

# The Rutherford Star.

"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD."—DAVE CRACKER.

VOL. III.

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## POETRY. PEOPLE WILL TALK.

We may get through this world but 'twill be very slow.  
If we listen to all that is said as we go;  
We'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,  
For meddling tongues must have something to do—  
For people will talk, you know.

If quiet and modest you'll have it presumed  
That your humble position is only assumed,  
Your're a wolf in sheep's clothing or else you're a fool;  
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool—  
For people will talk, you know.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen  
You'll hear some loud hints that you are selfish and mean.  
If upright and honest and fair as the day,  
They'll call you a rogue in a sly sneaking way—  
For people will talk, you know.

And they if you show the least boldness of heart,  
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,  
They'll call you an upstart, conceited and vain;  
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain—  
For people will talk, you know.

If threadbare your coat or old-fashioned your hat,  
Some one, of course, will take notice of that,  
And but very strong that you can't pay your way;  
But don't get excited whatever they say—  
For people will talk, you know.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape  
For they'll criticize them in a different shape;  
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;  
But mind your own business, there's naught to be said—  
For people will talk, you know.

If a fellow had chance to talk with a girl,  
How the gospeps will talk and their aundal unfurl;  
They'll canvass your wants or talk of your sexual organs,  
And declare you're engaged to a ditty in her toons,  
For people will talk, you know.

The best way to do is to do as you please,  
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;  
Of course you'll meet with all sorts of abuse,  
But don't think to stop them, it isn't any use—  
For people will talk, you know.

**WILIT IS LIFE!**  
A little chick beside the bed,  
A little face above the spread,  
A little frock behind the door,  
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,  
A little blue-eyed face and fair,  
A little face that leads to school,  
A little pencil, slate and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,  
A little hand within his aid,  
A little cottage, serene and true,  
A little, old-time household too.

A little family gathered round,  
A little hearth, a steaming mound,  
A little added to his soil,  
A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair,  
A little store of gold and care,  
A little night of earth-hilgloom;  
A little cortege to the tomb.

**SELECTED STORY.**  
**How it was Done.**  
BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Church Torrington was perhaps the greatest coward in the city of New York. Don't misunderstand us, gentle readers; physically speaking, our young hero was brave as Bayard, dauntless as Oscar de Loins. It was when the fair sex were concerned that Mr. Torrington became a poltroon. A gentle glance from a pair of blue eyes was enough to throw him into a cold perspiration at any time.

And Violet had done every thing else! She had snatched sweetly on him, and given him no end of roses out of her ball bouquets, and she "philoponed" with him, and sent him embroidered cigar cases, and returned a gentle pressure when he had ventured to squeeze her hand at parting, and, what, we ask the reader could a girl do more?

And still in spite of all this, Mr. Torrington persisted in keeping his love to himself. In vain Aunt Serepta took her work upstairs, and left the drawing-room free to twilight and the lovers,—in vain Violet put on her prettiest dresses and curled her hair with a special eye to Church Torrington's taste. And old Mr. Purple—whose name wasn't a bad description of the general hue of his face, began to wonder "what the deuce young Torrington meant by coming here so much and keeping better men away than he, and hinted very broadly at the propriety of Violet's being more gracious to a certain banker, a friend of his, who was supposed to be specially attracted by the blue gray eyes and the jet-arched brows.

And little Violet took to crying at night on her lace-edged pillows, and declining a second plate of lobster salad at dinner; and Aunt Serepta, a tall, spare maiden lady, who had only recently come up from the country to take charge of her brother's household, scarce knew what to do.

"Violet," quoth the aunt, "what does all you?"  
"I don't know, aunt!"—(Rather lackadaisical.)  
"How long has Mr. Torrington been visiting here?"  
"Don't know; about three years."  
"Does he care for you, Violet?"  
"I don't know, aunt."—(Blushes red and rosy.)  
"Do you care for him?"  
"I don't know, aunt."—(More correct "Love's proper line.")  
"Then why an earth don't you propose and have done with it?"  
"I don't know, aunt." This time in a sort of despairing accent.

Miss Serepta Purple set herself to untangle this Gordian knot of circumstance as she would have charged at a "snarl" in her skeins of mixed yarn; and when Miss Serepta set herself to untangle it, she was generally in the habit of accomplishing it.

