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## NORAH'S NEW YEAR.

DEAR WATCHMAN:—That a very large proportion, perhaps as many as four-fifths, of mankind—from the merchant millionaire to the humblest street peddler—heads of governments and the presidential post-masters and pot-house politicians—from the general and commodore in control of vast armies and navies to the rankless private and marine—from the farmer and herdsman of the prairie and the peasant laborer of the three acre potato-patch—from the brightest luminaries and professors of science and learning to the country school-master—from the richest to the poorest, and from the highest to the lowest, in all professions and occupations in life, are destined to failure in their daily avocations and speculations, is a well-known and constantly evident and acknowledged fact.

How they fail, in such bewilderingly large numbers, is a matter not quite so patent and plain—it is assignable to an innumerable variety of minor causes, in light and shade of biographical coloring, vying with the endlessly changing forms of the clouds in the heavens and the magical tints that diversify every portion of the widest autumn landscape. Yet if we were to attempt to condense these causes into three or four, and to express them as briefly and inclusively as possible, we might say they are to be attributed either to the fate, the mistake or the mismanagement of each individual's business. I use the word fate here synonymously with Divine Providence, and not in a superstitious sense.

In the first place, God does not make us to be successful in every man's business—there is no chance for all to be wealthy and honored where diversity is the basis of the Eternal's will and beneficent plan. Secondly, men mistake their callings so often. The fox-hunting and frolicking priests of some countries never had nor heard a call to preach—they are clearly out of their element. The poet, who has struggled vainly for eminence, when his gray hairs are thickening, wishes himself a boy again, that he might begin the study of Euclid and fight his way up to a college chair in mathematics instead of trying to cultivate a barren fancy into some sort of poetry. The professor, who has such as the said specimens of that old, old story: "If I could only live over again what might I not be?"

Another immense crowd of our fellow creatures will, in spite of all moral precedent and all good advice, drink, keep bad company, idle around, get into all sorts of scrapes and misadventures, and neglect their business generally, as if it could take care of itself. Albeit there are many men of talent and genius belonging to this class, they deserve little pity, sympathy or help. They are the world's business reprobates—bound to fail, because, forsooth, they will have it so!

It is the second of the aforementioned classes over whom the angels weep, and for whom the hearts of good men bleed. Poor, lost, wandering travelers! They have taken the wrong road—perhaps a kind father and mother, when they were little children, gave them the very directions in implicitly following which they have lost their way. How sad! Such a boy was reared and educated for the pulpit—he is a third-rate preacher, but would make a splendid engineer—he talks to a listless, sleepy set of hearers every Sunday. Such another one is in a great city, up in a garret, trying to eke out a scanty living and to keep his wife and children from downright starvation by writing for the press. If he had staid on the farm where he was born, he might now have been in the midst of plenty—he was not made to write books, but to manure fields and hoe potatoes. In this brief, poverty-stricken lawyer is yet that line because his father was an eminent jurist and he wanted him to be one. That old-maid school-ma'am ought to have married that stout young farmer, when she was twenty-four, gone to work, and let spectacles and literary labor alone. That broken merchant ought to have been a minister—that minister a merchant—that lawyer a doctor—that doctor a lawyer. But what is the chief lesson to be learned by writing for the press? Why, learn your children all to work, and, if practicable, bind them to some good trade—that is the road to health and independence.

There is too much so-called higher education of the hands and heart—too many books and high schools for poor children, to make them above honest manual labor. All should learn to read, write and count, but the clerkships and professions are too full; learn them to work, and they can shake their fists at grim Want any day.

E. P. H.

### The Shot Gun Policy.

The following from the Hillsboro Recorder, goes directly to the mark and every shot tells:

"The National Republican, rad, very much fears the negro race will go down under the 'shot gun policy' of the South. We are half inclined to agree with the Republican. We met a day or two ago half a dozen stout negro men, each one mounting a shot gun, and all bound to the woods to kill time, or squirrels or something else; and we meet some every day. Every negro man in the South owns a shot gun; and that shot gun is killing them off as fast as idleness produces want disease, and disease death. This is the way the negro is going, but it is by the shot gun in his own hands."

