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LOST LOVE.
Thatch of palm and a patch of clover,
Breath of balm in a field of brown;
The clouds blew up and the birds flew over,
And I looked upward, but who looked down?
Who was true in the test that tried us?
Who was it mocked? Who now inquire
The loss of a love that a cross denied us,
With folded hands and a heart forlorn?

God forgive when the fair forget us
The worth of a smile, the weight of a tear,
Why, who can measure? The fates beset us—
We laugh a moment, we mourn a year.
(Jouquin Miller in the Overland Monthly.)

NOBODY KNOWS,
How the world wags, from the dawn to the close,
Who are our friends, and who are our foes,
Nobody knows,
How many wake, and how many sleep;
How many laugh, and how many weep;
How many sow, and how many reap,
Nobody knows,
How many pray, and how many sin;
How many lose, and how many win,
Nobody knows,
How many watch, and how many wait;
How many tarry, and how many mate;
How many early, and how many late,
Nobody knows.

How many give, and how many take;
How many brew, and how many bake,
Nobody knows,
How many smile, and how many sigh;
How many sing, and how many cry;
How many are low, and how many high,
Nobody knows,
How many bless, and how many curse;
How many better, and how many worse,
Nobody knows,
How the world wags, from the eve to the dawn,
How many love, and how many scorn;
How many die, and how many are born,
Nobody knows.

"AN ASP IN THE ROSES OF THE VICTOR."

Such was the expression of the veteran Thomas Ritchie when, in 1846, General Harrison carried all the twenty-six States of the Union except Alabama, Arkansas, Illinois, Missouri, New Hampshire and Virginia, which adhered to Van Buren; and the popular majority of Harrison, on less than two and a half millions aggregate vote, was 145,000; and that truly "antiferd" old Democrat declared that Virginia could thus be denominated. Yet as the Baltimore Sun, from which we borrow the reminiscence, truthfully adds, in commenting on the expression, "Yet such is the instability of politics—that at the next Presidential election James K. Polk, the Democratic candidacy for the Presidency, beat the greatest of American statesmen, Henry Clay," and the old man's prophecy proved true. Now as the same journal adds: "From Maine to Mexico," and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there seems to be, with few exceptions, an almost unbroken current of Republican triumphs. The only consolation for the defeated is that which a Georgia negro suggested to his master, plantation had been swept over by a tornado. The negro was sent out to ascertain the extent of damages on the estate, and, after including the surrounding farms in his observations, he summed up his conclusions by saying: "Master, there's only one conclusion—it's a general thing."

To day, Georgia occupies, in the midst of this general defection and desertion of the candidates and platform of the party of 1872, the position precisely of that of Virginia in 1845, with this difference, that she is supported and sustained in her proud position of unshaken fidelity to the men and principles she professed to support, by seven of her Southern sisters, and a large and respectable minority of all of them, whose voices were not stifled, and could make themselves heard.

Never was there a truer utterance than that of the poet when he said,
"Man spurns the worm, but trembles ere he wake
The slumbering venom of the folded snake."
Strength and courage ever command respect and forbearance from power, when only exerted in defense or resistance to wrong; and the South is stronger to-day, even after this defeat, brought upon us by the defection of her Northern allies, who dragged her into the position, for which they now seek to hold her responsible—than she ever has been since the war.

All that she asks now of the triumphant party is to "Be Let Alone"—to be permitted to tread the quiet paths of peace, and develop her commercial and industrial resources, undisturbed by the mischievous intermeddling of the Federal government, if it will not help her in so doing, and is determined to keep her still outside of the pale of the benefits showered with so liberal a hand on her more favored Northern and Western sisters.

A magnanimous and patriotic policy may disarm even the wasp of its desire to sting; and the South never has more resembled her own rattlesnake than the "Serpent of Old Nile" in this, that she never strikes except in self defense, and peaceably pursues her own path—when let alone.

Whatever the mutations of parties or politics may be within the next four years, when another great struggle for the prize of the Presidency is to take place, it is at this moment too late and too early to trouble our people about that matter. So, if the administration be prudent, it will make child's bargain with the South—and agree to let her alone—if wise, to admit her to a share of the benefits and blessings of the common Union.—Savannah Republican.

Despatches received at Berlin from Vargin, announce that Prince Bismarck has fully recovered.

BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

There is no State in Europe in which the barbarous punishment of breaking on the wheel is inflicted on criminals except Serbia, one of the semi-dependencies of Turkey. In Serbia they have three methods of punishing murderers, highway robbers and incendiaries. In the most aggravated cases execution by breaking on the wheel is inflicted. In other cases the culprits are tied to chairs, and the headman runs a sharp knife across their throats and then breaks their spine. If there are peculiar circumstances of mitigation the culprits are shot by a file of soldiers.

One of the most revolting crimes ever committed in Serbia was the assassination of the whole family of a wealthy farmer, named Detristy, in Bialu District, about twenty miles from Belgrade, the capital of Serbia. On the 24th of April, Detristy, a man of forty years of age, his wife, Susannah, twenty-nine years old, and his three children, Frances, Kathinka and Arandas, aged respectively twelve, nine and four years, were found in the house murdered. It was also discovered that the mother and the two daughters had been outraged. All the victims had been beaten with bludgeons and then stabbed.

An active search was at once made for the perpetrators. Two days afterwards they were discovered in a forest about four miles from where the crime had been committed. They were Sebastulus Alexiry, formerly a non-commissioned officer in the army of the Sultan of Turkey, and Moses Alexander Werthstein, an Austrian. When they were arrested the officers found several hundred zequins and the watch of the murdered farmer in their possession. They were taken in irons to Bucharest. Upon being brought before the examining magistrate they denied any knowledge of the crime; but the lash, which is there still used upon the mendacious criminals, was not long in eliciting confession from the tortured Werthstein. After receiving fifty lashes on the bare back, he confessed that Alexiry and he had broken into the house of the farmer in order to rob him of three-hundred zequins. They succeeded in forcing their way into the house, but were confronted by him, whereupon a desperate scuffle ensued. The farmer fought valiantly, but they clubbed him, and then fastened him with their dirk knives. Alexiry refusing to confess, and remained firm under the torture of the lash, freely administered by order of the magistrate. Both Alexiry and Werthstein were fully committed. Their trial before the full bench of criminal judges came off on the 11th of June. It lasted but one hour. Both were found guilty of murder without extenuating circumstances, and sentenced to be broken on the wheel.

There was loud applause in court when the sentence was pronounced. Alexiry listened to without emotion. Werthstein however, broke into loud screams, tore his hair and yelled for mercy. The officers of the court had to drag him back to his cell. The 14th of July was fixed for the execution. They were to expiate their doom on the old glacis of the Belgrade, upon which Prince Eugene, of Savoy made one of his famous assaults. The execution was to take place at S. A. M., and an enormous concourse assembled to witness it.

The scaffold was circular, of wood, and the only distinctive feature about it was a St. Andrew's cross, slightly elevated above the platform. About half-past seven the executioners arrived. One was a heavy built man, and the other almost a giant. Both were dressed in green flannel jackets and had their arms bare. When the clock on St. Mary's steeple at Belgrade struck 8, there emerged from the fortress a procession headed by four horsemen. Next followed the car in which the judges and the priest were seated. As the procession emerged from the gate, loud shrieks were heard. They were those of Werthstein, who, chained as he was, hand and foot, screamed to Heaven for help. Under ordinary circumstances, his appeals might have had some effect on the people. But, knowing the fearful crime which he and his accomplice had committed, there was not a voice raised in his favor, and the soldiers were rather encouraged to punch him with the butt ends of their muskets. When the criminals had been brought on the platform every stitch of clothing left upon Alexiry was torn off, and he was firmly tied to the St. Andrew's cross. Until this moment he had preserved his equanimity. But now the executioner drew from the green bag a sort of iron club, with a knob at its head. The fastened criminal looked wistfully at the man who was to torture him, and then put him to death. The executioner raised the iron club and crushed Alexiry's right shoulder. The murderer gave a shriek, and made a desperate effort to free himself. He struggled desperately in his agony, but the blow which the executioner gave him—on the knee-pan—elicited from the culprit a scream of pain that caused the blood of the spectators to freeze. After this infliction he seemed insensible, and the other blows that crushed his joints and the finishing strokes on his belly were given as to a dead man.

