The Greensboro Patriot.

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Greensboro Patriot.

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J. T. FULGHUM, Editor and Proprietor.

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The PATRIOT is the oldest Democratic newspaper in North Carolina. Its circulation is large and among the most active and intelligent portion of the State, and offers extraordinary advantages to advertisers.

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Smoke the Imperial
Best 5c Cigar Made
Always up to Standard—Smoke Free—Burns a White Ash—Delicious Flavor and Warranted Free from all Ill-effectious substances.
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Manufacturers of Fine Cigars,
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WEAVER BROS.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
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RALEIGH, N. C.

—New Orleans has met with an awful calamity in the flood which has submerged it, extending over the greater portion of the city and embracing the suburbs and the beautiful gardens at Carrollton. As our readers generally know, the city is situated below the level of the river, and depends for protection on the levees confining the river water within certain limits. These levees have been broken and the city is now deluged. As great is the destruction to property may be as a direct result from the cause, we apprehend that the disaster will be felt still more seriously hereafter, as, without doubt, yellow fever will be engendered during the summer, and we may anticipate that it will assume a violent type.—*Raleigh News and Observer Feb'y 10 h.*

— A bill has been introduced in Congress providing that no two members of the same business copartnership shall be eligible as directors of the same national bank; that no money broker or private banker, or director in any private banking house or savings institution, shall serve as directors of a national bank located in the same city or town, and farther, that when any national bank director ceases to own ten shares of its stock, or otherwise becomes disqualified, he shall at once vacate his office as director.

— Col. Buford, who shot and killed Judge Elliott, of the Supreme Court of Kentucky, for deciding a case against his sister, has been acquitted of murder under the plea of insanity. Whereupon we wish to remark: 1. That any man of "family," or who has Col. or Maj. tacked to his name, in the sovereign State of Kentucky, may commit murder with impunity, as the annals of the last score of years will substantiate. 2. That the plea of insanity,—no matter how strong the circumstances of premeditation and malice aforethought,—may be depended upon to avail all "gentlemen" who come under the above category. 3. That the mode of trial by jury does not deserve half the respect bestowed upon it by the forefathers. If the average jury on a capital trial had intelligence enough to know their duty, and the nerve to do it, Judge Lynch would seldom have a case to come under his jurisdiction.

—Gen. Garfield shows good temper and good sense in his replies to the delegations who wait upon him with axes to grind. When the Indiana delegation of Republicans went to Mentor and insisted on the bestowal of a cabinet appointment upon some son of Indiana because her vote elected Garfield, and reminded the President-elect of his obligations under the circumstances, the General is reported as replying: "I am under obligations to my district for sending me to the State Senate. I am under obligations to the people of my Congressional district for sending me to Congress so often. I am under obligations to the State of Ohio for electing me to represent them in the United States Senate, and I am under obligations to the 4,000,000 Republicans voters of the U. S. for electing me to the Presidency I have more obligations than I can pay. Gentlemen, I am a bankrupt, with more obligations than assets"

—An idea has latterly cropped out, on some occasions, in the New England newspapers and speeches, that constitutional 'States rights' is still regarded as orthodox in the region of down East. It will be remembered that New England once threatened nullification or secession for what she considered federal interference with reserved rights of the States. The most definite intimation we have seen of a revived recognition of States rights is in this paragraph from the Boston *Herald*:

"Let any question arise touching their interests and the people of New England will soon show that they believe in State rights as thoroughly as any of their fellow citizens in the Union. The South and East may be obliged to unite, in the not distant future, to defend State rights against the assaults of the imperial West. Most of the Eastern and Southern States were independent States before they were parts of the Union. The Western States have no traditions of such a period, but are creations of the republic. The former naturally believe in State rights. The latter know or care little about them."

Thomas Carlyle.

