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POETRY.

The Rain at Sea.

'Twas on a low and lonesome shore—
At least, it lonesome seemed to me—
And lilac clouds forevermore
Hung moveless just above the sea.
There was no voice of sea or land,
All Nature seemed as out of breath;
The tideless waters met the strand
Like Lethean shadows meeting death!

The ospray, and the pearly mew,
And fated petrel swept the heather,
Where purple leaved syringas grew,
And all seemed desolate together.
The lines a long the shingled beach
Told worldless tales of weary ages;
But who was there those lines to teach,
Or read their old, phonetic pages?

All things were there as at creation,—
Unexplored and unexplained;
Saud-written tomes of desolation,
With nothing lost and nothing gained.
They seemed to only serve a doom—
All sea and land and living creature;
The flowers, like some lives, would bloom,
But yet appeared to have no future.

Why is it that we sometimes meet,
In journeys through deserted places,
Objects that memory seems to greet
From scarcely conscious traces?
Through some old homestead's open door
Where vines the desolation cover,
Impressions we have known before,
Around us indistinctly hover.

Our souls can ne'er forget entire,
But need some kindred chance alone,
To light again the hidden fire
That circumstance has blown.
Then, as we indistinctly grope
Up memory's dim and winding stairs,
We seem to be the wandering Hope
That's lived six thousand years.

And Fate, from iron-bonded tome,
Enunciates its measured scroll,
And the judgment, "Tarry till I come!"
Is seethed upon the withered soul.
Then, had I known this barren strand;
This long, low stretch of heathered shore;
The worldless lines of written sand;
The moveless, lilac clouds, before?

Ah, yes! An artist—nothing more,—
I saw once in my distant rambles
Upon this old, deserted shore
Of broom, and sedge, and brambles.
Her easel stood upon the strand,—
It very lonesome seemed to me,—
And the brush in her unconscious hand
Was painting a rain at sea.

She spoke no words. But words, at best,
Are often brainless, idle things,
And bare to thoughts the hollow breast
That fools betray to kings.
The brush had drawn the heathered land
The lilac clouds and rainy sea,
And underneath the unconscious hand
Wrote, *Vita, amor, tenebræ.*

I never could the words define,—
Their meaning to the sea or land,—
'Twere as an angel's thoughts to mine,
So hard they were to understand.
We parted where the pearly mew
And fated petrel swept the heather;
Just why we did we never knew,
Except we dared not stay together.

This was six thousand years agone,—
Or so the reckoning seems to me,—
And one by one those years have flown
To moveless clouds above the sea.
Among their columned walls, and rife,
An easel stands upon the lea;
And on the sea-lines of my life
Are writen, *Vita, amor, tenebræ.*

'Tis strange that while I seek to shun
Things that are drear and sad to me,
Somehow, I love to look upon
This painting of the "Rain at Sea!"
And memory hears a distant tone
Adown its misty colors driven,
Like the symphonies of Mendelsshon,
Or Beethoven's dream of heaven.

—Henry C. Maner.

A Grumbler.

For him no statesman thinks aright,
No painter charms, no poet glows;
The lily is a shade too white,
Inadequately red the rose;
And every scheme by which men live
Is valueless and tentative.

Such disapproval he reveals
Of all accepted laws and p'ans,
One almost fancies that he feels
Angry at fate's restricting bans,
Because he cannot rule alone
Some private planet of his own.

'Isn't it awful cold?' queried Smith as he met Jones on the car the other day.

'Terrible—terrible.'

'Any of your water pipes froze up?'

'Worse than that.'

'How?'

'Had three barrels of potatoes frozen as hard as stones. I'll lose every one of them.'

Tottie: "I wonder why dolls are always girls, Tom?" Tom: "Because boys hate being made babies of."

Little boys out skating forget that frozen ponds and rivers must have air holes. Many families have lost a pair of skates and a little boy through ignorance and a hole in the ice.

"My darling," he instantly whispers, vainly attempting to sieze her hand, "do you know that I love you madly?" "Oh, yes," she says, "any fool could tell that."

A very excellent lady was desired by another to teach her what secret she had to preserve her husband's favor. 'It is,' replied she, 'by doing all that pleases him, and enduring patiently all that displeases me.' One woman in ten thousand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bravery of an Engineer.

"Asked after his passengers spoke of his wife and died," says the Charlotte *Observer* in alluding to the death by railroad accident of Mike O'Donnell, of the Richmond & Danville road. He had charge of the fast mail, and while flying around a curve, in a deep cut in the road saw a few yards in front of him a heavy rock slide, completly blockading the road.

