THE WEEKLY ERA.

WM. M. BROWN, - - MANAGER

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The following Rates for Return Tickets (good for the season) are made on the North Carolina Railroad:—

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POETRY.

Patron Brown's Views.

He Hears Farmer Donnelly's Lecture and has a Call to Respond.

Good evenin', Farmer Donnelly, come
in and take a chair
Here's one that has a cushion, although
it's the worse for wear.
I'm sorry we haven't a better, but wheat,
you know, is low,
And when the money falls to come, the
comfort has to go.

We lived a little better, sir, when times
were not so hard,
And Hannah's wedding furniture was
not so badly marred.
Poor dame! forgive her absence; it
wounds me to the core
To see the blushes mount her cheeks,
when a stranger seeks our door.

But women will be women, and pride,
you know, is pride,
And I hain't the heart to grudge them
that, who've little else beside;
But when her father blessed our love,
and gave up this good farm,
The flush of conscious pride she wore I
thought her chiefest charm.

I heard your lecture, yesterday, delivered to our grange,
And I've pondered it every minute
since, and I've tried to get it's range,
I'm glad you've happened in to-night,
for if you be so kind,
I'll take the chance to free the thoughts
that are strugglin' in my mind.

I grant your logic's mainly good, and
the case is pretty clear
That farmers have most of life's heavy
lugs, and least of life's good cheer.
Their backs are broad and strong you
see—their arms were made for work,
And it's easy for drones to shift their
loads on to them that scorn to shirk.

I think the doctrines you advance are
mostly right and sound;
The wrongs are many and grievious
that grind us into the ground.
The prices are stiff and steady on everything we buy,
And while our farm stuff settles low
'most everything else goes high.

And the railways—what with their
cheatin' rates, and watered stocks,
and the notes
We gave them to get started, so they
could turn and cut our throats—
(This very farm is mortgaged to yonder
cursed track,
And it's beggared me ever since, and
robbed the clothes from Hannah's
back)—

All, *all*, I grant—*every one* is a stinging
and giant wrong—
And we have borne their oppression,
already much too long;
But whether the remedy *you* prescribe
will cause our burdens to drop—
That's what I'm tryin' to consider, sir,
and it's that that sticks in my crop.

You'd have us sunder old party ties,
and abandon old party friends,
And set up a party of our own, for gainin' of all our ends.
Now that advice may be perfect, but
for a plain old farmer like me,
Why a tree should be *lopped* to make it
grow, is more than I can see.

'Tis true, I dimly discern the reward
that stimulates *your* desire,
The Grangers' paws would be handy
to rake your chestnuts out of the
fire.
But unless my lights deceive me, it's
the thing for us to oppose,
To swap the many who've been our
friends for the few that have been
our foes.

And so far as my observation goes, the
party we've served so long
Is ready to give us a helping hand to
right whatever is wrong.
I've scanned the list that rallied around
the good old flag in our town,
And there isn't a man but what yearns
to assist to put our oppressors down.

There's Merchant Blake, down there to
the store—his case is the same as
ours;
He has labored with us, both early and
late, to put down monopoly powers.
And Miller Cole, that's down to the
pond, who is shippin' his flour to
New York,
Is in the same boat with us, I guess,
who are shippin' our grain and pork.

And Lawyer Clough, who lives at the
fork, and served in the Senate last
year,
And went for the railways under "our
bill," without any halting or fear,
And has won us many a case against
oppressions of many a kind—
I guess that without his shrewd advice
we should go it rather blind.

And all the laborers down in the town—
have *they* got nothing to say?
Don't monopoly put its burdens on
them, and haven't they tributes to
pay?
Why, Jemmy Dolan, there by the
bridge, that's just got into his house,
Paid a hundred dollars to freight his
boards, and his hut's too small for
a mouse!

