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POETRY

EVERYDAY LIFE.

ANDREW HEDBROOKE.

The marble smith, at his morning task,
Merrily glasses the blue-veined stone.
With stout hands circling smooth. You ask,
"What will it be when it is done?"
"A shaft for a young girl's grave." Both hands
Go back with a will to their sinewy play;
And he sings like a bird, as he swaying stands,
A rollicking stave of Love and May.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

AN EXTRACT.

"Follow you, the star that lights a dessert pathway. yours or mine—
Forward, till you see the highest; human nature is divine.
Follow light and do the right, for man can half control his doom,
Till you find the deathless angel seated in the vacant tomb.
Forward! Let the stormy moment fly and mingle with the past,
I that loathed have come to love him. Love will conquer at the last."

—*From Tennyson's Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.*

TWO PICTURES.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME, A SUBJECT DEAR TO THE HEART OF EVERY TRUE MAN.

In a recent publication was an engraving entitled "The Old Folks at Home." It represented an aged couple sitting together reading a letter which lay on the table before them. The aged mother, with a smiling face, was whispering something to the pleasant faced father. There must have been good news in that letter. It may have been from their boy—we are always boys and girls to father and mother—telling of his success thus far in the battle of life. Maybe it was from a loved daughter, writing to father and mother, telling them how much her little ones talked of grandpa and grandma. It was a beautiful picture of a subject dear to the heart of every true man and woman. The old folks at home, in this picture, were just what they should have been—happy. It was, aside from an artistic view, a picture that would attract and delight the eye.

Another picture is painted to the mind. It is the same subject. In place of smiles there are tears coursing down the furrowed cheeks. An expression of anxious care takes the place of pleasure, as they gaze on the letter before them. That letter contains bad news from those whom these two aged hearts, in the years gone by, had hoped would prove an honor and blessing to their father and mother in their old age. Now all this bright coloring of a happy old age gives way to the dark colors of life that make Death welcome and the grave a flowery bed of ease These are true pictures of the old folks at home in every community.

Looking at the aged mother's face, love for her child shines forth under all, no matter how trying, circumstances. In the criminal court of Chicago, recently, a young man was tried and convicted of a capital crime. The mother had sat with her boy all through the trial. She had heard all the evidence for and against him. She had listened to the arguments of counsel for and against her son, and when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty she could no longer retain herself and in her despair and excitement arose and denounced in frenzied words the court, hoping only to save her boy. Blinded by love that mother could see no ill in her son, though he belonged to that class of beings which infest all large cities. No one can estimate a mother's love. It descends deeper, it reaches higher, it is broader and more charitable than all things else of creation. No matter how low and depraved a child may become, mother's love goes out to that child with the same force as it would had that child grown up and the mother had realized all her fond hopes for its future.

How many young men who are away from the old folks at home think of mothers' love? When tempted to do a questionable act think of mother. If evil companions entice you it will help you to resist temptation. If the young men of America who are out in the world striving to make a competency would only keep the picture of the old folks at home, especially mother's picture, constantly in their hearts there would be fewer mothers laid to rest in broken hearted graves and much less crime to record. Boys, don't go back on the old folks at home. Stand firm by the principles mother taught, for it is to mother all credit is due for what good there is in us.—Milwaukee *Sun.*

WHAT THE CULTURE OF TOBACCO HAS DONE.

EDITOR PROGRESSIVE FARMER:—About six or eight years ago in conversation with two other farmers (tobacco raisers) on the subject of tobacco raising, I made the assertion that the culture of tobacco was the worse *curse* that had ever been introduced into North Carolina. They seemed to almost doubt the sanity of a man who would venture such an assertion. I asserted it because I believed it to be a stubborn fact and I believe the time has come when hundreds of others will (if they have not already) come to the same conclusion. Fifteen years ago the farmer as a class paid his way or he did not go. To-day the farmers of North Carolina owe to firms in *other* States hundreds of thousands of dollars, much of which I fear they will never be able to pay without sacrifice, for chemical fertilizers, another grand curse for which the culture of tobacco is responsible. Fifteen years ago when the farmer wanted to haul his grain or his pork to market he could do so during fine weather and over reasonably good roads, bringing back the cash for his product. Now he must haul his tobacco over the worst of roads during the worst of weather, take what he can get, no matter what it is worth, and goes back not loaded with the cash but with the very things he should raise at home, viz.: meat and bread, vowing he will never stick another plant at it next spring he will put out more than he did last.

