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Correspondent of the New York Sun.

The History of the Capture of Campbell and Tracy in Key West.
KEY WEST, Fla., March 2.—On the 18th of January last two men calling themselves Sandy Campbell and Billy Tracy arrived here from New York and pretended to be looking for work as laborers. They took board in a respectable boarding house and sauntered around town for two or three days but got no work to suit them. On the fifth day after their arrival they had a fight with some of the other boarders and were arrested and committed on charge of assault with intent to kill. The next day after their commitment they hired a boy to get their baggage away from their boarding house and hid it. The boy stole the baggage and secured it. They were arrested, and in the police found an outfit for burglars, a large sectional jimmy about five feet long being one of the instruments. The police thought the men had come down here to rob some of the pay-masters' safes; but about this time the attention of the officers was attracted by the trial of the masked robbers in your State, and learning that one or two of them had escaped, the police thought these fellows, Campbell and Tracy, might be the two.
Chief of Police Marshall therefore telegraphed to New York, and received a reply that Campbell at least was one of the men who had escaped, and the Chief was requested to hold him. But about this time the prisoners broke jail and escaped. Bloodhounds were put on their track, and within twenty-four hours they were found in the swamp. A desperate fight followed, in which several of the officers were slightly hurt, but the desperadoes were at length captured and handcuffed. Campbell smashed his handcuffs over a stump, and the officers had more trouble with him, but finally he was lodged in jail, and is chained to the floor of his cell awaiting the arrival of the New York detectives. Tracy having proved to the satisfaction of the Court that he was not one of the masked robbers and the police of your city having disowned him, he is to be tried here.

Philadelphia wants to get up a Centennial celebration on the 4th of July, 1876 in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and wants the government to appropriate several millions of dollars to the affair. We are willing for Philadelphia to have her "centennial," and are in favor of her paying for it too. The whole thing is not only a humbug, but would be a business on the Declaration of Independence to have a national celebration of that event while there were such State governments as Louisiana, South Carolina and Arkansas in existence and we hope our representatives in Congress will vote on no proposition to make appropriations to the affair.—Winston Sentinel.

From the Indianapolis Journal. A Touching Case.

During the last week the Journal has announced the death at the Hotel Bates, of Thomas L. Salisbury and Eliza E. Salisbury, his wife, the former having died on Monday the 16th, and the latter on Saturday evening the 21st. Some of the circumstances attending the death of these two amiable and excellent persons were not only very touching but rather extraordinary. They formerly resided in St. Louis, and while there were called upon to mourn the lost of two fine children, their sole family; who were lost together while skating near St. Louis. They were a young lady aged eighteen, and a lad of fifteen. They were drowned on the 21st of February, 1864, precisely ten years before the day of Mrs. Salisbury's death.

This double affliction almost broke their hearts, and henceforth they lived for each other alone, concealing their grief as those only understood who have been similarly bereaved. Naturally congenial and devoted to each other, their lives grew more closely together by reason of the hard providences which at one dispensation had removed both their darlings from their sight without a word of parting or warning. Two weeks ago when Mr. Salisbury was taken sick, his wife watched at his bedside with sleepless affection. Day and night she ministered to his wants till it was feared her own frame, never very strong, would wholly give away. About twenty-four hours before his death, finding him able to converse a little, she asked him if he knew her. He said yes, and smiling called her by name. To her inquiry if he was willing to die, he said "Yes." She said "Thomas, you want to go and see the children, do you not?" He answered "Yes." Then she said, "Thomas, I will follow you soon; do you wait for me; I will come very soon." From that moment she evinced no more anxiety about her husband. She seemed to regard his death as certain, and her own as soon to follow. Yielding to the advice of friends, she retired and slept till just before her husband's death, when she rose and bade him good bye. Immediately after his death she took to her bed and began to sink rapidly. No physical derangement was apparent, but it was a case of broken heart, or insupportable sorrow. The doctor did what he could, but it was a case that wholly baffled his art. Her malady was a kind that no human remedy could reach. The gentle lady was entirely resigned to her situation, and seemed to contemplate her approaching death with entire composure. During the week she steadily sank until it was apparent that her end was near. On Saturday evening, a short time before her death her friends were startled to see her face illuminated by a bright smile. It beamed with light that never shone on sea or land, and told of unspeakable joy. Her eyes gazed into distance and her hands moved as if to welcome some one. A solemn stillness fell upon the bystanders, and the thought struck all that was greeting her children. From that moment the lady neither spoke nor moved, but sank away and passed from mortal life with the same eloquent smile upon her face. She kept her engagement with the husband, and followed soon after him to complete the family circle in the land of the hereafter.

