

North State

LEWIS HANES Editor & Proprietor.

"The Old North State Forever."—Gaston.

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VOL II.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1867.

NUMBER 181

PHILADELPHIA ADVERTS.
JAS. W. RIDDLE, J. PUTNEY SMITH,
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sept. 20, 1866. 1w-1m

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W. B. BUCK, R. H. BLANCKIN,
CHARLES E. MORGAN & Co.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
DRY GOODS,
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WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
AND DEALERS IN
OILS, PAINTS, GLASS, DYE-STUFFS,
No. 439 Market Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
sept. 20, 1866. 1w-6m

Blackburn & Holder,
PUMP MAKERS.
TENDER THEIR SERVICES TO THE CITI-
zens of Salisbury and the surrounding coun-
try. They have had much experience in the
business, and will promptly execute all orders sent
to them in the most satisfactory manner. Give
them a trial. Address,
BLACKBURN & HOLDER,
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D. G. WORTH, N. G. DANIEL,
WORTH & DANIEL,
SHIPPING
And Commission Merchants,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
DEALERS IN BAGGING, ROPE,
Iron Ties, Lime, Plaster, Cement, Hair, Genuine
Peruvian Guano direct from Government agents.
Sail, Hay and all kinds of Coal.
Agents for Baugh's Raw Bone Super Phosphate of
Lime for the Philadelphia Southern Mail Steam-
ship line.
Agents for Goodspeed's weekly Steamship line from
New York.
Agents for Jones Smith & Co's. line of New York
mail packets.
Feb. 16, 67. 6m.

NOTICE!
The PLEASANT GROVE ASSO-
CIATION of the colored Baptist Church,
which was organized in December last,
will meet again on the third, Thursday in
April next at Bethel Church, Halifax County
Virginia, twelve miles from South Boston
Depot on the Richmond and Danville
Railroad. All ordained and local Baptist
preachers in North Carolina are invited to
attend.
REV. R. P. MARTIN,
Roxboro, N. C.
1-1st-ap-pd
Jan. 26, 1867.

WM. M. ROBBINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SALISBURY, N. C.
Allen to the Courts of Rowan and the adjoining
counties.
OFFICE—East side of Main Street, below
Market House. jan 5-1f

ADVERTISEMENTS.
STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
ROWAN COUNTY,
Joseph O. White,
vs.
The National Ex-
press and Trans-
portation Comp'y.
Original Attachment
levied on Personal
Property.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the court
that the defendants in this case reside beyond
the limits of the State, it is, therefore, ordered
by the court that publication be made in *The
Old North State*, for six consecutive weeks,
notifying said absent defendants to be and ap-
pear at the next term of this court to be held
for the county of Rowan, at the court-house in
Salisbury, on the first Monday in May next,
and there to plead, answer or demur, other-
wise judgment final will be entered against
them, and the property levied on sold to satisfy
the plaintiff's judgment and costs.
Witness, Obadiah Woodson, clerk of our
said court at Office in Salisbury, the 1st Mon-
day in February, A. D. 1867, and in the nine-
ty-first year of our Independence.
OBADIAH WOODSON, Clerk.
March 1, 1867. [Pr fee \$10] 1w1f

State of North Carolina,
MONTGOMERY COUNTY,
Is Equity—C. J. Cochran and others, vs.
Heirs at Law of Terry Moore—Petition
for sale of land for Partitions.
It appearing to the satisfaction of the court,
that the heirs at law of Terry Moore
and A. J. Cochran, are non-resident defend-
ents; it is ordered that publication be made
for six weeks in the "Old North State," notifi-
cating them of the filing of this petition and
commanding them to appear at the next term
of this court, to be held at the Court House in
Troy, on the last Monday in February next,
and there to plead, answer or demur, or the
facts set forth in the petition, or the cause
will be heard ex parte and judgment pro-
cesso rendered against them.
G. W. MONTGOMERY, C. M. E.
Feb 14. [Pr fee 10] 1w1f