And it looks to *me*, too, just as if your
close communion concern
Is looking for spoils and place in a way
that honest folks would spurn.
I take it that men ground down as we
are have got higher things to win
Than postoffice perquisites, salary grabs,
and the devil's own stew of sin.
And there's our grand old party—I may
as well own to you
That the thought of going back on that
is a pretty tough end to chew;
I've viewed it in all it's bearin's and
I'm right here moved to confess
That there isn't a wrong since I j'ined
its ranks it ever refused to redress.

I've got a boy in the burying ground—
the Wide Awakes placed him there;
That vacant seat by the mantle-piece
was always his favorite chair.
He went to the front when old Abe
called for six hundred thousand
more,
And they brought him back to me
wrapped in the flag that at Gettysburg he bore.

And when the old Copperhead, Simon
Small, looked on and saw our woe,
And said it was "good for us—we'd no
business to let him go"—
Up jumped big Clark, the blacksmith,
and knocked him into the pond,
And I think they'd have drowned the
critter, only he dove to the bank
beyond.

And I see you pushed him for'ard today, to be master of our grange,
And when he received no vote but his
own, you counted it rather strange.
Well, mebbe it was, but I jest tell you,
if your game had a come about,
There isn't a farmer belongs to our
grange that wouldn't have kicked
him out.

And we all agree about *this*, sir—we
hain't forgotten the time,
When the good old Republican party,
destroyed the blackest of crimes.
And if the past is any sign of what its
future will do,
We ha'nt no call to betray it, sir, for
Simon Small—nor you.

And pardon me, sir, I beg you, if my
tongue here inclines to slip—
I think *you'd a'* been in Congress yet,
if you'd only stuck to the ship;
And you needn't have been 'mongst the
grangers, a puttin' on farmers' airs,
Arrayin' yourselves in false colors, and
takin' us unawares.

Don't rise! I'm sorry to have you go;
I hope I've not given offense!
It'll be all the same to you and me a
hundred years hence.
I don't know what *our* grange will take
of what yesterday said;
But when *I* desert the old colors, now,
you may give me up for dead!

*Ignatius Donnelley, formerly member of Congress from Minnesota, who, having lost his seat in Congress, by betraying his party, has since employed every expedient to recover it. At present, he is enacting the *role* of "lecturer" to the granges, in which capacity he is addressed by Patron Brown.—*From the Chicago Evening Post.*

Iowa ladies write "private" on the corners of their postal cards.

Salem in 1791.

President Washington's Visit.

[From Salem Press, Sept. 14, 1873.

It is not generally known that we have a "Washington Room" in Salem Hotel, occupied by General George Washington, while visiting this place in his memorable Southern tour of 1791. The room is in the original brick building and just above the office of the Hotel. A heavy beam was placed across the ceiling of the office, in order to prevent any mishap to the large number of people who visited the first President of the United States. The beam is there yet, and Mr. Butner will gladly show this interesting room to any visitors to our city.

The following is a brief sketch of the ceremonies on that occasion, copied from a little volume, now out of print, entitled "The Moravians in North Carolina:"

"On May 31st, 1791, Salem was visited by the first President of the United States, *George Washington*, then on a visit to Alexander Martin, Governor of North Carolina. Gen. Washington spent a day among the Moravians, visiting the houses of the single Brethren and single Sisters, and in the evening attending service in the church. The President seemed to take an especial interest in the water works by which the town was supplied with water. [These works are still in operation.]

"The following address was presented to him on June 1st:—

To the President of the U. S.:

"Happy in sharing the honor of a visit from the illustrious President of the Union to the Southern States, the Brethren of Wachovia humbly beg leave, upon this joyful occasion, to express their highest esteem, duty, and affection for the great patriot of this country.

"Deeply impressed as we are with gratitude to the great author of our being for his unbounded mercies, we cannot but particularly acknowledge His gracious providence over the temporal and political prosperity of the country, in the peace whereof we do find peace, and wherein none can take a warmer interest than ourselves, in particular when we consider that the Lord that preserved your precious person in so many imminent dangers has made you in a conspicuous manner an instrument in his hands to forward that happy constitution, together with those improvements whereby our States begin to flourish, over which you preside with the applause of a thankful nation.

