

Policy Men.

The thousand and one men of policy, or policy men—not a few of them are here!—are already besieging the President elect with showers of letters, paper balls and what not, to ingratiate themselves and be the early worms in the quest of fat offices. Those sinecures have met with a blunt negative. Their letters, &c., are ordered to be destroyed as soon as received. Who does like the policy men? Whom does the policy man like? Does he like party? Is he a Republican, a Democrat, or a Radical? No. He is self. He is office. He is purely, positive, absolute money. He cares for the party that wins, and for no other. A Democrat with the Democrats. A Radical with the Radicals. An extreme Conservative with the Conservatives. Everything to suit the place, to suit the time, and to suit the occasion. He is not patriotic. He is not morally honest. So long as he is kept in office his country is a glorious land! When he is out of office, or is sent to the rear to give way to a better man, his country is a very bad country, a very neglectful one. A policy man, such as here described, deserves the respect of no man. He is deceitful, and is consequently very unreliable. He deserves the confidence of no party. These men may bask in present smiles, but they may depend on one thing, that they are known to the present party of victory, and they will be heartily and properly despised.

Johnson and Grant.

When ANDREW JOHNSON was inaugurated, messages of congratulation flew to him swiftly over the wires from all parts of the country. Even the X. P. G. of this State was very flattering, and all that. But JOHNSON knew the man, and the X. P. G. knew JOHNSON. So long as the man "who writes himself Governor" could do so, his adulation was false and of no use.

When the tide of affairs so turned, the P. G. was given an X, and placed on the shelf, the tide of his wrath found no limitation in abusing, with the rest of the "curs snapping at his heels," the President. Now he congratulates GRANT. GRANT knows this man. And we fancy, if such congratulation ever reached his ears, a smile to run round his firmly closed lips. JOHNSON was sent a coach and four from some friends in New York. Presents were flowing into his office from all quarters. Even the smoking cap and the slippers were not forgotten. Did he accept the tempting offers? See his letter. GRANT is now being made the mark of similar demonstrations. But GRANT will be caught in no such trap. He speaks little. He thinks much. He must have an utter contempt for such men, and such measures. His iron will is not going to bend one iota. Those who know him personally, familiarly, will corroborate this statement. It needs no comment from us. We shall see.

Keep Together the Forces.

The late defeat of the Democrats and Conservatives of our State ought to impress on them the necessity of keeping their forces together, ready to strike the final blow which will be one of triumph. Our defeat, it is true, has been not a rout. We have come out with our ranks unbroken, and our colors flying. But let us keep them unbroken. Let us gain accessions and lose not one. Let us still work and keep up the honest work until the day of rest arrives. This is the *animus* which should guide us now, though we walk quietly on the ways of our business. It is an easy matter to see with what good will this system be fraught. When the first gun of our State party will be fired, all companies can wheel into line, strengthened with a sound organization, and rendered more defiant than ever. The hurry of forming clubs, of scattering information, of sending out words of cheer will be unknown. Every wheel will be ready. Every coach will be full. And the glorious anthem will resound from the mountains to the sea, from Carrick to the extreme corner of the State. This is no idle dream. It is as it should be, an indisputable fact. Let all hearts respond. Let all tongues speak. Let everybody feel this necessity, and in the end all will be well.

Cannot Afford to Lie on our Oars.

Such is the verdict of a Radical sheet in reference to its party in this State. Had the full Conservative vote been polled we would have taken their oars from them, and then capsize them into the gulf of everlasting infamy. The "rebels," say those pious and brave people, have polled their full strength, and hereafter they will be kept where they are, outside of every office in the land. It does well for those people to talk thus, and keep up the curriculum of their own baseness. Democrats who come here from the North and settle are of course classified. Men who followed the flag of Grant, and not the flag of Lee, are rebels to them, and ever will be. They would prefer the most ignominious living, and then think it far more honorable than to be found dipping their bread in the same dish with them. If our people had not to have felt so indifferent during the last days of the political campaign the issue would have been in this State far otherwise. But let them bear this in mind that they must come out of the byways and hedges when the grand day comes, when the State is to re-assume those rights and privileges of which it has been basely plundered. Pollard our whole strength! Every candid-thinking man, friend and foe, will see the subterfuge, and say, not so. Would that our people had to have polled their strength, and then their enemies would not have had a victory, but an overwhelming defeat. But it was not yet time. The current of present events will run on to the brimful. They will run over with their own fermenting pretences, and when that comes, and we see it coming, the scavenger will be at hand to dump the whole dirty lump into the ditch. North Carolina will be

mistress of her own private and public concerns, and not New York, nor Massachusetts, nor New Hampshire, nor any other State in the Union. The people will see this. The beginning is in the eye, and the ending is not far.

