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DIRECTORY.

United States Government.
Ulysses S. Grant, of Illinois, President.
Henry Wilson, of Mass., V. President.
Hamilton Fish, of N. Y., Sec'y of State.

Supreme Court of the U. S.

Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, Chief Justice.

N. C. Representation in Congress.

SENATE.
A. S. Merrimon, of Wake.
Mat. W. Ransom, of Northampton.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

1st District—Jesse J. Yeates.
2d " " J. A. Hyman.
3d " " A. M. Waddell.

United States Courts.

The stated terms of the U. S. Circuit and District Courts are as follows:
United States Circuit Court—Eastern District North Carolina—Held in Raleigh first Monday in June and last Monday in November.

EASTERN DISTRICT COURTS.

Elizabeth City, third Monday in April and October.
Clerk, M. B. Culepper; resi., Eliz. City.

WESTERN DISTRICT COURTS.

Greensboro, first Monday in April and October.
Clerk, John W. Payne; resi., Greensboro.

United States Internal Revenue.

J. Young, Collector Fourth District, office, Raleigh.
P. W. Perry, Supervisor Carolinas, etc., office, Raleigh.

GOVERNOR'S COUNCIL.

The Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor and Supt. of Public Instruction.

Board of Education.

The University of North Carolina is at Chapel Hill. The Institution for the Deaf and Blind and the State Penitentiary are at Raleigh.

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DIRECTORY.

Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor, Superintendent of Public Instruction and Attorney General constitute the State Board of Education. The Governor is President, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction, Secretary of the Board.

Supreme Court.

Richmond N. Pearson, of Yadkin, Chief Justice.
Edwin G. Reade, of Person, Asso. Justice.
Wm. E. Rodman, Beaufort, " "
W. P. Bynum, Mecklenburg, " "
Thomas Settle, Guilford, " "
Tazewell L. Hargrove, of Granville, Reporter.

Superior Courts.

Samuel W. Watts, Judge Sixth Judicial District; residence, Franklinton.
J. C. L. Harris, Solicitor, Raleigh.
Wake County Government.
Commissioners—Solomon J. Allen, Chairman; Wm. Jinks, A. G. Jones, Wm. D. Turner, J. Robert Nowell, Sheriff—S. M. Dunn.

City Government.

Mayor—John C. Gorman.
Commissioners—Eastern Ward—H. M. Miller, D. L. Royster, Stewart Ellison.
Middle Ward—John C. Palmer, W. C. Stronach, J. C. R. Little.
Western Ward—Wm. W. White, John R. O'Neill, J. H. Jones.

POETRY.

"Under the Rose."

A PLATONIC KISS.
BY WILL WALLACE HARNEY.
You kissed me, as if roses slipped their rose-bud necklaces, and blew such breaths as never yet have dipped the bee in fragrance over shoe.

Nor pout and tease: you did not mean so sweet a thing. Abide this test: In open markets grades are seen Of good and bad, in price expressed; The buyer's purse must choose between; But when we give, we give the best.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOSEPHINE.

BY R. W. CHALMERS.

We do not know of any event in history that is so affecting or so full of pathos, as the divorce of the Empress Josephine.

The Emperor, Napoleon I, (the Great Emperor) weary of incessant wars, thought if he could form a marriage alliance with some one of the royal families of Europe, he might put an end to these conflicts and perpetuate the order of things established in France.

For a long time he dreaded to speak upon the subject to Josephine, who had become aware of her impending doom, and was overwhelmed with grief. At last this fatal hour came when the emperor was to make the dread announcement to the empress. It was at the palace of Fontainebleau, the last day of November, 1809.

Dark clouds obscured the sky, and a freezing wintry wind moaned through the towers of the castle. The emperor and empress dined alone. Neither had the heart to speak a word. As the attendants retired at the close of the repast, at which it was said that neither could eat a mouthful, the emperor, pale and trembling, took the hand of Josephine, and said:

"My own dear Josephine, you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the welfare of France."

The dreadful blow prostrated the empress, and she fell fainting to the floor. The Count de Beaumont was called, and by the aid of the emperor, Josephine was borne, apparently lifeless, to her apartment.

Queen Hortense, her daughter, was summoned; she said reproachfully to the emperor:

"My mother will descend from the throne as she ascended it, in obedience to your will. Her children content to renounce grandeur which have not made them happy, will gladly go and devote their lives to comforting the best and the most affectionate of mothers."

