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By P. M. HALE.

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PERSEVERANCE.

One step and then another,
  And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
  And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
  And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
  And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
  By their slow and constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
  In the distant dark-blue ocean,
And the noblest undertakings
  Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated effort
  Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
  On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
  You never can get through;
But just endeavor day by day
  Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
  Will prove to be a plain!

"Rome was not builded in a day,"
  The ancient proverb teaches,
And nature, by her trees and flowers,
  The same sweet sermon preaches.
Think not of far-off duties,
  But of duties which are near,
And having once begun to work,
  Resolve to persevere.

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BATCHELOR.

A BRIEF RECORD OF THE LIFE

Of One who has Done His Duty.

In every age of the world some man has lived who, going through his life performing duties simply as duties, without blowing his own trumpet, has so lived his life that even those most intimate with him do not know how great has been his usefulness to the community and his influence on the age. Such a man is the Hon. JOSEPH B. BATCHELOR, of Raleigh.

Mr. BATCHELOR was born in Halifax county, North Carolina, in 1825, and was graduated at Chapel Hill in 1845, receiving the first distinction, and delivering the valedictory of his class. He obtained his license in 1847, and in 1848, the first election after he became of age, he received the Democratic nomination for the House of Commons in his native county. No man then living could remember when Halifax had voted otherwise than for the Whigs; so of course Mr. Batchelor was defeated, but he very largely reduced the majority, and in his county the strength of the Whig party was broken, and it was henceforth regarded as a Democratic county.

In May, 1855, he was appointed Attorney General by Governor Bragg, and acted in that capacity until 1857. The opinion delivered by him during this time, at the request of the Judges of the Supreme Court, as to the right of the Legislature to tax their salaries, has been and is still regarded as a final settlement of the question.

In 1860 he was elected to the Legislature from Warren county, and voted for the call of the Convention which passed the Ordinance of Secession. Few men realized the immense responsibility assumed by those who voted for this measure. The people of the State, in doing so, again pledged their "lives, their fortunes and their most sacred honor" to the cause of liberty. Mr. BATCHELOR was not one of those who rushed into this matter without forethought. He knew, and knew well, the responsibility and foresaw clearly the immense issues involved in the act. But he had through life studied law as a science, and from the foundation. To him the Constitution meant that the States were paramount, and the liberty of the people, dependent on the sovereignty of the States, must be defended at all hazards. During the war that followed Mr. BATCHELOR gave largely of his then ample fortune to the Southern cause, and assisted iberally the families of those in the field. e volunteered in the ranks more than nce, but his health and strength were onstitutionally so feeble, that the physicians invariably refused to receive his enlistment. During the struggle while the demon of speculation seemed to possess all classes, he refused to advance his interests by engaging in any speculation for making money. The end of the war found him with his fortune entirely swept away, and with a burden of debt, incurred as security for his friends; with health entirely broken down, and a large family dependent on him. Under these circumstances, to which so many succumbed, his courage rose to meet the occasion, and he commenced a struggle to pay the debts which he had assumed for others at a time when he could have paid them all without inconvenience.

In 1866 Mr. BATCHELOR removed to Raleigh and formed a partnership with the late Hon. Sion H. Rogers. Heretofore the practice of law had been to him a diversion, more as an excuse for the study of a science to which he was devoted than as a source of income; henceforth it was a means of livelihood. The knowledge acquired by studying law for the love of the study, now came into use. Mr. BATCHELOR immediately assumed a place in the very first rank in the profession, and from that day until now, he has worked hard and constantly. To such work success is certain. Gradually but certainly the load of debt has been lifted. His children have been educated, and, doing their own work in the world, are self-sustaining, and now, when the shadows of a ripe age first begin to fall on him, he can look back on a life without a blot, and with no duty unperformed. Such has been his life as a lawyer.

In politics, Mr. BATCHELOR has always been a true and consistent Democrat, but he has never been a politician. His love for the fundamental law of the land has been greater even than that to his party. So in 1871, when the General Assembly attempted to call a Convention by means which he regarded as unconstitutional, he did not sustain the measure, though he had constantly been in favor of a reform in the Constitution and had denounced military rule and the military methods of forcing it on the people, before it became fashionable to denounce it and while it was yet dangerous to do so.

In 1875 Mr. BATCHELOR joined heart and soul with Colonel William L. Saunders in the campaign of the Wilmington *Journal*, which ended in the call of a Convention that year, and which gave relief to the East. If elections are to be won and lost this year on county government, Mr. BATCHELOR should head the ticket that supports honest county government for the East, for to him and Colonel Saunders, and to one hardly more than the other, the East owes its deliverance. His letter, written at the request of Colonel Saunders, appeared just as the matter was on the poise. Causes must be judged from effects: after this letter appeared there was no lon

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ger a doubt that the Convention would be called.

As a lawyer, also, Mr. Batchelor has been of great service to the State. In the meeting of the North Carolina Railroad Company in Salisbury he began proceedings which saved the State's interest in the North Carolina Railroad, and in 1879 he proposed the plan and drew the bill by which this interest was again saved, and the construction bonds compromised at a saving to the State of $750,000.

Another service which Mr. Batchelor has rendered to the public, has been, like most of his services, known only to the bar and to a few friends.

