

The Greensboro Patriot

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THE IMPROVED TENNESSEE WAGON



The CHEAPEST and BEST in the Market. Sold and Warrented by J. & C. LEWIS, Jan 7, 1880-6m Greensboro, N. C.

FURNITURE - CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, ETC. W. R. FORBES & BRO., Greensboro, N. C. John T. Humphreys, Of the Universities of Berlin, Prussia and Madrid, Spain. Late Naturalist and Entomologist to the (Department of Agr.) State of Ga., Cor. Mem. Buffalo (N. Y.) Acad. Nat. Sciences. Mineral lands examined and analyses of ores furnished. Insects injurious to the Farm, Garden and Orchard, determined, with the most effectual methods for their destruction given on application. Minerals, Insects, Reptiles and Arch Reptiles described, with their uses and applications.

For Sale, RENT OR LEASE. The House and Lot, Corner of Edgewood and West Market Streets is for sale or lease on favorable terms. GEO. DONNELL, Apply to OR W. C. PORTER, at Drug Store, Jan. 28.

JUST RECEIVED AT HEADQUARTERS FOR HARDWARE, 100 Double Shovels, General Hardware! and a good assortment of Cook Stoves, Plows, HOES, RAKES, & Co. Remember the place: W. H. WAKEFIELD & CO., Hardware Store in McAdoo House, GREENSBORO, N. C. Feb. 11, 1880.

JAMES P. HAYES, Dealer in COTTON, HIDES, FURS, WOOL, Beeswax, Tallow, Sheep, Goat and Dried Skins, Old Metals, Dried Fruit, Peas, Bones, Rags, Factory Waste, &c., RALEIGH, N. C. Refers to Raleigh National Bank and State National Bank, Raleigh, N. C.

J. S. WESTBROOK & CO., Proprietors of The Old North State Nurseries, West 20 reliable men to canvas this year for the sale of their large and well selected stock of Fruit Trees, Vines, &c. They know offer the large English Everbearing Mulberry Trees in quantities very low for cash. Address them at their Nurseries, Dupont County, N. C. J. S. WESTBROOK & CO., Jan. 14, 1880.

WORTH & HAMMOND, BUSH HILL, N. C. DEALERS IN LUMBER, & Co. We have now on hand 125,000 Feet of DRIED LUMBER, which we will sell at satisfactory prices. All orders will receive prompt attention. Location of Mills convenient to the North Carolina Division of the Federal Government. Solely authorized agent at Bush Hill, N. C. Correspondence solicited. WORTH & HAMMOND, Feb. 18-6m.

Lynch's Select School, HIGH POINT, N. C. An English, Mathematical, Classical, Commercial and Scientific Academy. Maj. W. B. LYNCH, A. M., PRINCIPAL. B. F. REID, A. M., ASSISTANT. Spring Session of 1880 begins Jan. 21st. For circulars address the Principal, Dec. 17, 1879.

NEW JEWELRY AND WATCH ESTABLISHMENT To the People of Greensboro and surrounding country. Having opened in your midst a first-class Watch-Making and Jewelry Store, respectfully ask a share of your patronage. Having served a long apprenticeship with one of the most celebrated Watch and chronometer makers in the country, and having had thirty years experience in this business, I confidently believe I can give entire satisfaction to all who may entrust their work to my care. I shall keep constantly on hand a Good Assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of all kinds, Spectacles, Silver and Plated Ware, and Everything in my Line. Fine Gold Rings and Hair Jewelry Made to Order. My Store is in the Bank Store of C. D. Yates under the Benbow House. Old Gold and Silver Bought or Taken in Exchange. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 7, 1879-1y.

Petition to sell Land to pay Debt. Wm L. Kirkman, Adm'r of Mahald Wood, dec'd. Cyrus Wood, Richard Wood, Linberry Wood, James C. Wood, Linnville Wood, Joshua Wood and Mitty Wood. Upon affidavit filed it is adjudged that the said land should be sold and the proceeds therefrom applied to the payment of the debt of the said land. It is therefore ordered that publication be made in the Greensboro Patriot, a newspaper printed in the city of Greensboro for six consecutive weeks, for said Defendants Cyrus Wood, Richard Wood, Linberry Wood and James C. Wood, to be and appear at the Clerk's office in Greensboro within the time prescribed by law and answer or demur to the Petition filed or the case will be heard pro confesso as to them. J. N. NELSON, c. s. c., Scott & Caldwell, Att'ys., Jan. 25.