Ex-Governor Pinchback, of Louisiana, has addressed an open letter to Governor Nicholls resigning his place as United States Senator from that State.

The citizens of Lenoirton are paying by subscription for having the river dragged for the body of Mr. Harrison Grice, who was drowned on the 22nd ult.

It was New Year's eve. The streets were thronged with pedestrians, the jingle of sleigh-bells was ever and anon heard, and all the world seemed to be forgotten care, and taken a holiday. But not so. There were sad faces among the merry ones; the poor and wretched jostled against the gay and happy; and this life-picture, like all others, had its dark background.

Looking in at the brilliantly lighted window of a confectioner, stood a little girl, her face blue with cold and hunger, her eyes wistful and pathetic. She had on a light calico dress, shoes that were too large for her, and a strange kind of garment—half shirt, half cloth—so worn and patched that one could not tell its original shape or color. Her age was not over nine or ten, yet she seemed more like a little old woman than a child. There was an air of wisdom in the way she turned her head, and wrinkled up her forehead, and pressed her lips together, as she gazed at the confectioner's candies and cakes, as if she thought them all very pretty, but at the same time very unsubstantial. Once or twice the child-nature showed itself in her eyes, but was quickly followed by an expression of gravity and sorrow, touching in one so young.

Finally she turned away with a sigh, and at that instant the confectioner's door opened, and a lady, richly dressed, came out. Something in the child's face or looks attracted her attention. She stopped, drew the shivering little figure toward the light, and scanned it curiously. "What is your name, dear?" she asked, kindly.

"Norah," was the answer, given in a low voice, and with a look of wonder at the questioner.

"Norah!" echoed the lady, turning pale.

"Norah what?"

"Norah Brady, ma'am."

"Oh!" and an expression, partly of relief, partly of disappointment, swept over the listener's face. Then she slipped some money into the child's hand, and whispered: "Spend it as you please, dear. It is a New Year's gift."

Norah's cheeks flushed and she drew back a little proudly.

"I can not take it, ma'am," she answered, in even, steady tones. "Pappa would be angry if I did."

"Angry that you accept a gift? Why so?"

"Because we are poor, and when people give us things, he says it's out of charity."

But is that any reason for refusing them?"

"Yes, for papa and I are independent, and had rather earn our own money."

The little figure straightened itself with an air of dignity almost womanly.

"You are a strange child," was the reply, and the lady looked interested and amused. "Tell me where you live?"

The street and number were named, and then Norah raised her honest blue eyes and said softly: "Please don't think me ungrateful, ma'am. You are very kind indeed. Only that papa has seen better days, and it hurts him now to be poor, or I might, perhaps, keep it." And she handed back the money with a wistful little glance that spoke volumes.

"Have you a mother, dear?" questioned the other.

The blue eyes filled with tears. "No, ma'am," she answered, in a quivering voice. "Mamma died three years ago."

Why was it that a throb of pain stirred the listener's heart at these words? What was Norah's mother to her? She felt drawn toward the child, she hardly knew why; drawn, too, toward the dead mother, and the strange, proud father. Norah's eyes, Norah's name, were like those of a sister she had lost—by a separation almost worse than death. She had never forgotten it, and to-night the memory of that olden time softened her heart, and made her pitiful toward the grief of others. But all this while her carriage stood waiting, with a white-haired old gentleman inside, and the coachman impatiently, stamping his feet.

"I must leave you," she whispered to Norah at last, longing to clasp the little figure to her breast. "I shall come and see you soon, may I not?" Then, seeing the child hesitated to reply, she added: "Are you afraid papa will object? Tell him charity has nothing to do with it, but it is for my own sake, and because you remind me of some one I loved years ago, that I wish to come."