"I'll go and see him myself," was the result of a long day of meditation on Miss Serepta's part; "and I won't let Violet know it either."

Mr. Church Torrington sat in his leather-covered easy chair looking out a difficult case in "Estoppel," when his clerk announced "A lady," and on turning abruptly around, he encountered the gaze of Miss Serepta Purple's spectacled orbs.

He colored scarlet as he dragged forth a chair and stammered out some incoherent sentence or other—for was she not Violet's aunt—the aunt of a fair dame whom he was supposed to adore after the above manner.

"Thank you," said Miss Purple, depositing herself on the chair as one might set down a heavy trunk.—"I've come on business."  
"Indeed?"  
"Because," said Miss Serepta, edging her chair a little nearer that of the young lawyer, "I am going to see him."

"What business?"  
"What business?" echoed Miss Purple, with a belligerent toss of her head; "as if the man didn't know well enough what I was talking about—why, getting married to be sure!"

Mr. Torrington grew a shade or two paler. Was it possible that this ancient maiden still contemplated the probability of matrimony? Had she then selected him for her victim? He looked at the back window—it opened on a blind alley which led to a court, he glanced at the door—but Miss Purple's giant form effectually barred that means of egress. No—there was nothing but, to sit still and face the worst that fate had in store for him.

"You see," went on Miss Serepta, "I ain't blind if I ain't getting on in years, and I can see as well as anybody what you mean by coming so often to our house. But, still, I think you'd ought to have spoke out like a man. I'm willing—and don't s'pose my brother'll object, as you seem to be able to keep a wife!"

"You—you are very kind!" stammered Mr. Torrington.  
"Is it to be yes or no—about the marriage, I mean?"  
"I shall be most happy, I am sure!" flattered our miserable hero.

Church started. This was not exactly etiquette, but the whole matter was really so strange and unprecedented that he hardly knew what to think.  
"And when will you come round to Brother Jacob's and tell the folks all about it—for I suppose you'd like to tell them yourself?"  
"Yes, if you say so!"  
"It's as good a time as any I s'pose. Of course, you won't mind me that I said anything to you about it? I'd rather it should seem unostentatious."

"Naturally enough!" thought poor Church. But he promised, with a sickly smile; and parted from Miss Purple, almost shrinking she notwithstanding, bestowed upon him. No sooner was Church Torrington alone than the full horror of his position rushed upon him. What had he done? To what had he committed himself?

"It serves me right," he muttered, grinding his teeth, "when I could have won the love of the sweetest little lady that I ever s'pore on. It was simply idiotic of me to allow a middle-aged temptress to take possession of me as though I were a cooking stove or a second-hand clock! And she'll marry me, and I shall be a captive for life, simply because I was too much of a noodle to serve myself. Oh, dear, dear! this is a terrible scrape for a poor fellow to get into! But there is no help for it now. If I were to back out, she'd sue me for breach of promise; if I were to sue for Australia, she would follow me there, as sure as fate! I'm a gone individual—a lost community!"

And Church Torrington proceeded straight to the brown-stone mansion where dwelt the inexorable Serepta.

Lo and behold! as he rang the door-bell Miss Purple herself opened the door and mysteriously beckoned him in.

"I saw you coming," she said, in a eager tone. "I've been on the lookout.—Excuse me, my dear, but I really feel as if I must kiss you once more. We're going to be relations, you know!"

"Relations? I should think so!" groaned Church Torrington, taking the kiss as a child would take a quinine powder.

Miss Serepta patted him on the shoulder. "Then go in," she said nodding mysteriously towards the door beyond.

"Go in—where?" stammered our bewildered hero.  
"Why, to Violet, to be sure!"  
"To Violet! Was it Violet that you meant?"  
"To be sure it was! Whom did you suppose I meant? Me?"

This last suggestion, hazarded as the wildest improbability by Miss Serepta, called the guilty color up into Church's cheek.  
"Miss Purple pardon me," he said, "but I've been a stupid blockhead; don't be angry, as you said we were going to be relations."

And he took the spinster in his arms, and bestowed upon her a kiss which made its predecessor appear but the shadow and ghost of kisses—a kiss which sounded as if Mr. Church Torrington meant it.