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
DAVIDSON COUNTY,
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,
August Term, 1866.
C. F. Lowe Executor of the last will of Barbara
Miller, deceased, against Jacob Miller and others.
Petition filed in the 24th of said term.
Having been appointed Com. summoner by said court
to take the account in the above named case, notice
is hereby given to Michael Miller, Henry Miller John
Freest, Alexander Freest, Smith Freest and others—
the children of Barbara Miller, deceased, late the
wife of Leonard Freest—that I shall, at the office of
county clerk of said County, in Lexington, on the 8th
day of February 1867, proceed to take said account,
and where they may attend if they think fit.
This is the 14th day of January 1867.
JAMES WISEMAN, Com'r.
Jan. 24. [Pr fee \$5] 1w1f

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
ROWAN COUNTY,
Robert Murphy,
vs.
The National Ex-
press and Transpor-
tation Company.
Original Attachment
Levied on Personal
Property.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the court
that the defendants in this case reside beyond
the limits of this State, it is, therefore, ordered
by the court that publication be made in *The
Old North State*, for six consecutive weeks, notifi-
cating said defendants to be and appear at the
next term of this court, to be held for the coun-
ty of Rowan, at the court-house in Salisbury
on the first Monday in May next, and there
to plead, answer or demur, otherwise
judgment final will be entered against them,
and the property levied on to satisfy the plain-
tiff's judgment and costs.
Witness, Obadiah Woodson, clerk of our
said court at Office in Salisbury, the first Mon-
day in February, A. D. 1867, and in the nine-
ty-first year of our Independence.
OBADIAH WOODSON, Clerk.
March 1, 1867. [Pr fee \$10] 1w1f

VALUABLE PLANTATION
AND
FLOURING MILL to Rent.
AS AGENT OF COL. GEO. T. BARNES,
I wish to rent For Cash, the planta-
tion and mill owned by the late Dr. Saml.
Herr. The plantation has about
1000 Acres of open land,
in a high state of cultivation and is well adapt-
ed to the raising of Cotton, Tobacco, Wheat
and Corn, and is one of the most desirable
places for cultivation in the county. The
dwelling house is large and commodious, sur-
rounded by one of the most beautiful and orna-
mental gardens in the county.
The mill has three sets of stones and is a
superior mill in every respect, having a large
cunsum and plenty of water. Parties wishing
to obtain further information can do so by call-
ing on me in Salisbury, or on Lieut. Warden
on the premises.
LUKE BLACKMER,
Sept. 20, 1866. 1w-1f
Agent.

For Rent.
A VALUABLE MACHINE SHOP 28 X
35 feet, two stories, with 2 horse power. Al-
so a lot of machinery to rent or sell with the
shop, viz:
2 Good Wood Lathes, 1 Rotary Planing
Machines, Saws, Sanding, Bipping, etc., Bor-
ing and Morticing Machines, with the neces-
sary Belting, etc., all ready to be put in mo-
tion. A splendid chance for labor saving and
profit. Apply to
S. B. HARRISON.
Jan. 5, 1867. 1w-1m

FRANK SMITH, COOPER, offers
his services to make or mend anything
in the COOPERING LINE.
Shop on Mr. Bailey's lot,
Salisbury, N. C. Feb. 26, 67. -4f

**THE
OLD NORTH STATE,
[TRI-WEEKLY.]**
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—
TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.
Tri Weekly, One Year, \$5.00
" " Six Months, 3.00
" " One Month, .75
[WEEKLY.]
Weekly paper, One Year, \$ 3.00
" " Six Months, 1.50
" " Ten copies One Year, 22.00
" " Twenty copies, One Year, 40.00
A cross on the paper indicates the expiration of
the subscription.
The type on which "THE OLD NORTH STATE" is
printed is entirely new. No pains will be spared to
make it as readable as any paper in the country. In order
to do this we have engaged the services of able and
distinguished literary contributors.