Poetry.

"Father, Take My Hand."
BY REV. R. E. GRAVES.
THE PRAYER.
The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night!
I am yawning darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions, fears; a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Lings for the rest and quiet of the goal.
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering, Father! take my hand!
Quickly an straight
Lead to the gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet all torn
And bleeding, mark the way; yet thy
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand!
Then safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child!

THE ANSWER.
The way is dark, my child! but leads to light
I would not always have thee walk by night;
My dealings now thou canst not understand;
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night
Darker to me than day? In me is light!
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead up to light
My child!

The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know at last when thou
Shalt stand.
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to thy home
My child!

The thorn is great, my child! But oh! how sweet
Thy father walks; then be not terrified,
For I am with thee; will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,
And through the thorn
Lead safe along
My child!

The cross is heavy, child. Yet—there was,
Who bore a heavier for thee—my Son,
My well beloved. For him bear thine and stand
With him at last, and from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child!

Miscellaneous.

RECALLING OLD DAYS.

LIFE AT THE JACKSON "HERMITAGE."
A Chat With the Widow of Old Hickory.
By Special Cor. Philadelphia Times.
NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 12.
Of all that is now written of General Andrew Jackson—his brilliant military career, his home at the White House and subsequent peaceful life at the Hermitage—very little is said of a quiet life now passing away within its walls. There now dwells an elderly lady, the widow of General Andrew Jackson, Jr. For many years she has been an invalid, and visitors to the Hermitage never catch a glimpse of her and do not know that within the stately edifice is one who participated in the gayeties of the White House, the constant friend and companion of "Old Hickory," and when he retired to the Hermitage he had provided for his declining years her hand smoothed his dying pillow. This lady's name is Mrs. Sarah York Jackson and her life has a history in itself interesting. In early girlhood she was a resident of Philadelphia and has relatives now living there, of whom she constantly speaks.

A CHAT WITH MRS. JACKSON.
In a conversation with her one day I asked her incidentally when and where she met her husband. She smiled at the question as if all the romance of her youth returned to her, and said: "Why, I first met him in Philadelphia, on the streets. I was with a lady friend, he with a gentleman. As we passed I turned—I was not exactly the thing for a young lady to do—and looked at him, only to find that he had done the same thing. He called that evening, and so began the acquaintance which ended in our marriage. That was during father's (meaning General Jackson, whom she always speaks of affectionately as 'father') first administration. We went directly to Washington, and the White House was our home as long as father was President." This little reminiscence seemed to brighten the lady not a little. She was seated in a cushioned arm chair in a rather gloomy looking room, called the back of the one in which General Jackson died. Her eyes are bright and black, her raven hair showing few silver threads and her complexion retaining its purity which, in her youthful days, made her a dazzling beauty.

It has always been understood by those who knew them best that when the youthful Mrs. Andrew Jackson went to the White House there arose a question as to whom the honor should belong of presiding back of the one in which General Jackson died. Her eyes are bright and black, her raven hair showing few silver threads and her complexion retaining its purity which, in her youthful days, made her a dazzling beauty. It has always been understood by those who knew them best that when the youthful Mrs. Andrew Jackson went to the White House there arose a question as to whom the honor should belong of presiding back of the one in which General Jackson died. Her eyes are bright and black, her raven hair showing few silver threads and her complexion retaining its purity which, in her youthful days, made her a dazzling beauty.

LIFE AT THE HERMITAGE.
When the terms of Jackson expired and he repaired to the Hermitage, Mrs. Jackson, her husband, Andrew Jackson, Jr., and their family continued the household, afterward increased by the admission into the family circle of Mrs. Marion Adams, sister of Mrs. Jackson.

In the course of time General Andrew Jackson passed away and was placed in the mausoleum he had so long before provided for himself by the side of his wife, to whom he was so fondly attached. The years flowed peacefully on, the young people had grown up and many brilliant scenes of gaiety awakened the echoes in the building and were reflected in the long mirrors. The marriage of the only daughter of the household, named in honor of the beloved and long-departed wife of General Jackson, Rachel, was an event that broke into long, tranquil years.