Meanwhile, Werthstein, in his chains, had to look on. He rent the air with his lamentations, and came near fainting away when the executioner dealt Alexiry the first blow. He flung himself to the floor, and begged piteously for his life, but, after the lifeless corpse of Alexiry had been detached from the fatal cross, he was dragged to it, and in spite of his invocation, fastened like his accomplice. He yelled even before he received the first stroke with the iron club; but when that instrument of torture descended upon his shoulder joint, he gave an unearthly scream, and the executioner's blow upon his knee-pan made him howl still more. For five minutes—an eternity under the

circumstances—he continued his yell, and it was not until the executioner gave him three heavy blows on the abdomen that all was quiet, and Serbian justice was satisfied.

A FAMILY ROBBED AND TORTURED BY BURGLARS.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from Pittsburg, Pa, on the 16th, says:
Tusville—in the oil regions—is in a state of great excitement to-day over a most daring robbery, which was perpetrated there last night. While the family of John Watson, residing on the hill opposite to old Hinky refinery, were at supper a party of men, numbering five, entered the house, and approaching Mr. Watson, with pistols in hand and masks on their faces, demanded his money. They cautioned the family not to make the least noise, telling them that it was their money they wanted, and that all must submit to be bound and gagged, and that if they made the least resistance they would call in the balance of the gang, who were guarding the entrance outside. They proceeded to handcuff the family applying leg irons to the men—John Watson and Archibald Stewart—the latter the son-in-law of the former, at the same time gagging them, and then tying the entire family together. They next ordered Watson to open his safe. The latter replied, "My money is all in Warren, deposited with my brother." They replied "We know whom you refer to, but your money is in the house, and we must have it." Watson thereupon, with the muzzle of a huge revolver placed against his ear opened the safe, and something like two thousand dollars were abstracted.

After the safe had been robbed the family were tied like long row and compelled to follow the thieves down in the cellar, then up through every room in the house, and at the peril of their lives, information as to where valuables were kept was demanded and given. After a thorough search the family were conducted back to the dining room. Mrs. Watson, Susan Stewart and Archibald Stewart, were placed on a lounge, blindfolded, gagged and tied to the stove in such a manner that if they moved the stove would tip over upon them. The fiends then left the house, having remained about an hour and a half, while the balance—nearly all—were standing watch on the outside. In the hurry to depart the lighted lamp was upset and the house set on fire.

The robbers then turned, and taking clothes from the wardrobe, threw them on the burning portion of the dwelling, and with the utmost difficulty succeeded in extinguishing the flames. Mr. Watson was severely burned, but the robbers made no endeavor to pull him from the flames. James Stewart, a member of the family, arrived home after midnight and found the family in a sorry plight. The iron on Watson cut him into the bone, and he was bleeding profusely. Those on the other members of the family were also very painful, and were taken off only by severing them with a file. The thieves had handcuffs for every member of the family, and their pockets were filled with handkerchiefs. They had also a plentiful supply of leg irons.

The police were notified, and at 3 o'clock this morning all the hotels in the place were searched and the town scoured, but no arrests have so far been made. The villains have so effectively done their work as to give no clue to their whereabouts. The greatest excitement exists in the oil regions over this devilish outrage. It is very evident that the party were aware that Watson had money in his house, as he had neglected to deposit a sum, the exact amount of which he does not know. None of the family were seriously injured but Mr. Stewart, whose feet and hands are dreadfully band by the upsetting of a lamp.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

Beyond the boundary that lies between the visible and the invisible world, hope promises us a joyful reunion with those whom we have dearly loved here, and who have preceded us in undergoing that strange and mysterious transformation that ushers the human soul from earth into immortality. This last hope, banishes half of the terrors of death, and it lightens the gloom and darkness of the grave. The eyes lose their lustre, the lips cease to speak, and the heart forever grows still while the soul is just beginning to understand the long hidden mystery of the intangible world. Who can say that these things are not so? The most abandoned soul instinctively feels in its existence, a sense of immortality, that in its sober moments is even striving to grasp at the un-called glories of eternity. Let us hope on, that there shall yet be a pleasant recognition of friends in the hereafter. It is at least a beautiful thought, if it may not be an indisputable reality.—Eugene.

A GEM.

The sunlight that follows a shipwreck is not less beautiful though it shines upon the remnants of the broken bark; what is saved is so much more precious than that which has been lost. The domestic circle is always too small to allow of rupture; it is always too precious to make excusable any neglect to prevent or to heal disturbance. There are enough to minister by hints and reports, to domestic unkindness; and, unfortunately, the best, under such circumstances, are much prone to mistake, and thus misrepresent motives; and trifles, with no direct object, are magnified into mountains of unintentional offence. It is the same in social life. Let us guard against it. D-dicate relations are like the polish of costly cutlery; dampness corrodes, and the rust, though removed leaves a spot.

