THE OLD North State.

VOL. IV.] SALISBURY, N. C., JULY 23, 1869. [NO. 29

EDUCATIONAL.

Patronise your own Institutions.

THE Exercises of the Concord Female College, at Statesville, will be resumed the 1st of September next.

Board, fuel, washing, $15 per month.

Tuition in regular classes from $2,50 to $5.00 per month.

Music, Drawing, Painting, &c., extra at moderate rates; payment half in advance for term of four months, ending Dec. 23. For further particulars address

E. F. ROCKWELL,
Statesville, July 9.—3m President.

HEGE'S SCHOOL,
YADKIN COLLEGE, N. C.
REV. G. W. HEGE, A. M.

THE SESSION of 1869 opens August 9th, 1869, and will continue forty weeks.

All the branches taught in Preparatory Schools and Colleges may be pursued here.

Students, male or female, may enter at any time, and pay by the month, or for such time as they may wish to remain.

Tuition from $2 to $5 per month.
Board " $9 to $10 "

Such as wish may rent rooms and board themselves.

Address, REV. G. W. HEGE, A. M.
July 9, 1869. 27—4w

University of N. Carolina.

THE FALL SESSION of this Institution will commence on the 18th day of August prox. and continue twenty weeks. Preparatory and Normal Departments, and a General Course of University Lectures, will be opened. Entire expense, including board, $85 to $100. All the benefits of the Institution are offered, free of charge, to a limited number of residents in the State. Apply to the President. SOLOMON POOL.
Chapel Hill, July 6th, 1869. 37—6w

Edgeworth Female Seminary.

THE NEXT SESSION WILL COMMENCE on the first Monday of September. The entire expense of Board and Tuition will be from $100 to $110 if paid in advance. Each boarder will furnish her own lights and towels and also a pair of sheets and pillow cases. For circular address J. M. M. CALDWELL,
july 2, 1869—3m Greensboro', N. C.

Pleasant Grove Academy.
Male and Female.

THE SEVENTH SESSION WILL COMMENCE on the 9th of August next.

Course—*English, Classical, Mathematical.*

Terms: Tuition from $5 to $10 per session. Board with the Principal $9 per month.

For particulars address the principal at Fulton, Davie Co., N. C.

W. J. ELLIS, Principal.
Pleasant Grove, N. C., June 25, 1869. 25—3m

BINGHAM SCHOOL.
MEBANEVILLE, N. C.
Wm. Bingham, Robert Bingham, W. B. Lynch.

THE SESSION OF 1869-'70 BEGINS **August 25th**, and continues forty weeks.

The course of Instruction includes the ordinary English branches, the Ancient Languages, French, Mathematics, Book-Keeping, and the elements of Natural Science.

Expenses, (including tuition, board, fuel, washing, books and clothing,) $365.

Circulars sent on application.
June 18, 1869. 24—6w

FRANKLIN ACADEMY.—The first Session of this Academy will commence on the first Monday in August ensuing.

Pupils can enter at any time and be charged from the time of entrance.

The rates of tuition will be as follows: $7.50 $10.00 and $15.000 per session of 5 months payable at the end of every month.

No pains will be spared to give pupils a thorough training in all the branches usually taught in a first class Academy.

The Academy is located in a healthy and moral community in Franklin Township four miles from Salisbury, on the new road to Mocksville.

Board can be had in respectable families from 7 to 6 dollars per month. L. H. ROTHROCK,
June 25, 1869.—25:3m Principal

PROFESSIONAL.

M. H. PINNIX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEXINGTON, N. C.

WILL PRACTICE in the courts of Davidson, Forsythe, Guilford, Alamance and Randolph counties:

REFERENCE.

Hon. R. M. Pearson, C. J. of N. C., Raleigh.
" E. G. Reade, Associate Justice, " "
" Thomas Settle, " " " "
" R. P. Dick, " " " "
" Bedford Brown, Yanceyville, N. C.
" Hon. John Kerr, " "
" J. R. McLean, Greensboro', N. C.
" Thomas Ruffin, Jr., " " "
" J. M. Cloud, Dobson, N. C.
January 29, 1869. 4—tf

JOHN S. HENDERSON,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
SALISBURY, N. C.

☞ Will attend promptly to the Collection of Claims feb26—1y

DR. C. A. HENDERSON,

HAVING resumed the practice of Medicine respectfully offers his professional services to the public.