Then came the distracting times of the war. Three young men—two of the Jackson sons and one Adams—went into the Confederate service. Only one returned, and that was the one now living—Colonel Andrew Jackson. The latter went through the vicissitudes of war with honor, but, as the close of the same, a prisoner at Camp Chase. While here he first heard, through a chance paragraph in a newspaper, of his father's death. It seemed that while indulging in his favorite pastime of hunting, Andrew Jackson, Jr., had shattered his hand; the wound produced lockjaw and death. Said Colonel Jackson: "The day on which I read that paragraph was the blackest, gloomiest one of the whole war. I thought of my sorrow-stricken mother in her lonely home, and myself unable to go to or help her."

Poetry.

now flowed on in a listless way. It had taken on a quiet, subdued tone, shadowed by the newly-made grave in the corner of the garden, only a few steps from the mansion. Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Adams, together, were going, hand in hand, through the remainder of the voyage of life. No bustle and stir of the busy outside world broke in upon them now, either with its cares or its gayeties. From time to time, when the evenings grew long, and they, with Colonel Jackson or some of the bright young grandchildren, gathered around the blazing fire, a visit to their relatives in Philadelphia would be discussed. Both ladies desired once more to visit their native city and mingle again with their kinsmen and friends of long ago. The pleasure of the trip would be canvassed, the cost counted up, and, alas! the slim purse was all but empty of two attempted to admit the cost of the expense. The bright anticipations would fade, the trip be given up, and the husband and wife flow on in its unbroken channel.

But there again came a change in this quiet life, and a sad one. Mrs. Jackson for years had been sustained and cared for by her less feeble sister, Mrs. Adams, but to the latter came a long and serious illness. Slowly she began to recover, and when convalescence seemed certain she met with an accident, causing relapse, and she succumbed to the inevitable. Her death occurred about two and a half years ago.

After the death of Mrs. Adams Mrs. Jackson's daughter, Mrs. Lawrence, besought her mother to leave the sad hermitage and make her home with her, but Mrs. Jackson sadly shook her head and said:—"No; it will not be for long now." It would not be long ere she joined those gone before. Here at the loved Hermitage she had passed her days of early motherhood, had loved her children in infancy, had flung her arms around the long hall-ways and listened to the patter of their young feet in and about the doorways. They had grown to manhood and womanhood beneath that roof, and had passed on from it to the duties of life. All her joys and all her sorrows had been witnessed here, and in its peaceful solitude she desired her own life to glide away.

"THE AGED SERVANTS.
The servants at the Hermitage now are an aged couple—"Gracey" and "Alfred"—and any one visiting finds them offering themselves as the only ones at hand. Their youth was spent in the service of the Jackson family, and now in their age they do not care to leave it. It is upon this faithful couple that Mrs. Jackson relies for household assistance. Speaking of them she said Gracey had been her own hand-maid, and had been with her during all her married life. She domesticated herself with the Jacksons by marrying Alfred, body-servant of General Jackson, after they came to Tennessee. Mrs. Jackson said:—"I don't know what I would do without Gracey." She knows my ways and my needs, she anticipates my every want. She is stout and well, and I do hope that her life will last longer than mine." M. D. C.

Cannibalism has lately pressed its claims upon public attention in a variety of shapes, under guise of current news. In the first place came the war of King Amehree, with a powerful vassal, Will Broid, on the west coast of Africa, near the equator, at the delta of the Niger. There, after a battle, the survivors feasted on the killed, and the prisoners, to the number of about 200, it being the most profuse banquet of the sort known in that region for years. Then came the case of the Indian cannibal Swift Kniver, executed the other day at Fort Saskatchewan, after having killed and eaten successively his mother, his wife, and his seven children. Then occurred the mention, by Mr. Bell, of the cannibal witch in the East Indies, who devoured her son, assisted in the task by two other members of her sex. Finally we have the three natives of the Marquesas Islands, who lately visited San Francisco as a part of the crew of the French gunboat Lamothe Piquet. They were of large stature, with regular features, finely tattooed, and with full, soft, expressive eyes; they were man eaters. The crew of this gunboat had a year before discovered the bodies of twelve captured Frenchmen prepared for eating, on the island of New Caledonia. This is the description which the San Francisco cannibal gave of the affair:—"They effected a landing at the point where the train had been captured, and surprised the savages while about to feast upon the bodies of the captured Frenchmen. The would-be banqueters fled at their approach, but were pursued and fifteen of them killed. The scene upon the beach, Capt. Bienville says, where they landed, was sickening to the extreme."