A SERMON FROM JOHN ROBINSON'S CLOWN.

MR. EDITOR—As I see from the secular papers that John Robinson is again on the tramp with his circus, and will visit this State, I wish you to publish, for the benefit of those pious Christians who patronize such things, the following sermon, or lecture—just as you choose to call it—delivered in one of the upper counties of this State two years since by one of his clowns. The sermon was addressed to that portion of his audience who professed to be Christians. Here it is. I give it to you just as it was told to me by a gentleman who was present. It was in the evening, when the performance was about to close, the clown stepped forward, and in a solemn tone addressed the vast assemblage present, among which were hundreds of professing Christians of the different denominations, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, in the following style:

"My friends, we have taken in about six hundred dollars here to-day—more money, I venture to say, than any minister of the gospel in this county will receive for a whole year's service. A large portion of this money was given by church members, as a large portion of this audience is made up of the members of the church. And yet when your preacher asks you for money to aid in supporting the gospel, you say you are too poor to give anything. Yet you come here and pay dollars to hear me talk my nonsense. I am a fool because I am paid for it; I make my living by it. You profess to be wise, and yet you support me in my folly. But perhaps you say you did not come to see the circus, but the animals. Ah, now, this is all an excuse. If you came simply to see the animals, why did you not look at them and leave? Why did you stay to hear my nonsense? Now, is not this a pretty place for Christians to be in? Do you not feel ashamed of yourselves? You ought to blush with shame to be caught in such a place as this!"

At this juncture the crowd began to move off, headed by the church members present. What a scene is this! A vulgar clown in a circus lecturing Christians on the impropriety and sin of going to such places! A clown preaching against circuses! Is it not true that all decent people were protesting against them? Imagine the follower of the blessed Jesus at a circus! And then, while there, think of his bowing his head mockingly to hear a lecture in the evening from one who has entertained him all day with his vulgar performances, on the evil of attending such places! All this took place on Saturday. On Sunday evening as I rode to my appointment, I met some of these circus-going Christians on their way home from the vicinity in which the circus was held. I asked them where they had been?

"To the show," was their reply.
"You mean the circus?"
"We went to see the animals," they replied, "there can be no harm in this."
"Did you not go in to see the clown act?" I asked.
They responded in the affirmative.
This conversation took place near the church where I was about to preach. It was the holy Sabbath.
"Will you not stop and hear me preach!" I inquired.
"We should like very much to do so, but father expects us home this evening, and he shall need the horses to-morrow, and it would be too late to go home after preaching," they replied.
I said nothing more on the subject just then, for I had another to occupy my time, and my heart was too sad to give utterance to its deep feelings. A few Sundays after this, the writer preached in the same community and made a strong appeal in behalf of the cause of missions. He took up a collection, and got four dollars and thirty-eight cents! Six hundred dollars for a few hours' nonsensical amusement, and four dollars and thirty-eight cents for the cause of missions!!! Think of it, ye circus-going church members! For I dare not call you Christians. Think of it, ye who help by your money and example to sustain such demoralizing things. How will you account to God for your behavior? When ever you start to the circus or theatre, think of the clown's sermon.—Richardson Advocate. H. W. J.

BEAUTIFUL FAITH.

Birdie was only four years old, but she had already been taught that God loved her, and always took care of her. One day, there was a very heavy thunder storm, and Birdie's sisters and mamma even hid by their sewing, and drew their chairs into the middle of the room, pale and trembling with fear. But Birdie stood close by the window, watching the storm with bright eyes.

"O, mamma! ain't that bu'ful!" she cried, clapping her hands with delight, as a vivid flash of lightning burst from the black clouds, and the thunder pealed and rattled over their heads.
"He talks vely loud, don't he, mamma? S'pose it's so as deaf Betsy can hear, and the nver deaf folks."
"O, Birdie, dear; come straight away from the window!" said one of her sisters, whose cheeks were blanched with fear.
"What for?" asked Birdie.
"Oh! because the lightning is so sharp and it thunders so loud."
But Birdie shook her head, and looking over her shoulder with a happy smile on her face lip-ped out:
"If it fanders, let it fander. 'Tis God makes it fander, and He'll take care of me. I ain't a bit afraid to hear God talk, Maizy."

Was not Birdie's faith beautiful? Mamma and sister did not soon forget the lesson.

