

CONSOLATION.

Looking from my chamber window, In the distant western sky I saw a star of beaming brightness...

CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAIN DEAD.

The Ex-President Died at New Orleans Friday Morning.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 6.—Jefferson Davis closed his eyes in death at 12 minutes before one o'clock this morning, surrounded by his friends and relatives who were within call.

THE HONOR OF DEATH.

This was the scene in the sick chamber as the hours passed.

Mr. Davis remained in a comatose condition and the attendants could see no signs of consciousness. Mrs. Davis said she occasionally felt the return of the pressure of the hand she held, although he could neither speak nor make any sign.

LEGAL DON'TS ABOUT WILLS.

- Don't have anything uncertain in a will. Don't mention people by their nicknames. Don't let a person interested be a witness.

The University of North Carolina.

Asheville Citizen.]

To the exclusion of editorial matter, in part, we give place to the following interesting letter from President Battle. He refers to a statement made in our editorial of some weeks since in which reference was made to the taint of infidelity which at an early period and for a short time was attached to some or more members of the faculty.

Among the graduates, the f. m. of some of whom is national, such able divines appear as Dr. Andrew Flinn, Dr. A. W. CLOPTON—John Randolph's favorite preacher—Dr. Wm. Hooper, Dr. John Witherspoon, Dr. Robert Hall, Dr. James Morrison, Dr. Francis L. Hawks, Rev. Charles Applegate Hill, Bishop W. M. Green, Rev. Robert Hall Morrison, Bishop James H. Otey, Rev. Thomas B. Slade, Rev. Joseph H. Saunders, Thomas F. Davis, Rev. Elias M. Andrews, Dr. Samuel J. Johnston, Dr. Wm. Norwood, Rev. Philip B. Alston, the poet, Bishop Cicero S. Hawks, Rev. Thomas R. Owen, Dr. W. W. Spear, Dr. John Haywood Parker, Rev. W. N. Melane, Dr. J. J. Roberts, Dr. Jarvis Baxton, Rev. A. M. Shipp, Rev. W. W. Pharr, Rev. Sam'l B. McPheeters, Dr. J. C. Huske, Dr. S. A. Stanfield, Dr. S. M. Frost; and this is only a partial list.

Mr. L. L. Polk, State Secretary of the North Carolina Farmers' and Laborers' Union, arrived in town last night, and was heartily greeted as "Double-L" Polk by his fellow-brothers of toil.

Mr. Polk makes the gray matter sizz as editor of a paper called the Progressive Farmer. In speaking of the many advantages results obtained in his State by the Farmers' Union he said: "The benefits are conspicuously seen in the matter of education. The farmers in my State have been slumbering along, aimlessly, you might say, and have not been thinking for themselves. They have heretofore been hiring or allowing other people to think for them. Now they have been awakened, and they read and think for themselves. They are studying their conditions and surroundings, and especially everything that embraces the economic problems. This will have a telling effect on their ballots, for it will give a clearer idea of the best way to vote. The Farmers' Union has furnished the spittle to remove the cataract from their eyes, and there are many things that they will no longer go at blindly. Yet our organization can remain non-partisan and still exert a powerful influence in politics. Our farmers have been improved morally, socially and intellectually by the union. We now have 82,000 members in the State. The Western idea that the North Carolina farmer raises sweet potatoes and yams and ekes out an ignorant existence will soon be dispelled."

Mrs. Logan did not open a private school for young ladies, as was reported but has assumed the management of the Home Magazine of Washington. She returned from Europe last week.

A Woman With Pluck.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 7.—There is at least one woman in this city who worships the memory of the late Jefferson Davis, and who has courage of her convictions.

