

Who is this? A certain little midshipman... The man is there before him. He has pulled himself into the thicket, and cut a heavy stick. He suffers the boy to go on before, and then he comes out, falls into the path, and follows him. It is too tight at present for his deed of darkness, and too near the center of the wood, but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

But what prompts the little midshipman when not fifty yards from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear—the never-dreamed-of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for home, makes him dash off suddenly after his saviour, with a whoop and a bound. On he goes, as if running a race; the path bends, and the man loses sight of him. "But I shall have him yet," he thinks; "he cannot keep this pace up long."

The boy has nearly reached the place where than any cavity.

Wa send this number of the *Watchman* to as many of our old subscribers (on the list before the close of the war) as can be reached by the mails or private hands. We have had to prepay the postage on those sent by mail, the post office laws requiring it, except in the case of "regular subscribers." The old patrons were "regular" under the Confederate Government, but that having passed away, we have come under the postal system of the United States, which requires a renewal of these relations, especially, as in our case, where the publication of the paper has been suspended for two-thirds of a year. The Government refuses to bear any part of the expense of ascertaining whether or not old subscribers wish to renew, and therefore requires the publisher to prepay postage on all papers sent through the mails for that purpose.

It will be understood, then, by all concerned, that this number of the paper is sent out for the purpose of advertising the fact that we have resumed its publication, and that the *Watchman* is again a candidate for public favor. We hope that its old friends will be pleased to give substantial evidence of their unbroken confidence in it, assuring them that no effort we can make shall be lacking to render it a most acceptable journal.

Those to whom we are indebted on old subscriptions for advance payments (made in Confederate money) shall now be paid, if they desire it. But where the paper is to be sent by mail, all such persons must notify us to enroll their names on our new list. They will then be "regular subscribers," and their papers will be sent without prepayment of postage here. Those who received the paper at the office where printed, will be immediately entered on the new list, and may call or send, as before the suspension, and get the paper until they are fully reimbursed to the extent of the Confederate money paid.

And those who are indebted to us on old scores—what shall we say to them? Their name is legion! They are scattered over the country from Maine to Texas. Heaven bless them! for we know most of them would not willingly and with malice do us wrong. We forgive all who cannot pay; but those who can let them do so speedily, and send us new orders to boot. We wish to refill our office with new material, but the diatribe of the war fell so heavily upon us that we must defer it until we have in some measure recovered. The liberality of old patrons would accomplish this very soon. Will they not help us?

In resuming the publication of our old paper, the *Carolina Watchman*, we experience mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. The mind naturally reverts to the past, and lingers with sweet attachment among those who lived and acted with us, and with us shared the joys and sorrows of that past. We feel there were some happier days than those of the present time. The very sunlight seemed richer, more cheering, clearer and delightful; more full in all its benignities to man—shining upon both animated and dead matter, conferring and blessed influences, so much more precious than now, that the remembrance of those days holds one spell bound in the contemplation of them. They are crowded with visions of loved ones, who are associated with scenes and incidents of the time, like beautiful fruits among the glittering leaves of the tree on which they cluster. O! those dear old times!

But they are dashed with the incidental sorrows of change. Change—how great! Scores—nay, hundreds—nay, thousands, of those who made up the sum of human life, ten, fifteen and twenty years ago, have gone, (we trust) like sparkling dew drops of the morning, to that purer, happier region above, where, alone, the highest hopes of the immortal man find complete happiness. It is the office of those left behind to cherish, with fond affection, their memory—and lovingly to narrate to their children their errors—and lovingly to narrate to their children their virtues. We meet these less auspicious days.

We are addressed by those who are left—those of them with whom we formerly held intercourse, from week to week, through the columns of this paper. We have called to renew acquaintance—made friends, so to speak, and to propose the reinstatement of former relations. We have had common experiences since we met—a common fall, common losses, privations and sufferings. We have had common fears, and they still haunt us occasionally, producing disquiet and forebodings. We have, therefore, common sympathies, so that there is little reason to doubt that most of you will give us a cordial greeting. This, then, is the source of the pleasure we experience in resuming our old position; and it will be a pleasure, indeed, to realize that we are as acceptable in our return to duty as when we strove, with all our feeble ability, to contribute to the welfare of our country.

PRESTON'S OPINION OF A. H. STEPHENS. The *Louisville Journal* which opposed secession from the beginning, and was a thoroughly Union paper throughout the war, has the magnanimity to speak as follows, concerning the ex-Vice President of the Confederate States: "Mr. Stephens is one of nature's problems; and from our heart of hearts we believe that every throeb of his heart is in favor of the Union, of his country, and of his whole country.

"Mr. Stephens ought to be in the Senate of the United States. Let Congress repeal the test oath, and receive into its body again with acclamations the great and good Georgian, one of the noblest Romans of this or any other country. Oh, we do abhor that narrow spirit and that short sighted policy that keep from the councils of the republic such a man as Alexander H. Stephens."