The Code of Civil Procedure was adopted in 1868, and, as construed by the Supreme Court, the collection of debts under this Code was so summary as to threaten serious danger to the farming interest. The danger was pressing, and Mr. Batchelor, regarding the farming interests of the State as her chief source of prosperity, at once realized the gravity of the situation, and to avert it drew up an Act to suspend the Code of Civil Procedure, and by his quiet but strenuous efforts succeeded in getting it passed by the Legislature. The effect was at once felt, and while the act was intended as a temporary measure, it has worked so well that it still remains on the Statute Book, and is familiarly known to the profession as "Batchelor's Stay Law." We have heard him speak of it as one of the acts of his life to which he looks back with most pleasure.

Mr. Batchelor's services on the Fraud Commission are well known. The duties were both onerous and unpleasant, but were discharged with singular impartiality and firmness, and the report of the Committee formed the ground work of the success of the Democratic party in the next campaign.

As a Mason, Mr. Batchelor has filled the offices of Grand Senior Warden and Deputy Grand Master. To the establishment of the Oxford Orphan Asylum he gave much time and labor, and while, not being a member of the Order, we cannot speak in detail of the services he rendered, we know it was with him a labor of love, and we have understood from the brethren that his efforts contributed greatly to the establishment and success of the Institution.

Recently Mr. Batchelor has been spoken of frequently as a proper and probable Democratic nominee for the office of Associate Judge of the Supreme Court. The position of Attorney General is also one for which Mr. Batchelor has frequently and favorably been named. If he can be induced to accept, no man in the State would so well fill the office.

An Agitator in the Lime-Kiln Club.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"If Socrates Spikeroot am in de hall dis evenin' I would like to see him out heah in front of de desk."

Socrates had just crowded himself in between the stove and the wood-box, calculating to get warmth enough to last him until the next meeting, and he didn't look over-pleased at being disturbed. When he had limped along to the desk, one hand in his pocket and the other digging into his wool, Brother Gardner continued:

"How long has you been a member of dis club?"

"Bout six months, sah."

"Um! It has been 'bout three months since I first had my eye on you, an' to-night you seber your connexun wid this club. Misser Spikeroot, it was understood when you jined this club dat you was a barber. Has you barbed anybody or anythin' since dat date?"

"I—I—no, sah."

"On de contrary, you has loafed aroun' saloons, an' policy shops, an' queer places, an' no man has known you to do an honest day's work. We doan' hanker arter sich members as you. When a poo' man kin lib widout labor people have a right to be suspishus of him. Brudder Giveadam Jones, you will escort dis pusson to de doah. If, when he gets dar', he should utter any remark derogatory to de character of de Lime-Kiln Club, you needn't put de Bogardus kicker at work. Let him go in peace. What he kin say won't hurt us, an' you might kick too hard and break a leg."

After the late deceased had been shown out and order restored, the President said:

"Gem'len, if dar am any mo' agitators in de hall I want 'em to listen closely. Socrates Spikeroot used to be a hard-workin' man. All to once he got de ideah dat capital was oppressin' labor. He quit airnin' $12 per week bekase he didn't want to be oppressed. In a month he became a dead-beat. While it am a serious offence for capitalists to oppress labor, it am all right for a kicker to go aroun' borrowin' money, runnin' in debt, an' stealin' his wood. A few weeks ago Misser Spikeroot got lonesome, an' he began to agitate. He went to va'us laborin' men an' convinced 'em dat de man who airns his $12 or $14 per week orter to turn out and mob de capitalists who furnish him de chance. He am now an agitator. He has got facks an' figgers to prove dat de workin' man who owns his cottage and kin airn a good support fur wife an' chill'en am de most oppressed bein' on de face of dis airth. When a saloon turns him out he threatens to boycott it. When a man refuses to lend him money he am called a bloated monopolist. When his wife wants shoes or his chill'en cry fur bread he comforts 'em wid de statement dat America am buildin' up an aristocracy to lord it over the poo' men an' grind 'em to powder. If Misser Spikeroot has left any friends behind an opportunity will now be giben 'em to pick up deir hats an' feet an' trabble."

There was a deep silence for a minute, and as no one travelled the President signed for the Secretary to proceed with the regular order of business.

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"Hallo!" ejaculated an anxious guardian to his lovely niece, as he entered the parlor, and saw her on the sofa in the arms of a swain who had just popped the question, and sealed it with a smack, "what's the time of day now?" "I should think it was now about half-past twelve," was the cool reply; "you see that we are almost one."

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At a marriage celebration the bride was requested to sign her name in the register at the sacristry. Excitement caused her fingers to tremble; she took the pen, signed, and made an enormous ink blot. "Must I do it over again?" she blushingly asked her husband. "No, I guess that will do, but—" "Oh, don't scold me! I will pay more attention the next time."

Love and Lightning.

A lady, who her love had sold,
Asked if a reason could be told
Why wedding rings are made of gold.
I ventured thus to instruct her:
Love, ma'am, and lightning are the same—
On earth they glance, from heaven they came;
Love is the soul's electric flame,
And gold its best conductor.

THE FORGERS.

[Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.]