How about our seasons? We once had seasonable summers and mild winters. Now in summer we are scorched by drouth and in winter frozen by blizzards. This is the fact. Where do we find the cause? Some years ago when many of the farmers had the Texas fever others said they would not live in a country so subject to drouth and sudden changes of temperature and yet these same farmers, in order to grow fine yellow tobacco, have with the axe in one hand and the fire brand in the other, made havoc with what should have been the pride of the old North State, her magnificent forests, and made North Carolina just such a country as they once vowed they would never inhabit.

Farmers, when, oh, when will you turn from your evil ways?

Show me ten farmers who have raised tobacco for ten years and I will show you seven out of the ten who are (all things considered) poorer than they were ten years ago. It is my honest conviction and I fear that time will prove me correct, that ten more years of reckless growing of tobacco and using commercial fertilizers will find North Carolina in a worse financial condition than she was at the close of the civil war.

TAR HEEL.

Dec. 16, 1886.

CURRENT COMMENT.

While both the President's message and Mr. Manning's report recommended measures of vigorous currency contradiction, each failed to make suggestions of any compensatory expedients for the preservation of the present volume of currency which the country finds at its first experiences of trade activity hardly adequate to its wants. The President recommended the suspension of silver coinage, and Mr. Manning the same, which in ten years would deprive the currency of additions amounting to $300,000,000. Mr Manning also urged the retirement of legal tender notes which in ten years would destroy $340,000,000 of circulating notes The national bank currency is being steadily retired, and under present laws the loss of $322,000,000 currency in this department is also a question of time, while the withdrawal of this circulation is even now continuous. The failure of those authoritative utterances to suggest any means of saving this circulation or of creating some new currency, while reccommending enormous contraction in other classes of currency, is certainly a most remarkable feature.—Louisville *Courier--Journal, Dem.*

Thirty thousand persons are suffering for the necessaries of life in the drouth district of Texas

THE LOST CAUSE.

THE ALLEGED NORTHWESTERN CONSPIRACY—SECRET SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

LOUISVILLE, KY., January 1.—The January number of the *Southern Bivouac* will contain a second paper on the "Northwestern Conspiracy." In this the writer devotes much space to a narrative of the efforts made by Jacob Thompson, "Special Commissioner of the Confederate States in Canada," in the summer of 1864, with a view to interesting prominent men of the North in furtherance of the peace policy, and this failing, to create discussion and disunion in the Northwest. Among the Northern men who went to Toronto to confer with Thompson was Judge Jeriah S. Black. Judge Black was anxious to find some plan that would lead to peace but his labor was fruitless. Thompson was also in communication with Vallandingham, who was at this time in Canada. Vallandingham explained to Thompson the character of the secret society of Sons of Liberty, of which he was Grand Commander. He assured Thompson that the Order was in all three hundred thousand strong. There were eighty-five thousand members, he said, in Illinois; fifty thousand in Indiana and forty thousand in Ohio. The Order owed its existence, it was claimed, to an apprehension that the progress of events was leading to military despotism, against which it was necessary to organize an army. Members of this association, the writer says, had no personal sympathy with the Confederates at all. They desired that war should cease; they did not believe in the constitutional right of secession, and thought it unwise and harsh; but they deprecated if they did not condemn secession. They had no wish to see the South successful by armed superiority, and while they wanted the Federal armies withdrawn from Southern territory, there were few of them who would have contributed in any way to a Confederate victory, or wished disaster to the Union armies in the field. We very soon discovered that this was the temper of these people and found it necessary to keep that fact in mind in all our dealings with them. There seemed to be hope on the part of some members of the order, however, and it was a frequent topic of discussion, of establishing a seperate Confederacy of the Northwestern States, but the great majority, so far as the Confederate Commissioners and their subordinates could discover the real and preponderant feelings, were animated notwithstanding their jealousy and dislike of Federal authority, by a strong desire to see the Union restored "as it was." Thompson and his fellow Commissioners endeavored in every way possible to foster the idea of a Northwestern Confederacy to act in concert with the Southern. The writer denies that President Davis was a member of the Order or had anything to do with drawing its Constitution.

