloom. Cheerfulness, indeed, tries hard to chase away the shades of sadness; but it is only a feeble ray that can there enter the soul. The shortness of time—the uncertainty of human events, and the many contingencies incident to this ordinary scene all fall in the balance against hope and the melancholy thought will arise that we are looking for the last time upon beloved features. Smiling eyes and a beamed brow are carefully concealed by forced smiles, and the allusion to the essential sorrow suddenly suppressed on the fearful words escape the lips that would prove traitor to the heart, tongues are silent while hearts are almost bursting with their untold words.

The waters are put up and the barrier must not be broken. Feet and hands busy themselves with the nameless preparations incident upon a journey; all emotion collects here and there her numerous tribes, yet no word is spoken, none dare trust themselves. Each old hand and dear spot, hallowed by friendship, is again revisited; the last lingering look of love taken, and the embracing word of affection dropped even upon the green vest of the old man, a memento plucked from the favorite plant, a leaf or leaf from the shrub planted by hands whose work is now done and their owners be in the sleep that knows no waking. Perhaps a spray is taken from the fragrant camellias whose graceful wreaths shaded with rare beauty the old doorway and dangled lightly to the summer breeze, while its sweetest wafted the humming bird and last perchance a sketch of the old domestic is hurriedly, yet, even stealthily taken, all previous treasures to be laid away as mementoes of the past, to become upon some day suddenly and serve as guide books to memory to lead us back to scenes of love and seasons of sweet intercourse.

Oh! who will say that partings are not sad things? Even when a reunion may be looked forward to in this world. The severest parting our hearts ever felt was, perhaps, at the parting hour. We have said farewell with swelling throats to the narrow door to those who have withered and fallen in the way like spring blossoms tipped by untimely frosts, and knew that the good shepherd had called them early to his bosom, and felt that he called for them there was no fear; but this was sorrow without fear or pain. Well do we remember the anguish we once endured when, with binding tears and choked utterance we essayed to utter the good-bye of a burdened heart to one whose life, on whose once active frame the ravages of disease were then and only visible, we feared that an earthly sun would not witness our reunion, for distance would soon smother us, and we shuddered to think of the decision that time might make in homes and hearts.

The star of hope dawned not so brightly in an earthly sky as when seen by the light of eternity; there are moments when its light is excluded from this world, but faith lifts the curtain and points to its undimmed brightness in a world of glory; if earth no more witness our reunion heaven will.

There is a land of endless joy,
A sky without a single cloud,
And in this bright and happy world,
No care shall then embitter the soul;
But pleasure pure without alloy,
Shall fill the heart that here is rent,
With anguish deep and sore regret,
And mortal care no more shall fret,
The hallowed sigh of grief that's pent;
To hearts here wears of their lead,
And parting then will be no more,
For in that land there is a word unknown,
MARY E. B.
OF SALISBURY.

Sonnet To—
BY GREYVILE.
When stars are gleaming in the quiet skies,
And moonlight soft is streaming o'er the earth,
When fays dream and visions have their birth,
And when in sleep are born a waking wish;
When zephyr-breaves waft the fragrant rose,
And gently kiss the dewy myrtle flowers,
And mingle odors of the garden-bowers,
Beside the city streamlet, as it flows
Across the meadows on an onland shore,
And winding ripples through the darkness wood,
Let by the beams which pierce the depths between,
And peaceful like its calm solitude—
"Then, in its secret I would love unseen,
To thee, my all, my passion and my god!"

Recival in Wilson.—Rev. B. F. Long, under date of the 23d inst., sends the following good news from Wilson:
"Dear Bro. Hefz: We have had a good little meeting in Wilson. Thirteen have been converted."

Den of Counterfeiters Broken Up.—The Pittsburg papers, of Saturday, state that a descent was made upon a notorious and extensive gang of counterfeiters in the vicinity of Friday last, and five of the number arrested and committed to prison. The establishment was a basement in Duquesne borough, known as the "Rafferty's House," kept by a man named Calverton. The parties arrested were William Calverton, Mary Murrian, George W. Stewart and George Hince. On the person of Calverton was found bogus gold and silver coin amounting to nearly \$30, all exceedingly well executed, and a \$2 note on the Northern Bank of Kentucky, altered to a \$20