The emperor sat down and wept bitterly. Then raising his eyes, flooded with tears, he said to Hortense, whom he loved with parental fondness:

"No, do not leave me, Hortense. Stay by me with Eugene. Help to console your mother, and render calm, resigned and even happy in remaining my friend while she ceases to be my wife."

Eugene (Josephine's son) soon came from Italy. He immediately repaired to his mother's apartment, and clasping her in his arms, they wept in mutual anguish. He then entered the cabinet of the emperor, and recoiling from the cordial embrace with which the emperor would have greeted him, said:

"Sire, permit me to withdraw from your service."

"What!" said the emperor, sadly and with deep emotion, "will you, my adopted son, forsake me?"

"Yes, sire," Eugene firmly replied. "The son of her who is no longer empress cannot remain Viceroy of Italy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find consolation in her children."

The emperor was deeply moved. Tears filled his eyes.

"You know," said he, "the stern necessity which compels this measure. Will you forsake me? Whom, then, should I have for a son, the object of my desire and the preserver of my interests, who will watch over the child when I am absent? If I die who will prove to him a father?"

They both then retired to the garden, and arm in arm, for a long time they walked up and down one of its avenues engaged in earnest conversation. The noble Josephine with a mother's love could not forget the interest of her children. She urged Eugene to remain faithful to the emperor.

"The emperor," she said, "is your benefactor, Eugene; to you more than father. To him you are indebted for everything. To him, therefore, you owe boundless obedience."

A fortnight passed and the day arrived for the consummation of this cruel sacrifice. It was the 15th of December. All the members of the Imperial family were assembled in the grand saloon of the Tuilleries. An extreme paleness overspread the face of the emperor. In his brief address to the assembled dignities, he said:

"The political interest of my monarchy, and the wishes of my people, require, that I should transmit to an heir, inhering my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. It is this consideration alone which induces me to sacrifice the dearest affection of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. God only knows how much such a determination has cost my heart. But there is no sacrifice too great for my courage when it is proved to be for the interest of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but praise in the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrances of them will be forever engraved on my heart. Let her never doubt my affection, or regard me but as her dearest and best friend."

Josephine then endeavored to read her consent to the divorce. But tears blinded her eyes, and sobbing choked her voice. Sinking into a chair and handing the paper to M. Reynard, she buried her face in her handkerchief, and remained in that position while it was being read aloud.

Napoleon then embraced Josephine, and led her, almost fainting, to her apartment, where he left her alone with her children. The next day the Senate met to sanction the divorce. The emperor, careworn, wretched, pale as a statue, leaned against a pillar. A low hum of mournful voices alone disturbed the gloomy silence of the room. There was a table in the center of the apartment on which there was a writing apparatus of gold. Josephine entered, leaning upon the arm of Hortense. Her face was as pale as the muslin dress she wore.

The daughter, not possessing the fortitude of the mother, was sobbing aloud. The whole assembly rose. Tears blinded nearly all eyes. Josephine sat down and leaning her pallid forehead upon her hand, listened to the reading of the act of separation. Eugene and Hortense stood by the side of their mother, the daughter weeping convulsively.

Josephine, as the reading was finished, for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and then rising, in clear but tremulous tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She then sat down and taking the pen signed the deed which sundered the dearest ties which can be formed on earth.

Eugene fell fainting to the floor. His inanimate form was borne out of the room by the attendants. Josephine retired with her daughter. Night came. The emperor, utterly wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his faithful wife, when the door was slowly opened and Josephine tremblingly entered.

Her eyes were swollen and her hair and dress disordered. She seemed scarcely conscious of what she was doing, as with hesitating steps she approached the bed. Then in a delirium of grief, all pent up love of her heart burst forth, and she threw herself upon the bed, clasped the neck of the emperor in her arms and exclaimed, "My husband! my husband!" while sobbing as though her heart would break.

Napoleon also wept convulsively. He folded Josephine in his arms, and assured her of his undying love. For some time they remained in each other's embrace, while mutual words of tenderness were interchanged. The 'valet de chambre,' who thus far had been present, was dismissed, and for an hour the emperor and empress continued in this their last private interview.

Josephine then departed forever from the husband she had so long and tenderly loved. They remained the best of friends until the death of the empress. And one of the last words of the emperor, as he was dying at St. Helena, was "Josephine."

