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OUR PEERLESS LEE.

The *Edinburg Review* for April contains an eloquent eulogy on General Robert E. Lee, which he has been looked for with much interest, as the announcement was make several weeks ago that it would appear in the next issue of that periodical.

It should be a matter of pride to the people of the south to see the distinguished leader of their armies so justly estimated for his noble qualities, purity of character, pre-eminent military skill and matchless heroism.

Passion and prejudice may obscure for a while the brightness of the fame won by our mailitary chieftains in the war for Southern independence; but the impartial pen of history will yet do justice to their memories and write their names in undying lustre by the side of the heroes of other nations and of other ages, who have earned immortality in story and in song by the exhibition of those qualities that challenge the admiration of mankind.

The extract below gives a description of the interview between General Lee and Stonewall Jackson during the battle of Chickahominy:

"A few minutes more and the gallant soldier himself appeared on the scene and rode up to greet Lee by Longstreet's men, already vetrans enough in war to understand what his coming meant. Nothing it has been said, of this first meeting of these great soldiers on the battle-field could be in more striking contrast than the appearance and manner of the two. Handsome in face and figure, finely mounted, a graceful rider, calm-visaged, carefully dressed, Lee presented the beau ideal of the commander whose outward bearing captivates the soildier's eye. His famous lieutenant rode apparently by choice, an ill-groomed, rawboned horse, and sat so short-stirruped as to give his figures the most awkward appearance. An old cadet's, evidently a relic of the college professorship had not long since left, was drawn down over his eyes His coat was not only thread-bare but ill-brushed; and his words were jerked out in short, abrupt sentences, between which sucked the lemon which was, as usual his sole refreshment during this day's work. Yet each already understood the other, and valued him at his true worth. "That is a heavy fire down yonder,' said Lee, as the Federal guns opened in reply to Jackson's. "Can your men stand it?' "They can stand almost anything. They can stand that,' was the emphatic reply; and after a few words of order explanation, he left his chief to lead on the attack. This was decisive, aided as it was by a fresh advance of the troops before engagd. The Federals were turned, overmatched and driven from their position, and before dark the scattered remains of Porter's force were crossing the Chickahominy in hasty retreat, Lee's first battle, in fact, was striking a success and as well-earned, as any of the more famous victories in after days which have been so widely studied and so often extoled. No word henceforward from his Government of any want of confidence in his powers, or fear of his overcaution. From that hour he became the most trusted, as well as the most noted general of the Confederacy. As to his soldiers, his hardy bearing, free self-exposure and constant presence near their ranks, completed the influence gained by that power of combining their force to advantage, which they instinctively felt without fully understanding. From man to man flew the story of the hour. The subtle influence of smypathy, which wins many hearts for one, was never more rapidly exercised. Like Napoleon, his troops soon learned to believe him equal to every emergency that war could bring him. Like Hannibal, he could speak lightly and calmly at the grave. Like Raglan, he preserved a sweetness of temper that no person or circumstance could ruffle. Like Cæsar, he mixed with the crowd of soldiery freely, and never feared that his position would be forgotten. Like Blucher, his one recognized fault was that which the soilder readily forgives—a readiness to expose his life beyound the proper limits permitted by modern war to the commander in chief. What wonder, then, if he henceforward commanded an army in which each man would have died for him; an army from which his parting wrung tears more bitter than any the fall of their cause could extort; an army which followed him, after three years of glorious vicissitudes, into private life without one thought of further resistance against the fate to which their adored chief yielded without a murmur."

BREVITY.—A western exchange calls attention to the notable and desirable change in America journalism, by the substitution of the "paragraph" for the "article" on the editorial page. Commenting on the changes it says: A few years ago nothing less than a column in length was considered worthy of the pen of an editor, and the reader had to face about three such installments every morning, or else burst in ignorance of what the paper had to say for itself. Now all the leading journals of the country devote more than half of their editorial space to paragraphing. It is much more difficult to write a good paragraph than an average article—just as it is much more difficult to make proverb than to preach an average sermon. The late James Gordon Bennett had a good appreciation of the matter when, in response to an inquiry as to what he paid for editorial matter, said, "I pay at the rate of fifty dollars for a quarter of a column, twenty five dollars for a half a column, and ten dollars for a whole column."

