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**DRINK AND DIE.**

The Danville Times says: The following melancholy but beautiful lines were written by a citizen of this place, a few years before his death, who possessed one of the highest intellects of any man whom this country has produced:

I have sought the funeral of all my hopes,  
And entombed them one by one—  
Not a word was said nor a tear was shed  
When the mournful task was done.

Slowly and sadly I turned me round  
And sought my silent room,  
And there along by the cold hearth stone  
I woo'd the midnight grouch.

And as the night winds deepening shade  
Loured about my brow,  
I wept o'er days when manhood's rays,  
Were brighter far than now.

The dying embers on the earth  
Gave out their flickering light,  
As if to say, this is the way,  
The life shall close in night.

I wept alone in anguish sore  
O'er the blight of prospects fair,  
While demons laughed and eager quaffed  
Tears like nectar rare.

Through hell's red ball an echo rang,  
An echo loud and long,  
As in the low I plunged my soul,  
In the night of madness strong.

And there within the sparkling glass  
I knew the cause to lie;  
This all men own from zone to zone,  
Yet millions drink and die.

**A Remedy for Cattle Distemper.**—This disease prevails more or less in our town and vicinity every summer, and usually proves fatal among the cattle which it attacks. Heretofore there has been found no sure remedy for it. We have heard of some losses by it recently. A citizen of the neighborhood, who has recently had several cows sick with the distemper, tried the following prescription, which produced a cure in each case: Alum, one ounce; sulphur, one ounce; saltpetre, one ounce; linseed oil, one quart; mix together for a dose, and if no action is produced in twenty-four hours, repeat the dose. This is a remedy discovered by Mr. Stewart, a celebrated cattle-raiser of Scotland.—*Danville Register.*

**Our Victory in Boston.**  
The Boston Advertiser speaking of our great victory in the old North State says:  
In North Carolina and Kentucky the interest was chiefly concentrated on the election of Congressmen. In the latter State the Republicans had no Congressmen to lose. In North Carolina they had three, of whom the first reports indicate that only one will be retained, and he a new man, of the colored race, not likely unless his character is misrepresented, to prove a valuable member.

**What Killed the Republican Party in North Carolina.**  
The Washington column of the Herald contains the following, dated 9th inst.; Supervisor Perry, of North Carolina, arrived here this morning en route for Maine, where he will spend a week. He says that the Civil Rights bill is what killed the Republican party in North Carolina, and concedes a Democratic majority of 10,000; two years ago it will be remembered this official was the leader of the Republican party in North Carolina, and organized the State so as to secure a Republican majority to affect the Presidential campaign in November, 1872. The sudden change bewildered him, and he thinks it would have been better had Congress disposed of the civil rights measure. So great a victory on the part of the Democrats he fears will encourage illicit distillation, and he will ask that a military police be established in the parts of the State where it has already been suppressed.

**CIVIL RIGHT.**  
The Cincinnati Commercial has a long leading editorial, in which it essays to show that Mr. Justice Bradley has rendered a decision against the constitutionality of the Civil Rights bill (of course only substantially so), and to prove that the Republican party is not pledged to the passage of that bill. It affirms that hardly a majority of the Republican lawyers of the country hold that bill to be constitutional. The whole tendency of the article, says the Richmond Dispatch, is to relieve the Republican party from the odium of that bill of abominations, to put the party upon a new task or track. But what is to become of Morton, Conkling, Edmunds, Wilson, Coffay, and the rest? Let us possess our souls in patience. The end is not yet.

**The Vendome Column.**  
The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph writes as follows:  
The Colonne Vendome is every day rising higher and higher, and will attain its former elevation about the beginning of next September. To speak by the card, it will be as high as formerly; less the altitude of its statue. For it seems to be decided that the column is to have no capital; the edifice is to be left unroofed. In this State it will be a fit exemplar of France it will appropriately embody the provisional government—the impersonal Septennate. But is there not something like moral cowardice in thus shirking the responsibility of replacing the statue of the man who is identified with the column? The figure in imperial robes which the late Emperor had placed on the summit, was considerably injured at the fall of the column, but it could surely be repaired as easily as the edifice of which it used to form the ornament. There surely could be no impediment to restoring the little corporal to his elevated sentry box.

