WATCHMAN & OLD NORTH STATE.

[NEW SERIES.] SALISBURY, N. C., JANUARY 24, 1868. [VOL. I, NO. 3

☞ RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION. ☜
TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.

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Weekly paper, One Year, . . . $ 3.00
" " Six months, . . . 1.50

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Written for the Watchman & Old North State.

MARK ESTON,
OR
The Reason he was a Bachelor.

BY L[illegible]

I was spending [illegible] Ray. We had been sch[illegible] friends. One evening [illegible] walk down street, we m[illegible] and with [illegible] an old [illegible] whom he eyed [illegible] [illegible] fair [illegible] and no [illegible] wanting band [illegible] neath this, small [illegible] from a very pale [illegible] somewhat wrinkled [illegible] yet frosted the [illegible] add a Roman nose [illegible] a mouth of the same dimensions of our honored Clay's, and we have the *tout ensemble* of the man. But all this, that it takes many words to picture, was taken in at a glance and we passed on through the gate into the house. To my enquiry of Ellie, as to who the stranger was, she laughingly replied, "she knew as much about him as she did of a man in the moon." In a few moments he followed and we were rather surprised to hear him greet Ellie's mother as Cousin Gertrude and he being introduced to us as Cousin Mark Eston. Years had passed since he and Mrs. Ray had met, long years since they had played together in childhood—hunted the early berries, heaped up the tiny pyramid in the sand around the same homestead, or together hoarded the nuts for the coming winter. She had married early in life, and had left the home of her youth, had known as much of joy and sorrow as is usually intermixed in a quiet midway station in life. He had remained a bachelor alone, all alone in the world. But reader, there was a reason for his doing so, palpably plain to his eye, and sufficiently weighty in his judgment to justify his remaining alone, all alone in life; if wiser others cannot view it in the same light, or consider that reason a very whimsical one. Yet we believe he was candid, if Truths may be considered the offspring of Earnestness. Nature has not formed us all alike—it is well all do not possess the same fastidious taste, all do not see with the same eyes. But let us add, each knoweth his own dislikes or preferences best, and every heart can but know its own sorrow.

It is our purpose to tell you this winter evening the reason, as given us by Cousin Mark Eston, why he remained a bachelor. He had been with us several days when he made the revelation. We had endeavored by sundry little attentions and kindness to remove any feeling our first cold greeting might have occasioned, and were repaid by finding him a genial companion in conversation at least. We were lingering at the dining table, Ellie, her mother, Cousin Eston and I. Mr. Ray had left us to enjoy the meal as long as we pleased and had gone to his store. The elder members were conversing of the days far in the past, while Ellie and I were delighted listeners. Mrs. Ray asked rather abruptly and with a mischievous smile, "Why Mark did you live a bachelor? I used to think when we were children your heart was warm and you were susceptible of the beautiful."

We were rather amused to see the earnest look his face put on and laughed aloud when he answered,

"I won't deny Gertrude, I have loved far more than most men, and still love an ideal face."

It seemed so odd, a man of his age talking of the tender passion, but we ought not to have forgotten he could not forget his younger days. He continued,

"I sometimes tell my friends reminiscences of my early life, and state the true reason of my loneliness in life and have been oftener laughed at for my pains than I have received sympathy."

We plead for a recital promising if possible to grant the latter, if he was not too much in fault. He began.