OFFICE: The one late occupied by White head & Henderson. Calls may be left eithe at his office, or at Enniss' Drug Store.
Salisbury, Feb 12, 1869. 6-6m

Dr. I. W. JONES,

HAVING located in Salisbury, offers his Professional services to the public. Office on Council Street, opposite the Court House and next door to the Law office of Hon. Burton Craige. May 28, 1869-tf.

Raleigh National Bank of N Carolina.

THE DIRECTORS have resolved to increase the Capital Stock of this BANK to FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. Persons wishing to subscribe to the same will please communicate with

C. DEWEY,
March 5—6m. President.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.

PECTORAL BALM!

AN approved and effectual Remedy for *Chronic Bronchitis—Asthma;* the wasting Coughs in advanced age;—*Bleeding from the Lungs, &c., and* capable of doing more real service in confirmed Consumption, than all the Expectorants, Cough Mixtures, &c., extant.

It is scientifically compounded of ingredients well known for their virtues and adaptation to the diseases named; and is the result of long and extensive experience and patient investigation of the laws of the animal economy; together with an intimate knowledge of remedial agents, in their physiological and therapeutic effect on the human system.

It is quite unlike the numberless Expectorants, Pectorals &c., so recklessly and persistently palmed upon the suffering and confiding people; in the fact, that it is not an Expectorant, *per se*; nor is it loaded with Opium or Morphine, in order to lull the poor sufferer with its delusive influences. Many a valuable life has been sacrificed and expectorated into a premature grave. On the contrary, it is calculated to check excessive expectoration which of itself is exceedingly exhaustive, and by its general and specific action, to heal and soothe the weak, inflamed and irritated organs.

Of the several ingredients which compose this valuable BALM, there is no one, which is not constantly used, by the best Physicians, in the diseases above enumerated, and of many eminent medical gentlemen, to whom its composition has been made known, there has not been one, who has not highly approved it; and in some instances, have not only prescribed it for their patients, but have used it in their own cases, with marked advantage.

Prepared and sold only, at

E. SILL'S Drug Store,
april 23-16 tf Salisbury, N. C.

SILL'S
WILD CHERRY
TONIC AND ALTERANT,
For Indigestion—Liver Complaint—Torpid Bowels,—Nervous Debility, and Broken Down Health, from whatever cause.

THIS elegant and truly valuable Medicine, has from time to time, been in extensive use, for the last twenty-five years. It has been sold, and is well known in many of the Southern cities and towns, viz; Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, Atlanta, Charlotte, Columbia, &c., and is highly valued, by the multitudes of people who have used it. Many in this town and surrounding country, have enjoyed its benefits, and will no doubt, well remember it. A great number of the strongest, and most unqualified certificates of its value, have been voluntarily tendered the proprietor, many of them from persons of highest respectability and intelligence.

The Medicine is pleasant to take, and perfectly free from the possibility of harm, under any circumstances or conditions of health,—indeed it is perfectly safe, even for an infant. It is especially adapted to the present season, when the approaching warm weather occasions such a degree of lassitude, and debility, particularly in weakly and prostrated systems, as often to become almost insupportable.

Price $1.00 per bottle. Prepared and sold only

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COMPOUND
GENTIAN BITTERS.

Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Indigestion Colic, Sick Stomach, Bronchitis, Asthma, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

A UNIVERSAL TONIC.

A sure, safe, and reliable preventative and cure for all Malarial diseases, and all diseases requiring a general tonic impression.

Prepared only by Dr. N. A. H, Goddin and for sale everywhere.—JAMES T. WIGGINS, (Successor to J. H. Baker & Co) Proprietary Agent and Wholesale dealer in Patent Medicines. Norfolk Va. 17—1y

An Invaluable Acquisition to House Keepers.
A tasteless and Inodorous Preserving Powder.

FOR preserving Fruit and Tomatoes, and all preparations of Fruits, without being air-tight, and with whatever quantity sugar desired: be it much, little, or none atall. It is incomparably superior to any other preparation.

This Powder will preserve with a *certainty*, that no one need have the slightest doubt. One teaspoonful of the powder will preserve from eight to ten quarts of dressed Fruit or Tomatoes.

Any kind of Cans or jars will answer, and they need not be air-tight, and can be used out of, at pleasure. In all Fruit Preserves, you can save half the Sugar. Full directions accompany it.

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CELEBRATED
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A safe and reliable remedy for

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DEDICATED TO THE

LADIES OF AMERICA,

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DR. J. J. LAWRENCE.

TO PHYSICIANS.

The articles of which the Woman's Friend is compounded are published around each bottle, and it is believed to be the best Uterine Tonic and alterative yet discovered.

