

# The Enquirer and Southerner.

"ALL POWERS, NOT HEREIN DELEGATED, REMAIN WITH THE PEOPLE."—Constitution of N. C.

TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1874.

NO. 1.

## GENERAL DIRECTORY.

**TARBORO'.**  
Mayor—Alexander Mc-Cabe.  
COUNSELLORS—John Norfleet, Joseph Colburn and Henry C. Cherry.  
SECRETARY AND CLERK—Robert Whitehurst.  
SCHOOL BOARD—Wm. T. Holden, James W. H. Harrison, Ed. Battle and James E. Simmonson.

## COUNTY.

**Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—**John Norfleet.  
**Register of Deeds—**B. J. Keech.  
**Sheriff—**Battle Bryan.  
**Assessor—**Wm. T. Holden.  
**Treasurer—**Robt. H. Austin.  
**Surgeon—**Jesse Harrell.  
**School Examiners—**E. R. Stamps, Wm. H. Keech and H. H. Shaw.  
**County Poor House—**Wm. A. Dugan.  
**Commissioners—**M. P. Edwards, Chairman, Wm. A. Dugan, N. B. Bellamy, John Dancy and Mac Mathewson. B. J. Keech, Clerk.

## MAILS.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS  
NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. & W. R. R.  
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 8:30 A. M.  
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 3:30 P. M.  
WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA AND SPARTA.  
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 6:15 P. M.  
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 6:15 P. M.

## LODGES.

**The Nights and the Places of Meeting.**

Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. L. W. Lodge, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.  
Concord Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gallin, Master, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Tuesday at 8 o'clock P. M. and third Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.  
Rejoice Encampment No. 13, I. O. O. F. Dr. J. H. Baker, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.  
Edgecombe Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F. M. L. Hussey, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.  
Edgecombe Council No. 123, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.  
Advance Lodge No. 25, I. O. O. F. T. M. meets every Wednesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall at 8 o'clock P. M.

## CHURCHES.

**Episcopal Church—**Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. H. Cheahre, Rector.  
**Methodist Church—**Services every second Sunday at 11 o'clock. Rev. C. C. Dalton, Pastor.  
**Presbyterian Church—**Services third Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock A. M. and 8 o'clock P. M. Rev. J. W. Primrose, Evangelist.  
**Missionary Baptist Church—**Services every 2nd Sunday in every month, at 11 o'clock. Rev. T. R. Owen, Pastor.  
**Primitive Baptist Church—**Services first Saturday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.

## HOELS.

Stones and shingles, corner Main and Pitt Sts. W. B. Harper, Proprietor.  
Mrs. Pender's, (formerly Gregory) Office, Main Street, opposite "Enquirer" Office, Mrs. M. Pender, Proprietress.

## EXPRESSES.

Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 8 1/2 o'clock.  
N. M. LAWRENCE, Agent.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**DR. RICH'D H. LEWIS**  
OFFERS HIS

**Professional Services**  
to the public. Office in rear of Whitlock's Store, Tarboro', N. C.

**W. M. HOWARD,**  
**DRUGGIST**  
DEALER IN  
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,  
& C., & C., & C.  
Opposite the "Enquirer" Office,  
TARBORO', N. C.

**SLATE ROOFS.**  
**The Best and the Cheapest**  
HAYING BEEN APPOINTED AGENT  
for Matthew Gault & Son, of Baltimore, I will contract for the laying of SLATING in any portion of the State. The work will be properly done and upon the lowest terms. I am also agent for the North River Blue Stone Granite and Redwood felt.  
For further information, address  
A. B. NOBLES, Agent,  
Feb. 22-4f. Tarboro', N. C.

**Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!**  
Just published, a new edition of  
**DR. CHASE'S CELEBRATED  
ESSAY on the restored care** (with-  
out medicine) of Seminal Weakness, or  
Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Im-  
pediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption,  
Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-abuse,  
and of sexual extravagance.  
Price in a sealed envelope only six  
cents.  
The celebrated author, in this admirable  
essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty  
years' successful practice, that the alarming  
consequences of self-abuse may be radically  
cured without the dangerous use of internal  
medicine or the application of the knife; and  
pointing out a mode of cure at once simple,  
certain, and effectual, by means of which every  
sufferer, no matter what his condition may  
be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and  
radically.  
This lecture should be in the hands of  
every youth and every man in the land.  
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any  
address, post paid, on receipt of six cents, or  
two post stamps.  
Address the Publishers,  
GILAS, J. C. KLINE & CO.,  
127 Bowery, New York, P. O. Box 500,  
Oct. 18, 1873.

**H. F. COCKER,**  
AGENT FOR THE  
Celebrated Wheeler & Wilson  
**Sewing Machine.**  
Which SURPASSES all other Machines.  
ALSO THE  
**Home Shuttle Machine,**  
which is THE BEST cheap Machine in Use.  
Price from \$25 to \$75.  
The public is invited to call and examine  
my Machines before purchasing.  
Office on Pitt Street, a few doors from Main  
TARBORO', N. C.  
Dec. 7, 1873.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**

This invaluable Southern Remedy is warranted to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance, but is

**PURELY VEGETABLE,**  
containing those Southern Roots and Herbs, which in a wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail. It will cure all Diseases caused by derangement of the Liver.

The SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter or acid taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Powers alternately costive and lax; Headache; Loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Debility; Skin and eyes a dry Congestion mistaken for Consumption. Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the complaint, at others very few; but the Liver, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not relieved in time, great suffering, weakness and DEATH will ensue.

This Great Tonic SPECIFIC will not be found in the Least Effected.

For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Dropsy of the Lungs, SOUR STOMACH, ACH, Heart Burn, &c., &c.

Simmons' Liver Regulator or Medicine, is the Cheapest, Purest, and Best Family Medicine in the World!

Manufactured only by  
**J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,**  
MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA.  
Price \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

**J. H. BROWN,**  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
**HARNESS, SADDLES,**  
Bridles, Whips, Horse Covers,  
Saddle Cloths,  
Bits, Circles,  
Girths,  
In fact, everything usually kept in a first class  
and well equipped establishment.  
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,  
TARBORO', N. C.  
Oct. 11. 3-4f

**WEBER'S BAKERY!**  
THIS OLD ESTABLISHED BAKERY IS  
now ready to supply the people of Tar-  
boro' and vicinity with all kinds of  
Bread, Cakes, French and Plain  
Candies, Nuts, Fruits,  
&c., &c., &c.  
embracing every thing usually kept in a First  
Class Establishment of the kind.  
Thankful for the liberal patronage of the  
past, the undersigned asks a continuation,  
with the promise of satisfaction.  
Private Families can always have  
their Cakes Baked here at short-  
notice.  
Orders for Parties & Balls  
promptly filled. Call and examine our stock,  
next above FARMER AND ENQUIRER OFFICE.  
Nov. 4-9m JACOB WEBER.

**Santa Claus!**  
**Santa Claus!**  
**Santa Claus!**

THE UNDERGROUND RESPECTFULLY  
informs both young and old, that the  
**OLD MAN**  
has once more visited Tarboro' with a large  
and varied assortment of  
**Toys and Fancy Goods,**  
Confectionaries, &c.  
which will be sold at as reasonable a price as  
they possibly can be. Having taken great  
care in selecting TOYS, CONFECTIONARIES  
AND FANCY GOODS, for the  
**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS,**  
I solicit a continuance of your patronage.  
With many thanks for past favors, I remain  
Respectfully yours,  
Dec. 6-11m J. M. SPRAGINS.

## THE Enquirer-Southerner.

FRIDAY, : : : JANUARY 2, 1874

### COURTSHIP AFTER MARRIAGE.

"Now is this what I call comfort," said Madge Harley as she sat down by her neighbor's fire one evening; "here you are at your sewing, with the kettle steaming on the hob, and the tea-things on the table, expecting every minute to hear your husband's step, and see his kind face look in at the door. Ah! if my husband was but like yours, Janet."