"Whenever, therefore, we solicit the protection of the Father of Mercies over this favored country, we cannot but fervently implore His kindness for your preservation, which is so intimately connected therewith.

"May this gracious Lord vouchsafe to prolong your valuable life as a further blessing and an ornament of the constitution, that by your worthy example the regard for religion be increased, and the improvements of civil society encouraged.

"The settlements of the United Brethren, though small, will always make it their study to contribute as much as in them lies to the peace and improvement of the United States, and all the particular parts they live in, joining their ardent prayers to the best wishes of this whole continent that your personal as well as domestic happiness may abound, and a series of successes may crown your labors for the prosperity of our times and an example to future ages, until the glorious reward of a faithful servant shall be your portion.

"Signed, in behalf of the United Brethren in Wachovia,

"FRED. WILLIAM MARSHALL,
"JOHN DANIEL KŒHLER,
"CHRISTIAN LEWIS BENZIEN.
"Salem, the first of June, 1791.

To which the President of the United States was pleased to return the following answer:—

To the United Brethren of Wachovia:

"GENTLEMEN:—I am greatly indebted to your respectful and affectionate expression of personal regard, and I and am not less obliged by the patriotic sentiment contained in your address.

"From a society whose governing principles are industry and the love of order, much may be expected towards the improvement and prosperity of the country in which their settlements are formed, and experience authorizes the belief that much will be obtained.

"Thanking you with grateful sincerity for your prayers in my behalf, I desire to assure you of my best wishes for your social and individual happiness.

"G. WASHINGTON."

A copy of the above address and the answer of Gen. Washington in his own handwriting, are on file among the archives of Salem.

Middlemarch, like all of George Elliot's works is full of brief paragraphs connected with the story, yet conveying independent lessons of truth worthy to be remembered: For example: "We are on a perilous margin when we begin to look passively at our own future selves, and see our own figures led with dull consent into insipid misdoing and shabby achievement."

"There is a forsaking which still sits at the same board and lies on the same couch with the forsaken soul, withering it the more by unloving proximity."

"There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a soul of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us; and our sins become the worst kind of sacrilege which tears down invisible alter of trust."

"Who can know how much of his most inward life is made up of thoughts he believes other men to have about him until that fabric of opinion is threatened with ruin?"

"In courtship every thing is regarded as provisional and preliminary, and the smallest sample of virtue or accomplishment is taken to guarantee delightful stores which the broad leisure of marriage will reveal. But the door-sill of marriage once crossed, expectation is concentrated on the present."

"Eli Perkins" writes that Dan Marks, a veteran baggage-smasher, experienced religion at Round Lake, N. Y., and has since confessed in open meeting that he had smashed $13,000,000 worth of trunks in twelve years, and had been too sick a good deal of the time to attend personally to the business.

It was a country chap who, after coming to a railroad crossing the other day and reading the sign, "Look out for the locomotive," climbed to the top, and, gazing down the track, wanted to know "Where in the thunder the old thing was?"

Conscience warns us as a friend before it punishes as a judge.

[From the Geological Report.]

Minerals of North Carolina.

A Noble Mineral Region.

Minerals are found in great variety and abundance over a large part of the State. Among the more useful and important are the following: *Marl, Iron, Coal, Peat, Limestone, Gold, Copper, Silver, Lead, Zinc, Mica, Graphite, and Corundum*; besides *Manganese, Kaolin, Fire-clay, Fuel, Agamatolite, Whetstone, Grindstone, and Millstone grits*, a great variety of building stones, *Serpentine, Marble, Chromic Iron, Barytes, Oil Shales, Burhstone, Roofing Slates* and precious stones as *Diamond, Garnet, Sapphire, Ruby, Beryl, and Amethyst.*

Marl is found only in the eastern region, but is very abundant in some 25 counties, occurring in extensive superficial beds, which contain all the elements of a complete and permanent fertilizer, an occasional dressing (once in 15 or 20 years) being sufficient to render a poor soil permanently productive. This is the most valuable mineral in the State, as it is easily accessible to more than half of the farming lands, and is applicable to all crops.