"Do behave yourself!" cried Miss Serepta.  
"Yes, I'm going to," said Church, and he walked straight into the drawing room, where little Violet was dreaming over an unread book of poems. She started as he entered.

"Mr. Torrington, is it you?"  
"Yes it is," said Church, inspired with new courage. "Violet, darling, I love you—will you consent to be my wife?"  
"Are you in earnest, Church?"  
"In earnest? it's what I've been wanting to say to you for the last six months, but I have never dared to venture. Come, you will not send me away without an answer. Say yes, darling."

"Yes, Violet answered so faintly, that only true love's ear could have discerned the faltering monosyllable. And Church Torrington felt as if he were the luckiest fellow in all the great metropolis that night.

When Aunt Serepta came in, looking very unconcerned to light the gas, Church insisted upon another kiss, greatly to that lady's discomposure.

"For you know very well, Aunt Serepta," he said, "you set me the example."  
And Aunt Serepta did not look very angry with him.

So they were married with all due flourish of trumpets, and violet did not know to this day how instrumental the old maiden aunt was in securing her happiness.

**A Mother's Wisdom.**  
TO MY DEAR SON:—The world esteems men by their success in life, and by general consent, permanent success is an evidence of superiority.

It will be safe for you to observe the following rules, which your affectionate mother prays God will strengthen you to do:  
1—Base all your actions upon a principle of justice—preserve your integrity of character, and in doing it, never reckon on the cost.  
2—Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself, and others dependent on you. Or, in other words, "mind your own business."  
3—Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp our judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty, when your interest is concerned.  
4—Never attempt to make money at the expense of your reputation, or dishonor will be the consequence.  
5—Be neither lavish nor miserly; of the two avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.  
6—Avoid gambling of all kinds as a great evil—billiards, especially, because the most fascinating, therefore the most dangerous, the victim being enthralled before he is aware.  
7—Always let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is always a friend in need.  
8—Avoid borrowing and lending as far as possible.  
9—Liquor drinking, smoking cigars, and chewing tobacco, are terrible habits to a young man; they impair the mind and pocket, and lead to a waste. They tend to lower a man, never elevate and lift him up in the regard of the virtuous and good.  
10—Be not in the habit of relating your misfortunes to others, and never mourn over what you cannot prevent.  
11—Let all see your good breeding, by showing due respect to age. Have dignity and reverence enough of character never to traffic with serious things—respect religion in others—seek it as a treasure invaluable—let it be the foundation on which to build all your structures, the possession of which will insure happiness here, and an enduring inheritance hereafter.

Miss Lizzie Boynton, of Crawfordville, Indiana, having lectured on the subject "After Suffrage, What?" received an answer, the other day, in the shape of an old pair of trousers, a pick-ax and a dull razor.

**AFTER THE GREETING.**  
Almost all greetings end too soon!  
Too soon the morning finds its noon!  
We glide from new to old of moon  
And meet, and greet, and part!  
But God-speeds warm and true we blend  
With each other's parting friend,  
And hopes that all their ways may mend  
Where tragant blossoms art!

Oh, happy hearts! go thro' the year  
With love and light to warm and cheer!  
May all the songs you sing or hear  
Be sung of hopeful things!  
He blesses men, and most is blest,  
Who lulls to sleep the wild unrest  
That lurks in every human breast,  
With every song he sings!

Oh, loving hands! so softly press  
The brows that long for love's caress,  
In all their longing tenderness,  
That love shall answer you!  
Who smiles through loving finger tips,  
Has prayer in pay, from loving lips,  
And sees, amid earth's dark eclipse,  
A gleam of heaven through!

Oh trusting souls, who wait and pray  
Beneath the clouds, in twilight gray!  
There soon shall dawn a perfect day,  
Then yield not up your trust!  
Above the mud in purer air,  
She sun is shining bright and fair,  
And you shall walk in gladness there,  
For God is good and just!

