WEEKLY ERA.

All Letters relating to Subscriptions, or Advertisements, must be addressed to

W. H. BROWN, Business Manager.

THURSDAY, JAN. 16, 1873.

Latest from Nash.

We have the latest small pox intelligence from Nash County. Out of eleven cases only two recovered. Only one person in the county now that's got it, a Miss Harper.

Whiskey Seized in Charlotte.

Thos. D. McAlpine, Assistant Assessor, Charlotte, writes the Supervisor here that he has reported to Collector Mott, for seizure, six casks of whiskey at the Air Line Depot in that city, that he found in boxes with peas and dried fruit.

What Robins Eat.

We hear that Mr. John L. Tucker of this city killed a robin the other day and as he pulled the little fellow's head off he discovered something hanging out of his neck like a snake and he pulled it out and it was a water moccasin snake eighteen inches long.

Tired.

Another man tired. This time Wm. Henry Holland, 17 miles below here, moved to Texas last Spring, and this morning we find him and his little family of children, his wife died out there, coming back to North Carolina, "Tired of living in Texas," he says. Who next?

Red Fox Caught.

During Christmas James Cates of Person county, 7 miles from Roxboro, caught a beautiful red, his tail as big as your arm and tipped with white, like a lady's cuff, a black spot behind each ear, his legs black nearly to the body, and his body perfectly red. He's a beauty. Mr. Cates has him in a box.

To the Police—A Boy Lost.

Mr. Kernodle of Alamance county has lost his son. The boy ran away from home. The old gentleman has sent us a picture of this youth and you can call at the *Era* office and get it. He offers five dollars reward, and has heard that his boy is in this city. Come and get the picture and look sharp for the young runaway. His father's address is A. R. Kernodle, Martin's Store, Alamance county.

Leasburg--A Centenarian &c.

We have news from Leasburg, Caswell county, that Mr. James Shanks, a well known farmer to the county, is very ill, inflammation of the stomach. Mr. Wm. Lea, senior, of Leasburg, is now in his hundred and first year. During the late cold snap he had to have a boy in his room all night long piling up the wood on the fire to keep him from freezing. As old as Mr. Lea is, he never uses specs, and reads the finest print without difficulty.

Northern Visitors.

We are pleased to welcome in our city George D. Lobdell, Esq., president of the Lobdell Car Company in Wilmington, Delaware. He is en route for the Chatham iron mines in the operation of which he has made considerable investment. Mr. Wm. A. Brown, of Taunton, Massachusetts, accompanies Mr. Lobdell, his first visit ever made to our Southern country. Mr. Brown says he has realized for the first time the meaning of the term "Sunny South" and is much enchanted with our delightful climate.

The Champion Brood Sow.

The sow that beats them all has just been heard from down in Granville county. Mr. James Fuller near Kittrells', the father of our esteemed friend, the head clerk of the Yarborough House, has a sow that gave birth the other night to *nineteen pigs* and they are all doing well. This sow was some of the well known George Johnson stock in Milton and was given Mr. Fuller by Mr. Johnson, who, by the way, his friends will be glad to learn, is in good health and lives near Mr. Fuller's house in Granville county.

Varnish your Stamps—Virginia Tobacco Seized in Georgia.

J. Mason Rice, Assistant Assessor, 3rd District, Georgia, writes to Supervisor Perry of this city that he has detained at the depot of the C. C. & A. R. R. in Augusta, ten boxes of manufactured tobacco from factory No. 8, 5th District of Virginia. This tobacco was detained for these reasons: First, besides the suspicion caused by irregularity of the numbers on the stamps, it is the illegal fixing of the stamps on the boxes. Gum-arabic only having been used and that too on the edges and in spots on the stamps for the purpose as it would seem, to allow removal for shipment back to the factory for use. The stamps came off without difficulty. Second, the confusion shown in caution notice as to number of factory. On six of the boxes the factory is numbered "78 5th dist. of Va." and on 4 it is "8 5th dist. of Va." Stamps that are put on a box as prescribed by law cannot be removed without great difficulty.

Let us be Friends.

