

The New North State

THE FEDERAL UNION—IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.—[ANDREW JACKSON.]

VOL. 1.

GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1872

NO. 9.

New North State

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT
GREENSBORO, N. C.
BY
JOSEPH H. FETZER.
Office—Tate Building UP STAIRS—entrance on South Elm.
TERMS:
One year, \$2.00
Six Months, 1.00
Three Months, .60
SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS
INvariably in Advance.
Advertising Rates:
One Square, first insertion, 50 cts.
Each subsequent insertion, 25 cts.
One Square three months, 1.50
One Square six months, 2.50
One Square twelve months, 4.00
One Column, first insertion, 1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .50
Three months, 2.50
Six months, 4.00
One year, 7.00
Half Column and Column advertisements reduced on proper discount.
The lines of one inch lengthwise of the column constitute squares.
Special Notices 50 per cent. higher than above rates.
Count Notices, 15 words \$7.00; Magistrates, four weeks \$2.00 in advance.
Yearly advertisements changed quarterly if desired.
Transient advertisements payable in advance. Yearly advertisements payable in advance.

CITY DIRECTORY.

RAIL-ROAD TIME TABLES.

NORTH CAROLINA R. R.
Mail going East arrives 7.10 p.m., leaves 7.30 p.m.
West 2.00 a.m., 2.00 a.m.
Express East 10.45 a.m., 11.03 a.m.
West 1.44 p.m., 2.00 p.m.
Freight East 6.55 a.m., 6.50 a.m.
West 7.50 p.m., 7.50 p.m.
Mail Train going East at 7.10, takes supper at Greensboro. Freight to Greensboro at 11.15 p.m. and 11.15 p.m. for Greensboro and Raleigh for the convenience of passengers. Express trains carry no Company shops.

RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. R.
Mail Train from Richmond arrives 1.12 p.m.
Through Passenger Train from Richmond 1.25 p.m.
Passenger Train from Richmond 11.05 a.m.
Mail Train 7.50 p.m.
Sleeping Car from Richmond to Charlotte on Mail Trains.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL (South).—Rev. J. A. Chittenden.—Services, Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Prayer Meeting, Thursday 7 p.m.
Presbyterian.—Rev. J. Henry Smith.—Sunday, services as above. Lecture, Wednesday at 7 p.m.
Baptist.—Rev. J. B. Richardson.—Services, 1st, 2d and 3d Sundays of each month at 11 a.m., and 7 p.m. at Old Fellows Hall.—Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7 p.m.
Episcopal.—Rev. J. P. Joyner.—Every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 4 p.m., except Third Sunday of the month.
Presbyterian (Colored).—Rev. Jas. F. Crisp.—Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Methodist Episcopal (Colored).—Rev. W. S. Morgan.—Sunday, services as above. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday at 7 p.m.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

MASONIC.
Elihu Lodge, No. 216, meets the second Saturday of each month, at 7 p.m.
Galesville Lodge, No. 78, meets the first Saturday of each month, at 7 p.m.
Charlotte Chapter, No. 13, meets the third Friday of each month, at 7 p.m.
Greenboro Council, Royal and S. L. Meigs, meets the fourth Wednesday of each month, at 9 p.m.
I. O. O. F., No. 21, meets every Tuesday, at 7 p.m.
Passaic Encampment, No. 10, meets the second Friday of each month, at 7 p.m.
We would thank Pastors, Officers of Lodges and others interested, to notify us of any changes necessary to be made.

Business Cards.

PETER H. ADAMS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
(Opposite Express Office, Greensboro, N. C.)
W. S. BALE, THOMAS B. BROWN,
BALL & KROGH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
(Office North of Court House) Greensboro, N. C.

JAMES W. ALBRIGHT,

COMMERCIAL BROKER,
And Auctioneer,
Alamont's Block, on East Market Street.
Keeps constantly on hand QUEENSLAND, Crush, Spiced Apples, Mince-Meat, Sauces, Cheese, Crackers, Sausages, and a full line of Confectioneries and Fancy Groceries.
C. W. OGBURN,
BOOK STORE,
Opposite the Court House, Greensboro, N. C.

