

## The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. IX.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., JANUARY, 17, 1878.

NO. 13

## WASHINGTON NOTES.

"Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver"—  
Millionaires against the Million—The  
People and their Representatives—  
The War of the Giants—Material  
Interest—The President  
and his Enemies.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 8, 1878.

"Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver," framed in a beautiful wreath of greenbacks, this is just what the American people are longing for, praying for and stoutly demanding from the national legislature. Being in a position to catch the echoes of public opinion as they come from the people through the press, in more than a thousand newspapers, I have been amazed at the earnestness and unanimity already shown on this subject of national finance. And the voice of the people which at first was only a mild protest, has already swollen into a storm of fierce indignation against those who have impoverished the country by bringing on a war of the

## MILLIONAIRES AGAINST THE MILLION.

John Sherman has been converted from the doctrine he preached ten years ago, that the 5.20 bonds should be paid in lawful money, and gone over to the gold bullionist, who say that silver and greenbacks will do very well for farmers and mechanics, but bond-holders will have nothing but gold. He gives us the encouraging assurance that the country is fast approaching hard pan, and the sooner we reach it the better. To hasten this glorious consummation he tugs away at the screw of contraction, denounces the restoration of silver as repudiation, and while every month shows many millions of loss by failures, and adds thousands to the great army of bankrupts and beggars, he smiles serenely upon the wreck, and tells the bond-holders of New York and London to fear nothing, for they shall have even more than their pound of flesh.

## THE PEOPLE AND THEIR REPRESENTATIVES.

The month's recess in Congress may prove the salvation of the country, for representatives everywhere have had a chance to meet the people face to face and learn just what they think and how they feel about a policy that makes the rich richer and the poor poorer all the time. They will come back with such increased strength on the silver bill as will make them scorn the impotence, not to say impudence, of a presidential veto. The fact is the people are getting in dead earnest on this subject, and while they will not repudiate a dime of honest debt, will never consent to pay more than was nominated in the bond, and that was coin—not gold, but gold or silver as might suit the conveniences of the debtor. They say with the London Times, and other good and disinterested authorities, that the restoration of silver would at once create a demand for that metal, advance it to greenbacks and greenbacks to gold, thus bringing practical resumption without any law on the subject.

## THE WAR OF GIANTS.

The forty-fifth Congress will be memorable in American history, not so much on account of its intellectual greatness or its high order of statesmanship, as from the fact that it must discuss and decide many questions of the most vital interest to the whole nation. The members are dropping in by tens, dozens and scores from the different points of the compass, and next Thursday the struggle will commence in good earnest. On some questions the two parties are split directly in half, and sectionalism, without menace or direct antagonism, will be a strong element in legislation. The West and South are rapidly and unifying and crystallizing into a great political power, that will demand, not partiality to those sections, but even handed justice to all alike. This sectionalism will crop out to some extent on the finances and especially on the silver bill, but will exhibit its greatest power in efforts to advance the

## MATERIAL INTERESTS OF

these great divisions of the world's Republic. To obtain such facilities for internal and foreign commerce for twenty millions of people, as will enable them to place their immense products in the markets of the world without sacrificing half of their value in charges for transportation, they ask for the improvement of the Mississippi and its leading tributaries, the opening of a great highway through the Southwest to the Pacific, and the increase of our foreign trade by proper encouragement to ocean lines of steamers. The two last named objects can be achieved without subsidy, in the ordinary meaning of that term. The Texas & Pacific Company which has already constructed about 500 miles of a transcontinental line between the waters of the Mississippi and the Pacific, asks only the friendly recognition of government to secure the completion of the work. The government guarantee of interests on their construction bonds, is four or five times secured by the terms of the bills, now before Congress. In fact the government would be kept in their debt during the progress of construction by the transportation of troops, mails, and telegraphic service. But the grandest feature of this measure is the great and immediate relief it would give to all the interests and industries of the country. The vigorous prosecution of this work would at

once open a field for a million of laborers—some in the foundries, machine shops and rolling mills, others in the work of construction, and many thousands in developing the rich mines and fruitful farms on the line of the road. It is doubtful if any work is of greater national necessity or would bring greater benefits to the whole country than the building of this railway. While imperatively demanded by the wants of the Southwest, its benefits would be distributed over the whole nation.

