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Wilmington Journal.

VOL. 29. WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1873. NO. 23.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION—PROFESSOR KERR.

It is generally known that Professor KERR, the energetic State Geologist, will visit Vienna for the purpose of exhibiting North Carolina productions at the World's Fair. He is receiving little or no aid from our citizens in making his collections. He desires me to appeal to the people of this part of the State especially, to assist him to get together whatever is characteristic or peculiar to our section.

Among other things he desires one bundle each of cypress and juniper shingles, and of the wood prepared for buckets, &c., a piece of the pine tree two or three feet long with the turpentine box, a few pine burrs and a branch of the longest leaves, a few long locks of moss, neatly rolled up, a block of rosin, a gallon of turpentine as it comes from the box, a sheaf of rice, a bunch of peanuts on the stem, a peck of best clean rice, and generally whatever is peculiar to this immediate section of the State.

I have some of these articles already promised. Those who will interest themselves to get together such of these things as may be in their power, will please send them to me in this city, between this and the 25th June. The specimens will be labelled with the name of the owner and locality. All expense to which parties are at will be refunded.

I hope that many good citizens will respond to this call.

JOSEPH A. ENGELHARD.

Wilmington, June 12th, 1873.

EGYPT AND THE KHEDIVE.

We learn from the New York *Evening Mail* that in consequence of an Imperial firman granted on Wednesday last by the Sultan of Turkey to the Khedive, that Egypt is now practically a free and independent State. The Khedive is authorized to augment his army and navy; the internal administration of the country is to be entirely free from interference on the part of the Sublime Porte, and the Egyptian government may henceforth conclude valid treaties with any foreign power.

In concluding its comments upon the achievement by the present Khedive of that which all his predecessors, from Mehemet Ali down, have vainly struggled for, the *Evening Mail* says:

If the Khedive is a wise and enlightened man, he will seize the golden opportunity, and make his country as great, as prosperous and as powerful as it was in the palmy days of which Herodotus has left us so piquant a record. But if he knows not how to appreciate the extraordinary chance given to him, Egypt will become a mere sport in the hands of one of the great Powers of Europe, and, during the war to which the Oriental question will sooner or later certainly give rise, become the scene of frightful slaughter and devastation.

THE CHOLERA.

This terrible scourge has made its appearance in Louisiana, at New Orleans, at Memphis and Nashville, in Tennessee, at Washington City, and, perhaps, at other points in the United States. The disease has at no point assumed a violent form, and the danger to be apprehended is not so much for the present as in the future, when the Summer's sun shall begin thoroughly to decompose the accumulated filth of the Spring and Winter.

In view of this state of facts our city authorities have a weighty responsibility resting upon them.

Are the sanitary precautions required by the city ordinances strictly observed? Is the city in such a cleanly condition as to give assurance of an atmosphere too pure to feed the cholera? Cholera delights in bad water, bad sewerage, filth, crowded houses, tainted air and intemperance.

Every person who, during the heated term last Summer, was upon our streets after midnight, will remember the pestilential smells that greeted his nostrils. We trust that no such condition of affairs will be allowed to exist this Summer.

The city authorities have in their hands, in a great measure, the health, if not the lives, of our people. And they will be held to a strict accountability if the city shall not be put in such a condition as will enable it to fight, with the best hope of success, the dreaded enemy that may so soon attack it.

The Atlanta *Constitution*, in referring to the matter, says:

'The disease, either in the mild or severe form, is not contagious. During its prevalence in Moscow 40,000 persons left the city, and yet not a case was transferred. And so when 10,000 persons fled from Marseilles to Lyons, no case occurred in the latter city. The books are full of facts that prove the disease to be strictly epidemic, originating generally in tropical countries, and spreading from thence, in a somewhat regular geographical course, to colder latitudes. While the doctors disagree about the qualities of the air upon which epidemical maladies feed, they all agree about some local circumstances that lend them additional force and fatality. In India, exposure to nocturnal cold and damps, great and sudden variations of temperature and fatigue, are known to have powerfully aided the disease. In Moscow it chiefly prevailed in moist and low situations. Filth, intemperance, want of physical energy or moral courage, are all important aids of the mystic poison in the air.

Chambers' Encyclopædia lays great stress on the importance of pure drinking water, and its absolute freedom from contamination by animal matters filtering through the soil, or thrown into water courses by sewers, etc. If water cannot be had in a pure state it should be boiled before being used for drink, or indeed for any domestic purpose. Speaking of organic impurities in drinking water, this Encyclopædia says that no single local cause of cholera has been established by so much evidence.

Let us then put the city in the best possible sanitary condition at once and keep it so; let us keep clean and cool ourselves, eat and drink temperately, avoid all unnecessary fatigue and exposure and we may reasonably hope to prevent the coming of so unwelcome a visitor as the cholera.

A NEW IDEA IN BUILDING.

It is stated in late scientific journals that wire netting for plastering is being rapidly introduced to take the place of laths. It takes less labor to place on the wall; is more continuous, and will not burn. Coarse netting, with one inch mesh, and made of strong wire is found to answer best. For ornamental cornice work it is especially valuable, for it can be bent into any desired form. Secured to an iron studding in a brick building our greatest danger on account of fire would be removed. A still further application of this plan is to make round bags of wire, resembling barrels and to coat them inside and out with cement. When it hardens they resemble stone barrels. Filled with sand and sunk in rows and masses they make excellent building material for breakwaters. Another extension of the idea has been tried with success in England. It consists in making iron-framed buildings, covering them with wire netting and spreading concrete on both sides. It is claimed that a house—walls, floors, roofs, doors, partitions and all—has been built that is strong, firm and absolutely incombustible. Various applications, of the use of wire netting and plaster or cement readily suggest themselves, and the matter is worthy of the attention of mechanics and builders.