R. G. & W. L. CALUM,

22 East Market Street, Greensboro, N. C.
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals.
FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES,
Sponges, Perfumery, &c.
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and dispatch. Foreign and Domestic Medicines from the country will be sent to the best advantage. Complete warranted genuine, and of the best quality.
J. P. VALENTINE,
FIRST-CLASS BARBER
(Opposite Bazaar House),
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Ladies' Switches curled at reasonable charges.
E. KING, Sr.,
PREMIUM DYE,
And Cleaner,
720 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

POETRY.

Endurance.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh;
Death chooses his own time; fill that is sworn
At evils may be borne.
We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life,
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal.
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also, can be borne.
We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray—
But when the blow falls, then our fears are still.
Not that the pain's of its sharpness shorn—
But that it can be borne.
We will not live about another life—
We hold it dear, dearer than our own—
Anon it stains and falls in drizzling rain,
Leaving a faint, and distinctly seen,
But all we do as those who mourn—
This also, can be borne.
Behold! we live through all things—famine,
Grief, and sorrow—
Reverence, pain, all grief and misery,
All we and sorrow—
On soul and body—we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and faint, and
All things—
Let all things can be borne!

SELECTED.

How I Was Sutured.

I was sitting in my study, reading
Moliere, when she entered the room—
Perfectly unannounced.
"I looked up and saw an angel in
white Marseilles, bounded faintly blue
last, about the size of a snuff-bottle,
to one side in a most touching
heart-breaking manner; and she wore
cream-colored kid, and carried a white
pony—taken all in all, a fair
She smiled at me and held out her
hand.
"I took it mechanically. Who did
this mean?
She pointed at those cherry lips;
she stamped her little No. 1 impetuously
on the floor.
"You don't seem very glad to
see me," she said, pettishly.
I murmured that I was delighted.
Entranced. So I went such vision out
were not of every day occurrence.
"Well," said she, gleefully, "that's your
comfort! Now, they told me that you
would receive me—that I would be
turned out of doors."
"Reptile!" said I.
"But I came—and you are not angry?"
"Angry!"
"I could say no more."
Then she walked up and down the
room.
"How do you like my dress?" she
asked, revolving before me, as if on a
pivot.
I murmured something about "angelic
simplicity."
"I did not," she said, half doubt-
fully, "to get dressed of gray satin, with
the underskirt out, as usual, and the
train tucked up into a jannier—
That, with a pretty little sash with
open sleeves, trimmed to match the un-
dressed would be nice, wouldn't it?"
"I murmure an unqualified assent,
not that I understood what she was
talking about, but she uttered the full
description in my breath; but then I
didn't know what I was saying."
"But," said she, "I bought this Mar-
seilles because like it. Don't you?"
"I admire your taste," I said faintly;
for I was fast losing my senses, though
wondering as to who and what she was.
"You're a dear good fellow," said
she, rapturously, and I know we'll get
on famously together."
So she intended to stay here! I
was getting into very deep water.
"Now then," she continued, "show
me some place to put my things, and
then you and I will have a talk."
I mechanically pointed out a small
room opening out of the library. She
hurried in, I sat in a statue carved
from adamant. Deeper water.
Presently she returned, divested of
her hat, pony and kid.
She cast a searching glance around
the library.
"Horrid dirty!" she said, disdainful-
ly, "when has it been cleaned?"
"About a year ago," said I meekly.
She gave vent to a pretty little
scream.
"A year? Shocking! Oh, I couldn't
sit down in a room that hasn't been
cleaned for a year! This must be put
to rights."
She said this in a very determined
tone, and went to work. She swept
my linen coat into an arm-chair, and

GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1872

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD SNOW BOUND.