Norah was a hospitable little soul, and the beautiful lady had completely won her heart. "Papa will be glad to see you," she said, simply, "and, I too."

"Thank you, dear." Then moved by a sudden impulse, the lady stooped down and kissed her. The coachman, looking on, rubbed his eyes, and thought that perhaps Norah was some princess in disguise. And so she was, and by a right more royal than that of blood or money.

"What child was that?" questioned the white-haired old gentleman, as the lady took her seat in the carriage and bade the coachman drive on. "Some beggar with a tale of distress that touched your sympathy?" He looked at her fondly, and in a manner that showed she was the "one woman of the world" to him.

"Not a beggar," and the lady smiled and told how Norah had refused the money.

"But the child interested me strangely. She has eyes like those of the little Norah I left in Ireland, and for a minute I had a faint hope that my search was at last ended. But her father's name is Brady."

"And yours was O'Connell," said the gentleman. "And it was not here, but to France, that he migrated."

"I know," and a touch of impatience came into her voice. "It was but for a minute, as I said. Afterward I understood how impossible it was." She sighed bitterly, and went on: "I wonder if this is to be the punishment for my sin and folly—that I am never to know the fate of those I deserted."

"That girlish sin and folly, as you call it, dear wife, has been expiated long since," was the answer. "Let the past bury its dead. Do not make yourself miserable by raking up its ashes."

"I am not unhappy," she said softly. "Why should I be? Every wish is gratified save one—that of reconciliation with my parents, and perhaps it is right this should be denied me."

"Has it ever occurred to you that they may be dead?" asked the gentleman, looking at her compassionately.

"Many times," she answered. "But I cannot make myself believe it. Something seems to tell me they are living and in want."

"Oh, that is because the agent we sent over to Ireland told us your father had lost his property. You would naturally think of him as poor after that."

"Yes, and when pride is joined to poverty, the struggle is the harder. Father was a strange man; stern, and haughty and obstinate, but under the harsh exterior hid one of the warmest hearts that ever beat. I can understand why he left Ireland so suddenly, and cover up all traces of his flight, lest those who had known him in prosperity should witness his humiliation. He could not have borne that; it would have been the added drop of bitterness that would have choked him. But mother was different; so meek and gentle, and was the only living person who knew how to manage him. Every one else was sure to see the worst side of his nature."

"Ah, yes! you have told me of her before. But I cannot understand, Kate, why she never answered your letters. You were but seventeen when you cloped with that villain—a mere child—and surely she might have given you some words of help and comfort when your heart was almost broken by his baseness. True, he was your wedded husband, and held you by a bond stronger than that of parents; but their silence was cruel and I cannot forgive them for it."

"You do not know how I have tried their love. My father warned me against the man, my mother told me of his falsehood and wickedness, and I deceived, betrayed them both. Oh, I was guilty of such base subterfuge, it seemed as if a demon had entered into me, and I was no longer my real self. Whatever they said only increased my obstinacy and made me more infatuated with the object of their censure. Besides, you must remember, my father had reason to think I robbed him in the night of my departure, though the theft was committed without my knowledge, and by the wretch into whose hands I had trusted my honor and happiness. That I could have been so blinded to his real character seems impossible now; but he had a winning, plausible manner, and I was vain and foolish, fond of flattery and admiration."

"You fled to America at once, did you not, and wrote home from there?"

"Yes. My husband's villainy was first revealed to me on board of the ship that took us over. I accidentally came across the money he had stolen from my father, and recognized the purse that held it as one I had knitted myself. I asked for an explanation, and he gave it boldly, glowing over the idea of what he called a just and righteous vengeance, instead of the hateful crime it seemed to me. It was there I found out there had been a feud of long standing between him and my father, and that it was for this he had married me, and thus struck his enemy to the heart."

"Though the villain is dead, it makes my blood boil to think of him, Kate. But did you not mention all this in your letters—the vile plot, the stolen money?"