He knew death was close at hand but with a bravery, and a conscientious regard for duty, that won the highest admiration, stood to his engine, applied the air breaks and met death fearlessly. When the conductor reached the dying hero his first question was about those whose lives he felt were under his charge the balance of his fainting breath was used in speaking of his wife, and then death came. This was only an engineer, hence, but little will be said of his heroic end, but he must have been a noble and brave man, and made of material so true that his memory should be respected by all who hear the story of his sad fate. The company should look after and care for the grief stricken young wife of seven months, that has been left behind.—*Danville News.*

Gentle Mothers.

I thought I was singing my boy to sleep with the litte ballad of which the above is a chorous; but the blue eyes opened, and the quiet voice said, "Mamma aint always gentle." In self-justification I replied "But, you know darling, Mamma has to scold you when you're naughty." "Yes'em." The argument dropped; so did the little head upon my bosom. I did not finish the song, nor have I sung it since. Tenderly tucking in the little truth-teller, I reproached myself for deserving his remark, and gently questioned the truth of my answer. Do mothers ever have to scold? Has scolding any legitimate place in the family government? How is the word defined? "Railing with clamor, uttering rebuke in rude and boisterous language." Is this a helpful adjunct to parental authority? Why do Christian parents sometimes scold? For two reasons, it seems to us. First, for lack of self-control, from habit. Children are often terribly trying, and loud and angry tones seem a safety-valve for our stirred tempers. Besides, we feel that gentleness alone can never safely steer the family bark over life's troublous sea. Force, firmness, decision, sternness, even severity, are often necessary. A suitable degree of these is not incompatible with gentleness. It is not a synonym of weakness. The gentleness that makes one great, comes from subdued strength. This lovely fruit of the Spirit proves an element of power. The "soft answer," often costs the answerer dearly. Sweetness of spirit is the outgrowth of self-control. Serenity of soul, whatever be the constitutional characteristics, comes most frequently from long self-discipline and prayerful struggle—*Good Words.*

A BOY TO THE CHIEF COMMAND.—When Gen. Bonaparte first came among us we were furious with the Directorate for having sent a boy to command us. (It should be remembered that at this time Napoleon was only 26 years of age.) He was a short, awkward-looking, thin youth, and the Army was seriously discontented with having such a boy placed in the chief command, while Generals like Augerean and Massena were placed under him, but they soon felt the influence of the young General's genius in establishing order among them; and after the battle of Monenotte, when Napoleon on the following morning visited the hospitals, and addressed words of encouragement to every wounded soldier, and saw himself that his wounds were dressed and his failing strength revived by suitable nourishment, a kind of magic confidence in him came over the spirit of the soldiers, which the subsequent victories of Dego and Massemo, following soon after that of Monenotte, kindled into a spirit of enthusiasm.—*Temple Bar.*

A large Prohibition meeting was held in the Second Presbyterian Church on Monday nigh last, and resolutions adopted requesting our Senator and Representatives in the Legislature to vote for a positive prohibitory law against the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors. Speeches were made in favor of the resolutions by Hon. R. Y. McAden, Gen. Robt. D. Johnston, Revs. Mr. Whitfield, Bagwell and Griffith.

The question can be settled one way or the other very quickly in this City, by running no-license candidates for Mayor and Aldermen at the next election. That's the way to decide the matter, and that's the way to make prohibition effective in the city, without regard to what the Legislature may do.—*Charlotte Democrat.*

CROW'S ROOST.—It will be remembered that last spring immense flocks of crows roosted in the pines immediately behind the Torrence place, and about a mile from town. They have shifted their roost to a point a short distance southwest of the fair grounds, and in the evening may be seen flying from the North in incalculable numbers. The flight extends from horizon to horizon. They do not fly directly over town, but around it.—*Charlotte Observer.*

Prof. Remsen, of Johns Hopkin University, has been lecturing on impure drinking water. Many of the cities are afflicted in this way. We quote a passage from a brief abstract of his second lecture before a large audience in Baltimore. We copy from the *Gazette:*

"He said pure water is a necessary condition of good health, while impure water has been the cause of an infinite amount of sickness and of an untold number of deaths. Typhoid fever especially has been communicated by waters which were agreeable to the taste. Not only is there danger of communicating active fevers in this way, but it is presumable that less serious difficulties may arise from the use of impure waters. Now, waters when contaminated with certain definite impurities, recognized by chemists, are dangerous. The impurities pronounced dangerous by sanitarians are such as arise from refuse animal matter, which contains carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. We speak of it as organic matter. Water for drinking purposes should not contain more than 50 parts total solids, organic matter 5 parts, chlorine 0.8 parts, and nitric acid 0.4 parts. This statement is the result of the combined wisdom of hundreds of able men."