It is a valuable and reliable agent in all derangements of the Female Reproductive Organs, and in Hysteria, Nervous Headache, Spinal Irritations, &c

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Wholesale agents, No. 4, Main street, Norfolk, Va.

☞ To whom all orders or letters must be addressed. march 19—1y

The Old North State

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Editor and Proprietor.

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SPACE.	One Month.	Two Months.	Three Months.	Six Months.	One Year.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

ERUDITION IN FEATHERS.

MR. SEWARD'S WONDERFUL PARROT.

Among the many attractions of the hospitable Washington residence of Mr. Seward, late Secretary of State, we bird-lovers class the parrots and the beautiful parakeets. Of all these, the most piquant, lively, and reliable entertainer was a certain stately old parrot, in a handsome livery of green and scarlet—the Secretary's own particular pet and gossip.

This remarkable bird was, and, I trust, is though in a new home, and under a new administration, a right "merry old soul," approachable and condescending, social, loquacious, and little liable to the provoking moods and sulks, the contrarious and cantankerous always peculiar to his race.

His cage usually hung in the pleasant little library opening off the hall, where he watched the incomings and outgoings of the household; where he saw the visitors who dropped in, informally; where he heard their light gossip, their hurried business talk, or their grave inquiries or arguments on affairs of State. In political discussions whenever they grew at all stormy, he especially delighted, and seldom failed to mingle—royally riding on the storm, and loyally echoing his distinguished master's sentiments, or helping to laugh his opponents down.

That laugh of his is the most startingly human sound I ever heard from the throat of a bird.—It is frightful funny.

Some time last summer, while the window near which the cage stood was kept open, the parrot was attracted by the vocal exercises of an infant next door, one of those cherubic babes that "continually do cry;" and at length he startled the family by an imitation so dolorously perfect that it was feared some poor little east away had somehow been smuggled into the house. At another time, his master was afflicted with a cough, and immediately his faithful "ancient" had symptoms of bronchitis.

Certain voices were sure to excite his emulation or his antipathy. On one occasion, when Senator Sumner was discussing some political question with the Secretary—not by any means taking pains to "roar him gently," the parrot became fearfully excited, and I was told, actually screamed him down, with all sorts of unparliamentary hootings and cat-calls. There may have been something particularly disturbing to parrot—complacency in the orotund, autocratical voice of the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, provoking that irreverent fowl to laugh at his radical pronunciamentoes, whistle at his stately periods, and cough in the midst of a Latin quotation. It may have been his private opinion that a Senate of spirited parrots would long ago have rebelled against a voice of that exasperating and *ex cathedra* quality.

Of late years, the politics of this wonderful bird have probably been of the conservative type; but I doubt not he has sown his own wild oats of radicalism. I doubt not there was a time when such phrases as "The Irrepressible Conflict"—grand words which came from the lips of the great statesman crammed with prophecy and power—were caught up by his familiar and valorously reiterated, defying the unbelief and the policy of the hour. I think it very likely there was a period, when, sitting, nodding and winking on his perch, in the midst of confusion and dread, the bird's cheery refrain was:—"Ninety days, ninety days." Perhaps, still later, he talked persistently and knowingly of "Reconstruction," "Amnesty," "Alabama claims," "Alaska."

Yet, affable and communicative as he seems, there has always been about this parrot a certain air of mystery—a wise, sly look, keen, observant, "cute"—a something reserved, self-contained, diplomatic. He was like a feathered despatch-bag, or Secretary's portfolio, actually swelling with State secrets. I feel assured that his astute master must have debarred from his presence all newspaper reporters, lest, in some unguarded moments, hints of great enterprises and important treaties should drop untimely from his bill.

This clever parrot has a female companion, a pretty, amiable-looking bird, whose cage used to stand close beside his, and with whom he seemed to be on excellent terms, showing her in his lofty way, marks of 'distinguished consideration.' Madam seldom talks, but she sings finely—is truly a feathered *prima donna* of extraordinary talent; yet she seldom sings alone, preferring to join with her friend in astonishing musical performances. From the tranquil character of the intercourse of this pair, from the fact of her silence, and his politeness, I infer that their relations are not matrimonial. A Platonic sentiment unites them in a peaceful and philosophical friendship. Franklin, and the widow of Helvetius—Chateaubriand, the Madame Recamier.

I once took some merry children to see these marvellous parrots. It was a dreary winter day, in the fag-end of Johnson's administration, and we found them alone and quiet in the dumps, considering their freedom from cares and perplexities, domestic and political. Our coming evidently brightened and inspired them, for they went through their entire repertoire for our amusement. M. laughed, coughed, whistled, cried, and asked repeatedly after our health.—Mme. Parrot listened well pleased, plumed herself, bustled about, ate the cake we offered her, drank to our health, and gracefully informed us that she was "Pretty Polly."