"In the summer of 18—, when I was in my twentieth year, I attended a Camp Meeting at D—. You remember, Gertrude, what a vast number of people from all quarters—far and near—yearly assembled there. But a few days ago I stood upon the ground and in its silence and desertion I felt like uncovering my aged head in adoration to my Maker, for there years ago I obtained a hope that has been brightened by Time. It is now only an open space, surrounded by a sparse original forest. Time and the woodman's axe has been busy, yet some old monarch trees remain, grey with age, and over-grown with moss, whose leafy branches often fluttered in the air ladened with praises to God, and the shouts of new-born souls.—Not a vestage of the altar remains or the four rows of tents. Yet some now living can recall the whole scene vividly to mind. Many now angels, methinks, would love to linger here, if the spirits of the departed visit these mundane shores of ours. It was on a Sabbath morning in Autumn, gorgeous with beauty, that I arrived on the ground. Securing my horse by rein to a limb amid a number of other neighing steeds, I proceeded to the stand. It was morning services, consisting mostly of prayer and singing. The prayers were fervent, the hymns were sung with spirit and the melody floated upward on the balmy morning air, with holy incense.—The irreverent there could not but have partaken of a spirit of reverence that seemed to pervade the entire assembly, and no wonder the sinner *there* learned to pray. The services did not last very long after I had taken my seat, but as I was comfortably situated, I remained seated thro' an intermission of an half hour, as many did when the eleven o'clock sermon began. The Rev. Mr. L——, a man of eloquence and a noted revivalist, was to preach this sermon. I waited with some impatience, as I had never been so fortunate to hear him. I was watching the course of people coming in from various directions. Should doubtless have been engaged in something better and for which I have been punished with a life-time of solitude. Many pretty faces came up the aisle, but one, only one, engaged my after attention. I can see it now, I have seen it all through life. And oh! what a lovely form, slender but not thin, and of a medium height. Clad in a rustling gray silk, with lace frillings of superior texture in the neck of her bodice and sleeves. In the small gray kid-gloved hand she clasped a gilded hymn-book and the prettiest of French fans. Gracefully she came up the aisle, but not in a sweeping train, and sat down opposite to me.—Her bonnet was most becoming too; not one of now-a-days of two straws, tied with two ribbons and heaped over with flowers of every hue; but one Ellie, like your mother used to wear, large enough to protect a fair face somewhat from sunshine and freckles. It was of snowy whiteness, made of silk I believe, and trimmed with a wreath of pink rosebuds, face trimmings of the same, and very broad rich ribbon tied beneath a matchless chin. Don't you think my memory good to remember all these minor points after a lapse of more than thirty years. But the face, every lineament will be plain should I live a century. The soft braided dark hair was parted neatly on the white high forehead, then brought entirely over the ears, contrasting well with cheeks all aglow with health and beauty. The nose was well shaped and lips that rivaled carmine in brightness, where a smile was always lurking and dimpling the cheeks, some eighteen summers had probably pass'd over her head, bringing neither clouds nor shadows and she was approaching fair, sweet womanhood. No wonder I thought of angels with her so near me, and the music of Heaven, when her tongue took up the melody of a hymn."

"You are all smiling at my enthusiasm, please don't forget your promise."

"Well, I was charmed, entranced, probably it was a delusion, but I never wish to see an angel's face more beautiful, than then Edith Carson appeared to me—Alone, it was not the glossy hair, or the velvet cheeks, or the carmine lips, or the deep blue eyes, it was the whole taken together that formed the beauty and harmony of that face, and riveted my attention. But if any charm outweighed another it was the pure whiteness of the complexion and the rich color of the cheeks. I fear I was not in a mood to appreciate the sermon when it began. I had fallen down to an earthly idol. Try I did, to fix my attention, but oftener far was my gaze on Edith's face than that of the divine. Fearing she would think me rude, I turned from her and covered my eyes with my hand and again tried to listen. But unconsciously the hand was removed and I was looking into her face. I caught her eyes and a blush too deep to be mistaken mounted her temples. Services again closed for an intermission. She arose to go, and I unperceived followed afar off.—I saw her enter a tent, and I proceeded to a friend's carriage, who had invited me to dine from his basket. My friends noticed how abstracted I was in thought, and attributed it to pungency of conscience or holier thoughts. They were loud in their praises of the discourse. Its deep research had enfolded new wonders, forcing conviction, and it seemed its melting pathos had found its way to every heart, yet I was inattentive, strangely indifferent and hardened. In the evening again I was near the charmer, again watching the play of expression on the beautiful face and once again caught the glance of the blue eyes.

I found by inquiry that she was a stranger, having a few months before came into the neighborhood with her family, consisting of a widowed mother and a younger brother. I could have procured an introduction, but with my other strange conduct of that day, I did not ask or wish it.

