

THE COMMONWEALTH  
Scotland Neck, N. C.  
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Published every Thursday morning  
J. M. WALKER, Manager

THE COMMONWEALTH  
Scotland Neck, N. C.

# THE COMMONWEALTH

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor.

"THE LAND WE LOVE."

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Persons suffering from the Slick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it. Affected Black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

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The physician here used Darby's Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria.

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Rev. J. B. BATTLE, Prof. University, S. C.  
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## GENERAL DIRECTORY.

**SCOTLAND NECK.**

Mayor—W. H. Shields.  
Commissioners—Noah Biggs, M. Hoffman, R. M. Johnson, K. Allsbrook.  
Meet first Tuesday in each month at 4 o'clock, P. M.  
Chief of Police—R. J. White.  
Assistant Policemen—C. W. Dunn, W. E. Whitmore, C. Speed, Sol. Alexander.  
Treasurer—R. M. Johnson.  
Clerk—K. Allsbrook.

**CHURCHES:**

Baptist—J. D. Huffman, D. D., Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M., and at 7 P. M. Also on Saturday before the first Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

Primitive Baptist—Eld. Andrew Moore, Pastor. Services every third Saturday and Sunday morning.

Methodist—Rev. C. W. Byrd, Pastor. Services at 9 o'clock, P. M., on the second and fourth Sundays. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

Episcopal—Rev. H. G. Hilton, Rector. Services every first, second and third Sundays at 10 o'clock, A. M. Sunday School every Sabbath morning.

Meeting of Bible class on Thursday night at the residence of Mr. P. E. Smith.

Baptist (colored), George Norwood, Pastor. Services every second Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 P. M. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

## COUNTY.

Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—John P. Gregory.  
Inferior Court—Geo. T. Simmons, Solicitor of Deeds—J. M. Grizzard, Register—A. J. Burton, Sheriff—R. J. Lewis, Coroner—J. H. Jenkins.  
Treasurer—E. D. Browning.  
Co. Supt. Pub. Instruction—D. G. Clark, Keeper of the Poor House—John Ponton.  
Commissioners—Chairman, Asst. Pres. Scott, Sterling Johnson, Dr. W. R. Wood, John A. Morlett, and E. Whitehead.  
Superior Court—Every third Monday in March and September.  
Inferior Court—Every third Monday in February, May, August and November.  
Judge of Inferior Court—T. N. Hill.

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Full of News, Fun, General Information and Something to Interest Everybody.  
Send 50 cents and try it three months.  
WINSTON, N. C.

## NOTICE.

WE have one hundred town lots for sale in this town. Some of them are very desirable. This is a rapidly growing town, and persons wishing to secure good places for residences and business stands, and to make good investments, will do well to call on us.  
KITCHEN & DUNN.  
July 6th, 1883.

## ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

BY YOUNG.

Retire; the world shut out; thy thoughts call home—  
Imagination's airy wing repress;—  
Lock up thy senses;—let no passion stir;—  
Wake all to reason;—let her reign alone,  
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth  
Of nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,  
As I have done; and shall inquire no more.  
In nature's channel 'till the questions run:  
"What am I and from whence?—I nothing know.  
But that I am, and since I am, conclude  
Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,  
Nought still had been: eternal there must be.  
But what eternal? Why not human race?  
And Adam's ancestors without an end?  
That's hard to be conceiv'd; since every link  
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail,  
Can every part depend, and not the whole?  
Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;  
I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.  
Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—  
Eternal, too?  
Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs  
Would want some other father; much design  
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes,  
Design implies intelligence and art;  
That can't be from themselves—or man;  
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?  
And nothing greater yet allow'd than man—  
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,  
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?  
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume  
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?  
Has matter innate motion? then each atom  
Asserting its indisputable right.  
To dance, would form an universe of dust:  
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms  
And boundless lights, from shapeless, and regions?  
Has matter more than motion? has it thought,  
Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd  
In mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,  
Which but to guess a Newton made immortal?  
If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,  
Who think a clod inferior to a man!  
If art to form, and counsel to conduct,  
And that with greater far, than human skill.  
Resides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns,  
Grant, then, invisible, eternal mind.  
That granted, all is sol'd—but, granting that,  
Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud?  
Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?  
A being without origin, or end!—  
Hail, human liberty! There is no God—  
Yet, why? on either scheme that knot subsists,  
Subsist it must, in God, or human race:  
If in the last, how many knots beside,  
Indissoluble all!—Why choose it there,  
Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?  
Reject it, where, that chosen, all the rest  
Dispers'd leave reason's whole horizon clear?  
This is not reason's dictate, reason says,  
Close with the side where one grain turns  
What vast preponderance is here! can reason  
With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God?  
And reason heard, is the sole mark of man.  
What things impossible must man think true.  
On any other system, and how strange  
To disbelieve, through mere credulity!  
If in this chain Lorenzo finds no flaw,  
Let it forever bind him to belief.  
And where the link, in which a flaw he finds,  
And, if a God there is, that God how great!

## THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH.

(Philadelphia Press.)

George Jagendorfer is probably the strongest man in the world. He is of medium height, but of more than proportionate breadth and depth of chest. His forearm is bigger than the calf of an ordinary man's leg, measuring fifteen and one-half inches, and the muscle near the shoulder is eighteen inches in circumference. His legs are also muscularly developed, and sometimes he lies prone on his back and plays sportively with 200-pound balls, which he tosses about much as ordinary men would toss balls of the same size made of india rubber. His "finger-lift"—meaning a lift by the second finger of the right hand—is 550 pounds. It is a cannon that he lifts by a ring and holds while it is fired off. His shoulder-lift is a horse (the last weighed 960 pounds), which is the test of plain strength such as has never been seen before. The lifter stands on a platform, the horse beneath, and the lifter is one of pure strength, without any mechanical assistance, save straps over the shoulders. When Jagendorfer exercises with dumbbells he "puts up" 250 pounders, and juggles in the air with 100 or 150-pounders, much as the ordinary gymnast handles five and ten-pounders. He carries five men, two on each end of the pole, and one on his shoulder, and can resist the pulling strength of three strong men with the second finger of his right hand. He purposes, as soon as arrangements can be perfected, to lift a 1,400-pound elephant.

## A RACCOON AND ALLIGATOR STORY.

(Newberne Journal.)

A subscriber writes us a remarkable raccoon and alligator story from Lake Comfort, Hyde county. Seven raccoons were seen to go into a barn through the cat-hole one evening just before sundown. It was Miss L. Weston's barn, and the coons were seen to go in by Mr. S. Weston. He summoned a posse consisting of Messrs. Leroy Caffee, D. Credle and himself, and attacked the coons, putting them to death by the light of a lamp. He also writes about the killing of several alligators, and learns that one was brought to Fairfield not long since that measured fifteen feet in length.

Men fear old age without being sure of reaching it.

## A LUCKY BLACKLEG.

THE CAREER OF A SHARP MAN WHO WENT FROM A PRISON TO A PRINCELY FORTUNE.

(Honesdale, Pa., Correspondence New York Telegram.)

Wayne county has a character who casts Victor Hugo's Jean Valjean into the shade; for, while one reformed in good earnest, the Wayne county man fluctuates between deeds of chivalry and acts of baseness. His name is George Avery, and at present he is living in one of the Western States. In 1870, when Avery was only twenty-one years old, he was charged with the murder of John Haynes, of Rolands, Pike county. He was arrested and an officer detailed to bring him to Milford. Evidence of the murder was said to be so conclusive that he could not possibly escape hanging.

On their way to Milford, where the county prison was located, the officer imbibed freely of liquor and became helplessly drunk. Avery secured the keys which unlocked the handcuffs and removed the manacles, placing them in the bottom of the wagon. He took the reins from the stupidly drunken officer's hands, and drove to the nearest hotel, where he arrived with the officer in charge at a late hour. He put the drunken man to bed, roused him the next morning, got him in the wagon, drove on to Milford, when, after he had put the officer in bed at the hotel, he walked up to the jail and delivered himself up to the keeper, telling him about his experience with the constable.

He was confined till September—this was in June—when he was tried for murder, and, in spite of overwhelming proof, was acquitted, to the surprise of everybody—the court discharged from custody he was arrested, charged with burglary, convicted, and sent to state prison for a year and a half. He served the full term, reading law during his confinement. When he left the Eastern penitentiary at Philadelphia, he returned home, opened a law office, arrested several citizens who had testified against him when he was on trial for burglary, charging them with perjury. Failing to make out his case, he was sentenced to pay the cost. He had no money, so he went to jail again, where he remained until his friends could scrape up enough money to get him out.