The children sung for them a verse of "Comin' thro' the Rye." Both paid rapt attention, and after one repetition, reproduced the air with really wonderful accuracy. Madame, though her manner seemed to say, "By your leave, Monsieur P," proved herself the best singer by far, having in her voice some tones strangely human.

A cage of lovely South American parrakeets were brought into the library, and placed beside them. The parrots regarded them very complacently, but on our appearing too much absorbed by them, showed signs of impatience and displeasure, and redoubled their efforts to please and astonish us.

While thus on exhibition, one of these pretty parrakeets having, it may be, her little head turned by excitement, was seized by a sudden vertigo or fit, staggered, and tumbled forward on her beak, then went ploughing over the carpet, round and round, in a most distressing way.—But I am sorry to say that these superior creatures, the parrots, showed no alarm at this small epileptic attack, and no joy at the recovery of the little sufferer. While it fluttered most wildly about, head down and tail up, Madame betrayed, perhaps, a mild interest, but Monsieur whistled coolly on.

"What was Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?"

The Secretary's parrot, like the Secretary himself has a wonderful memory. He has always been fond of a certain lovable lady, connected with the family, and during the early part of the war, when he frequently heard the song of "John Brown," he took the fancy to hail the sight of her by invariably singing out, "Glory, glory, hallelujah" as the only adequate expression of his fervent delight. This lady, after an absence of some years, lately visited the Secretary, and immediately on her entering the library, her friend in green and scarlet gave a joyous laugh and shouted out the old greeting:—"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

Ah! what persons and what scenes may not this strange little creature remember! Once, when regarding him with the peculiar, curious interest I have in his kind, while he sat quite silent and motionless, perhaps dreaming, pondering, remembering, I asked myself such questions as these:—"Does he ever faintly recall a time of hurry and alarm in this household, when the beloved master was brought home hurt, and borne up those stairs? When every morning he missed his great friend's kindly salutations as something pleasant taken out of his narrow life? Does he recall the incessant coming and going of doctors and visitors, for many days? Does he remember one hurried, long, yet weary step in the hall? one kindly voice, which gave him jolly greetings now and then? Is he never visited by confused memories of one dreadful night, when there came an awful unbidden guest, stealing up, and leaping down those stairs? When there were wild cries and the sounds of mortal struggle above him? when that house almost rocked with the shock of a great tragedy? Did the bird sleep as usual, that night, when the very air seemed to shudder with terror, and the winds to cry to all the city—

"Sleep no more!
Treason does murder sleep!"

The creature seemed certainly to possess something very like affection, and I could but ask myself, "Is it not possible that he sometimes recalls a sweet, gracious household presence, martyred and sainted, one who moved softly, spoke gently, and had a kindly word for all, that he may still watch and wait for yet another, a fair young girl, to whose prematurely sad thoughts his merry mockeries are sometimes pleasant diversions?"

Who can tell? The bird-life has mysteries upon which we may not trench. But, evidently, the tragedy that has made that house historical and the sorrow that has rendered it sacred did not greatly depress his spirit or darken his views of life. He was almost always merry and jocund, and the sad condition of human mortality seemed to touch him but lightly.

He is gone now, with his master and his master's beloved family, and before that hospitable mansion on Lafayette Square the memorial sentiment stalks no more.

Wherever thou art now, prince of parrots and gossips, I greet thee lovingly!

"Hil to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird, thou never wert!"

Peace go with thee and with thy master who, whatever men may grant or deny him however partisans may differ as to his political course, certainly possesses, in an eminent degree, "the genius to be loved," who has borne joy and sorrow, success and failure, glory and detraction, with rare dignity, cheerfulness, and philosophy.

If at times when momentous and solemn issues were to be met—at times of peril and excitement, this dignity has seemed, even to his old friends, like cool indifference, this cheerfulness like political *persiflage*, this philosophy, too, like an easy optimism, and we we have said so, there was no unkindness in our hearts, as there is no reproach in our thoughts. Whatever he may think, we are not forgetful of his great past.

He goes, it is said, on this first long holiday of his busy life, to the other half of our Siamese continent, to visit the South American empires and republics, where, doubtless, cordial welcomes and most honorable entertainment will prove that his foreign relations have not been purely diplomatic.