Thomas Carlyle died at his house in London, February 5th, 1881. He was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, Dec. 4, 1795. The latter part of his educational term was in Edinburgh, where the famous Edward Irving was a fellow student, and afterwards associated with him in the conduct of a school at Kirkcaldy. Some of his earlier experiences are thus characteristically described by himself: "I had been destined by my father and my father's minister to be myself a minister of the kirk of Scotland. But now that I had gained man's estate, I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father's kirk; and it was needful that I should now settle it. And so I entered my chamber and closed the door, and around me there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire from the abysmal depth of nether perdition. Doubt, fear unbelief, mockery and scoffing were there; and I wrestled with them in agony of spirit. Thus it was for weeks. Whether I ate I know not; whether I drank I know not; whether I slept I know not. But I know that when I came forth again it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical arrangement called a stomach."

Thus in his 23rd year he contracted that chronic dyspepsia which tormented him through life, and gave tone to most of his writings. For originality of thought and vigor of style he occupied, as an author, a place of first distinction in the annals of English literature. Among the cranky opinions which originated as much in the stomach as the brain, was, that it is the sick and not the well who are consciously aware of their state; that the present age is a self conscious and therefore a diseased one. "All this talk," says he, "about the improvement of the age, the spirit of the age, the march of the intellect, and the progress of the species, is evidence of an unhealthy state, the precursor and prognostic of still worse health." Hence the reiteration in his writings that the world is made up of shams.

The brilliant pictures in his "French Revolution," and his "Frederick the great" are elaborated to the minutest detail from an immense mass of contemporary narratives It is remarked by critics, that his descriptions of campaigns and battles are exceeded by nothing in military literature; and viewed as pen pictures having no equal in the language.

We give a touch of his style and spirit in a remark on Bonaparte: in him he sees only "the great highwayman of history, whose habit was to clutch king or kaiser by the throat, and swear that if they did not stand and deliver he would blow their brains out; and who did a profitable trade at this sort of thing until another man, Arthur, duke of Wellington, who had learned the trick, succeeded in clutching him, and there was an end of him."

Peace to the ashes of honest, absurd, grand old Thomas Carlyle!

Newspaper Advertising.

Newspaper advertising is now recognized, by business men having faith in their own wares, as the most effective means for securing for their goods a wide recognition of their merits.

Newspaper advertising compels inquiry, and, when the article offered is of good quality and at a fair price, the natural result is increased sales.

Newspaper advertising is a permanent addition to the reputation of the goods advertised, because it is a permanent influence always at work in their interest.

Newspaper advertising is the most energetic and vigilant of salesmen, addressing thousands each day, always in the advertiser's interest, and ceaselessly at work seeking customers from all classes.

Newspaper advertising promotes trade, for even in the dullest times advertisers secure by far the largest share of what is being done.

While the advertiser eats and sleeps, printers, steam engines and printing presses are at work for him, trains are bearing his words to thousands of towns and hundreds of thousands of readers, all glancing with more or less interest at the message prepared for them in the solitude of his office. No preacher ever spoke to so large an audience, or with so little effort, or so eloquently, as you, gentle reader, may so, with the newspaper man's assistance.

— And after all, that $250,000 has been raised for General Grant. Messrs. Mackey, of California, Jay Gould and William H. Vanderbilt each subscribed $25 000, and Sidney Dillon gave $10.000. Grant belongs to those fellows now and hereafter. The money value of a man like Grant may be said to be definitely ascertained and fixed at a quarter of a million. Vanderbilt and Gould think him cheap at that.

The Cynic.

Once he sang of maidens,
Sweet and jolly maidens.
Now he is a cynic
Cynic, cross and cold;
Just because when smitten
He received the mitten,
He must think that maidens
Are all flirts and bold.
Oil City Derrick After Aldrich

Dr. Buchanan, who issued several bogus diplomas to medical men in North Carolina, and about 10,000 all told, has just been put in the penitentiary for his misdeeds in that and similar lines.

Retrenchment and Reform.

