

The People's Press.

VOL. XXVII.

SALEM, N. C., FEBRUARY 13, 1879.

NO. 7.

JOB PRINTING.

THE PRESS JOB DEPARTMENT is supplied with all necessary material and is fully prepared to do work with NEATNESS, DISPATCH and at the VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Be sure to give us a trial before contracting with any one else.

My Russian Bishop.

"Keep her steady, Mac, and tell Brown, in the engine-room, to stick to her present rate of speed. Seven knots, all things considered, is decent going, even down-stream, on one of these Russian rivers; and then we are in duty bound, you know, to economize the company's fire-wood, cheap as it is."

"Ay, ay, Captain Burton," cheerfully responded my tall, rawboned first officer, entering with national alacrity into a question of thrift.

Macgregor, chief mate, and Brown, chief engineer, with myself, John Burton by name, the only three English on board the Fair Helen, a fine steamer, of light draught, but considerable engine-power, belonging to the Anglo-Russian Steam Navigation Company, and built expressly for service on the Dnieper. We were pretty far to the north just then, in the government of Mohilew, where the great river first becomes navigable for anything bigger than a skiff or a flatboat, and were coming down now with a string of rafts in tow.

Macgregor left me on his round of inspection, but I, who had just then no call of duty, remained idly leaning against the taffrail, and gazing, now at the summer sky of greenish blue, now at the swampy and reed-grown shores, where herds of black buffaloes and flocks of sickly sheep browsed on the rank grass, and once again at the brown waters of the sluggish Borysthene, now swollen by recent rain. Astern of the steamer was the long array of rafts which we were towing, composed of timber, cut down in the forests farther north, which forms a valuable article of export to the more pastoral and treeless south of Russia. Most of these rafts had shells or straw-thatched hovels built upon them, to screen the laborers from sun and rain; and at the edge of each some half-dozen men, with long poles in their hands, kept watch, in case the clumsy craft should ground among the shallows and mud-banks.

I had now spent over two years in Russia, and had acquired some little knowledge of the country, and, what was harder, a tolerable smattering of its very difficult language, while there were those who regarded me as singularly lucky in having been appointed, young as I was, to the command of the Fair Helen.—The duties, however, incumbent on me as skipper of a river steambark in Russia, were not much to my inclination, and I believe I should long since have resigned my post and gone back to blue water and a sailor's life, had it not been that I fell in love, and that my love was returned.

Pretty Annie Clements, only child of the English manager of Prince Demidoff's paper mills at Mohilew, was the enchantress whose bright eyes detained me in Russia, and only two months had elapsed since our troth-pledge had received the sanction of Annie's father. Mr. Clements, who had from his youth up filled lucrative positions in the Czar's domain, and had saved money and was a good type of a class of Englishmen who may be described as Anglo-Russians. His industry and business habits had given him a marked superiority over the people among whom he dwelt; but at the same time he was imbued with an almost superstitious respect for the government under which he had long lived, and for every abuse and every freak of administrative tyranny on the part of the higher powers.

"This must be Bykhov!" said I, starting from my reverie, as I caught sight of the copper-coated cupola of the Church of St. Michael, overtopping the wooden roofs of the tiny town; "but what have we here?" I added, as a boat put off from the wharf and was soon alongside of the steamer, which had slackened speed in obedience to a signal from the shore. "Why, it is a bishop!"

And, indeed, the most prominent personage of the group which presently boarded us was, to judge by his garb and mein, a prelate of the Russian Church. He wore gracefully flowing robes, of almost oriental aspect, and the quaint mitre, with its narrow edging of purple and gold, which distinguishes a Muscovite bishop. Behind him came three attendants—his chaplain, his crozier-bearer, and another, who tinkled a little silver bell, at the sound of which our Russian sailors and deckmen dropped upon their knees and struggled with one another who should be the first to kiss

the bishop's ungloved hand, on which glistened a great amethyst ring.

I found the bishop, who was a young man, not more than two years older than myself, very urbane and affable. He spoke French, and German too, fluently, and was in tone and bearing quite a citizen of the world.

The bishop's business with me was soon stated. He wanted a passage to the city of Kiev for himself and attendants; and also for a party of ecclesiastical students from the great monastery of Glinka, who were bound for the same place, to be solemnly inducted within the pale of the Russo-Greek priesthood by the Archbishop of Kiev. There were, moreover, some three or four nuns, who desired to avail themselves of the same opportunity for returning to their abbey.