ADVERTISING RATES.
TRANSIENT RATES
For all periods less than one month
One Square, First insertion \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion .50
Contract rates for periods of one to four months.
1 MO. 2 MO. 3 MO. 4 MO. 5 MO. 6 MO.
1 SQUARE, \$5.00 \$8.00 \$12.00 \$15.00 \$20.00
2 SQUARES, 7.50 13.00 17.00 21.00 27.00
3 SQUARES, 10.00 16.00 21.00 26.00 34.00
4 SQUARES, 12.00 19.00 25.00 30.00 37.00
5 SQUARES, 14.00 21.00 28.00 34.00 44.00
6 SQUARES, 16.00 23.00 30.00 36.00 46.00
7 SQUARES, 18.00 25.00 32.00 38.00 48.00
8 SQUARES, 20.00 27.00 34.00 40.00 50.00
9 SQUARES, 22.00 29.00 36.00 42.00 52.00
10 SQUARES, 24.00 31.00 38.00 44.00 54.00
Special Contracts will be made with those who desire
to advertise for a longer term than four months.
Contract Notices and Advertisements will be charged
at the usual rates.
Ten lines of solid minion type, or about one
inch lengthwise of the column, constitute a
square.
Special Notices, in leading minion, will be con-
tracted for at the office, at not less than double
the rate of ordinary advertisements.
Inserted as reading matter, with approval of
the editors, fifty cents per line.
Advertisements inserted irregularly, or at inter-
vals, 25 per cent. additional.
The rates above printed are for standing adver-
tisements.
One or two squares, changeable at discretion,
10 per cent. additional.
More than two squares, changeable at discre-
tion, per square of ten lines, for every change,
twenty-five cents.
Five squares estimated as a quarter column
and ten squares as a half column. Bills for ad-
vertising, whether by the day or year, will be
considered due and collectible on the 1st of the
month.

Written for "The Old North State."
"TAPPING AT THE DOOR,"
OR
Real Life—Since the War.
BY C. W. M.