"Yes, and more too. I told you of my desolate condition in New York, alone and friendless, for as soon as we landed I fled from the wretch whom the law had made my husband. He followed me, persecuted me, prevented my obtaining any respectable employment; and oh! the terrible life that I led those two years that he lived. It is dreadful to say it, but his death was actually a relief."

"And they never answered your letters?" said her husband indignantly. "I cannot understand such vindictiveness."

"The first one was returned unopened," she answered; "of the others I never had any tidings. But I am sure they would have forgiven me had they known it all. It may be the letters were intercepted. The suspicion has occurred to me lately that they fell into my husband's hands, and that he re-mailed and stamped that first one to deceive me and prevent my writing others."

"Don't call that man your husband, Kate. It makes me shiver. He was capable of anything, and I have no doubt your suspicion was correct. But surely

you wrote after his death?"

"I did not," she replied. "I was so utterly heart-broken, by all that had occurred, as to believe myself an outcast from love and kindness forever more. You know what I suffered, and how I went from place to place, vainly seeking employment. The stage was the only means of livelihood that offered itself. Ah! can I ever forget from what a life you rescued me, the humble ballet-girl?"

"But remember you said it was from love, not gratitude, that you became my wife. For I am old enough to be your father, Kate, and had you refused me what I craved, would have adopted you as my daughter."

"Old in years but young in heart," she answered. "If my first marriage was a wretched mistake, my second is indeed blessed and crowned with such happiness as I never hoped to enjoy."

The carriage had reached the suburbs of the city by this time, and now stopped before a large house with an old-fashioned, hospitable aspect very inviting.

"Home at last!" said the gentleman, jumping out as nimbly as if he had been younger. "Come, Kate."

She followed, and leaning on his arm went up the steps and into the house.

No further allusion was made by either side to the subject of their conversation during the drive. But the thoughts of one kept continually recurring to the child she had seen in front of the confectioner's; and when Kate Hillard closed her eyes in sleep that night, it was with the firm resolve to see Norah's father early next day, and find out who he was and whence he came, for Norah's words, Norah's looks, seemed like an echo from the spirit, and had in them something of the past she remembered.

Norah's thoughts were as full of her as hers of Norah. "Such a lovely lady!" mused the child, as she hurried home.

"I don't think papa would have minded my taking the money, if he could have heard all she said, and seen exactly how she looked. It is New Year's Eve, and what if she were not a real lady, but just some fairy going about doing good. I saw a nice old gentleman inside her carriage, though, and a live coachman on top. I guess she's flesh and blood like the rest, only kinder and more thoughtful."

It was towards a wretched quarter of the city that Norah bent her steps, and the tenement where she stopped was old and dilapidated and crowded with human beings. She ascended the stairs and found her way to a room dimly-lighted by a tallow candle. The door stood open and she entered softly. Then shading her eyes with her hand, she looked around. There was a bed in one corner, and upon that lay a man asleep.

"Poor papa," she thought; he is tired out. The doctor says he ought not to work, but he will, and I can't help it. I almost wish I had taken the money. It would have bought a chicken and I could have made him some broth to-morrow. But he wouldn't have eaten it if he knew how I got it. Oh, dear! it is so hard to be poor and have a sick father."

She bustled about a little, setting the room to rights, and tried to look cheerful, though she was down-hearted. But the tears came in spite of her when she went to the cupboard and looked in to see what there was for breakfast. Only a few dry crusts and a small piece of bacon. If it had not been New Year's eve her poverty would not have seemed so bitter. She had gone hungry before and never complained, but now, looking at her pale, worn father, and remembering the sad Christmas they had spent, heart rebelled, and she almost doubted the goodness of God, who let poor people suffer thus. Then her mother's sweet face rose up before her as if in reproach, and she folded her hands together and breathed a prayer for help and comfort. Poor Norah! a child in years, but weighed down with a woman's cares, old in trouble and the wisdom born of it. It was well that she had early learned where to look for guidance when sore and distressed and buffeted by the world.