Why is it?

South Carolina, with her enormous black body politic, has elected a Democratic Mayor in Columbia, has a dispute about the election of another in Charleston, and throughout its borders the immense majority which voted for its Constitution has been cut down to easy numbers. This gives our sister State great hope of winning the next time, and forever afterwards of keeping on the inside track. We wish her every prayer for her future welfare and all success.

Alabama has given the State to Seymour and Blair with a very great majority, showing that she has carried to the polls a handsome number of the freedmen. Her safety is secured. She will be mistress of her own fortune. Bless her for aye!

Louisiana! What shall we say of her? Verily, language must be for once silent. Look at her anti-Radical majority? Look at her freedmen population? What do you say? How did she work? What plan did she adopt and follow? Did she conciliate the freedmen any more than we conciliated them? We think not. She offered them nothing. Did she hold out anything to them? Think. Did she hold a rod over their heads? Think. Did she say to her foreign masters, you may live here, but you will not hold the offices which our fathers made for us? Think. Did she then kindly when they were endeavoring to pour poison into the current of her circulation? Think. Did she receive them by the hand while they held a whip of scorpions in the other and lacerated her shoulders? Think. Did she meet them like a brave Spartan State, and tell them, you come here with deceit on your lips, and treachery in your hearts, and murder in your hands? Think. Did she feast them at her board? Think. Did any number of her sons, though we despised them heartily as "croakers" during the war, become so dastard as to bow the knee and accept the touch of the rod of the Knights of Dishonor? Think. See the result! Is there sorrow or the shadow of gloom on her soil? She is all cheerful. Her commerce is more brisk. Everything is more healthy. She went for the Democratic candidate with a very great majority. See her negro population.—What have we done? Have we gained even a corporal's body guard from these freedmen? There is some wheel out of order. Something must be done to find out what it is. It must be explained.—Why cannot the very good people of North Carolina act in this matter and find out the cause. Sift the thing. Find out the true condition, and then act promptly, vigorously, and all the obscurity of opinion will pass away, and make room for the healthier light of reason.

Thanksgiving Day.

The man "who writes himself Governor" is to have a thanksgiving on Thursday, 26th inst. A day of this kind has been always set apart in November in every year, come weal, come woe; come joy, come sorrow. From the number of the States that select a day for particular rejoicing this feast, or holiday, wears the appearance of a national day. The President has appointed it, and this lends color to the assertion. Is it a national day? Is it a day wherein every section of this land, North and South, can sit down at the festive board, and forget all past trials, all past griefs, all past catastrophes, all past privations, and all those innumerable ills that have been heaped upon us so much without mercy? Unless this can be done, it is no national day. You may call it what you please. The people may close their places of business. They may put on their best garments, and wear the smile. But the heart will not be there. Wherever your treasure is there is your heart also. The people have no treasure to find in this day, but the treasure of things which are chilling to the nerves, and fever to the blood. They will rejoice. At what? Yes, they will sit in sackcloth and ashes all the day long. They will weep for the days that are gone, and think of the oppressor.—They will pray for that peace which the authorities can never give, and never know how to give—the peace which the world can never give. They will try to forget the gloom that surrounds them. They will try to peer through, and seek sunshine beyond. They will comfort themselves with the thought that better days may come.

Will they act on this day with rejoicements? The streets will no doubt be filled with that man's beautiful lacqueys.—They will rend the air with shouts of victory over the people. The people will rejoice! O yes. They will do more than that.—They will dance with timbrel and instruments of many strings! They will laugh, and be very merry!

Carthago delenda est.