REPPING FOR DEATH.—No one, (says Von Humboldt) can fear death less than I do, neither am I much attached to life, but I have never known the feeling of an anxious longing for death; and although it is a nobler one than that of an absolute weariness of existence, it is nevertheless blamable. Life must first, for as long as Providence wills it, be enjoyed or suffered—in one word, gone through, and that with a full submission, without murmuring, lamenting or repining. There is one important law of nature, which we should never lose sight of; I mean that of ripening for death. Death is not a break in existence, it is but an intermediate circumstance, a transition from one form of our final existence to another. The moment maturity for death cannot be decided by any human wisdom or inward feeling; and to attempt to do so would be seeking better than the vain rashness of human pride. That decision can only be made by him who can at once look back through our whole course; and both reason and duty require that we should leave the hour to Him, and never rebel against His decrees by a single impatient wish. The first, and the most important thing is, to learn to master ourselves and to throw ourselves with peaceful confidence on Him who never charges, looking on every situation, whether pleasant or otherwise, as a source, from which our interior existence and individual character may draw increasing strength; and hence springs that entire submission which few attain to, although all fancy they feel it.

The Norfolk Virginian makes the following practical remarks concerning the establishment of cotton mills in the South:
"There can no longer be doubt that the South is awakening to her advantages for the manufacture of cotton. Scarcely an exchange comes to us from any point south of the James river but it brings either record of the success met with by cotton factories or report of efforts making for their establishments. The statistics of this industry are daily laid before the country, and contrast made between the 891 factories of the North and the pitiful 83 of the South. The relative rates of labor and the greater profit to be made here than there are dwelt upon, and the magnificent result of Georgia's enterprise in this direction are heralded for all men's information."

From our Living and our Dead. Roanoke Island.

We close the account of the great disaster which befel the Confederates on the 8th of February, 1862, in the fall of Roanoke Island. Future historians will record this event as one of the most important which had occurred in the progress of the war up to that date. We still hope that more light will yet be thrown upon this event. Justice to Col. Shaw, who gave his life for the cause, and to the brave men he commanded, demands that some of the survivors, who participated in the fight, should give more in detail what was done to repulse the enemy; the losses sustained by us, and the injury inflicted upon the Federals. Where are the surviving officers and men of the 8th, of the 31st, and of the 17th who were there? Will they permit the meagre accounts we have to go to posterity as the whole truth concerning this great disaster?

Col. W. J. Green; who commanded a battalion, gave in a previous number of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD, an interesting account of the part borne by his command—why cannot other officers do the same? If Col. Shaw ever made an official report we have thus far been unable to find it. His brother officers, his friends, owe it to the memory of that gallant man to furnish us with the material necessary to vindicate his action in the affair. The testimony given before the Congressional Committee, appointed to investigate the causes which led to the fall of the Island, and the conduct of our troops, was a complete vindication, and led to the Report which we publish in full; but that testimony is not within our reach. Many of the officers who appeared before that committee still live, and why they hesitate to publish their statements now passes our comprehension. It is due to the living, and in a still greater degree to the dead, that they should be heard. The future fame of the brave Virginians who fell there will be properly and reverently cared for by those who survived them, their prowess and gallant conduct will be fitly commemorated, and why should North Carolinians be less careful of the fame of their brethren, the brave sons of the same noble mother?

Beatrice Cenci.

The Story of a Well-Known Face.