Her father did not awake, and she finally took up the bit of candle and retired to an inner room hardly larger than a closet. Its only furniture was a little cot-bed. Into that she crept after undressing herself, and soon fell asleep. She dreamed of an angel with the face of the beautiful lady who, in some magical way had been changed into a fairy, all spangles and lace.

The sun was nearly an hour high when she awoke the next morning, though her room was still dark, for it had but one little window high up that opened on a brick wall. But she rubbed her eyes and looked around as if bewildered, for surely some one over her head, and whispered, softly, "Little sister! Little sister!" She sat up in bed, and she felt two arms clasp her close, and warm kisses rain down on brow and lips and cheeks. She was not afraid, only wondered what it all meant, and whether she was really in her own little room, or in fairyland, or in heaven.

"Dress quickly, dear," said the voice she had heard first. "There is a gentleman waiting for you."

The voice was that of the beautiful lady and so was the form that she recognized by the dim light. Half believing it a dream still Norah slipped on her clothes,

and with her hand clasped in that of her companion, opened the door of the other room. Then she saw the white-haired old gentleman she remembered so well, and her father talking cooily together; and if she had been puzzled and bewildered before, she was even more so now.

"Come here, daughter," said Mr. O'Grady, or O'Connell, as he was called thereafter. "The New Year has brought you a sister."

"What do you mean, papa?" Norah stammered.

"Tell her Kate," whispered the white-haired gentleman.

Mr. O'Connell had heard the story before, but he listened again as the sweet voice trembled in its narration, and once wiped a tear furtively from her eyes.

"My sister! My own, own sister!" cried Norah, joyfully, clasping Kate close. Then in a low voice she added, "The last word mamma spoke was your name."

At this tears came into the eyes of both, and Mr. Hillard, seeing them, rose hastily, and said, "Come, come, Kate, it is time we were going. Your father is ready, and so is Norah. You can talk all you want to afterward."

Mr. O'Connell's reluctance to accept his daughter's hospitality was finally overcome and he consented that Norah and himself should make part of her household. His pride was great, and had led him to assume a false name, and almost make a martyr of Norah, but he had begun to have faint perception that a great deal of error and selfishness were mingled with it, and was ready to make amends.

He soon afterward recovered his health, and through Mr. Hillard's instrumentality obtained employment at once lucrative and honorable, so that he was enabled to support both himself and Norah independently.

Norah grew more like a child, and less like a woman, under the new influences by which she was surrounded. But she was none the less true and honest, and her sister rejoiced to see the signs of care fade out of the young face that had once been so sadly mature.

But neither Norah, nor Kate, nor Mr. O'Connell ever forgot the day that ushered in their new-found happiness, and to them the New Year brings greater joy than any other holiday.

### A MAN WHO SAW A MULE DIE.

"Ain't it a curious thing that nobody ever sees a mule die?" remarked an old tempter in Gumbert & Webber's saloon. "No man living ever saw a mule die, I s'pose!"

This remarked Mr. Daniels, lighting a fresh cigar: "In 1850 I was mining on the South Fork of the Yuba, and it came my turn to cook for my gang. We took turns each week, you know. Well, I was going to show how economical I could run the commissary. I went and bought a peck of dried apples; they were all stuck together in a lump, but I got 'em jammed into a pot, poured in some water and started the fire. Presently a few of 'em began to rise up to the top of the pot, and so I skimmed 'em off and put 'em in a pan. Pretty soon some more bulged up, and I skimmed them off and put 'em in a pan. The first thing I knew after I had skimmed that blasted pot a while, I had to get another pan and then another, and by the time I got four pans heaped up, dang my skin if there wasn't more apples in the pans than there was in the pot. That is I thought so at the time. I kept getting more pans and buckets, and lard cans, and all the time plumb frightened death for fear some of the boys would come in and see how extravagant I was, for I had been blowing how cheap I could run the mess. The blasted apples still kept coming out of the pot. I put some papers on the floor and covered 'em with flour, and by Jove, the place looked like a Santa Clara fruit drying establishment, and the pot was still bilin' full."