There are earnest appeals to the General Assembly to pass a bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals. We see in the Tarboro *Southerner* that in Washington, N. C., the other day, a young dealer in horses, a white man, bought a horse that proved "balky." This so enraged the human proprietary monster that he deliberately struck the horse on the head with a brick, felling the animal to the ground. He then pulled out its tongue and gashed it with his knife. His inhuman and brutal appetite for the blood of something that couldn't strike back, not yet being sated, he delivered blow after blow upon the ears and head of the poor, bleeding beast, with the sharpe corner of the brick, until the ears were lacerated and the head presented the appearance of raw beef.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. S. A. Smith, who was in the city yesterday, informed us that Eddie Dees, a son of Edmund Dees, residing near Elkinsville, Bladen county, was cutting down a tree near the house a day or two ago, when it lodged against another tree and the butt thrown suddenly around in such a way as to strike him on the back of the neck, which was broken by force of the blow. Failing to go to his breakfast at the usual time his sister went to look for him, when she discovered the dead body of her unfortunate brother, got it out from under the trunk of the tree with her own hands and conveyed it home. It is supposed that his death was instantaneous. Deceased was aged about 13 or 14 years.—*Wilmington Star.*

Raleigh *News-Observer:* There is, unfortunately, not a cotton factory in Raleigh, but there are no less than five large planing mills, two foundries, two boiler manufactories, and two carriage and buggy manufactories besides other minor industries, employing altogether several hundred workmen. There are two of the best book and job printing establishments in the South, and there are more newspapers and periodicals published here than in any place of equal size in the country. There are no less than four white and five colored colleges and large schools, and no city offers superior educational advantages.

There is nothing like science for simplicity of statement. The metaphysicians are proverbially obscure, but the scientists have no patience with that sort of thing. Thus Professor Tait, anxious to simplify still furth- Mr. Spencer's formula of evolution, puts it into this delightful English: "Evolution is a change from a nohowish, untalkaboutable all-alikeness to a somehowish and in general talkaboutable not-all-a-likeness by continuous something-elsifications and stick-togethernations." It is such an advantage to use homely terms.

The large pork house of J. C. Ferguson & Co., of Indianapolis, Ind., was entirely destroyed by fire Monday night. Loss on stock $375,000; insured for $375,000. The building, valued at $135,000, was insured for $60,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—A telegram was forwarded yesterday by the president and secretary of the New York board of trade and transportation, in behalf of 800 business firms, members of the board, to the judiciary committee of the United States Senate, protesting against the confirmation of Hon. Stanley Matthews as judge of the Supreme Court.

The Columbia *Register* says: "The Governor's Guards, of Columbia, at their regular monthly meeting last Tuesday night, decided not to accept the invination to witness the inaugural ceremonies of President Garfield."

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend;
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them. *Henry Taylor.*

Senator Ransom has accepted an invitation to deliver the address before the literary societies of Davidson College at the next commencement.

Paris Letter.

(Regular Correspondence.)

PARIS, France, Jan. 25th, 1881.

Malmaison, despite its interesting historical associations, is doomed to destruction. Already the park surrounding it has been converted into building lots, upon which villas, such as the Parisian bourgeois delights in are rapidly springing up, and the chateau itself, which has passed into private hands, is said to be on the eve of demolition. Its only occupant at present is an old female caretaker, who has been employed in the chateau for nearly half a century. She has a curious story to tell of a strange and romantic coincidence connected with the melancholy fate of the late Prince Imperial. It would appear that, a few days before the outbreak of hostilities between France and Germany, the youthful Prince visited Malmaison, and spent several hours in the park, at play. As he was about to return to Paris towards evening, a violent thunderstorm burst over the park, and a magnificent tree, which had been planted by Napoleon I., in the presence of the Empress Josephine, was struck by lightning. The people inhabiting the neighborhood of Malmaison thought fit to interpret this natural accident as an evil omen for the Prince Imperial. The tree was seriously injured, and every effort was made to save its life, but in vain. It gradually withered and died. Late in the spring af 1879 the intendant of the chateau gave orders that it should be cut down as well as some other decayed timber defacing the park. On the first of June accordingly the shattered Napoleonic tree was felled to the earth; and that very day the gallant Prince Imperial was slain by Zulu assegais in far-distant Africa. He strangely enough, was the last Napoleon who set foot in Malmaison Park, and the coincidence of his melancholy fate with that of the tree planted by his great ancestor was, to say the least of it, a most remarkable fulfilment of a dismal forecast, the offspring of popular superstition.