"Let us sit down on this stone seat," said my aged friend, the pastor, "and I will tell you a tale of tears, concerning the last inhabitants of yonder solitary house, just visible on the hill-side, through the gloom of those melancholy pines. Ten years have passed away since the terrible catastrophe of which I am about to speak: and I know not how it is, but methinks, whenever I come into this glen, there is something rueful in its silence, while the common sounds of Nature seem to my mind dirge-like and forlorn. Was not this very day bright and musical as we walked across all the other hills and valleys? but now a dim mist overspreads the sky, and, beautiful as this lonely place must in truth be, there is a want of life in the verdure and the flowers, as if they grew beneath the darkness of perpetual shadows."

As the old man was speaking, a female figure, bent with age and infirmity, came slowly up the bank below us with a pitcher in her hand, and when she reached a little well, dug out of a low rock all covered with moss and lichens, she seemed to fix her eyes upon it as in a dream, and gave a long, deep, broken sigh.

"The names of her husband and her only son, both dead, are chiselled by their own hands on a smooth stone within the arch of that fountain, and the childless widow at this moment sees nothing on the face of the earth but a few letters not yet overgrown with the creeping time-stains. See! her pale lips are moving in prayer, and, old as she is, and long resigned in her utter hopelessness, the tears are not yet all shed or dried up within her broken heart—a few big drops are on her withered cheeks, but she feels them not, and is unconsciously weeping with eyes that old age has of itself enough bedimmed."

The figure remained motionless beside the well; and though I knew not the history of the griefs that stood all embodied so mournfully before me, I felt that they must have been gathering together for many long years, and that such sighs as I had now heard came from the uttermost desolation of the human heart. At last she dipped her pitcher in the water, lifted her eyes to Heaven, and, distinctly saying, "O Jesus, Son of God! whose blood was shed for sinners, be merciful to their souls!" she turned away from the scene of her sorrow, and, like one seen in a vision, disappeared.

"I have beheld the childless widow happy," said the pastor, "even her who sat alone, with none to comfort her, on a floor swept by the hand of death of all its blossoms. But her whom we have now seen I dare not call happy, even though she put her trust in God and her Saviour. Her's is an affliction which faith itself cannot assuage. Yet religion may have softened even sighs like those, and, as you shall hear, it was religion that set her free from the horrid dreams of madness, and restored her to that comfort which is always found in the possession of a reasonable soul."

There was not a bee roaming near us, nor a bird singing in the solitary glen, when the old man gave me these hints of a melancholy tale. The sky was black and lowering, as it lay on the silent hills, and enclosed us from the far-off world, in a sullen spot that was felt to be sacred unto sorrow. The figure which had come and gone with a sigh was the only dweller here; and I was prepared to hear a doleful history of one left alone to commune with a broken heart in the cheerless solitude of nature.

"That house, from whose chimneys no smoke has ascended for ten long years," continued my friend, "once showed its windows bright with cheerful fires; and her whom we now saw so woe-begone, I remember brought home a youthful bride, in the beauty of her joy and innocence. Twenty years beheld her a wife and a mother, with all their most perfect happiness, and with some, too, of their inevitable griefs. Death passed not by her door without its victims, and, of five children, all but one died, in infancy, childhood, or blooming youth. But they died in Nature's common decay; peaceful prayers were said around the bed of peace; and when the flowers grew upon their graves, the mother's eyes could bear to look on them, as she passed on with an unaching heart into the house of God. All but one died; and better had it been if that one had never been born.

"Father, mother, and son now come to man's estate, survived, and in the house there was peace. But suddenly poverty fell upon them. The dishonesty of a kinsman, of which I need not state the particulars, robbed them of their few hereditary fields, which now passed into the possession of a stranger. They, however, remained as tenants in the house which had been their own; and for a while father and son bore the change of fortune seemingly undismayed, and toiled as common laborers on the soil still dearly beloved. At the dawn of light they went out together, and at twilight they returned. But it seemed as if their industry was in vain. Year after year the old man's face became more deeply furrowed, and more seldom was he seen to smile; and his son's countenance, once bold and open, was now darkened with anger and dissatisfaction. They did not attend public worship so regularly as they used to do; when I met them in the fields, or visited them in their dwelling, they looked on me coldly, and with altered eyes; and I grieved to think how soon they both seemed to have forgotten the blessings Providence had so long permitted them to enjoy, and how sullenly they now struggled with its decrees. But something worse than poverty was now disturbing both their hearts.

"The unhappy old man had a brother who at this time died, leaving an only son, who had for many years abandoned his father's house, and of whom all tidings had long been lost. It was thought by many that he had died beyond seas; and none doubted that, living or dead, he had been disinherited by his stern and unrelenting parent. On the day after the funeral, the old man produced his brother's will, by which he became heir to all his property, except an annuity to be paid to the natural heir, should he ever return. Some pitied the prodigal son, who had been disinherited—some blamed the father, some envied the good fortune of those who had so ill borne adversity. But in a short time the death, the will, and the disinherited, were all forgotten, and the lost lands being redeemed, peace, comfort and happiness were supposed again to be restored to the dwelling from which they had so long been banished.