When, finally, he became a free man again, he returned to his old home at Rowlands. From that time forward burglaries were numerous about there, but never could evidence sufficient be obtained to convict Avery. A year or so later he went to Oil City, Pa., where he hung out his sign as a lawyer. Clients were plentiful and fees large. Avery was reaping a golden harvest, when he was convicted of forgery and sent to the Western penitentiary for four years and eleven months. While there he fell in love with one of the keeper's daughters, and she offered to assist him to escape, but he refused to leave until his time was out. At the end of the term he went back to Rowlands soon afterward professed religion, began preaching a little, swindled a neighbor out of \$100, and was induced by the neighbor, who enforced argument with a big shotgun, to refund the money.

Avery then left for Luzerne county, where he got into difficulty and was sent to the eastern penitentiary for a short term. Upon his release he stole enough money to take him to the mining regions of the west, where, under an assumed name, he opened a law office and speculated in stocks. In 1882 he "struck it rich," cleared \$750,000, gave up stocks at once, invested his money in government bonds, sent for his fiancée, the prisoner's daughter, who joined him in Chicago, where they were married.

Avery is only thirty-four years old. He never touched liquor, never gambled, nor used tobacco, and claims to have been the "victim of circumstances." He writes to friends near here that he is leading an honest, upright life, and that when he comes east it will be as a United States Senator from one of the Western States.

## ONE KIND OF A BOY.

THE TRUE STUFF FROM WHICH GENUINE AMERICANS ARE MADE.

(Bill Nye in the Detroit Free Press.)

I am always sorry to see a youth get irritated and pack up his clothes, in the heat of debate and leave the home nest. His future is a little doubtful, and it is hard to prognosticate whether he will fracture limestone for the streets of a great city or become President of the United States, but there is a beautiful and luminous life ahead of him in comparison with that of the boy who obstinately refuses to leave the home nest.

The boy who cannot summon the moral courage some day to uncoil the tendrils of his heart from the clustering idols of the household to grapple with outrageous fortune, ought to be taken by the ear and led out into the great untried realm of space.

While the great world throbs on, he sighs and refuses to throb. While other young men put on seal-brown overalls and wrench the laurel wreath and other vegetables from cruel fate, the youth who dangles near the old nest and eats the hard-earned groceries of his father, shivers on the brink of life's great current and sheds the scalding tear.

He is the young-man-afraid-of-the-sawbuck, the human being with the unlauded spinal column. The only vital question that may be said to agitate his pseudo brain is whether he shall marry and bring his wife to the home nest, or marry and tear loose from his parents to live with his father-in-law. Finally he settles it, and compromises by living alternately with each.

How the old folks yearn to see him. How their aged eyes light up when he comes with a growing family to devour everything in sight and yawn through the space between meals. This is they hey-day of his life; the high noon of the boy who never ventured to ride the yearling colt, or to be yanked through the shimmering sunlight at the tail of a three-year-old. He never dared to have any fun because he might bump his nose and make it bleed on his clean clothes. He never surreptitiously cut the copper wire off the lightning-rod to snare suckers with, and he never went in swimming because the great rude boys would duck him or paint him with mud. He shunned the green apple of boyhood, and did not slide down hill because he would have to pull the sled back to the top again.

Now he borrows other people's papers, eats the provisions of others, and sits on the counter of the grocery till the proprietor calls him a counter-irritant.

There can be nothing more un-American than this flabby polyp, this one-horse-dad pole that never becomes a frog. The average American would rather burst up in business six times in four years and settle for nine cents on the dollar than to lead such a life. He would rather be an active bankrupt than a weak and billious barnacle on the clam shell of home.

The true American would rather work himself into luxury or the lunatic asylum than to hang like a great wart on the face of nature. This young man is not in accordance with Yankee schedule, and yet I do not say that he belongs to any other nation. Foreign power may have been wrong; transatlantic nations may have erred, and the system of European government may have been erroneous, but I could not charge them with this horrible responsibility. They never harmed me and I'll not tarnish their fair names with this grave indictment.