MULCHING PEAR TREES.—A writer in the *Tribune* malches his pear orchard over the whole surface with salt hay, in June, and rakes it up in November. This gives fine crops and protects the fruit.

NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Constitution and By-Laws Adopted at the Recent Convention at Goldsboro.

WHEREAS, The interests of journalism of North Carolina can best be subserved by mutual understanding and concert of action among the conductors of the newspaper press, we whose names are hereunto annexed have agreed to form an organization, to be known as the North Carolina Press Association, and for the government thereof do hereby establish the following

CONSTITUTION:

ARTICLE I—NAME AND STYLE.

Sec. 1. The name and style of this Association shall be the North Carolina Press Association.

Sec. 2. The object of this Association shall be to advance the material interests, and elevate the tone and character, of the press of North Carolina.

ARTICLE II—OFFICERS AND DUTY.

Sec. 1. The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, three Vice Presidents a Treasurer, a Corresponding Secretary a Recording Secretary, and an Executive Committee of five members, whose duties shall be as hereinafter prescribed.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at the meetings of the Association and to call special meetings at the request of the Executive Committee of which he shall be ex-officio chairman.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the Vice Presidents to preside at the deliberations of the Association in the absence of the President, in the order in which they are elected.

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep the funds of the Association and pay them out upon the order of the Executive Committee.

Sec. 5. The duties of the Corresponding Secretary shall be those usually devolving upon such officers. Association.

Sec. 6 It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep a correct record of the proceedings of the Association, to collect dues or other funds due, and to pay the same over to the Treasurer.

Sec. 7. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee, in addition to those usually devolving upon them, to examine into the character and reliability of all advertising agencies, seeking business with members of this Association, and report the result of their investigations by publications. The duties of this committee may be increased at any time by order of the Association.

ARTICLE III—MEMBERSHIP.

Sec. 1. Any editor, publisher or proprieter of a newspaper, in the State of North Carolina, shall be eligible to membership and may become a member upon a written application to the Recording Secretary, and the payment of the sum of two dollars for each paper, and the annual payment of dues not to exceed $5 per annum, to be determined by the Executive Committee.

Sec. 2 No member shall be expelled except upon a two-thirds vote of the Association.

Sec. 3 Any member or newspaper violating the rules as laid down by the Association may be expelled from membership, and on such expulsion, shall be stricken from the exchange list of all the papers in good standing in the Association.

Sec. 4. The Executive Committee shall be especially charged with the duty of investigating all complaints against any paper in the Association, and shall prefer charges at the next regular, or special meeting, of the knowledge of any violation of the rules of the Association.

Sec. 5. All papers in the State, which do become members, must comply with the rules laid down by the Constitution, or they may be stricken from the exchange list.

Sec. 6. Each newspaper becoming a member shall be entitled to but one vote at the meetings of the Association, which may be in person or by proxy.

ARTICLE IV—GENERAL PROVISIONS.

Sec. 1. The officers of the Association shall hold their office for one year, and until their successors are elected or installed.

Sec. 2. The election for officers shall be at the annual meeting, which shall be held on the Second Tuesday of May, in each year, at such place as the Association shall determine, immediately after the election of officers.

Sec. 3. Election of officers shall take place the second day of the annual meeting, and shall be installed after the completion of the business of the session.

Sec. 4 All voting shall be by ballot, except by unanimous consent.

Sec. 5. Any vacancies occuring among the officers, except the President, during the interval between the regular called meetings, shall be filled by the Executive Committee for the unexpired term.

Sec. 6 Thirteen members shall constitute a quorum at any meeting for the transaction of business.

Sec. 7. This Constitution may be amended, altered, or abnegated at any meeting by a vote of two thirds of the members present; provided: that nature of said amendment, alteration, or abnegation shall have been published thirty days previous to the meeting at which the motion is made.

BY-LAWS.

1. The ordinary parliamentary rules shall govern the deliberations of the Association.

2. The call for a special meeting shall be published at least 20 days before said meeting.

3. By laws may be added from time to time, as the Association may deem best.

4. Any or all By laws my be suspended at any meeting, two thirds of members present concurring therein.

A MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Another Story of the Perils of the Sea—Adventures of Shipwrecked Crew in the South Shetland Islands—Discovery of the Sole Survivor—His Solitary Life in the Antartic Seas.