Colorado's Antiquities.

Her Lilliputian Dwellings—A Legend of their inhabitants.

A letter descriptive of the Hayden expedition's explorations in Southwestern Colorado tells the following:

Aside from the interest attaching to the ruins themselves, there are thrown about this rock and its surroundings the romance and charm of legendary association. The story runs thus, as given us by our guide: Formerly the aborigines inhabited all this country we had been over as far west as the headwaters of the San Juan, as far north as the Rio Dolores, west some distance into Utah, and south and southwest throughout Arizona and down into Mexico.

They had lived there from time immemorial—since the earth was a small island, which augmented as its inhabitants multiplied. They cultivated the valley, fashioned whatever utensils they needed very neatly and handsomely out of clay and wood and stone, not knowing any of the useful metals; built their homes and kept their flocks and herds in the fertile river bottoms, and worshipped the sun. They were an eminently peaceful and prosperous people, living by agriculture rather than by the chase.

About a thousand years ago, however, they were visited by savage strangers from the North, whom they treated hospitably. Soon these visits became more frequent and annoying. Then their troublesome neighbors—ancestors of the present Utes—began to forage upon them, and, at last, to massacre them and devastate their farms; so, to save their lives at least, they built houses high upon the cliffs, where they could store food and hide away till the traders left.

But one summer the invaders did not go back to their mountains as the people expected, but brought their families with them and settled down. So, driven from their homes and lands, starving in their little niches on the high cliffs, they could only steal away during the night and wander across the cheerless uplands. To one who has traveled these steep steps such a flight seems terrible, and the mind hesitates to picture.

At the crystone they halted, and probably found friends, for the rocks and caves are full of the

nests of these human wrens and swallows. Here they collected, erected stone fortifications and watch towers, dug reservoirs in the rocks to hold a supply of water, which in all cases is precarious in this latitude, and once more stood at bay. Their foes came, and for one long month fought and were beaten back, and returned day after day to the attack as merciless and inevitable as the tide.

Meanwhile the families of the defenders were evacuating and moving South, and bravely did their protectors shield them till they were a hundred miles away. The besiegers were beaten back and went away. But the narrative tells us that the hollows of the rocks were filled to the brim with the mingled blood of conquerors and conquered, and red veins of it ran down into the canon.

It was such a victory as they could not afford to gain again, and they were glad when the long fight was over to follow their wives and little ones to the South. There in the deserts of Arizona, on well-nigh unapproachable isolated bluffs, they built new towns, and their few descendants, the Moquis, live in them to this day, preserving more carefully and purely the history of their forefathers than their skill or wisdom. It was from one of their old men that this traditional sketch was obtained.

Anecdote of President Lincoln.

As the President was passing through the wards of a hospital near Washington upon one occasion he observed in one of the beds a young soldier whose pallid countenance and expressionless glassy eyes betokened great physical and mental prostration, and he inquired of the attending surgeon if there was any prospect of his ultimate recovery.

"Not the slightest," replied the doctor. "His vital powers are rapidly ebbing away, and will soon be exhausted."

"I am heartily sorry for the poor boy," said Mr. Lincoln, "and I should like to do something to make his last hours pass as comfortably as possible. Would there be any harm in my speaking to him?"

Added he. And upon being assured there would not, he sat down by the bedside, and, taking the young man's hand, in the kindest possible tone of voice said, "My young friend, I am the President of the United States, and am informed by the doctor that you can not possibly live but a short time. Now if there is any request you would like to make in regard to your family, it will afford me very great satisfaction to comply with it."

The youth turned his dim eyes toward the President, but made no response until the question was repeated, when, with great effort, he succeeded in giving articulation to his thanks, and expressed an earnest desire to see his aged grandmother, who he said, was then living in Bangor, Maine.

The President, after assuring him that every effort should be made to gratify his wishes, bade him a kind adieu, and calling the medical officer aside, asked if there was any prospect of the young man's surviving until the old lady could be telegraphed to and come to Washington, and he seemed a good deal perplexed on being told there was no hope of this; but after a moment's reflection, he said the only expedient that occurred to him under the circumstances was the exercise of a little of that harmless strategy which was always allowable in war times; that if he could only find some old woman who would consent to personate the grandmother, the boy was in such a state of lethargy that he would not probably detect the deception, and would die with the consoling belief that he had received the parting benediction of his aged relative.