It was a good speech that federal staff officer made at Appomattox as he sat on his horse in front of a rebel colonel's tent. Said he: "Men, we are of the same race. We have fought each other and know each other to be brave, We are Americans. Now that this is all over, let us be friends as we used to be, and if ever we fight again, let us fight together, and *we can whip out the world!*" Reader, that was the speech of a yankee soldier who was fresh, with us, just off the red battle field, and we think he gave his name as Captain Peters, of an Ohio regiment, in Gibson's command. Our heart beat a sincere amen to that sentiment right there, and whenever the citizen and politician gentry get to biting and snapping at each other, our heart creeps out to the old yankee soldier that we met *on the field*, and Johnnie Reb and Billy Yank shake hands again, and we say to ourselves, "We know each other; we are Americans; let us be friends." And it's all right.

Our State.

TARBORO has the whooping cough.

DANBURY wants a tanner for its hide.

WILSON is building a station house.

BOON Hill has erected another martin pole.

KNEE deep to an Indian pony is the mud in Newbern.

CHOICE cuts of Onslow beef command 20 cents per pound in Wilmington.

THE hay crop in Rowan will amount to twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars.

AS a marriage market Rocky Mount is in demand of three hundred young ladies.

THE parson that married the senior editor of this paper has recently been kicked by a horse.

CAPTAIN Dalton of Reidsville wants sixty hands for his tobacco factory. Furnishes them cabins.

AUNT Diana Lane (colored) of New Hanover was boiling clothes when she was burnt to death. Her dress caught.

MRS. R. H. McGuire of Battleboro, the daughter of Henry G. Williams of Edgecombe, and a beautiful and accomplished woman, is dead.

NEAL Brawley, 60 years, of Iredell, drowned in Third creek. The water was high, and trying to find the bridge he rode into the creek just above it.

SAYS the Statesville *American:* Our friend, Thomas J. Barkley, and lady, in company with a party of young gentlemen from this section, took their departure for Hillsboro, Ill., last Monday.

SAYS the Newbern *Republic*: We learn that a "Knight of the Yard Stick" knocked at a church door (while making his New Year's calls,) two hours, determined to leave his New (*hic*) Year's card.

PREPARE yourselves to larf. The Rocky Mount *Mail* says: Why is it that one of Miss ——'s sweethearts knows every tree on the road from Rocky Mount to Tarboro? Because he's been it (Bennett.)

A WITNESS when asked by the Mayor of Goldsboro the other day what he knew about the matter, replied: "The fact is, Mayor, I was so drunk at the time that I don't remember much about it; it all seems like a dream."

THE peanut hucksters of Raleigh have already begun to spread their tables, making ready that felicitous and cordial welcome with which they always greet the noble legislature of our honored old State, God bless 'em.

THE Petersburg *Index* says:—Eighty-five negroes arrived in this city on Tuesday night, from Henderson, North Carolina, and left on the A. M. & O. R. R. yesterday morning for Memphis, Tenn. It is reported that some sixty odd others are to follow.

THE *Salem Press* says: The old Conrad and Douthit mill seat, on the Yadkin river, in this county, was sold on the 28th ult., the purchaser being our townsman, R. A. Womack. A company have in contemplation the erection of a good merchant mill on the premises.

THE Lumberton *Robesonian* says: We clip from the Raleigh *Era*—a paper which, whatever may be said of its politics, under its present management manifests a becoming interest in everything that pertains to the material prosperity of our people and the honor of our good old State.

A party of colored gentlemen went serenading their lady loves in Enfield, when in tuning up they got out of fix with each other, and discarding the musical staff for a couple of hickory staves, Tobe Farmer beat Cicero Faison over the head until C. F's face looked like a train of cars had run over its surface.

WE like the way the Western *Sentinel* marrys them. In noticing the number in that county during the last year, it says: Two hundred and fifty-six souls made happy, and with baggage checked through, gone trotting down the road to glory in double harness. May their future be as serene and happy as a clothe's horse in an epizootic season.

A YOUNG lady in Enfield bet two young gents 30 pounds of candy each that she would keep a diary for last year. The *Times* says: The year has rolled by, and the young lady, true to her word, has kept the diary without missing a single day, and has won the sixty pounds of candy. The gentlemen claim that they should see the journal before paying the bet, but the lady says not for six hundred pounds of candy, if she knows herself, and that they must take the only proof she can give of its reality—her word.

A COLORED drayman in Wilmington understood the agent at the depot to say, General Abbott's bond," when he said "general average bond," and so he went up and told the merchant he couldn't get his goods till he "signed Gen. Abbott's bond!" You don't know them Wilmington merchants, maybe? He just set his hat on his raging head and strode to the depot and sung out to the agent, "What the devil had he to do with signing Gen. Abbott's, bond?" Before he got his pistol out, the agent explained, and they laughed it off and "tooksome."

