We have resurrected the following "ancient poem," attired it in a new and fashionable dress and served it up for the delectation of those who read this corner. For the satisfaction of the curious we will observe that the original is not to

be found among the Percy Reliques. DEBORAH LEE.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all."

'Tis a dozen or so of years ago, Somewhere in the South countree, Where all the sweet maidens be, That a nice girl lived, as few of you know, By the name of Deborah Lee; Her name was loved by Edgar A. Poe, (He wrote on her death a poem or so-Annabel Lee she was called, you know:) But Deborah by me-Yes, Deborah by ME!

Now I was green and she was green As a summer squash might be, But we loved as warmly as other folks, I and my Deborah Lee-Adorable Deborah Lec:

With a love that the lovers of Dixie land Envied both her and me.

The roses slept in her dimpled cheeks, And laughed on her lovely lip, While the bumblebee made mistakes sometimes And hummed around for a sip Of the sweets that floated out on the breath

Of my radiant Deborah Lee, And, innocent fool, was slapped to death, For daring to steal from me-To steal such sweets from ME!

But somehow it happened long ago In the sickly south countree-In the agueish south countree-That a chill March morning gave the shakes To my beautiful Deborah Lee; They shook the roses out of her cheeks,

And silenced her maiden glee, And the grim steam doctor (cuss him) came And bore her away from me-The Doctor and Death, old partners they, In the agueish south countree.

The angels wanted her up in heaven, But they never asked for me-No, never an ask for me!) And that is the reason, I rather guess, That the cold March wind, and the Doctor and

Took off my Deborah Lee, From the warm sunshine and the opening flow-

The innocent birds and the laughing hours, And bore her away from me.

Our love was as strong as a six-horse team, Or the love of folks older than we, And possibly wiser than we: But Death, with the aid of Doctor and steam, Was rather too many for me:

So he closed the peepers and stopped the breatl Of my sweetheart, Deborah Lee. Her miniature still to my heart I fold, But over my love a stone is roll'd, And her form lies cold in the graveyard mold-Silent and cold-ah me!

The foot of the squirrel shall press her grave, And the sweet, wild southern flowers, In their oderous beauty around it waye Through all the summer hours-

The still, bright summer hours; And the birds shall sing in the tufted grass, And the nectar laden bee, With a dreamy hum on his gauze wings pass, But she wakes no more for me-Ah! nevermore, for me.

The breeze shall sing in the summer night Her requiem soft and slow. And the moon shall shimmer its silver light On the silent spot below-

The spot where she sleeps below; But she will not mind the hymn of the wind, For the Doctor and Death and the dratted steam, Have made her as deaf as a hickory beam, And blind as a bunch of hay-The poorest kind of hay.

Yet oft in the hush of the dim, still night, A glorious vision I see, Gliding soft to my bedside, a phantom of light Dear, beautiful Deborah Lee-

My bride that was to be; And I wake to mourn that the Doctor and Deatl And the cold March wind should stop the breath Of my darling Deborah Lee; That the angels should want her up in heaven Before they wanted me!

But the years shall come, and the years shall go, A I shall still nearer be To the beautiful land where the soft winds blow,

And the waters from luminous fountains flow At the feet of Deborah Lee, Whose spirit still clings to me-Ah, evermore to me:

And the day will come when the angels of love, Who look through the star-woven lattice above For souls that pant to be free, Will pitty the faith that was kept so true The lonely and lingering life-path through, And then they will ask for me-Ah, yes, they will ask for ME!

SATURDAY NIGHT---THE POOR OLD MAN.

We burned him this afternoon at four

the street, slowly waking to a cheap home. union for all who love here on earth. Seventy-eight years old and no home of his own; not a child or a chik to give him welcome at night, but all waring—to bid him susan's sister in the FAR WEST. He never begged. A sad, strange look

was always upon him. Yethe was not cross nor ugly. He was cheerful, and would sit for hours talking to little children, and watching them at play. At times a few tears my own mind whether on the whole it would drop from his eyes, to be wiped from | wouldn't be best for me to give myself away his furrowed cheek on the back of his for the henefit of my family when there winkled nand. He nived in a new come a knock at the door. back on the prairie-a half-hovel affairand no one lived with him. Sundays the scribe for the El Paso Journal, so I uttered children would visit him, and bring water in a loud voice, 'Come in.' from a distant well, and wood by the armfull. He gave them nothing but kind words, and an iron gray set of spectacles, and she but they brought him bread, and meat, and | walked up to me with majesty in her mien. fruit, and papers from our sanctum; and I knew who it was the minute I set my eyes when he was too lame to go out, the boys and girls would wait on him. Sometimes he would sit by the hour telling stories to his little friends. He told the boys how to you, maam, was you wishing to subscribe to make arrows, and kites, and cross-guns.