Will the favorite parrot go with him as courier, or will he have a secretary bird?—*Grace Greenwood, in Hearth and Home.*

JOHN HANCOCK.—No man has probably been more overrated than John Hancock. He was rich, lived unostentatiously, and was very generous, but he was vain and unscrupulous. Almost everybody with whom he traded was obliged to sue him. My father told me that one could seldom pass the court-house in Boston during term-time without hearing the crier of the court proclaim from the door-steps, "His Excellency John Hancock, come into court and make answer to A. B., or you will be defaulted. He would present to a clergyman, on election day, a suit of clothes, and the tailor would have to sue the Governor for payment. His widow, Mme. Scott, who married Capt. Scott, master of one of Governor Hancock's London packets, told me in my youth, that on one occasion the Governor invited the whole Senate of Massachusetts to breakfast with him without giving her any notice.—She said, "We have no milk for the coffee of so many persons," and he replied, "Send the servants out to milk the cows on the common." It was the custom then for the inhabitants to send their cows to crop the grass on the public common. But Hancock was not the only man in public life who in those days dishonored his position. The late Judge William Jay informed me that while he was a boy he heard Chancellor Livingston say to his father: "Jay, what a set of —— rascals there were in the Old Congress."—*Lewis Tappan.*

A law of Ohio enacts that each railroad in the State shall heat its cars by heating apparatus so constructed that the fire will be immediately extinguished whenever the cars overturn. The same law provides that cars shall be lighted by candles only.

The volcano of Collins, Mexico, is in a state of eruption, throwing up huge masses of fire, ashes and lava. The inhabitants of the villages and towns within its range have fled from their houses to the fields beyond, and are in a deplorably destitute condition.

REMARKABLE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

We remember seeing and ridiculing the following letter of Lord Macaulay in 1857, twelve years ago. We did not then think that it was possible for such predictions in regard to the United States to approach fulfilment in the slightest degree. Mr. Randall, to whom the letter is addressed, is a citizen of Philadelphia:

Charlotte Democrat.

Letter from Lord Macauley to the Hon. Henry S. Randall.

HOLLY LODGE, KENSINGTON, LONDON,
May 25, 1857.

Henry S. Randall, Esq:—Dear Sir: You are surprised to learn that I have not a high opinion of Mr. Jefferson, and I am surprised at your surprise. I am certain that I never wrote a line, and that I never, in Parliament, in conversation, or even on the hustings—a place where it is the fashion to court the populace—uttered a word indicating an opinion that the supreme authority in a State ought to be entrusted to the majority of citizens composing the poorest and most ignorant part of society. I have long been convinced that institutions purely Democratic must, sooner or later, destroy liberty or civilization, or both.

In Europe, where the population is dense, the effect of such institutions would be almost instantaneous. What happened lately in France is an example. In 1848 a pure Democracy was established there. During a short time there was reason to expect a general spoliation—a national bankruptcy, a new partition of the soil, maximum prices, a ruinous load of taxation laid on the rich for the purpose of supporting the poor in idleness.

Such a system would, in twenty years have made France as poor and barbarous as France of the Carlovingians. Happily the danger was averted; and now there is a despotism, a silent tribune, and an enslaved Press. Liberty is gone; civilization has been saved. I have not the smallest doubt that, if we had a purely Democratic government here, the effect would be the same. Either the poor would plunder the rich, and civilization would perish, or order and property would be saved by a strong military government, and liberty would perish. You may think that your country enjoys an exemption these evils. I will frankly own to you that I am of a very different opinion. Your fate I believe to be certain, though it is deferred by a physical cause. As long as you have a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, your laboring population will be far more at ease than the laboring population of the Old World; and while that is the case, the Jeffersonian policy may continue to exist without causing any fatal calamity. But the time will come when New England will be as thickly peopled as Old England. Wages will be as low and will fluctuate as much with you as with us. You will have your Manchesters and Birminghams; and in those Manchesters and Birminghams hundreds of thousands of artisans will assuredly be sometimes out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test.

Distress everywhere makes the laborer mutinous and discontented, and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators, who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity that one man should have a million while another cannot get a full meal. In bad years there is plenty of grumbling here, and a little rioting; but it matters little; for here the sufferers are not the rulers—the supreme power is in the hands of a class numerous indeed, but select, of an educated class—of a class which is and knows itself to be deeply interested in the security of property and the maintenance of order. Accordingly, the malcontents are firmly, yet gently restrained. The bad time is got over without robbing the wealthy to relieve the indigent.—The springs of national prosperity soon begin to flow again; work is plentiful, wages rise, and all is tranquility and cheerfulness. I have seen England pass three or four times through such critical seasons as I have described. Through such seasons the United States will have to pass in the course of the next century, if not of this.