If the members of the present Legislature who are voting and otherwise exerting themselves to increase the salaries and fees of certain officials and the clerical force in certain offices, had only taken the pains to inform their constituency before the day of election that they intended, if elected to vote for the increase in salaries and fees, as they have, and for augmenting the clerical force in certain departments, as they have done, instead of sneering at the ignorant farmers Legislation; some of them it is certain would not hold the seats in the General Assembly they now do. The very liberal course they have pursued and advocated, may be exceedingly popular within the walls of the Capitol, and perhaps with the leading democrats residing within the City of Oaks. But the laboring masses, those who earn their bread by the sweat of their faces are unmistakably in favor of rigid economy. Hence we always see emblazoned in glaring capitals, on all party banners, "Retrenchment and Reform"—and the farmers in the last Legislature were fools enough to carry out their promise as to retrench ment and reform to a limited extent and thereby incurred the mortal enmity of the old efficient and experienced functionaries of the State—with many of the members of the bar—who delighted in pocketing *tax fees.* But when these are returned to their pockets their patriotism will cause them no doubt to desist from denouncing the ignorant farmers Legislature.

An Open Letter to Col. John N. Staples,

Mr. Dortch and other strong friends of the farmer, advocated a a very stringent measure recently for the benefit of the producer, but because they were defeated *I* hope their interest in the Agriculturist has not dwindled.

The land owners, and *they alone* are compelled (and it is all right for they alone are the interested parties) to build all the fences. They own the lands and the timber, the law makes that land security for mechanics contracts.

Now in the *name of justice* let the present Legislature pass a stock law for the State to go into effect in each county, townships, or defined districts or sections, whenever a majority of the land owners who own a majority of the land in said county, township or district shall notify the Commissioners of the county in which said lands are. These lands (if fenced at all) must be done at the expense of the owners. Isn't it right for them to determine their own way of fencing their own lands, and say on which side of the fence the stock shall run: for it is the stock that annoys and trespasses, the growing crops disturb no body.

Lawyers, doctors and merchants are not required to consult the farmers how they shall conduct their business, then why should the land owners be required to consult *every body* as to how they shall fence their lands?

I do not want class legislation, but desire to see every class of citizens enjoy the privileges of their own property, and not be dictated to by others who bear none of their burdens.

No other class of men would have borne such oppression so long, none other is so legislated against. Will the friends of the agriculturist now in the legislative halls enact a just law allowing this large class of citizens to conduct their own business in their own way?

D. W. C. BENBOW.

Greensboro, N. C., Feb 10, '81.

Resignation of Judge Dillard.

Honorable John H. Dillard has resigned his place upon the Supreme Court bench of the State. This information will carry with it profound regret, not only to the host of personal friends of Judge Dillard but to the entire legal profession of the State, and to every one who values the character of an impartial and upright judge, and admires the perspicuity, terseness and simplicity with which be clothed his judicial opinions. We understand that Judge Dillards resignation was caused by a condition of ill health which interfered, as he conceived, with a proper and comfortable discharge of the very onerous duties of the bench.

Gov. Jarvis has appointed HON. THOMAS RUFFIN Judge of the Supreme Court, to fill the place vacated by Judge Dillard's resignation. Such are the well-known qualifications and character of Mr. Ruffin, that we need only say that the mantle has fallen upon shoulders worthy to wear it. Since the days of his illustrious father the judicial ermine has graced the Supreme Court bench on the person of none possessing finer legal ability than Thomas Ruffin, jr.

Letter from Surry County.

Mount Airy, N. C.,
February 10th, 1881.