At first I was somewhat puzzled. Truth to tell, the vessels of the Anglo-Russian Navigation Company did very little business in the passenger-carrying line. By towing, by the transport of light goods, and so forth, we earned a decent dividend; but although we had an elaborate printed tariff on charges, 'the neat private cabins,' and 'saloon' for first-class passengers, had come to be sadly conspicuous by their absence. However, the bishop, with his easy way, made things pleasant. Russians, he said with truth, needed in fine weather, but scanty accommodation. Students, nuns, and himself, could rough it, only thankful for a speedy journey. And the payment he would leave to me to apportion.

"A compliment," added the prelate with a laugh and a shrug, "which I assure you, captain, I would not offer to my own countrymen. But you English have a conscience."

I did not forfeit the national reputation for fair dealing, by charging his worthiness—for such I believe to be the correct designation of a Muscovite bishop—too much for the meagre comfort which I was able on board the Fair Helen to supply to this clerical company.—We set to work with hammer and saw, and as all sailors, even Russian fresh-water mariners, are handy fellows, we soon knocked up some rough cabins for the nuns, while I gave up my own to the bishop. As for the students, the weather was fine, and a set of hardy young fellows might surely make shift to keep the deck.

There were, as it turned out, four nuns, two of them being tall, burly Tsvorniks, of that she-grenadier aspect so common among the Russian peasant women who take the rows, and the other two, slight, delicate in manners and appearance, and unmistakably ladies. There were twenty-three students, well-grown lads enough, but apparently shy and ill at ease, and who huddled together in a mob when brought on board, and shunned conversation. Nor were the nuns very communicative; but the bishop, who was a fluent and agreeable talker, made amends for the taciturnity of the rest.

At Stostitzza, where we stopped to take in firewood, and where the overseers of the rafts went ashore to hire fresh laborers in the room of a dozen fever-stricken wretches on whom the miasma of the muddy river had done its work, and who had been left behind at Bykhov, a sad procession went by the wharf alongside of which the steamer lay. This consisted of some thirty political prisoners, Poles, as we were told implicated in an abortive revolt near Minsk, and now on their way to Siberia. They were of all ranks and ages; some with delicate hands and faces that told of culture and refinement; others who showed the marks of honest toil; but all bore themselves with a certain air of quiet dignity which seemed to impress even the half savage Cossack who guarded them. There was something in the proud endurance of the captives which touched me. They were in chains, their clothes were worn and ragged. Their faces were wan with the privations of a Russian prison, and all were footsore and weary. Yet it was impossible not to admire the patient courage of their demeanor.

"Bah! They are not of our country, these Poles," said the bishop, taking a pinch of snuff and offering to me the gilt box with suave courtesy.—"They sacrifice themselves for a dream."

We were a long time at Stostitzza, for the overseer's new hands were hard to coax away from the vodka shops, though when they did arrive they certainly turned out to be fit even as strapping fellows as I had ever seen; men, too, who walked

with steady step of old soldiers. Of this, however, since conscription passes half the peasantry through the ranks, I thought little, but gave orders to cast off the moorings, get up a fuller head of steam, to make up for lost time, and push on to Rogaczew, our next halting-place. Four versts down the river, I caught the gleam, among the tall reeds of the bank, of Cossack lance-points, and soon, rounding a head land, descried the kafia of prisoners. These latter marched but slowly, and their mounting guards, under the orders of an officer in green uniform—a major, as I guessed, by his medals and the glitter of his epaulettes, were driving them on with blows and threats. Just as we were abreast of the captives, I heard the overseer of the rafts shouting hoarse orders which seemed worse than useless, for by some mismanagement of the poles, the raftsmen had grounded one of the cumbersome structures on a sand-bank. The tough tow-rope jerked and creaked.

"Stop her, there below—reverse engines!" I called out; but scarcely had I done so before my utter amazement the travelling bishop drew from beneath his purple-hemmed caucase a silver whistle, and blew a long, shrill note. The effect of this signal-call was magical in its rapidity. Wading waist deep in the water, the raftworkers whom we had taken in at Stostitzza hurried to shore, scrambled up the slippery bank, and rushed like so many tigers upon the escort that guarded the prisoners.