END OF THE FEWEL TRIAL—ACQUITTALES OF THE ACCUSED.

The trial of young Fewel, which has been in progress for over a week at Brentsville, Virginia, for the murder of James F. Clarke, charged with abducting and ransoming his sister, and whom he shot dead while helpless and defenseless, within the bars of a prison, resulted last evening in the rendition of a verdict of not guilty, the jury being out only a short while. Their retirement for deliberation thus appears only to have been as a matter of form. Of course the ground of acquittal must lie somewhere amongst the propositions so ingeniously woven by counsel for the use of the court in "instructing" the jury as to the facts and but which might be availed of to indicate insanity—until after the shooting was done, and no longer. If any one thinks the matter of the fall of Miss Fewel has been in any way bettered, or society served, by the killing of Clarke, and now by the acquittal of the man who slew him at every disadvantage, we do not. That there is need of adequate provisions by law for the condign punishment of seduction no one can deny; but while every community looks only to the mode of dealing with such offences as was resorted to in this case, no such state and lawful punishment as should be provided can possibly be secured. If that force of public opinion which is now spent so questionably would turn itself to the good purpose of demanding and securing efficient legislation for the punishment of the seducer, or the meting out of justice according to the guilt of parties in such cases, it would be far better for the community in the end. If death is to be the penalty of seduction, let it be made so by law, and let the punishment be administered with the dignity of law.—Baltimore Sun.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—The Khedive of Egypt is probably the richest man in the world. His yearly income is \$50,000,000, and he has twenty-five richly furnished palaces within the walls of Cairo. He is vastly more progressive than the Sultan, the Turkish master; is rapidly extending his dominions, building railroads, and making commercial improvements, and will ultimately become independent of Turkish dominion. He is at present making arrangements for the connection of a railroad up the Nile to Dongola, and thence across the desert to London, which country he will make one of his own provinces. It has been remarked of him that "the Viceroy, upon any throne in Europe, would be the greatest monarch of the age." He is not only a prince, but a merchant, a capitalist, a statesman and a cultivator. He sleeps only four hours out of twenty-four, and at his desk centre his railroads, steamship lines, telegraphs, postal service, private estates, sugar mills, cotton culture, army, navy, and civil service.

SINGULAR FATALITY AMONG CHILDREN.—A few days since the children of Patrick Cunningham, a respectable working man of Bloomfield New Jersey, four in number, were taken suddenly ill and began vomiting violently. On Thursday the eldest, a boy of nine years, died; on Friday another, and at last accounts the fourth was gasping its last. Two skillful physicians were unable to determine what the cause of death is, though they have been in attendance from the first and have seen all the phases of the strange disease. Many supposed the children had been poisoned, but this theory is disposed of. The bodies presented a very dark appearance, and were covered with blotches soon after death. The disease, whatever it is, is thought to be contagious, and preventives are taken to keep outsiders away. Some of the matrons assert that spotted fever is the fatal disease, but the doctors say not.

"I AM THE DOOM."—Here is a story for the children. In a town in the north of Scotland, some boys were in the habit of meeting together for prayer. A little girl was passing and heard them sing. She stopped to listen, and thinking it was just an ordinary prayer-meeting, she felt anxious to get in. Putting up her hand, she pulled the latch, but it would not open; it was fastened on the inside. She became very uneasy, and the thought arose in her mind, "What if this were the door of heaven, and me inside?" She went home, but could not sleep. Day after day she became more troubled at the thought of being shut out of heaven. She went from one prayer-meeting to another, still finding no rest. At length, one day, reading the tenth chapter of John, she came to the words, "I am the door." She paused and read the verse again and again. Here was the very door she was seeking, and wide open too, and she cut in and found peace.

JOLLIFICATION AT LEXINGTON.—We understand the rads had a jollification at Lexington on Saturday last. Mr. Bailey made a big talk, in which he became quite humorous. The powwow of Grant's faithfuls ended in the burning of something like Hon. Lewis Hanes' Greeley White Hat, under the direction of a strapping specimen of the 15th amendment.—Salem Press.

NOT THE WORST BEATEN.—The Indiana News says it has been said a number of times that Mr. Greeley is the worst beaten candidate who ever ran for the Presidency. This is a mistake. Several candidates have received fewer electoral votes than he will obtain. In 1832 Henry Clay only had 39 electoral votes. In 1840, Martin Van Buren, running for re-election as President, had but 60 votes. In 1852 General Winfield Scott had 42 votes. In 1864 Horatio Seymour had 30.