KIND WORDS FOR OUR SOUTHERN DEAD.

Dr. Lillienthal, the well known Jewish pastor of Cincinnati, on decoration day, was called on to deliver the oration of the occasion in view of the Federal dead. While thoroughly Union, the address is leavened by a truly kindly, and, as some would say, "Christian" feeling for our "dead Confederates," and for the people of the South. Among other good things the doctor said: "Not one of us all entertains the least intention of humiliating our Southern brethren. We love them, and have loved them even during the bloody fratricidal war. We honor their chivalrous spirit, their indomitable courage. We admire the names of Lee, Stuart, Jackson, Johnston and others. Are they not flesh from our flesh, bone from our bone? We pity their widows and orphans, too, for they are our brethren—our American brethren. We do not wish to humble them. We say to them, with our Longfellow: 'Let the dead past bury its dead.' We say, with our good and wise Lincoln: 'With malice to none, with charity for all," let us do right, as God understands it; and over the graves of our fallen brethren let us renew our filial allegiance to our common flag and our common country. We in the North wish to bury in eternal oblivion the past hatred, the past feud. Let those down in the South follow our example."

PRESIDENTIAL PREROGATIVE. HOW IT GROWS.

The Modocs killed Canby and the Oregon Volunteers killed the Modocs, and the President has another opportunity to stretch his prerogative. The Modocs, says the Attorney-General, are liable to the penalties attaching to prisoners of war. If this be so they are certainly entitled to the corresponding immunities. One of the last is protection to their persons.

But there is no statute making it a crime to kill a prisoner of war. It follows therefore, if the position of the Attorney-General be correct, that the act is one of those offences against the "common law of war" which can be tried by military commission. Here is another chance for Grant to stretch the presidential prerogative. Will he do it?

If the question of abstract justice without regard to the authority by which it shall be administered be alone considered, there can be no doubt that the murderers of the Modocs deserve death as certainly as do the murderers of Canby. In each case the killing was pure assassination, cold-blooded murder, accompanied by the basest treachery.

How useful precedents are and how quickly they operate! The hanging of Wirz and Mrs. Suratt, by military commission, authorizes the hanging of the Modocs; the hanging of the Modocs will authorize the hanging of the Oregon Volunteers, and the hanging of the Oregon Volunteers by military commission will authorize the hanging of any other man in the land.

There is nothing equal to it outside of the pathetic story of "the house that Jack built." It is apparent that had "the house that Jack built" never been built, the long series of sequences that followed never would have followed.

In that story everything is carried back to "the house that Jack built." In the Attooney-General's story everything is referred back to the power of the Government that hung Mrs. Suratt. Had the law never been violated by the appointment of the first military commission, the confusion of the present day would not have come upon us. One crime leads to another almost invariably.

But it is said that the Attorney-General is an expectant of the place made vacant by the death of Chief Justice Chase, and it is surmised that his recent opinion is a bid for it. And we very much fear it will be a successful bid, knowing the President's inordinate fondness for stretching his prerogative. It will be a very convenient thing for a President of the United States, who desires to make himself independent of the Constitution, to have in the seat of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States a man who is opposed to the doctrines laid down by that tribunal in Milligan's case.

In this connection it may be well enough to say that the Philadelphia *Age* has taken occasion to define its position with more accuracy, and that it now says, "there is no more propriety in trying Captain Jack in a military commission than in trying him by an Ecclesiastical Court of the Church of which the Rev. Dr. Thomas was a member."

KELLOGG AND GRANT.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* has recently had an interview with "Governor" Kellogg, of Louisiana, and of course has printed all that His Excellency said to him. It seems that the "Governor" has been telling tales out of school, in reference to the President's Proclamation ordering all disorderly and turbulent persons to disperse. Kellogg says that "it was not his idea at all" to call upon the President for Federal bayonets, and thinks that the state of affairs in Louisiana did not justify it, but "his friends in Washington urged him to call upon the President for help. Mr. Packard was in favor of it." "All these things," said the "Governor," "and the constant reports sent North of disorder, was used to injure the President; and so he finally consented to give the President an opportunity to place the troops directly at his disposal, and stop all hue and cry."

So it seems that President Grant is more anxious to fasten the Kellogg usurpation upon the people of Louisiana than Kellogg himself! The President was, doubtless, correct in supposing the condition of affairs in Louisiana was adding nothing to his reputation, but he has not mended matters by his proclamation, as is shown by the fact that Kellogg finds it too heavy a load carry.

It is much to behoped that Kellogg will go on with his revelations until the whole truth shall be told.

SANTANTA AND BIG TREE.

Governor Davis, of Texas, has yielded to the orders or to the blandishments of the President and has consented to release the Indian Chiefs now in the penitentiary of that State.

President Grant has as full swing in this country as Kaiser William has in Prussia. State laws and State lines are mere cobwebs in his path.

It suited his "policy" to promise the Comanches and Kiowas that if they would be good Indians and behave themselves for a certain length of time, he would release their chiefs then in jail for indulging in the traditional Indian amusements of murder and robbery, on Texan soil. It mattered not to the President that he had not a shadow of right under the laws and Constitution, to make such a promise; it mattered not to him that if Santanta and Big Tree should be released it would be against the unanimous wish of the people of Texas. He cares no more for the wishes of the people in peace, than he cared for the lives of his men in war.