"Ha! traitors! Cut the villains down!" thundered the Russian major, whisking out his saber and aiming a heavy stroke at the first assailant who reached him; but a cudgel parried the blow, and in less time than it takes to tell it the officer was disarmed and dragged from his saddle. Of the nine Cossacks, eight were dismounted and bound without any serious resistance, but the ninth eluded the hands that clutched at his bridle, fired, wounding the man nearest to him, and wheeling his shaggy steed, rode off at a gallop, pursued by a storm of pistol-balls and curses.

"Help! captain! cap!" I grumbled in choking accents a well-known voice; and I looked round, to see Macgregor vainly struggling in the grasp of three ecclesiastical students, one of whom held him by the throat. Another of these interesting neophytes was pressing the muzzle of a revolver to the forehead of the sacred helmsman; while five or six had found their way to the engine-room, to judge by the sounds of scuffling that proceeded from the hatchway.

"Secure him!" cried the false bishop, pointing to me, and three young fellows, all well armed, and all with their black robes disordered and revealing the very secular garb which they wore beneath, rushed upon me. Bewildered as I was, the English instinct of giving as good as I got, prompted me.—One antagonist, stunned by a well-directed blow, dropped like an ox beneath the pole-axe; a second was tripped up, and the pistol wrested from his grasp; but then a flash of blinding fire glared before my eyes, and next all grew black and hushed and quiet, and the very world seemed to swim away from me as I fainted.

When I regained my senses it was night. The stars were twinkling above us, and the wash and ripple of the river were the first sounds which reached my dulled ear. How my head ached! The throbbing pains it occasioned me made me try to lift my hands to my brow; but I could not stir. I was bound and helpless, and I groaned aloud.

"Is it you, Capt. Burton?" said a lugubrious voice near me. "Deed, then, but I'm glad to hear ye speak, though it is that way, for I thought ye were dead."

"What has happened, Mac?" I asked feebly. "Can you not help me get up? Who boarded us—pirates, or—"

"Nae pirates, captain!" interrupted the mate. "The job's a political one, nae doubt; and Sharpe himself was a saint to you fause-tongued loon o' a bishop, as he caed himself, the ring-leader o' the gang. And as for helping ye, laddie, how can I do it, seeing I lie here, tied neck heels, like a calf for the shambles? Brown, and the fireman, and the rest of the crew, are all in irons below, with the hatches battened down over them. The overseer and the raft-laborers have run off, frightened, pur chieels, out o' their bits o' wits, and the major and his Cossack reivers are about as comfortable, Captain Burton, as ourselves. Our best hope is in the coming o' the police."

But alas! when the police and military, in the gray dawn, came agging up in obedience to the summons of the solitary Cossack who had ridden off unharmed, we found that from the Polish frying-pan we had been promoted to the Russian fire. The major, who had passed some hours in impatient duration, tied to a willow tree, with a gag between his teeth, and a cord around his wrists, actually foamed with rage when we were hustled into his presence.

"But for your help, English hounds," he reiterated, "youder rebel scum could not have interfered with the emperor's justice. Prisoner have been brained, disarmed, and deprived of their horses. I myself—Here, corporal take the scoundrels away. They shall suffer for the success of their rascally accomplices."

Macgregor and Brown, being able to walk, were sent off to Kiev, each with his right wrist chained to the stirrup-leather of a mounted policeman, while I, on account of the weakness caused by a severe blow on the head inflicted with the butt end of a pistol, was conveyed in a jolting country cart to Telarnigov, where I was duly lodged in prison.

Very bitter were my reflections as I lay on my hard pallet-bed, watching the scanty sunbeams that played upon the barred window of my cell, and listening to the shrill squeaks and pattering feet of rats distressingly tame, that haunted the jail. What was I to do? My employers would probably supersede me as commander of the Fair Helen.—Of Siberia I had no serious fear; but a long imprisonment might end only in expulsion from Russia. Annie was lost to me. I knew the rooted prejudices of her father too well to believe that he would ever accept a son-in-law who had conspired against the imperial authorities.

And who was to persuade Mr. Clements that I was blameless in the matter? I could fancy him in his arm chair, stolidly declaring, in reply to Annie's pleading on my behalf, there was no smoke without fire, and that as I had made my bed so I must lie. And so weeks went by.