"But it was not so. If the furrows on the old man's face were deep before, when he had to toil from morning to night, they seemed to have sunk into more ghastly trenches, now that the goodness of Providence had restored a gentle shelter to his declining years. When seen wandering through his fields at eventide, he looked not like the patriarch musing tranquilly on the ways and works of God; and when my eyes met his during divine service, which he now again attended with scrupulous regularity, I sometimes thought they were suddenly averted in conscious guilt, or closed in hypocritical devotion. I scarcely know if I had any suspicion against him in my mind or not; but his high bald head, thin silver hair, and countenance with its fine features so intelligent, had no longer the same solemn expression which they once possessed, and something dark and hidden seemed now to belong to them, which withstood his forced and unnatural smile. The son, who, in the days of their former prosperity, had been stained by no vice, and who, during their harder lot, had kept himself aloof from all his former companions, now became dissolute and profligate, nor did he meet with any reproof from a father whose heart would once have burst asunder at one act of wickedness in his beloved child.

"About three years after the death of his father, the disinherited son returned to his native parish. He had been a sailor on board various ships on foreign stations—but hearing by chance of his father's death, he came to claim his inheritance. Having heard, on his arrival, that his uncle had succeeded to the property, he came to me and told me that the night before he left home his father stood by his bedside, kissed him, and said that nevermore would he own such an undutiful son, but that he forgave him all his sins; at death would not defraud him of the pleasant fields that had so long belonged to his humble ancestors, and hoped to meet reconciled in Heaven. 'My uncle is a villain,' said he fiercely, 'and I will cast anchor on the green bank where I played when a boy, even if I must first bring his gray head to the scaffold!'

"I accompanied him to the house of his uncle. It was a dreadful visit. The family had just sat down to their frugal midday meal, and the old man, though for some years he could have had little heart to pray, had just lifted up his hand to ask a blessing. Our shadows, as we entered the door, fell upon the table, and turning his eyes, he beheld before him on the floor the man whom he fearfully hoped had been buried in the sea. His face was, indeed, at that moment, most unlike that of prayer, but he still held up his lean, shrivelled, trembling hand. 'Accursed hypocrite,' cried the fierce mariner, 'dost thou call down the blessing of God on a meal won basely from the orphan? But, lo! God, whom thou has blasphemed, has sent me from the distant isles of the ocean, to bring thy white head into the hangman's hands!'

"For a moment all was silent—then a loud, stifled gasp was heard, and she whom you saw a little while ago rose shrieking from her seat, and fell down on her knees at the sailor's feet. The terror of that unforgiven crime, now first revealed to her knowledge, struck her down to the floor. She fixed her bloodless face on his before whom she knelt, but she spoke not a single word. There was a sound in her convulsed throat like the death-rattle. 'I forged the will,' said the son, advancing towards his cousin with a firm step, 'my father could not; I alone am guilty—I alone must die.' The wife soon recovered the power of speech, but it was so unlike her usual voice, that I scarcely thought at first the sound proceeded from her white quivering lips. 'As you hope for mercy at the great judgment day, let the old man make his escape—hush, hush, hush—till within a few days he has sailed away in the hold of some ship to America. You surely will not hang an old gray-headed man of three-score and ten years!'

"The sailor stood silent and frowning. There seemed neither pity nor cruelty in his face; he felt himself injured, and looked resolved to right himself, happen what would. 'I say he has forged my father's will. As to escaping, let him escape if he can. I do not wish to hang him; though I have seen better men run up the fore-yard arm before now, for only asking their own. But no more kneeling woman, Holla! where is the old man gone?'

"We all looked ghastly around, and the wretched wife and mother, sprining to her feet, rushed out of the house. We followed, one and all. The door of the stable was open, and the mother and son entering, loud shricks were heard. The miserable old man had slunk out of the room unobserved during the passion that had struck all our souls, and had endeavored to commit suicide. His own son cut him down, as he hung suspended from a rafter in that squalid place, and, carrying him in his arms, laid him down upon the green bank in front of the house. There he lay, with his livid face and blood-shot protruded eyes, till, in a few minutes, he raised himself up and fixed them upon his wife, who, soon recovering from a fainting fit, came shrieking from the mire in which she had fallen down. 'Poor people!' said the sailor with a gasping voice, 'you have suffered enough for your crime. Fear nothing; the worst is now passed; and rather would I sail the seas twenty years longer than add another pang to that old man's heart. Let us be kind to the old man.'

"But it seemed as if a raven had croaked the direful secret all over the remotest places among the hills; for, in an hour, people came flocking from all quarters, and it was seen that concealment or escape was no longer possible, and that father and son were destined to die together a felon's death."

Here the pastor's voice ceased; and I had heard enough to understand the long, deep sigh that had come moaning from that bowed-down figure beside the solitary well. "That was the last work done by the father and son, and finished the day before the fatal discovery of their guilt. It had probably been engaged in as a sort of amusement to beguile their unhappy minds of ever anxious thoughts, or perhaps as a solitary occupation, at which they could unburthen their guilt to one another undisturbed. Here, no doubt, in the silence and solitude, they often felt remorse, perhaps penitence. They chiselled out their names on that slab, as you perceive; and hither as duly as the morning and evening shadows, comes the ghost whom we beheld, and, after a prayer for the souls of them so tenderly beloved in their innocence, and doubtless even more tenderly beloved in their guilt and in their graves, she carries to her lonely hut the water that helps to preserve her hopeless life, from the well dug by dearest hands, now mouldered away, both flesh and bone, into the dust."

After a moment's silence the old man continued,—for he saw that I longed to hear the details of that dreadful catastrophe, and his own soul seemed likewise desirous of renewing its grief,—"The prisoners were condemned. Hope there was none. It was known, from the moment of the verdict—guilty, that they would be executed. Petitions were, indeed, signed by many, many thousands; but it was all in vain,—and the father and the son had to prepare themselves for death.