The promise was made, and in due time its fulfillment by the Governor of Texas was demanded. The Legislature of that State passed a resolution, by a unanimous vote of each house, if we mistake not, asking the Governor not to grant the pardon. But it mattered not. The President renewed his call for the surrender of the criminals, and the Governor of Texas disregarding the unanimous voice of his constituents, yields to the behests of his master Grant.

Of such stuff are Governors now made!

FRANCE.

The new President of France, Marshal MacMahon, has been very successful in preserving peace and quiet and "moral order" since his accession to office. Thus far not the slightest disturbance has been reported, a fact that excites as much surprise as gratification.

But efforts to weaken the power of the new President, if not to oust him from office, have not been wanting. The last of these efforts occurred on Tuesday last, when M. Gambetta read in the National Assembly a Ministerial circular, dated the 4th of June, and addressed to the departmental prefects.

In this circular particular information was asked for, in respect to the condition and temper of the provincial press, and the suggestion was made that wherever possible the country newspapers be bought up and all other means be employed to obtain their support for the Government. The Minister of the Interior admitted that the circular was authentic; a tumultuous debate followed, and finally a motion supporting the Administration in this act was passed by a vote of 389 to 315 nays—a larger vote than that by which the MacMahon government came into power.

This decided vote shows, beyond a doubt, that the famous coalition has lost none of its strength, at least in the National Assembly, even if it be true that the anomalous combination between Bourbons and Orleanists and Bonapartists is sustained by nothing save the cohesive power of public plunder.

The strategy of President MacMahon smacks very much of the American style of securing the permanency of an Administration.

The new President evidently knows how to place the funds of the French people "where it will do him the most good," as well as how to use the bayonet.

With the Army at his command and an unlimited supply of Military Commissions; with the power to displace every official in France; with the Treasury funds ready buy up the press of the country, and with a full determination to use all his resources, the chances seem to be that President MacMahon will be able, not only to keep the coalition in the National Assembly together, but to maintain himself before the French people.

The Marshall House, at Alexandria, in which the Confederate flag was kept flying in sight of the President's house for months before the late war, and in which Colonel Ellsworth was killed by Captain James Jackson, is to be changed into stores and dwellings.

The Selma *Times* thought the absence of Capt. Thomas K. Ferguson from that city unaccountable until the vault of his bank was forced open last week and only $4,700 found to pay debts amounting to $200,000.

OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD.

We have received an advance sheet of Colonel Pool's new paper, "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD."

While due regard will be had to variety in its make up, the paper will be devoted to the war record of North Carolina, from November 1860, to May 1865—"from the first to the last tap of the drum." We are glad to learn that Colonel Pool has already material on hand to last for several issues, including accounts of battles, the diary of officers and other valuable historical data, furnished by some of the ablest and most distinguished writers in the State.

"OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD" will be published weekly, at Newbern, North Carolina, at two dollars per annum. We sincerely trust that Colonel Pool's patriotic enterprise will receive the support it so richly merits.

REPUDIATION.

The Northern Press, especially the Radical hued portion of it, is exercising itself just now upon the subject of repudiation. An impression seems to be gaining possession of the Northern mind that most, if not all of the Southern States, will ultimately fail to make any provision for the payment of their so-called public debts.

So far has this indisposition to pay these debts gone, that North Carolina, even honest old North Carolina, we are told, is "about to go into the disgraceful business."

And we are warningly told also, that though "the circumstances in each State "are somewhat different, the disas- "trous result will be the same. Their "standing in the commercial word will "be irretrievably lost, and no matter "what explanation or excuse may be "given, or how great the temptation "to committ this mighty wrong, the "bankers in the great money centres "will never loan them another dollar, "no matter what inducements may be "held out."

We think we have heard something like this before. Only a few weeks ago a Canadian paper took occasion to call our attention to the fact that the non-payment of the Southern Debt was a great stumbling-block in the way of the immigration that otherwise would come to our borders. Our reply to that was that, though we greatly desired to promote immigration to North Carolina, yet we were not willing to pay the so-called State Debt to secure it.

Then, it was, pay the debt and save your immigration; now, it is, pay the debt and save your credit. This is all very well for the holders of fraudulent bonds, no matter whether they live on the Canada or United States side of the line.

But suppose this State should lose its credit. Suppose the bankers in the great money centres should determine never to loan North Carolina another dollar, what then? Many sound thinking men are of opinion that the people will be much better off if the State has no credit than if it has, in the belief that the only sure protection against corruption and extravagance for the future, will be the want of ability to procure funds except by immediate and direct taxation. We are not to be frightened from whatever course we may think it incumbent on us to pursue, by any such threat as that of the loss of ability to borrow money from "bankers in the great money centres."

We are threatened also with the anathemas of "public opinion" upon our moral turpitude in refusing to pay our debt, so-called; but neither does this fright us. Is it the loss of the good opinion of the people of the Northern States that we are threatened with? If this be so the threat is not worth much, for even if it were without anything, that good opinion is already gone. Is it the good opinion of the rest of mankind? The portion of it that knows the facts of the case, knows that these so-called State debts were imposed upon us, by force and fraud, in opposition to the wishes of the taxpayers of the States, and will not hold us bound therefor.

The course that North Carolina and the other Southern States will pursue, will, uninfluenced by any threats like these, be such as shall be dictated by justice to ourselves, as well as to our so-called bondholders.

GEN. D. H. HILL.

The New York *Times* says "the JOURNAL is another of those fine discriminators who are able to see such vast difference twixt tweedledum and tweedledee. In its eyes Senator Brownlow is a 'blackguard' in his vigorous repulse of Gen. Hill's assaults upon him, but Hill, in making the uncalled-for assault, only used 'plain, honest English words.'"