"Mr. Burton, or Captain Burton, you are free!" It was an officer of rank who spoke, pleasantly enough, tapping his gold-mounted riding-whip as he stood on the damp stone floor open behind him, admiringly welcome air and daylight. "Your innocence, and that of the other British subjects confined at Kiev, has been at last fully proved by the confession of the principal rebel, Count Demetrius Sobieski, wounded and taken at Wilna. Ah, I see you do not know to whom you talk. Weel, he was your passenger."

"The bishop?" I asked, half stupefied.

"Yes, the bishop," replied the gentleman with a laugh. "The students and the last batch of raft-laborers being all of them, disarmed Polish soldiers, who were willing to risk their lives for the rescue of Minsk prisoners; an exploit in which they succeeded only too completely. As for the nuns, two of them were men in female apparel, and the others were simply Polish ladies of noble birth, whose husbands were among the exiles, and who were resolved to aid in their deliverance, or to follow them to Irkutsk. Your vessel, the Fair Helen, you will find at Kiev, with your mate and engineer on board of her. And now Mr. Burton, it only remains for me, on the part of the government, to express our regrets, &c."

Annie and I are married, years since, and I command a ship of which I am part owner; but we do not live within the range of green-and-white frontier-posts, that mark the Czar's dominion.

The Heavens in February

THE BRIGHTEST STARS AND PLANES VISIBLE—OCULTATIONS OF THE MOON.

Every one who has watched the heavens during January has noticed a gradual shifting of the stars toward the west. Constellations which at the commencement of darkness in the beginning of the month were at an elevation of one-third the distance from the western horizon to the point overhead are no longer seen, while others which at the same period were invisible have come into view in the East. This movement of the heavens in a western direction is caused by the revolution of the earth around the sun toward the eastern point of the horizon. The sun, though situated at a distance of rather more than ninety-one millions of miles, is yet comparatively so near that the advance of the earth in its orbit causes the central luminary to

appear in different parts of the heavens, while the stars, are at such immense distance that even a change of position equal to double the interval between the earth and the sun makes no perceptible variation in their apparent place. Day and night are due to portions of the earth being turned by its diurnal revolution towards or from the sun, and the increasing or decreasing length of the day causes the stars to be seen in a different position when night renders them visible.

Of the planets visible without the aid of a telescope, Mercury will be too near to the sun to be observed, Venus will continue to be the evening star, setting each night at a later period and increasing in brightness. Mars will rise about an hour before the sun on the ninth and will be visible a little earlier every morning the remainder of the month. This planet will be in opposition to the sun the second week in November. At such times it is nearest to the earth and shines with the greatest brilliancy. Jupiter will cease to be the evening star after the seventh of the month and on the fifteenth will rise a few minutes before the sun and continue to be the morning star until the close of August. Saturn is approaching its conjunction with the sun. It will set at the beginning of the month a little after nine o'clock and may be noticed as a pale star in the southwest.—Uranus, which may be observed by a practised eye shining with a faint blue light, will rise about sunset in the middle of the month. It will be near to the waning moon on the 26th and will be visible the whole night.

As this planet makes but one revolution around the sun while the earth makes eighty-four, it appears during seven years to rise and set in the same constellation.

Two occultations of stars by the moon will take place in February—one of a star of the fifth magnitude in Scorpio on the evening of the 10th, and another of a small star in Taurus about an hour and a half after sunset on the 28th. The moon will be too near full for the first occultation to be viewed with advantage, the disappearance of the last may be observed at the dark edge of the planet.

The nightly sky during February will be adorned by many of the most beautiful constellations. Stars which have been carefully observed from the days of the shepherd astronomers of Chaldea to the present time will be visible during the whole or the greater part of every night. Although a majority of the most conspicuous stars are colorless, there are some which present a different aspect. Capella emits an orange, Aldebaran a red, Arcturus a yellow, and Vega a blue light. Sirius, which now appears white, except in certain conditions of the atmosphere, when it has a slightly bluish tinge, was regarded by the ancients as a red star, and is so called by Ptolemy and Seneca.—Charlotte Observer.

Time's Changes.

[New York Times, 14th ult.]