She lives at 235 Second street, southeast, and her name is Mrs. Frederick Fairfax. The shutters are closed and the bell pull was obscured by a grape. It would be easy for an observant passer to imagine that death had visited some one whose residence had been within. Draped from three windows of the upper story the wide strip of black stuff was evidence of mourning of a high order. In the centre of each of the window sills, just where the black is fastened, is a rosette. If the rosettes were also black they would have excited less comment but they are not black. Two of them, one at each end, are red, the one in the middle is white. The hues and manner of their arrange combine to form colors of the dead Confederacy and their display at this time made it evident that some one was sorry Mr. Davis was no more. To a Star reporter who called upon the lady, she described herself as Washington born, and said she put mourning on her house because of the death of Jefferson Davis, whom she admired and loved. The Star says: Mrs. Fairfax is the wife of Frederick Fairfax, and to be a gentleman of wealth. Mrs. Fairfax is the daughter of the late Lieutenant Cooke, of the United States army, who died a great many years ago, leaving to his daughter the house in which she and her husband reside. Fairfax was not actively engaged in the Confederacy, but Mrs. Fairfax's relatives were all Confederates, so she said this morning. It was suggested to her by one of the newspaper men who called on her this morning that some one might try to tear the mourning emblems down. If any one entertains any such idea he only needs first to see Mrs. Fairfax as she appeared when that suggestion was made. He will at once abandon his project. A number of colored people gathered on the sidewalk opposite the house this morning and loudly criticized the action of the inmates, but they went no further, and at a late hour this afternoon the dismal drapery and red, white and red rosettes were still in their place, fluttering in the cool breezes and reflecting their colors in the windows of the Lincoln school building, which happens curiously enough to be precisely opposite No. 235.

The Human Family.

St. Louis, Mo. (Evel.)

Did you ever make a calculation of the number of people that have inhabited this globe since the beginning of time? No doubt you will say that calculations involve loss of time and are, after all, barren of results; but, as we are engaged in giving curious readings and odd calculations, let us take a few minutes' time and approximate, with a certain degree of accuracy, at least, the number of souls that have been ushered into and out of this sinful world since the time when it was not good for Adam to be alone. At the present time it is believed that there are 1,400,000,000 human beings on our globe; but let us suppose there has been but an average of 900,000,000 living at one time since the creation. To give room for any possible doubt as to the average length of life, we will put it down at fifty years. (It may have been longer than that during Bible times; it has been much shorter, since.) With the average length of life, reckoned as above, we have had two generations of 900,000,000 each every century for the past 6,000 years. Taking this for granted, we have had about 55,627,843,257, 075-266 inhabitants on this globe since the beginning of time.

Grains of Thought.

Every vice fights nature. Might is not always right. Reckless youth makes rueful age. Life is but the vestibule of being. It is harder to listen than to talk. A man is only as old as he feels. Try to forget as well as forgive. Humor is the solid enjoyment.

Old Jones' Philosophy.

When I was a boy we had a big yaller dog that hadn't as much sense as a sheep or as much pluck as a chipmunk. That dog wouldn't have fought a canary bird. We knew it and he knew it, but he kept up an awful sight of bluster an' blow just the same as if we didn't all know just what it was worth. Every day a big black cur, as cowardly as orn, used to go by with a butcher's cart and them two dogs would run up an' down on different sides o' the fence barkin' fit ter kill an' just as if they would tear each other up if it wasn't fer the fence.

To the People of North Carolina.

Unsolicited and unexpected on my part, I have been elected by the Executive Committee of the Confederate Veterans' Association of North Carolina an agent to make a canvass of the State in behalf of a Soldiers' Home. Now, I am aware that I have undertaken a big job. I want your endorsement; I want your sympathy; I want a small amount of your means. I hope no one will say "it is not convenient for me to give now." If we are not willing to make some sacrifice, if not willing to sacrifice some luxury for this cause, but must wait until it is convenient to give the aid, then let the cry at once be made in all North Carolina. "To your tents, oh, Israel."

How She Took the Oath.

Many, indeed, and various are the anecdotes told in connection with oath-taking. A very pious and painfully guileless old lady was once called as a witness before Mr. Tenynson-D'Eyncourt, the Bow street police magistrate. "Is it a fact, your honor," asked the lady, "that I must take an oath." "Certainly, madam," replied Mr. D'Eyncourt. "But I don't like to do so," exclaimed the lady. "You must do so or go to prison," said Mr. D'Eyncourt. "Every wit'ness has got to swear."

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

New York Week-ly.]

Human happiness is like the Hot-tent language; anybody can talk it well enuff, but there ain't but phev can understand it. Gravity is more evidence or wisdom than a paper collar is or a shirt. Whatever Providence has given us the faculty tew do, he has given us the power tew do.

Address.