The N. Y. Times, in an editorial article, gives an account of the recent Snow-blockade on the Pacific Railway in the course of which the following "novel rather than agreeable experiences" are related:
Happily, in no instance did coal or wood and water give out; of these there was always abundance. But as regards food, matters were different. No one actually starved to death, but many must have been uncomfortably near it. It is hard to make five days' supply else out to twenty, and this with a view of the numerous animals that problem that had to be solved. Of course, there are the "section eating-houses"—the Mugby-Junction restaurants of our great plains; but in these, at the best of times, the fare is of doubtful excellence, and their regular supplies being cut off by the storm, what was had in quantity became almost nothing in quality. One train was furnished by the Railroad Company with the curious provender of "halibut and crackers," on which many people for days subsisted. Black coffee and bread were sometimes to be had, and a few lucky souls had elk and antelope steaks fried in pork fat. Occasionally an enterprising wayfarer would get a "square meal" by gaining the favor of a telegraph operator, or some other potent official along the road. Some unfortunate was, either from motives of economy, or because they could not be otherwise served, had no berth in the sleeping-cars, had to pass all the nights for three weeks in day cars. The discomfort of this, added to the deprivation of food, may be easily imagined. Yet there seems to have been little sickness and much hilarity. Whist parties were got up, and the time was enlivened by song and story-telling. The festivities revealed their climax at Percy, where two balls were held in the back part of a grocery-store. The music was furnished by a guitar, a mouth harmonicon and a fine-tooth comb; and on the authority of a Chicago journal, it is said to have been "the programme," which consisted of round and fancy dances, was practised until a late hour.
The company thus forced for so long a time upon each others' society was an amusingly diversified character. There were United States Senators, Court, and other dignitaries, a Russian floorer, an English Consul, and a distinguished clergyman of a denomination. Then there were various business men, in several instances to get to their engagements East; several parties grievously troubled by the day; Californians, going to their friends to pass Christmas and New-Year, who had not done the like since the "bad days," and the usual array of wandering and fretting children. Happily all got through in safety. No one was starved, or frozen, or scalped, and none were worse, save by loss of time, for the adventure. The Railway Company should take care, however, that this season such adventures do not happen again. Mere sheds with open sides, afford little protection against drifting, and it is clear that these structures, in exposed places, should be provided with walls as well as roofs. This will be costly work, no doubt, to make such provision; but after all, the line track most likely to be snow-bound, comparatively short, and it certainly must prove more expensive to the Company to have their trains detained, than they have been this winter, than to pay for what will insure their running "on time."

THE MARSHALLISE HYMN.

The words and music are both attributed to Rouget de Lisle, a French officer of Engineers, who composed the request of Marshal Luchow, in 1791, to cheer the conscripts at Strasburg. It received its name from a body of troops from Mar-
Paris in 1792, played
was not then much
Doomsday
This book, which
sacred to in English
giving the result of
of England in the re-
near the close of the
was the tax book of
tended as a regu-
determine the right
The original
the Chapter
boy, and
is still preserved
times relating to
of the public
The words and music are both attributed to Rouget de Lisle, a French officer of Engineers, who composed the request of Marshal Luchow, in 1791, to cheer the conscripts at Strasburg. It received its name from a body of troops from Mar-
Paris in 1792, played
was not then much
Doomsday
This book, which
sacred to in English
giving the result of
of England in the re-
near the close of the
was the tax book of
tended as a regu-
determine the right
The original
the Chapter
boy, and
is still preserved
times relating to
of the public

Saturdays and Sundays.