How will you pass through them?

I heartily wish you good deliverance. But my reason and wishes are at war, and I cannot help forboding the worst. It is quite plain that your Government will never be able to restrain a distressed and discontented majority. For with you the majority is the Government, and has the rich, who are always a minority, absolutely at its mercy. The day will come when in the State of New York a multitude of people, none of whom has had more than half a breakfast or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a Legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of Legislature will be chosen? On one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, and strict observance of public faith. On the other is a demagogue ranting about the tyranny of capitalists and usurpers, and asking way anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and to ride in a carriage, while thousands of honest folks are in want of necessaries. Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by a workingman who hears his children cry for more bread? I seriously apprehend that you will, in some such season of adversity as I have described, do things which will prevent prosperity from returning; that you will act like people would in a year of scarcity, devour all the seed corn, and thus make the next year a year not of scarcity, but of absolute famine.

There will be, I fear, spoliation. The spoliation will increase distress. The distress will produce fresh spoliation. There is nothing to stay you. Your Constitution is all sail and no anchor. As I said before, when a society has entered on this downward progress, either civilization or liberty must perish. Either some Cesar or Napoleon will seize the reins of Government with a strong hand, or your Republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth, with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals, who ravaged the Roman Empire, came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your country by your own institutions. Thinking this, of course I cannot reckon Jefferson among the benefactors of mankind; I readily admit that his intentions were good and his abilities considerable. Odious stories have been circulated about his private life; but I do not know on what evidence those stories rest, and I think it probable that they are false or monstrously exaggerated. I have no doubt that I shall derive both pleasure and information from your account of him.

I have the honor to be, dear sir, your faithful servant.

Fulfillment of the above Prophesy

SOUTH CAROLINA LEGISLATURE, 1869.—Of 63 whites and negroes of the South Carolina Legislature, 8 can read and write well, 14 can spell a little, the rest get somebody to make a cross-mark for them, not knowing a B from a bull's foot. The whole concern pays in taxes $146.10—44 members paying not one cent.

The ship Cornelius Grinnell, which arrived at New York on Friday, from London, reports June 26, latitude 26 24, longitude 53, passed a large iceberg 200 feet high; next day passed between two of nearly equal height.

A SNAKE STORY.

The Columbus (Ohio) *Statesman* is responsible for the following:

For sometime past an immense black snake has been seen on the Chittenden farm, on the Westerville road, about two miles from the city, and by reason of his fearful proportions and defiant attitudes, has filled the neighborhood with alarm and terror. Not long since he was seen slowly traversing field, with head erect, and bearing in his mouth a large rooster, which he hok captured on a foraging expedition; and at another time an amateur sports man of this city suddenly came upon him as he was in the act of crushing a cat in his tightening folds. The snake was of such great size, and manifested so much rage, that the young man became almost palsied with fear, and immediately ran away from the terrible locality, not once thinking of his gun, which he might have used most effectually in destroying the monster.

The fact of seeing the snake was reported to a number of acquaintances on the arrival home of the frightened hunter, and the next day a number proceeded to the locality where he was seen the day before, but no trace of his snakeship could be found and the hunter was jeered by his companions as the victim of a baseless, imaginary fear. The following day two boys were walking in the same neighborhood, and came upon the snake, who, with erect head and darting tongue at once gave chase.—The boys ran furiously for nearly half a mile, closely followed by the reptile, before he slackened his speed and gave up the chase. This also was reported, and again an exploring party visited the ground and searched carefully for the snake, but without success. On Tuesday morning of this week, the same two boys again visited the Chittendon farm, this time better prepared to encounter the foe should he put in an appearance.

They had not been on the grounds a great while before they were gratified by an appearance of the monster, who was approaching them with evident war like intent. The boys took position, and so soon as an opportunity presented, made such well directed shots as to place their enemy entirely in their power, when they soon dispatched him. The monster measured sixteen feet in length, and was proportionately large. One of the most respectable citizens of the county, a gentleman well known in Columbus, saw and measured the snake, and assures us that there is no no mistake in the above statement of its length. We understand that the brave slayers of the reptile are having his skin properly stuffed, and design exhibiting it.

CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.

We have had several operations to fully test the chloride of zinc, in solution, in such cases, and so far as we are aware, we were the first to use this agent. It may be said that if the persons that have been bitten by dogs and had been subjected to its use did not have hydrophobia, the dogs were not "mad." Under some circumstances it might be difficult to prove this proposition, but we do not propose to enter into arguments on the subject, but to make a plain statement of facts. In one case where three men were bitten by the same dog, at the same time, we subjected two to the use of zinc. They are both living at the present time, although this occurred several years ago, while the third man, who was not treated in this way, died of hydrophobia on the fourteenth day.