If the *Times* had failed to take advantage of such an opportunity to take sides against a prominent Southern soldier, it would have been the first time, doubtless, that it so failed. In any controversy between General Hill and Brownlow the natural instincts of the *Times* would force it to take position in the ranks of the latter.

The *Times* has fallen into at least one error in regard to the position of the JOURNAL. It was not solely because of his letter to General Hill that the JOURNAL spoke of Brownlow as a blackguard, but because, by a lifetime of disreputable words and deeds, he had fairly earned the disgraceful appellation.

Neither the *Times* nor any other human power can make Brownlow appear in any other character than that of a blackguard, where he is so well known, as he is in North Carolina and Tennessee.

No charges brought by Brownlow against General Hill or against any other respectable man would have the slightest weight, and it was therefore entirely unnecessary for General Hill to take any notice of the matter, but as he has seen fit to give it so much importance, we yield our own opinion and lay what he says in reply to Brownlow's charges, before our readers:

The Reverend Mr. Brownlow has recently published an article in the Knoxville *Chronicle*, bringing certain charges against the editor of the *Southern Home*. There is not a sentence in that article which is not directly false, or which does not convey a falsehood by implication. I will only notice a few of these wicked libels. Thus he prudently fails to quote what I did say about General Canby and others, and puts his own interpretation upon language never used. He himself was *not* denounced for his *loyalty*, but for betraying the men he had seduced into the field and then urging his old enemies to slaughter them for being guided by his teaching. Again, he falsely accused me of misleading and coercing men into rebellion. No human being can charge me with teaching either proslavery or secession doctrines prior to 1861. On the contrary, there are living witnesses to prove that I warned the hot-bloods that they were rushing into a long and disastrous war. When my countrymen did take up arms, however, I cast in my lot with them, and have never once regretted that I did so. It was the Rev. Mr. Brownlow himself that misled and coerced men into rebellion. I will show, presently, that he was the first man ever to use the words "Southern Confederacy," and to advise its establishment. A third gross falsehood is, that twenty-six loyal men were hung by my orders, one morning before breakfast. This is made out of the whole cloth. It was never my lot to order either the shooting or hanging of deserters or loyal men. At no time during the war would I have willingly hanged more than one deserter. *That deserter* I would have cheerfully hanged to a "sour-apple tree," not because of his loyalty to the Union, but because he urged the "hell-bound party" (to use his own elegant language) to slaughter the men he had inveigled into rebellion. That deserter, however, kept himself safe behind the battlements at Washington, and thanked God devoutly for every fresh slaughter of his late deluded followers.

Educational Convention.

A CONVENTION of the friends of education will be held in the city of Raleigh, on the 9th and 10th days of July, 1873. An effort will be made to secure a free return ticket on all Railroads in the State. The Mayor and Commissioners of the city have offered the use of the Metropolitan Hall for the Convention, and the citizens of Raleigh have tendered their hospitalities, and a cordial welcome to all teachers, examiners and other friends of education to hold their Convention in the city of Raleigh.

The Convention will be organized at 10 a. m., Wednesday. To give time for the thorough discussion of the several topics presented, the papers introducing them should be short, not occupying more than thirty minutes.

SUBJECTS PRESENTED.

"The Teacher."—By Rev. B. Craven, D. D., President of Trinity College.

"Higher Education in North Carolina."—By Major Robert Bingham, Principal of the Bingham Scholl.

"The Relations of the Churches to Public Education."—By W. G. Simmons, Professor of Mathematics in Wake Forest College.

"The Necessity for Universal Public Education."—By Hon. A. S. Merrimon.

"Compulsory Education."—By Jas. H. Horner, Principal of the Oxford High School.

"How Shall the Girls be Educated." By A. F. Redd, Co-Principal of the Raleigh Female Seminary.

"Industrial Education."—By Jno. W. Norwood, Esq.

Delegates will please forward their names to some one of the undersigned Committee of Arrangements on or before the 5th day of July. For the information of such as may prefer to stop at a public house, notice is given that delegates will be entertained at the National Hotel and the Yarboro House at $1 50 and at the Exchange Hotel and Mrs. Pullen's at $1 per day.

T. H. Selby, W. E. Anderson, A. M. McPheeters and J. H. Mils, Committee of Arrangements.

The most perfectly arranged pavilion at the Vienna Exposition is the private one of Prince Swarzenburg.—The Prince is the owner of an immense territory in Bohemia and Austria proper. He is a farmer, but he is more than a farmer—he has mills, forests, fisheries, mines, dairies, sugar factories, iron furnaces and a variety of other industrial appliances. Land and sea pay tribute to him. The rivers bring fish to his nets; the brooks turn his mills; the fruits of the earth pour into his lap; he has cattle upon a thousand hills; the forests bow down at his bidding, and the mountains give up their hidden stores of wealth.—When he tires of one chateau or one country, he goes to another. Fortunately, he is one of those enlightened and intelligent men typified by the late Prince Albert, Mr. Mechi and others. He tries to produce the best of everything. He puts in practice all the new discoveries of science that are applicable to agriculture, mining, metal working and forest husbandry, and the results are carefully observed and recorded for the benefit of the public. There are in his pavilion, neatly and intelligently arranged, all the best products of the soil, the forests, the mines and the rivers of his domains. All kinds of fishes are preserved in alcohol. Just in the face of the entrance is a bit of mountain side, with real trees, plants and rocks, and stuffed animals and birds.