"About a week after condemnation I visited them in their cell. God forbid I should say that they were resigned. Human nature could not resign itself to such a doom; and I found the old man pacing up and down the stone-floor, in his clanking chains, with hurried steps, and a countenance of unspeakable horror. The son was lying on his face upon his bed of straw, and had not lifted up his head, as the massy bolts were withdrawn, and the door creaked sullenly on its hinges. The father fixed his eyes upon me for some time, as if I had been a stranger intruding upon his misery; and, as soon as he knew me, shut them with a deep groan, and pointed to his son. 'I have murdered William—I have brought my only son to the scaffold, and I am doomed to hell!' I gently called on the youth by name, but he was insensible—he was lying in a fit. 'I fear he will awake out of that fit,' cried the old man with a broken voice. 'They have come upon him every day since our condemnation, and sometimes during the night. It is not fear for himself that brings them on—for my boy, though guilty, is brave—but he continues looking on my face for hours, till at last he seems to lose all sense, and falls down in strong convulsions, often upon the stone floor till he is all covered with blood.' The old man then went up to his son, knelt down, and, putting aside the thick clustering hair from his forehead, continued kissing him for some minutes, with deep sobs, but eyes dry as dust.

"But why should I recall to my remembrance, or describe to you, every hour of anguish that I witnessed in that cell? For several weeks it was all agony and despair; the Bible lay unheeded before their ghastly eyes, and for them there was no consolation. The old man's soul was filled with but one thought—that he had deluded his son into sin, death and eternal punishment. He never slept; but visions, terrible as those of sleep, seemed often to pass before him, till I have seen the gray hairs bristle horribly over his temples, and big drops of sweat splash down upon the floor. I sometimes thought they would both die before the day of execution; but their mortal sorrows, though they sadly changed both face and frame, seemed at last to give a horrible energy to life, and every morning that I visited them they were stronger and more broadly awake in the chill silence of their lonesome prison-house.

"I know not how deep a change was at last wrought upon their souls, but two days before that of execution, on entering their cell, I found them sitting calm and composed by each other's side, with the Bible open before them. Their faces, though pale and haggard, had lost that glare of misery that so long had shone about their restless and wandering eyes, and they looked like men recovering from a long and painful sickness. I almost thought I saw something like a faint smile of hope. 'God has been merciful unto us,' said the father, with a calm voice. 'I must not think that he has forgiven my sins, but He has enabled me to look on my poor son's face—to kiss him—to fold him in my arms—to pray for him—to fall asleep with him in my bosom, as I used often to do in the days of his boyhood, when, during the heat of mid-day, I rested from labor below the trees of my own farm. We have found resignation at last, and are prepared to die.'

"There were no transports of deluded enthusiasm in the souls of these unhappy men. They had never doubted the truth of revealed religion, although they had fatally disregarded its precepts; and now that remorse had given way to penitence, and nature had become reconciled to the thought of inevitable death, the light that had been darkened, but never extinguished in their hearts, rose up anew; and knowing that their souls were immortal, they humbly put their faith in the mercy of their Creator and Redeemer.

"It was during that resigned and serene hour that the old man ventured to ask for the mother of his poor unhappy boy. I told him the truth calmly, and calmly he heard it all. On the day of his condemnation, she had been deprived of her reason, and, in the house of a kind friend, whose name he blessed, now remained in merciful ignorance of all that had befallen, believing herself indeed to be a motherless widow, but one who had long ago lost her husband, and all her children, in the ordinary course of nature. At this recital his soul was satisfied. The son said nothing, but wept long and bitterly.

"The day of execution came at last. The great city lay still as on the Sabbath-day; and all the ordinary business of life seemed, by one consent of the many thousand hearts beating there, to be suspended. But as the hours advanced, the frequent tread of feet was heart in every avenue; the streets began to fill with pale, anxious and impatient faces; and many eyes were turned to the dials on the steeples, watching the silent progress of the finger of time, till it should reach the point at which the curtain was to be drawn up from before a most mournful tragedy.

"The hour was faintly heard through the thick prison walls by us, who were together for the last time in the condemned cell. I had administered to them the most awful rite of our religion, and father and son sat together as silent as death. The door of the dungeon opened and several persons came in. One of them, who had a shrivelled, bloodless face and small, red, fiery eyes—an old man, feeble and tottering, but cruel in his decrepitude—laid hold of the son with a cord. No resistance was offered, but straight and untrembling stood that tall and beautiful youth, while the fiend bound him for execution. At this mournful sight, how could I bear to look on his father's mournful face? Yet thither were mine eyes impelled by the agony that afflicted my commiserating soul. During that hideous gaze he was insensible of the executioner's approach towards himself, and all the time that the cords were encircling his own arms he felt them not—he saw nothing but his son standing at last before him, ready for the scaffold.

"I dimly recollect a long dark vaulted passage and the echoing tread of footsteps, till all at once we stood in a crowded hall, with a thousand eyes fixed on these two miserable men. How unlike were they to all besides! They sat down together within the shadow of death. Prayers were said and a psalm was sung, in which their voices were heard to join, with tones that wrung out tears from the hardest or the most careless heart. Often had I heard those voices singing in my own peaceful church, before evil had disturbed or misery broken them; but the last word of the psalm was sung, and the hour of their departure was come.