In almost every paint shop is to be seen the sad face of the unfortunate lady whose story is briefly told in the subjoined sketch, and only recently Messrs. Woodhouse & Parham had exposed in one of the windows of their establishment a very striking and artistic picture representing the portrait of the unhappy Beatrice just before her execution. Shelley has embalmed her memory, and misfortunes, too, in his immortal verse. As very few who look upon this sad, sweet face know the facts connected with the tragic history of the subject of the famous picture, this brief sketch cannot fail to be read with interest by the general public.

In the picture gallery of the Barberini palace, at Rome, hangs a portrait of a young Roman girl, painted by Guido. It is a beautiful but melancholy face, whose "swoon look of sweet, sorrowful eyes" and "touch of prison paleness," reproduced in chromo, are so frequently seen in parlors and shop-windows. For of all the famous paintings in Rome, none is better known or more copied than this. It derives peculiar interest from the history of her whose features it is said to represent.

Francesco Cenci, the head of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of Rome, was a man of violent temper, and, in his household, intolerably cruel. Two of his sons were assassinated at his instigation. At length, unable longer to endure his cruelties and tyranny, his family appealed to the Pope, Clement the VIII, for protection. The petition was misread, and remained, of course, unanswered.

On the night of the 15th of September, 1598, Francesco was murdered. He was found with an enormous nail driven into each of his eyes—a mode of assassination which indicated that at least two persons were engaged in the work. One of them was finally captured, and upon examination, charged the wife, a son, and the daughter, Beatrice, with having prompted the deed. They had, he testified, put the victim to sleep by administering a narcotic draught, and then had introduced himself and his accomplice into Francesco's chamber. They were arrested and imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo, where they were from time to time, as was the practice during the middle ages, subjected to the tortures of the rack to force them to confess the crime. As was frequently the case with the accused, whether guilty or not, preferring death to this lingering agony, the mother and brother made confession. But for nearly a year Beatrice continued firm in her declaration of innocence. At last a new method of torture was devised, to inflict which would make it necessary to cut off her hair, which is described as being "the most silken, the longest, the most marvellous in color ever seen." At this she turned pale. "Touch not my head," she cried. "Let me die without mutilation." And to save her tresses she, too, yielded.

Her beauty, the belief in her innocence, the sympathy and compassion of the whole Roman populace, and the Pope was besieged with petitions to grant her pardon. This he was nearly persuaded to do, when at the trial her cause was most eloquently pleaded by the counsel appointed for the defense, and it was shown how probably a man so generally disliked and dreaded as Francesco should have had enemies outside his own household to plot

against his life. Other murders of similar character occurring about this time, however, induced him to refuse pardon, and it is thought his decision was influenced by the considerations that in the event of their condemnation the property of the prisoners would come into the possession of the church. They were, therefore, publicly executed on the piazza of the bridge of St. Angelo, September 9th, 1599. All the windows, roofs and balconies in the vicinity were filled with people to witness the scene, so great was the interest felt for the beautiful and young heroine.

The portrait by Guido is said to have been painted just before her execution, and during her confinement in prison. Her story has furnished food for many a romance, and has often been represented upon the stage. She is still generally supposed to have been innocent of connection with the crime, and for every one recalling this passage of history, the picture has a strange fascination.

Prepare the Land Well and Plant More Corn.