A deer bounds through a thicket, a sly hare peeps from his covert, a fox scampers over the rocks, a badger peeps out of his hole, and in the trees and among the bushes are game birds of various species. Here are heavy fleeces, spun yarns, silken cocoons and skeins, hops and tobacco, grain and plants, great herbariums, oil cakes and glass jars of oil, beet and cane sugar, and syrup, a pyramid of beer kegs, tubs of grain of all sorts, with facts about their yield; glass jars of flour and meal—not only of maize, barley and buckwheat, but many kinds unknown in the United States, like meal of acorns, chestnuts, peas, vetches—all used for food for man or beast, or both, and this is not half to be seen here.

Special Telegram to the Norfolk Virginian.

Richmond—The Seconds in the Late Duel Refused Bail.

RICHMOND, June 12, 1873.

The alleged second in the late duel between Messrs. Mordecai and McCarthy appeared before Judge Guigon of the Hustings Court this morning on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and through their counsel applied for bail. The court heard the able argument of Judges Ould and Crump, but in a lengty opinion declined to allow bail. It is said that an application will now be made to Judge Weisiger of the Circuit Court of Chesterfield.

On the 14th day of next September, John Bull will hand his check for $15,500,000 to his dearly beloved cousin, Brother Jonathan, as a slight token of neighborly esteem.

TRUTHFUL JAMES TO THE EDITOR.

YREKA, 1873.

Which it is not my style
To produce needless pain
By statements that rile,
Or that go 'gin the grain,
But here's Captain Jack still a livin', and Nye has no skelp on his brain!

On that Caucasian head
There is no crown of hair,
It is gone, it has fled!
And Echo sez "Where?"
And I asks, "Is this Nation a White Man's, and is generally things on the square?"

She was known in the camp
As "Nye's other squaw,"
And folks of that stamp
Hez no rights in the Law,
But is treacherous, sinful and slimy, as Nye might hev' well known before.

But she said that she knew
Where the Injuns was hid,
And the statement was true,
For it seemed that she did;
Since she led William where he was covered by Seventeen Modocs, and—slid!

Then they reached for his hair;
But Nye sez, "By the Law
Of Nations, forbear!
I surrenders—no more;
And I looks to be treated, you hear me?—as a pris'ner, a pris'ner of war!

But Captain Jack rose
And he sez "It's too thin.
Such statements as those
It's too late to begin.
There's a *Modoc indictment* agin you, O Paleface, and you're goin' in!

"You stole Schonchin's squaw
In the year sixty-two;
It was in sixty-four
That Long Jack you went through
And you burned Nasty Jim's rancheria and his wives and his pappooses too.

"This gun in my hand,
Was sold me by you
'Gainst the law of the land,
And it grieves it is true!"
And he buried his face in his blanket and wept as he hid it from view.

"But you are tried and condemned
And skelping's your doom,"
And he paused and he hemmed—
But why this resume?
He was skelped 'gainst the custom of nations, and cut off like a rose in its bloom

So I asks without guile,
And I trusts not in vain,
If this is the style
That is going to obtain—
If here's Captain Jack still a livin', and Nye with no skelp on his brain?

—[From the Tribune. BRET HARTE.

A Huge Snake Killed by a Young Lad.

Our friend B. D. F., at Albertson's, Duplin county, writes to tell us of a huge snake known as the "Stump-tailed Moccasin," that was killed by his son last Tuesday. He says:

"I observe that curiosities in Natural History are being subjects of frequent notice in the public journals of late, and feeling somewhat anxious that our old but remote township should produce something worthy of note in that line, have waited long and expectantly for something to be caught or discovered worthy of being chronicled. But I had no definite idea what that *something* would be or in what distinct shape it would appear, knowing that the *varments* of the forest had long since subsided and that the race of wild turkies—once a prominent feature in this section—were now creatures of the past. I was therefore fearful that our aspirations to see our locality in print were not liable to a speedy consummation. Still, I did not despair, for I knew that we had in our swamps and pocosins some very fine breeds of the different variety of the *snake family*—as some assert, enough on every ten acres to fence it. But I am disposed to think this an exaggeration; nevertheless, the subject of this notice may cause some people to believe there is good foundation for the report. On yesterday evening my son Charley, a lad some 13 years old, in going to a neighbor's house encountered and killed a snake of the kind known as the 'stump-tailed moccasin' that measured *six feet nine inches* in length and *ten inches* in circumference. Said by the oldest inhabitant to be the largest production of this century. Beat it, who can."

A Reply to J. S. D.

EDITORS JOURNAL:—Though not a "Thomas or Satchwell, or Anderson," the only eminent Pathologists in this burg or region, and in default of their replying to the call of J. S. D., a more humble member of the cloth would attempt a solution of the problem presented. The examination was a desideratum, and reflects credit upon its author, for the completeness and intelligence with which it was performed, and the result as stated, accords well with my preconceived ideas of the pathology upon the subject. The disease in human pathology is termed Ramolissment Cerebri, or softening of the brain; and the diseases of man and the horse, as in all the higher order of brutes, are alike. And now more to the point, or to the cause of the complaint; the most important consideration for it must be recognized, or detected in its primary or forming stage, or vain will be the treatment, when the brain has become disorganized.