In another case, a gentleman, as well as a cow and horse, were bitten at the time by a rabid dog. We treated the man with the zinc; he still lives; while the cow and horse both died within fifteen days. We might give many other cases illustrative of the efficacy of this treatment but we consider these sufficient. The method which we employ is as follows:

Make a saturated solution of the chloride of zinc, and as soon as possible after the injury is sustained inject this into any or all the wounds made by the teeth of the animal; let it be done with a small syringe and with sufficient force to bring the solution in contact with every portion of the punctured abraded tissue. This should be repeated the second day, after which apply the water dressing until the parts which should be allowed to heal under the ordinary dressing, which will be effected if there has not been much laceration of the parts, in from ten to fifteen days.

As an internal remedy we use the carbonate of ammonia, ten grains to the half pint of water, this quantity to be taken daily for twenty days. The longest time which has elapsed from the time the person was bitten until the above means were used were four hours, yet we are of the opinion that this would antidote the poison even ten or fifteen hours after the injury for the reason that the zinc in a form when brought in contact with an abraded tissue, will act upon parts quite remote from the part injured, and will if taken up by the absorbients, antidote the poison which may have permeated the whole system many hours previous.—*Eclec. Med. Journal.*

DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN IN THE PULPIT.—On the night of Sunday, the 4th instant, the Rev. John Long, of Thomasville, N. C., Methodist divine, began preaching to a large congregation in Wesley Chapel, Atlanta, Ga., of which the Rev. Mr. Kimball is pastor. The Atlanta *Constitution* says:

"He had continued some ten minutes, when he suddenly stopped, and with a livid face and gasping utterance asked Mr. Kimball if anything appeared to be the matter with him. He sat down in an easy position, folding his hands and throwing his head back on the sofa in a reclining manner. Perceiving his illness and at the same time observing that he was quiet, Mr. Kimball arose and concluded the sermon, all the time thinking that Mr. Long was better from his quiescence. As he ended his sermon he turned to speak to Mr. Long and found that he was speechless. It was an appoplectic stroke, from which he never recovered. He died Monday morning about five o'clock. Mr. Long was a gentleman of fifty-eight years of age, of irreproachable character and high Christian standing. He had been in the city but a week or two, and contemplated making his residence here. His family are still in Carolina, and have yet to learn the terrible intelligence. Mr. Long was buried this morning with due solemnities. Masonic honors were paid to him.

Two young women recently fought a duel in Puebla, to decide their claim to the possession of a male Mexican's love and person. One of the combatants was killed. There seems to be a sudden and inexplicable revival of duelling in all parts of the world.

An East Indian correspondent of a New York paper notes the intense hostile feeling of the natives of that country to the English rule, and says that sixty days without protection of British troops, would not leave a single European survivor in the peninsula.

Women are scarce in Sioux City, Iowa, and a paper of that place advertises proposals for fifteen hundred New England girls of industrious habits.

A verdict of three thousand dollars has been obtained in Cincinnati, against a telegraph company, for its rejection of a message desired to be sent for trading purposes, in competition with the company itself.

For the Old North State.

INTEMPERANCE.

Among the evils of intemperance, much importance is given to the poverty of which it is the cause. But this evil, great as it is, is yet light, in comparison with the essential evil of intemperance. What matters it that a man be poor, if he carry into his poverty, the spirit, energy, reason, and virtues of a man? What matters if that a man must for a few years live on bread and water? How many of the richest are reduced, by disease, to a worse condition than this. Honest, virtuous, noble-minded poverty, is comparatively a light evil.

We talk of the miseries which the drunkard carries to his family. We talk of his wife and children in rags. Let the rags continue; but suppose them to be the effects of an innocent cause. "We are poor in this world's goods, but rich in affection and religious trust?"

What breaks the heart of the drunkard's wife? It is not that he is poor, but that he is a drunkard.

Is it right and proper to let such misery continue? Is it not the duty of the Special Reformer, and the Christian philanthropist to sound a note of warning? Supposing, if in a large and thriving city, thousands of the inhabitants were suddenly seized with sickness, and if this common misery should be detected and traced to one point—the poisoning of the waters which supplied that city—would it not be humanity-loving to sound an alarm, for the sake of patriotism, for the sake of humanity, religion, the rising generation, for the sake of all that is precious in society?