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To Pay His Debts.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 22.—Col. D. P. Porter, Assistant Secretary of the state of Mississippi, and Secretary of the Davis Land Company, a joint stock company formed by State officers and other leading citizens of Mississippi, is in the city. The object of the company is to purchase 5,700 acres of wild land in Arkansas, owned by Hon. Jefferson Davis, as an investment and enable Mr. Davis to pay a debt of more than \$40,000. It is purely an enterprise directed toward relieving Mr. Davis of the burden of debt which is pressing him down in his old age. Wealthy men who followed the lost cause have impertuned him to accept of their means, but he declined any and all gifts from every source His need of money at length became so great that Gov. Lowery, of Mississippi, and other leading citizens, determined to take the matter in their own hands. They found out that he owns the land in Arkansas referred to above and decided to organize a stock company for its purchase, the proceeds to be applied to the payment of his debts. The stock, it is said, will have some value, but the projectors of the movement are frank in the appeal to ex-Confederates that they subscribe, not in the hope of financial reward, but as a matter of sentiment, and to relieve the last days of their old leader. A well-attended meeting was held at the Commercial Club room here to-night, and steps taken to interest old Confederates in the work.

Up in Her Line.

There are more than two newspaper men living in Woodsburgh, L. I., and of one of them the boys told the Rambler a good story. It seems the newspaper man in question had been annoyed by a persistent book canvasser. She was young, pretty and talkative and had for sale a gaudily covered book entitled "How to be Good." The newspaper man was busy when she first called on him and he told her to drop in when he had more time. She did not succeed in selling the book on the first attempt nor on the second. Her visits, however, became so frequent that the newspaper man told his wife of the matter. She was struck with the title of the book and told her husband that he ought to buy it, as he needed instruction on the subject treated. The book agent called the next day as usual and the newspaper man said: "Well, I'll take your book, but I would not buy it only my wife has taken a fancy to the title."

He Reached Home Earlier than Usual.

That evening and with lighted pipe was enjoying the comfort derived from roomy slippers which adds to the prospect of dinner when his wife said: "I forgot to tell you I bought that book, 'How To Be Good.'" "The compositor, you did," said he. "Now we've got two copies. I bought one of the book agent today." "Well," said his wife, "we can—." "No we can't. That's selling books on false pretenses and I'll have that woman arrested. The train is just getting in, but I have my slippers on. There's Lyng going to the train now. Say, Lyng, stop that book agent at the station until I see her."

What do you want to see her about?

asked Lyng. "Never mind now. She'll be off if you don't hurry. You just keep her talking until I get there."

Lyng reached the station as the fair book agent was boarding the outgoing train. "Excuse me," he said, "but Mr. Dash wants to see you."

"Mr. Dash wants to see me?" said the book agent, demurely standing on the car platform. "Oh, yes, he wants to buy one of my books. I must have cash for it, though. The price is \$2."

Mr. Lyng, happy to oblige his friend Dash, paid the money, took the book "How to be Good," and the train started as Dash, out of breath, reached the station.

"Don't hurry, old fellow," said Lyng. "I've got the book for you. 'How to be good!'"

"By thunder," said Dash, as he sat on the baggage truck and shook his fist at the train.

It is quite true that by the end of the campaign Grant's doggedness had produced a certain effect upon the Confederate soldiery. All acknowledged it. But what was the effect? Undoubtedly they had begun to realize that, if the North would allow its soldiers to be exposed to such frightful butchery, the North might at that price triumph. But not for one moment did it modify the confidence of the Southern soldiery in their own great leader; and not even at the fatal moment of the surrender at Appomattox did a Southern soldier doubt that everything that any general could do for his army had been done by Lee. I fancy that if at Cold Harbor the proposal of the Irishman after the battle of the Boyne, "to swap leaders and fight it over again," could have been put to the two armies, there would not been one hand on the Southern side held up to accept the offer. Would there have been one on the Northern? I fancy few of the Northern generals who knew all the circumstances would like much to put the question of the greatness of the two leaders to any such test. Of course the opinion of the armies is not always a fair one as to the capacity of generals. It is, however, a very important element in the actual power and effectiveness of a general in command. In this instance the opinion of the hour has been confirmed by the careful and critical examination of many able soldiers.

No sweet without some sweat; no pains without some gains.

Humility is that low sweet root from which all virtues shoot.

Broken promises do more harm than fulfilled threats.

Vanity hurts more people than poverty.