A little less than three hundred years ago, yesterday, would have been the first of the new year. The arrangement which makes New Year's Day come a week after Christmas Day dates from 1582. Up to that time the Julian Calendar, by which dates were regulated throughout Christendom, assumed the solar year to contain 365 days 6 hours; the Gregorian Calendar made the year consist of 365 days 5 hours 49 minutes, an estimate that differs only by a few seconds from the true value, and this error is compensated for by the institution of leap year. Notwithstanding the almost perfection of the calendar introduced by Julius Cæsar, 46 B. C., it involved an annual error of 11 minutes, a difference which, after the lapse of 1,628 years, had grown to the portentous one of ten days. If this had been allowed to go on, the time would have come when the months would no longer have coincided with the seasons.—December would have fallen in autumn, the month of May have become most dismal instead of merry, June have retrograded into mid-winter, and Christmas have been celebrated in the dog days. After consultation with the leading astronomers and mathematicians of his age, Pope Gregory XII, brought out a new calendar, which is the one now in use in all countries except Russia. This change was made Oct. 12, 1582; but England clung with such fervor to her Protestant principles that she continued the use of the old style until 1752. The last Protestant country to abandon the Julian calendar was Sweden. The Eastern or Greek Church still refuses to adopt the new style, although we believe steps have been taken looking toward a change in this respect. Owing to the year 1800 not being considered as a leap year, the difference between the styles is now 12 days, so that yesterday was the beginning of the new year in Russia.

GOVERNOR JARVIS' INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—A time honored custom requires that I should, on assuming the duties of Chief Executive of the State, give some expression of my views on public affairs. In yielding to this custom to-day, I shall be as brief as the subjects upon which I shall touch will permit. As I am simply filling out the term of an administration which was begun and continued so well, it will not be my purpose to address a General Assembly formally, which is in possession of so exhaustive a message from my predecessor. Yet, as I speak to-day at their request, and by their authority, as well as in accord with my own inclinations, I will make some suggestions intended for their special consideration.

Government has its blessings and its burdens. Good laws properly administered constitute its blessings. The taxation necessary to support its support its burdens. How to make its blessings as great, and its burdens as small as possible, should be the earnest, constant study of all to whom the people have committed their interests, either as makers or ministers of the law. This study should embrace the substance as well as the shadow, and if it is as searching as it should be, it will not disdain to look carefully after the little matters. In fact, the little things should receive the special care and attention of the public official.—It is here, in my opinion, that those who really wish to practice economy and lighten the burdens of the people, can be most successful. And yet, because of their seeming unimportance, these little amounts are so often overlooked or indifferently examined.—It is too often said, what is a hundred dollars to a great government like the United States or ten dollars to a great State like North Carolina or a dollar to a great county like —, and yet it is the aggregate of these very items that swell the disbursement accounts of these governments to their millions and hundreds of thousands and their thousands. The time was when in making contracts for the government the agent exercised the same care and economy as if he was spending his own money. Then we had true economy and the burdens of the people were light.—Now with some it has become unfashionable to stand on a few dollars and undignified to look after these little things and the man who attempts it is by some called penurious and laughed at as an old fogey.

The people are as much interested in how their agents perform their duties as they are in what they pay them. And the retriever, whose purpose it is to serve the people and not to make a little cheap notoriety for himself, will devote himself earnestly and impartially to the work of publishing to the people how the public official does his work as well as what he is paid. If he is found to be faithful in the performance of all his duties, cautious and prudent in his contracts, and always on the lookout to save every dollar for the people he possibly can, the people ought to know it. On the other hand if he is found wasteful or extravagant or neglectful or corrupt, in any way unfaithful, it ought to be known and published. For after all this question of practical retrenchment and economy rests with the people. They chose the officials.—Upon their choice turns the whole question. If they chose proper men they secure practical economy.—Therefore it is that the people are entitled to know the whole truth—what a man does as well as what he gets—so that when they come to make their choice of public servants they may act knowingly.

The public mind has recently become greatly excited upon this question of retrenchment. It is no new question with me. I have been laboring for it for ten years. I have studied, talked for it and practiced it. Under its banners I have called the people to rally. I have worshipped at its shrine and I believe it is for the people's cause—that I am to-day so richly rewarded. It will always be one of the cardinal principles of my political party with which I act. But I want the substance and not the shadow—the genuine not the false.