"They stood at last upon the scaffold. That long street, that seemed to stretch away interminably from the old prison-house, was paved with uncovered heads, for the moment these ghosts appeared, that mighty crowd felt reverence for human nature so terribly tried, and prayers and blessings, passionately ejaculated or convulsively stifled, went hovering over all the multitude, as if they feared some great calamity to themselves, and felt standing on the first tremor of an earthquake.

"It was a most beautiful summer's day on which they were led out to die; and, as the old man raised his eyes for the last time to the sky, the clouds lay motionless on that blue translucent arch, and the sun shone joyously over the magnificent heavens. It seemed a day made for happiness or for mercy. But no pardon dropped down from these smiling skies, and the vast multitude were not to be denied the troubled feast of death. Many who now stood there wished they had been in the heart of some far-off wood or glen; there was shrieking and fainting, not only among maids and wives and matrons, who had come there in the mystery of their hearts, but men fell down in their strength; for it was an overwhelming thing to behold a father and his only son now haltered for a shameful death. 'Is my father with me on the scaffold?—give me his hand for I see him not.' I joined their hands together, and at that moment the great bell in the cathedral tolled, but I am convinced neither of them heard the sound. For a moment there seemed to be no such thing as sound in the world;—and then all at once the multitude heaved like the sea, and uttered a wild yelling shriek. Their souls were in eternity—and I fear not to say, not an eternity of grief."

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THE CLARKSVILLE PANIC.

[New York Times.]

The panic in the Clarksville school has naturally cast a gloom over playground and dormitory, and it will probably be long before the game of marbles recovers its former standing as a reputable though risky game.

The panic was distinctly due to overtrading in marbles. An immense business was done with insufficient capital; and a shrinkage in the value of rabbits or other securities would have precipitated a panic at any time during the last three months. The failure of James Smith was, of course, the immediate origin of the panic, but the firm could not, in any event, have kept itself above water more than a week or two longer.

Master James Smith is not only a skillful marble-player, but he is a financial genius. At the beginning of the present school term he conceived a grand scheme for enriching himself and all the boys who had confidence in him. He proposed that he should borrow marbles at a high rate of interest, and pay both this interest and large dividends out of his winnings as a marble-player. To every boy who should lend him six marbles he offered to repay nine marbles within two days, and in case the lender should reinvest both principal and profits he undertook to repay him at any moment with profits at the rate of fifty per cent. every two days.

The offer was so tempting that there was a general anxiety on the part of the boys to lend their marbles to James Smith, and in the course of the week every boy in the school had invested in the marble pool. It was understood that James Smith was to win marbles from boys unconnected with the school; but, curiously enough, no one inquired where these boys were to be found, or at what hour in the night James Smith was in the habit of secretly getting out of bed and going off to play with his unknown adversaries. The boys were, however, perfectly satisfied with his method of conducting business. He never failed to tender large quantities of marbles to his patrons whenever, by the terms of his contracts, they were entitled to dividends, and they never failed to reinvest the whole amount with him. Each of them had decided to make at least a million of marbles before closing their accounts with James Smith, and they were eager not to draw marbles but to add to their investments.

The local storekeeper who sold marbles consented, after the boys had spent all their money, to sell them marbles on credit, provided they would place securities in his hands. Most of the boys kept rabbits, and they pledged their rabbits, their tops, their jack-knives and other negotiable securities with the utmost recklessness. Last Thursday night the books of James Smith showed that twenty-eight millions of marbles in round numbers were due to the sixty-four boys of the Clarksville school. On Friday night James Smith announced his insolvency, and assigned two hundred and three marbles to the Greek Professor, in trust for his creditors.

The disaster was precipitated by a shrinkage in the value of rabbits, caused by the breaking out of a distemper among the rabbits hypothecated with the storekeeper. The latter, not knowing at what time all the rabbits might die, demanded that they should be redeemed. In order to redeem them their owners were compelled to call in the marbles that they had invested with James Smith. The latter was unable to respond to the call; a panic followed, and the unfortunate boys lost both their marbles and their hypothecated securities.

The Principal of the school investigated the affairs of James Smith on Saturday afternoon, with three consecutive apple-tree switches of the largest size. He found no assets worth mentioning. James Smith had played marbles with the son of the janitor of the female seminary on two or three occasions and had lost heavily. The dividends which he tendered to his victims were simply the investments made by other victims. He had not won a single legitimate marble during his entire career as a marble financier, and, as the Principal coldly remarked whenever he stopped to select a new switch, his conduct had been no better than that of a professional pickpocket.

At present the Clarksville schoolboys have neither pocket-money, marbles, rabbits, nor any other negotiable property. No one can palliate their folly, or feel-much sympathy for them in their losses. Nevertheless, although no grown person would for an instant be guilty of a like folly, it should be mentioned that James Smith informed the boys that he conducted his business strictly in accordance with Wall street methods, and that they actually believed that he spoke the truth.

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What the Ballet-Girls Wear.

"I notice that the ballet girls mostly wear smiles when they come upon the stage," said old Mr. Squaggs to his wife, who had firmly insisted on accompanying him to the theatre. "It shows that they think they ought to wear something," she snapped, and he said no more.

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Matrimonial Wishes.

A happy pair in smart array
By holy church united.
From London town in open shay,
Set out, by love incited.