And he told them how to cure their sore toes and sore fingers, and when to scription book. This alwaz gits 'em. It fish-and that it was wrong to be ugly and looks like bizness.

Tuesday evening one of the boys came and wanted us to go out to Uncle Benny's cabin, for he was sick. We found him on his cot, very low and feeble. A cruel fever was warring upon that old body. Then we rian. went for a physician, and with the old man stayed till morning, when others came. His little friends brought oranges and lemonsjellies and wines from their homes. And a takin' a quiet sail with you, provided the clean sheet was put under him-another boat ain't leaky, and you'll do all the rowover him-cooling drinks were given himanxious faces were all about him, but Fri-day morning just as the sun fose above the bluff, east of the city, his head slowly fell back-his mouth opened, there was a rattle in his throat, and as the sunshine struck the manner, 'It'll only cost two dollars, and little cabin his soul went out, riding on the we'll send it to any address for an entire golden beams of a new life.

Gently we gave him the winding sheet, and more carefully combed than usual was 'I hev,' said I, wonderin' what she was and our work superior. the straggling hair which wanted to creep comin' at. 'So that you see I couldn't

down over his forehead, to see if the eyes marry you ef I wanted to ever so much.' I were never more to open. And a few kind | threw this in as a soother. slowly walked behind him to his rest. We have attended burials, but never saw more tear-filled eyes than when the little ones to the poles? said she.

looked for the last time upon Uncle Benny, as the coffin-lid was opened just before he was lowered to the great rest. No one knew him other than as Uncle Benny, though for years he had come and gone with his crutch. His fees was poble yet and in crutch. His face was noble, yet sad in its death-look, but it was not of suffering.

And we went with others back to the silent cabin. How more than lonely it seemed! Two chairs taken from a neighbor's house on which to rest the coffin. A

quaint old arm chair, with a piece of worn sheepskin for cushion. A little old stove, a few tin dishes; an old box serving purpose of table and chest—a few old garments in pieces, some liniment in a bottle, and a few of a man's wife was to catch yoo a huggin' little articles worth nothing.

do as you please, said they." In a corner of the chest was an old Bible badly torn. And a little box, very, very Rights. old, as if made by a boy years ago. It would hold a quart perhaps. It was tied seven times around with a piece of stout cord like was one of them lobby women that the Chia chalk line. In it were a pair of dingy cago Tribune correspondents tells of. But silk gloves, once white, but now faded into yoo can't come your nefarious airs over me. a sickly yellow. They were much too small for his hands. And a very old needle or pin-cushion of black cloth, the size of an arm in arm with yoo to the poles.' apple. And a letter, old, dingy, greased, and creased, folded in a piece of soft leather. And a plain gold-ring, not much broader than the line of life in our palm.

The letter was too old to read. Its age dren?

no one could tell. But in it on a thick piece of thick paper, in ink, long since show as good a record?' bleached into faintest lines, we read: 'Wood yoo,' said show as good a record?'

Married—In Albany, May 6, 1813, Bajamin grow up and be married to base, sordid Waldower to Elizabeth Van Dorn. And this was all. But it told its own rites and allow 'em no faanchises?' story. Then we turned the paper over, to read written on the back of it, the lines almost indistinct.

Died-In Newbury, February 17, 1814, Elizabeth Woldower and infant son. The story of a life! Poor old man. And this was his treasure; that was the ring.

there are no years? But will it not be grand when we can, at dress.' appointed time, solve the wondrous mys- 'No,

went, or have they felt years added where

ones there waiting? Who would fear to die or dread death? I asked of my visitor. Surely not those who have long been true to | 'I am a pilgrim,' the said. 'I belong to

ones. If he had only told us his story! All over the land are poor old men, who have loved ones as we love, who have been | cago need something of this sort. Where in the perfume of kisses taken from lips, mornin' they may be divorced, and them and longed for twilight hours, as do those agitatin' powerfully. Keep a stirrin' on em who now watch and wait the expected up, if you please. The more you agitate, coming, and the years crept slowly upon | the better for'em.' them, leaving line upon line, care upon care, joy upon joy, but more sorrows upon to set still until my return, I stole softly sorrows. But is it not terrible-this wait- down stairs. I have not been back since. coming of the dear ones of the heart. Hours | agitator sittin' in my seat the whole of this go while the weary, hungry soul, ever reach- go back her patience will be of cast iron. ing for something not given it here on earth, doubts, fears, then hopes in the fullest of faith concerning the meeting and rejoicing in the eternal land, where there will be no more unfilled desires, for they

rest forever in the grave.