"That would certainly be a perfectly justifiable device," replied the surgeon; "but where will you find the elderly female to enact the part of the grandmother?"

"Let me see," soliloquized Mr. Lincoln, holding up his left hand while he enumerated with the index finger of the right hand: "there is old Mrs. B—, old Mrs. S—, and old Mrs. M—; they are all most benevolent ladies, but I am apprehensive they could not be prevailed upon to undertake any thing which involved the faintest shadow of deception. No, no," continued he, "there is no hope from that direction; but if I could only induce my venerable friend Gideon Welles to personate the old lady, in suitable costume, the object would be attained, and nobody harmed."

"But," remarked the doctor, "Mr. Welles's long white beard would at once expose the artifice."

"That can all be obviated by his wearing a night-cap, tied down so as to cover up the beard," said the President. Accordingly he sat down at once and addressed a note to the Secretary of the Navy, begging him, as a special favor, to comply with the request at as early a moment as practicable, as the boy's hours were numbered.

Now it so happened when the Secretary received this communication he was busily engaged in official transactions, which, in his opinion, were of so much consequence that they could not be postponed for any thing else, and he

replied that he entertained a high appreciation of the honor conferred upon him by the President's selecting him to perform the chief role in the said little drama indicated, but unfortunately he was at that very moment deeply absorbed in the solution of the difficult problem as to whether Noah's ark or the new model gun-boat was best adapted to the purposes of modern warfare.—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Harper's Magazine for April.

Wealth of Farmers.

When one takes a dive into agricultural statistics by way of ascertaining the actual result, he is struck by the fact that there must necessarily be a variety of other classes who are even worse off than the farmers themselves. Mr. S. B. Rugers exhibits a taste for this sort of inquiry, and at the Social Science Congress he gave the result of his investigation in some astonishing figures. He stated that the people of ten States lying North of Ohio river, owned, in 1860, farm property valued at \$914,000,000. The population of these States had doubled in the last ten years. In 1870 the value of this farm property was \$5,132,000,000. The value of the farm products was not given in 1850 and 1860, but in 1870 it was shown in these States to be \$978,000,000. The farmer was not a serf. He had no tyrannical landlord to oppress him. It was shown that 975 of every 1,000 farmers in this section owned farms. In twenty years they had accumulated \$5,000,000,000 worth of property. The census of 1870 showed that there were 2,000,000 farmers. This would give an average amount of \$2,500 each. It is also shown that they had paid their help less than ten per cent. of their income. They had paid \$91,000,000 for help. It was likewise shown that each and all of these poverty-stricken farmers above the age of ten years were in receipt of an income of \$460. In the light of this great process, what would be the result in 1900? In 1850 there were raised 300,000,000 bushels of grain in the States; in 1861, 500,000,000 bushels; in 1870, 810,000,000 bushels, or 21,000,000 tons of grain. The figures are stupendous.

A Stupendous Work.

It is estimated that if the English Channel is successfully tunneled, the 300,000 travelers who now cross it will increase to 3,000,000. A journey from London to Paris will then take but five or six hours, with the dreaded rough sea voyage taken out. The boring is to begin simultaneously in France and England, from the bottom of two wells, 100 feet deep. The bore is to be nine feet in diameter, by machinery invented by Dickinson Brunton. The debris made from the excavation is to be continuously carried out the whole of the bore, and the fresh air breathed by the workmen is to be continuously forced in. When Charles Dickson made Montague Bigg the projector of the plan for tunnelling the English Channel he did so in the nature of a huge joke, that was intended as a satire upon some of the chimerical financial schemes of the period. Yet here, to-day, is a practically and scientifically organized scheme: backed by large capital, for the execution in earnest of the task he proposed in jest and ridicule. Assuredly, it is unsafe to ridicule almost anything no matter how impracticable it looks at the moment, for posterity turns our ridicule upon ourselves.—Baltimore Sun.

Child's Civility.

When the Emperor of Germany was lately on a visit in a distant portion of his dominions, he was welcomed by the school children of the parish. After their speaker had made a speech for them, he thanked them. Then, taking an orange from a plate, he asked:

"To what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom, sire," replied a little girl.

The Emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked:

"And to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom, sire," replied the little girl.

"And to what kingdom do I belong then?" asked the Emperor.