Supplementary to this, and alike beneficial to all the States, is the improvement and extension of our commercial relation with the outside world. This may be achieved, and our old supremacy on the ocean restored by simple paying ocean lines of steamers for transporting foreign mails. The resources and products of this country have been well advertised, and millions of people in different countries would be glad to trade with us and pay us fair prices for our material or art products. Ship builders and ship owners need nothing but the encouragement alluded to, to induce them to establish trade relations with all the great markets of the world, thus greatly increasing the aggregate wealth of this nation and the revenues of its government. The national commercial Convention to be held here on the 22d of this month, will doubtless make some good suggestions and recommendations on this subject.

## PRESIDENTIAL QUARRELL.

It would take a wiser man than your correspondent to predict the outcome of the war between the President and some of his former friends. The chances are that battle will be joined upon the re-assembly of Congress and here opened all along the line. The little skirmish over the New York Custom House appointments brought temporary success to the President's enemies; but whether the imperial enclaves of New York's Jovian Senator be to be adorned with the laurel wreath of final victory, remains an open question to be settled at the Capitol. If the Democrats stand solidly by Mr. Hayes, the fight will end in the disruption and demoralization of the party which placed him in power.

J. L. P.

The Radical wisecracks have found out the producers of tobacco and the distillers of whisky are not affected by the burdensome tax imposed upon these articles under the internal revenue law. According to their philosophy, only the consumers of these articles of luxury or necessity are affected by the tax, and hardly any sane person can be deceived by the pretence of the wicked producers, and distillers that the fact is otherwise. At least this is the view one Washington luminary takes of the question.

Another takes high moral ground, and expresses the opinion that mankind is in no degree benefitted by the production and consumption of either, and that an increase of the tax rather than a decrease in these articles would be more consistent with the public welfare.

But it does not need to go far to find a reason for this sort of talk. If the tax be taken from whisky and tobacco it will have to be put somewhere else, and whisky and tobacco are Southern and Western products and "Democratic Institutions," as the Washington Republican calls them, and the Radicals are opposed to giving the Democrats any relief that will impose an additional burden upon the great Radical institution of the country—that is to say, the money interest. It is the same old story, and but another illustration of the way in which the money of the country seeks to make the labor of the country a slave to do its bidding.— *Raleigh Observer.*

A QUEER PRESCRIPTION.—On one occasion, when I was ill, the General called in Dr. Hunt, his family physician. The doctor was a tall, lank, ugly man—"as good as gold," but with none of the graces that are supposed to win young ladies; yet he was married to one of the loveliest young creatures I ever knew. General Jackson accompanied him to my room, and after my pulse had been duly felt and my tongue had been duly inspected, they drew their chairs to the fire and began to talk. "Hunt," suddenly exclaimed the President, "how came you to get such a young and pretty wife?" "Well I'll tell you," replied the doctor. "I was called to attend a lady at the convent in Germantown. Her eyes were bad; she had to keep them bandaged. I cured her without her ever having a distinct view of me. She left the institution, and a year afterward she appeared here in society, a belle and a beauty. At a ball I introduced myself, without the slightest ulterior design, as the physician who had restored her sight although I supposed she had never seen me. She instantly expressed the most heartfelt gratitude. It seemed so deep and genuine that I was touched. That evening she informed me she had a severe cold, and that I must again prescribe for her. Well! it don't look reasonable, but I did it. I wrote my name on a slip of paper, folded it and handed it to her, telling her she must take that prescription. She read it and laughed. 'It's a bitter pill,' she said, 'and must be well gilded if ever I take it.' But whether it was bitter or whether it was gilded, we were married."