At the Cabinet Council held this morning at the Elysic, under the presidency of M. Grery, General Farre's bill, relative to the reorganization of the army exemption system, was taken into consideration. The bill, was, with certain modifications, approved of by the Cabinet. Thus, young men studying for the Church, who, under the new arrangement, will have to serve one year with the colors, will pass that period in time of peace in the military hospitals, instead of actually being under arms. This dispensation is in accordance with the clause of the bill which attaches these young men to the ambulance corpse in time of war. The Council also suggested that novices of religious institutions intending to adopt the profession of teaching should not be *ex-officio* entitled to serve in the second or one year contingent, but be obliged to produce certificates of successful study, and engage to teach for a period of ten years in a public school, or in one indicated by the Minister.

The War Office has just issued a notice which will meet with the satisfaction of all patriotic Frenchmen. It has been decided to present each regiment in the service with a picture commemorative of the most striking fact of arms in its history subsequent to the year 1790. These paintings are to serve as an ornament for the mess or reception rooms of the respective regiments. In consequence of this excellent decision of the War Office General Farre has issued an order to the Generals and Commanding officers in the army to search the archieves of the corpse under their command, and to furnish all particulars calculated to fecilitate the execution of these interesting works of art. C. A. S.

The Irish Question.

The Parnellites in Despair--The Agitation in Ireland.

London, February 5.—The Parnellites at their meeting yesterday decided that after a division upon the second reading of the coercion bill they should announce their intention of abandoning further protest against the government's measures; opposition was hopeless.

DUBLIN, February 5.—At a meeting of the Land League, held yesterday, Mr. Dillon counseled the people to remain quiet. Mr. Brennan also addressed the meeting. A large crowd outside cheered for Davitt. Resolutions condemning the conduct of the government were adopted. Meetings are being held throughout the country, and a memorial has been prepared and is being extensively signed by the English Radicals and moderate Home Rulers, asking that Davitt be treated while in prison as a first-class misdemeanant on account of his health. The Parnellites abstain from signing it.

A northern newspaper claims that an alderman has been injured by the accidental discharge of his duty. These accidents are very rare.

A gentleman the other evening objected to playing cards with a lady, because, he said, she had such a winning way about her,

A Dam Bursts, and a Town Swept Away.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 3.—A dispatch from Carson, Nev., says: At 3.30 this afternoon the dam of Franktown reservoir burst. The reservoir was a mile long, ¾ of a mile wide and fifty feet deep. A few hours before the bursting the people of Franktown moved their household effects. The Virginia and Tuckee railroad, in apprehension of the danger, tapped the dam and was drawing the water off. When it broke, it went all at once. A dozen men were swept down by the torrent, and escaped by being cast upon the side of the ravine. No lives were lost. The water at the narrow portion of the ravine was one hundred feet high. When the town was reached, the houses went before the flood like chaff. The town was only a cluster of houses. It was almost totally destroyed. Nearly a mile of the railroad track was washed away. Some rails were snapped in two.

Meteorological: There is a man at Waupun who, if he is not a liar, tells some of the most remarkable truths on record: He tells about the changeable weather in Dakota, and illustrates by saying that he knew a man to go out in the back yard to thaw a pump, and the man was sun-struck before he could get his overcoat off, and before he could be carried into the house he froze stiff. It is almost too stupendous to be a lie.—*Florida Sun.*

The reason why the men of the world think so little of Christ is, they do not look at Him. Their backs being towards the sun, they can see only their own shadows, and are, therefore, wholly-taken up with themselves, while the true disciple, looking only upwards, see nothing but his Saviour, and learns to forget himself. —*Payson.*

Important if true: It is said that Judge James R. Brown reached the court house in Marietta, Ga., the other day, thirty minutes after court should have been convened. He had been delayed by a railroad accident. He apologized for keeping the jurors, witnesses and lawyers waiting and ordered the clerk to enter a fine of $5 against the belated Judge himself.

Christ is the "light of men;" the Father's love streams upon us from the face of Christ; He is at once the exhaustless fountain of grace, and the very embodiment of God's love; and really to believe this, that is, to have a felt sense of it, is to have a peace which the world can neither give nor take away.—*Budington*

From New York to San Francisco by the route by the isthmus of Tehauntepec projected by Captain Eads, the distance is 1,500 miles less than by De Lesseps' Panama canal, and the distance from the mouth of the Mississippi to San Francisco is less by 2,300 miles.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the World's Fair Commission, in New York last Wednesday, General Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia, and Augustus Schell, were elected vice-presidents of the commission.