The primary seat or cause of the disease is doubtless in the kidneys, but there is every reason to presume it to have a still prior one in the stomach and bowels, say the digestive organs; and the disordered condition of these, producing a similar, or vitiated one in the secretions and excretions, these act as irritants, and disorder the organs whose function it is to separate and eliminate particular elements from the blood, the different excretions of the system which would be pernicious; and which failing to be done, the blood becomes poisoned, (Septicæmia) vitiates the brain, producing Septicæmia Cerebri, and this again, the disease in question—which is only an effect—termed Ramolissment Cerebri and all the attending symptoms, viz: indifference, drowsiness and at length coma, and exactly resembling those of that most fatal disease in man termed Albuminuria or Brights' disease, (the name of the discoverer) which, doubtless, as I conceive, has generally a prior origin in the digestive organs, and it may not be too foreign in connection, to say, that there is little doubt, that the disease just mentioned (Albuminuria) being so remote in its first link of causes or origin, and when it might be curable, failing to be recognized till the brain has become irrecoverably affected, is the cause of the universal fatality of confirmed cases of the disease, so alike in man and horse. After this brief exposition, which seems decidedly in correspondence with the symptoms and appearances, as expressed by the writer, a few remarks as to the treatment might be appropriate, but as the pathology only was solicited, I will allow this to suggest the treatment, and let it suffice to say that when the animal exhibits the first symptoms of disordered health, look well and early to the state of his stomach and kidneys.

* * *

Wilmington, N. C., June 13, 1873.

Death of Mr. Joseph Green.

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. Joseph Green, of Brunswick county, which occurred at his residence on Livingston Creek, yesterday at 12:30 o'clock. He had been sick for three or four days, but his death was very sudden, and is thought to have been from heart disease. Mr. Green was a prominent citizen of his county, having removed to Brunswick from Newbern about 25 years ago. He is said to have have been 55 years of age at the time of his death.

MRS. LEE AT ARLINGTON.

An Interview with a Correspondent—Her Claims Against the United States Government.

From the Washington Republican, June 12.

Mrs. Lee, widow of the late General Robert E. Lee, is a great-grand-daughter of the wife of George Washington, and a daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, whom Washington adopted at the age of six months.—Mrs. Lee is apparently about sixty years of age. She is a lady whose character and Christian graces render her an object of reverence to all who meet her. Her mind is richly stored with the recollections of the patriotic, cultivated and distinguished persons who will ever be prominent in our national history as among our Government's wisest statesmen, and some of whom were her own nearest kinsmen.

The home of her youth and married life, Arlington, was built by her father, George Washington Parke Custis. To this charming place she was carried when only one month old, and all the associations of her life centre in and cling to this spot. Among the classical localities which our Government claims as its property Arlington is one of the first, and is almost equal to Mount Vernon in its historical memories. Here were entertained all the statesmen and men of letters prominent in our early history. Here all distinguished foreigners were invited in the name of American hospitality, and year after year, as summer restored her beauties to the yards and gardens and fields of this noble estate, which included in its limits eleven hundred acres, all American visitors were made free guests to enjoy the cool retreats, and free to examine the instructive relics, books and papers there preserved.

Open-handed hospitality reigned at Arlington. In 1832 Mary Custis married Robert E. Lee. Her father, George Washington Parke Custis, dying in 1857, gave to Mrs. Lee, by his will, the entire Arlington estate. The terms of the will vested the property in her absolutely. Beyond the simple duties of an executor, General Lee had no control of the property, and never, either before or since, assumed or attempted to assume a single right of ownership.

Mrs. General Lee has for many years been a great sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism, and quite unable to move without assistance; but in her age and affliction she has a noble and dignified countenance. Her features much resemble those of Martha Washington. With her sad yet firm expression of face and eyes, beautiful and sparkling with the uncommon intelligence which marks her conversation; with her almost snowy hair, fine, soft, waves and curls, framing her full forehead, and covered by her plain widow's cap, she sits before one a grand and lovely picture, combining within itself much of the history and glory of the immortal past with the modern events of our history.

No one can see this much suffering lady, and hear her accounts of her old home, and not feel convinced that on the day our Government shall have remunerated the mistress of Arlington for its loss, and made that settlement with her which is esteemed just and legal by all who fully understand the circumstances of her absolute ownership of the estate, it will add to its repute for just and honorable dealing.

From Mrs. Lee, herself, it was definitely ascertained that not only was Arlington her unqualified bequest from her father, but that General Lee *never* participated in any way in its ownership nor control, always refusing (from scruples not unfrequent with gentlemen in regard to wives' estates,) to arbitrate in important matters relating to it, and from the termination of the war to the date of his death he constantly avoided any authority, control, right or independence relative to the estate, and refused to act concerning it in any way.

When Mrs. Lee's father died he made in his will an obligation that all the slaves belonging to the estate should be set free after the expiration of five years. The time of their manumission came on in 1863, and right in the very height of the war. General Robert E. Lee, as the executor of the will, summoned these slaves together at a convenient point within his lines, and gave them their free papers and passes through the Confederate lines to go whither they would.

Concerning these two great and important facts we have reason to think the community generally have not been quite familiar. They certainly have an important bearing upon the case. Mrs. Lee does not ask to have the estate restored to her. It has become a national cemetery, and as such she presumes with other citizens it will ever remain, but she does expect a reasonable remuneration for the ground.

There are eleven hundred acres in all, and some two hundred acres of the estate are occupied as a soldiers' cemetery. The land at its literal occupation by the Government could not have been worth less than the two hundred dollars per acre. Since that time its value, for various reasons, has rapidly appreciated. At the time of its nominal purchase by the Government for the faintest sort of a song, under the operation of a tax sale, there were several of Mrs. Lee's friends ready to make the purchase for her, or to pay the taxes. They were not allowed to do either, and Mrs. Lee is now hardly more serious in calling in question the validity of the present title of the Government to the land than even the high legal authority within the lines of the Government itself.

Neither does Mrs. Lee regard the question as to the validity of the title settled. To her mind the property has simply been seized, confiscated in short, and without the slightest remuneration being granted her. Injustice has been done, and she believes a just and generous Government, sustained by an enlightened public opinion, will repair the wrong.