Editor Patriot:—On Wednesday the 26th of January last, our fellow-citizen, James W. Schaub, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Alice Ashby, all of our town. The ceremony was performed by Rev. N. E. Coltrane, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of this place, it was a quiet affair, no bridal tour, in the programme, instead of that *Jimmie shed his coat* and went into his Steam Planing Factory and went to work with renewed vigor. But, Mr. Editor, ere the echo of the *merry marriage bell* had lost its sound in the distance, the slow tolling death bell was rang out in our midst. We regret to have to announce the death of Mrs. Mary Fallenstein, the youngest daughter of our worthy citizen, Robert S. Gilmer, and wife of Mr. E. Fallenstein, late of this place, but now a resident of Schulenberg, Texas. Mrs. F. died in Schulenberg, on Sunday, Jan. 30th, and her remains were brought to Mt. Airy and interred in the village cemetery on last Sunday, the 6th inst. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Jailes Foy and Rev. N. Coltrane, from the pulpit of the Presbyterian church. Mrs. Fallenstein was an amiable lady, none knew her but to love her. The family of the deceased, has the entire sympathy of a large number of friends as was shown by the vast concourse of people, both white and colored, that followed the remains to their last resting place. We also have to announce the death of one of our county-men, Mr. Charles Atkinson, who died some two weeks ago at his home near Low Gap: He leaves a wife and one child. Mr. Atkinson was an independent Republican candidate for the lower branch of the General Assembly at the last November election.

I spent two or three days this week up in the county of Patrick, Virginia, on a hunting or gunning expedition, made my headquarters at the store of Mr. C. W. Taylor, who is selling goods on the farm once owned by Archibald Stuart, Esq., who was the father of our gallant and brave General J. E. B. Stuart of the Confederat Army. The old Stuart homestead was burned down several years ago, but still you can discover signs of the flower garden. &c., around the house place. Also many large cherry trees near by: and methought in passing them that I could imagine the brave Gen. 'Jeb' when but a small boy tripping from limb to limb on those trees gathering the fruit. Not far from the centre of the plantation, and near the banks of the Ararat River, stands another old time mansion, built many years ago, where once lived a man by the name of William A. Letcher, and in going from the house to the stable you pass one grave fenced in, there is a brick wall built up around this grave, and a marble slab laid flat on it, with this inscription upon said slab: "In memory of William A. Letcher, who was assassinated in the bosom of his family, by a tory of the Revolution, August 2d, 1780. He was about 30 years of age. Drop a tear of sympathy on the tomb of the brave.'

From what I can learn, I think that this man Letcher was the grand father of Mrs. Archibald Stuart. He was a brave man, died defending his home and family, from the ruthless hands of the tories, as did the gallant and brave *great grand son, Gen'l J. E. B. Stuart* who fell in defense of his country. It seems from this, Mr. Editor, that tradition hands down good blood from generation to generation.

The old home stead of the brave Letcher, and of Archibald Stuart, Esq., is now owned by Sam'l H. Taylor, Sheriff of this county.

Mr. C. W. Taylor and myself spent several days together in hunting, &c. He is keeping "Bachelor's Hall," does his own cooking and clerking; he has his music (when not busy waiting upon his many customers), upon the banjo, the concertina, and other musical instruments.

It has been raining to-day, incessantly, since about 6 o'clock A. M.

What is the Legislature doing? They are always sending bills to the different Committees but they seem to stop there, and stay. We do hope they may pass the prohibitory liquor bill.

P. G. S.

—Just outside the prison walls of Agra is a tank of water in which are a large number of fresh water turtles. This prison is also the roosting place of great numbers of blue pigeons. These pigeons must drink at this tank, but every attempt incurs the risk of losing their head, for the turtles lie in wait just under the surface of the water, and at its edge. Many headless bodies have been picked up near the water, showing the fate of some of them.

The Bible Since Wycliffe.

[Sunday Magazine for March]

At the last meeting of Sunday-school superintendents in the vestry of Berkeley Street Church in Boston, some very interesting facts were presented by Mr. S. B. Pratt on this five hundredth anniversary of our English Bible, which ought to awaken wonder and gratitude in every one who ponders them.

Comparing modern with ancient methods of making Bibles, it was stated that the latest Hoe printing-press will throw off 30 000 copies of the book of Psalms every hour, or 2 500 copies, of the entire Bible. At eight hours a day, 300 days in the year, this press will give to the world 4,000,000 copies of the Bible, while the hand-writer of 1380 is making one. The American Bible Society this year has issued 1 134-438 Bibles or parts of the Bible, which is at an average of one copy for every thirty seconds for the entire year. The English and American Bible Societies together are sending out an average of one copy every ten seconds. To exhibit these figures in yet more startling contrast, there was shown a crayon drawing of a copyist in the year 1380, laboriously transcribing the Bible with pen and ink, and by his side an engraving of that triumph of modern invention and mighty ally of God's truth—a Hoe press of 1880.