"He is like mine in many of his ways," said Janet, with a smile, "and if you will allow me to speak plainly, he would be still more like him if you took more pains to make him comfortable."

"What do you mean?" cried Madge; "our house is as clean as your's; I mend my husband's clothes, and cook his dinner as carefully as any woman in the parish, and yet he never stays at home of an evening, while you sit here by your cheerful fire night after night as happy as can be."

"As happy as can be on earth," said her friend gravely; "yes, as shall I tell you the secret of it, Madge?"

"I wish you would," said Madge with a deep sigh; "it is misery to live as I do now."

"Well, then," said Janet, speaking slowly and distinctly, "I let my husband see that I love him still, and that I learn every day to love him more. Love is the chain that binds him to his home. The world may call it folly, but the world is not my lawgiver."

"And do you really think," exclaimed Madge in surprise, "that husbands care for that sort of thing?"

"For love do you mean?" asked Janet.

"Yes; they don't feel at all as we do, Janet, and it don't take many years of married life to make them think of a wife as a sort of maid-of-all-work."

"A libel, Madge," said Mrs. Matson, laughing; "I would allow you to sit in William's chair and talk so."

"No, because your husband is different, and values his wife's love, while John cares for me only as his housekeeper."

"I don't think that," said Janet, "although I know that he said to my husband the other day that courting time was the happiest of a man's life. William reminded him that there is greater happiness than that, even on earth, if men but give their hearts to Christ. I know John did not alter his opinion, but he went away still thinking of his courting time as a joy too great to be exceeded."

"Dear fellow," cried Madge, smiling through her tears. "I do believe he was very happy then. I remember I used to listen for his steps as I sat with my dear mother by the fire, longing for the happiness of seeing him."

"Just so," said Janet; "do you ever feel like that now?"

Madge hesitated. "Well, no, not exactly."

"And why not?"

"I don't know," said Madge; "married people give up that sort of thing."

"Love do you mean?" asked Janet.

"No, but what people call being sentimental," said Mrs. Harley.

"Longing to see your husband is a proper sentiment."

"But some people are ridiculously foolish before others," reasoned Madge.

"That proves they want sense. I am not likely to approve of that, as William would soon tell you; all I want is that wives would let their husbands know they are still loved."

"But men so vain," said Madge, "that it is dangerous to show them attention."

Her friend looked up, "O, Madge, what are you saying? Have you, then, married with the notion that it is not good for John to believe you love him?"

"No, but it is not wise to show that you care too much for them."

"Say I and him; do not talk of husbands in general; but of yours particular."

"He thinks quite enough of himself already, I assure you."

"Dear Madge," said Janet, smiling, "would it do you any harm to receive a little more attention from your husband?"

"Of course not. I wish he'd

try, and Mrs. Harley laughed at the idea.

"Then you don't think enough of yourself already? and nothing would make you vain, I suppose?"

Madge colored, and all the more when she perceived that William Matson had come in quietly, and was now standing behind Janet's chair. This of course, put an end to the conversation. Madge returned to her own home to think of Janet's words, and to confess secretly they were wise.

Hour passed before John Harley returned home. He was a man of good abilities, and well to do in the world; and having married Madge because he truly loved her, he had expected to have a happy home. But partly because he was reserved and sensitive, partly because Madge feared to make him vain, they had grown very cold to each other, so cold that John began to think the ale-house a more comfortable place than his own fire-side.

That night the rain fell in torrents, the winds howled, and it was not until the midnight hour had arrived that Harley left the public-house and hastened toward his cottage. He was wet through when he at length crossed the threshold; he was, as he gruffly muttered, "used to that," but he was not used to the tone and look with which his wife drew near to welcome him, nor to find warm clothes by a crackling fire, and slippers on the hearth; nor to hear no reproach for late hours, and neglect, and dirty foot-marks as he sat in his arm-chair. Some change had come to Madge he was very sure. She wore a dress he had bought her years ago, with a neat linen collar round the neck, and had a cap trimmed with white ribbons, on her head.