## A New-Year's Caller.

Widow Van Duseberg's Interview With the Personal D—

## THE WIDOW.

It was one bright, crisp day, the 1st of January, 1878. The wind was from the northwest, but not in the least boisterous. The sky was blue, and the sun shone brightly, causing the snow, which had fallen the night before, to a sufficient depth to render sleighing on the avenue possible, to sparkle brightly and make weak-eyed people wink when they looked out of doors. A merry jingle of sleigh-bells gave a cheerful sound in the air, and everybody said "happy New-year" to everybody else, with a hearty zest that plainly indicated sincerity and enjoyment.

Every house on the magnificent avenue, except here and there one where a small basket hung by a black ribbon on the door-bell, was open to callers, and inside were bright groups of pleasant ladies waiting amiably to receive the compliments of the season from the gentlemen of their acquaintance. But nowhere in the whole city could a prettier picture be seen of New York life on New-year's day than in the parlor of Widow Duseberg. It was a fine house, with a brown-stone front and bay window, and it contained a good many fine things besides the fine lady herself, who, on this particular occasion, was the only visible occupant of her richly-decorated drawing-room. The widow had been fortunate in marrying a member of an old Knickerbocker family; she adopted all his ancestors as her own, and furnished her apartments with all the quaint old furniture that old families are popularly supposed to leave to their descendants. Old china, old clocks, dingy-looking portraits, in tarnished gilt frames, curious cabinets, and queer glasses and faience dishes abounded in all her rooms, which she had bought at auctions; and, if people chose to imagine that they were heirlooms brought from Holland by her ancestors when they came over with Hendrick Hudson in the "Half Moon," it was none of her business to correct their mistake. But she by no means wanted to be considered old herself. Quite the contrary. Her hair was scant and grey; but she wore perfectly lovely tresses, of a rich brown hue, which had once belonged to a peasant girl of Brittany. And, although it was many years since her cheeks had been in the least suggestive of a damask rose, on this occasion they were so skillfully tinted by her own maid that no one would suspect the complexion was not her own—as, indeed, it was. But, if her complexion was not real, her diamonds and lace were, and they harmonized most admirably with her dove-colored satin dress and her pearl-handled marabout fan.

Not only did the widow's taste run in the direction of old furniture and old families, but she preferred the old religious forms to the new, and she had one of the most high-priced pews in the church of St. Bonifacio, which was very high and ritualistic, and she enjoyed the reredos, the candles on the altar, the choir, the purple chasuble of Father Lausang, the acolytes, the thurible, and all the other ornamental accessories of that fashionable place of worship immensely. She believed in a personal D—, and would not have yielded her faith on that point for any consideration.

Like a good many other good people who begin the new year with good resolutions, the Widow Van Duseberg had resolved to turn over a new leaf and inaugurate a reform movement. She had always been charitably inclined, and had subscribed very generously to the Anti-miseric Society; but, owing to the failure of the Rainbow Insurance Company, she had been a considerable loser, and her income was diminished to such an extent that she had been compelled to sell her coach-horses and to dismiss two of her servants and she was now trying to rub along in a quiet way, with only three maid-servants and a one-horse cab, in which she did her shopping and took her airings in the park. It was a rather humiliating condition to be placed in. Her husband had cruelly left her with the miserable income of only \$30,000; out of which she had to defray her own expenses and maintain her only child, a promising boy of 22, who was then completing his education in Paris, after having visited the Holy Land and Egypt.

The name of this precious youth was Balthazar. But she called him Balt, because that was the way they called him once, after whom he was named and whose property he was expected to inherit. It was for his sake that she had determined to turn over a new leaf. It was time she began to save up something against Balt's return; for the poor boy had met with several little accidents, which required his overdrawing the sums he had allotted for his European expenses. Scarcely had she seated herself in her parlor, with her feet resting upon a Persian rug, and a glowing candle-coal fire lighting up her handsome features, than she had an opportunity for putting into practical shape her new resolution. There was a ring at the door-bell, and the widow wondered who her first caller would be, when Bridget entered the parlor and pettishly exclaimed: "It's only a beggar boy,

who says he wants something to eat."