Saturday.—Snow, rain, wind, and mud! "John, it is a very unpleasant morning; you must wrap up well, and take care of yourself."
"O, never fear me; I shall put on a water proof and thick boots, and trudge through it; if Saturdays will be wet, there is nothing for it but to put up with them."
Sunday.—Snow, rain, wind, and mud!
"John, it is a very unpleasant morning again; I suppose you will not venture out this morning."
"No; I don't think it would be right. It's such catch-cold weather, really, one needs to take care of one's self, and it would be wrong to brave such a morning as this."
Saturday.—"You look very tired this morning, John."
"O, no, nothing to speak of. Besides we must give way to it; I have a busy day. There will be a good market, and I must make the most of it."
Sunday.—"You look very tired this morning, John."
"Yes, I am tired, I shall rest to day, I think, instead of going to church. A nap on the sofa will do me good. It's a special sermon, I remember, but that can't be helped."
Saturday.—"O, Mr. Smith, I'm sorry to come so late! But here's a gentleman want's to give you an order. You're tired to-night, I dare say, but—"
"O, not at all, not at all. I'll be with you in a minute. O, no, never felt less tired. Certainly, most happy to come."
Sunday.—"O, Mr. Smith, very sorry to disturb you; but we are very much in want of a teacher this afternoon. Could you oblige us? You are tired, no doubt, but it is in a good cause."
"Well, really, no, I cannot; I am thoroughly tired out. You must try and find some one who is not so much engaged through the week."
Saturday.—"Mr. Smith, there is a meeting of townmen to night, to talk over some improvements; the mayor hopes you will be there."
to attend, though it is my busiest evening."
Sunday.—"Mr. Smith, there is a prayer meeting to night; we are told to meet the Master at the mercy seat; shall we have the pleasure of seeing you?"
"Thank you, no. I must go to attend."
An Enoch Arden appeared in Newton, Conn., Saturday evening, and learned from the lips of a neighbor the old, old story. Starting out into the darkness he submissively remarked: "The ways of Providence are past finding out," and borrowing a dollar from his informant, immediately departed.

Disease and Carelessness.

There can be no doubt that carelessness is the origin of most diseases. Medical men also hold that foolish people who follow their own whims have hardly a chance of recovery when visited by serious disease. Nine-tenths of the doctor's work would be done if people were only consistently prudent and cautious. Only it is so hard to be habitually cautious. On many occasions a man may be most elaborately prudent, then, to his utter astonishment, he dangerously imperils his health by some startling impropriety. When he has used every imaginable pains he is always amenable to the force of accident. There is another plausible theory, antagonistic to the one we have named, to the effect that every man has the seeds of some particular disease in his constitution, and some trifling accident will have for him the same effect as a match falling upon gunpowder.
Medical men explain this on theories of constitutional tendencies, or of some poison latent in the system. The fatal accident to one man is the merest incident to another. Two men while walking get well soaked by the rain. "Nothing," says the rich, "awful rich!" "What does he for a living?" "He is a gentleman?" "Behold!" "What a dog or a duck might do, and other enjoys his shower bath than not." "The other man is taken ill of inflammation of the lungs, and probably dies." "Doctors can't explain the difference," says the poor, "and they would be puzzled to give a satisfactory account of the phenomenon itself. They indeed generally explain theories more or less plausible, and practice has not built upon theory; and theory has doubt, sacrificed a number of lives. Yet medicine must have its vulgar. I stepped him on the shoulder, and he said, 'Your niece, Mr. Floyd, I still and I commenced to explain, when he cut me short.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD SNOW BOUND.

The N. Y. Times, in an editorial article, gives an account of the recent Snow-blockade on the Pacific Railway in the course of which the following "novel rather than agreeable experiences" are related:
Happily, in no instance did coal or wood and water give out; of these there was always abundance. But as regards food, matters were different. No one actually starved to death, but many must have been uncomfortably near it. It is hard to make five days' supply else out to twenty, and this with a view of the numerous animals that problem that had to be solved. Of course, there are the "section eating-houses"—the Mugby-Junction restaurants of our great plains; but in these, at the best of times, the fare is of doubtful excellence, and their regular supplies being cut off by the storm, what was had in quantity became almost nothing in quality. One train was furnished by the Railroad Company with the curious provender of "halibut and crackers," on which many people for days subsisted. Black coffee and bread were sometimes to be had, and a few lucky souls had elk and antelope steaks fried in pork fat. Occasionally an enterprising wayfarer would get a "square meal" by gaining the favor of a telegraph operator, or some other potent official along the road. Some unfortunate was, either from motives of economy, or because they could not be otherwise served, had no berth in the sleeping-cars, had to pass all the nights for three weeks in day cars. The discomfort of this, added to the deprivation of food, may be easily imagined. Yet there seems to have been little sickness and much hilarity. Whist parties were got up, and the time was enlivened by song and story-telling. The festivities revealed their climax at Percy, where two balls were held in the back part of a grocery-store. The music was furnished by a guitar, a mouth harmonicon and a fine-tooth comb; and on the authority of a Chicago journal, it is said to have been "the programme," which consisted of round and fancy dances, was practised until a late hour.
The company thus forced for so long a time upon each others' society was an amusingly diversified character. There were United States Senators, Court, and other dignitaries, a Russian floorer, an English Consul, and a distinguished clergyman of a denomination. Then there were various business men, in several instances to get to their engagements East; several parties grievously troubled by the day; Californians, going to their friends to pass Christmas and New-Year, who had not done the like since the "bad days," and the usual array of wandering and fretting children. Happily all got through in safety. No one was starved, or frozen, or scalped, and none were worse, save by loss of time, for the adventure. The Railway Company should take care, however, that this season such adventures do not happen again. Mere sheds with open sides, afford little protection against drifting, and it is clear that these structures, in exposed places, should be provided with walls as well as roofs. This will be costly work, no doubt, to make such provision; but after all, the line track most likely to be snow-bound, comparatively short, and it certainly must prove more expensive to the Company to have their trains detained, than they have been this winter, than to pay for what will insure their running "on time."