The pure and lofty womanhood, and the true nature of Mrs. Lee's character, were revealed in the farther fact that she conversed upon the whole matter without one single expression or shade of bitterness. Of the President and his administration she spoke in the sincerest terms of respect, and seemed entirely calm and patient in the reflection that at the proper time the right would prevail. Like her great husband, she "recognizes no necessity for the state of things" that existed when the late war commenced, and now she recognizes no necessity for any other state of things than that of profound peace, amity and concord between the North and the South.

The very pleasant visit terminated with kindly expressions of good will, and emerging from the residence of Mrs. Fitzhugh, the last golden rays of declining day were falling over the venerable Christ Church, nearly opposite—the church where Washington worshiped, and where, from the early days of the Republic till the present time, "Peace on earth and good will to men" has been taught.

Mrs. Lee leaves Alexandria to-day for a sojourn of several weeks at the Hot Springs, Bath county, Virginia.

THE WIDOW'S WHIM.

"You know," said the widow, in a voice smothered with sobs, "the misfortune"—here she applied a delicate cambric handkerchief to her eyes—"the loss—". She could get no further.

Her visitor bowed, with an air of respectful condolence.

"I wish," continued the widow, "I wish to erect a monument to the memory of my poor husband. I have chosen you to execute the order." She had become somewhat calmer.

The sculptor bowed again.

"I wish this monument to be superb—worthy of the dear companion whom I have lost; proportioned to my—"

She was getting hysterical. Her visitor handed her a bottle of salts that stood convenient on the little worktable.

The widow resumed, "Spare no expense. I would willingly consecrate my whole fortune to his memory."

A pause, which the sculptor hesitated to break.

"I should like," said the widow, again coming to the point, "a temple with marble columns, and in the middle, upon a pedestral, his statue." Here she swallowed a sob.

"I shall do my best to fulfill your wishes, ma'm," said the man of art. "I had not, however, the honor of personally knowing the late Mr. Bellair, and his likeness is indispensable to the completion of the design. Doubtless you have a potrait of him.

The widow raised her rounded arm and pointed to a magnificent portrait, by one of our first artists.

"An admirable painting," said the visitor. "I need not ask you if the resemblance be striking."

"It is himself. Life is all that is needed. Ah, if I could have given mine for his!" The handkerchief was again in requisition.

"I will send for the portrait, ma'm, and I guarantee that the likeness shall be exact."

"Send for the portrait!" cried the widow, with a stifled shriek; "take from me my only consolation, my only happiness? Never!"

"But, ma'am, it will only be for a little while."

"A little while! An age! How could I live without this dear image? It quits me neither day nor night; I contemplate it without ceasing through my tears. It will never be removed out of this room, where I shall pass the remainder of a miserable existence."

The widow had worked herself up to such a pitch of feeling that the sculptor rose to ring the bell for assistance. But she laid a white hand on his coat-sleeve, and he sat down again.

"Then you will allow me, ma'am, to come here to take a copy of it? Be not alarmed; I shall not long invade your solitude. A single sitting will suffice."

The widow agreed to this arrangement, and requested the sculptor to commence the next day. But he had a previous order to execute. She would have leveled the difficulty with gold, but he stood firm.

"My word is pledged," he said, "do not, however, be troubled about the delay. I will work so dilligently that the monument shall be finished within the time that another artist would have requested for consideration."

"You have been a witness of my sorrow," were the widow's parting words; "you may imagine my impatience to see the work completed. Make your best haste; spare no expense, and let me have a masterpiece."

He had afterwards several letters repeating these injunctions.

At the end of three months the sculptor returned. He found the widow still in the deepest mourning, but her cheek was less pale, and there was a slight tinge of coquetry in the arrangement of her words.

"Now, ma'am," said the visitor, "I am at your disposal."

"Ah! well, I am glad to hear it," replied the widow, with a gracious smile.

"I have sketched the statue and shall only need one sitting to transfer the resemblance. Permit me to enter your boudoir."

"And wherefore?" inquired the widow, with an air of surprise.

"To see the portrait."

"Oh! will you walk into the drawing-room? it is there you will find it now."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; there is a much better light than in the boudoir, where you first saw it."

"Would you like to look at a sketch of the monument, ma'am?"

"Willingly. How grand. What exquisite ornaments. Why, it's a palace, this tomb!" exclaimed the widow.

"You told me, ma'am, that it could not be too magnificent. I have spared no expense; and here is an estimate of what the monument will cost you."

"Dear me!" cried the widow," after having glanced at the total. "It is enormous!"

"You begged me to spare nothing——"

"Certainly; I wished to do the thing handsomely. Still we ought to be rational."

"Well, this is only the first sketch; there is yet time to alter your intentions."

"Very good. Suppose, then, we suppress the temple, the columns—all the architecture, in short—and content ourselves with the statue? I was too ambitious, it will be quite sufficient."

"You shall be obeyed."

"It is decided, then. Nothing but the statue."

A short time after this second visit the sculptor fell dangerously ill. He was obliged to suspend his labors; and, having followed the recommendation of his physician, and made a tour on the Continent, he presented himself anew before the widow, [illegible] in the [illegible] of her [illegible] mourning. This time there were some [illegible] among the cypress. The artist brought with him a little plaster model of his statue, which promised to be a masterpiece.

"What do you think of the resemblance?" he said to the widow.

She gazed upon it for a moment and then carefully replied:

"Is it not a little flattered? My poor husband was tolerably good-looking, but you make him actually handsome."

"Indeed! Well, I will rectify my work by the portrait."