That sheet which above every other in all that is shameless and corrupting and impious—that sheet which has never done or said a thing that has not been done and said against the hunted-down people of this State, against women and children, against all that is pure and ennobling—that sheet that has tried to arm one class—a race against another; that endeavored to ignore the law of Congress, and wrest from the Secretary of War the power of equipment, comes out still with the monstrous cry *eo victis! eo victis!* Carthago delenda est!—Carthage, or the South must and shall be destroyed. Such is the kindly feelings of the woman insulter, and the feelings of the man who is its rightful head—the man who wore the first stain of war in this State, for he was the first to inaugurate Secession. But he has a Herculean task to do to destroy this land or the Democracy. Has intelligence, literature, the arts and the sciences, been ever swept from the face of a country? The descent of the Northern barbarians on the fertile plains of the Western Roman Empire obscured for awhile these elements of Society. But they arose again

in the splendor of a solar spectrum. Read! Carthago delenda est. The rebel Democracy of the South must be destroyed. It must be cut off root and branch. It must no longer pollute the soil and contaminate the atmosphere with its evil. Its altars must be dilled. Its god must fall like Dagon of old, before the ark of Republican Liberty. Its idols of dirt must be ground to powder and thrown upon the waters and they must be made to drink the dregs of the bitter draught. Demos justo demanda h. The retributive justice of God demands it. The Republicans of North Carolina have the power to execute this justice. Will they have the courage to do their duty? The next session of the Legislature will answer the question.—Standard.

Now, you Democracy, prepare to receive the vial of Republican wrath. Now Intelligence; now Literature; now Science; now Art; now Freedom, prepare to receive your martyrdom. Now dirt; now dogs; now scum; now brutality; now ignorance; now vice, prepare to go into glory, the halo of everlasting degradation. Retributive justice is at hand. The name is written. The condemnation is sealed. Beware! Beware! Look out for the next session. Verily, we are too tame. Look at Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana, you Democrats, and imitate their example.

METEORIC DISPLAY.—For some little time past a brilliant meteoric display has been talked of and predicted in astronomical circles. The time set apart for this little exhibition of heavenly fireworks was the night of the 12th to that of the 15th instant inclusive. On Thursday night, the 12th, the heavenly bodies were observed to shine with peculiar brilliancy, emitting a bright, flashing, twinkling light, causing an unusual illumination of the heavens. Those who were up and observant about midnight saw quite a number of meteors shooting in rapid succession across the sky. But not until Friday night, the 13th, was the grand display to be observed. From 1 to 2 o'clock, A. M., the whole face of the heavens was lit up by the almost continuous flight of meteors. There was scarcely a moment's interruption in this display for the full period of half an hour. The scene was one transcendently beautiful and beggars all description. In every direction large, luminous meteors shot across the sky, leaving in their flight a perfect train of fire, which in many instances continued to mark their path long after the exploded meteor had disappeared.—The light thrown upon surrounding objects was dazzling, and which we can liken to nothing but the effect of an immense rocket traversing the air near the earth. The train of fire left in the path of the meteors sometimes took peculiar shapes. One of these was first observed to be as straight as the path of the meteor itself. It soon, however, became transformed into a serpentine shape, and from this was subjected to another transformation, doubling up as it were, and so mingling the brilliant particles as to have the appearance of a constellation of numerous small planets.—We have never seen anything more beautiful or so much more interesting to witness.

The Troubles in Cuba.—Sensation Stovier.

The accounts from Cuba in relation to the insurrection or revolt on that island seem to be as confused and exaggerated as the sensational reports published in the New York papers in regard to the "filibustering" expeditions alleged to be fitting out in that port to invade Cuba.—The Havana correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, writing on 6th instant, says: "No news has been received from the insurgents for several days past. Great damage has been done to property at various points near Tampa and Bayama. But the insurrection is confined to one district.—There have been no disturbances in other parts of the island. Business is almost completely suspended in Havana. There is no fear of the final result. Gen. Dulce is expected to arrive by December 1st, and 7,000 troops also. Volunteer companies are forming in all parts of the island.—There are a considerable number on duty in Havana. The business men and property owners in the city are very anxious to see their property at the service of the Captain General."