SAYS the Richmond (Va.,) *Dispatch:* The head of the Department to which the following is addressed would find it harder to explain some of his "irregularities" than did Mrs. S L D Davis why she was no longer "Biggerstaff": "*North Carolina Rutherford County Oak Spring*, November 2, 1870.—*Postmaster-General:* Sir,—In Obedience to your request I give an explanation why I signed my Quarterly returns S L D Davis formerly S L D Biggerstaff is I have Marrid a Davis.

"Very respectfully, S L D DAVIS."

THE Reidsville *Record* says: We regret to announce the death of Mr. Drury Smith of this county, by drowning last Friday. Mr. Smith was an old man seventy-two years of age. He was crossing Dan River, near Danbury, the county site of Stokes, when his horse stumbled and fell. The current was so much swollen by the recent rains, that it was impossible for him to regain his footing. His body was discovered some two miles below the ford. He had about one thousand dollars on his person,—thus has passed away an old land mark.

Married Ladies! Your Attention.

Ladies, you, who are delicate and consumptive, and have to take a little something for your health, we would warn you to mind how you take your whiskey in the morning. Not that your husbands design anything of the sort, of course, but you see, they don't think that it's dangerous. We have just heard of a great trial that took place in New York city some years since of a man for the murder of five of his wives. His sixth was going the same way, by his giving her whisky as soon as she waked up, on an empty stomach, when his designs were discovered by the sixth wife's brother, who chanced to be a physician, and who advised her to take a cracker to bed with her and to eat it while her husband was getting her tody ready in the morning. Thus he was thwarted. And it was proven in the trial that he had a mania on the subject of watching the slow but sure process of "whisky taken on an empty stomach." Watch out, ladies.

Twigs.

—It snowed in Petersburg, Wednesday.

—Hotel Keeper's motto: "Show the gentleman up."

—An Indianapolis girl wants a patent for making squash pies. She sits down on 'em.

—"Anytin' (hic) set up?" inquired an inebriated editor, as he came among his printers. Quoth the foreman: "Yes, the editor."

—The elephant Romeo's hide has been tanned in Chicago. It measures 212 square feet, and is about three-quarters of an inch thick.

—Time has laid his hand upon my heart gently, not smitting it; but as a harper lays his open palm upon his harp to deaden its vibrations.—*Longfellow.*

—We have a fine bull dog who is rapidly "falling off," because we are away from him and he misses us. Some say it's that. But we reckon it's "vittuls" whats the matter.

—The following toast was pronounced at a fireman's dinner, and was received with great applause: "The ladies—their eyes kindle the only flames against which there is no insurance."

—Those persons afraid to handle paper money coming from any inhabitant of a small pox house, can send it to us in a case iron box. It is essential that they act at once in this matter.

—It is a belief in the Bible, the fruits of deep meditation, which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. I have found it a capital safely invested, and richly productive of interest.—*Goethe.*

—A man being about to marry his fifth wife, a lady asked his daughter who was going to perform the ceremony. "I don't know," she replied; "but I suppose our minister will, as he usually marries father."

The Columbia *Union* says: The cost to Lexington county for the services of three county commissioners and clerk for the year 1872, was only $612.90; an average of less than $160 each. Where is the county that can beat this?

—A Yankton (Dacotah) sheriff attached a show, in that far away country, the other day, and while tacking up a "sale notice" on the elephant's hind quarters, which the official mistook for a small barn, the animal swung his tail around. Done buried.

—Malone, the gambler, who was sentenced at Atlanta, few days ago, to be hanged on the twenty-fourth of January, received the sentence with perfect coolness, and entertained himself with a newspaper at the conclusion of the judge's remarks.

—"Oh, Mr. Snifkins is so charming, Ambie, dear—isn't he? Such a nice person." "Yes, my dear, but a great idiot, not a spoonful of brains.' "Oh! Ambi, ain't you ashamed? He is one of the handsomest gentlemen in this city. His salary, you know, is nearly three thousand."

—An intoxicated man saw two cars passing him the other evening with red and blue lights in the front and rear.—His fuddled brain comprehended colored lights, and he was heard to say to himself: "Must be pretty sick—sickly here; they are running drug stores round on wheels."