Iron. The State contains a vast quantity of iron ore of every variety distributed over a very wide area from the head of navigation on the Roanoke, for example, for nearly four hundred miles westward, to the extreme limit of the State, being found in workable quantities in not less than thirty counties. But a more important fact than the variety or the abundance, or the wide distribution of these ores is the remarkable purity of many of the deposits. Iron has been smelted for a hundred years in the middle and western counties, both in forges and furnaces; but only in quantities sufficient for neighborhood consumption. Much of the iron, though so rudely prepared, is equal to the best Swede, being of course, like that, reduced with charcoal. The most abundant kind of ore is Magnetite, and most of the iron hitherto manufactured in the State has been made of it; but red Hematite is scarcely less abundant, and Limonite is very common. Two kinds of carbonaceous ore occur in association with the coal, viz: the Scotch Black Band and Ball ore, (calcareous siderite.) Many of the beds of the former ores, Magnetite and Red Hematite, are entirely free from both Sulphur and Phosphorus; some of them contain Manganese, others Titanic Acid, and still others both of these minerals, together with a small per centage of Chromium. Such deposits in such quantities and of such purity, remain undeveloped only because occurring in a region heretofore little accessable, and wholly devoted to agriculture. But their high value for the manufacture of the best kinds of cutlery steel, and for the Bessamer rail is bringing them prominently into notice and demand.

Coal. The coal of this State is of Transic age, mostly bituminous; is a good gas coal and also well adapted to iron smelting when coked. There are two coal beds, both in the middle region, one on Deep River, mostly in Chatham county, the other on Dan River, (upper waters of the Roanoke,) in Rockingham and Stokes counties. The thickness of the workable seams ranges from three to seven feet. The outcrops are respectively estimated at about thirty or forty miles, and the probable breadth at about three miles in one case and one to two in the other. Both of these coal beds are in immediate proximity to some of the most extensive and valuable iron ore deposits in the State and on navigable streams.

Peat exists in very large quantities (several hundred square miles in area and many feet thick,) in the counties near the seaboard. It is used extensively as a fertilizer by the best farmers and will some day be of great value for fuel.

Limestone, though not abundant in the State, is found in more than twenty counties; some of them in the eastern, some in the middle, and some in the western, region. That in the east is of Eocene age and is a shell conglomorate, valuable both for building purposes and for the manufacture of lime. The limestones of the middle and western regions are of Huronian (Pre-Silurian) age, and are frequently crystalline, and in several counties constitute a very good marble, in Cherokee and Macon espesially, where are found several fine varieties and colors of this stone, white, gray, red, flesh-colored and mottled.

Gold is very widely distributed through the older rocks of the middle and western sections, being found in workable quantities in twenty-nine counties. The first gold mines in the United States were found here about 1820, and they were wrought on a very large scale until 1847, yielding many millions of dollars. There has been comparetively little done in these mines since the discovery of the California deposits, although a number of mines are wrought from Halifax to Cherokee. The mineral is found in various gangues, besides the free gold of the drift or the gravel beds; chiefly in quartz, quartzitic slates, and conglomerates, talcose slates, felspatic slates, limestone and gneiss. Before the discovery of the California deposits, the largest nugget in the world had been obtained from this State, weighing twenty-eight pounds.

Silver, Lead and *Zinc* have been mined to some extent for more than thirty years in the middle region, chiefly in Davidson county, at Silver Hill and the neighboring mines, and recently they have been discovered in several of the western counties.

Copper has been found in more than a dozen counties, and a large number of mines have been opened in the last twenty years throughout the middle and mountain region, and were wrought quite extensively before the war. Four or five of them have been recently reopened, and put in operation on a large scale. It occurs in rocks of both Laurentian and Huronian age, chiefly in a gangue of quartz, but also hornblende slate, syenite and tremolite in calcose slates. Most of the gold veins of the State contain copper in large part, and some of the mines of copper were first opened as gold mines. It exists mostly in in the form of copper pyrites, although the other common ores are of frequent occurance.