He will breathe a certain amount of atmosphere, and absorb a given amount of feed for a few years, and then the full grown biped will leave the home nest at last. The undertaker will come and get him and take what there is left of him to the cemetery. That will be all. There can be no deep abiding sorrow for him here; public buildings will not be draped in mourning, and you can get your mail at the usual hour when he dies. The band will not play a sadder strain because the tag end of human failure has tapered down to death, and the soft and shapeless features are still. You will have no trouble in getting a draft cashed on that day, and the giddy throng will join the picnic as they had made arrangements to do.

The new town of Naples, in Idaho, on the Oregon Short Line Railroad, maintains a jail that is at once cheap and secure. It is nothing more nor less than a deep hole in the ground, into which the prisoners are dropped, with the grim warning that the guard will put a bullet through every head which appears above the edge.

A beautiful woman, with the qualities of a noble man, is the most perfect thing in nature. We find in her all the merits of both sexes.

A German paper, in translating Yankee Doodle, says: "The word 'doodle' signifies a leary sound."

## MAIL COLUMBIA.

JAMES PARTON'S ACCOUNT OF HOW THIS NATIONAL HYMN CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

(Youth's Companion.)

"Hail Columbia" was written in the summer of 1798, at a moment when the United States seemed about to be drawn into a war with France, their old ally and friend. The American envoys sent out by President Adams, with no other object than to restore a good understanding, were thought to have been grossly insulted by France. An army and navy were in preparation. General Washington had accepted the chief command, with Alexander Hamilton as his second, and nothing was thought of but impending war.

A vocalist, by the name of Fox, was about to have a benefit in Philadelphia, and owing to the excitement that prevailed, the prospect of a good attendance was not encouraging. His benefit was announced for a Monday evening, and it was only on a Saturday previous that he had an idea for "drawing a house."

One of his school-fellows, Joseph Hopkinson, son of a distinguished father, had become himself a man of note in the intellectual circles of Philadelphia society. He was vice-president of the American Philosophical Society, founded by Dr. Franklin, and presided over by Thos. Jefferson. He was President of the Academy of Fine Arts, and was somewhat noted for his poetical effusions.

The vocalist, in his extremity, went to his old school-friend, and told him that he had little chance of a paying audience unless he could announce something new and striking in the way of a patriotic song, a piece that could be sung by the whole company to an easy or familiar tune, like the "President's March." He added that the poets of the company had been trying to produce the required song, but had been unable to accomplish it.

"I will try what I can do for you," said Hopkinson.

The vocalist called the next afternoon, when the words were ready for him, and he took them at once to a musician of the theatre, who selected and adapted to them an old and easy air. On Monday morning the song was announced in the newspapers and diligently rehearsed upon the stage.

A crowded house rewarded the efforts of the singer and the poet, and the song was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The words and music were at once published, and the piece was sung at every patriotic gathering during that period of excitement.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The object of the author was to get up an American spirit, which should be independent of and above the interest, passion and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our honor and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to the question which was most in fault in their treatment of us; of course, the song found favor with both parties, for both were American; at least, neither could disown the sentiments and feelings it indicated."

The following are the words of the song, as originally written at Philadelphia, in 1798:

## LEE'S UNSELFISH DEVOTION.

THE BRILLIANT OFFICER WHO DECLINED FOR A LOST CAUSE.

(Kernersville News.)

Not many people know that General Robert E. Lee was offered the chief command of the army in 1861, and declined it. The offer was made upon the recommendation of General Scott, backed by the venerable Francis P. Blair, Sr., who conveyed the tender of the position in person. It must have taken great moral courage to decline the highest position to which he could ever have attained in his most ambitious dreams. In 1865 the railroad which is now called Virginia Midland, and its connections, was mainly owned by English bondholders. After an expert had carefully examined the condition of things the committee of bondholders held a meeting and tendered to Gen. Lee the presidency of the road and its connections under one organization, at a salary of \$50,000 a year. About this time one of the most powerful of the New York life insurance companies offered General Lee \$10,000 a year and a house in Richmond to take hold of and build up their Southern business. General Lee declined both of these splendid offers to accept a place as teacher of Southern young men at \$3,000 a year. Capt. Rurit says that "the Duke of Beaufort," Lord John Manners and two other English noblemen tendered General Lee a splendid estate in West Riding, at Yorkshire, with a handsome rental, equal to \$25,000 a year, for life, if he would accept it and live upon it. Earl Spencer, now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, made the tender. General Lee with a charming dignity that these gentlemen say was beyond anything they had imagined, declined the offer.