**Unfortunate Love.**  
Mr. Smith, of Waumata, Wis., was the principal of an academy, and a man of good education and supposed good sense. Until forty years old he remained a bachelor. Then he fell in love with a school girl, who was romantic enough to encourage him, until her parents talk her out of the idea. At this Smith cut his throat. The gas was deep and dangerous, but not fatal. It left a long scar and seemed to cure Smith of his passion. A few years later he had a widow. This time it was a young widow, who humored, teased, and finally jilted him. He promptly got out his razor again, and slashed at his jugular. The result was a second scar, crossing the old one like the ends of a sawbuck. Another year passed, and a month ago Smith fell in love for the third and last time. It was a teacher in his academy, and she really intended to marry him. The wedding-day was appointed, and nearly reached, when she suddenly changed her mind, because somebody told her of Smith's two previous love affairs. She could not marry a man who had loved two women before her, and so dropped with a fellow who was too young to have seriously loved anybody. Smith's heart was broken this time past mending. He still owned the razor of bloody memory. His grief was deeper than on the previous occasions, and so was the gas. Smith is dead.

**THE FLOWER FORGET-ME-NOT.**—Mills, in his work upon chivalry, mentions that the beautiful little flower called "forget-me-not" was known in England as early as the time of Edward III., and in a note, he gives the following pretty incident in explanation of the name: "Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake, on a fine Summer's evening, when the lady discovered some flowers of the Myosotis growing on the water, close to the bank of an island, at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when her knight, in a true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, cropped the wished-for plant; but his strength was unable to fulfill the object of his achievement, and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers upon the bank; and casting a last affectionate look upon his lady-love, he said, 'Forget-me-not,' and was buried beneath the surging billows."

**THE ESCAPE OF LEE DUNLAP.**—Every reader of the NEWS must be well acquainted with Lee Dunlap, a negro who was charged with the killing of a white man by the name of Baker in Charlotte, and who has been saved from the gallows by the protecting hand of the Republican party. He was ordered to Wake county jail as a United States prisoner, his counsel having secured a transfer of the case from the State to the Federal Court. While he has been imprisoned in Wake county jail he was said to have been an especial pet of the Radical authorities, and was allowed privileges not given to other prisoners. On Friday night when it was ascertained that the Democrats had carried Wake county and a Democratic Sheriff was elected, the doors of the jail were opened and this guilty criminal allowed to depart his way in peace. If there is any law left in this country, the guilty Radical officials that permitted this act should be made to suffer on the gallows, if needs be, the punishment of the criminal thus released.—*Raleigh News.*

The Raleigh Crescent says: We went to hear the Rev. A. W. Mangum of the Methodist Church, last Sunday. His subject was the true means of bringing about a revival. He had hardly begun his remarks when with a parenthesis as sudden as it was well put he exclaimed: "Brethren, I have now been preaching about three minutes, and I tell you that I want to see none of your mental sport reflected on me in this pulpit. I can't preach to a sleepy congregation, I never did it and I never will. For God Almighty's sake just offer one prayer for the souls of your children at home before you fall asleep in the church of God." This was a shell that fluttered the feathers, and we saw more than one matronly lady turn in her seat and smile a knowing look towards a certain corner where we guess some good old brothers who had eaten heartily of a breakfast steak were dreaming the happy hours away.

**BYARD TAYLOR AT THE PYRAMIDS.**  
Byard Taylor, in a letter from Egypt, says of the scene in the vicinity of the Pyramids: "Nothing could be lovelier than the intensely green wheat lands, stretching away to the Libyan Desert, bounded on the south with thick fringes of palm. The wind blowing over them came to us sweet with the odor of sweet flower blossoms; larks sang in the air, snowy ibises stood pensively on the edges of sparkling pools, and here and there a boy sang some shrill, monotonous Arab song. In the East, the citadel mosque stretched its two minarets like taper fingers averting the evil eye; and in front of us the Pyramids seemed to mock all the late power of the world. Not forty, but sixty centuries look down upon us from those changeless peaks. They ante-date all other human records, except those of the dynasty immediately preceding that which built them. Hebrew, Sanskrit, and Chinese history seem half modern when one stands at the foot of the piles which were almost as old as the Coliseum is now when Abraham was born."