I saw her leave the altar under escort of a tall red-haired gentleman, and was soon joined by a lady and boy, whom I rightly supposed the mother and brother. But the gentleman who was he? A lover! The four proceeded to an elegant carriage not many yards distant. The gentleman handed the ladies in and stood smiling with his hands on the door. Several compliments were exchanged and the word to drive on was given to the negro boy on the box. The gentleman bowed and turned reluctantly away. I disliked him—Richard Holston—from the moment I saw him, and thought his smile particularly disagreeable and his face suggestive of low cunning. If an accepted lover I knew not, but I believe I almost hated him then. She was gone, I cared not to stay longer. I mounted my horse and rode slowly away, but by far less in a cheerful mood than I came in the morning. Yes, I had lost my heart. Those that have been in a like situation, cannot know what it meant with me, for I lost it for a life time. A strange loneliness came over me then, my soul entered a shadow,

"And my soul from out that shadow,
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

(He added smiling.)

At home at last I arrived and gave my horse to a boy, and proceeded to the dining-room. I found our rather numerous family assembled around the supper table. I took my seat and endeavored to be the gayest of the gay, to shake off the day-dream, and to despise myself for my folly. I wished I had not gone in the morning to the camp-meeting, or that I had not have been such a fool and wondered if some of our neighbors had not observed my distraction. For at that age I was singularly bashful and had a horror of being teased. Hoped my elder brothers would never hear of it, or father. I argued, could not a young man of twenty see a pretty face, a most pretty one, without falling in love. What if she was beautiful, there was no need of insanity. Besides, what would a young man of my small means do with a wife, especially one that had been cradled in affluence—a child of fortune. I was not wealthy, if father did own a large plantation and a score of slaves, and most probably for this reason there was an impassable gulf between us. So alone in my room that night I determined to outlive the unhappy passion, and to forget I had ever seen Edith Carson. Days went on—I thought of her and dreamed of her almost nightly, always appearing to my dreams as I saw her clad in the gray silk, the dark long hair softly braided and the bright face beaming with a smile. Try as I would I could not rid myself of the infatuation. When alone, her image was ever present. At length out of patience with myself I resolved to be as little alone as possible and sought society. Not of the fair and gentle for none came up to my standard of beauty or pleased my then fastidious taste. Faces I had once thought pretty, now seemed homely or quite common. But it was into the society of my own sex I went—wild rude young men, who delighted in nothing so much as in midnight suppers, good cheer and hilarity. I had nearly cheated myself into the belief that I was returning to reason and forgetting my first love, if I did dream of her after midnight sometimes. But one evening having by chance met a number of my gay companions at a country store I was unjustly made an object of ridicule. A young man seated near me by the stove, after a profound silence of a few seconds, that will often occur in the most noisy crowd, inquired in a tone meant for all to hear,

"Say, Mark Eston, have you got over your distemper?"

"What distemper sir?" I asked in wonder.

"Why, I hear you caught the distemper at the camp-meeting at D—, and have been wofully sick ever since."

"All seeming to understand the joke, joined into an uproarious laugh. This was too bad. My color brightened, I knew not what reply I made. My tormentor continued,

"I tell you Mark, Miss Edith Carson is handsome, but it is no use going distracted about it. Some of us more handsome fellows intend disputing your claim to the prize, for we saw you watching her like a hawk does a chicken before a swoop."

"I was indignantly angry. Added to my own discomfiture my hoarded secret being known, I did not care to hear the name that I revered above all others, and spoke only in soft tones, dragged into a jest, to make sport for boys and rude men. I felt as if I could have struck the rascal to my feet, but to have shown any resentment would have subjected myself to further ridicule and called forth great merriment at my expense. So I concealed my displeasure and mortification as best I could and tried to laugh with the others. But I did not tarry very long after this onset of impertinence, but making an excuse of an obligatory nature, left for home, and the solitude of my own room. When once there, childish as it may seem, I felt more like setting down and giving vent to my feeling in tears than any thing else. Throwing myself upon my couch, with the moonlight streaming in upon me, I resolved I would once more see Edith Carson. Soon I fell asleep and dreamed I saw her in the gray dress in tatters and her luxuriant hair dishevelled and floating around bare white shoulders. The blue eyes were swimming in tears as she bent them on me and pronounced my name, saying, "Mark Eston I will soon be the bride of Richard Holston—I do not love him." I awoke and wondered at the turn my dreams had suddenly taken. But when daylight came my firm resolution of the night had given away.