—Next to writing poetry and *Waverly Magazine* editorials, there is nothing a Yale College student so enjoys as to have his photograph taken. Last year the class photographer of Yale cleaned $10,000 out of the boys' pockets for pictures, in which price was no object if the brain was shown to advantage.

—Officer in Atlanta blew his whistle for a policeman. Police wouldn't come. He hunted him up and asked why he didn't hearken to the sound of the whistle. Policeman answered that he did, but supposed it was some kind of a bird whistling! Finale—Officer instructing policeman in the call of the whistle.

—In an editorial on the horse disease, *Congregationalist* suggested that it might be well to sit at the feet of a horse and learn humanity. "Just so," says the California *News Letter*, "sit down at the hind feet of a mule, and if he don't humiliate you, pull his tail and tickle the inside of his legs with a stable fork!"

—The father of Dorabella recently found that little girl's chubby little hands full of the blossoms of a beautiful rose-tree, on which he bestowed great care. "My dear," said he, "did I not tell you not to pluck one of these flowers without leave?" "Yes, papa," said Dorabella, "but all these had leaves."

—The credit system has been carried to a very fine point in some of the rural districts, if we may judge from the following dialogue said to have recently occurred between a customer and the proprietor. "Haow's trade square?"—"Wa'l, cash trade's kinder dull naow, majer. Betsy Nipper has bort an egg's worth of tea, and got trusted fer it till her speckled pullet lays."

The Portland (Me.) *Press* says: "One of our fruit dealers caught an urchin stealing nuts yesterday, and proceeded to administer condign punishment.—The boy begged to be released, because he had recently been vaccinated *fresh from the cow.* 'What the —— has that to do with it?' should the infuriated fruit dealer. 'She was a *hooking* cow, and it got into my blood,' was the whimpering reply."

—A Nelson street man was charged by his wife to bring home her bonnet Saturday night, but he became so imbued with liquor that he fell on the street and bursted the cover from the bandbox, and the hat rolled out on the walk. He grabbed for it at once, as also did a playful dog, and for a while it was difficult to determine which would get the hat. They finally divided it, the man going one way with the strings and a few straws, and the dog another with the balance. When he got home, he extended his share of the victory to the wretched woman, and burst forth in unfeigned admiration: "It was the goldarndest dog to (hic) hold on I ever saw, Marier, (hic) an' if I hadn't bin perfectly sober (hic) he'd a had the hull (hic) the hull on it."—*Danbury News.*

Hillsboro—Durham and Liquor—Preaching, &c.

Something unusual, about twelve bales of cotton have recently been seen in Hillsboro, raised in Orange county. We hear of one or two farmers around there who have been going it heavy on tobacco, who will plant a half crop of cotton this year. —The Durham liquor sellers were refused license by the board of commissioners of that little town, last week, who thought they had the right to prohibit them; but the liquor men applied to C. E. Parrish, Esq., in Hillsboro, who, in looking at the charter for the town of Durham, saw nothing there giving the town commissioners such right, so he went before the board of county commissioners, established the good moral character of the applicants, and as under the old revised code they are required, the commissioners granted the license, and the Durham non liquorists were thrown as high as a kite. They held a meeting right off, and told the county commissioners to look out, they needn't be after getting their votes any more for anything. Durham was as mad as a bull about it and hasn't got pleased yet. The sellers are quietly and pleasantly retailing the fluid. —Dr. Smedes of this city preached at Episcopal Church, last night. And Mr. Harris, new Methodist minister, preached his first sermons in that place, yesterday. The Orange Hotel is giving general satisfaction.

Fists.

☞ *A Pennsylvania lunatic in* Virginia, after setting fire to the jail in Surry county in which he was confined, was rescued from the flames and has been sent back to Susquehanna county in that State.

☞ *Horace Greeley knew Mr.* Dickens well. But Dr. Hammond says: "In order to test his consciousness I asked him if he knew Mr. Dickens. I know that he did, for I was present at a dinner to Mr. Dickens at which Mr. Greeley presided. He exclaimed, 'I never heard his name in my life. Now mind, when I was born I died, and when I died I was born.' I then told him that Thurlow Weed had been to my house and had been enquiring for him. He answered as before: 'Now mind, when I was born I died, and when I died I was born.'