In regard to the relative cost of the Bible 500 years ago and to-day, it was stated that while the laboring man in the days of Wycliff must give at least the service of five years for a copy of the New Testament, and fifteen years for the entire Bible, the laboring man in England to-day can buy the Bible for sixpence, and the Testament illustrated for a penny. The Mentz Bible, the first printed Bible, published by Guttenburg, sold not long since for £2 000, while a copy of the same sold in 1873 for £3,400 Upon the table was a three volume edition, large quarto, of Wycliff's Bible, and lying upon it two small, very well bound books, sold by the English Bible Society—the one a Testament for two cents, and the other a Bible complete for twenty-five cents.

The United States' Supreme Court.

Washington Star.

To begin with, there is a degree of dignity and stately bearing about the Court and its members which permeates even to the most humble attache. There is a quiet in the court-room which recalls the Sabbath of the Covenanters. When one enters, the involuntary feeling comes on that the room is set aside only for the contemplation of the sober side of life, and woe to him who jibes or jokes in the presence of the Court. The Court is opened about this fashion. At 12 o'clock (noon) the Justices come in from the consulting room and take their seats on the bench. Away to the left of the chamber is seen a youthful officer, whose business is to catch the first glimpse of the advancing Judges. Then comes three raps with a ponderous gavel by the same officer. This is meant as a signal for the audience to rise. Then, with the Chief Justice in advance, the Judges enter from the right of the chamber. To the rear of the Justices' seats is an aisle. In the centre is an arched entrance for the Chief Justice. Through this aisle the Judges file and take positions right and left. None enter until the Chief Justice emerges from the centre entrance. After all have filed in the Chief Justice makes a graceful obeisance to the standing audience. Then the Justices take seats a stroke of the gavel is made, and the audience seats itself. The opening of the Court falls upon a youthful officer. It is after the old English form, "Oyez, oyez; oyez, yes." etc., and concludes with the words, "God bless the honorable Supreme Court." The Court is now ready for business. All the Justices are clad in black silk gowns with an ecclesiastical cut. In the dispatch of business the Chief Justice is quite expeditious. He is always ready with a reply to questions, and eminently satisfactory. The Justices on the bench assume different attitudes. Justice Miller sinks down low in his chair, and little can be seen of him but the top of his head; so also does Justice Bradley. The Chief Justice sits erect most of the time when not hearing and argument, busy in consulting the calendar. Judge Harlan is the most striking in appearance of any of the Judges. He is tall, well built, and sits erect.

Items of Interest

—A knife with 191 blades, was lately sent to the Prince of Wales on his birthday.

—Meerschaum is not petrified "sea weed," as the word implies but is a composition of silicia, water and magnesia.

—Although long past eighty, the historian Von Ranke is still at work on a University History.

—Brazilian grass does not come from Brazil, or even grow in Brazil, nor is it a grass at all. It consists of strips of a palm leaf, and is chiefly imported from Cuba.

—There are 15,000 professional thieves in London known to the authorities. The police force numbers 12,000; so there is one thief and one fifth of a thief to each policeman.

A Beautiful Incident.

On board the ill-fated steamer *Seawanhaka* was one of the Fisk University singers. Before leaving the burning steamer and committing himself to the merciless waves, he carefully fastened upon himself and wife life preservers. Some one cruelly dragged away that of the wife, leaving her without hope, except as she could cling to her husband. This she did, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders and resting there until her strength becoming exhausted, she said "I can hold on no longer!" "Try a little longer," was the response of the wearied and agonized husband, "let us sing 'Rock of Ages.'" And as the sweet strains floated over those troubled waters reaching the ears of the sinking and dying, little did they know, those sweet singers of Israel, whom they comforted.