The New York papers seem to be divided in opinion in regard to the dimensions of the filibustering project alleged to be on foot in that city to annex the island of Cuba to the United States. Three and one or two other party ridicule the whole story, while those of a sensational character affect to believe there is something in it.

The New York Post of Wednesday says:

"Several sensational reports have been published within the last few days in relation to an expedition against Cuba founded upon the statements made by a former officer of the Eighty-fourth N. Y. Volunteers. From the assertions made by this man it is evident that he is either a wild enthusiast or monomaniac, as will be seen by the following programme laid down by himself: "He says that the scheme in which he is now engaged has been 'the dream of his life,' and for the past two years he has been busily engaged in maturing the plans. An army, he alleges, will sail for Cuba within the next thirty days, and ten thousand men are to be sent to invade the island. Blockade-runners and arms and ammunition, he says, have been purchased for the expedition."

"The sanguine leader says he has conferred with the officers of the government at Washington, and that he will not be interfered with so long as he enterprises to do his duty. He says the movement is not of a filibustering nature, but that he simply 'intends to take and hold the island and set up a republican government.' This done, recognition will be demanded, after which the island will be annexed as the thirty-eighth State of the Union. "The leader also says that he has called upon many of the merchants and bankers of this city, who have promised to furnish the necessary funds. He also says that there is now a fund of two millions and a half dollars in the hands of responsible men in St. Thomas. When asked how he expected to pay the rebel Murray, he said that Colonel Kerrigan had twice taken insurrectionary vessels from this port without molestation."

"The affair has been given so much notoriety that a number of adventurers were present at this morning who were willing to take part in any enterprise that would give them employment."

The Election in Oregon.

Senator Corbett has received from Oregon which indicate that the State will be close. Returns from most of the eastern counties, distant about five days from the telegraph stations, ought now to be heard from; but the probabilities are they have gone democratic, as they have been recently filled up by men from the rebel States, and are so scattered that they probably did not hear from the October elections in the east before they voted.—Wash. Cor. N. Y. Sun.

Governor Crawford, of Kansas will command in person the regiment now raised for service against the Indians.

For the Journal. THE POOR: OUR POOR!

MONODY.

For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, with the Lord; I will set him in safety from an evil affliction at him. David. Psalm XII, 5.

Kindness is the watchful angel that God has sent from heaven to walk on earth among men. It is not shadow but substance. It is that unutterable love which is deep in the hearts of the good, and which pours out a healing balm, a holy joy, upon the houseless, the fatherless, and the friendless—the poverty-stricken of the community. She uses the gentlest words; is most graciously liberal and generous in striving about her the beneficence of her sister, Charity. She is the first-born of Christianity, and dispenses her blessings as softly as falls the dew on the mountain of Hermon. She is an evergreen. She instructs. She clothes. She feeds. She is the brightest and purest flower in the garden of Jesus. Of Faith and Hope she is the greatest. Melancholy flies from her path. Sunshine falls in her way and makes the people to rejoice and be glad. The joyless wintry winds disappear. The pitiless storm becomes stilled. She is present—all is silent. She smiles—all is bright. She laughs—all is merry. The fleshless hand of penury receives her gift and departs with a lighter heart. Where Charity is, is found a Heaven. Where she is not, is Darkness.

It is said that the poor and the children alone know the form of hospitality. They are simple in words. They are pure as to conventionalities. They are the chosen of Christ. He suffered the little ones to come to him, and the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of God. The goodly times of old, when grandma sat at the spinning wheel; and puss played in the corner; and papa knitted, and pa read aloud, and grandpa smoked his long clay pipe, and the little ones skipped about the floor or sat at the feet of their parents, are drifting, drifting away. The knock came to the door. Merry ran the blue-eyed little daughter. Only a stranger without. Only a homeless wanderer. Only a child without food all day. Only an old woman in rags. Only grey hairs in poverty. Only a starving wretch. Only a cripple and pauper. Only a shivering, friendless being. Only a plaintive cry. Only a croaking voice. Only a feeble wail. Only a piteous demand: Bread! Bread!