"What has that got to do with a mule dyin'?"

"Wait a minute. I'm comin' to the mule. Finally I got desperate and dumped over twelve bushels of the apples back of the cabin, behind a tree. In about an hour I heard a devil of a noise, and ran out. What do you suppose I found? Why, a four hundred dollar mule kicking in the agonies of death. The apples were all gone; the mule nearly so. He was swelled up like a balloon, and the first thing I knew he busted. Pledge my word, gentlemen, he exploded like a giant powder blast, and brought the whole camp to the place. I kept still; they could not find the mule, and it cost 'em \$10 to advertise a reward for him in the Sacramento Union. About two weeks afterwards they caught a couple of greasers hauging round, and they put it up that they stole the mule, so they hung 'em. I was there, but I did not say a word for fear the boys would find out how extravagant I had run the commissary. Let's have something."

THE HOLSTON ANNUAL METHODIST CONFERENCE adopted a petition to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, which meets next May, asking that the name of the Church be changed to "Episcopal Methodist Church." It is probable that the General Conference will also be asked to invite the Northern Methodist Church to withdraw from the South, notwithstanding the settlement lately made by commissions of the two bodies.

### REV. J. I. MILLER'S LECTURE.

We find in the *Shepherdstown Register* the following abstract, which we commend to the attention of the young. A morbid sensitiveness sometimes prevents the truth from being spoken. We are pleased to see such men as Revs. Miller and Fry striking such successful blows at some of the secret crimes of the day.

At a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of Staunton, Va., on Tuesday night of last week, Rev. J. I. Miller, principal of the Staunton Female Seminary, delivered an address upon the subject of "Integrity," from which we extract the following plain and wholesome truths, and we hope that every young lady who reads this article will profit by it.

"Another foe to integrity is the low estimate placed upon purity of principle and of life in the young, and especially the young men. There are those who not only countenance the idea, but will contend that we ought not to expect that the young men will fail to 'sow their wild oats,' and that one species of this oats is the departure from the path of purity. Yes, there are men mature in life, men who, from their general character, family connections, standing in society and even the Church, we ought to expect better things of, are not slow to give currency to the most degrading, most demoralizing declaration that all young men are guilty of this form of immorality. A declaration which the speaker, with all the earnestness of his nature, pronounced an infamous slander. And yet this opinion has found such general currency that young ladies have come to the conclusion that if they were to wait till the hand of a man of pure principle and life was offered them, they would not be blessed with a life partner.

If this were true, said the speaker, I would say to you with all the intensity of my nature, *live and die* unblesed with the love and companionship of a husband, rather than wed moral and often physical loathsomeness. And here I must be indulged with a remark or two strictly german to the subject, but which from false notions of delicacy are too often suppressed. It is this: Though I have the highest respect and confidence in the integrity, the virtue of woman as a class, yet it has often been a matter of inexplicable mystery to me that young girls of unsullied purity themselves will countenance, yes, encourage the attentions, welcome to their parlors and tables young men whom they can but know are debauchees. My advice to every young lady is, shun such characters as you would shun the infected district of the plague or association with the leper. Give them to understand, in no unmistakable way, that you will *shun them as they would shun and despise you, guilty of a like sin*. Nothing does more to break down the integrity of our young men in this fearful phase of it, than the encouragement given by otherwise good people of a community to the notion that such deviation from virtue's path must be expected in them; and worse, that young ladies, pure as the virgin snow in life and character, will knowingly smile on and encourage the attentions of such. Had I a daughter, I would a thousand times rather see her arrayed in the drapery of death than that she should be united in the tenderest, dearest of human ties to such a beastial specimen of humanity. From my heart of hearts I pity the young bride whose snowy attire in which she is led to the altar is strikingly significant of the purity of her heart, but who stands there to be joined to one whose low views and base practices more truly fits him for the companionship only of a very different class of characters. A man with such views and life can never be fitted for the high and ennobling companionship of an intelligent, refined, virtuous loving woman. But while a deep, ardent sympathy for the noble daughters of our land tempts me to linger on a phase of my topic so intimately connected with their dearest interests for time, not to say highest hopes for eternity, duty to my audience requires me to advance.