But lo! as they sang, one after another of the exhausted ones were seen raising their heads above the overwhelming waves, joining with a last effort in this sweet, dying, pleading prayer:

"Rock of ages, cleft for me.
Let me hide myself in thee"

With the song seemed to come strength; another and yet another was encouraged to renewed effort.

Soon, in the distance, a boat was seen approaching! Could they hold out a little longer? Singing still, they tried, and soon with superhuman strength laid hold of the life boat, upon which they were borne in safety to land This is no fiction; it was related by the singer himself, who said he "believed Toplady's sweet 'Rock of Ages' saved many another besides himself and wife."—*Africo American Presbyterian*

A Voudoo "Charm."

A gentleman brought to our office the other day a "charm," so called, that was drawn out of the well of a colored man living on his place, which is supposed to have been placed there by one of his offended colored neighbors, who claims to be a conjurer. The "charm" consisted of a portion of a black bug, a bent pin, a small particle of cotton, thread like root of some kind about two inches long, and a pinch of hair from a negro's head, all of which was wrapped up in a small piece of dirty cotton cloth, that had been saturated in some kind of grease or oil. It is quite common to find these conjurers among the colored people, who claim to be able by the means of "charms" of one kind and another to put frogs, lizards, snakes, and the like in certain portions of a person's body. This is done, they claim, by placing their "charms" under the steps of their victim's houses, or by placing them in their wells or springs, or by sewing them up in certain portions of their clothing. The great mass of the colored people are credulous enough to believe the conjurers possess all the power they claim, and are generally careful not to provoke or offend them.—*Anderson (S.C.) Intelligencer.*

Her Last Sleigh Ride.

[Detroit Free Press]

"Oh, mamma! is it snowing?" "Yes, darling it has just begun." "Isn't it nice, mamma; you know I wanted to live to hear the sleigh bells again?" "Hush my child, mamma will not let you die. No darling, you shall have many sleigh rides yet before you die" "No, not many, mamma; if I could have just one it would be so nice." A little girl who had seen the snow come and go nine times lay dying in her humble home on St. Antoine street. Weeks and weeks the fever had burned within her and its fierce fire showed itself in the deep blue eyes and the lofty, innocent face. The mother, an ever constant watcher at the sufferer's pillow and never given up hope, but the child with that knowledge which seems to come to all before death knew that she would never join her merry playmates over on the school ground. Day by day as the fever burned she had wished for the snow to come, and when the white flakes fell the other day the loving mother changed the child's position, that she might, unwarned, catch the first glimpse of the flying snow. The child gazed on into the flurried air long and earnestly and then, when the pain made her writhe, she turned an appealing look to the sad faced mother, and said: "But, mamma, I don't believe I shall ever have another sleigh ride. Now promise me that if this snow is on the ground when I die, you'll have my coffin carried to the grave on a sleigh." "Why, my sweet child. why do you make such a request? You shall not die—you will grow better to-morrow." "But, mamma, promise me, will you? Please, mamma, please." "Yes, darling, yes." "Oh, thank you, mamma. that's so nice. See, it is growing dark outside. Pull the bed nearer the window, mamma, so that I can see the street lamp There, see—the flakes—they glisten just—like diamonds. It will be sleighing in the morning, mamma, and I shall hear the bells." Like the snow flake that falls upon the warm earth she melted away, and no one knows whether she woke to hear music and bells on that morning we shall one day open our eyes upon. A few days after passers by turned to look at a small funeral procession, and wondered why the undertaker had put his hearse upon runners so early in the season.

A Coon Attacks a Man.

From the Americus (Ga.) Republican.