The flung away garment! The old pair of shoes! The small crust to keep me from starving! A shelter from the snow drift and blast! A supper, and a lodging for the night, for God's sake! The tender child sees the distress. Her little heart swells to do good. Her little eyes fill up with tears. Her little hands are clasped in deep pity. Ma! Ma! Come to the door. Ma! Ma! Feed the hungry man. Pa! Pa! Keep him to-night. I'll give him my room! The light little face is all joy. Its sweet little dove's eyes are dim. Its thrilling low voice sinks to the ground and raises up the sorely afflicted, and lends words of comfort and cheer. O for those goodly days of yore when the cold, proud eye was never cast on the poor! O for the noble souls that never tired in imitating the Christ, the God, in going about doing good! The little ones are little ones still. Are they hedged in the narrow circle of modern society? Are they taught to despise the lowly, the suffering members of the Saviour? Are their little hands never raised to do the pure act of kindness in the toy-shop, and candy store? Are our modern misses too fond of the extra curl which empy heads so much admire? Too fond of the extra bend which even fops despise? Are there too many popinjays in the world?

Bread! Bread! Bread! Only a shovel of coal! Only a stick of wood! I'm shivering, hungry and weary, dying for want of bread. Bread! Bread! Wood! Wood! I live in a shanty but twelve feet by five. My aged and infirm wife is lying half dead in her rags. No bed-covering. No fire, and nothing to eat. The boards of my dwelling are rotten with damp. The chinks are many and large. The fever is fast in my bones. I'm sick and I'm weary, and wishing for death. Bread for my starving mother. Medicine and fuel for my famishing wife. Something to cover us from the wintry blast.

The other day we had occasion to visit a family on the outskirts of the city. The sight was truly pitiful, and it filled our souls with sorrow. A poor, grey-headed woman lay sick of the fever on a rotten, mouldy floor. She had hardly any bedding, and such as she had was of filthy, sour rags. Her two grown-up sons, half naked, sat at her head, one on each side. The husband, a man feeble and then shaking with "chills," stood at her feet. No fire was on the hearth. No food was in the rotten box, for it cannot be called a house. We admired the filial piety. Their only cry was, "my poor mother!" They had been working in a factory, but sickness came and their dollar and a quarter a day were lost to them. All were shacking.

"My poor mother, you won't die! My poor mother, you won't die!" These words would have turned a heart of stone to one of tenderest pity.

What do you generally eat?"

"A little pork, and meal mixed in water, when we can get them." Think of that! You who live in luxury and joy? Think of the little pork, half rancid pork, and the little wet meal, you who sit down in the warm dining room to the sumptuous board? Think of those rags you who follow the costly gaudy fashions, the superfluous lace, trimmings, and the Grecian Bend? Let us be kind to the honest poor. Let us be all and always like the Samaritan—

Still to a stricken brother true.

Whatever alms hath nurtured him; He stoop'd to heal the wounded Jew. The worshipper of Gerizim."

Let us lift the hearts of the suffering with our cheerfulness. Our bright faces entering the abode of misery will be a charm that we cannot even feel. But the poor will feel, and see, and be happy. We

know there are many angel women in our midst who silently tread those dark passages, and light them up with the smiles of their sunny eyes and faces. We know that there is one aged matron who is forever among those haunts of want, doing the good her Lord commanded: "Defend the poor and fatherless, do justice to the afflicted and needy."

She is an angel in the flesh. Her name is written. Her crown is ready. Her reward is eternal. Her treasure is in Heaven. Cheerful looks! Cheerful looks! Happy hearts! Happy hearts! Happy homes! Happy homes! Do try to give all these to the poor! our poor!

For the Journal. The Election in Ontario.

JACKSONVILLE, ONTARIO CO., N. C., OFFICE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, November 7th, 1868.

Measures of Oslow county: The following is the vote of Oslow county, at the late election: FOR PRESIDENT. Seymour..... 879 Grant..... 479 Democratic majority..... 400 FOR CONGRESS—2D DISTRICT. Thos. S. Kenan..... 878 David Heaton..... 473 Democratic majority..... 405 FOR STATE SENATE—12TH DISTRICT. James G. Scott..... 874 Wm. E. Hill..... 471 Democratic majority..... 403 Democratic gain, since election last Spring, (about) 150. Respectfully, &c.

A Hurdled Trip to Wilmington.