"You are smart, Madge," he exclaimed at last, when he had started at her for some time in silence. "Who has been here worth dressing for to-night?"

"No one until you came," said Madge, half laughing.

"I? Nonsense; you didn't dress for me!" cried John.

"You won't believe it, perhaps, but I did. I have been talking with Mrs. Mason this evening, and she has given me some very good advice. So now, John, what would you like for your supper?"

John, who was wont to steal to the shelf at night and content himself with anything he could find, thought Madge's offer too excellent to be refused, and very soon a large bowl of chocolate was steaming on the table. Then his wife sat down, for a wonder, by his side and talked a little, and listened, and looked pleased, when at last, as if he could not help it, he said, "Dear old Madge!"

That was enough; her elbow somehow found its way to the arm of his great chair, and she sat quietly looking at the fire. After awhile John spoke again:

"Madge, dear, do you remember the old days when we used to sit side by side in your mother's kitchen?"

"Yes."

"I was a younger man then, Madge, and as they told me, handsome; now I am growing older, plainer, duller. Then you—you loved me; do you love me still?"

She looked up in his face and her eyes answered him. It was like going back to the old days to feel his arm around her as her head lay on his shoulder, and to hear once again the kind words meant for her ear alone.

She never at once asked if this would make him "vain," she knew, as if by instinct that it was making him a wiser, a more thoughtful, more earnest-hearted man. And when after a happy silence, he took down the big Bible, and read a chapter, as he had been wont to read to her mother in former times, she bowed her head and prayed.

Yes prayed—for pardon, through the blood of Jesus Christ—for strength to fulfill every duty in the future—for the all-powerful influence of the Spirit, for blessings on her husband evermore.

She prayed—and not in vain.—*British Workman.*

A schoolboy being requested to write a composition upon the subject of "Pins," produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women, and children—in fact, whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher. And the boy replied, "Why, by not swallowing them." This matches the story of the other boy, who defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put on any."

## Mon. D. W. Voorhees Retires from Politics.

Hon. D. W. Voorhees, of Indiana, has announced his intention to retire from politics, says that on the new questions to arise new men will be needed. In a conversation recently he made the following statement:

"I have made my last political speech before the people, and I am glad of it. The pleasure of pursuing my private concern as a citizen, is exceeding grateful to my feelings, more so than you can conceive. I went early into politics. I might have been elected to Congress at twenty-four; had my age allowed I should have been. I have been nine years at Washington, and know all about it. I have fought my battles as I conceived to be right. But all the old issues have passed away, and henceforth new ones will arise. And upon the new questions a new set of men will be demanded by the people. Some old politicians try to force themselves into notice after their day has gone by, but it is very unwise. Parties will be changed in effect, but not in name perhaps. The democratic party will liberalize its organization; and if it is done wisely, so as to unite the elements of disaffection against the present order, may be able to elect a President. The name need not necessarily be changed, but the party must be essentially a new one."

## Affairs in Spain—The Carlists Still in the Field.

Spanish affairs do not indicate many encouraging signs of improvement. Cartagena still holds out; and, although we are now told that General Deminguez is making active preparations for an assault, it is not impossible that the rebel city may defy the national government for months to come. In almost any other country the town would have been taken by storm long ago. There seems to be no soul in the Spanish armies. The soldiers will not fight. This is just as apparent in the Army of the North as in the Army of the Southeast. According to one of our latest despatches the republican forces under the command of General Moriones are surrounded by thirty thousand Carlists, and all way of escape except by sea is cut off. Steamers, it is said, have been sent to San Sebastian to take on board the retreating troops. It is quite possible that this news is a little too highly colored; but that there is some good foundation for the report we have no justifiable reason to doubt. For some time past we have heard but little of the Carlists. The silence has been almost ominous. If there be any truth in the above report, it is quite clear that the Carlists during these weeks of quiet have not been idle. The presumption is that while we were led to believe that they were broken up and dispersed they were concentrating their strength. With thirty thousand soldiers at his back Don Carlos ought not to have much difficulty in forcing his way to the Spanish capital.—*N. Y. Herald.*