Mica. A great many mines of this mineral have been opened in the last three years, in some of the western counties of the State, most of them in Michell county, and all of them the Laurentian rocks. It is found in ledges (veins) of very coarse granite. Many of the plates of mica are of remarkable size, reaching three and even four feet in diamter. It is mostly sold in Philadelphia and used chiefly in the manufacture of stoves, and the mining of it is a very profitable and growing industry.

Graphite is very abundant in the State both in the middle and west, existing chiefly in large bedded viens, generaly more or less earthy and slaty, but occasionally quite pure and crystalline. It has been wrought on a large scale at several points. One vein, a few miles from the Capital, is one of the most extensive known.

Corundum has been found in large quantities in several counties west of the Blue Ridge, and is now extensively mined. Several valuable rubies and sapphires have been already obtained, one piece having sold in London for $1,000; and a ruby crystal of 312 pounds is in the cabinet of Prof. Shepard, Amherst College Mass. The principal use of this mineral however, is in the manufacture of finer kinds of emery, for which purpose it has no equal.

Chromic Iron is of common occurence in the same region.

Manganese. Several viens of the Black Oxide, of a valuable character have been found.

Barytes is found in large viens in the western and middle counties, and is exported to the Northern States, to be used, among other things as the manufacture of paints as a substitute, in part or whole, for the lead carbonate.

Building Stones, granite, marble, and sandstone abound everywhere.

Half a dozen *Diamonds* have been found accidentally in washing gold, four of them of considerable value.

Oil Shales exist in great thickness in connection with the coal beds and yield a large per centage of oil.

The other minerals mentioned are of common occurence.

Of mineralogical curiosities there is a larger number found in this State than in any other of the United States.

How a Girl Helps Clean House.

She is perfectly willing to help. She tells her mother she would just as lief stay home a week as not, and informs her teacher, with a semi-triumphant air, that she has to stay at home next week to help clean house.

The carpets are to be taken up first, and that girl, delicately reared though she be, bravely sits down in the middle of the floor and reads a paper while her mother and the hired girl take out the tacks and make frantic efforts to use the same form of common prayer that the head of the house uses when his boots don't come on easily in the morning.

The carpet is rolled up and taken out into the back yard, and hung on the clothes-line to be dusted. Now that girl comes out strong, and shows the latent energy that is in her. She seizes an old broom and starts toward that swinging carpet with an air of determination. On her way she spies her friend Kate passing, and goes off to the side fence to talk about an hour and a half about—well, about whatever girls do talk about under the same circumstances. Then she goes into the house and eats her dinner and complains of being tired.

If the afternoon she begins dusting and arranging the books in the bookcase. She finds, pretty soon, one of Quida's novels, and sits down on the floor to read while the ink, from a bottle she knocks over when she throws her duster on the table, runs all over the parlor curtains stuffed under the chair near by.

Her mother finds her here, and sends her into the parlor to gather up her music ready for to-morrow's campaign. She gets along well enough with her finger exercises and marches, but presently she comes across "Don't be Angry with me, Darling, that Robert gave her last week, and begins to hum it. She opens the piano to find the key note to be certain she can take the high note nicely, and begins to sing. It doesn't sound well without the accompaniment that Robert thought was so sweet, so she sits down and begins to play. While she is practicing Robert comes along. He hears her. He stops. He enters. She stops. He wants to hear that sweet song. Came in only for that. She is too hoarse. She couldn't think of singing with her hair tied up in a towel—but she does.

Robert sighs as the song ends, and she proposes a game of croquet. They go out and play croquet till tea time.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Flame Sensitive to Sound.