But what there has been of late, by a coincidence, rather a run of cannibalistic news, these bad practices are, in general, rapidly running out. Before long they will cease altogether; for civilization is extending, and in civilized life, though men devour each other, they do not do so physically and literally.—N. Y. Sun.

He who is always in want of something cannot be very rich. 'Tis a poor wit who lives by borrowing the words, decisions, main inventions and actions of others.—Lancet.

Mrs. U. S. Grant.

[The Baltimorean, February 14th.]
Mrs. Julia T. Grant, wife of General Ulysses S. Grant, is probably now more prominent before the American public than any other lady within our broad limits. Mrs. G. is the daughter of Gen. Dent, a merchant of St. Louis. Her son was a classmate of General Grant at West Point. In August, 1848, she was married to Ulysses S. Grant, thus taking upon herself the duties of an army officer's wife, sharing the trials and disappointments and alleviating the struggles of his early career by constancy, a cheerfulness and a thorough devotion, eminently characteristic of the good wife. As her husband's duty called him to various military posts she invariably accompanied him, and it was while in garrison upon our northern frontier that the two eldest of her four children were born. While the six years intervening between her husband's retiring from service in 1854 and again embarking therein in 1870 were uneventful years as compared with what immediately followed, yet they were not without their trials and hardships peculiar to the young mother of a growing family.

Throughout the late war the part borne by Mrs. Grant finds comparatively little place in history, as does the labor of the best thousands of other women whose best energy, time and thought were given to the country—yet it was no less active. The story of the eight years of her life passed as mistress of the White House, wherein she won by her unassuming virtues the good will and affection of all comers is well known.

We next come to what Mrs. Grant has been enabled to accomplish in opening the doors of the older nations of the earth to women—doors hitherto fast closed for ages by centuries of worship of caste and custom. She has done this simply as a wife and mother, standing by the side of her husband, a representative of American womanhood. Mrs. Grant left Philadelphia May 17, 1877, on the steamer Indiana, for Liverpool, attended by the good wishes of many.

Upon her arrival in England she was received at Windsor by the Queen, and towns and cities vied with each other to do her and her husband honor throughout the British realm.

In John Russell Young's work, "Around the World with General Grant," the writer gives a lengthy description of a Christmas festival specially dedicated to Mrs. Grant, and regrets that he cannot lift the veil far enough to show the American people "just how much the kind, considerate, ever-womanly and ever-cheerful nature of Mrs. Grant won upon us all. She was the queen of the feast and we gave her cheerfully honor, and when she proposed the loved ones at home," he says, "many a silent prayer and amen were uttered." "It was the General's habit," says Mr. Young, "to take his wife upon his arm and go from place to place and to picture gallery, as any other staid, home-loving, thoughtful American would have done."

In Egypt Mrs. Grant was more impressed with the poetry of the scene and of the Biblical associations clustering about the strange land than even with the palace of Razz-el-Noussa, or the numerous receptions and balls in her honor; and among the memories of her departure on the tour of the Nile were radiant mounds of flowers as remembrances "to the lady of the expedition."

Her mode of life while traveling, like that of the General—as Mr. Young notes in his work—"was simple and most considerate." She ever found time while up the Nile amid all her duties to give motherly counsel to a young bride who had gone out to cast her lot with her husband in the unpromising vineyards of Siont.

At Karnak Mrs. Grant visited the largest Obelisk in the world—a single block of granite, ninety-two feet high by eight feet square—which commemorates the virtues of the King's daughter—Tanyani and her virtues—she flourished there nearly four thousand years ago. Here again, says the writer, we get a glimpse of Mrs. Grant at Karnak the central figure of an animated group which had gathered under the shadow of a broken column, and it was highly suggestive.

Mrs. U. S. Grant.

At Assouan, a town of 4,000 inhabitants, 730 miles south of the Mediterranean Sea, and formerly supposed to lie directly under the equator, Mrs. Grant went out among the bazars, and did a little shopping. While in Berlin Mrs. Grant was introduced to Prince Bismarck, and dined with the German Chancellor, subsequently having long conversations with the Crown Princess, whose motherly, womanly ways quite won a place in her own sympathetic heart.