THE DROWNING OF MRS. LILLY.
The daily papers of this place briefly announced several days ago the death of Mrs. Lilly, the wife of Mr. William Lilly, by drowning. We have had a more circumstantial statement of the sad part of her given up, and as they will be of interest to all who were acquainted with the deceased, we here present them:

Mrs. Lilly was returning from this place to her residence in Montgomery county, after an absence of several weeks, and reached a branch of Beaver Dam creek on Sunday, within about three miles of her home. She was accompanied by her youngest son, a lad of some 12 or 14 years, and a colored man, the driver. The creek was considerably swollen by the recent rains, and her little son and the driver feared to attempt a crossing. But Mrs. Lilly, who had not thought there was any danger, stepped into the stream, and plunged into the water. She did so, and had gone but a few steps before the mules, which drew the cart, were in the water beyond their depth, and plunged into the stream, and made no effort to swim. The cartage, with Mrs. Lilly and her son in it, was drawn into the current, the force of which swept it, and they were then at the mercy of the rushing waters. The driver, it seems, had some presence of mind, as he succeeded in getting loose his mules just in time to save them. He was then floated down the stream, and caught on a log. Here he had a chance for observation. The little boy "Zed," had escaped from the rear end of the cartage, and was struggling to reach a small tree in which he succeeded, and resting himself upon a limb, there remained for more than an hour, his clothes and even his hair, freezing in the cold wind of that most unpropitious day. On the log, the driver saw Mrs. Lilly sitting down the stream towards him, and calling her clothes, with much difficulty drew her out of the main current to one end of the log. She seemed to be dead, though it is believed, if she had been given some brandy, she might have been resuscitated. But there was no present help, and the driver's strength was insufficient to bring her to shore.

In his condition she remained for more than an hour, when she started up to her relief. The body of Mrs. Lilly was taken to the nearest house, Mrs. Taylor's, and the best nursing intelligence of the neighborhood, sent to her family, in hourly expectation of her arrival at home, when it was impossibly to have a young Christmas morn. The effect of that terrible accident on the young hearts awaiting her, can be more easily imagined than described, if it were not so common to attempt it.

Mrs. Lilly was the widow of her 17th year, having a husband and five children to deplore their irreparable loss. She had been a member of the Methodist Church from her 17th year, and only the day before, in conversation with her sister, expressed an ardent hope of life with Christ in Heaven, when this should end.

The Raleigh Standard takes up the Governor's Address to the People and proceeds to comment on it at some length, thus:

"Gov. Worth warmly congratulates our people on the restoration of civil government in this State. We are as anxious as Gov. Worth can be to get rid of military rule, but we do not perceive that the restoration has effected that result. We still have martial law. The *Johnson corpus* is still suspended. The Freedman's Bureau is still in existence, controlling both white and blacks in essential particulars so far as society and industrial pursuits are concerned. The State has not yet been restored to its constitutional relations to the Federal Government, nor will it be till our members of Congress are admitted. Is it true, then, that civil government has been restored? Why, the Governor himself admits in his Address, 'that the powers of all officers appointed under the authority of the Provisional Government, ceased with the discontinuance of that government.' That government ceased on Thursday last. With the exception, therefore, of the Governor himself, and the Supreme and Superior Court Judges, who may be qualified by the Governor, we have no officers of a civil character in the State. And if this be so, it follows inevitably that we can have no civil law even of a character subordinated to martial law. The Governor admits that there are no clerks and sheriffs, except in rare cases in which these officers, recently elected, have been qualified; for the Provisional Justices have ceased to be, and no Courts can be held to take the bonds of clerks and sheriffs until new Justices shall have been appointed. Nevertheless, says the Governor, 'as no Justices of the Peace were appointed by the General Assembly it may happen in some of the Counties that the next term of the County Courts cannot legally be held, but where such Courts shall be held or other acts shall be done by such provisional officers, their acts will probably be validated by an act of the General Assembly.' First, says the Governor, 'all officers appointed under the authority of the provisional government' have ceased; secondly, if some of these officers, who are not really officers, should 'happen' to transact business, he thinks their acts will 'probably be validated' by the General Assembly!

What is this but hypocrisy or anarchy? If these officers have ceased to be, as the Governor declares they have, they have no more right than other private citizens have to transact business. If the Governor had desired it, or had been disposed to submit to it, it would have been easy for him or for Gov. Holden, to have obtained an order from the President continuing all the provisional officers in their functions until the meeting of the Legislature; but it is well understood that Gov. Worth, and the bulk of those who elected him, have no fancy for provisional governments, and are disposed to be dependent to as slight an extent as possible on the government at Washington for advice and aid.

We consider this all bosh. Were the conclusions of the *Standard* correct in regard to the continuation of military or arbitrary government, what are we to

MEETING OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.
We learn from C. J. Cowles, Esq., one of the council of State, that a meeting of these gentlemen held at Raleigh on Wednesday, the 3d inst., Mr. Cowles, Mr. Wright, Mr. Eaton, and Mr. Lemly being present, it was agreed to call the Legislature together to meet in Raleigh on the 15th inst., for the purpose of appointing magistrates, and adopting such other measures as are deemed necessary looking to the re-establishment of civil government. We think this an eminently wise step, demanded by the necessities of the times.—*Id.*

Some one will be likely to ask— "But what is to be the politics of the *Watchman*?" To which we answer, yankee like, by asking another question: "What is to be your politics? The fact is, in our present condition, we have very little to do with politics. We may look on, and take it out in thinking, but that is about all. But the time will come, we doubt not, when we all shall again take an interest in politics. Are you already prepared to say what part you will feel it your duty to take in them? We think not. So it is with us. We shall be governed by the dictates of conscience when the time shall arrive. That is the only rule we are at present prepared to lay down.

The *Watchman* will be independent, as ever before, advocating what its editor believes to be right, and condemning what he believes to be wrong.

We would inform our old friends in the adjoining counties that business in Salisbury is pretty lively. We have a large number of stores well stocked with merchandise of almost every kind, so that one can scarcely fail to find some one here ready to supply even the most extraordinary wants of the country. [We call especial attention to the advertisements in this paper, hastily prepared for this issue. We will vouch for the gentlemen whose notices appear in these columns, as polite, accommodating and fair dealers. Calls made on them at their Homes, or orders sent to them at a distance, are sure to be attended to properly.] The music of the saw, the hammer and the trowel is heard daily, and it is hoped that the time is not very distant when our town shall arise from its ashes to beauty and magnificence.