CHAPTER II.

Thus the days wore on into weeks, weeks formed months and months had changed the seasons. Autumn soft and yielding had given place to hardy, stern winter. Then joyous laughing spring had torn off his white ermine robes, set her dainty feet upon his regal throne and assumed control. All through these eight long months. I was a dreamer, at times still striving to forget. But I could not.

"So one pleasant balmy Spring morning, when nature was teeming with life and radiant with beauty, I was on my way to the home of Edith Carson. I had at length after a struggle with love and reason, as I thought, been forced to obey the stronger and I believe I was completely happy in that day's journey. The distance was some twenty-five miles only, but as I did not wish to reach my destination 'ere night fall to beguile my time, I stopped at a friend's house at noon for dinner and remained several hours after. Again I was on my way, I thought the skies bluer and brighter, the trees greener and the air softer as I neared Edith's home. But despite my delay I was in danger of reaching there 'ere twilight. The days were growing longer and my horse would travel too fast. So to while away time I turned down a by-way with woods on either side whose lapping branches almost formed a leafy canopy above. In this quiet retreat I would not have wondered to have met a trio of fairies with tresses crowned with blue daisies or honeysuckle with which the woods were filled. And could I have asked a gift and the favor been granted—namely the heart and hand of Edith Carson—I would have been the happiest and richest of mortals. But in imagination could I see the blue eyes of the fairy I worshipped, peeping down upon me from leafy branches and almost fancied I could hear the melody of her voice in the song of amidible nature. After a while my noble horse's head was turned and still the sun was high up in the heavens. After a ride of half an hour I had reined up before the gate of a somewhat tasty residence wrapped in trailing vines. The family was gathered in the piazo in front, the mother sat sewing, the brother, a restless boy of twelve, walked the floor and whistled, and could it be Miss Edith, tilted back in the armed rocking chair, reading what! could angels delight in novels! But what happiness to be near Edith, not an angel, but a woman! Seeing me pause, Mrs. Carson spoke loud enough for me to hear,

"Go Henry and see what the stranger wishes."

"With a bound the boy cleared the steps and walked hastily down the walk edged with box.

After the usual compliments asked,

"Can I stay with you sir to-night?"

The boy looked surprised and stammered, "I will ask mother."

Hearing my request, Mrs. Carson came down to the gate after bidding me good evening said with much dignity.

"I am sorry sir, to inform you, we never take in travelers. A gentleman does some half a mile farther on.

"I remarked quite coolly, I am no traveler, madam, and wish to stop with you."

"After a most searching glance, she bade me ride in. I did so, a servant was summoned to take my horse, and I was politely asked to walk in. I ascended the stone steps and bowed to the young lady ensconced in the great chair. But could it be Edith Carson. What a transformation! Edith Carson in that old faded torn calico, and the dark hair combed rudely back so as to display too much of the forehead and knotted tightly at the back of her head! The hair too short to reach, much of it, standing on ends. But oh! horrors where was the pearly complexion I had seen in the snowy bonnet? Where the bright rich beauty of her cheeks? Could the rain have washed it off! Never in my visions of Miss Carson had chalk and paint occurred to mind.

Nothing remained but the ermine lips and they without a smile. Yes, there was the blue eyes, but dreamy and drowsy enough after being bent over a novel the entire evening. It was Edith Carson before me, but not the Edith Carson I had once seen and learned to love, oh! how dearly. But the dream had ended, and what a sad waking up! I felt like shedding bitter tears and taking the wings of an eagle to soar to parts unknown. But I could form no excuse for going ere morning. A strange loneliness crept over me somewhat tinged with moroseness. I believe I was frozen. I could not love her. So near her, yet so far from a being I idolized.