**About Politicians.**  
That politicians are a bad lot, seems to be a current opinion. That it has good grounds we do not question; but the term is used so loosely that it can hardly contribute to accuracy of statement or justice of thought. Hamilton and Jefferson were politicians; so were Calender and Prentiss. Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun were politicians; so were, and are, Capt. Rynders and George Francis Train. The man who devotes his time and means to enlightening his less fortunate fellow-citizens and qualifying them to exercise wisely, beneficently, the Right of Suffrage, is a politician; so is the persistent self-seeker who spends his time and efforts in dark and dirty intrigues to lift himself and cronies into places which they never deserved and for which they are wretchedly qualified. The public must learn in time to make proper and necessary distinctions.

Whether it is practicable to conduct the affairs of a free people without politicians, we do not decide. There are those called politicians whom the State could well do without; others whom it could ill spare. We shall always be glad to see able, upright men called into the public service who had not previously been considered politicians; and yet we judge that it would be difficult to uphold an Administration which gave its confidence to these only. Let us have offices filled from the ranks of our best citizens, including those who have, as well as those who have not, been known as politicians.—Tribune.

**A Yankee Joke.**  
In the village of—lived a man who had once been a judge of the county, and well known all over it by the name of Judge R—. He kept a store and saw-mill, and was always sure to have the best of the bargain on his side, by which he had gained an ample fortune, and some did not hesitate to call him the biggest rascal in the world. He was very conceited withal, and used to brag of his business capacity whenever any one was near to listen. One rainy day, as quite a number were seated round the stove, he began, as usual, to tell of his great gains, and at last wound up with the expression—  
"Nobody has ever cheated me, nor they can't neither."  
"Judge," said an old man of the company, "I've cheated you more than you ever did me."  
"How so?" said the judge.  
"If you'll promise you won't go to law about it, nor do anything, I'll tell you, or else I won't; you are too much of a law chaser for me."  
"Let's hear," cried half a dozen voices at once.  
"I'll promise," said the Judge, "and treat in the bargain if you have."  
"Well, do you remember the wagon you robbed me off?"  
"I never robbed you of a wagon; I only got the best of the bargain," said the judge.  
"Well, I made up my mind to have it back, and—"  
"You never did," interrupted the cute judge.  
"Yes I did, and interest, too."  
"How so?" thundered the now enraged judge.  
"Well, you see, Judge, I sold you one day a very nice pine log, and bargained with you for it, and the well, that log I stole off your pile down by the mill the night before, and the next day I sold it to you. The next night I drew it back home and sold it to you the next day; and so I kept on till you bought your own log of me twenty-seven times."  
"That's a lie!" exclaimed the infuriated judge, running to his book and examining his log account; "you never sold me twenty-seven logs of the same measurement."  
"I know it," said the venal judge; "by drawing it back and forth the day wore off as it were I kept cutting the end off, until it was only ten feet long—just fourteen feet shorter than it was the first time I brought it—and when it got so short I drew it home and worked it up into shingles, and the next week you bought the shingles, and I concluded I had got the worth of my wagon-back, and stowed away in my pocket-book."  
The exclamation of the judge was drowned in the shout of the bystanders, and the log-drawer found the day without the promised treat.

General Garnet, seems to have got the inside track with the politicians and office-seekers who are opposed to the repeal of the "tenure-of-office act." One Senator who went to talk with him about appointments was told that as long as that act was kept in force he should live up to it, and should turn no man out of office on account of his politics, unless there were charges preferred against him and sustained. Another representative inquired what his policy in regard to local appointments would be like that of Mr. Lincoln's. He answered that, unless he had some personal friend, whose fitness

and ability was well-known to him, he should rely on the judgment of the Representatives, as they were held personally responsible by the people.

So, everybody will know who to go to hereafter for an office, and will, undoubtedly, govern themselves accordingly.—Northern Times.

**WANTED—A BOY WITH TEN POINTS.**—1. Honest. 2. Pure. 3. Intelligent. 4. Active. 5. Industrious. 6. Obedient. 7. Steady. 8. Obliging. 9. Poite. 10. Neat. One thousand first-rate places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the Standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant. One in an office not far from where we write. The lad who has the situation is losing his first point: He likes to attend the circus and the theatre. This cost more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently. His employers are quietly watching to learn how he gets so much extra spending money; they will soon discover a leak in the money-drawer, detect this dishonest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing, point No. 1, and being truthful in all his ways. Some situation will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show to their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled.—Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death. Mind your ten points boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank.—Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you, if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night. We have named ten points that go toward making up the character of a successful boy, so that they can be easily remembered. You can imagine one on each finger, and so keep them in mind—they will be worth more than diamond rings, and you will then never be ashamed to "show your hand."