At St. Petersburg Mrs. Grant dined with the Imperial family. Mrs. Grant greatly enjoyed her visit to Bombay, and her life in an Eastern bungalow, looking out to sea, in studying the customs of India and the strange phases of civilization about her, and comparing these experiences to those of home. In India Mrs. Grant and Mr. Adolph Borie (the latter just dead in Philadelphia) were the purchasing men and the party, but it is admitted that her ideas of purchasing were largely affected by her sympathies, she being disposed to pay more than was asked because the Hindoo ven-

doers looked so very poor. While there she visited the Taj of Agra, the most magnificent monument ever built to the memory of woman—an expression of the grief of a king for his wife—a monument which took twenty thousand men seventeen years to build.

At Jeypre Mrs. Grant was given her choice between an elephant to ride and a Sedan chair, and chose, as probably most other American ladies would have done, the latter. On leaving the place, the Maharajah placed a string of gold and silver cord, with wreaths of rose and jasmine around her neck, as a token of good will and friendship.

At Lucknow Mrs. Grant visited a female mission school, where she was cordially welcomed by the singing of "Old John Brown." The scholars were bright and intelligent, some of them young ladies of English blood and native parentage.

Mrs. Grant had done what few other American women have accomplished. She has made the entire journey around the world, occupying between two and three years, and given careful and studious attention to the habits, customs, education and religions of the many peoples and tribes encountered on the journey.

During this memorable tour Mrs. Grant and her husband were the recipients of distinguished and royal honors from the following eminent persons and governments: Queen Victoria, of England. King Leopold, of Belgium. The Khedive of Egypt. The Sultan of Turkey. King Humbert, of Italy. Pope Leo XIII. President MacMahon, of France. The King of Holland. Emperor William, of Germany. Prince Bismarck. King Oscar, of Sweden. The Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria. King Alfonso, of Spain. President Grevy, of France. M. Gambetta. Viceroy Lytton, of India. King Theban, of Burmah. Prince Kang, of China. The Emperor of Siam. The Mikado of Japan.

Mrs. Grant is now with her husband in Cuba, where the most distinguished honors have been awarded them. They propose at an early day to repair to Mexico, where some two or three months will be spent in inspecting the institutions and examining the curiosities of that ancient and remarkable country.

Richmond, Va.

As Seen By George Augustus Sala. [London Telegraph.] You see more ladies and gentlemen on horseback on a single fine afternoon in and about Richmond than you do in the course of a whole week in a city of the North. Then the farmers come riding at Richmond town on plump, well-fledged, full of good equine points. Nor are the grooms and farm servants at all ill-mounted, although I confess that the first sight of a very tall, very old and white-bearded negro man, in a long and ragged black gaberdine, bestriding a very long-legged white horse with a "fiddle-case" head and a switch tail, was to me equally a solemn and a risible spectacle. He put me in mind of the most respectable of the "Devil's Walk" of the "Apothecary on a White Horse," profanely likened by the poet to "Death in the Revelations." Very picturesque too, are the "horries" driven by negroes, and the great wains, somewhat resembling the "ladder-wagons" of Hungary, laden with tobacco and meal barrels.

Continually passing vehicles, alternating with a few private coupes and buggies, give an air of great cheerfulness and animation to Richmond, which is otherwise a typical country town. Broad street reminds you at times so strongly of High street, Southampton, that you begin to look around you instinctively for the Bar, and to conjure up the legends about Sir Bevis of Hampton; but Main street may be considered the leading commercial thoroughfare of the city. Extending from this, thoroughfare to the James river, are the principal mills and factories, which are making Richmond quite prosperous, if not quite happy, again. The ironworks, the machine shops, foundries, and sugar refineries, the tobacco and cigar and cigarette manufactories—the noted "Richmond Gem" cigarette is really made here—the coach and wagon factories, the works for sheetings and shirtings, and in particular the colossal flouring and grist mills, are among the largest in the world. There is one flouring mill—the Haxall—which exports fine wheat-flour only to the Brazils. There is one stupendous manufactory of chewing tobacco, the product of which is exported exclusively to our Australian colonies. I am glad, however, to hear that the Assouanians do not "stew" the whole of the mighty masses of compressed nicotine which Richmond sends them. Large quantities of the "honeydew" and "cavendish," and other varieties of "quid" tobacco, are cut up for smoking. There are other manufactories of "quid" tobacco for home consumption, of course; but I am not prepared to say that in Richmond is made the celebrated "Little Joker" tobacco, which on five hundred fences and big white stenciled letters, I have just seen advertised in the Maryland and Virginia and in the District of Columbia, to chew. Whether there has taken place, since I