Some curious experiments were made, a few years ago, by Prof. Tyndall, on "sensitive flames." He observed that in a drawing-room the gas-light kept time with the music by their flames becoming longer or shorter, according to the various notes produced on the piano. This he justly attributed to the vibrations caused in the air, and he soon, by direct experiment, confirmed this view. This experiment was applied to the measure of explosive substances in the following way: At a distance of five meters from a flame he placed an anvil, on which he alternately laid fulminate of mercury and iodide of nitrogen, and then caused their explosion by the stroke of a hammer. In this way he ascertained that the latter substance produced no effect on the flame, while the fulminate caused it to vibrate according to the notes la, do, mi, fa, sol. Hence he concluded, not only that the vibrations affected by the iodide were different from those of the fulminate, but also that those of the latter only affected certain notes, excluding the intermediate ones. These experiments he repeated with different explosive substances and with similar results confirming his theory.

Dr. Chambers beautifully said:—"The little that I have seen in the world and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsation of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voice within; health gone; happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hand it came."

Henry S. Foote, in the Washington *Chronicle*, continues to pursue Jefferson Davis with an exterminating fury. Old political rivals as they are, and life-long bitter personal enemies, Mr. Foote could not do Mr. Davis justice, even in thought or speech, and proper respect for himself would impose silence.

There are in the world about 120,000 miles of railway, that have cost $10,000,000,000, and give employment to over 1,000,000 persons.

It was recently announced by an Iowa editor that a certain patron of his was "thieving as usual." He declares he wrote it "thriving."

[From the Advocate.]

Births and Deaths of Distinguished Personages.

COMPILED BY J. H. BEXTON.

BORN IN SEPTEMBER.

5th. Cardinal Richelieu. 6th. La Fayette. 7th. Buffon. 10th. Judge Noah Davis of New York. 11th. James Thompson. 14th. Baron Van Alexander Humboldt. 15th. James Fenimore Cooper, J. G. Percival. 18th. Dr. Samuel Johnson. 20th. Charles Carolton. 22nd. Samuel Adams. 24th. Dr. John Marshall, Aaron Burr. 25th. Mrs. Hemans. 26th. Thomas S. Grinke. 29th. Lords Clive and Nelson. Total 17.

DIED IN SEPTEMBER.

3rd. Oliver Cromwell. 4th. Farenheit. 6th. Ali Pacha (Grand Vizier of Turkey.) Gen. John S. Rawlins. 7th. Hannah Moore. 8th. Dr. Holbrook (a naturalist.) W. P. Fessenden. 9th. William, the Conqueror. 10th. Hon. John Bell. 13th. Gen. Wolfe, killed. 14th. James Fenimore Cooper, Aaron Burr. 17th. Robert Pollok, Prof. George Bush, Lewis Marie Fenerback, a German philosopher. 18th. Matthew Prior, Duke of Wellington, Charles Louis Eugene, King of Sweden and Norway. 26th. Robert Emmett. 21st. Edward II, Sir Walter Scott. 24th. Mohamed of Turkey. 25th. Phillip I, of Spain, Samuel Butler. 28th. Gen. Sterling Price. 29th. Dr. Paley. 30th. Whitefield, Dr. Francis Wayland. Total 28.

A middle-aged lady met a bridish-looking lady in the postoffice yesterday, and the following conversation followed:—

"Mary, is it true that your mother is dead?" asked the former.

"It is," said Mary.

"And were you married before she died?"

"No," said Mary, "not until three days after."

The middle-aged woman stared at the bride for a moment, and slowly and bewilderingly said:—

"Do you mean to say that your poor mother died without—without seeing what you were married in?"—*Danbury News.*

We have already said that the crowns in heaven are all the gifts of grace, and yet at the same time it is true that those who have the crowns have fought for them:—"These are they that came out of great tribulation." It was not that tribulation procured them. their crowns; still it seems to be a rule—the usual rule in God's church—that those of his servants who are to be rewarded should work, and those who are to be crowned should fight. At any rate, if you and I suppose we shall get the crown without contending for it, we shall find ourselves mistaken.—[Spurgeon.

A man's abilities do not measure the usefulness of his life, any more than the size of the tree determines the amount of fruit it is sure to ripen. The little fruit from the small tree is often more highly prized than the much fruit from the tree with its many branches. It is the consecration of life to holy aims, that gives it beauty and value. How often are we surprised with the results of the lives we watch! One surprises us that it was so barren, another with its great abundance of good fruits.—National Banner.