The great war came. This fair South-
ern land was rent and torn, bereft and mu-
tated, pluck and shaken, stained and
blackened, in every thing but uncompro-
mising honor and valor—as rich genes
as shine on the escutcheon of our manhood.
Unexpectedly the struggle assumed pro-
portions that astounded both belligerents,
and at which the world stood aghast.
Southern heroism wrote its name and fame
in letters of blood, and bequeathed to pos-
terity these as an unsullied legacy—all it
could leave—the priceless heritage of hon-
or, personal and lovely as her own eternal
hills, as limpid and pure as the waters that
gush from her mountains. This sunny
clime, soft and mellow as the affections that
warm in the bosom of her daughters will
never permit the pride of its spirit to
stoop to be a party to its own dishonor.
"This spirit will not crouch to oppression
nor submit to wrong without a protest;
for here the heart is almost as ceaseless and
constant in its devotions to the principles
of right and justice as the tireless wing of
time to the behest of the Eternal. The
cause for which we fought is lost, and we
submit to the inexorable decree of fate—
become again obedient citizens of the Uni-
ted States.
Peniless, homeless and almost heartless,
thousands of the best families in the land
wandered to and fro, like the dove, seeking
rest and finding none, and still they wan-
dered up and down, or are driven by those
who have no mercy on the poor, and there-
fore, lend not to the Lord. Many of
these, the wayworn sons and daughters of
noble sires, heretofore strangers to want,
now drag out a miserable existence. Many
of them bear honorable scars of wounds
and bruises, or bereavement and mourn-
ing, and all the bitter agony with which
such changed circumstances can afflict the
human heart.
Here we are at the beginning of 1867—
nearly two years since the war ended. It
is a cold bleak day. The storm is raging
without. Its hoarse murmurs come up to
our very hearth-stone. The moaning voice
in the wicker chair are caught up, by
the blast and shrieked into our ears at every
key-hole and crevice. It has been snow-
ing all the day, and still, faster and faster,
the icy fingers of the merciless storm drop
the fleecy emblems of spotless purity upon
a world all stained with sin.
I have watched from my window all the
day long the eddying circles of the driving
snow as the fairy queen from her virgin
throne whirls the piteous flakes to the
earth. I have thought of the unsheltered
heads and shivering forms whose substance
the rude hands of war plucked and scatter-
ed. I have looked at my own scanty store,
my own destination and want, and then at
the little fondlings of love that make sun-
shine for a household and melody for an-
gels, till I could almost forget my own dark
and pathless condition amid the dreary sur-
roundings of the present. But here are
some comforts left—a cheerful fire, a shel-
ter from the blast, yes thank God, here are
other comforts and treasures, though the
roof beneath which we shelter has passed into
other hands and the heartless creditor
has demanded the last and least article
which the law allows. Ah! we still have
some comforts—real heart comforts, a wife
whose interest in the welfare of loved ones
never subsides, and four dear little inno-
cens,—jewels that last lent unto us, O
Lord—these the spoiler's hand did not
reach, and the destroyer's arm thrust into
the general wreck that follows in the track
of war—these monuments of God's good-
ness still survive to enquire the darkness
of our low estate with bands of light, make
sweet melody within, while the hoarse dis-
son of the howling wind fills the air, like
demon spirits charged to complete the work
of destruction, which pestilence and famine,
fire and sword, left unfinished. I still gaze
out upon the storm playing "cross and pile"
with sheets of snow in mid air, and then
hurrying on to find some cabin's roof, and
silently drop upon the straw floor or the
scanty bed, standing in the corner. And
still it snows, Oh, how fast! The heav-
ens seem to grow thicker, the clouds hang
like a pillar of night at our very doors, and
still the storm sweeps on like a deluge.—
Night! moonless and haggard, begins to
add to the gloom, and at length throws her
mantle around the world. We draw near-
er to the blazing faggots that light our cot-
tage, and glaring here and there, make
grotesque and unsightly figures upon the
wall; and when these have died out, the
embers, glowing with heat, are filled with
all sorts of fantastic shapes and forms, pret-
ty faces, and ugly monsters. But listen!
Oh! the storm, the storm! Our little cot-
tage trembles to the shock of its fury.—
May He who tempers the winds to the
shorn lambs, remember the half clad, the
destitute, the shelterless, shivering in the
cold this night. Thou who markest the
fall of the sparrow; numberest the hairs of
our head, will not forget the sufferings of
the fatherless and the widow. Hark!
what noise is that! Again it comes loud-
er than before. It is some one "tapping,
tapping, gently tapping at the door." No,
'tis but the wind. Hark, again! Some
one is "knocking, knocking, gently knock-
ing at the door." The wild carering of
the winds drowns the faint but earliest
voices without.
Again it comes, "tapping, tapping, gen-
tly tapping at the door." Loose the fasten-
ings. Answer the summons at the door.
A little girl and boy stand shivering in
the gale with a tale of sorrow on the tongue
and a load of anguish in the heart. Oh!
that my pea were dipped in the tears of
sorrow that trickle down those little cheeks
that night and that my tongue were touch-
ed with words that incite men to noble ac-
tions while I tell, as I felt, and knew the
true condition of the family for which
the errand was just made. And let his or
her voice be lost in the gurgling sweep
of the storm that could withhold the words,
deeds and tears, that might add one ray
of comfort or spark of sympathy to those
desolate hearts, and let the hand be blight-
ed by the withering touch of similar want
that gives not, that lends not its substance
unto the Lord. God pity the lot of these
poor shivering half-clad children whose
aching limbs have born them to our door.
The dark angle of the night made their
hideous to their eyes while their little
hearts shudderingly recoiled from the scene
but the good angel of mercy bent over
and guided them safely to our habitations.
"Come in," we all said at once. "Good
evening" and "thank you," was the re-
sponse. "Poor little sufferers" said Mr.
Blackly, "what misfortune, what dire ne-
cessity, has forced you abroad this cold
dreary night? And how, amid the dark-
ness and the angry murmurs of the blast
could you make your way? Draw closer
to the fire and tell us all." The tears were
fast chasing each other down little Jimmie's
cheeks, now quivering on the long silken
eyebrows, like beautiful stars pendant
from the fingers of God, then drop, drop,
drop, as if, the fountains of the heart were
all broken up. "Can I do nothing for you,"
said Mr. B. and all the family joined in the
inquiry. "Oh yes," said Jimmie, "I have
come for you, Mr. B., mother is very low,
but whispered to us to run and tell you to
come quickly." Brushing the tears aside,
she then continued, with a sigh a simple,
but mournful pathos of voice, at which an-
gles in their swiftest flight would have
paused to listen, "Father is almost gone,
and wishes to see you before he dies."
"Tell Mr. B." he said "I am going home
very fast," and mother then struggled to
his bedside but almost fainted before she
reached it. Recovering somewhat, she bid
us hasten, for all was too true. Know-
ing the condition of the family, and almost
overcome by the simple recital of the little
girl, I gathered my hat and thread-bare
gray of Confederate memory, hastened to

the scene, and found in the little cabin
where the winds moaned funeral dirges
through every crevice, one parent dying
and the other lingering, like a faint sigh,
upon the margin of time.
In that home of poverty and wretched-
ness, death as well as the storm seemed
holding its revelry. There sat the mother
—the wife—piteously pleading the angle
of death to withhold the uplifted knife that
quivered in his hand, or if the stroke must
come, she feelingly asked, the good spirit
might go with him, through the shadow of
the valley that he might fear no evil.