was last here, throughout the Union, any sensible diminution in the nastiest, conceivable method of consuming tobacco, I am not prepared to say. There is certainly no apparent increase in what Mr. Thackeray, so long since as the time when he wrote the "Paris Sketch Book," called the "Paris Sketch Book," or "expectorators." But these are things which I shall know—if they are worth knowing at all—later on. For one thing, however, I can confidently vouch. Smoking is very rigidly prohibited in numbers of places where it is openly tolerated in England; and on board the railway cars there is not half the amount of smoking that there is in an English railway train. In fact, in England we should hotly resent the continual oaths against smoking which are profaned in places of public resort in the States.

Main street, Richmond, although spacious and regular, well lighted by night, and tolerably well paved, is rather a disappointing thoroughfare. Many of the stores are large and handsome buildings, but they do not seem to me to be so well supplied with goods, especially those of the better class, as they should be. Articles of wearing apparel for both sexes are, I am told, excessively dear, and it is a complaint that to send to New York for items of ladies' dress and millinery which should be surely procurable in any populous country town in England or France in close and constant connection with London or Paris. But I am bored at once to remember that although the population of the city has vastly increased within the last ten years—in 1870 it was 39,038, and in 1878 it was estimated at 77,500—although the number of the city is very large, and, in addition to its superb water-way, is connected by five interesting lines of railway with Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, Richmond must still be looked upon as a city gradually rising from her ashes. When the stranger surveys from the heights of Hollywood and Chimneyazo the beauteous city, with the winding river dotted with islands rich in wood and curiously reminiscent of our own Richmond in Surrey, when he descends and ascends the gentle slopes crossed by handsome streets, and crowned by cheerful villas; and when he demands from this seemingly thriving, but really struggling place all the appliances and accessories of luxury which he finds in those cities of the North which, during the war, he had not seen, he must be struck by the momentary glimpse of the beautiful scene of war, he should remember that less than twenty years ago Richmond was the capital of the Confederate States of America, and that the collapse of the Confederacy left her not unscathed, left her not unweary.

Corner in Coffins. [New York Herald.] Chicago has become famous for its "corners." During the last ten or fifteen years it has had a corner in almost everything—corners in corn, in even before it was planted; corners in wheat, in pork and in lumber; corners in corner lots—in fact, it has cornered in everything it was possible to corner. The latest in the most novel and ingenious of all—a corner in coffins. Envious of the success that has followed the speculations of operators in other lines of business, the undertakers of that city have determined to see what they can do toward obtaining for themselves a share in the business boom that is covering the whole North-west. To that end they hold a meeting the other evening, and talked over the situation. Business, they argued, is flourishing everywhere; everybody is happy except the undertaker, who, because of circumstances over which he has no control, is always compelled to be, or pretend to be, the most lugubrious of mortals. In addition, the price of lumber is going up and the ice-crop is short, and altogether the prospects of the undertaking are far from encouraging. The only way out of the difficulty is to make a corner in coffins; in other words, to put up the rates, and when a Chicagoan is so foolish as to shuffle off his mortal coil he will have to pay for it. The new tariff has not yet gone into operation, so that if the depize of the Prairie City has any idea of dying now, it is the time to do it, unless he is content that his estate shall be devoured to the expenses of his burial. In the opinion of the undertakers their corner is the biggest thing of the year. They believe they have a dead sure thing of it.

Then and Now. A curious old bill has been found among the archives of the Massachusetts House of Representatives which helps to show that Solomon was nothing new under the sun. It is for appointing the Council and House of Representatives on October 25, 1770, the sixteenth anniversary of the accession of George III to the throne. The whole of the bill, which is now numbered sixty-five, and that for "bikes and cheese" to only three dollars. Bills of a similar character are common today when public officials meet together, and Falsstaff's half penny word of bread is in this tolerable deal of sack' has often a practical illustration.

The snake of Argle, he was once given evidence before a committee of the House of Commons on the temperance question. "But," said a member, inquiringly, "one Balke-father's, apparently a person of authority, deposes that he never saw one drink in his district." "Very likely," replied his Grace, "Scottish men will back him; but he should be long as he can be still on the floor."—London Letter.

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