## RESPONSIBILITY OF BIDDING GOD-SPEED.

Bidding God-speed is a very serious matter, involving, as it does, grave responsibilities. We bid God-speed when we praise and recommend any one, or any enterprise, or any book or periodical. Those who cheer Ingersoll as a politician cannot help accrediting him to some extent as an infidel lecturer, and those who join in a testimonial of whatever kind to an erratic preacher, because of certain admirable qualities which he possesses, cannot escape from the very serious responsibility of condoning his errors and faults. Those who publish or commend novels or periodicals, which are, so to speak, saturated with liquors and tobacco, even if not with licentiousness, are no friends of the temperance cause or the cause of morality, but rather promoters of drinking and smoking; just as they would be promoters of profane swearing if the conversation of their characters were interlarded with oaths. A newspaper which advertises liquors, abortionists, fortune-tellers, theatres, assignations, etc., bids these abominations God-speed and becomes a partner in them to a certain extent. There are also ways of bidding God-speed which sometimes do much evil, without any intention or even suspicion of wrong-doing on the part of the one who leads others astray, though there may be want of due care. Let a person of high character, who is universally respected, be induced by solicitation and favorable terms to take a few shares in an enterprise which is set forth in the most glowing colors, and hundreds who can ill afford to lose their money, if it turn out a failure, will follow his example. They reason thus: "Here is a man of integrity and wisdom who has doubtless examined into the matter fully, or he would not have subscribed for shares, and we can safely follow his lead." When these, however, find that they have lost their money, they turn grimly on the good man who unwittingly led them astray. Sincere, but it may be sanguine and misled people, who have some wonderfully promising enterprise in view, are indefatigable in endeavoring to procure respectable names as stockholders and officers of the proposed company, and knaves who slyly seek to swindle the public by bogus mining or other companies, are still more eager to get such names. Noblemen in Britain have been highly paid, besides getting shares put in their names free of cost, in order to get their consent to become presidents of companies which turned out to be swindles. All this shows how circumspect every good man should be in taking any step equivalent to bidding a man or a book or a project God-speed, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of those who will be influenced by him. What does the Word of God say on this most important subject? "He that biddeh him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds." (II. John v. 11).

**GENES OF THOUGHT.**

An effort for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves. The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard further than the loudest call of duty. Disputing should be always so managed as to remember that the only true end of it is peace. A wise and good man does nothing for appearance, but everything for the sake of having acted well. Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom, more than any other, what you are yourself. We should do everything we can for others, it only to dissipate the thought of what they omit to do for us. Thought is the first faculty of man; to express it is one of his first desires; to spread it his dearest privilege. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished. The greatest friend to truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; and her constant companion is humility. When you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last the longest. It is not till the bloom of fancy begins to fade that the heart ripens to the passion that the bloom precedes and foretells. To educate a man is to form an individual who, leaves nothing behind him; to educate a woman is to form future generations. In life it is difficult to say who sometimes do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best. The man whose soul is in his work finds his best rewards in the work itself. The joy of achievement is vastly beyond the joy of reward. The mere wants of nature, even when nature is refined by education, are few and simple; but the wants of pride and self-love are insatiable.

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## GIVE IT TO THE GIRLS.

(Philosopher.)

Give your daughters a thorough education. Teach them to cook and prepare the food of the household. Teach them to wash, to iron, and to darn stockings, to sew on buttons, and to make their own dresses. Teach them to make bread, and that a good kitchen lessens the doctor's account. Teach them that he only lays up money whose expenses are less than his income, and that all grow poor who have to spend more than they receive. Teach them that a calico dress paid for fits better than a silken one unpaid for. Teach them that a full, healthy face displays greater lustre than fifty consumptive beauties. Teach them to purchase, and to see that the account corresponds with the purchase. Teach them good common sense, self-trust, self-help, and industry. Teach them that an honest mechanic in his working dress is a better object of esteem than a dozen haughty finely-dressed idlers. Teach them gardening and the pleasures of manure. Teach them, if you can afford it, music, paintings, etc., but consider them as secondary objects only. Teach them that a walk is more salutary than a ride in a carriage. Teach them to reject with disdain all appearances and to use only "Yes" or "No" in good earnest. Teach them that happiness in matrimony depends neither on external appearances, nor on wealth, but on the man's character.