"Oh! Cousin Eston, why *did* you not ask her to take off the ugly wrapper, braid her hair and if needs be put a little powder on her face," exclaimed Ellie and I in nearly the same breath.

He regarded us attentively in his earnest way a second or two, then exclaimed,

"Lord knows girls. I had already been deceived enough. For mercies sake do you too never powder your faces or wear old faded calico gowns. Lily White has decked many a face in beauty and probably made many a bride, but for once it made a bachelor of nearly three score.—But let the *deshabille* bare a share of blame. But to continue, I must give the whole story I suppose.

"After some common place remarks the mother left us alone. A sudden desperation seized me and I determined to try to love her. But this was foolhardy, and I should never have breathed a word of tenderness for her. Yet I did.

"I asked her if she knew me, or had ever seen me." She replied, "No." Yet I knew from her face she was not speaking the exact truth. Then I told her of the Camp-meeting at D—, how ever since her image had been before me—how I had met her in my dreams—yes, how I loved her. But it was false. I did not love Edith Carson as I now saw her, but as I once saw her. And probably imagination had invested that face with charms not its own. But I had not wilfully deceived myself. Probably fate had decreed me a bachelor and this was one of her freaks to make me one. But let me do Edith Carson justice in saying, as soon as opportunity offered she left me in company with her little brother and went to her room and changed her dress, soon appearing in a far more becoming one. But the thought forced itself upon me that she dressed *for* occasions. I wished a wife that loved neatness for its own sake.

"I left earlier the succeeding day than I had thought of doing.

"And did you ever visit her again," we queried.

"Yes, some two or three times, the last time meeting the man with the red hair and whom I thought more disagreeable than ever, although not then prompted by jealousy I know. Yet never did I see my angel face again save in dreams at night. Ah! that evening of my first visit was too great a shock. I could never recover from it, use what philosophy or argument I would. I firmly believe I could have won the heart of Edith Carson, but it would have wronged her and myself too. Don't think me presumptuous young ladies in saying so. Mark Eston was quite a different looking man at one and twenty to now, nearly weighed down by three score years. I leave that to Gertrude to sanction."

"And did Holston marry her?" Ellie asked.

"Yes, and a brute he proved himself to be, for he whipped his wife. Poor Edith, she never deserved such treatment. Woman's shoulders were never made for stripes more than their faces for powder. If they are but treated kindly, I know they will repay us ten-fold in love. But they tell me Richard Holston is dead now and gone to *his account*. Edith is now a widow living in Virginia."

"Go there, then, and marry her yet!" we all cried.

"He shook his head sadly and answered,

"No, no, it is thirty-five years since the Camp meeting at D—, but could I find some semblance to my angel face, I would go to the North pole in search of it."

"Did you never see her after her marriage," we inquired.

"Yes once, but as I had long since ceased to care for dress or appearances, she did not recognize me, and I did not make myself known although by her side."

"But tell us Cousin Eston could you never love another? There is certainly some, yes many fair women on earth," we asked of him.

He replied, "no not well enough to marry. I was wedded to an ideal being."

"Cousin Mark Eston, as he wished me to call him, left us in two or three days, since when we have never had any tidings of him. We know not if he is still a bachelor, or indeed if he is living. Neither do we know the spot he calls home. But should this story fall into his hands and he should recognize its hero, may the old man forgive our betrayal of a secret, with which many are conversant. We plead in excuse a love of scribbling and by so engaging our time some hours have been passed pleasantly, that otherwise would have been tedious, during these Christmas holidays in my quiet home.

From the Charleston Courier.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

The Bill for the superseding of the Supreme Judiciary has passed the House by the large vote of 116 ayes to 39 nays. Congress has forbidden to the Judiciary any right to pass upon the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of its measures, except by a two-thirds vote. The Court is composed of eight. Although five, therefore, of its members should declare these laws to be unconstitutional, this judgment is to be held invalid. In other words, the opinions of the three dissenting members, or their absence, is to be considered as establishing the constitutionality of these enactments.