The most important point in the cultivation of this crop is the preparation of the land by deep and thorough plowing. Corn roots run deep enough to avail themselves of the benefits of all the soil the plow can break. The earing season of corn is very often a period of frequent droughts, and deep and thorough preparation of the land is the best remedy for droughts. If the sub soil plow is used to increase the depth of the preparation, the roots and plants will run far down in search of food and moisture. The time of plowing should be determined by the condition of the land, and no land should be plowed, especially in the spring-time, when too wet. All lands with an abundance of vegetable matter growing upon them, should be plowed in the fall or early winter, so as to allow the vegetable matter to fully decay, that it may become available as food for plants. Bottom lands and all loose soils, already containing much vegetable matter, need not be plowed until near the time for planting—this will enable the corn to come up and get ahead of the grass and weeds. The distance apart corn should be planted varies with the fertility and physical properties of the soil. A rich soil can of course sustain a greater number of stalks than a poor one; but of the two soils equally fertile, one of stiff clay and the other of dark loam, the latter will bear closer planting than the former, because it absorbs more freely the light and heat of the sun. Young farmers are more apt to err in having their corn too thick than too thin upon the land. This crop demands more than simply an abundance of food, it requires a full supply of light and heat, with a free circulation of air. The corn plant requires manures containing potash 27 per cent, phosphoric acid, 47 per cent, and some manure containing ammonia to make the plant start off and grow rapidly. Cotton seed contain all these ingredients and is one of the very best manures for corn. If before applying our cotton seed to the corn as a manure we would wet them and roll them in ashes, it would supply the potash, while in the fermentation and decay the seed would yield up the phosphoric acid and ammonia, giving all the ingredients necessary for the rapid growth and quick maturity of the crop. Prepare the land thoroughly, manure liberally, cultivate well, and don't be satisfied with less than 30 bushels to the acre. Ashes, plaster, cotton seed, and woods mold composted in the following manner, will make an excellent fertilizer for corn.

- 4 bushels of ashes.
 - 1 bushel of land plaster.
 - 20 bushels of cotton seed.
 - 10 bushels of woods mold.
- A pint of the above mixture to a hill of corn would have a wonderful effect.—Try it this year and report.

"I CAN'T AFFORD IT."—How often do we hear this plea from young men when the importance of an education is urged upon them. Many of them can afford to poison themselves with liquor, paying fifty or a hundred dollars for the privilege; they can afford to educate the feet in the gayeties of the ball-room; to attend sensational places of amusement; to stake this same money they could not afford for an education, in a game of chance; to expend money for novels, which would pay for a library of educational works, and in a variety of other ways useless to enumerate here.

This is looking at it from a moral standpoint. But let us suppose the existence of a moral young man who makes this objection, and yet wastes no money in the ways indicated. He "can't afford it." But he can afford to remain in ignorance for the remainder of his life, of the most essential elements and principles of the business that he will be every day called upon to transact.—Exchange.

EXCELLENT CONFECTION.—This is the season for oranges. The peel of this fruit, preserved in sugar, is one of the most delightful confections which a family can use—far superior to the extracts sold in the shops. The peel should of course be perfectly clean, and should be cut in long, thin strips. Stew in water away the water and stew again for half an hour in a thick sirup made of a pound of sugar to one of peel, with just water enough. Put away, in a cool place, for flavoring puddings, pies, etc. For this purpose it should be chopped very fine. No better or cheaper flavoring can be furnished a household.

A Married Man Elopes With a Girl—The Happiness of Two Families Destroyed.

On last Sunday morning the usually quiet neighborhood of Spring Hope, in Nash county, was disturbed by the startling report that Griffin Holloman, a married man, had run away with Miss Mary Edwards, a young girl of only sixteen summers, daughter of Mr. W. F. Edwards, and his wife's niece. Alas, the report proved too true, and upon enquiry, it was found that the faithless husband and profligate had shamelessly abandoned his wife and children and enticed with him a beautiful girl, who was the idol of fond parents, to destroy her happiness and bring disgrace and ruin upon her name. Thus by one wicked and diabolical act, was destroyed the happiness of two innocent families, who are now bowed down with grief and broken hearts. The wife who had given this wretch all the love and devotion of a true woman, and confided in him for protection and comfort, with a happy home suddenly converted into misery and desperation, is indeed an object of sympathy in this hour of trial. The thoughtless girl, snatched from her fond parents by the allurements of a bad man, leaving her mother prostrated with disappointment and agony at the ruin and disgrace of her child, what a pity for her in her wild, sad and gloomy fate.