The editor of the Wadesboro' Argus was in our town a few days ago, and here is what he says of his trip on that occasion: Last Thursday afternoon we started from this place on a hurried run to Wilmington, taking the stage here for Rockingham, and the next morning at 7 o'clock, taking the cars at Rockingham for Wilmington, at which point we arrived, as per schedule, at 3 o'clock P. M.

At Rockingham we found considerable business on the track, a large force being engaged on the track in giving it the finishing touches at that point, and erecting depot buildings, &c. We also saw indications of the progress making in pushing the track this way. The trestle work over Factory Pond appeared to us nearly, if not quite, finished.

The track, throughout its whole distance, we found in excellent condition and well ballasted; and the cars on it, for passengers, as neat and comfortable as on any road. The amount of travel and freight appeared to be quite full, but the latter not quite so full as we think it might be if our citizens and merchants on this side of the river would patronize the road more freely than they do.

On our way from Riverside to Wilmington, on the steamer, we had an excellent opportunity to see something of the operations in the construction of the bridge, which, after a while, is to be used by the W. & O. R. R. M. Companies in carrying their cars directly into Wilmington. A foundation has at last been found for the cylinder that has given the contractor so much trouble, and upon which he has been operating nearly all the past summer, and considerable progress has been made in sinking another. Three of the cylinders altogether are required on this part of the river, we think, in carrying out the plan of the construction of the bridge. Across the river flats the trestle work is all completed.

At Wilmington we gave our friends of the Journal a "pop call," and found them apparently in excellent keeping, and quite cheerful, notwithstanding the news of our Presidential defeat.

Business at Wilmington, from what we could learn, appears to have been, and still continues to be, quite dull—interest in the Presidential contest having overwhelmed everybody of class.

At night on our way to the hotel, we ran foul of a Republican torch light procession—a jubilee—over the election of Grant.—It was composed mainly of negroes of all sizes, colors, sexes, and appearances, and filled the street, through which it was passing, with a noise that was deafening. Each of the middle of the line had a "torch-light torch," and what, with the glare of the yellow lights and smoke, and the yelling, howling, hurraing, and "screeching" of the "processioners," with their countenances distorted into every conceivable shape in the effort to make a noise, the rowdies altogether are required to keep a piece of "hell broke loose." It was an awful sight to look upon. No doubt the few whites who engineered the thing found great consolation in it.

Having no business to detain us in Wilmington, the next morning (Saturday) we took the route for home, arriving here at 9 p. m.

For any one up this way, who wishes to take a short run from home, who wants to get a "sniff" of sea breeze and have a pleasant time of it, our railroad offers a most excellent opportunity. We have no doubt the road after a while will be so patronized. And we should like to see it.

Crops in Louisiana.

The Harvesting in New Era says: Cotton picking is going ahead briskly. Our farmers are expecting fair yields of cotton this season. Cotton is coming in freely. Freedmen in our parish are behaving well and working better than heretofore. Throughout Iberville crops of all kinds are remarkably good. The corn crop is the largest ever made in our parish; the cotton and cane yield well, and all in all, we have cause for thankfulness.

The West Baton Rouge Sugar Planters say:

"The demand for seed cane continues at good prices. Dr. J. P. Vaughn sold 20 tons, in the field, at \$4,000, and John Hill, Esq., sold a number of acres, also in the field, at prices we did not learn. This cane is intended for replanting on other plantations in the parish. We have repeatedly referred to the excellence and size of the cane this season, and, in one instance, the yield; but it is uncommon in this State for one acre of seed cane to plant eight, and even eight and a quarter acres have been planted from one lot. An old and experienced manager told us yesterday that he had never seen it grow so thick and long within his experience.—With the strides now making in this branch of agriculture, and with settled labor, in five years more little West Baton Rouge will be on the same high road to prosperity that existed before the war."

Cuba.

This fair land must belong to the United States. Nothing can prevent it.—Sooner or later it will be annexed. And then for a harvest of "reconstruction." Fanatics and strong-minded females will have a rich field for operations in educating picaninies and clothing the freedmen with rights, but not much of anything else.

For the Journal. "The Conquered Banner."