In plain terms, the Legislative Department have seized upon and overthrown the Judiciary. They have put their veto upon them. They have first usurped the Government, and then announced to the Judiciary that it shall not pass in judgment upon their acts. This is a *coup detat*, almost without a parrallel.—It is certainly a far greater stretch of prerogative than James the Second ever dared, even two centuries ago.

After this, there is scarcely a step, however extreme, which can excite the slightest surprise.

It was to be expected, in pursuance of the now evident design, that the War Department would also be seized. The reasons assigned for the removal by the President of Mr. Stanton from his Cabinet, have therefore been of course pronounced insufficient. The Senate by a vote denies his rightful suspension. Copies of this vote, were immediately transmitted to Mr. Johnson, to Mr. Stanton and to General Grant.

Mr. Stanton appeared at the war office, and claimed to be its head and to re-assume its duties, under the direction of Congress. The telegram says, General Grant withdrew. This we suppose means that he has abandoned the office to Mr. Stanton.

These events plainly indicate the intention of the Radical party to hold and rule, at all hazards, the Government of which they have taken possession.

They intend, in order to retain their power, to overthrow all existing institutions, even to the point of revolution.

Never has there been a more remarkable fulfillment of the predictions made by the Conservative statesmen of the dangers which impend, and of the utter incapacity of the party in power for the restoration of the Union, than the development of the past few days.

They have openly now, and without disguise, entered upon their work of the destruction of the Constitution and the abolition of the co-ordinate departments of Government.

Their best laid schemes may yet prove futile. The country may yet escape, as by fire, while they may perish before the wrath of a just public indignation.

In the history of the past may yet be realized:

Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.

THE SEASONS.

The following gifted morceau is from the pen of the gifted George D. Prentice:

"Once, again: Time in the cycle of its season has brought to us the rich and mellow tints of the forest—the clear and bright cerulean sky—the cool and bracing atmosphere of autumn. All nature seems to be imbued with the calm and tranquil spirit of philosophic resignation to the decrees of fate, and a quiet submission to the destiny of unavoidable and speedy disolution. Nature, husued into dignified and graceful repose, seems as if it were preparing to chant the requiem of its own death, and, like victims that savage nations immolate to propitiate their gods, is gaily appareled for the sacrifice. The earth, still covered with its mantle of faded green, appears as if it clung with jealous care to its juvenile vestments, while the tree and the vine have donned the livery of Autumn, and are decked in the gorgeous glittering, many-hued mosiac that precedes and proclaims nature's approach to the "sere and yellow leaf" that bodes decay and dissolution. Autumn is a gorgeous, glorious, luxurious season. Go where you will—whether on land or on water, on hill or on dale, on the plain or in the forest—you breathe the same life-inspiring, bracing air, that only Autumn brings. Responsive to the healthful breeze, the life-blood courses quickly through the swelling veins, and the excited nerves tingle with the keen sensation of intense delight. To shoot the bird—to chase the stag,—to fish in some clear, swift-flowing stream, are the elite sports of this most elite of seasons. Ye sickly, money-enamored crew, who sit from early morn to dewy eve, poring over the pages of your ledgers, or counting gains that only add more metal to the hoards you have, quit for a time your mercenary musings, and hie ye to the fields or forest—breathe the pure air—bid your soul to revel at the glorious feast that bounteous nature in lavish profusion has spread before you; and recognizing the majesty and power of God, in the fruition of the blessings he has bestowed, attune your feelings in unison to the mild splendor of the surrounding scenes, and elevating your thoughts above and beyond this world, rest them on Heaven and its high hopes.