PERSONAL.

The last book that General Logan read was the biography of Gen. R. E. Lee. He finished it the day before he was stricken down by his fatal sickness. —N. Y. *World.*

The largest legal fee ever obtained by Abraham Lincoln and his partner, Herndon, was one of $5,000 from the Illinois Central Railroad.—N. Y. *World.*

Gen. Logan is dead. He was a brave man and made a good soldier; but he lacked that magnanimity which would have adorned his character. Poor gentle man! he was never able to think kindly of the South or the "Rebels."—Norfolk *Landmark.*

Logan was too narrow-minded to be a patriot, and his pretentions to broad and enlightened statesmanship do not desire for him a reputation beyond that accorded the successful politician Even as this he was partisan and bitter.—Montgomery (Ala.) *Dispatch.*

The whole of the five persons who were taken to Paris by Dr. Eady, of Caterham to be treated by M. Pasteur after being bitten by a mad dog have returned to their respective homes, and are reported to be progressing favorably toward recovery.—*Galignani's Messenger of Paris.*

Miss Winnie Davis has met with marked and graceful attentions in the North during her visit. At a reception given to her near New Rochelle she was toasted. Then followed the "Star Spangled Banner," Miss Davis joining in the song. She bore herself admirably and because without subserviency. —Wilmington *Star.*

NORTH CAROLINA.

A NATIVE ARTIST AT WORK.

It is indeed and in truth a magic land, for here apples grow and ripen and mellow twice on the same tree in one year, for summer brings to these sun-kissed vales all of the sweetest and balmiest influence of its gorgeous and luxurient wealth, and scatters as her incense and her fondest tribute to this beautiful shrine of plenteous land—favored of God and loved of man. It is a land where the golden sunlight of morn, aroused by the merry prattle and rippling laughter of splashing rills, scatters the first sparking shadows of living light, and makes gorgeous with crimson splendor some of the loveliest vales that were ever stretched out beneath the broad canopy of Heaven. It is a land whose vales, treaded with silvery brooklets and dotted with flowery grottoes, make one dream of a new Florida, a new creation; where flowers grow in richest bloom and sweetest fragrance; where birds sing their merry roundelay from early morn till late at night, making the whole year vocal with notes of gladness, and causing portions of every month of Winter to resemble a flower-wreathed child of fragrant Spring.

It is a land where high mountain tops, catching all the crimson glories of gorgeous sunsets, preserve for man's delectation and rapture those exquisite tinting of beauty, seemingly made only for the visions of the best in the enchanted realms of Paradise. The scenes of beauty, seen in the jangled dell, the vine-draped grotto, and the crystal streams, as they gleam in all the wild magnificence of their frost wrought coloring, would dazzle and bewilder the brains of all the Claude Lorraines who ever painted with enchanted brush the rich creations of their poetic bosoms.

Yes, it is a land rich in scenes like these, for here nature absolutely seems to empty all the paint pots of heaven on the landscape. Earth does her most gorgeous apparelling of myriad hued tapestry. Creation seems bathed in prismatic splendors. The forests, rejoicing in her new outfit of endless varied and bespangled toggery, toss their heads jauntily, swing their long arms, bend, scrape and chuckle, and put on as many airs as ladies at a rural ball. The redbud blushes at the wooing of jolly Jack Frost, who comes pinching her cheek and nipping her nose with the rollicking insolence of a true devilmay care. The willows and cotton woods, aspen and laurels, in their delicate draperies of green and gold, flutter and simper with coquettish delight at the whispering of the amorous breeze.—Wilson *Mirror.*

BRIEFS ADRIFT.

Violent earthquake shocks are reported in Western Maryland, causing great alarm, but no damage.

Three hundred persons perished in a fire at Madras, British India, on Dec. 31st, 1886.

The shipments of Christmas presents to New York was so great that they could not be delivered by the express companies, who Saturday had nearly one million packages awaiting delivery.

The day set by Gov. Lee of Virginia, for the execution of Cluverius is Jan. 14.