**A MINISTER OUTRAGED.**—One night last week a party of from fifteen to twenty men went to the house of Rev. Mr. Johnson, a Methodist preacher in Stafford county, and began to tear down the fence around his farm. Mr. Johnson was unarmed, and not knowing but that the party were armed, and wanted him to come out in order to do some violence to his person, hurried to a neighbor's house, where he procured a loaded shot gun. Upon returning he found that the party had diminished to six persons, who continued to level the fence to the ground. Mr. Johnson made them stand still until he wrote their names down, together with those of the party who had fled. The clan were arrested the next day, and bound over for their appearance at the next term of the court.—Frederickburg Ledger.

A rather significant proceeding was enacted before Gen. Grant took the oath of office, which reported by telegraph as follows:  
"A committee, headed by A. T. Stewart of New York, visited the Office jointly occupied by Grant and Sherman, and after handing General Grant a check for \$65,000, they hand Sherman a check for Grant's house and furniture, and a check for the balance of one hundred thousand subselspition."  
If Gen. Washington, John Adams, Gen. Jackson, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan or Lincoln had received such a donation on the eve of taking the Presidential chair, some people would have been had enough to pronounce it indirect bribery. While we regret the occurrence and precedents thus established, we do not believe Gen. Grant can be bribed—we are not aware of any act of his that justifies such suspicion—though it would look better for him not to be indebted to any man or set of men for pecuniary favors.—Charlotte Democrat.

The "significant proceeding" which has so shocked the Democrats' sensitive nerves, is stated in this: A number of General Sherman's personal friends wished to testify their appreciation of his service to the government by presenting him with \$100,000. Mr. A. T. Stewart headed the subscription with \$2,500. There were forty subscribers of \$1,000 each, and none were allowed to subscribe less than \$500. When the amount had been subscribed, the gentlemen purchased from Gen. Grant his Washington City residence, including the furniture, for \$65,000, as above stated, and presented the deed for property, together with a check for \$35,000 to Gen. Sherman. That's all and we do not see that Gen. Grant is "indebted to any man or set of men for pecuniary favors."

**A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.**—REV. DR. Chalmers beautifully says: "The little that we have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind taches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through—the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of a world that has so little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of may follow man with him from whose hands it came."

**THE SOUTH.**—Gers Barben and Barcock, who have been on a tour of inspection through the reconstructed State under orders from General Grant, have returned. They find affairs in a satisfactory condition in North Carolina, and Alabama stands next in their estimation as an orderly State. Georgia is in the worst disorder of all, and legislation is needed to protect the negroes in their rights. In regard to the troubles on the Ogeechee, not far from Savannah, the negroes were found to be the injured parties, as we have suspected from the first. Arkansas is in a favorable condition, in spite of whatever excesses have been committed by the militia, so industriously magnified and so persistently declaimed against.

**CHRISTIAN DEATH OF PATRICK HENRY.**—My father, my mother, uncle and Aunt Duffrage gave me an account of his last illness and death, which I think worthy of preservation.  
Dr. George Cabell, of Lynchburg, attended him. His disease was *intus suscepius*, and as a last resort a dose of liquid mercury was prescribed. He asked the doctor what would be its effect? He replied that it would give him instantaneous relief, or he could live but a very short time after taking it. He swallowed the medicine, which produced no beneficial effect. He then calmly felt his pulse and examined his hands, and finding that his end was approaching, he turned to Dr. Cabell, who was a skeptic and said:—"I have often endeavored to convince you that the Christian religion is true. I will now give you my last argument by showing you how a Christian can die." He then prayed in a low tone of voice, but audibly and distinctly, an earnest prayer, committing himself and his family to the care of the God of our salvation, which so afflicted Dr. Cabell that he burst into tears and ran out of the room. He then endeavored to comfort his wife, who was weeping bitterly; and among other things he said, he begged her to console by the many proofs they had experienced of the great mercy of God, and he concluded his words of consolation by thanking his Heavenly Father for permitting him to die without suffering any severe pain of body or mind. In a few moments after his expression of his gratitude for dying grace, he seemed to sink into a quiet sleep, and without a struggle his mighty spirit passed away.  
EDW. FORTATHE.