The day was dull as dull could be,
So (dreaming of no pun)
Quoth John, "I hope my dear, that we
May have a little SUN."

To which his bride with simple heart,
Replied, ('twas nature taught her),
"Well, I confess, for my own part,
I'd rather have a daughter!"

AMONG THE SCOTCH.

Good People and Good Country.

[James P. Hodges.]

Harnett county lies in Middle North Carolina, and was formed from the northern portion of Cumberland county.

It is bounded on the North by Wake and Chatham, on the East by Johnston and Sampson, on the South by Cumberland, and on the West by Moore.

Its county seat is Lillington, situated on the west bank of the Cape Fear River. It embraces an area of five hundred and fifty square miles, some 43,000 acres of which is under cultivation. Its population in 1880 was 10,862; though it can easily support double that population.

Its People.—The inhabitants are for the most part of Scottish origin, the names of McDonald, Stewart, Shaw, Campbell, McLean, McNeill, McLeod, McKay, &c., being still prominently associated with the history of the county. While there are few men of great prominence in any particular sphere in the county, still the people, as a class, are singularly intelligent, thriving and industrious, unassuming in their manners, yet markedly generous and hospitable in their dealings with each other and towards new comers.

Its Lands.—Within its bounds almost every variety of soil is found, ranging from the fertile bottom lands on the Cape Fear river to the sandy loams of the pine forests. The soil seems naturally to be divided into three great divisions, viz., those lands lying on either side of the Cape Fear, which, though watered by the same stream, are materially different, and that body of pine land in the western part of the county commonly known as the Sand Hills.

Commencing at Lower Little river, the dividing line between Cumberland and Harnett, and running thence from the confluence of the above stream with the Cape Fear along the western banks of the latter stream, there is a large tract of very fertile bottom-lands, varying from one to three miles in breadth, extending eight miles up this river to McNeill's Ferry. From this point up the river, the land corresponding to the above variety of soil is found lying on either side of the river. This body of land lying between the Upper and Lower Little rivers is enclosed by one fence, established by the General Assembly of 1881 under the "Stock Law Act." This fence connects the two rivers alluded to above, the other boundaries to this section of country being Upper Little river on the North, Cape Fear river on the East, and Lower Little river on the South.

These lands are being thoroughly drained, and even now they are not excelled in productiveness by any in the State. The staple products are corn, cotton and small grain. From 750 to 2,800 pounds of seed cotton are produced per acre according to the mode of cultivation employed.

The yield of corn is from ten to fifty bushels per acre, and no better land can be found in the State for the production of wheat and oats. From recent experiments it has also been proved that tobacco of fine grade can be profitably grown here. About seven thousand acres of this section are opened for cultivation, the remainder being heavily timbered woodland, consisting principally of white oak, red oak, poplar, sweet gum, ash and hickory. The character of the soil is a gray-colored, sandy loam based upon a stiff red clay subsoil. These lands are susceptible of a very high state of cultivation, and some of them, after one hundred years of cultivation, seem not yet even to have lost their virgin fertility. They are now owned in large tracts, and can be bought in smaller lots at prices ranging from $6 to $12 per acre according to the state of improvement.

On the Eastern side of the Cape Fear the bottom lands are not so wide, and are principally under cultivation. These lands like those on the opposite side of the river are not subject to overflow even during the highest freshets. Adjoining these river bottoms are wider tracts of pine table lands, once considered not very productive, but now under skillful management and with improved methods of farming, have developed into fine farming lands, which extend as high as the Wake county boundary, where the lands become more undulating. Being level and well supplied with water courses, these lands have been found susceptible of easy cultivation, and, all things considered, equally productive and quite as varied in their products as the river lands.

A large portion of this section is still in its native state, but annually larger bodies are being brought under cultivation, and now some of the best and most prosperous farmers in the county are extensively cultivating these lands. They can be purchased in small tracts at from $2 to $5 per acre.

In the western portion of the county there is still another body of land known as the Sand Hills, which is rather sparsely settled, except those portions bordering on Upper Little river. These sand-hill lands, in my judgment, are not surpassed as a grazing country, especially for sheep grazing, by any in the State. This section is composed of rather undulating ground, with vast meadow-lands intervening, which are covered with a luxuriant growth of native grass, and which are watered by many small streams whose banks are studded with reeds and perennial grasses, making this one of the finest of ranges for cattle, sheep, &c., and rendering it especially adapted for stock raising of all kinds. From extensive travel in the Southern States, I may well say that I have never seen, in any of them, a section which would excel this for grazing purposes.

This land, though so bountifully endowed by nature for these purposes, can be bought, owing to the fact that it is now owned in such large tracts, at very moderate prices, varying from fifty cents to $2 per acre.

Principal Water Courses.—This county is unusually well drained and well watered. The Cape Fear is the largest river in the county, running through its centre from northwest to southeast. It is the largest water power in the State, and at Smiley's Falls, the base of which is at Averasboro Ferry in the lower part of the county, the natural situation is especially adapted for the purposes of machinery, the volume of water here being estimated as sufficient, if utilized, to run all the machinery of the Northern manufactories. Just below these falls there is a point, owing to the natural situation of an island in the river, at which a bridge could be built cheaper probably than at any other point on the river. A bridge thus constructed would bring into direct communication the most fertile farming lands of upper Cumberland and Harnett, and should the contemplated railroad from Wilson to Florence be built, the present location of which is about three miles distant from this point, this section of country, by means of this

Raleigh Register.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted for One Dollar per square (one inch) for the first and Fifty Cents for each subsequent publication.