The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as she thought the least of his Majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said, with radiant eyes:

"To God's kingdom, sire."

The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hands on the child's head and said, most devoutly:

"Grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

A rich man beginning to fall, is held up by his friends; but a poor man being down, is thrust away by his friends; when a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him; the poor man slips, and they rebuke him; he speaketh wisely, and could have no praise. When a rich man speaketh every man holdeth his tongue, and looks; what he sayeth they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man speak, they say, what fellow is this?

Job Work executed at short notice and in a style unsurpassed by any similar establishment in the State.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates: One square, one time, \$1.00; two times, 1.50; three times, 2.00.

Contract advertisements taken at proportionately low rates.

A Graceful Action.

The Tennessee Legislature has passed the following resolution in regard to the Centennial celebration in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina:

Whereas, on the twentieth day of May, 1775, the people of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, in convention assembled, declared their independence of Great Britain, and proclaimed to the world their intention of defending said independence with their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor; and whereas, the State of North Carolina proposes to celebrate the centennial of this declaration on the 20th of May proximo; and whereas, the people of Tennessee were then citizens of the State of North Carolina and claim a participation in this heritage of fame; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, That a committee of five on the part of the Senate and five on the part of the House be appointed to confer with the Executive of the State of North Carolina, in conjunction with the committee appointed by the Tennessee Historical Society, and to take such steps as may be necessary and proper to celebrate an event so glorious to the fame of our common ancestry.

Prince Bismarck.

—Late advices from Europe state the following: Prince Bismarck's sleeplessness having again increased, his physicians so earnestly insisted upon the necessity of a temporary relaxation from work that the question of his resigning one or several of his many functions was seriously discussed. One of the Chancellor's most irksome duties being to harmonize the policy of the various Prussian Ministers when he has no real control over them, the Emperor to alleviate his burden, has ordered that Ministers intending to introduce measures into Parliament shall be bound to take the opinion of the entire Cabinet before the bills are drawn, and not afterward, as has hitherto been the case. It seems certain that this remarkable stride in the direction of constitutionalism will so sensibly reduce the labors of the Chancellor as to cause him to retain his present position until the summer, when the state of his health will have to be consulted as to the possibility of his going on.

Depth of Quiet People.

Some men draw upon you like the Alps. They impress you vaguely at first, just as do the hundred faces you meet in your daily walks. They come across your horizon like floating clouds, and yet you have to watch a while before you see that they are mountains. Some men remind you of quiet lakes, places such as you have often happened upon, where the green turf and the field flower hang over you and are reflected out of the water all day long. Some day you carelessly drop a line into the clear depths, close by the side of the daisies and daffodils, and it goes down, down, down. You lean over the bank, and you see that your line doesn't bring up what a deep spot that is! You think, and you try another. The reflected daisies seem to smile at you out of the water, the turf looks as green as ever. You never thought of it, but your quiet lake is unfathomable. You are none the less impressed from these depths that it is a quiet lake.—William Quarterly.

Circus Music in Church.

There are a great many Edwards, large and small, whose personal experience is dotted by that of little Eddie R—, of Albion, New York, of whom the following is sent to the Drawer:

He had lately attended a circus for the first time, and on the Sunday following was taken by his grand-mother to church. Eddie gazed around in some wonderment for a few moments. When the organist began to play, he turned to his grand-mother and said, in a whisper:

"Grandma, will there be a circus, so I can see the lion?"

"Why, no, Eddie, this is church."

"Well," replied the little man, "it's circus music any way."

Doubtless. There's a good deal of it in the sanctuary.—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for April.

Four Hundredth Anniversary of Michael Angelo's Birth.

On Saturday, the 6th, was celebrated at Florence the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Michael Angelo. The occasion was celebrated, it is supposed, by giving to the world the contents of a packet which on his death-bed the great sculptor willed to posterity, with the solemn injunction that it should not be opened until March 6, 1875. This packet is said to contain many valuable State papers—secret correspondence with popes, princes and leading men of Michael Angelo's day, and, it is hinted, something of his correspondence with the Marchesa Pe-cara. Signor Gotti, it is said, was to publish a new life of Angelo, which was to appear also on the 6th of March, 1875, in Italian, French, German and English.

A little girl, reading the history of England with her mother, and coming to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, looked up and asked: "What did he do when he was tickled?"