"Drive him away," said the widow, with a look of disappointment. "It's too bad that people who live on the avenue should be so troubled with beggars. We pay taxes enough to be protected from beggars, and burglars, and book agents, I am sure. Don't let one of them come into the hall door. They are the plague of my life."

Another ring at the hall door, for it was now noon, and the sound of bells and carriages and merry voices were heard out of doors. The duty of callers had commenced in earnest. Bridget came into the parlor again, with a small package in her hand, addressed "To the lady of the house."

This was something worth having, indeed. What a graceful and pleasant reminder it was, to be sure, of the good old times! It was a long, slender flask, covered with gilt labels certifying to its being a genuine product of the famous convent of the Chartreux; and attached to it was a card bearing the "Compliments of the season from Pifford & Co., choice family groceries, etc."

"What a pleasant thing it is to be remembered in so delicate a manner on New-year's day," said the widow. Chartreux was always my favorite liqueur. It is such a religious cordial, coming direct from the hands of those holy monks at the Chartreux. What a lovely color it is!"

It was, indeed, lovely, for it was the golden-colored, and not the green; and the widow said she must have a taste of it at once. Instead of placing it on the refreshment table, in the extension, she ordered Bridget to bring a little Japan stand and place it at her side, with a silver waiter and some liqueur-glasses, so that, when one of her intimate friends came in, she could ask him to take a drop of the delicious cordial with her. She drank one glass of it, and found it so much to her liking that she could not well resist the temptation to try another. It was so fragrant, so delicate, so sweet and so smooth!

## THE WISH.

Most people who knew the Widow Van Duseberg imagined that she had everything that heart could desire; but she had a capacious heart, which was capable of desiring a good many things that fortune had withheld from her. For herself she did not care. She could live, if necessary, upon the hull of a bean; but she could not endure the idea of anything being denied her darling boy. She had indulged in many ambitious schemes for the promotion of his happiness; and as she sat musing upon the possibilities of the future, she heard the cheerful tooting of a tin trumpet, which announced the coming of a coach driven by a number of the Four-in-hand Club.

"There they go!" she exclaimed, in a half-reproachful tone. "But if Balt were at home he could not afford to keep a drag. He would be compelled to amuse himself with billiards and cigars, poor boy! It is too bad." And a pearly tear meandered down the widow's cheek, dividing her complexion in a very curious manner.

"I wish," she said to herself, "that I had \$100,000 that I could give him as a New-year's present, when he comes back from his European tour. It would be such a delightful surprise to him; and then he could drive a coach of his own."

"A hundred thousand dollars is not such a very unreasonable sum," said the gentleman whom the widow just at that moment discovered by her side, but whose entrance she had not before noticed.

"I think myself it is very reasonable," she said, "and I don't see why I could not have it."

"You shall have it, my dear madam," said the stranger. "Such modesty and maternal tenderness as you have manifested in your very reasonable desires must be rewarded."

And thereupon the stranger drew from his bosom a bundle of greenbacks, which he reached her, on which was distinctly inscribed \$100,000.

"Thank you! I am overcome by your goodness," she said, as she took the bundle and placed it on the little table beside the flask of Chartreux. "Won't you take a glass of this delicious liqueur?" she said.

"I never drink," replied the stranger, solemnly.

But this is a cordial made by the monks of Chartreux," said the widow.

"I hate monks and all their works,"

This was said with such a bitterness of tone that the widow looked into the face of her visitor, and saw that he was a very saintly-looking personage. He had a very pale complexion, regular features, black hair and eyes, thin lips and a clean-shaven face. He was dressed exactly in the style of a ritualist high churchman—a long-skirted, black frock coat, with a narrow collar that fitted closely to his neck, a waist-coat which had no opening in front, and a misty black band around his throat. In truth, he looked so nearly like the Rev. Brown Stout, who sometimes officiated at the altar in St. Bonifacio, that the widow felt confident he must be a truly good man, and it would be disrespectful to him to ask where he came from.

"It is a favorite maxim of mine," said

the stranger, in an impressive tone of voice, "that to be virtuous is to be happy. But you won't have a good time."