On Monday last James Stewart was in the swamp with his dogs and an axe. The dogs found a coon prowling around in the woods and pitched into it for the sake of gratifying the general antipathy dogs have for coons and a love they have for fighting. The coon was in no wise loth to have a bout with its natural enemies, but made demonstrations that convinced Mr. Stewart that he could not be an idle spectator. The dogs made a combined attack—one in front, one in the rear and one circled around generally to distract the assailed as to which should be the objective point. General Coon fixed himself firmly, and with one blow of its right paw knocked out the eye of its front assailant, which demoralized him and sent him howling to the rear. As quick as lightning it then concentrated on the rear assailant, planted its sharp teeth in the burr of that dog's ear and soon made shoe-strings of it. Poor canis went yelping after his brother and cooney went for Stewart before he had time to realize that his dogs were defeated With a rush he dashed upon his leg, and with his tremendous claws ripped the tough leather of his boot from the top of his leg to the sole and caused him to retreat. Cooney might then have escaped, but wishing to make sure its victory it followed the flying Stewart, who came upon his axe, and grasping the helve firmly wheeled upon the enraged brute and cleft its head in twain.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey the great evangelists have found the regeneration of San Francisco a longer job than they anticipated and they have been compelled to forego a visit to New Orleans. Next summer they will go to Europe for pleasure.

The Religion of Zoroaster.

Perhaps few more remarkable facts have been revealed by the critical examination of non-Christian systems than the highly spiritual character of the ancient creed which it is usual to call the religion of Zoroaster. Only within the last few years has the progress of Iranian studies made it possible to gain an insight into the true meaning of the text of the Avesta—popularly known as the Zend Avesta—which is to Zoroastrianism what the Veda is to Brahminism. The knowledge thus obtained has made it clear that contemporaneously with Judaism an unidolatrous and monotheistic form of religion, containing a high moral code and many points of resemblance to Judaism itself, was developed by, at least, one branch of the Aryan race. Nor does the certainty of this fact rest on the testimony of the Zoroastrian scriptures only. It is attested by numerous allusions in the writings of Greek and Latin authors. We know that the father of history himself, writing about 450 years before the Christian era, said of the Persians that "it is not customary among them to make idols, to build temples, and erect altars; they even upbraid with folly those who do." The reason of this Herodotus declares to be that the Persians do not believe the gods to be like men, as the Hellenes do, but that they identify the whole celestial circle with the Supreme Being We know, too, that Cyrus the Great, who must have been a Zoroastrian, evinced great sympathy with the Jews; and was styled by Isaiah "the righteous one" (chapter xli.: 2) "the Shepherd of the Lord" (chapter xliv.: 28) "the Lord's Anointed" (chapter xlv.: 1,) who was commissioned to "perform all God's pleasure" and carry out His decrees in regard to the rebuilding of the temple and the restoration of the chosen people to their native land.—*Monier Williams, in Nineteenth Century*

Advice to Young Men by Gov. Jarvis.

Gov. Jarvis, in his inaugural address, gives the following excellent advice to the young men of the State, which they would do well to consider. Says he:

"There is too great a tendency, I fear, among our young men to leave the farms and workshops of the country; some for employment in what they think the more honorable vocations in cities and towns; others more ambitious, for the supposed ease and glory of professional life. Public opinion is not altogether blameless for this mistake, and should hasten to correct it for it often leads these young men into failures, and failures into vices. The successful farmer or mechanic is none the less honorable and useful than the successful lawyer or doctor; and how incomparably greater is he in either than he who fails in the profession. I cannot forbear in this connection, to refer to the example of a young friend of mine as worthy of imitation, and to ask young men to study it. Although a son of a distinguished ex-Supreme Court Judge and a nephew of one of the State's most useful Governors, he went into a workshop as a boy, worked at his trade, and is now the master machinist of a Railroad Company. The example of such men is valuable in any community, and will give to labor the dignity and respect it deserves

"While the investment of capital and the introduction of immigration into the State will greatly help the development of her resources, yet she must rely chiefly upon the labor and devotion of her own sons and daughters for the wealth and glory and power, which of right, belong to her and will surely come. Labor is the creator of wealth and is honorable in all men. The man who, in the sweat of his brow, makes the hidden properties of the soil, the sun and the air, under nature's wonderous guidance, to grow the golden grain or fleecy cotton, or who with fire and furnace, transmutes the rough ore into serviceable metal, or, by forge and anvil, still farther transforms the metal into tools for one man's use, and with them builds houses and cities, creates the wealth of the State."