Newspapers.

Dr. Johnson, when in the fullness of years and knowledge said:—"I never take up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss to not have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement." The newspapers in Johnson's time were meager enough compared with those of to-day. Now a yearly newspaper volume is a perfect encyclopedia.

One reason why Christianity has so little success in the world is because professing Christians subordinate it to so many other considerations. Local residence, occupation, friendship, marriage, are settled, and the question of religion goes for little or nothing. It is compromised, and a compromise is close to a surrender. Were it the ruling principle with Christians, it would be on the sure way to the world's throne, though it might be through suffering.

Whitewash applied to walls, ceilings, fences, etc., has a highly sanitary influence at this time of year. In the country, this covering is applied with good effect to the sides of barns and farm outhouses. It is cheap, easily applied, freshens and improves the appearance of things, and is sanitary in its influence upon the health.

A Connecticut boy insisted on knowing what was meant by the slang phrase, "a gone sucker," and was overheard praying soon after, on being sent off to bed: "God bless papa and mamma and baby; but I'se been such a bad boy I rather guess I'm a gone sucker!"

A good natured man was nearly eaten out of house and home by the constant visits of his acquaintance, when, in despair, he began to borrow of the rich ones and lend it to poor ones, and the result was that he was soon troubled no longer with either class.

A drunken fellow, with a box of matches in his pocket, laid down on the street in Muscatine, the other day, to enjoy a quiet snooze. While rolling over in his sleep the match took fire. Awakening, he snuffed the air suspiciously, smelt the burning brimestone, and ejaculated, "Just as I expected, in h--ll (his,) by hokey."

Men who have little claim on a pastor's time are instant in season and out of season, in their calls. Some never know when to go. They would hang around the whole forenoon, if not peremptorily dismissed. Such men, as Dr. Hall, of Holy Trinity, puts it, have their "sitting breeches on when they call."—Examiner.

A lady dealer in hair goods down East heads her advertisement in the local newspaper with this travesty on Dr. Watts:—

"How vain are all things here below—
How false and yet how fair!"
"But if for false things you will go,
Invest at once in hair!"

A notorious female in New York, known to the police as "Big Amy," has escaped being sent to the Island from the fact that the magistrates decline to commit bigamy.

One swallow does not make a summer, but too many swallows make a fall.

[London Cosmopolitan.]

North Carolina and Her Future.