By the arrival of the schooner Nile at New London, Conn., from her cruise to the South Shetland Islands, situated in the Antartic regions, where she has been engaged in the capture of seals for the English market, the following facts relating how five of the crew of the vessel Franklin passed the winter on one of these ice-bound isles, and how only one of them survives to tell the story of their terrible sufferings, have been obtained.—The name of the survivor is James A. King, a boat steerer, aged thirty-four years, a native of New York, where his wife, sister and a brother, employed in the fire department, are now living.

In the year 1871 the schooner Franklin, Captain Holmes, left New London as one of the pioneer vessels from that port, to engage in the seal fishery at the South Shetland Islands, which are situated at about ten days' sail to the southward of Cape Horn, in latitude 64. After an uneventful voyage of four months the vessel arrived at its destination.

The following day the captain ordered a boat's crew of five men, under the orders of James A. King, boat steerer, to proceed to the shore and commence killing seals at Window Island, off which place the vessel was anchored. In the boat were placed provisions for seven days, and a big club for each of the men, with which to kill the seals by hitting them on the head. Captain Holmes' instructions were: "Kill all you can, and we will be back for you within a week."

The Franklin

then sailed away, and the men commenced slaughtering all the seals they could find, and so successful were they that at the expiration of the fifth day they had killed and skinned 4,000 seals. When these skins were piled on the rocks ready for shipment the seal crop was found to be exhausted, and the men, after holding a consultation, resolved, with their remaining provisons, to set out for St. George's Island, which is situated in the immediate vicinity of Window Island, where they would carry on the war against the seals. King wrote, before leaving, with a piece of chalk on a small piece of board,

"We have left for St. George's Island.

Call for us there." The rich booty of seal skins was left on the beach, and the party departed for the island, where its members safely arrived and commenced operations.

Meanwhile the Franklin returned from a cruise to Livingstone Island, (where it had made a large haul of seals,) to Window Island, expecting to find her five men there, take them on board and sail for home. A boat was accordingly sent ashore to bring them on board, but, of course they were invisible; but after traveling a considerable distance along the rugged shore the pile of sealskins was discovered by the crew, and also the notice written by King, to the effect that the party had left the island.

By this time the weather was becoming boisterous and cold, and it was found impossible to take all the sealskins on board ship. They were, consequently, abandoned, and the Franklin proceeded to St. George's Island in quest of the missing men, who, the captained judged, if not relieved, would soon perish. For several days the vessel cruised in the vicinity of the island, the captain constantly studying it with his glass, but in vain, to see if he could perceive any sign of human life. This group of islands is totally uninhabited, and it is only from the middle of January until the middle of March that the so called summer reigns.

Nothing could be seen of the boat or of the men, but in spite of this guns were fired constantly, fog-horns were blown, and at night rockets were sent up, but no response of any kind came from the shore, and the captain of the Franklin, seeing the futility of his efforts, was forced to abandon the men to their fate, and sailed for home. No boat was sent ashore

On Account of the Breakers

and the ice which had already formed.—After a rough passage the Franklin arrived at New London, and the loss of her five men was duly chronicled.

In August Last Year

a New London sealing fleet left for the South Shetland Islands, and it was mutually agreed that the captains of the vessels should do all in their power to discover what had become of the five lost men. When the bark Nile, commanded by Captain Williams, came to an anchorage off Potter's Cove, St. George Island, the captain and a number of his men went ashore to see what had happened to the men. The captain expected, owing to the frightful cold of this region of perpetual snow and ice, that none of them would be alive.

King Discovered in a Hut.

Walking along the beach for some distance the exploring party were astonished to find a small wooden hut, from which projected a stovepipe, situated at about two ship's lengths from the shore. The door was pushed open and, in a corner of the hut, a man, with a long red beard and matted hair, was found fast asleep. His clothing consisted of sealskins. On his feet for a substitute for shoes were "penguin sandals," made by removing the body of the animal and using the skin and feathers of the beast.

The Story of King's Deliverance.