## A Pithy Sermon.

Many a sermon has been spun out to an hour's length that did not contain a tith of the sound, moral instruction and counsel to be found in the following brief and pithy sermon from the pen of that witty and racy writer, Rev. Dr. John Todd, deceased:

"You are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your strength of body and soul; take for your motto self-reliance, honesty and industry; for your stars, faith, perseverance and pluck; and inscribe on your banner:

"Be just and fear not. Don't take too much advice; stay at the helm and steer your ship. Strike out. Think well of yourselves. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Don't practice excessive humility. You can't get above your level—water don't run uphill. Pull your potatoes in a cart over a rough road and the small ones will go to the bottom. Energy, invincible determination, with the right motive, are the levers that move the world. The great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the world. Civility cost nothing and buys everything. Don't drink; don't smoke; don't swear; don't gamble; don't lie; don't deceive or steal; don't tattle. Be polite; be generous; be self-reliant. Read good books. Love your fellow-man as well as you love God. Love your country and obey its laws. Love truth. Love honor. Always

do what your conscience tells is your duty, and leave the consequence to God."

## A Thousand Boys Wanted.

There are always boys enough in the market, but some of them are of little use. The kind that are always wanted—

1. Honest.
2. Pure.
3. Intelligent.
4. Active.
5. Industrious.
6. Obedient.
7. Steady.
8. Obliging.
9. Polite.
10. Neat.

One thousand first-rate places are open for a thousand boys who come up to this standard.

Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation.

Many of these places of trade and art are already filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant.

One has an office where the lad who has the situation is losing his first point. He likes to attend the singing saloon and the theatre. This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently.

His employers are quietly watching to learn how he gets so much spending money; they will soon discover a leak in the money drawer, detect the dishonest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing point No. 1, and being truthful in all his ways.

Some soon be vacant because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see.

The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled.

Who will be ready for one of these vacancies?

## An Old Tortoise.

In the hall of the Episcopal Palace of Peterborough there is preserved under a glass case the shell of a large tortoise, which appears to have been a double "centenarian." Beside the shell there is a description of this remarkable animal, a copy of which the Lord Bishop of Peterborough kindly permits me to send to *Notes and Queries*:

"THE PETERBOROUGH TORTOISE."  
It is well ascertained that this tortoise must have lived about two hundred and twenty years. Bishop Parsons had remembered it for more than sixty years, and had not recognized it in any visible change. Bishop Marsh (in whose time it died) was the seventh who had worn the mitre during its sojourn here. Its shell was perforated (as is seen) in order to attach it to a tree, to keep it from, or rather to limit its ravages among the strawberries, of which it was excessively fond. It ate all kinds of fruit, and sometimes a pint of gooseberries at a time, but it made the greatest havoc among the strawberries. It knew the gardeners well (of whom it had seen many) and would always keep near them when they were gathering fruit, etc. It could bear almost any weight; sometimes as much as eighteen stone was laid upon its back. About October it used to bury itself, in a particular spot of the garden, at a depth of one or two feet, according to the severity of the approaching season, where it would remain without food until the following April, when it would again emerge from its hiding-place.

"Palace Peterborough, March, 1842.

"The bishops during whose time it lived were: 1. John Thomas, 1747-1757; 2. Richard Terrick, 1757; 3. Robert Lamb, 1764; 4. John Hincheliffe, 1769; 5. Spencer Madsen, 1794; 6. John Parsons, 1813; 7. Herbert Marsh, 1819-1839.—*Notes and Queries.*

## Give Them Work.

Children enjoy playtime all the more if they have work to do on occasion. If you would have your little ones interested in home and its surroundings, and also have them grow up to love work, and to depend upon that for their happiness, give them a personal interest in something. One child may have a piece of ground and be allowed to cultivate it, appropriating the proceeds as he pleases. Another may have a few fowls and be taught to keep an account of their eggs; and cost of their keeping. Even in towns, something of this kind may be planned for each little one, which will combine profits with pleasure, and give them habits of industry.