**CONSUMPTION OF WHEAT IN ENGLAND.**

(Chambers' Journal.)

It is estimated that about six bushels of wheat are consumed yearly by each person in the United Kingdom. On an average, six bushels weigh about 380 pounds of flour, and about 100 of bran and "offal." Flour is usually sold in sacks of 280 pounds, so that the annual consumption is a sack a head for each inhabitant. Assuming the population of the United Kingdom to be \$5,600,000, it appears that our requirements are in round numbers 26,000,000 quarters of wheat or 35,000,000 sacks of flour. The Times, not long since estimated the home crop of wheat for 1882 at fully 10,000,000 quarters, so that nearly 16,000,000, or the equivalent in flour, must be imported within the year to keep up the supply. America, Algiers and Egypt, the Continent, India and Australia, all contribute to our wants; and as the harvest-time varies more or less in each, new wheat is sent us from the country where the supply is the most plentiful whenever prices are sufficient to stimulate importation. The inestimable boon to this country of these supplies can not be exaggerated. When butcher meat is rising in price, when potatoes are a poor crop, bread becomes more and more a staple food for the lower classes to fall back upon. Neither can the importance of having well made and wholesome bread be overstated.

The difference between ladies and ducks—if there is any difference—is, that ladies are often dressed to kill, while ducks are killed to dress.

Love is like the measles, we can't have it but once, and the later in life we have it the tougher it goes with us.

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JAMES PARTON'S ACCOUNT OF HOW THIS NATIONAL HYMN CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

(Youth's Companion.)

"Hail Columbia" was written in the summer of 1798, at a moment when the United States seemed about to be drawn into a war with France, their old ally and friend. The American envoys sent out by President Adams, with no other object than to restore a good understanding, were thought to have been grossly insulted by France. An army and navy were in preparation. General Washington had accepted the chief command, with Alexander Hamilton as his second, and nothing was thought of but impending war.

A vocalist, by the name of Fox, was about to have a benefit in Philadelphia, and owing to the excitement that prevailed, the prospect of a good attendance was not encouraging. His benefit was announced for a Monday evening, and it was only on a Saturday previous that he had an idea for "drawing a house."

One of his school-fellows, Joseph Hopkinson, son of a distinguished father, had become himself a man of note in the intellectual circles of Philadelphia society. He was vice-president of the American Philosophical Society, founded by Dr. Franklin, and presided over by Thos. Jefferson. He was President of the Academy of Fine Arts, and was somewhat noted for his poetical effusions.

The vocalist, in his extremity, went to his old school-friend, and told him that he had little chance of a paying audience unless he could announce something new and striking in the way of a patriotic song, a piece that could be sung by the whole company to an easy or familiar tune, like the "President's March." He added that the poets of the company had been trying to produce the required song, but had been unable to accomplish it.

"I will try what I can do for you," said Hopkinson.

The vocalist called the next afternoon, when the words were ready for him, and he took them at once to a musician of the theatre, who selected and adapted to them an old and easy air. On Monday morning the song was announced in the newspapers and diligently rehearsed upon the stage.

A crowded house rewarded the efforts of the singer and the poet, and the song was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The words and music were at once published, and the piece was sung at every patriotic gathering during that period of excitement.

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"The object of the author was to get up an American spirit, which should be independent of and above the interest, passion and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our honor and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to the question which was most in fault in their treatment of us; of course, the song found favor with both parties, for both were American; at least, neither could disown the sentiments and feelings it indicated."

The following are the words of the song, as originally written at Philadelphia, in 1798:

## LEE'S UNSELFISH DEVOTION.

THE BRILLIANT OFFICER WHO DECLINED FOR A LOST CAUSE.

(Kernersville News.)