☞ *Elizabeth Cady Stanton when* she was at Council Bluffs thus tells of how she sawed a poor fellow's leg off: One of these conceited lords told me a few days since that his wife had fourteen children, and asked me if I did not think that was the highest right women could desire? Looking at his little head, contracted chest, add crooked legs, I replied: 'That turns somewhat on the character and capacity of the father. I must confess, sir, I never saw a dozen men worth repeating fourteen times.' The poor man, reviewing his own defects, looked as if he thought his own wife might have blundered in not preferring enfranchisement to the multiplying of so many shadows of himself. 'It is better,' says John Stuart Mill, 'to give the world one lion than a dozen jackasses.'

☞ *The Hebrew style in marrying* is the nicest fashion yet. Mr. Steinhiemer was married to Miss Isabella Mayer in Atlanta. The *Herald* of that city says: At 3 p. m. the bride and groom entered the church, passing up the aisle until they arrived in front of the Rabbi, Rev. Bonheim, who delivered a prayer and an address in English. After this he pronounced a blessing upon the two goblets of wine, which were poured together. This is typical of the uniting of two beings in the holy state of matrimony. The bridegroom then placed the ring upon the bride's finger. Another blessing was then pronounced over two glasses of wine, representing joy and sorrow; they sipped from each of the cups, which consummated the ceremony under the canopy. The admonition was then delivered in Hebrew, which concluded the marriage.

☞ *A little old man in St. Louis* met Daniel Webster in his tour through that city in 1837. We let the Boston *Commercial* tell the rest: With the crowd that pressed forward to greet him came a wizened-up old man of diminutive stature, limping and elbowing his way up as best he could. Mr. Webster, seeing him so earnest and yet so feeble, had compassion on him, and bending forward and reaching out his hand as if to inspire confidence, said in a loud, clear voice, "I hope you are very well, sir." "*No, I ain't well at all*, Mr. Webster," was the quick reply of the little man in a shrill, squeaking voice, as he looked up into the beaming face of the speaker, "I've got the *rheumatics in my jints*, but my wife has bound up my shins with roasted inyuns (onions) and red flannels, and I've jest come out to take a look at ye and shake hands with ye." He would have continued the story of his personal infirmities no one knows how long, but the halting and impatient crowd pressed the little man forward and out of sight, but Mr. Webster could not forget the ludicrous incident which almost moved him to unseasonable and irrepressible laughter.

☞ *We do trust that we will hear* no more mention of the old people until a thorough airing has been given to this article that we clip from the Washington *Star:* The parents and grandparents of Gen. M. D. Leggett, United States Commissioner of Patents, are remarkable instances of human longevity. All of the grandparents of Gen. L. died over ninety years of age; his father and mother are living, and their united ages amount to over 170 years, the former being over ninety and the latter more than eighty years of age. Notwithstanding the great age of the former he enjoys good health, and attends to business as thoroughly and intelligently as he did fifty years ago. He is at present executor of three estates, and on account of his integrity and business ability is frequently requested to act in that capacity by his neighbors in Ohio. He mounts a horse as briskly as a young man of twenty, and rides for hours without apparent fatigue. The only important particular in which he exhibits the effect of age is in his memory, which is somewhat impaired. His consort possesses all her faculties unimpaired by age, her memory reaching back three-quarters of a century, and embracing every political episode within that period. Both bid fair to live for many years to come.

☞ *In Vallejo, California, is a* young negro man 25 years old, born in the Caribbean Islands and educated at a university in Canada, and he speaks four modern languages besides Greek and Latin. In Van Smith's restaurant the other morning, says the *Vallejo Independent*, he was discussing the doctrine of Papal infallibility from a Protestant standpoint, one hand was toying with a remarkably strong gin cocktail, while the other was gesticulating to the crowd around him. His argument was about as follows: "You will at once admit, after a careful investigation of the claims of Pope Pius IX. to stand on an equal footing with the power of our divine Creator, that his bull announcing the new dogma of infallibility was a *brutum fulmen*—or, in other words, *telum imbelle sine ictu.* [The crowd nodded assent.]

"Tell 'um what?" inquired an old toper, looking over the top of his glass.

"*Telum imbelle sine ictu*, my dear friend, is Latin, and means, 'A feeble weapon thrown without effect.'"

"Yes, yes (hic)," exclaimed the toper, "I know what that means, but dis (hic) remember the application of the first one."