The widow would have smiled at the odd remark of her visitor; but he winked his right eye at her in such a wicked manner that it caused a cold chill to creep over her.

"Was there anything more that you desired?" said the stranger in a persuasive manner.

"Really, now," said the widow, "a hundred thousand dollars is such a small sum, and it would make such a small show alongside of the fortunes of some of my dear Balt's acquaintances. If it were only two hundred thousand I should feel quite content."

"Oh! very well," replied the stranger; and, putting his hand to his breast, he took out another bundle, just like the first one, which he placed in the widow's lap. "Is there anything else you desire?"

"What a simpleton I was," said the widow to herself, "to make such a moderate demand!" And, as she looked at the two bundles of greenbacks, they really seemed hardly worth having. "Since you are so very kind," replied the widow, "may I be so bold as to ask you to make up the sum to five hundred thousand?" It will be such a delightful surprise to Balt when he comes home to find such a fortune at his disposal. I hope you will not think me unreasonable."

"I beg you will make no apologies, my dear madam," said the stranger, while a grim smile seemed to flicker across his pale features. "Anything may be forgiven to a mother's love. Your desire shall be gratified." The stranger then upon placed another but larger bundle of greenbacks upon her lap, making up the desired sum.

She clutched at them eagerly; but hardly had she got them in her possession than she felt chagrined at her mistake in not demanding more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HAYES STANDING FIRM.

His Position Declared by Himself—He Will Enforce His Constitutional Powers to Promote Reform.

(From the Washington Post of Thursday.)

While Mr. Hayes declines to be interviewed in regular form upon any public topic, he does not hesitate to express his views to those who call upon him in a personal way. He deprecates the efforts which are being made in various quarters to prolong popular agitation and perpetuate sectional feeling, not because of its reflection upon him or his motives, but because it tends to exasperate the people of both sections and thus to prevent that clear understanding between the North and South which is essential to the restoration of perfect unity of patriotic sentiment. He expresses the belief, however, that the utterances of those who, in their capacity of managing politicians, are seeking to stir up strife, will not find among the masses of the Northern people any considerable response; that when the Congressional campaign comes on it will be found that the people are no longer excitable over these topics, and that the managing politicians, finding no material to work upon, will soon abandon their anti-Southern programme.

As for other matters of public policy, Mr. Hayes remarks that he has seen no cause to reconsider any action of the past, generally speaking, and no reason to modify any purposes which he may have formed or announced at any previous period of his administration. Without referring specifically to the New York appointments, but evidently having them in mind he observed that he had not been moved by the action of the Senate either to abate his desire of carrying out the policy generally known as civil service reform, or to despair of final success in the selection of instrumentalities to that end. He would neither deny nor affirm the statement that had been made in the press relative to his design of greeting Congress next week with a special message on that subject, but it was true that he intended to exhaust his constitutional powers in the promotion of such reforms. The most remarkable thing that he said was that no plea or remonstrance based upon purely partisan considerations would have any weight with him, no matter by whom it might be made; and that he attached importance to those representations only which were put upon the ground of the general public welfare.

He intimated that there had been of late a cessation of party appeal to him, which was a relief, because his love for the name of Republican and his reverence for the early traditions of his party was so strong that it was not easy or pleasant to him to resist appeals made for their sake, particularly when such appeals came from men whom he had always delighted to honor. But the responsibilities of his position placed duty above personal feelings and in his efforts to keep the faith of his inaugural with the whole people, he should not hesitate to proceed contrary to the advice of individuals, however dear they might be to him personally, whenever it seemed to him and his constitutional advisers—or rather to the collective judgment of his administration—that such advice was contrary to the letter and spirit of the promises he had made to the country.

"It is a favorite maxim of mine," said

## GOV. VANCE ON THE COLORED-MILITIA.

(Philadelphia Times, Ind.)