Sure enough, Thomas Adkins was dy-
ing. He knew me, but the lamp of his life
was fast going out. "I wished to see you,"
he said "before I died. I feel I am ap-
proaching the dark boundary of the un-
known. I feel that the icy clutch of the
last hour is upon me, and yet it is some
consolation in the hour of dissolution to
have one near me who has been more than
a brother. Let me ask God to pay you in
richest blessings that which you have done
for me and mine. I am passing away.
My wife will soon join me in the spirit
land, and I now ask to commit my dar-
lings, Jimmie and James, into your keep-
ing." "My friend," I said, "I can re-
fuse you nothing that is in my power to do."
Then casting a long, lingering, look upon
his wife, and extending his cold icy hands
to his children, and then to me, said "fare-
well!" And all was over.
All that constitutes noble manhood and
Christian excellence I write down to the
credit of Thomas Adkins. His spirit is
gone, and no longer thrills that noble heart.
His wife—I turn to her now. The strug-
gle to see the last setting rays of the light
of her love completely prostrated her fragil
form, and snatched reason from its throne.
She is sinking. Poor children! They
will not be comforted. Angel, here is thy
other victim, but spare her to raise up
these children. No! Sorrows, like mis-
fortunes, seldom come singly. And here
are the twin sorrows. She has passed
away and these both slumber in the
same grave.

And now you will ask why all this suffer-
ing, poverty, ruin and finally death? I
will briefly relate. However much wise
legislators have striven so ameliorate the
condition of the debtor class, the laws of
the land still sanction this second murder,
and blandly smile in dignity while prop-
erty is swept away, the poor become poorer,
and this world's goods, like power, is con-
stantly stealing from the many to the few.
Thomas Adkins at the beginning of the
late war held property and effects that
placed him above want, and, as he thought,
the fear of want. The war came. He as
a true man responded to what he believed
to be, the call of his country, to resist in-
vasion, set up for ourselves, and defend
the right. All through those bleak days,
those dreary months of toil, those long
years of want, pestilence and woe, he bore
his full share. But disease had done its
work, and at the close of the contest, when
"his little ones kissed him a thousand
times over, and his wife sobbed aloud in
her fullness of heart," at meeting him once
more, the dark wing of suffering had left
its shadow upon him and fanned into a
flame the disease that lurked in his sys-
tem. That for which he fought was gone,
gone, gone! His property has been waded
by the destroyer's hand. Desolation
had written its most blackened characters
about his lovely home. Stocks and bonds
went down with the general ruin, and the
heart of the gallant Confederate was well
nigh broken. The invincible will and un-
yielding purpose that had met the tide of
death on many a battle field, now quailed
like a very child at the sight of the ruin
that greeted his return home. The tall
black chimney of his former residence still
stands as a monument of a ruined home,
and alas, as the sequel proved, a ruined
family. There was nothing left him but
his land. On this he reared a small log
cabin, the very one in which I found him
dying. He was not long permitted to en-
joy even this humble roof in peace and
quiet. Heartless creditors soon wrenched
his land from him—the last fragment of a
once proud estate, and there was nothing
left him but an unsullied name, his wife
and children. Peniless and alone, with
a heart weighed down and bleeding, his
system invited the more rapid advance
of insidious disease, and he fell, as we have
seen, a victim to that despair, which is born
of ruined hope and blasted fortune. With
no more favorable surroundings and some-
what better health, his days might have been length-
ened out in the land. Ye devotees at the
shrine of mammon, ye soulless monsters
in the garb of man, I charge you with the
ruin that has overtaken many a household.
I charge you with widows sighs and or-
phan tears. I charge you with the moans
that daily climb to heaven for an audience
and relief. I charge you with the black-
ened homes and blasted hopes that point
like the finger of fate to an early tomb.
Fearful! Ye know not the meaning of
that word. You fill the inebriate's cup
and redder his pathway to the grave with
the blood of his fellow man. You would
snatch the last crust of bread from famish-

ing children, and sweep up the last dust
of meal from the widows scanty store.
You would take the poor soldier's chil-
dren—sons and daughters of those sires
who went down in the red tide of battle
and bind them out to the law, because in
the death of the brave you have lost a bit-
tance of money. Ah! You would do
more—you would make them the servants
of your children and brand them with in-
famy forever, if by so doing you could save
or make money. And more still, you
would deprive them of their birthright and
embitter their existence down to old age.