There was a time when the Lords Proprietors held sway in the old North State—when the noble families of Beaufort, and Hyde, and Craven, and Tyrrell, and Carteret—the Onslows, the Arundels, and the Richmonds, and many others that we might mention—not only gave their names to the counties which many still bear, but their wealth for their development and their blood for their defence. In those days more was known about the great State of North Carolina, in this great metropolis of the world, than is known to-day. Then—when the Lords Proprietors held sway—the harbonr of Beaufort (which is still the best in the Southern States south of Norfolk) presented a busy scene, and the warehouses, on the Thames, of the rich proprietors teemed with the virgin produce of that now almost forgotton State. It would be idle for us to express an opinion whether the present generation of North Carolina have lost or gained by the changes which they were first to agitate; but, whether they have lost or gained, we cannot help expressing the conviction that although probably forever politically separated from Great Britian, there is an absolute community of commercial interest which they have long seen, and to which we hope our merchant princes and capitalists will no longer shut their eyes. We build fleets of ships and splendid steamers to develop the trades of the Antipodes; we send abroad to the uttermost parts of the earth rich cargoes of our handiwork; we send forth our skilled miners to dig for ores or work the coal-fields of barbarian countries, tens of thousand of miles away; we send our operatives to erect and work factories where theirs is the only skilled labour, und only their lips can speak the language of civilization. We stretch the girdles of intelligence about the earth, and send our giant cable-laying fleet to every sea and ocean; we build railways for all the world, and lavish untold millions not only in enterprises which are rolliug forward the world's progess at a fearful pace, but oftentimes in far-away schemes which only exist as evidences of our English pluck and enprise. And yet here—almost at our very doors, scarce three thousand miles away, within some ten days of our shores—is a land which was once our own richer, far richer, in soil, and minerals, and timber, and all the the crude elements of wealth and prosperity, than any country with which we have relations, and only requiring the magic touch of Capital to become the paradise of earth! Why is it that North Carolina, possessing natural advantages superior to any other State in the American Union, has been so long kept in the background? And why has she permitted other less-favoured States to eclipse her in prosperity and population? The problem is easy of solution. In the first place, the institution of slavery offered an insuperable obstacle to the highest and best development of the true interests and resources of this State; in the second place, the geographical position of the State, in its relation to the Great West, and the marvellous increase of population in that direction, has, through the lack of a proper appreciation of that position by her own people, been a great, although unseen, cause of retardation in her progress. Let one but glance at a map of the Atlantic States, and he will readily appreciate what we have to advance. North Carolina, it will be seen, lies between two great systems of foreign and internal communication. Possessing herself the most central and commanding position of any State in the Union, she has permitted the great sea of prosperity and progress, which for the last half century has swept Westward on the North American Continent, to roll by her in two distant waves—one to the South of her and the other to the North. We will leave the Gulf States out of question in discussing this problem, merely calling attention to the fact that New Orleans mainly owes her prosperity to the great natural highway of the Mississippi River, Mobile to Alabama, and of later years Galveston to the fact that, poor as it is, Texas has no other harbour. Passing Florida as of trifling importance we come to Georgia. This State and her principal seaport, Savannah, owe most of their prosperity to the Georgia Central Railroad, and the internal railway system connected with it. She has a large foreign commerce, and in time will be rich and powerful. The policy of her people has been to make her the great highway from the Atlantic to Northern Alabama, and they have been wise in so doing. Next we come to South Carolina, with her Grand Trunk Railway bearing the State name, and all its ramifications, stretching away towards Alabama and Tennessee, and striving to make Charleston the Southern metropolis. For the present we make no comments upon this afflicted State, further than to say that she must purify her political system, and her colored citizens must learn the value of her citizenship and an honest name before they can expect that foreign aid which they desire, to restore their financial system and develop their resources. Two hundred miles north of Charleston lies the noble harbor of Beaufort, of which the North Carolinians are justly proud. Its very existence is almost unknown on this side of the Atlantic; and yet, during the recent war, the whole of the great fleet of men-of-war and transports destined for the relief of Sherman's army—over two hundred sail of vessels—rode safely upon its bosom; and it is estimated that over five hundred vessels entered and left the harbor during the war—taking the arrivals and departures—without a single accident, while the constant passing of deep-draught steamers had the effect of deepening the bar to over twenty-two feet. And yet, to-day, this noble harbor is lying idle and useless, with perhaps a half dozen foreign entrances and clearances in a year. What is the reason? Because its railway is cut off from internal connections, and there is no Grank Trunk line under a single control through the State. We will leave this neglected State for a moment and see where the Northern wave of progress swept by her. A little over one hundred miles north of Beaufort we come to Norfolk, a harbor too well known to require description. Here stretches away through the whole length of Virginia the Atlantic, Mississippi, and Ohio Railway; next we have the Chesapeake and Ohio, making two "grand trunks" for the State of Virginia. Passing north to Maryland we have the rich and powerful Baltimore and Ohio. Next in order comes the giant of the American systems, the Pennsylvania Central, in the State whose name it bears. New Jersey controls nothing beyond her own borders, so we need not particularise her well known and rich companies. As a friend remarked in discussing these subjects, "you could put twenty New Jerseys into North Carolina and not see them." Next in order comes New York—the Empire State—with the great but hitherto corrupt Erie, and its mighty extention, the Atlantic and Great Western. The last of the strictly Atlantic trunk lines in the United States is the New York Central, connecting with New York City by the Hud