Strange things come to the surface in the earthquakes in South America. Churches yawn and graves give up their dead without waiting for the "witching hour." The scenes are horrible, and their pictorial illustrations are enough to make the blood run cold. The dead do not rest in their graves, and a curious example of this was furnished by the German bark Matias Meyer, which arrived from Antofagasta, Peru, at San Francisco. She had on board two hundred and fifty tons of sand as ballast. When she commenced discharging it, preparatory to taking a cargo of wheat for Liverpool, the vessel was found to be a perfect charnel house of human bones; skulls—one with long black hair, that of a woman—leg bones, thigh bones, ribs, all the disjecta membra of the human body. The Captain stated that Ancon is situated on a sandy waste, and that vessels now secure ballast from the suburbs of the town which was occupied centuries ago as a graveyard. Bodies of men, women and children uncovered by earthquakes, are now bleaching in the sun, and may be counted by the hundreds within ten minutes' walk from the heart of the town. Corn in the cob is dug out of the graves in large quantities, also, pieces of pottery, images, coins and symbolic letters to the spirit world, made of knotted twine and cord.

## List of North Carolina Congressmen, Judges and Solicitors.

The following list embraces the Representatives elect to the next Congress, our present Senators, the existing Judges and the Judges and Solicitors elect:

- CONGRESSIONAL.**  
North Carolina will thus be represented in the next Congress, (the Forty-fourth) which assembles in Washington City on the 4th of March next:
- Senate.**  
M. W. Ransom, Dem.  
A. S. Merrimon, Dem.
- House.**  
1st District, Jesse J. Yeates, Dem.  
2d " John A. Hyman, Rep.  
3d " A. M. Waddell, Dem.  
4th " Joseph J. Davis, Dem.  
5th " A. M. Seales, Dem.  
6th " Thos. S. Ashe, Dem.  
7th " Wm. M. Robbins, Dem.  
8th " R. B. Vance, Dem.

- JUDICIARY.**  
1st District, Mills L. Eure, Dem.  
2d " Lewis Hilliard, Rep.  
3d " A. S. Seymour, Rep.  
4th " A. A. McKay, Dem.  
5th " R. P. Buxton, Dem.  
6th " S. W. Watts, Rep.  
7th " John Kerr, Dem.  
8th " T. J. Wilson, Dem.  
9th " David Schenck, Dem.  
10th " Anderson Mitchell, Dem.

- SOLICITORS.**  
1st District, Jas. P. Whidbee, Dem.  
2d " J. J. Martin, Rep.  
3d " Lon. J. Moore, Rep.  
4th " W. S. Norment, Dem.  
5th " S. J. Pemberton, Dem.  
6th " J. C. L. Harris, Rep.  
7th " F. N. Strudwick, Dem.  
8th " Jas. Dobson, Democrat.  
9th " W. J. Montgomery, " "  
10th " W. H. H. Cowles, " "  
11th " A. C. Avery, Dem.  
12th " W. S. Tate, Dem.

## WAR ON THE BLACKS.

Hon. B. H. Hill, of Georgia, announces the Programme.

The Athens (Ga.) Southern Watchman contains a report of the speech of Hon. B. H. Hill, "to a very large audience at the Court-house" at that place on the 1st inst., in the course of which he thus announces the new programme of the Southern Democracy:

In the first place organize thoroughly, and make the white people a unit. As I have always told you, here lies our final salvation. There ought to have been no white man on the other side in 1867 and 1868; but there is less excuse now than then. The present issue is upon a social question, and it is wholly wrong and wicked, and is not necessary to restore the Union. Require every white man on this issue to take his social place.

In the second place, deal kindly with the negroes. They are not to blame for this iniquity. They are the poor, ignorant tools of wicked men. They are to be the chief sufferers, if this bill (Civil Rights) shall become a law. All our progress in devising means to educate them will come to an end, and they will suffer in a thousand ways. As far as you can, reason with them, and show them their true interest and best friends. If they will not see, you will have done your duty. Many, perhaps, will see and aid us in saving them and ourselves, as well as our country generally.

In the third place, for God's sake and your country's, stop the habit of sending men to Congress who have no qualification for the place but the impudence to beg for it, and the shamelessness to trade for it! I make no allusion to any one. I am speaking of a great evil. The begging, trading and scrambling for Federal offices by Southern white men, which we all see and witness at every recurring election, is disgracing us as a people.

I have no respect for a Southern man who seeks a Federal office. He is a criminal who seeks or holds one to gratify a personal vanity. Public office is not private property, nor for personal emolument. You have no right as a true patriot to vote for a man because he is your relative or your friend. Public office is a public trust and you prostitute this great trust of suffrage committed to you, when you vote for a man to execute such a trust for any reasons other than qualification. There is no hope for the South in future, unless we can have ability in Congress. Sympathizers, clever fellows, personal friends, kin-folks, hungry office-seekers, can never save you but will degrade you more and more. If our people can not get out of the habit of voting for a man for high office simply because of personal feelings, or personal impunities, it is utterly idle and vain to talk about providing a remedy for any evil, present or to come.