In bedford county, Va., Christmas day some boys tied a package of lighted fire-crackers to the tail of a dog, near Professor H. H. Meredith's barn. The dog ran into the barn and the fire-crackers set fire to the building. The building was burned, with twenty-five barrels of corn and forage, and the professor barely saved his cattle and horses.

The severest snow storm ever known in Great Britain has been sweeping England during the past twenty-four hours. Trains are blocked over all roads, and travel in many instances entirely suspended. Telegraph wires have been prostrated in every direction, and for several hours London was entirely cut from communication with the outside world.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S HORSE.—The frame of "Old Sorrell," the horse Stonewall Jackson rode on the ill-fated field of Chancellorsville, has been mounted by a taxidermist who, it is said, is now exhibiting it somewhere in the north. "Old Sorrel," it will be remembered, died at the soldier's home some months ago, and his frame will be placed somewhere at the home as soon as the taxidermist brings it back to Richmond. —Ex.

OUR STATE CONTEMPORARIES.

To begin then with our highest court. They should provide for the amendment of our State Constitution so as to add two more Judges to the present number. The business of the court has increased to such an extent that the labor is too great for three persons to perform, with the thorough and careful consideration which all of its adjudications should receive. The decisions of our highest court ought to be carefully made, and thoroughly and maturely considered before they are published for the guidance and government of the inferior courts and the public. The judicial districts of the State ought to be reformed so that courts of adjoining counties should conflict with each other as little as possible. This could be accomplished by establishing an inferior system of courts upon as permanent a basis as the Superior Courts are now established, and not dependent as the late Inferior Courts were, upon the whim and caprice of selfish politicians and unprincipled demagogues. We have had enough local option legislation, and the worst of which was that which applied to our courts of justice. Our judiciary ought to be independent, and as far removed as possible from the corrupt atmosphere of politics.—*Goldsboro Messenger.*

In the language of the statute, "the ends of justice, public morals and the preservation of order demand that the execution of capital offenders should be made private." We have no hesitation in saying that the statute is right. Public executions tend to corrupt morals pervert judgment and inspire vicious passions. Of course there is a horrid interest attaching to the hanging of a human being, and there are thousands who would like to see it. Those who go to witness such scenes expect to see something that will horrify their better feelings, and they generally resort to stimulants to brace up their nerves. We all know the bad effects of whiskey upon a crowd, and we can hardly conceive it to be possible that a crowd should go away from such a place better and wiser. There was perhaps nothing that tended to debauch the morals of the old Romans so much as their fierce and cruel gladiatorial contests on the arena. This final act of the penal law ought to be invested with proper solemnity. This cannot be done in public.—*Pittsboro Home.*

There are writers who are hopeful that the time will come when human life will be very greatly extended. Sanitation and medical science, it is hoped will yet increase the average of life permanently and greatly. To justify such an expectation the city of Birmingham, England, is pointed to. In 1871, it had 344,9[illegible]0 inhabitants, and 41 persons to every acre. In 1885, the population had grown to 427,769, and 51 persons to each acre. But the health has been better and the death rate lower. In 1871 the deaths numbered 8,695; in 1885, but 8,156, although the population was some 85,000 more. The actual saving in deaths for three years was 17,715. That is what good sanitation and science did. Here is a lesson for all cities, towns and villiages.—Wilmington *Star.*

Senator Vance has introduced a bill in the Senate for the repeal of the Civil Service law. We hope the Senator will keep hammering away on this manifestly unjust end un-Democratic measures until it shall have been wiped from the statute books.—*Albemarle Observer.*

One of the saddest objects we are apt to see is a heart broken by afflictions and without confidence in God. The mind is in such a case is the cunning instrument of its own torture. It preys upon itself with a cruel voracity. It is not only despair, but despair armed with a deathless sting. To the inflamed imagination Providence wears the aspect of a capricious tyrant ever sporting with the sensibilities of its helpless victims.—Charlotte *Church Messenger.*

Speaker Carlisle thinks there will be no legislation this winter to reduce the revenue. The time is too short and there is too much disagreement on both sides of the House. "The American people," he says, "cannot be made to realize a situation until it is actually upon them."

Gen. Roger A. Pryor [illegible] in New York soon after the war without a dollar, and with no introduction save his reputation. He acquired almost immediately a good practice, which has steadily grown, until it now brings him $20,000 a year.