## The Week of United Prayer Through-out the World.

The following have been suggested by the Evangelical Alliance as suitable topics for exhortation and prayer on the days of the "Week of Prayer:"

Sunday, January 4.—Sermons: The unity of the Christian Church. The real oneness of all true believers. Hindrances and motives to union. John xvii. 21; 22, 23.

Monday, January 5.—Thanksgiving: For national, domestic, and personal mercies, both spiritual and temporal. Confession; Unworthiness and guilt of our people and ourselves. Dan. ix. 7.

Tuesday, January 6.—Prayer: For the Christian Church; for the increase of faith and holiness, love, and power; and for the more abundant grace of the Holy Spirit. Col. i. 9, 10, 11.

Wednesday, January 7.—Prayer for families: Home and parental influence. Schools, private and public. Sons and daughters absent from home. Children in sickness and affliction. The erring and disobedient. Ps. cxv. 12, 13, 14; cxlix. 12.

Thursday, January 8.—Prayer: For nations; for peace among men; for public virtue and righteousness; for the banishment of intemperance, infidelity, superstition, and error, and for the diffusion of pure Christian literature. Isa. lx. 17, 18.

Friday, January 9.—Prayer: For the evangelisation of European countries; for the conversion of Israel; for the spread of the gospel in Mohammedan and heathen lands; for persecuted and suffering Christians. Ps. lxxviii. 31; cxxii. 6; Heb. xiii. 3.

Saturday, January 10.—Prayer: In review of the events of 1873. Recognition of the providence of God. Happy issue of the divine dispensations. Isa. xxxi. 8, 9.

Sunday, January 11.—Sermons: Subject, Christ's kingdom universal and everlasting. Ps. xxviii. 1, 2.

## God in Nature.

When Napoleon was returning from his campaign in Egypt and Syria, he was seated one night upon the deck of the vessel under the open canopy of the heavens, surrounded by his captains and generals. The conversation had taken a skeptical direction, and most of the party had combated Divine Existence. Napoleon sat silent and musing, when suddenly raising his hand, and pointing at the crystalline firmament, crowded with its mingly shining planets and its keen glittering stars, he broke out in those startling tones that so often electrified millions: "Gentlemen, who made all that?" "The eternal power and godhead" of the Creator are impressed by "the things that are made;" and these words of Napoleon to his aesthetic captains silenced them. And the same impression is made the world over. Go to-day into the heart of Africa, or into the center of New Holland; select the most imbruted pagan that can be found; take him out to a clear starlit heaven, and ask him who made all that, and the idea of a Superior being, superior to all his fetiches and idols, possessing eternal power and godhead, immediately emerges in his consciousness. The instant the missionary takes this joyful idolater away from the circle of his idols, and brings him face to face with the heavens and the earth, as Napoleon brought his captains, constitutional idea dawns again, and the pagan trembles before the unseen power.—*Professor Shedd.*

## Carrier-Pigeons in the Long Ago.

Diodorus states that carrier-pigeons were trained for carrying intelligence as long ago as two centuries before the Christian era, and it is known that in Turkey, five hundred years ago, there was a regularly organized pigeon post, work by means of a chain of stations, consisting of high towers at distances of thirty or forty miles apart. The message was written on thin paper, enclosed in a small gold casket, which was affixed to the neck of the bird. The Greeks used pigeons for sending news of results at the Olympic games; just as flights of them are sent away from Epsom on a Derby day. A pigeon dyed with a Tyrian purple hue, and dispatched to a family homestead, meant that the young son of the house had come out victorious. Love messages were interchanged between enamored maidens and their sweethearts by means of confidential pigeons—at least so says Anacreon, the singer of women and wine.