There is a fearful responsibility on Georgia now. Our State is the freest of all the Southern Confederate States. Of the seven States first organized as the Confederacy, Georgia is the only one now free enough to choose her own representatives in Congress. Mississippi has one able member, but only for herself, but for nearly all her Confederate sisters. Louisiana and South Carolina hold up their

fettered hands and pray you to send men to Congress who can vindicate our common dead, justify our common living, and inspire powers for our common children! They are powerless and we are free. Shall we forget them! \* \* \* The South has done nothing to be ashamed of. She has never been faithless to the Constitution.—There had never been a Union when she was not satisfied with the Union, according to the Constitution. She had accepted solely because the North was faithless to that Constitution. And, while secession was abandoned and slavery was abolished, and while we submitted to all laws, right or wrong, it was well for the Northern people to understand that any Union in fact, not according to the Constitution, was a Union of force, and would never be a Union of consent. There were just causes for a hundred Wars in Reconstruction, and we would not be entitled to the respect of mankind, or of our own children, if we were to furnish any reason for submitting to it except that of helplessness. A Union according to the constitution—the same in all respects for Georgia and Massachusetts—we of the South would consent to live in, glory in and die for! But a Union which makes Massachusetts a master and Georgia a vassal, we will never consent to, and only submit to while we are powerless.

MR. VERNON, N. C.  
Aug. 10th, 1874.

DEAR WATCHMAN:—What is Romance? It is that feeling without some degree of which no man can be interesting—that charming attribute of human character, which although in excess it is a weakness and receives but little indulgence, compels us to confess that there is nothing truly generous or disinterested which does not imply its existence. It is that poetry of sentiment which imparts to individuals or to incidents something of the beautiful or the sublime. It elevates us to a higher sphere—it gives an ardor to affection, a life to thought, a glow to imagination—it lends so warm and sunny a hue to the portraitures of life, that it ceases to appear the vulgar, cold, insipid, dull and monotonous reality which common sense alone would make it.

But it is this very opposition between Romance and sobriety that excites so strong a prejudice against the former. Why do the mass of mankind regard every romantic and silly young person as such a natural object of contempt? Why do they recoil from his personification of sentiment as if their chief desire seemed to be to divest themselves altogether from its delusion? Life is to them a mere calculation— expediency their maxim—propriety their rule—profit, ease, or comfort their aim. And they have at least this advantage,—while minds of higher tone, and hearts of superior sensibility, are often harassed and wounded, even withered, in their passage through life, they can proceed in their less adventurous career, neither chilled by the coldness, nor sickened by the meanness, nor disappointed by the selfishness of the world. They virtually admit, though they theoretically deny, the baseness of human nature. Strangers to disinterestedness themselves, they do not expect to meet with it in others. They are content with a low degree of sentiment, and are thus exempted from much poignant suffering. Indeed it is only when the casualties of life interfere with their individual ease, that we can perceive that they are not altogether insensible.

A good deal of this phlegmatic disposition exists in our people, and is a capital source of feeling. Such persons are afraid of sensibility that they repress in themselves everything that savors of it. And though we may occasionally detect it in the mounty brag bluster, or in the glistering tear, or in the half-suppressed sigh, it is in the main, it endeavors to elicit any more explicit avowal than the wavy ashen tresses, or the mistle bud betray— one would imagine that the reputation of sensibility were almost a reflection on their character. They must not feel, or at least, they must not allow that they feel; for feeling has led so many persons wrong that decorum can be preserved, they think only in the interests of decorum, and in becoming really as callous as they wish to appear, stifle emotion so very successfully, the confirmed habit at length drowns it and makes it cease to give them any uneasiness.

Such is the case with many who pass through life with great decorum. Yet if it is excess in feeling, it is surely a mistake to attempt to suppress it altogether; for such an attempt will either produce a dangerous revulsion, or, if successful, will spoil the character. One would rather, almost, that a man were ever so romantic, than that he should always think, and feel, and speak, by rule. If a power of extruding either from his sensibility brought upon him occasional distress, than that he always calculated the degree of his feeling.

Life has its Romance; and to this it owes most of its charms. It is not that every man is a hero, and every individual history a new Iliad. It is not that every man needs to be indebted to fiction or to the drama for the development of Romance. Christians will trace scenes and incidents directly to Providence—their hearts swelling with affection and confidence. The more peculiar and wonderful the circumstances may be, the more clearly do they recognize the divine interference.