The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produce amendment; the greatest is insufficient, if it do not.—*Colton.*

Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such very little ones. *F. W. Faber.*

Garfield is not obliged to shovel snow from his sidewalk at Mentor. The office-seekers keep a beaten path open during the heaviest snow-storms.

A man of wit being asked what pleasure he could have in the company of a pretty woman who was a loquacious simpleton, replied, "I love to see her talk."

A learned doctor has given his opinion that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls and leaves the wise only to grow into womanhood.

POLITICAL.

Among the important matters discussed in the Legislature on yesterday was Mr. Richardson's bill which passed the Senate providing that the $230,000 of bonds, now known as the irreducible school fund, shall be applied to present educational purposes. The theory in which the measure goes is that now we need a larger fund than can be conveniently provided by taxation, and that this fund may as well be used. And that hereafter when we shall be freed from the expense of the Penitentiary we can levy an additional direct tax to keep the schools up to a proper state of efficiency. This would give about $115,000 additional to our present school fund, making it about $500,000. The bill was ably discussed by Messrs. Richardson, Finger, Burwell, Stone and Tucker, and will doubtless pass the House and become a law.—*New and Observer.*

Pending the discussion of free ships by Mr. Beck, the other day, Mr. Blaine interjected a hot little speech in favor of protection, and he taunted Mr. Beck just a little on the political side of the question, saying that the Democrats had gone to the country on that, and that it was not necessary to speak of the result. The Senator from Kentucky was quick and sharp with his reply. He reminded Mr. Blaine that the Democratic party had gone to the country, and on the popular vote had probably won. He added that the party went to the country in 1876 and won, and had been cheated out of its victory. Then he said that he was very glad that the discussion had led the premier of the new administration thus early to proclaim the policy of that administration to the country.

They are still crying for the blood of Jeff Davis at the North. Here is a specimen of the way the ex-Confederate chieftain is talked about, taken from the Pittsburg, (Pa.) *Commercial Gazette,* to which the *National Republican* adds the comment, "Gospel truth:"

Jeff Davis is going to publish a book on "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." It has always been the opinion of a large class of the people that the incipient author ought to have been hung at the close of the rebellion, and that class is likely to receive important reinforcements about the time the book is published.

HARD ON THE SINGER.—The Augusta *Evening News* pleasantly remarks editorially: "Philip Phillips, the sanctimonious pslam-singer and violent traducer of the South, is now making his annual tour of songs. When he returns to his congenial North, he will, as usual, pour out his vials of wrath and venom upon the Southern people to whom he has been singing. He can come and sing in Augusta with perfect safety, so long as eggs keep up at present prices."—Char. *Observer.*

The prohibition question is to be the issue in the next municipal election in this city. This was decided by the vote of the Charlotte Prohibition Association at its meeting night before last. There is a large proportion of our population which has been in favor of this issue being made for years. The prospects of the prohibitionists were never better, and they will marshal a strength which it will require the most active opposition to defeat.—*Char. Observer.*

It must have been gratifying to the Democratic Senators to find that the resolutions recently adopted in their caucus meeting relative to electoral count commanded the support of all their adversaries. At first, to be sure, the Republican Senators determined to filibuster—withdraw—refuse to vote—leave the House without a quorum, and have a time generally. But they could find nothing to object to in the proposed measure, and their opposition would have been merely obstructive of public business and factious. For some reason, therefore, that we cannot undertake to explain, they reconsidered their determination to fight the measure and yielded the point. It was a sort of political millenium, lasting at least three solid hours, during which the lion and the lamb lay down together, and all was peace in the smaller end of the capitol. Confessions also were made, and some of the Republican brethren seemed to think that it was a lucky thing for the country that the two houses of Congress should not be of the same—Republican faith. Mr. Blaine is reported as saying that if there should be a Republican Congress in both branches in 1884, doubtless it would in a Republican President, and on the other hand, a Democratic Congress might be expected to count in a Democratic President. He therefore hoped that all questions relating to the electoral count would be amicably and patriotically settled at the next session, when the two houses, being antagonistic, feel the necessity of putting these questions forever at rest.—*News & Observer.*

A bill has been introduced in the Legislature of Connecticut directing the Governor to appoint a commission of three to prepare a small book for use in public schools, showing such facts as science and experience have verified with regard to the effect of alcoholic liquors on the body and brain, and the relation of alcoholic drinks to personal estate and public well-being.—*Republican.*