The following beautiful picture is from the pen of a bright little school girl of this city:

Behold it drooping upon its staff o'er your soldier's grave. Like Noah's dove it folds its weary wings above the dead, for among the living it finds no rest. Truth and Justice, with their golden pens, had traced the opening pages of the history of our young Confederacy. Ah, but ere one blot appeared upon its pure leaves, the fragile clasp was sealed, and the precious volume wafted upward on the sable wings of defeat.

Retrace your steps with me into the dim and beyond the dark past, where the sun is illumined by the sun of Prosperity, and all nature is basking in the light of Contentment. Words are totally inadequate to describe the glorious scene that will there meet your gaze. Stately Magnolia trees wave o'er the noble Southern mansions, and the perfume of their pure white waxen leaves rises as Nature's incense up to the footstool of Grace. A carpet of soft velvet-green moss is spread out at your feet. The plashing of crystal fountains, and the sighing of the evening's zephyr steal gently on the ear like the wandering sounds of a distant lute. Lofty mountains tower above these all as if to shield them from harm. It seems, too, this lovely land had had the choice of beauty and goodness. The infant on its mother's knee is a picture of innocence and purity, the blushing maiden an example of the highest type of beauty. The old man, tottering on the brink of the grave, is meek and resigned, for his has been a Christian's life, and his will be a Christian's death.

Yet this sunny land was doomed to be the victim of a just God's correction.—When our hopes with respect to it were about to be realized, darkness came upon it, and trouble, such as it had never before witnessed. Her rights were threatened, and Tyranny was endeavoring to obtain the ascendancy, when her noble sons rose to arms, and soon that land, that had lately been the dwelling place of Peace, became the stage upon which

was beheld one of the most terrific panoramas that the world has ever seen. Panorama it seemed—a fearful vision, a troubled dream, that waking has failed to dissipate. Ah, would it were a panorama! Who cannot recall, with painful vividness, the circumstances attending the opening of this struggle? When, seven years ago, that glorious war cry sounded o'er hill and dale, it was with pride that the Southern boys donned the Gray, and pushed forward to join the heroic band which rose in defence of its country. It was then that the glorious flag was raised. 'Twas then that it crowned itself with laurels.

As months rolled on the Angel of Death descended, and as he rose again he bore upon his wings thousands of noble souls, that to-day are singing hymns of praise around the Throne of God. The golden cord in every land was severed, and as one by one of the bright links were crushed, fearful sights and sounds met the ear and eye on every side, and ascended on every breeze. Homesteads were desolated—heartstones forsaken—peaceful dells converted into burial grounds—children rendered orphans—mothers senseless—wives widowed—and as their wailings resounded through the land angels turned away, sickened at the sound.

After four years of fearful ravages the cry of victory was heard in the North, while in the South wailings of defeat rang like funeral knells. The Confederacy now became the sepulchre of all our hopes. Our noble Banner fell, and as it fell its bright bars of red and white became folds of crepe—its noble staff a stem of cypress, and every star a brilliant jewel in the crown of the God of Battles. Like a stately oak, it had withstood the tempest, but as the flash of lightning came it shivered it into a thousand fragments, each one of which entered the heart of every true Southerner.

Like a weary child, it wrestled its head upon the lap of its mother earth, and as its people's mourning came upon its ear, like a sad lullaby, it sank into a last, deep slumber. There let it rest—

"Fench it not—unfold it never, Let it droop there, faried forever, For its people's hopes—are dead."

Important to Dealers in Tobacco, Snuff

Among the supplemental regulations concerning taxes on tobacco, snuff, and cigars, issued by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue a few days since, we find the following: "The monthly returns of tobacco and cigar manufacturers for the month of November must set forth the whole quantity sold during the month, the number of cigars stamped by the inspector under the old law, and also the quantity upon which tax-paid stamps were affixed, and the tax will be assessed only upon the quantity of cigars sold without tax-paid stamps. When stamps have been supplied, the returns of tobacco and cigar manufacturers will no longer be put upon the assessment list or be received for by collectors on Form 23."

Under the act of July 20, 1868, no provision is made for the re-working or re-handling of spoiled tobacco after the same has been stamped.