"That's Latin, too" replied the darkey, "and means a 'feeble thunderbolt.'—Gentlemen, I really owe this crowd an apology for indulging in snatches of the languages, but for years gone by their contemplation has been so delightful to bring my mind into direct contact with the buried past that at time, upon occasions of excitement, or in the heat of argument, I thoughtlessly allow myself to give utterance to my thoughts in a dead language unknown to most of you. It is with regret that I find myself so much under the influence of wine as to give utterance to words which come from a language now, I am sorry to say, as utterly defunct and useless as the bones of Alexander's dead, which centuries ago withered upon the Grecian battlefields." (Here, several old topers who had the glasses nearly to their mouths gaped the wider and looked at him in amazement.) Gentlemen, *Tempus fugit*—I mean, time flies, and considerable of a period has elapsed between drinks. As the old Roman used to say: '*Bonum vinum*'—beg pardon; I meant to have said that good wine makes good blood. This is a magnificent hypothesis, and by reasoning directly from cause to effect, and not by false comparisons or fallacious analogy, we are at never-failing logical conclusion, firmly established by fact, without which all reason becomes utterly powerless—a little sugar, if you please, and no lemon, I thank you, and here's to all," and the lexicographical darkey tossed a cocktail from human right forever, and out of the saloon.

The old toper remarked, as he looked wistfully after the retreating man's form: "Blamed if he don't beat all the smart niggers I ever saw."

We understand that an effort is being made to have him lecture to the people of Vallejo, and he is willing to deliver a lecture if an audience can be secured.—His name we did not learn.

Personal Intelligence.

Commander A. A. Semmes has been ordered to the Pensacola navy-yard.

Tom Thumb has bought a yacht, hired a goose pond, and is going to try a pirate's life for a time.

Mr. Robert L. Callum, telegraphic Manager in Augusta, has been at his home in Greensboro sick in bed.

Hon. A. H. Stephens will stroll through his grounds with you and delights in showing to you his pigs.

General Early lectures in Richmond the 20th, the day set apart for the commemoration of General Lee's birth-day.

Two heads now repose on the pillow of Gen. Gideon J——. He was married to a wealthy widow at New Orleans, not many days ago.

The Goldsboro *Journal* learns that Mr. T. J. Lee of Sampson will become associated with Mr. Turner in the editorial management of the *Sentinel.*

Gus Jones of the Tobacco House of Thomas & Pilkinton of Richmond (Va.) is in Atlanta. Gus was raised in Danville and a nicer gentleman don't often get up o' mornings.

The Statesville *American* says: We learn that the Hon. John Kerr, of Caswell, has an idea of removing to this place, with the intention of making it his permanent residence.

Mr. Hill, doorkeeper of the House, is in the city. He had a fine time christmassing up in Randolph, and informs us he killed a mighty buck with six points on one prong and five on the other.

We are glad to welcome in this city our young friend R. Gray, of Winston, who comes here to practice law. He is a young man of decided talents and close and sober application to his profession.

The Rocky Mt. *Mail* says: Mrs. Howell and Misses Mary and Fannie Gray left Rocky Mount last Friday, and have gone to Wentworth, Rockingham county, where they intend in future to reside.

Mrs. Addie Ballou, inspirational speaker, is lecturing in Atlanta on "angel ministration." Guess Ballou had a "hard time" with her and contributed no little towards starting her "on the wing."

Let the young and thoughtless take warning by the fate of Helmbold, the Buchuist. A few years ago his prospects were of the brightest, but he took to fast living, and to-day finds him, alas, living in the suburbs of Philadelphia.

A Washington letter says of Miss Nellie Grant:—She is admired and liked, and treated accordingly, but no precedence on account of position is given her or sought by her family and friends for her. Her dress at the German was Valenciennes lace and Paris muslin over light blue silk.

The Washington *Star* says:—It is generally reported in New York that United States Marshal Sharp will be appointed survivor of that port, and that there are several applicants for his present post. Among them is United States Marshal Harlow, of the eastern district, and Collector Marshal B. Blake.

Hon. Hiram R. Revels, ex-United States Senator, has been appointed by the Governor Secretary of State of Mississippi, in place of the late Hon. James Lynch. Mr. Revels is a native of North Carolina, where, at Fayetteville, Cumberland county, he was born a freeman on the first of September, A. D. 1822.

W. M. Coleman, Esq, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C., will give all necessary instructions to those persons whose claims have been rejected and who desire to re-open them for a new hearing. Mr. Coleman will have this week the first blank forms prepared under the supervision of the Commission. Those desiring to proceed should apply at once; for these claims are examined in the order in which they are filed. Mr. Coleman gives his entire attention to the prosecution of Southern claims.