THE MARSHALLISE HYMN.

The words and music are both attributed to Rouget de Lisle, a French officer of Engineers, who composed the request of Marshal Luchow, in 1791, to cheer the conscripts at Strasburg. It received its name from a body of troops from Mar-
Paris in 1792, played
was not then much
Doomsday
This book, which
sacred to in English
giving the result of
of England in the re-
near the close of the
was the tax book of
tended as a regu-
determine the right
The original
the Chapter
boy, and
is still preserved
times relating to
of the public
The words and music are both attributed to Rouget de Lisle, a French officer of Engineers, who composed the request of Marshal Luchow, in 1791, to cheer the conscripts at Strasburg. It received its name from a body of troops from Mar-
Paris in 1792, played
was not then much
Doomsday
This book, which
sacred to in English
giving the result of
of England in the re-
near the close of the
was the tax book of
tended as a regu-
determine the right
The original
the Chapter
boy, and
is still preserved
times relating to
of the public

Disease and Carelessness.

There can be no doubt that carelessness is the origin of most diseases. Medical men also hold that foolish people who follow their own whims have hardly a chance of recovery when visited by serious disease. Nine-tenths of the doctor's work would be done if people were only consistently prudent and cautious. Only it is so hard to be habitually cautious. On many occasions a man may be most elaborately prudent, then, to his utter astonishment, he dangerously imperils his health by some startling impropriety. When he has used every imaginable pains he is always amenable to the force of accident. There is another plausible theory, antagonistic to the one we have named, to the effect that every man has the seeds of some particular disease in his constitution, and some trifling accident will have for him the same effect as a match falling upon gunpowder.
Medical men explain this on theories of constitutional tendencies, or of some poison latent in the system. The fatal accident to one man is the merest incident to another. Two men while walking get well soaked by the rain. "Nothing," says the rich, "awful rich!" "What does he for a living?" "He is a gentleman?" "Behold!" "What a dog or a duck might do, and other enjoys his shower bath than not." "The other man is taken ill of inflammation of the lungs, and probably dies." "Doctors can't explain the difference," says the poor, "and they would be puzzled to give a satisfactory account of the phenomenon itself. They indeed generally explain theories more or less plausible, and practice has not built upon theory; and theory has doubt, sacrificed a number of lives. Yet medicine must have its vulgar. I stepped him on the shoulder, and he said, 'Your niece, Mr. Floyd, I still and I commenced to explain, when he cut me short.

Saturdays and Sundays.