But here are Jimmie and Jimmie Adkins.
Beneath that roof where they were found,
"tapping, tapping, gently tapping at the
door," they are sheltered, at least for the
present, from the winter's cold and sum-
mer's heat. They are living monuments
of your cruel oppression, and one day as
a sequel to this, they shall speak, and say
it be as effectual as the spirit of God, "tap-
ping, tapping, gently tapping at the door"
of your hearts.

**WANT AND DESTITUTION IN THE
SOUTHERN STATES—REPORT OF MAJOR
GENERA HOWARD.**—Washington Mar.
8.—Secretary Stanton sent to the Senate
to-day a report from General Howard, Com-
missioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, relative
to the destitution now prevailing in the
Southern States. General Howard says,
that from official sources, which are con-
firmed by gentlemen from different sections
of the South, he estimates that there are
32,662 whites and 24,258 blacks—total,
56,920 people, who will need food from
some source before the next crop can re-
lieve them. In five months, the probable
time required, the number of rations, re-
quired for these people will be 8,535,000,
which at 25 cents per ration will amount
to \$2,133,750. Of this sum an appropriation
of \$925,000 has already been made,
leaving an additional sum of \$1,508,750,
which sum General Howard deems suffi-
cient to meet the extreme wants occasion-
ed by failure of the crops, &c. Gen. How-
ard states that since his report was drawn
up he has received an estimate from the As-
sistant Commissioners and Governor of
Georgia, greatly exceeding his estimate for
that State, but he is unwilling to recom-
mend a larger appropriation at present.

The following table affords the detail of
the estimate for the several States:

No.	No.	No.	Value
White.	Black.	Rations,	at 25c
Virginia,	2,500	2,500	750,000
N. Carolina,	2,000	2,000	500,000
S. Carolina,	5,000	5,000	1,250,000
Florida,	500	1,000	250,000
Georgia,	7,500	5,000	1,875,000
Alabama,	10,000	5,000	1,875,000
Tennessee,	1,000	1,000	300,000
Mississippi,	1,800	2,000	500,000
Arkansas,	1,000	600	250,000
Louisiana,	300	200	75,000
Texas,			18,750
			33,000 24,258 2,585,000 \$2,133,750

The New York Herald gives the
following good advice to the colored people
of the South:
"The colored people of Richmond have
started off very well for a first attempt.—
Let them continue moderate and orderly,
banish from their councils all white fanatics
and revolutionists, who only like an agita-
tion, and they may in due time not only
be worthy of, but influential enough to
command respect."
A fire occurred in Washington on last
Friday night, which broke out in the build-
ing known as the Central Hotel, corner of
Sixth street and Pennsylvania avenue,
Washington, which resulted in a shocking
loss of life, as well as in the entire destruc-
tion of the property, which was owned by
Hugh Gelston, of Baltimore, and valued at
12,000, fully covered by insurance.

Forty negroes left Norfolk on Thursday,
on their way to Arkansas. They were
hired at \$18 per month, rations and travel-
ing expenses, to cultivate cotton.
During the year 1866 there were nine
thousand four hundred and fifty patents
issued at Washington, of which fifty-eight
were extensions.
Negro slavery still exists in Florida.—
The Indians of the Everglades have deter-
mined to keep the negroes as slaves. They
deny the jurisdiction of the laws. Trouble
is apprehended.

Last week, a piece of coal weighing 7-
659 pounds, from the mines of the Lehigh
Coal and Navigation Company, at Summit
Hill, passed over the Lehigh Valley Rail-
road to New York, where it is to be ship-
ped to the Paris Exposition as a sample
of one of the products of the Lehigh Val-
ley.
A one-armed ex-Confederate soldier en-
tered a bank in Mobile, Ala., the other day
to beg, and having been refused he unfold-
ed a roll amounting to \$2,600 which he
asked to have exchanged for large bills.
Since then he has been gazetted as a
"Yankee impostor."
The difference between a pound of meat
and a drummer boy, is that one weighs a
pound and the other pounds away.