The Charlotte *Observer* pays the following compliment to a young son of Chief Justice Pearson: It will be remembered that Mr. Pearson graduated last June at Princeton, N. J., in a class of more than one hundred, and bore off the first honor, delivering the valedictory address. He was highly complimented by the Northern Press. Mr. Pearson is a young gentleman of unusual talent, and bids fair to reflect some day credit on himself and the State. He is now engaged in the study of law at the school of his father in Yadkin county.

Supreme Court.

The following cases disposed of on Monday:

E D Macy, Adm'r, vs State, from Wake; referred to Clerk for facts. A M Lewis for Plaintiff; Attorney General Hargrove for the State.

Duncan McFaden et al vs John T Council et al from Bladen. Continued for issues. B & T C Fuller for Pl'ff.—W EcL McKay for defendants.

W D & J L Pickett vs D J Sutherland, Adm'r, et al from Duplin. Smith & Strong and W A Allen for Plaintiff, and W A Wright for Defendants. Referred to Clerk of Duplin to state account.

Henry Melvin et al vs Jas K Melvin et al from Bladen. R H & C C Lyon for plaintiff, and W S & D J Devave for defendants. Case argued.

Thos D McDowell, Adm'r, vs Wm H White from Bladen. Busbee & Busbee for plaintiff. No counsel for defendant. Case argued.

State vs Leana Pepper from Robeson. Attorney General Hargrove for State.—No counsel for defendant. Motion to dismiss for want of appeal bond.

E J Larkins vs Patrick Murphy, Adm'r, from New Hanover. H London for plaintiff; W S & D J Devave for defendant. Case argued.

Weith & Arents vs city of Wilmington. Robt Strange and Wright & Steadman for plaintiffs. H London for defendant. Pending argument the Court adjourned till 10 o'clock to-morrow.

Chapped Hands, face, rough skin, pimples, ringworn, salt-rheum, & other cutaneous affections cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. Be certain to get the *Juniper Tar* Soap, as there are many worthless imitations made with common tar. 93—12w.

The Purest and Sweetest Cod Liver Oil is Hazard & Caswell's, made on the sea shore, from fresh, selected livers, by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It is absolutely *pure* and *sweet.* Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. 93—12w.

The Voting Population

Of the Southern States by the Census Report of 1872:

STATES.	White.	Col'ed.	Total.
Alabama,	105,474	97,823	203,297
Florida,	21,064	18,842	39,906
Georgia,	129,665	107,962	237,627
Arkansas,	77,195	26,789	103,984
Kentucky,	245,133	44,321	289,454
South Carolina,	62,547	85,475	148,022
North Carolina,	139,535	78,019	217,554
Tennessee,	199,056	64,131	263,187
Louisiana,	87,066	86,913	173,979
Mississippi,	84,784	89,926	174,710
Texas,	132,390	51,575	183,965
Virginia,	161,506	107,691	269,191
Missouri,	384,314	23,882	408,196
	1,829,723	883,349	2,713,072

Musical and Theatrical.

Pauline Lucca is in Boston.

Mrs. Oates is on her way to Wilmington.

The Berger ring bellers are in New Orleans.

Signora Albani, the popular Paris prima donna, is a Miss Emma Lajeunesse, born in Montreal, and raised in Albany, N. Y.

The Newbern *Republic* says: We understand that the Pantomime with the addition of acted Charades and new music is to be repeated at the theatre on Wednesday.

Janauschek will appear in Wilmington the last of this month. The Richmond *Dispatch* says of her: In Mary Stuart, Janauschek is a queen; in Deborah she is the outcast Jewess; but in both she commands the highest admiration. It is hard to say in which drama she excels.

Carlotta Patti has been offered by telegraph from Havana $20,000, gold, for ten performances, but a previous engagement with her manager, Max Strakosch, compels her to decline this offer. The present will be the last season of the celebrated cantatrice in public. She retires to private life after this engagement.

One of Lucca's little weaknesses is jealousy—professional jealousy. She does not like to hear Nilsson's name mentioned, and as for Adelina Patti, she cannot abide her. She takes it as particularly hard that the latter has married a Marquis—a real Marquis, whereas she only married a Baron, and only a German Baron at that. As for dresses, Lucca cares comparatively little for it. She has a fair middling wardrobe, and some passable diamonds, but that is all. She is perhaps the poorest of all the great *prima donnas*, and the most industrious and the most unassuming, perhaps the most genuinely popular—certainly the most devoutly religious, attending mass regularly, and always crossing herself and committing herself to the Virgin Mother before she goes on the stage.