"The genius of man has contrived to indicate the progress of Time by the machinery of the clock and the movements of the watch, but God marks its progress on a grander scale by the revolutions of the planets and the changes of of the seasons. Days form months, months make seasons, seasons compose the year. Man's life, like the year, has its seasons. In the spring-time of life all is freshness, verdancy and hope. In his summer, man ripens into full grown and vigorous maturity. Pleased with existence, he feels conscious of strength; and, delighted with the pursuit of pleasure, he seeks it with avidity in every field where it is likely to be found. Hope—the most hardy, the most brilliant, the most delightful flower that ever bloomed in the garden of the soul—now springs into full-bloom exuberant existence. It diffuses its vivifying odor over the whole system, relumining the faded pictures of past scenes, and opening to the view of the mind's eye splendid visions in the future. Who in the mid-summer of life, has not felt how sweet it was at times to seek the field or forest and be alone; to let the soul in dreamy rapture lean back upon the past, and draw forth gladness from the wreck of Time's ruined hopes? Hope rears her castles on the flimsy basis of unsubstantial air, but she invests them with the gorgeous grandeur of the sunlit cloud. But Autumn comes, and with it comes the harvest of the fruits whose seed we have sown. 'Tis well if they be not bitter to the taste and poisonous to the touch. Man is the framer of his own fortune. As he has sown so shall he reap, and as he has labored so shall he be rewarded.—Yet when he has failed and his harvest is scant, even here delusive Hope stands by to whisper in her sweet, alluring tones, the assurance that the coming winter will be mild; and that somehow or other there will be an abundance. And finally, when the winter of life comes, cold as the glacier on the mountain peak, and boisterous as the storm-spirit when it lashes the ocean into fury, and the man perishes and passes away, immortal Hope is there to cheer the agony of the parting soul, and bid it lift its vision to another and better world, where there is neither Hope nor Fear."

THE VACANT JUDGESHIP.—The judicial ermine vacated by the resignation of Judge Fowle, has been begging around in all portions of the State, but no one worthy of the station has been found to accept it. The last offer was made to Daniel B. Baker, Esq., of this city, to whom the Governor formally tendered the position for the second time, yesterday. Mr. Baker declined the appointment. There is certainly no incentive to a man who honors his profession and upholds the dignity of the civil law, to accept at this time, a seat upon the Bench, whose judgments may be set aside by the bayonets of a military despotism and when a law is even now before an arbitrary Congress, which will vacate this and other offices, and leave but a wisp of straw in the hand that should have grasped the sword of justice.—*Wil. Star.*

Mr. Exon Whitely, of Murfreesboro, N. C. has written a communication to the Norfolk *Journal*, in which he states that he has discovered a method of condensing smoke thereby making it valuable for agricultural purposes. He claims that he can "extract the essence of the smoke" and make a valuable manure of it. He has invented a machine for the purpose, but has not the capital to introduce it. With a machine of a sufficient size he claims that he can in a year make 1200 barrels of ley from the smoke, equal in value to a ton of Peruvian guano.—*Newbern Herald.*

THE SUPREME COURT,

The Supreme Court, on Monday, granted license to the following gentlemen to practice law in the several Courts of Pleas and Quarter Sessions in the State:

William B Shaw, Currituck county.
Patrick H Morgan, Currituck.
Francis M. Godfrey, Pasquotank.
Niell W Ray, Cumberland.
George M Rose, "
Wm. Nelson Edgecombe.
Jos A Dupree, Pitt,
Jno S Harris, "
James H Rowland, Granville.
John S Cranor, Wilkes.
John D Wilkerson, Person.
Horace L Bumpass, Person.
Alvin B Howard, Iredell.
Matthew H Love, Haywood.
Samuel C Barnett, Person.
Wm M Brooks, Davidson.
Junius Davidson, New Hanover.
Stephen J Brown, Caldwell.
Wm E Hardin, Ashe.
Cicero W Harris, Granville.
John N Staples, Guilford.
Walter W. King, "
Jesse R McLean, "
Wm M Cocke, Jr., Buncombe.
Calvin E Grier, Mecklenburg.
Daniel P. Mast, Caldwell.
Nat Atkinson, Buncombe.
Benjamin F Stanton, Guilford.
Erasmus F Page, Wake.