This man, Holloman, married about six years ago the daughter of Abraham Lamm, of Nash county. He was a Confederate soldier from this county, and after the war, settled in the neighborhood of Spring Hope, where his conduct heretofore has been that of an upright man. He is about 25 years of age, dark complexion and went off with his buggy, driving a sorrel nag that paces in harness. Her parents would gladly receive any intelligence at Stanhope, that might enlighten them as to the whereabouts or fate of their ruined daughter.

Language is inadequate for the denunciation of this wicked and cruel act, and for the exposure of the villain, who would deliberately perpetrate such a foul deed. If the sad effects of such a crime could be confined to the guilty, it would not be so bad, but lost to all sense of shame, they are not the heaviest sufferers, but leave behind them in their wicked flight, a sting that pierces deeply the hearts of the innocent.—Wilson N. C. Advance.

From the Wilmington Star. Mr. Wood's Speech.

That veteran Democrat, Fernando Wood, of New York, made a speech in the House of Representatives last Saturday morning, starting in its array of figures, than any exposé of the financial policy of the Administration yet made. Following in the wake of Mr. Dawes, of the Administration party, and Mr. Beck, of his own party, Mr. Wood strikes some sledge-hammer blows that must tell fearfully upon the Republican party in the coming elections.

We ask the Republicans of North Carolina to read and have any opinion of their own to ponder this speech well. Do not read it merely because it was delivered by a Democrat and it is well to see both sides, but because it has the ring of the truth in it. These figures speak with hard metallic voices in condemnation of the policy of the Grant Administration, which is the policy of the Republican party of to-day. Can Republicans who claim to be intelligent and to have wills of their own read the admissions of such Republican leaders as Mr. Dawes, made in his place in Congress, admissions so damaging to the party that every ingenuity is resorted to in vain to avoid the force of their sweeping condemnation, without feeling that there is something rotten somewhere in the party machinery? And will such intelligent men, when they are thoroughly satisfied by the accumulation of proof from both sides, continue to support such a corrupt and crazy party?

Below we print the summary of the indictment Mr. Wood brings against the Republican party:
The government of its creation has maintained a large standing army at great expense during a time of peace.
It has usurped, by force, the State authority in several States, producing anarchy and repudiation of their moneyed obligations.
It has increased the civil list from 44,500 persons in 1860 to 86,660 persons in 1873.
It has instituted a system of espionage and oppression in the execution of the revenue laws which resulted in enriching Custom House and other officials without aiding the public treasury.
It has created and maintained direct taxation which, until its advent to power, has been unknown in this country since the close of the American Revolution.
It has stealthily absorbed the whole Government power of the country at the Federal Capital until all State interests are made subservient and dependent upon its will.

It has driven from circulation gold and silver, the only constitutional medium, and notwithstanding its large receipts in coin from customs duties and mines, does nothing toward its restoration.
It has increased the salaries of all officials, including that of the President, which it still maintains, though industries are oppressed and poverty goes staring through our streets.
It has maintained a protective tariff in the interest of a class to the detriment of the whole people.
It has, since 1869, anticipated the public debt not due for twenty years, and paid \$40,000,000 for the privilege of doing so, although the immediate obligations of the Government were dishonored, and the

Treasury is now exhausted.

It has inaugurated a fatal policy in its treatment of the Indians—part peace and part war—by dealing out moral suasion to the most warlike, and certain death to the most peaceful, thus adding to the difficulties and expense of a proper settlement of this serious question.
To divert public attention from the extent of the profligacy and extravagance of its horde of officials, it pretends the establishment of a rule of civil service reform, which it applies altogether to a few clerks in Washington, where there are no votes

to be had, but ignores elsewhere, where party service as a reward for office is required.
It has diffused erroneous ideas of the nature of our government to the youthful and uninformed, and taught by example a general looseness of public and private morality, which tends to subvert the permanency of our institutions, and loosens the foundation stones of social order and public well being.

The Number Seven in the Bible.

On the seventh day God ended his work. On the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground.
In seven days a dove was sent. Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.
Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph. Jacob served seven years for Rachel. And yet seven years more. Jacob was pursued in a seven day's journey by Laban.