E. L. Davenport played as *Rover* in the comedy of Wild Oats." The Richmond *Whig* says: The play last night was O'Keefe's dashing comedy of "Wild Oats," originally in five acts, but now condensed into three. The plot is delightfully ingenious, and full of surprises. *Sir George Thunder* marries an humble woman, has a son by her (*Rover,*) and then deserts her and his child. *Rover* becomes in time a strolling actor. *Sir George* marries a second time, and has a son, *Harry* whom he designs shall marry his rich niece.—*Rover*, however, encounters this lady, does her a favor, and while declining her thanks, makes an impression on her. By a series of theatrical accidents, *Rover* subsequently, with the aid of *Harry* marries her. Before he is known, however, to *Sir George*, he goes on the field to fight a duel with him. It ends as all young ladies would have a novel or a play end, with matrimony and reconciliation.

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Oats—per bushel,	75
Flour—N. Carolina family,	$8 50@8 75
Baltimore Family,	11 00
Bacon—per lb., Bulk,	9@10
Salt—per sack,	3 25
Cotton Yarn—	1 75
Corn Meal—per bushel,	1 10

RETAIL PRICES,

By Messrs. Marcom & Alford,

Grocers and Commission Merchants,

Hargett Street.

Bacon—Baltimore smoked,	11 @ 12
—unsmoked,	9 @ 10
—strips,	11 @ 12
—shoulders,	8 @ 9
—N. C. & Canv. Hams,	15 @ 17½
Butter—per lb.	30 @ 35
Beeswax—per lb.,	22½@ 25
Beef—on hoof,	5 @ 6
per quarter,	5 @ 7
Coffee—per lb.,	25 @ 35
Cotton Yarn—per bale,	1 70
Corn—per bushel,	85 @1 00
Chickens—per piece.	20 @ 22
Eggs—per dozen,	20 @ 25
Flour—per bbl.,	8 50 @9 00
Fodder—per 100 lbs.,	1 25 @1 50
Hay—per 100 lbs.,	60 @ 75
Hides—green, per lb.,	6 @ 7
—dry, per lb.,	12½@ 13
Leather—per lb.,	30 @ 40
Lard—per lb.,	12½@ 15
Molasses—per gallon,	30 @ 50
—Golden Syrup,	80 @1 00
Meal—per bushel,	90 @1 00
Oats—per bushel,	65 @ 70
—Sheaf, pr hundred,	1 25 @1 50
Pork—	9 @ 10
Potatoes—irish, per bush.,	60 @ 75
—sweet, per bush.,	40 @ 50
Sugar—crushed,	20 @ 00
—extra C.,	16 @ 16¾
—P. R.,	15 @ 00
—common,	12½@ 00
Salt—per sack,	3 25
Tallow—per lb.,	8 @ 10
Vinegar—per gallon,	40 @ 50

NORTH CAROLINA, FRANLIN COUNTY. } Superior Court.

I. J. Young and W. H. Williard, Plaintiffs, *against* A. T. Johnston and another, Defendants, } Summons for Relief.

In this cause application having been made by the plaintiffs to obtain an order for publication, and it appearing by affidavit filed on their behalf that the defendant A. T. Johnston resides beyond the limits of this State, and that his place of residence is unknown to the plaintiffs; it is therefore ordered that publication be made once a week for six weeks in the *Era*, a newspaper published in the City of Raleigh, notifying the defendant A. T. Johnston to be and appear before the Judge of our Superior Court, at a Court to be held for the county of Franklin, at the Court House in the Town of Louisburg, on the fourth Monday after the second Monday in February, 1873, then and there to answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed in this cause, (for the payment of $1,000, with interest from October 1st, 1870, and $2,000 with interest from the same date, due on notes executed by defendant to Allen Young, which were assigned by said Young to plaintiffs, and for the foreclosure of the mortgage executed by defendant to secure the payment of said notes,) and let the said defendant take notice that if he fail to appear and answer said complaint, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness, R. H. TIMBERLAKE, Clerk of our said Superior Court, at office in the Town of Louisburg, the 4th day of January, A. D., 1873.

R. H. TIMBERLAKE,
Clerk of Superior Court of
jan 13—w6w Franklin county.

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