Saturday.—Snow, rain, wind, and mud! "John, it is a very unpleasant morning; you must wrap up well, and take care of yourself."
"O, never fear me; I shall put on a water proof and thick boots, and trudge through it; if Saturdays will be wet, there is nothing for it but to put up with them."
Sunday.—Snow, rain, wind, and mud!
"John, it is a very unpleasant morning again; I suppose you will not venture out this morning."
"No; I don't think it would be right. It's such catch-cold weather, really, one needs to take care of one's self, and it would be wrong to brave such a morning as this."
Saturday.—"You look very tired this morning, John."
"O, no, nothing to speak of. Besides we must give way to it; I have a busy day. There will be a good market, and I must make the most of it."
Sunday.—"You look very tired this morning, John."
"Yes, I am tired, I shall rest to day, I think, instead of going to church. A nap on the sofa will do me good. It's a special sermon, I remember, but that can't be helped."
Saturday.—"O, Mr. Smith, I'm sorry to come so late! But here's a gentleman want's to give you an order. You're tired to-night, I dare say, but—"
"O, not at all, not at all. I'll be with you in a minute. O, no, never felt less tired. Certainly, most happy to come."
Sunday.—"O, Mr. Smith, very sorry to disturb you; but we are very much in want of a teacher this afternoon. Could you oblige us? You are tired, no doubt, but it is in a good cause."
"Well, really, no, I cannot; I am thoroughly tired out. You must try and find some one who is not so much engaged through the week."
Saturday.—"Mr. Smith, there is a meeting of townmen to night, to talk over some improvements; the mayor hopes you will be there."
to attend, though it is my busiest evening."
Sunday.—"Mr. Smith, there is a prayer meeting to night; we are told to meet the Master at the mercy seat; shall we have the pleasure of seeing you?"
"Thank you, no. I must go to attend."
An Enoch Arden appeared in Newton, Conn., Saturday evening, and learned from the lips of a neighbor the old, old story. Starting out into the darkness he submissively remarked: "The ways of Providence are past finding out," and borrowing a dollar from his informant, immediately departed.

Disease and Carelessness.

There can be no doubt that carelessness is the origin of most diseases. Medical men also hold that foolish people who follow their own whims have hardly a chance of recovery when visited by serious disease. Nine-tenths of the doctor's work would be done if people were only consistently prudent and cautious. Only it is so hard to be habitually cautious. On many occasions a man may be most elaborately prudent, then, to his utter astonishment, he dangerously imperils his health by some startling impropriety. When he has used every imaginable pains he is always amenable to the force of accident. There is another plausible theory, antagonistic to the one we have named, to the effect that every man has the seeds of some particular disease in his constitution, and some trifling accident will have for him the same effect as a match falling upon gunpowder.
Medical men explain this on theories of constitutional tendencies, or of some poison latent in the system. The fatal accident to one man is the merest incident to another. Two men while walking get well soaked by the rain. "Nothing," says the rich, "awful rich!" "What does he for a living?" "He is a gentleman?" "Behold!" "What a dog or a duck might do, and other enjoys his shower bath than not." "The other man is taken ill of inflammation of the lungs, and probably dies." "Doctors can't explain the difference," says the poor, "and they would be puzzled to give a satisfactory account of the phenomenon itself. They indeed generally explain theories more or less plausible, and practice has not built upon theory; and theory has doubt, sacrificed a number of lives. Yet medicine must have its vulgar. I stepped him on the shoulder, and he said, 'Your niece, Mr. Floyd, I still and I commenced to explain, when he cut me short.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD SNOW BOUND.