A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts and seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn.
On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days, and remained seven days in their tents.
Every seven days the land rested. Every seventh year the law was read to the people.
In the destruction of Jericho, seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days. On the seventh day they surrounded the walls seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell.
Solomon was seven years building the Temple and fasted seven days at its dedication.
In the tabernacle were seven lamps. The golden candlestick had seven branches.
Naaman washed seven times in the River Jordan.
Job's friend sat with him seven days and seven nights and offered seven bullocks and seven rams for an atonement.
Our Saviour spoke seven times from the cross, on which he hung seven hours, and after his resurrection appeared seven times.

In the Revelation we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven vials, seven angles, and a seven headed monster.—Independent.

MR. LEO WHEAT'S CONCERT.

The concert for the benefit of the Grace-Steele Presbyterian church last night by Professor Leo P. Wheat, assisted by his "Quartette Choir," and the "Mendelssohn Sextette," was in every respect a grand success. The whole body of the church was filled with an audience representing largely the beauty, fashion and musical taste of Richmond. The programme was an admirable one, and gave Mr. Wheat the soloist ample opportunities to display their rare skill and cultivation as musicians. Their rare combination, we are gratified to learn, will at an early day give a concert for the benefit of the Richmond Relief Association.—Rich. Whip.

England.

THE TREATY WITH THE ASHANTES.

LONDON, March 11.—The Daily News and Telegram gives the following as a correct account of the treaty of peace with the Ashantes: The king agrees to pay to Great Britain a war indemnity of 50,000 ounces of gold; renounces all claim to Adansi, Assin, Denkra, Akim and Wassaw; withdraws his forces from the parts of the coast belonging to or under the protectorate of Great Britain; undertakes to maintain a good road from Coomassie to Prah river, and to protect merchandise transported over said road; will prohibit human sacrifices, and swear to perpetual peace with England. Gen. Wolseley does not expect the entire amount of the indemnity will ever be paid; but regards the other stipulations of vastly greater importance and more likely to be adhered to.

The latest dispatches from the Ashante expedition state that the British loss in the war was 16 killed and 368 wounded.
The most formal and lifeless devotion, not less than the most fervent, are mere enthusiasm, unless it be accompanied, on satisfactory grounds, that such exercises are, indeed, efficient means for promoting our welfare. Prayer is empty, and praise a folly, if the one be not a real instrument of obtaining important benefits, and the other an authorized and acceptable offering to the Giver of all good. But when once these points are determined—and they are necessarily involved in the truth of Christianity—then, whatever inappropriateness may be chargeable upon devotion, an error of incomparably greater magnitude rests with the unworthy. To err in modest prayer may be reprehensible; but not to pray is mad.—Isaac Taylor.

"A QUAIN OLD WRITER SAYS—Reason and Faith may be compared to two travelers. Faith is like a man in full health who can walk twenty or thirty miles at a time without suffering. Reason is like a little child, who can only with difficulty accomplish three or four miles. One day reason proposes to Faith to go forth together. Faith replies, 'O Reason, thou canst never walk with me! Well, they start. But soon they come to a deep river, and Reason saith, 'I can never ford this river.' Again, they reach a lofty mountain, and Reason saith, 'I can never climb this height,' and so in order to leave Reason behind, Faith was obliged to carry him on his back!" and says the old writer,—"Oh, what a luggage was Reason to Faith!"—Central Presbyterian.

ODE TO THE GRANGERS.

BY FRANK W. LEACH.

Ye stalwart, steady sons of toil, who provide for the nation— Ye hardy tillers of the soil, True nobles of creation, Will ye be ruled by middlemen, And triumphed o'er by strangers? Enroll your names with freedom's power! Swell up the list of Grangers!

Arise ye all! throw off the yoke! Awake! each gallant farmer! Discard the shepherd's crook and staff! Gird on the warrior's armor! Grasp firmly now the sword of right! We're used to toils and dangers! Monopolies will put to flight! Before the valiant Grangers.