**ROMANCE OF THE CUBAN REBELLION.**—An American citizen who was in the Theater of Vallanueva on the evening of the 22d ult., and witnessed the riot and massacre in the streets of Havana that evening, says that the origin of the outbreak was the shooting of a young woman.

A very beautiful girl, the daughter of Aldama, one of the wealthiest and noble of all Cubans, wore upon her left breast the American flag, with the inscription:—"Long live the Republic of Cuba," upon it. When that stirring song was being sung, the whole audience rose and as she rose to acknowledge the salute—all eyes were now bent upon her—a low man, cowardly Spaniard shot her with a revolver, killing her instantly. Two American gentlemen occupied the box adjoining Senorita Aldama, whose names I do not know, but one of whom, seeing the pistol pointed at the young lady's breast, drew his revolver, and a second after the Spaniard had fired, blew the top of the hat of the cowardly assassin. Instantly the whole theater was the scene of the greatest confusion, and the Spanish troops rushed in and began firing upon the masses of the hundred, unarmed, innocent men and women.

General Garnet, seems to have got the inside track with the politicians and office-seekers who are opposed to the repeal of the "tenure-of-office act." One Senator who went to talk with him about appointments was told that as long as that act was kept in force he should live up to it, and should turn no man out of office on account of his politics, unless there were charges preferred against him and sustained. Another representative inquired what his policy in regard to local appointments would be like that of Mr. Lincoln's. He answered that, unless he had some personal friend, whose fitness

and ability was well-known to him, he should rely on the judgment of the Representatives, as they were held personally responsible by the people.

So, everybody will know who to go to hereafter for an office, and will, undoubtedly, govern themselves accordingly.—Northern Times.

**WANTED—A BOY WITH TEN POINTS.**—1. Honest. 2. Pure. 3. Intelligent. 4. Active. 5. Industrious. 6. Obedient. 7. Steady. 8. Obliging. 9. Poite. 10. Neat. One thousand first-rate places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the Standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant. One in an office not far from where we write. The lad who has the situation is losing his first point: He likes to attend the circus and the theatre. This cost more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently. His employers are quietly watching to learn how he gets so much extra spending money; they will soon discover a leak in the money-drawer, detect this dishonest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing, point No. 1, and being truthful in all his ways. Some situation will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show to their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled.—Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death. Mind your ten points boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank.—Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you, if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night. We have named ten points that go toward making up the character of a successful boy, so that they can be easily remembered. You can imagine one on each finger, and so keep them in mind—they will be worth more than diamond rings, and you will then never be ashamed to "show your hand."

**A MINISTER OUTRAGED.**—One night last week a party of from fifteen to twenty men went to the house of Rev. Mr. Johnson, a Methodist preacher in Stafford county, and began to tear down the fence around his farm. Mr. Johnson was unarmed, and not knowing but that the party were armed, and wanted him to come out in order to do some violence to his person, hurried to a neighbor's house, where he procured a loaded shot gun. Upon returning he found that the party had diminished to six persons, who continued to level the fence to the ground. Mr. Johnson made them stand still until he wrote their names down, together with those of the party who had fled. The clan were arrested the next day, and bound over for their appearance at the next term of the court.—Frederickburg Ledger.

A rather significant proceeding was enacted before Gen. Grant took the oath of office, which reported by telegraph as follows:  
"A committee, headed by A. T. Stewart of New York, visited the Office jointly occupied by Grant and Sherman, and after handing General Grant a check for \$65,000, they hand Sherman a check for Grant's house and furniture, and a check for the balance of one hundred thousand subselspition."  
If Gen. Washington, John Adams, Gen. Jackson, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan or Lincoln had received such a donation on the eve of taking the Presidential chair, some people would have been had enough to pronounce it indirect bribery. While we regret the occurrence and precedents thus established, we do not believe Gen. Grant can be bribed—we are not aware of any act of his that justifies such suspicion—though it would look better for him not to be indebted to any man or set of men for pecuniary favors.—Charlotte Democrat.