"It is scarcely worth your while," observed the widow. "A little more or a little less resemblance, what does it signify?"

"Pardon me, ma'am, but I plume myself upon exactness."

"If you really wish to take the trouble—"

"The portrait is in the drawing-room, is it not? I will go there."

"It is not there now," replied the widow, ringing the bell. "Robert," continued she, addressing the servant who answered her summons, "bring the portrait of your late master."

"The one that was taken up into the garret last week, ma'am?"

"Yes, the same."

Just then the door opened, and an elegant young gentleman presented himself with a jaunty air, kissed the lady's hands, and enquired after her health with the most gallant solicitude.

"What is this little plaster man?" asked he, pointing to the statuette, which the artist had placed upon the chimney-piece.

"It is the model of the statue for the tomb of my late husband?"

"You intend to erect a statue to his memory? Upon my word, that is very magnificent!"

"You think so?"

"Great men are sculptured at full length in marble; but it app[illegible] —pardon my frankness—th[illegible] Mr. Bellair was a very ordi[nary] [illegible] In fact, his bust would suffi[ce]."

"As you please, ma'am," [illegible] sculptor, turning to the lady.

"Then we will decide upon the bust," said she bowing him out.

Two months later the bust arrived just as a gay procession descended the hall steps, and got into the carriage that waited their approach. The widow was on her way to the altar, with the elegant dandy who had caused the suppression of her husband's statue, there to take upon herself a second vow of conjugal fidelity.

Scandal adds that the bust would willingly have been returned; that the newly-married couple considered the sculptor's demand enormous; and that it was only with considerable difficulty, and with a threat of further proceedings, that he was at length reimbursed for the time and trouble spent upon the widow's whim.

From the Atlanta Herald.

The Bane of Georgia Farming.

Impatience to get rich and a consequent desire to emigrate is the bane of our agriculture. Visit the home of a Georgia farmer and if you find the front gate nailed up and are compelled to climb over the fence to get into his yard, if on entering the house you find a cotton basket in the front porch and two or three lazy hound dogs lying before the door, you may feel certain that when you enter into conversation with the owner that you will find him complaining about "free nigger labor" and cursing the country and all in it, as "gone to the devil." He will tell you that "a man can't make nothing" farming in this country, and if he could find a sale for his place he would sell out and move to Texas. You go into the house, and after a little while you are introduced to his wife. Her face is red with cooking, and her appearance is haggard and careworn. She tells you that she is doing her own cooking and washing; that it is so difficult to get servants, that she had concluded to do her own work. Of course this lady has no time to visit her neighbors, and she is unhappy and discontented, and when her husband talks about selling out, she expresses no dissent, feeling that her life cannot be more miserable than where she is. Ask the owner if his is a good fruit country, and he tells you it is no use to plant fruit trees, that the niggers will steal all your fruit; does he raise many chickens, and he tells you hawks are so bad that his wife was about giving up chicken raising; "I see you are buying corn," and he replies, "that it don't pay to raise corn in this country." "The fact is," he continues, "we hardly feel settled here. I have been trying to sell out for the last two years, but I can't find anybody to buy my land."

Now take the other side of the picture. The writer of this article visited a gentleman a few days since, who, to his certain knowledge, settled a few years ago on one of the poorest spots of land in all of this country. As he entered the gate he saw flow[ers] [illegible] blue grass, and swings for his c[illegible]. To the left was a hot house [illegible] plants, a fine orchard, with [illegible] patches and a vegetable garden [illegible] with everything that is raised [illegible] climate, from the vegetable oyster to the blue stem collard. In the middle of the garden was a scuppernong vine that will afford grapes enough this season for a battalion. This man did not want to move. He thought this was a fine country; in fact, the best farming country under the sun. He asked us to dinner, after giving us a good, old-fashioned julep, and we dined heartily on the products of his farm. Even the pigeons that made the pie were raised on the place, and his lovely daughter kept off the flies while we dined. The great misfortune of our farmers is that most of [illegible] working their farms like a C[illegible] miner would work his mine to [illegible] greatest possible present income [illegible] it and then to move somewhere [illegible]. He plants no fruit trees, bec[ause he] can't get fruit the first year. He raises no stock for the same reason. He plants no hedges, he digs no drains, he recuperates no waste places, because he can't get any money next fall for all this work.

Cholera Reports from Memphis.

The Memphis Appeal says: "There is no Asiatic cholera in the country. In limestone countries during hot, damp, sultry weather, when stale vegetables are cheap, and the poor or the selfish devour mean food, cholera-morbus is the equivalent in destructiveness of Asiatic cholera. There are people who drink fetid water from barrels along the bayou. The water oozes into filthy receptacles through the unsavory soil, and there is a hideous dancing devil, cholera morbus, in each cup full. Let people keep clean, eschew whiskey and stale food, and drink pure water, and there is no more danger from Asiatic cholera in Memphis than on the summit of Chimborazo. The statement having been telegraphed from here to various papers throughout the North and East that the cholera prevailed here, it is but proper to state from official sources that of the deaths but twenty-two can in any way be traced to cholera, and in these all but three or four were negroes who indulged too freely in [illegible] There is no more cholera here now than there has been at any [illegible] of the year for the past ten years."

The Skin of the Teeth.

The enamel is literally "the skin of the teeth," and to render this pearly envelope impervious as well as brilliant, all you have to do is to use SOZODONT daily.

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[illegible]RINE.

THE WILMINGT[ON] [illegible]

ENGELHARD & SAUN[DERS], Editors and Proprietors.

TO WHOM ALL LETTERS ON BUSINESS MUST BE ADDRESSED.

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