I cannot and will not yield to this cry of false economy that stops the wheels of progress, undoes what has been done to help the farmers and cripples the efforts of the State to educate the rising generation. There are great interests upon which depend the future greatness and glory of the State. A wise statesmanship in my opinion demands that there shall be no decrease in the appropriations for the Normal and Common schools. It would be unwise to strike down the Department of Agriculture or to paralyze its energies. This Department was created two years ago. It was the first organized effort by the State to foster and aid the great agricultural interest. That its workings should be imperfect and its benefits but dimly

seen is not surprising. But when the plan of its operations is better mastered and the farmers have taken hold of it more cordially, I hope to see great benefits flow from it to the farming interests of the State upon which rests every other interest.—I speak of these matters because they have already been attacked by this cry of false economy.

The property of the State is taxed to support the State government and for the support of the county governments. The whole amount of tax collected from the property for State purposes, including the tax for the support of the Asylums for the Insane, for the Deaf, the Dumb and the Blind, and the Penitentiary, was as shown by the last Auditor's report last year \$434,332.43. The aggregate amount of tax collected from the same property as shown by the same report to support the several county governments proper was \$1,024,459.39. Add to this the county tax for school purposes \$299,143.94, and we have \$1,351,935.76 tax collected for county purposes. There was \$917,369.98 more collected for county purposes than for State purposes. The people pay annually nearly a million of dollars more to the counties than to the State. Their burdens imposed by the counties are three times greater than those imposed by the State.—Where the burden is heaviest is the place where the heaviest must need help. But the relief given here cannot be so easily shown to the relieved, and hence this trivial field for retrenchment is, I fear, too much neglected. And yet a dollar saved here is worth just as much to the people as if it could be demonstrated—shown by palpable facts.

One of the chief items of expense in these county governments is the administration of the criminal law. The witness tickets and officers' costs paid by the counties embrace small amounts but the aggregate is great. I will here make some suggestions by which I think money may be saved to the tax payer without any detriment to the public good: First, by simplifying the forms of all bills of indictment. How often is it the case that a solicitor in the hurry and pressure of the court fails to put in his bill a "not a" "said" or an "aforsaid" with which our bills of indictment bristle so frightfully. Witnesses are subpoenaed and attend from court to court—officers' fees and costs accumulate—and when the trial is had the bill is quashed or judgment arrested.—The result is a guilty man escapes and the county has a bill of costs to pay.

We need a statute which enacts, "That every bill of indictment which charges in words sufficiently clear without regard to form the offence for which the defendant is to be tried so that he can know the charge he is to meet shall be held by the courts to be good." Second, by giving justices of the peace power to try and determine petty cases upon proper complaint so as to largely reduce our crowded State docket. But it ought to be expressly forbidden for the county to pay any costs incurred in an trial before any justice of the peace where he takes final jurisdiction. Third, by making it mandatory by statute, that in certain class of cases, the solicitor shall not send a bill of indictment before the grand jury without endorsing thereon a prosecutor and that the judge shall have the power in all cases and at any time before judgment to direct the solicitor to do so.

The tendency of legislation in this State since the war has been to create a large number of mere statutory offences to protect private rights which were formerly redressed by civil suits. Injury to real estate, injury to personal property, injury to live stock entering upon lands after being forbidden to do so, removing or destroying mortgaged property, removing crop by tenant before rents and charges are paid and the like, are some of them. The public is not interested in this class of cases and the counties ought not to have the cost to pay. Then too, when a man resorts to the criminal law, as is often the case, to harass and annoy his neighbor, and if so appears to the court the taxpayer ought to be protected against the cost in such cases.

I think these modifications in our system of administering the criminal law coupled with a rigid scrutiny of every bill of costs to be paid by the county before it is allowed, will save to the tax payer an average of one thousand dollars to the county per annum. In some counties it will be more, in many less.—If I am correct, this will give a net saving to the people of \$94,000 every year. But if I am too high in my estimate, and it shall be reduced one-half, then it will amount to \$47,000.

This question of costs paid by the counties in proceedings in criminal cases is of much more importance than one who has never investigated the subject is likely to suppose. But add to this the \$115,000 annually for the maintenance and custody of the criminals, and one may well say "the crime of the country is eating up the property" [CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE.]