A good deal has been said in the last few days about some alleged disloyal utterances by two of the State officials of North Carolina, at an emancipation celebration in Raleigh. Governor Vance was charged with a churlish reception of the colored people who went to pay their respects to him as their Chief Magistrate, and with disavowing the amendment that incorporated the principle of universal freedom in the Constitution. Full reports by mail put a different face on the matter. Governor Vance frankly said that, having fought against emancipation, he could hardly be expected to rejoice as his visitors did over it, but he was careful to add: "You have a right to expect that, having acquiesced with the people of the South in the results of the revolution, I should, as Governor of North Carolina, recognize you as citizens, and should respect all the rights with which the laws have invested you." "This," said he, "I always have done and always shall do, and that cheerfully." He then made a very sensible speech, entering heartily into the spirit of the occasion and giving the colored folks some sound advice. That Governor Vance is not the Bourbon that he is painted was attested by the remarks of the colored orator of the day, who accorded him full and special praise for what his administration had done for the promotion of the interests of the colored race. He particularly referred to the establishment of a normal school for the instruction of negro teachers and to the general encouragement of the cause of popular education. In the ten years that they had control of the State the carpet-baggers did absolutely nothing in this direction. Governor Vance may have a long tongue, but he is making a clean gubernatorial record, and the obstructionists must look elsewhere for proofs of Southern disloyalty.

## DEATH OF KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Prince Humbert Proclaimed King of Italy.

LONDON, Jan. 9.—The King of Italy died at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon.

ROME, Jan. 9.—This afternoon, King Victor Emmanuel received the consolations of religion before his death. In the afternoon, sacraments were administered to King Victor Emmanuel, who received the Priest with great serenity. The King then summoned Prince Humbert, the heir apparent, and his wife Princess Margherita, to his bedside, with whom he conversed a few moments; afterwards the military eruption increased. The King then summoned all those who were in the habit of approaching him. He addressed to every one present a few words, and a few moments after, died. The news of his death soon spread through the city, and caused great emotion among the people. All the shops were closed.

Prince Humbert was proclaimed King of Italy. He confirmed the present Ministers in their posts.

## SOMETHING MISSING.

A rich money-lender—a Jew, of course—lost his purse at one of the Parish railway stations, just as he was on the point of starting for the United States, whither he was compelled to go on most important pressing business. The purse contained about £1,000 in notes and gold. On his return, some six weeks afterward, he learned that the purse had been found, and was deposited at the Lost Property Office. He went there, and the purse was handed to him. With a trembling hand and his heart beating with joy he opened it, and carefully examined the contents.

"Pardon me," he said, when he had finished counting, "there's something missing."

"I believe not," replied the official.

"What is it?"

"Vat is it! Vy, ver's de interest?"

## Bismarck.

Prince Bismarck likes to find everything in his study in disorder and general topsy-turviness, just as he left it—books, mugs, cigars and cigar-boxes, odd gloves, books, pamphlets, papers, letters, spurs, stray antiques, swords, hand-mirrors, pistols, fiddle strings, flutes—these are all articles he wants to put his hand on at short notice, and see lying around loose on the tables, floor, and sofas. Whenever he discovers any signs that his wife or the servants have been trying to set things to rights a terrible row is raised.

The people in Ohio are becoming restive under the failure of so many banks. A Bill has been introduced in the State Senate to make it a penitentiary offence for a bank to make a loan without having the necessary "spendulics" to make the loan good.

Judge Black is thus described: "He is large-framed and vigorous, though spare rather than fleshy, and his iron-gray wig surmounts very deceptively his high, square head. He has a slightly sloping forehead, bursting 'preceptives,' and small shrewd blue eyes, arched over with white and foxy brows, and his face is closely shaven. His square lower jaw gives a truthful impression of strong combative force."

## In Florida.

What is the matter with him? This was the mental ejaculation of some hundreds of persons, as a voice—naturally too stentorian—broke over them in a suppressed wheeze that resembled a battered steam-boat whistle. Among the answers to the inquiry may be named, "a bad cold, a sore throat, bronchitis, a frog in the throat—but more correctly, catarrh and laryngitis. After a fortnight of wheezing, sneezing, steaming, scalding, dosing, electrizing, etc., the guardian angel of our household came to our relief—as she always does—and said, 'go to Florida, to Florida we went, and in Florida we are at this writing.'"