James Randall, a boat-steerer of the Nile, made the following statement:

I was among the first who discovered King's hut. It was made of boards, feathered and grooved, placed there by the vessel Francis Allen, in case it might be needed to erect the hut for the sailors who might be detained ashore during the sealing season. The boards and a stove were found by the five men, and they succeeded after considerable difficulty, in getting all in place. Well, we woke up King, who was so glad to see us that he could hardly speak. He had been without a fire for several days, and was in a somewhat benumbed condition. This is what King told us:

"We managed to live upon pelican flesh and some biscuits which had been left behind by a boat's crew. We made clothes as well as we could out of seal skins. The cold was intense, in spite of the stove, in which we burned seal blubber. We managed to lose account of time during the year which we have passed here, and knew that summer had come again by its being warm. Our baling cup from our boat was very useful."

Deserted by His Companions.

"About a fortnight ago, as nearly as I can make out," said King, "three of my mates took the boat and said they were going back to Window Island. One of our original number of five I had forgotten to say, a Portugese from the Cape de Verde Islands, had died from weakness and frostbites several months back, and we buried him in the snow near the sea. The three survivors included Townsend, the third mate, who was a native of Shinnecock, Long Island, and was the head of the movement in breaking up our hut establishment. I remonstrated with him and told him it would be foolishness to leave after undergoing such privations together, and that we had better fight it out to the end. I also stated that if they left me I should be without any fire, as the mate had the only flint and steel among the party, and we had no matches."

Three of the Party Lost in the Breakers.

"However, they left, and I helped them to lunch their boat. I don't know what has happened to them."

Captain Baddington, the present commander of the Franklin, which went out again last year from New London, reported subsequently that a sailor's coat and a portion of the boat in which the three men embarked was found on the beach near Cape Sheriff, about thirty miles distant from the hut in which the men had passed their dreary year, and it is therefore to be concluded that the men were drowned in the breakers and never reached Elbow Island.

Decline of the Seal Fisheries.

It is reported that the seals are now almost entirely killed off these South Shetland Islands, and that several years must elapse before any further expeditions will be sent out from the United States.

From "Social Studies" in the N, Y. Sunday World.

Saved by an Impression

A TRUE CALAFORNIA STORY.

Of the many strange stories of personal experince and adventure relating to the lawless golden, days of California before the retributive and purifying advent of the famous Vigilance Committe, one appearing lately in Nava City Transcript, from the pen of its principal actor, is not the least remarkable as an illustration of the sinister anarchy of the phenomenal period, while it has a distinctive interest of its own as a family study of that not uncommon psychic influence which passes under the name of supernatural presentiment.

In 1851, the year witnessing the culmination of brigand reign at Golden Gate and the mighty uprising of the outraged citizenry at the dastardly assassination of editor King by the outlaw Casey, the writer of the present story in question was a prominent officer of the customs in San Francisco, and frequently held possession of government collections to a large amount. office was at the end of a point of land on the Bay, where Battery and Jackson streets converged; for closer guardianship thereof he lodged in a primitive apartment of the same building; and to reach the place from the business portion of the city he was obliged to traverse a long and narrow plank walk spanning the water on piles from the foot of Sansome and Clay streets.

With the city swarming with escaped convicts from Australia, and desperate characters of every nationality, murder and robbery were of every day occurrence and the municipal authorities and police themselves in notorious league with the banditti, was a perilous time for any respectable man known to own or have the custody of treasure to any amount, and the customs officer generally made it a point to walk home over his extremporized river road from his dinner at the Lafayette Restaurant in the city before dark. On the occasion, however, to which his story refers, when he had money in the safe to the sum of between $10,000 and $20,000 some friends with whom he had dined at Lafayette tempted him to go with them to a new theatre, which had just been opened oposite the plaza, on or near the site of the later City Hall.

Before that, the places of amusement in the yet crude town were chiefly gaming-houses and even more murderous dance-saloons, and it was such a treat to have something at leats nominally more respectable for an evening's diversion that he was tempted to forget his usual prudence as to early hours, and go, with his safe keys in his pockets to the novel play-house Some wine at the table had perhaps helped him to fool-hardiness. At any rate, it was with no thought of danger that he entered the theatre; but scarcely had he taken a seat therein with his friends when there suddenly came upon him such a feeling of feverish uneasiness, such an uncontrollable impulse to arise and fly from the place, that he found it impossible to sit still, or keep his thoughts connected for conversation.