Inspectors will not be required to inspect tobacco, snuff or cigars, when the proper tax-paid stamps are affixed to the packages and duly cancelled before removal from the manufactory. This limits the duties of inspectors exclusively to the detection and transfer of bonded goods, or articles that are to be bonded.

The absence of proper stamps on any package of manufactured tobacco or snuff, or on any box of cigars, sold or offered for sale, or kept for sale (sections 70 and 90), is declared to be a forfeiture of the tax, and the tax has not been paid thereon, and to be prima facie evidence of the non-payment thereof, and such tobacco, snuff, and cigars, may be forfeited. It is enjoined upon all assessors, as soon as stamps are provided, to make, through their assistant assessors, a thorough canvass of their several districts for the purpose of obtaining full and accurate inventories from all dealers in tobacco, snuff and cigars, of the stock on hand on the 1st day of December.

"Any person who shall sell, or offer for sale, tobacco, snuff or cigars, not properly stamped and cancelled, and who is returned for the use of stamps (November 23, 1868), and which have not been included in any monthly inventory required by sections 78 and 94, or any person selling or offering to sell the same who has neglected or refused to make such monthly inventory, will

be liable to the presumption of having violated the law, and upon complaint made against him, the burden of proof will be upon him to show why proceedings for the forfeiture of the goods held by him without having the proper stamps affixed should not be commenced.

"By virtue of the provisions of the act of July 20, 1868, it is hereby prescribed that the affixing and cancellation of stamps on packages containing tobacco, snuff or cigars, shall be done in the following manner—viz: "Affixing.—The stamps are to be affixed to the packages by using such adhesive material as will cause them to stick to the wood, paper, or other package, securely and permanently.

"Cancellation.—Section 67 requires that stamps used on any wooden package shall be cancelled by sinking a portion of the stamp into the wood with a steel die. The die should be at least one inch in diameter. The export stamp will be cancelled in the same manner. The small stamps for one ounce, one ounce, and one ounce, and the stamped foil wrappers, must be cancelled by writing or imprinting upon each stamp the manufacturer's or proprietor's name and the date of cancellation. The strip stamps for tobacco and snuff will be cancelled in the same manner, and, in addition thereto, each strip stamp must be so affixed on the package that an opening thereto, or using the contents thereof, the stamp shall be effectually destroyed. The strip stamps for cigars in boxes will be cancelled by the use of a stencil plate of brass or copper, in which there will be cut not less than six wavy lines long enough to extend not less than three-quarters of an inch beyond each side of the stamp on the box.

"When stamps are affixed and cancelled before removal of the packages from the manufactory, the affixing and cancelling must be done, or caused to be done by the manufacturer."

Mr. Roebuck on American Affairs.—Carlton

Mr. Roebuck made an election speech at Sheffield on the 17th ultimo, and in the course of it the following questions were put and replied given: "Mr. Wilmut said he wished to put a question of great importance, not only to Sheffield, but to the community at large. He asked, 'Will Mr. Roebuck if he were elected, use his utmost endeavors to prevent an American conflict to bring about a peace between this country and the United States [confusion] in order to promote the slaveholders' rebellion. [Cheers.]

"Mr. Roebuck—Sir, if you will allow me, I will go through that matter completely. The American war broke out, and all I did was—and I had the honor to do so—as to go to a meeting in Sheffield [cheers] as ever was met together—all I asked was that we should acknowledge the Southern States as sovereign and independent States. [Hear, here,] and cheers.—

"Now I will go to your distinctly, I will make a frank boast of my own opinions in the American conflict to bring about a peace between this country and the United States [confusion] in order to promote the slaveholders' rebellion. [Cheers.]

"I have ever found—I beg you to listen and think upon what I say—I have ever found that persons of despotic power—those who are in the habit of exercising that power as they ought to do. My object was to prevent the United States from having that immense uncontrolled power, and I said: 'Here is the opportunity; we can take it with perfect safety.' No war would have followed—there the gentleman makes a mistake. Here is an opportunity to acknowledge those States just as America acknowledged Hungary when she was in rebellion against Austria; we have the sanction of American example; acknowledge the existence of those States."

"The moment that acknowledgment had come, and they had gone to the other side of the shores of America. There would have been an end to the American civil war, very much, I believe, to the benefit of the several States