Contracts for advertising for any space or time may be made at the office of the

RALEIGH REGISTER,

Second Floor of Fisher Building, Fayetteville Street, next to Market House.

bridge, would contribute no less than 3,000 bales of cotton besides other products for exportation.

Lower Little river is the dividing line westward between Cumberland and Harnett. It is a never-failing stream, the water being perfectly pure, and having as its source the springs far up in the sandhills. No stream of its size is superior to it as a water power, and for five miles of its course it runs through the famous cotton belt of lower Harnett. It has an average of sixty feet in breadth with perpendicular banks twenty to thirty feet in height, its fall averaging twelve and a half feet to the mile. Within the limits of this county there are, on this stream, three grist, one flouring and two saw mills and two cotton gins now in operation. A better site for a cotton manufactory could not well be found than this stream and the surrounding country offers.

About the centre of the county there is another stream but little inferior in water resources to the above, known as Upper Little river. The best locations for mills on this stream are probably near its confluence with the Cape Fear, though there are three other mills on it west of Lillington.

Black river, famous for its abundant supply of fresh water fish of all kinds, is about five miles from the Cape Fear, and runs parallel through it to the pine belt east of that river.

Besides these, there are numerous other smaller mill streams of varying volume in different parts of the county.

Products.—All the crops common to the South are produced in this county, cotton being, however, at present, the staple product. Vegetables, fruits of all kinds, etc., can be grown here as early and as well as in any section of the State, short of the coast. Some portions of the county are especially adapted to grape culture, particularly the Scuppernong and the common varieties of bunch grapes. It has been proved by successful experiments that silk culture can be carried on profitably and at small cost.

Its Capacities.—This county, as a whole, is not yet fully developed, though in certain sections, such as those lying along the Lower Little river and Cape Fear, and in the eastern part of the county, the farming interests have been very materially advanced, and the lands now show a high grade of cultivation and improvement. Those lands, which have not as yet received a like amount of attention as these, could very easily, on account of the diversified character of the soil, be brought to a state of cultivation which would well repay the small outlay of money needed to bring about this desirable end. In the Eastern and Western portions of this county there are still large bodies of pine forests untouched, besides other varieties and species of trees that are valuable in any market in the world. The timber interest is one of the greatest of the county's resources, and is rapidly growing in magnitude. Those who do not desire to purchase lands at once can rent them, either wild or improved, on very favorable and advantageous terms.

The most probable cause of this county's delay in the onward march of progress is perhaps its poor means of transportation for its abundant products, as well as its very limited railway system. The only railroad which runs through the county is the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley, which runs along its Western border through the grazing section of which I spoke above. Should some of the projected roads, the Wilson and Florence, for instance, either run through the county or build a branch road, crossing the Cape Fear at Smiley's Falls, it would develop beyond measure the resources of the county and bring into market some of the most valuable land in middle Carolina. The geographical situation of the county is such that at no distant day there must and will be direct railroad communication between this and her sister counties. The principal markets now for the produce raised are Fayetteville, Raleigh and Smithfield, all being about equally distant from Lillington, the county seat. From the above topographical escription of the county, the salubrity of the climate can well be judged. Except in a very few of the bottom lands, the healthfulness of this section is not surpassed in our State.

The school advantages are good, there being numerous first class schools now in successful operation in different parts of the county. The christian denominations are all represented, and all have commodious houses of worship in different localities. Stores and small villages dot every part of our land, while the social privileges and advantages are of the very highest order.

The system of county government is good; taxes are lower than in many of the adjoining counties, and property has advanced at least fifty per cent. in the last several years; in short, the capacities of this county are unbounded, and as yet but very inadequately developed, awaiting only greater railroad facilities and larger capital to make it rank equal with any other county in our State.

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STATE OFFICERS.

Dr. Abernethy for Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Among the many names mentioned for Superintendent of Public Instruction, permit me to mention the name of Dr. R. L. Abernethy, President of Rutherford College, Burke county, North Carolina.

There is not another man in the State who has higher claims upon North Carolina for the office, and there is not another who is better qualified, by scholarship, experience and piety, for the place.

Dr. Abernethy has shown his ability by his grand success in originating and building up schools and colleges in the State. The one over which he now presides was commenced with eight students, in an old log cabin. Now it numbered three hundred and fifteen during the past scholastic year. The sentiment of the West is in favor of Dr. Abernethy, and he is known and loved all over the State.

I have lived by him for twenty years, and I know of whom I write. His unparalleled benevolence in giving more than one hundred and thirty thousand dollars in free tuition to the very class intended to be benefitted by the public schools, *demands* his recognition by our people.

I speak the sentiments of many.

W. L. GRIFFIN.

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MINING INTELLIGENCE.

They are pushing vigorously and successfully the development of the famous Conrad Hill mines.

Mr. Loffin continues to develop the B. T. Coggins Quartz vein in Montgomery county. The material yields an average of four dollars per ton, while some of it runs into twenty odd dollars per ton. A fine vein of about four and a half feet has been exposed for thirty yards.—*Salisbury Watchman.*