Those are indeed to be pitied who err in the opposite extreme—whose happiness or misery is entirely ideal. But we have within us such a capacity for both joy and sorrow, independent of all outward circumstances, that we are able to extrude either from every occurrence, that it is surely more wise to discipline such a faculty than to disallow its influence.

## Blood Dust as a Fertilizer.

The refuse blood from the slaughter-houses of New York is utilized by being converted into a dust, which makes a very good fertilizer, which is in demand and sells readily at \$40 per ton. The blood is poured into large iron cylinders which encase a cylindrical jacket. A rotary motion is produced which keeps the blood constantly agitated and reduces its moisture to four per cent. It is then placed into vats, and, after sufficient exposure to the air, placed in sacks for sale. Fifty tons are made every two weeks from the refuse blood of New York city alone.

## Good Advice to Farmers.

Keep away from cross road bar-rooms; work yourself; stay with your hired hands; haul out all manure; attend to your stock and stop the little leaks; have a place for everything and keep everything in its place. This will stop a heavy tax in the shape of expenditures for gear and plows, hoes, axes, etc., and will save at least ten days in the year lost by hunting up misplaced articles. Do everything in season. Watch the market and sell when the best prices prevail, and in order to do this take a good paper, study it and watch the crop reports. Do not be deceived by the plausible showing of speculators. Many a farmer has lost two-thirds of his net profits by heeding the figures of sharp fellows who live by their wits. Do not invest all your capital in land. This makes to-day the heaviest tax paid by farmers of this State.

Try to manage so as to have ready money enough to run you through the year. This will save from ten to twenty per cent on purchases and a heavy tax. Adopt the English plan and have a working capital equal to your fixed capital. Five thousand dollars in cash are much better than fifteen thousand invested in land alone. Keep money to buy implements and manure, to pay for labor and stock, and to enable you to hold your produce, for the best price will be obtained after the supply has been diminished fully three-fourths, and you will feel like a prosperous, thrifty man, and will be sure to be a contented one.—*Exchange.*

## What the Elections Mean.

We can see in the North Carolina and Tennessee elections what would have been the effect of the Civil Rights bill if it had passed. The excitement to which its discussion in Congress has given rise is almost as great in those States as if it were a law. The elections may be said to have turned on it; and we now know what its terrible effect would be if it were more than a dream and a threat. A civil rights law, if it ever became more than a dead letter on the statute-book, would at once put blacks and whites all over the South into separate and hostile camps. A few carpet baggers would remain with the negroes, and a few negroes, would cling to the white friends whom they have never deserted; but the trouble ensuing would be, essentially, a war of races.—The whites of the South, Democrats and Republican alike, will not tolerate so-called "social equality," including mixed schools, forced upon them by law. They are most kindly disposed toward the negro, and if let alone will keep on excellent terms with them, and will accord to them all the "social equality" that their race enjoy in any Northern State; but they spiritedly resent all attempts in Congress to cram it down their throats.—They know that the object of the agitation of the Civil Rights bill is partly revenge, and chiefly a base desire to make a strong, compact, exclusive party of the blacks which could be relied on to maintain Radical supremacy at the South.

Civil Rights bill, if it remains an open question, will cause a consolidation of the white vote all over the South. Men who in despair of reforming their States, have not voted for years, will turn out to declare against that detested measure.—Bringing out every white man, straining every nerve; using all their influence and their money to divide the colored vote, they will, we predict, make gains for Conservatism throughout the South while this bill is pending before Congress. In the strictly partisan view, these victories may be claimed as protests against the general policy of the Administration; and the sins and errors of the Government do serve, in a degree, to explain the Conservative gains; but the cause of causes is undoubtedly the introduction of the Civil Rights bill in Congress as a Republican measure. That Democrat is foolish who bases great expectations on the advance of Thursday last. It is still not beyond the power of the Republican party to hold its own a while longer by abandoning the Civil Rights bill and pursuing henceforth the policy of letting the South alone, purging itself so good that the people will be content with its rule till something better can be had.

## Why we Failed.

General Gordon, in an address at the commencement of the Georgia University, said of the cause of failure of the Southern Confederacy:  
"The truth is, we have failed because it was impossible to succeed; and it, which all the experience of both sides, we had the war to fight over again, we should accomplish no more, nor had any other race, under like circumstances, ever accomplished so much in the past, nor can ever accomplish more in the future.—What is it you ought to have done that was left undone? You did all that human hands could accomplish, human intellects suggest, human skill devise, or human hearts endure. And you yielded at last only to overwhelming calamities, to crushing impossibilities, to the decrees of a destiny as inexorable as death—to resist which you brought public and private economy, public and private docility and unitedness, skill, intellect, courage, will, energy, manhood and womanhood, sacrifices, prayers, churches, States; enduring, suffering, struggling, with a faith, a heroism, and martial spirit unexampled in history and legends in defeat."

## MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS.

200,000 Native Christians Slughtered in China—Bloody Scenes and Heroic Sufferings.

The French periodical, Mission Catholique, for the last of July, gives the first authentic and detailed narrative of the recent massacre of Roman Catholic converts in China.—The account, as translated for the London Tablet, says: "The massacre broke out on the 25th of February, when the literates, as the persecuting party is called, opened the campaign by beheading two men in the service of Pere Doane and a Christian, whom they then threw into the river. The same day they burned the three villages of Trun Lam, Fio-Vinh and Ban-Tach, and massacred the inhabitants that were in them. Those who succeeded in escaping to the woods were hunted down with hounds, and brought back and killed on the following day. The river was covered over with bodies floating down it from the side of Lareg. At that time the murderers were massacring the Christians of the parish of Hoi-Long, who were burning their villages.—Those who took refuge in the cliffs of the neighborhood were hunted down, and burned alive. The Grand Mandarin of Justice, was at the market of Sa Nam with 800 soldiers, but remained an inactive spectator of the massacre of the Christians of Nam-Doong, only a few of whom were able to escape.

THE LITERATES,  
who were the heads of the militia appointed to massacre the Christians, say that the work of extermination carried out under the eyes of the mandarins was concerted between the court and the literates, and was done in reprisal for recent events. The mandarins have just received orders from the court not to employ any other means save those of persuasion to stop the murderers in their career. One of the chiefs, who had just caused two Christians to be murdered on the high road, went on the parade before the governor of the citadel, by whom he was dismissed with honor. On his return twenty women and children fell under the sword of this man and his followers. He had just come from offering sacrifice to the goddess of prostitution, to whom a famous temple that stands near the road is dedicated.

## MODE OF TORTURE AND DEATH.

"In several localities they take an entire family—father, mother and children—bind them together with bamboos, and then fling the bundle of living humanity into the waves. First, however, they take care to cut off the man's head. The multitude of dead bodies thus fastened together in groups of from eight to ten block up the principal river; but to the great surprise of everybody does not send forth any bad smell. There are then five parishes, containing 10,000 Christians, which have to be blotted out of the mission, namely: Luag-Thank-Huyen, Nam-Doong, Hoy-Ven and Doreg-Taank. "Many of the victims died in the midst of flames. A village of more than four hundred Christians was attacked by the literates, and soon became a prey to the flames. Among these 400 Christians there were 120, more or less, who succeeded in saving themselves by taking refuge in a large village near by. The remainder, about 300, were nearly all massacred. Two small villages of Christians, situated two hours, walk from the place at which I then was, were hummed in by the pagans. The Mayor visited each house, numbered the Christians and forbade them, under threat of most severe punishment to go out of doors. A few of Christian women attempted to go to market to keep themselves from starving. "They never returned. Some pagan women who went with them say that the Christian women were captured and beheaded. Two men from one of these same villages hazarded a flight during the night. They passed the great river by swimming, and came to me to tell their misfortunes. "Alas," writes Archbishop Gauthier, from whose letter this information is chiefly derived, "I could do nothing but weep for them, being unable to do anything to succor them!" Two or three days afterwards I learned that all the men in the village had their heads cut off, but the women and children were spared. And as their houses were intermingled with those of the pagans, it was forbidden to burn them down."

General Gordon, in an address at the commencement of the Georgia University, said of the cause of failure of the Southern Confederacy:  
"The truth is, we have failed because it was impossible to succeed; and it, which all the experience of both sides, we had the war to fight over again, we should accomplish no more, nor had any other race, under like circumstances, ever accomplished so much in the past, nor can ever accomplish more in the future.—What is it you ought to have done that was left undone? You did all that human hands could accomplish, human intellects suggest, human skill devise, or human hearts endure. And you yielded at last only to overwhelming calamities, to crushing impossibilities, to the decrees of a destiny as inexorable as death—to resist which you brought public and private economy, public and private docility and unitedness, skill, intellect, courage, will, energy, manhood and womanhood, sacrifices, prayers, churches, States; enduring, suffering, struggling, with a faith, a heroism, and martial spirit unexampled in history and legends in defeat."