Not many people know that General Robert E. Lee was offered the chief command of the army in 1861, and declined it. The offer was made upon the recommendation of General Scott, backed by the venerable Francis P. Blair, Sr., who conveyed the tender of the position in person. It must have taken great moral courage to decline the highest position to which he could ever have attained in his most ambitious dreams. In 1865 the railroad which is now called Virginia Midland, and its connections, was mainly owned by English bondholders. After an expert had carefully examined the condition of things the committee of bondholders held a meeting and tendered to Gen. Lee the presidency of the road and its connections under one organization, at a salary of \$50,000 a year. About this time one of the most powerful of the New York life insurance companies offered General Lee \$10,000 a year and a house in Richmond to take hold of and build up their Southern business. General Lee declined both of these splendid offers to accept a place as teacher of Southern young men at \$3,000 a year. Capt. Rurit says that "the Duke of Beaufort," Lord John Manners and two other English noblemen tendered General Lee a splendid estate in West Riding, at Yorkshire, with a handsome rental, equal to \$25,000 a year, for life, if he would accept it and live upon it. Earl Spencer, now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, made the tender. General Lee with a charming dignity that these gentlemen say was beyond anything they had imagined, declined the offer.

## RESPONSIBILITY OF BIDDING GOD-SPEED.

Bidding God-speed is a very serious matter, involving, as it does, grave responsibilities. We bid God-speed when we praise and recommend any one, or any enterprise, or any book or periodical. Those who cheer Ingersoll as a politician cannot help accrediting him to some extent as an infidel lecturer, and those who join in a testimonial of whatever kind to an erratic preacher, because of certain admirable qualities which he possesses, cannot escape from the very serious responsibility of condoning his errors and faults. Those who publish or commend novels or periodicals, which are, so to speak, saturated with liquors and tobacco, even if not with licentiousness, are no friends of the temperance cause or the cause of morality, but rather promoters of drinking and smoking; just as they would be promoters of profane swearing if the conversation of their characters were interlarded with oaths. A newspaper which advertises liquors, abortionists, fortune-tellers, theatres, assignations, etc., bids these abominations God-speed and becomes a partner in them to a certain extent. There are also ways of bidding God-speed which sometimes do much evil, without any intention or even suspicion of wrong-doing on the part of the one who leads others astray, though there may be want of due care. Let a person of high character, who is universally respected, be induced by solicitation and favorable terms to take a few shares in an enterprise which is set forth in the most glowing colors, and hundreds who can ill afford to lose their money, if it turn out a failure, will follow his example. They reason thus: "Here is a man of integrity and wisdom who has doubtless examined into the matter fully, or he would not have subscribed for shares, and we can safely follow his lead." When these, however, find that they have lost their money, they turn grimly on the good man who unwittingly led them astray. Sincere, but it may be sanguine and misled people, who have some wonderfully promising enterprise in view, are indefatigable in endeavoring to procure respectable names as stockholders and officers of the proposed company, and knaves who slyly seek to swindle the public by bogus mining or other companies, are still more eager to get such names. Noblemen in Britain have been highly paid, besides getting shares put in their names free of cost, in order to get their consent to become presidents of companies which turned out to be swindles. All this shows how circumspect every good man should be in taking any step equivalent to bidding a man or a book or a project God-speed, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of those who will be influenced by him. What does the Word of God say on this most important subject? "He that biddeh him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds." (II. John v. 11).

**GENES OF THOUGHT.**

An effort for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves. The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard further than the loudest call of duty. Disputing should be always so managed as to remember that the only true end of it is peace. A wise and good man does nothing for appearance, but everything for the sake of having acted well. Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom, more than any other, what you are yourself. We should do everything we can for others, it only to dissipate the thought of what they omit to do for us. Thought is the first faculty of man; to express it is one of his first desires; to spread it his dearest privilege. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished. The greatest friend to truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; and her constant companion is humility. When you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last the longest. It is not till the bloom of fancy begins to fade that the heart ripens to the passion that the bloom precedes and foretells. To educate a man is to form an individual who, leaves nothing behind him; to educate a woman is to form future generations. In life it is difficult to say who sometimes do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best. The man whose soul is in his work finds his best rewards in the work itself. The joy of achievement is vastly beyond the joy of reward. The mere wants of nature, even when nature is refined by education, are few and simple; but the wants of pride and self-love are insatiable.