With every additional moment this unaccountable perturbation increased, though without defining itself to him as from any distinct cause, until, at last, at the rising of the curtain he could resist it no longer. Believing himself under the influencee of some nervous or cerebial disorder, which some stimulant might allay, he made a vague excuse to his companions, and summarily hurried from the crowded house, intending to take a glass of wine at the adjacent celebrated "El Dorado" saloon and then return.

But even in the street the same feeling yet beset him. In a kind of panicking dream he hastened on toward the water, passing the brilliantly lighted and noisy El Dorado without power to enter, and finding himself down Montgomery street and out near the plank walk leading to his office before he had become conscious of any definite action for his footsteps.—Having come thus far in such a manner, he concluded to go on, an so proceeded along the water to his room next his office, in which, throwing himself upon a lounge, with a cloak over him, he soon fell asleep.

No other incident occurred until morning, when one of his neighbors in the building awoke him to ask if he had not heard intruders in the hall during the night. He was told there had been noises as of several men moving near the door of his office; and when he and his informant thereupon searched the corridors for traces they found several footmarks, an overcoat, a slungshot, and a club—unmistakable evidences that something wicked had that way come during the dark hours.

Begining to perceive now what his mysterious premonition at the theatre had meant, the custom officer went out of the building to the platform, or wharf on the water, and there saw all that remained to be shown. Scarcely had he appeared when he was hailed by an affrighted boatman, who called his attention to a horrible sight. The remainder of the story may be given most effectively in his own words. "The tide," he says, "was coming in, and there, moving with the motion of the waves, was a man who had been murdered and thrown into the water. His feet had struck in the muddy bottom so that he had not floated away, and as the tide came in he had risen with it and was not upright.

Drawing the body ashore we found the skull broken as with a club or billy, and the pockets turned inside out, showing conclusively the object of the murder. He was of my size and dressed in a blue suit with a naval cap, the same as I had wore the day before, and was found to be the mate of the bark Florida, which lay just below our office. I felt sorry for the poor fellow, for I knew in my heart he had fallen a victim in mistake for me.

On meeting campanions at dinner I related the circumstances, with which they were must affected. They told me that soon after I left the theatre several persons had inquired for me and among others the inspector of customs and an assistant captain of police, who all seemed very anxious about my whereabouts. Some months passed, when the vigilants got hold of several of the chiefs of the bands and sent them to short road over Jordan and exiled others; and many, fearing on account of their misdeeds, took themselves away.

The assistant captain of police came to me at midnight, begging and crying for me to save him—to place him on some outgoing vessel—for the sake of his innocent family at home. I listened to the wretch and took him in my boat below Fort Point, where I overtook a vessel bound for Nicarauga, and placed him on board, giving him a couple of dollars and the advice to "go and sin no more"—which advice, it seems, he did not profit by, for on the return of the vessel I learned that he had joined with others of the same class to rob a ranche, and had been shot.

Upon my returning up the harbor. I meet the vigilante boat coming down. The officer in charge (an intimate friend) asked me what I had done with Bill. I told him, when he gave me the astounding news that the villain whom I had served was the one who had given the information in regard to me; that I always carried the keys of the safe in my pocket, and of the large amount of money on hand. One of his pals had returned on him and given all the particulars of the intended murder and robbery.

The gang had followed me from the time I left the office, to dinner, thence to the theatre. Thinking they had me corralled, they had gone to the El Dorado to take a drink, all meeting there. Upon returning to the theatre in a few minutes they were astonished to find me gone, hence their inquiries. They then went to my office; but finding there was no light, they were sure I was not there, but, to be certain, placed two sentinels, and also another at the head of the wharf, while the others scattered around to watch for me. About 12 o'clock the poor mate came along and met his fate. Upon searching his pockets they found out the mistake. They had killed the wrong man."

Here is a very graphic illustration of the condition of things Californian, invoking the stern, decisive uprising and sweep of the immortal "vigilantes"—officers of the customs and the police, both active in the scheme of such a crime; but is the psychic or suppernatural element of the story by which the latter has its particular commendation for these spiritually speculative days.