What have been the effects of drunkenness, its consequences, and its inevitable results? Past history can only answer. How many wives made widows, how many children turned orphans—homes desolated? all of which plainly portray the evils of intemperance.

We look too much at the consequences of vice—two sides of the vice itself. It is vice, which is the bitterness in the cup of human woe.

"PHILOLOGOS."

☞ A Washington dispatch to the N. York *Tribune* gives an account of the gallant conduct of a son of the President on the 8th instant, at Laurel, a small village near the city of Washington. It says:

"At a small village called Laurel, a few miles from Washington, Thursday afternoon, while the sons of Dr. Sharpe, brother-in-law of General Grant, Marshal of the District of Columbia, were bathing in the Patuxtent River, in company with their young cousins, Masters Grant and Dent, quite a serious accident happened. Dent Sharpe, a young lad of 11 years of age, was noticed struggling in the water, and while struggling he called out that he was drowning. His father heard his cries, and hastily commenced to disrobe in order to jump in and save his son; but ere he could get to the scene, Fred. Grant, son of the President, fearlessly jumped into the river, without attempting to pull off even his boots, and clasped the hair of the unfortunate boy, who was going down for the third time. With unusual presence of mind, and the exertion of extraordinary physical strength, for which he is noted, Fred. was enabled to bring young Sharpe in safety to the shore. It was a most gallant act, and one for which the young hero deserves the utmost praise. Master Fred. is only 19 years of age, and is now on leave of absence from the Academy at West Point."

THE BURNING OF BYRON'S MEMOIRS.—The last number of Lippincott's magazine contains an interesting article entitled, "A Lost Chapter of History," which treats of one of Byron's intrigues. The paper gives a *resume* of the history of his unhappy marriage, and an account of his *liason* with Lady Caroline Lamb, wife of Lord Melbourne, and his greater love for his natural daughter Allegre, who died at the age of 5 years, over that of the legitimate daughter Ada. The lost chapter of history refers to the memoirs of Lord Byron, written by himself, the destruction of which Mr. Dodge characterizes as an "act of literary barbarism unparalleled since the Alexandrian library was committed to the flames."—Byron informed his wife of the existence of his memoirs and offered to submit them to her for for examination, but she refused to see them.—He then put them into Moore's hands and the latter pawned them to Murray, the publisher, for the sum of £2,000. On Byron's death, Lady Byron's banker communicated with Murray and offered to pay the £2,000, with interest if Murray would consent to give up the autobiography.—This the publisher refused to do, but offered to submit it to examination, and if it contained matter unfit for publication, it should be destroyed by fire. After much discussion and many meetings Moore consented to its destruction, and it was burned.

COUNTRY GIRLS.—Mets Victoria Fuller, in a sisterly way, thus talks to country girls:

The farmers' daughters are soon to be the life as well as the pride of this country—a glorious race of women which no other land can show. I seek not to flatter them; for before they can become this, they will have to make an earnest effort of one or two kinds. There are some who depreciate their condition, they demand more consideration than they merit. A want of intelligence upon all the subjects of the day, and of a refined education is more excusable in a country girl, in these days of many books and newspapers.

Many girls are discouraged because they cannot be sent away from home to boarding school; but men of superior mind and knowledge of this world, would rather have for wives women well and properly educated at home. And this education can be had whenever the desire is not wanting. A taste for reading does wonders; and an earnest thirst after knowledge is almost certain to attain a sweet draught from the Pierian Spring. There is a farmer's daughter in this very room in which I am writing—a beautiful, refined and intelligent woman—in whose girlhood books were not so plenty as now, and who obtained her education under difficulties which woule have discouraged any but one who had a true love for study.

SUMMER CARE OF SHEEP.—Now that you have secured the fleece and marketed what lambs you have to spare, the flock is very apt to be neglected; this should not be so. The condition of stock sheep should be carefully attended to through the summer; there is no animal more benefited by a change of pasture and regular salting or placing rock salt where they can always have access to it. Sheep are benefitted by regular watering as well as cattle. If ewes are kept in good condition through the summer they will be the better of it for breeding in the following winter and spring.

To guard against the depredations of dogs use plenty of bells. They cost but little compared with the loss of having the sheep worried or killed. If the flock is small—say twenty or thirty in number, put a bell on each sheep; if a hundred or more put a bell on one-half or one-third of them. Always put bells on the weakest in the flock, as they will be hindermost in the chase. The sheep dog is a great coward and will only chase sheep when he can do it quietly, when the least danger of being detected. The noise of so many bells alarms him to a sense of his danger and he sneaks off for fear of being detected.—*Stock Journal.*