And on Tuesday the following were examined and admitted to practice in the Superior Courts of Law and Equity, viz:

Wm Foster French, Robeson county.
Alfred Rowland, Robeson.
Thos. A Sutton, Bladen.
Augustus M Moore, Chowan.
Walter A Montgomery, Warren.
Walter Clark, Halifax.
Ed T Branch, "
T P Devereux, "
Daniel L Russell, Brunswick.
Henry F Granger, Lenoir.
John M Moring, Chatham.
Jas B Lucas, Beaufort.
Andrew J Loftin, Lenoir.
Samuel T Williams, Granville.
Samuel A Ashe, New Hanover.
Micheal H Justice, Rutherford.
Maurice A Moore, Gaston.
Wm B Duckworth, Transylvania.
Fleming J Whitmore, "
George W Johnson, Pitt.
Charles M Cooke, Franklin.
George M Whiting, Wake.
Charles M Busbee, Wake.
Peter H Adams, Guilford.
Augustine W Bieger, Carteret.
Marshall H Pinnix, Davidson.
Richard W Singletary, Wilson.
Joseph W Todd, Ashe.
John Gatling, Gates.
James G Odom, Northampton.
Duncan C Winston, Bertie.
Wm L Love, Jackson.
John Gray Bynum, Yadkin.
Nicholas W Lillington, Yadkin.
Clinton A Cilley, Caldwell.
W Wood Fleming, McDowell.
George P Erwin, Burke.
Dossey Battle, Edgecombe.
Wm H Cowles, Yadkin.

HOW GALLANT MEN MEET.

The correspondent in this city who furnishes the New York Tribune with such a purely fictitious picture of the social interchanges of General Hancock with our citizens, and especially with prominent ex-Rebels, will doubtless find a new subject for his pen in an incident which occurred during the hollidays. We ask no thanks for supplying this very veracious writer with the facts of this incident. They are as follows:

A few days ago General James Longstreet called at the residence of Gen. Hancock and sent in his card. General Hancock was then engaged with some friends, ladies and gentlemen. He immediately left them to receive his old army friend, more recently his foe, but now again his friend, and after a warm greeting, insisted upon conducting General Longstreet into the parlor and introducing him to the company there assembled. The style of the introduction was so peculiar that we reproduce it for the special benefit of the malignant Radicals, as a full justification for their suspicions of General Hancock's loyalty.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said General Hancock, "allow me to introduce to you a gallant gentleman, to whom I am indebted for an ungrateful limp; and whom I had the misfortune to win in the same combat."

We must add that, although the company was composed exclusively of ladies and gentlemen whose sympathies were on the U[illegible] side of the late war, the incident [illegible] profound and most pleasurable se[illegible] and the two distinguished soldiers were [illegible]garded with increased admiration and respect.—*N. O. Times.*

Armed Negroes in the South.

Nine out of every ten of the negroes to be seen daily on our streets are "armed and equipped" as the Radicals direct. Some have huge bludgeons, some immense knives, some pistols of every patern while by far the larger number carry at a "shoulder," or in a careless manner, the regular *Government musket*, and many of them with a fixed bayonet! Why the negroes are thus armed the whites know not.—There is certainly no cause for these hostile acts on the part of the law-abiding whites. These are carried about with the negroes wherever they go, night and day. It is a common occurrence to hear firing at all hours of the night in all parts of the city. Bullets have entered several several private residences within the past few days, going in close proximity to the sleeping inmates. Notwithstanding all such positive violations of the law, no arrests have been made, either by the military or civil authorities, so far as we have been able to learn. Such is Radical rule and ruin in Alabama.—*Montgomery Mail.*

To raise funds for buying up all the real estate of other nations, Congress is evidently bent on selling the spare personal estates of our own. It has begun with the iron-clads—the "old junk" of the country. Dealers in odds and ends and scraps and "notions" will please take notice. Let the buyers and venders of cast-out wares, and the Chatham streets of all creation prepare to bid in our market and to "give a good price!"—for we propose to put off our war-armor, and sell it for what it will fetch.—*N. Y. Tim[illegible]*