Ye mighty host, to arms to arms! Come, aid our ranks' expansion! Why should we drudge upon our farms? Here we not earned a mansion? But what care we for vain display? We're nature's free rangers! But we'll not own the tyrant's sway! We're freedom-loving Grangers!

Then come, ye toilers in the fields! We are not servile, never child! With truth engraven on our shields! We'll storm the tyrant's castle! We'll cast the rods of Justice out! Disperse the money changers! Then raise one long, triumphant shout! In honor of the Grangers.

THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

I met a little maid one day,
All in the bright sun weather;
She danced, and brushed the dew away,
As lightly as a feather.
She had a ballad in her hand,
That she had just been reading;
But was too young to understand,
That ditty of a distant land,
"The flower of love lies bleeding."

She tripped a cross the meadow grass,
To where a brook was flowing;
Across the brook like wind did pass,
Wherever flowers were growing.
Like some bewitched child she flew,
Whom fairies were misleading;
"Whose butterfly?" I said "are you?"
"And what sweet thing do you pursue?"
"The flower of love lies bleeding!"

"I've found the wild rose in the hedge,
I've found the tiger-lily—
The blue flag by the water's edge,
The dancing daffodilly—
King-cups and pansies—every flower
Except the one I'm seeking;
Perhaps it grows in some dark bowyer,
And opens at a late hour—
"The flower of love lies bleeding!"

"I wouldn't look for it," I said,
"For you can do without it!"
There's no such flower," she shook her head;
"But I have read about it!"
I talked to her of bee and bird,
But she was all unheeding;
Her tender heart was strangely stirred,
She harped on that unhappy word—
"The flower of love lies bleeding!"

"My child," I sighed, and dropped a tear,
"For all no longer mind it."
You'll find it some day, never fear,
For all of us must find it!"
I found it many a year ago,
With one of gentle breeding;
You and the little lad you know—
I see why you are weeping so—
"Your flower of love lies bleeding!"

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England.

THE TREATY WITH THE ASHANTES.

LONDON, March 11.—The Daily News and Telegram gives the following as a correct account of the treaty of peace with the Ashantes: The king agrees to pay to Great Britain a war indemnity of 50,000 ounces of gold; renounces all claim to Adansi, Assin, Denkra, Akim and Wassaw; withdraws his forces from the parts of the coast belonging to or under the protectorate of Great Britain; undertakes to maintain a good road from Coomassie to Prah river, and to protect merchandise transported over said road; will prohibit human sacrifices, and swear to perpetual peace with England. Gen. Wolseley does not expect the entire amount of the indemnity will ever be paid; but regards the other stipulations of vastly greater importance and more likely to be adhered to.

The latest dispatches from the Ashante expedition state that the British loss in the war was 16 killed and 368 wounded.
The most formal and lifeless devotion, not less than the most fervent, are mere enthusiasm, unless it be accompanied, on satisfactory grounds, that such exercises are, indeed, efficient means for promoting our welfare. Prayer is empty, and praise a folly, if the one be not a real instrument of obtaining important benefits, and the other an authorized and acceptable offering to the Giver of all good. But when once these points are determined—and they are necessarily involved in the truth of Christianity—then, whatever inappropriateness may be chargeable upon devotion, an error of incomparably greater magnitude rests with the unworthy. To err in modest prayer may be reprehensible; but not to pray is mad.—Isaac Taylor.

"A QUAIN OLD WRITER SAYS—Reason and Faith may be compared to two travelers. Faith is like a man in full health who can walk twenty or thirty miles at a time without suffering. Reason is like a little child, who can only with difficulty accomplish three or four miles. One day reason proposes to Faith to go forth together. Faith replies, 'O Reason, thou canst never walk with me! Well, they start. But soon they come to a deep river, and Reason saith, 'I can never ford this river.' Again, they reach a lofty mountain, and Reason saith, 'I can never climb this height,' and so in order to leave Reason behind, Faith was obliged to carry him on his back!" and says the old writer,—"Oh, what a luggage was Reason to Faith!"—Central Presbyterian.

The steamship Sedra, from Newcastle for Port Said, has been lost. Thirty people on board were drowned.