STARTLING CONFESSIONS.

Now that truth is no longer dangerous to party success, it is positively refreshing to note the amount of it being told by administration organs and politicians. The leading republican organ of this city disturbs the equilibrium of its republican readers by declaring that "we have as a party yet to prove that we deserve to retain the control of public affairs." Mr. Squeers would pronounce this "richness." We, not hopeless of eleven-hour converts, regard such frank confessions as good for the soul of our body politic. "It remains to be seen," continues the latter-day penitent, "whether the party can retain that popular confidence which the elections show so unmistakably that it now possesses." "Ici l'on parle Francais" is the sign of Parisian shops into which the Anglo-Saxon is beguiled by the hope of being cheated in his native tongue.—"Truth spoken here" should henceforth head the bulletins of our frank easterners. Not to be left lagging in the rear of the national confession, a prominent administration weekly asserts that there is a very positive public sentiment in favor of civil service reform. But "is certainly is not entertained, but the working politicians, who are the last persons to be affected by the considerations which command the reform to independent citizens." Can we believe our eyes? Did that civil service plank in the republican platform mean nothing? Was it merely laid down for these "working politicians" to stand upon during the Presidential canvass, and now is it to be cut up into Congressional toothpicks? Our honest weekly actually has misgivings about the legislators it has sent to Washington—pledged to institute this necessary reform. "Congress will move when it must, not before. It will move when the country demands, and not before." And so we are not to have peace after all? The country cannot trust its representatives, and people and press are to pass the next four years in bullying Congress into keeping a solemn oath! Really this is "most intolerable and not to be endured." If even a worm will turn, why may not press and people? General Hawley, a leading administrationist, declares it "is easy to break the republican party into warring fragments within six months." Verily, now that the republicans have taken up their residence in the Palace of Truth, a confiding country has reason to tremble for the future.—N. Y. Herald.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

An Indian, being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco, and one of them having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that, as it had been given to him, he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here; and the good man says it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man says, 'Why, he gave it to you, and it is your own'; the good man says, 'that's not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money'; the bad man says, 'Never mind, you got it, go buy some more'; the good man says, 'No, no! you must not do so'; 'I don't know what to do, and I don't go to sleep; but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel glad.'"

HARD AND SOFT WATER.—All housewives may not know how materially the effects of hard and soft water differ in the cooking of various vegetables; while one species of vegetables requires hard or soft water as the case may be, another species becomes sensibly deteriorated by it. For instance, peas and beans cooked in hard water containing lime or gypsum will not boil tender, because these substances harden vegetable casine. In soft water they boil tender, and lose a certain raw, rank taste, which they retain in hard water. Many vegetables (onions) boil more tender in soft water, because all the flavor is dissolved out. The addition of salt often checks this, as in case of onions, causing the vegetables to retain their peculiar flavoring principles, besides much nutritious matter which might be lost in soft water. Thus it appears that the salt hardens the water to a degree. For extracting the juice of meat to make a broth of soup, soft water, unsalted and cold at first, is best, for it much more readily penetrates the tissues; but for boiling meats where the juices should be retained, hard water is preferable, and the meat should be put in while it is boiling so as to seal up the pores at once.—Savannah.

STANLEY the Livingstone explorer, who was lately honored with a public reception by the ancient guild of Turners, of London, in the course of his reply to addresses made to him on that occasion, said:
"It took seven months to reach Ujiji; now (the country and its inhabitants reach well, and I cannot see why a well-organized expedition might not start from the East African coast and arrive in four months in view of the Tanganyika." (Cheers.) Herin I recognize the utility of my work, as work, as well as that of Burton and Speke.—(Cheers.) It is, indeed available to commerce, and to trade; and it is in the hands of the moneyed men to take advantage of the explorer's labors, not only to obtain pecuniary profit from trade enterprises, but to obtain the acknowledgment of civilized nations for reflecting the dazzling light of civilization upon the poor benighted savages of Africa, and bringing them within the pale of our society. (Cheers.)"

EUGENIE.—On the 15th inst., Her Majesty the ex-Empress Eugenie held a fete at the Bonaparte mansion at Chislehurst. Many visitors from Paris were present and paid respectful friendly compliments, and bouquets were received from a number of the French regiments serving at Versailles.