Let us all be good to the poor old men-God only knows what they have suffered, or when their hopes were buried. We are all growing old rare all going home, and it may be those we despise on earth will be our guides and patterns in the future. Be kind to the aged. A few more Saturday nights is all they will be with us, even if their presence should bother and annoy those who are utterly selfish. God only knows how much they sorrow and suffer. Let us make them happy. Let us be kind to each other. Uncle Benny was poor—a poor old man-but he died rich. We all paid tearful tributes to his memory. He was kind. He was deserving. He was not a miserly, selfish, sordid old man, just like many who live and die, leaving not one sincere mourner. And as we grow old, may we all be like him in having a place in the hearts of those who follow us in proper time! We'd rather sleep beside him in that Just out the city, in a corner of the quiet corner, than under the marble monugrave yard, where the weeds, more tender than flowers, gree rank and close over the poor. Last Saturd v night we saw him on the hereafter, where there is a happy re

[From the El. Paso (Ill.) Journal.] Horrible Onslought on a Country Editor in Illinois-He has a Prolonged Debate on the Woman Question-Lot's Wife in an Editor's Chair.

I was sittin' in my office, speculatin' in

There, says, I, is some one anxious to sub-

She was dressed in a pair of store boots on her.

It was a woman. I gracefully arose and said, 'How are the El Paso Journal?" at the same time dippin' my pen in the ink and openin' my sub-

It didn't git her. She fixed her glassy eyes on me and said: 'Young man, are yew an advocate for the holy caws of woman's rights?' 'No maam,' said I, 'I am a Presbyte-

'Air you,' she said, 'prepared to embark GENERAL JOB PRINTING with us over the sea of equal suffrage?' 'Maam,' said I, 'I haint no objection to

A smile perused her features for a moment, and then she said, 'I am willing to suffer

for the caws.' 'Yes,' said I, in a polite and softeninin'

year.' 'Hev you a wife?' she asked.

women made him a shroud, slighting never a part thereof. And a few men bought a with you the burdens and trials of life? 'Air you willin' that she should share neat coffin, paid the sexton, and this after-noon, men and women, and boys and girls, let her shoulder the whole of 'em of she has a hankering' that way.'

'She can go where she pleases,' said I,

"Wood you consent that she should go

'Git out,' said I, 'what air ve up to?

aint one of them men. Stop.' After much labor I succeeded in unloossening her hold and sit her down in a chair. I judged from her conduct that she stood in need of a few moral observations.

'Yoo air an impulsive femail,' said I.— & Co., esta Yoor nature is at once spontaneous and New York.

fact in speaking of her spectacles. 'I am a worker in the caws of Women's

'No yoo don't, said I, in alarm; 'not ef I have anything to say in the matter. I won't 'Young man,' said she, hast thou chil-

'I hey,' said I, 'seven of 'em. Can you 'Wood yoo,' said she, 'hev your girls

'Darn the franchises,' says I in a rage; 'they are the things that women put on behind to give 'en the Grecian bend. Ef my daughters ever go to wearin' 'em-'

'No, no,' said she, 'they are panniers.' 'Well,' said I, 'panniers or franchises, or whatever yoo call'em, I am opposed to'em. Oh, how long the years must have seemed | They are onnatural and humpty. They dewhile he was waiting to go to his loved grade the human form into the likeness of ones! And have they grown old there as a camel, and bring lovely women down on he did here! Will he find them as they all fours like a cat.'

I, 'Then,' said she, 'come with me, and we will anticipate women from the slavery of

'No,' said I, with severity, 'I hev no wish tery, and know that of which we now know to take the close away from any woman .nothing? When we shall have pierced the Wimmen without close would be a sad specveil, and gone home to rest with the loved | tacle, particularly in winter when the howling blasts prevail. Who are you, any way?

and waited for the rejoining of the loved the Agitator, a noospaper devoted to the caws of temail suffrage in Chicago."

'Well, said I calmly, 'the wimmin in Chiyoung-have with beating hearts, held them that air married never no on goin to heads upon bosoms, and lingered to revel bed at night but what on wakin' up in the FINE BOTTLED LIQUORS, SEGARS, perhaps, long since gone, as we must all go! that ain't married and divorced within a The old men were once young. They loved, month. The wimmin of Chicago need

ing to join those you love? Waiting the What will be the effect of leavin' a femail SHIP CHANDLER. -days-weeks-months-years come and time I do not know, but if she waits until I SHIP STORES, GROCERIES, HARD-

Gen. Longstreet, the new surveyor of the port of New Orleans, has appointed several colored men to positions in his department. The Republicans are delighted, and the Democrats cannot complain now that they are voting for negroes and begging their OF WILMINGTON, N. C.

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CHANGE OF FREIGHT TRAIN

april 11

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Eng'r and Sup't. 277-tf

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, WILMINGTON, N. C., April 10, 1868.

EXPRESS TRAIN. Leave Wilmington daily at. 5:15 A. M. Arrive at Florence. 10:32 A. M. Arrive at Kingsville. 1:45 P. M.

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