A wonderful country is Florida, but, as I do not belong to the "royal geographical society," I do not intend to write a lecture on Florida geography, further than to say, that it has a winter climate that is, perhaps, unsurpassed in the world.

Let us go at once to Green Cove Spring, thirty miles above the city of Jacksonville. Here a spring issues from a bluff, or elevated bank of the St. John's river, upwards of thirty feet in diameter, twenty-two feet deep, and discharges a perpetual stream of water through a board trunking, two feet wide and one foot four inches deep. The water is strongly impregnated with sulphur and magnesia, and has wrought the most wonderful cures in cutaneous, scrofulous, rheumatic and Bright's diseases. Three immense hotels, with a large number of smaller boarding-houses, afford accommodations for all who may seek healing at these waters. Whenever you dip your pen into a bottle of ink made by "Davids," of New York, know henceforth that you are contributing to build a mansion at Green Cove that surpasses anything on the St. John's river.

Even catarrh and laryngitis yield to Florida air and Green Cove waters, and so, with a grateful heart, we turn homeward, and on our way stop at Fruit Cove, the residence of Rev. T. W. Moore, of the M. E. Church South. Every traveler, on reaching this place for the first time, will exclaim in unfeigned admiration, O, how beautiful! Mr. Moore has the premium orange grove of the lower St. John's, and has written a book on orange culture that is the "standard classic" on that subject. His son, who has a forty-year-old head on eighteen-year-old shoulders, can enlighten on any one on orange matters, practically and satisfactorily. For Christian gentlemen, of a high type, commend me to the Messrs. Moore of Fruit Cove.

From this point you can see at the distance of about two miles, the orange lands of a rather celebrated radical politician of this region, whose wares are heralded in a standing advertisement of the Jacksonville daily *Sun and Press*, as follows:

## Arcadia Oranges.

Orders for the celebrated Arcadia Oranges can be left at the store of Hussey & Ellis, Reed's new block.

dec 12-11

W. W. Hicks.

Returning to Jacksonville, the metropolis of the land of flowers, we found to our great joy that Rev. Prof. C. F. Bausermer, of Savannah, had been here some three weeks, had organized a German and English Lutheran congregation, had received and accepted a call to become their pastor, and had returned to Savannah to arrange his affairs preparatory to a permanent settlement in this place. The few Lutherans with whom we conversed here seem full of zeal, earnestness and hope, and we trust a year will not elapse until they will be able to worship in a temple, and commune at an altar of their own.

Should this epistle meet the eye of any one intending to visit Jacksonville, permit me to refer them, for the comforts of a home, to the splendid boarding-house of Mrs. C. Freeland, corner of Pine and Duval streets. However distant the ashes of your own hearth, here is the light of home. However other realms may be oppressed, here is a free land.

SAGITTARIUS.

PERT seems to be a promised land to the Chinese. There are now in the country between 60,000 and 70,000 of these people, nearly half the whole number in California, and their condition is described by the American Minister, Mr. Gruns, as in the highest degree prosperous. Great numbers have obtained their freedom, they enjoy all the rights of citizens, they intermarry with whites, and their prominence in trade is rapidly increasing. To encourage their immigration still further, the Peruvian government has made provision for extensive transportation from Asia.—*Raleigh Observer.*

The Hon. William E. Chandler is the Jack-in-the-box, and the Hon. Roscoe Conkling is the man who pulls the strings.—*Baltimore Advertiser, Rep.*

It is now certain beyond denial that there is to be not only merely a Republican break with Mr. Hayes, but a break that goes widely and radically down through the middle of the party to its very roots.—*Hartford Times.*

Mr. Hayes, "the founders of the government," to quote from that letter of acceptance, "meant that public officers should owe their whole service to the government." Isn't it about time for Secretary Evans to resign his law practice—or his position in the Cabinet?—*Albany Sentinel, Con.*