The N. Y. Times, in an editorial article, gives an account of the recent Snow-blockade on the Pacific Railway in the course of which the following "novel rather than agreeable experiences" are related:
Happily, in no instance did coal or wood and water give out; of these there was always abundance. But as regards food, matters were different. No one actually starved to death, but many must have been uncomfortably near it. It is hard to make five days' supply else out to twenty, and this with a view of the numerous animals that problem that had to be solved. Of course, there are the "section eating-houses"—the Mugby-Junction restaurants of our great plains; but in these, at the best of times, the fare is of doubtful excellence, and their regular supplies being cut off by the storm, what was had in quantity became almost nothing in quality. One train was furnished by the Railroad Company with the curious provender of "halibut and crackers," on which many people for days subsisted. Black coffee and bread were sometimes to be had, and a few lucky souls had elk and antelope steaks fried in pork fat. Occasionally an enterprising wayfarer would get a "square meal" by gaining the favor of a telegraph operator, or some other potent official along the road. Some unfortunate was, either from motives of economy, or because they could not be otherwise served, had no berth in the sleeping-cars, had to pass all the nights for three weeks in day cars. The discomfort of this, added to the deprivation of food, may be easily imagined. Yet there seems to have been little sickness and much hilarity. Whist parties were got up, and the time was enlivened by song and story-telling. The festivities revealed their climax at Percy, where two balls were held in the back part of a grocery-store. The music was furnished by a guitar, a mouth harmonicon and a fine-tooth comb; and on the authority of a Chicago journal, it is said to have been "the programme," which consisted of round and fancy dances, was practised until a late hour.
The company thus forced for so long a time upon each others' society was an amusingly diversified character. There were United States Senators, Court, and other dignitaries, a Russian floorer, an English Consul, and a distinguished clergyman of a denomination. Then there were various business men, in several instances to get to their engagements East; several parties grievously troubled by the day; Californians, going to their friends to pass Christmas and New-Year, who had not done the like since the "bad days," and the usual array of wandering and fretting children. Happily all got through in safety. No one was starved, or frozen, or scalped, and none were worse, save by loss of time, for the adventure. The Railway Company should take care, however, that this season such adventures do not happen again. Mere sheds with open sides, afford little protection against drifting, and it is clear that these structures, in exposed places, should be provided with walls as well as roofs. This will be costly work, no doubt, to make such provision; but after all, the line track most likely to be snow-bound, comparatively short, and it certainly must prove more expensive to the Company to have their trains detained, than they have been this winter, than to pay for what will insure their running "on time."

THE MARSHALLISE HYMN.

The words and music are both attributed to Rouget de Lisle, a French officer of Engineers, who composed the request of Marshal Luchow, in 1791, to cheer the conscripts at Strasburg. It received its name from a body of troops from Mar-
Paris in 1792, played
was not then much
Doomsday
This book, which
sacred to in English
giving the result of
of England in the re-
near the close of the
was the tax book of
tended as a regu-
determine the right
The original
the Chapter
boy, and
is still preserved
times relating to
of the public
The words and music are both attributed to Rouget de Lisle, a French officer of Engineers, who composed the request of Marshal Luchow, in 1791, to cheer the conscripts at Strasburg. It received its name from a body of troops from Mar-
Paris in 1792, played
was not then much
Doomsday
This book, which
sacred to in English
giving the result of
of England in the re-
near the close of the
was the tax book of
tended as a regu-
determine the right
The original
the Chapter
boy, and
is still preserved
times relating to
of the public

Disease and Carelessness.

There can be no doubt that carelessness is the origin of most diseases. Medical men also hold that foolish people who follow their own whims have hardly a chance of recovery when visited by serious disease. Nine-tenths of the doctor's work would be done if people were only consistently prudent and cautious. Only it is so hard to be habitually cautious. On many occasions a man may be most elaborately prudent, then, to his utter astonishment, he dangerously imperils his health by some startling impropriety. When he has used every imaginable pains he is always amenable to the force of accident. There is another plausible theory, antagonistic to the one we have named, to the effect that every man has the seeds of some particular disease in his constitution, and some trifling accident will have for him the same effect as a match falling upon gunpowder.
Medical men explain this on theories of constitutional tendencies, or of some poison latent in the system. The fatal accident to one man is the merest incident to another. Two men while walking get well soaked by the rain. "Nothing," says the rich, "awful rich!" "What does he for a living?" "He is a gentleman?" "Behold!" "What a dog or a duck might do, and other enjoys his shower bath than not." "The other man is taken ill of inflammation of the lungs, and probably dies." "Doctors can't explain the difference," says the poor, "and they would be puzzled to give a satisfactory account of the phenomenon itself. They indeed generally explain theories more or less plausible, and practice has not built upon theory; and theory has doubt, sacrificed a number of lives. Yet medicine must have its vulgar. I stepped him on the shoulder, and he said, 'Your niece, Mr. Floyd, I still and I commenced to explain, when he cut me short.