Rev. J. B. Anthony, of Mt. Pleasant, N. C., has accepted a call to the Giles charge, and will enter on his duties at once. His address will, therefore, be Newport, Giles Co., Va. Rev. Anthony's ministrations in other places has been blessed with good results. He is a close student; and makes faithful use of the catechism in preparing the young for church membership. The neglect of catechism in this Synod for so long a time has rendered the efforts in this direction, made during the last few years, a difficult and slow work. May the blessing of God rest on Bro. Anthony's labors.—O. C. Paper.

AUSTRIAN CATHOLICISM.—The *Independent* says: "The Old Catholics of Austria have just been granted legal recognition by the minister of education and worship. They made application for recognition several years ago; but the government refused to accede to the request unless they would acknowledge themselves as seceders from the Roman Catholic Church—an admission which they were, of course, loth to make, but which they have finally made, and their congregations, which are more numerous than one would expect, have been placed on an independent footing. The German correspondent of the *London Guardian* says: 'In the northern corner of Bohemia, at and about Warnsdorf, there is a very compact body of 25,000 Old Catholics; Vienna and its dependencies number another 7000; and at Ried and Steier, on the Bavarian border, 3000 more. In Vienna the Salvator church has been given for their use. Very lately two Austrian priests have turned their backs on their home. One has joined the Old Catholics at Breslau; and the other, a cathedral preacher at Linz, has got married in Breslau. But of priests at work in Austria in the Old Catholic cause there cannot be more than half a dozen.'"

"THE STAR IN THE EAST."—A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* corrects a common mistake in regard to "The Star in the East," and the usual manner of Christmas decorations in our homes. He says: "Owing to bad punctuation in the sacred text, the Magi, or Wise Men, who are also described as the 'Wise Men of the East,' are made to say 'For we have seen His star in the East;' whereas, it should read, 'For we in the East have seen His star.' The star was seen in their west. They journeyed westward toward Judea from their eastern climes. Moreover, the word translated 'star' is a misnomer; it really means a meteor, or bright, luminous object, a 'pillar of fire.' One tradition speaks of it as a gigantic 'cross of fire.' The latter symbol has been sometimes adopted in our churches, and is not only appropriate, but symbolical. It may be placed either in the eastern or western portion of the church, but no star of 'greens' should be tolerated."

ALBEMARLE AND CHESAPEAKE CANAL.

Donn Piatt in a recent letter to the *Cincinnati Enquirer* says the Huron disaster has developed the fact heretofore unknown to the country, and of course neglected by the Government, that from Chesapeake Bay to the south end of Pamlico Sound there is an inland sea and river navigation now open to vessels of not over five hundred tons, by which all the dangers of Cape Hatteras can be avoided. An expenditure of a hundred thousand dollars on the part of the Government in dredging a few channels would open this route to vessels of the heavier tonnage. And following the line of rivers and sounds connecting with them the Gulf of Mexico can be reached. The advantages to be gained are great in the way of trade, but the important fact is that with this improvement a long line of dangerous coast could be guarded by iron-clads that are found not to be seaworthy torpedoes, and the safe cheap transportation of troops, provisions, and materials of war provided and so escape the heavy expenditure of costly fortifications for which we have no guns, and a navy for which we have no money, nor, it appears, brain or honesty.

We sincerely hope that the attention of Congress as well as "the country" will be attracted to this development, and that measures will be inaugurated to take advantage of the facilities offered the Federal Government for inland navigation in Eastern Carolina. They are unquestionably of national importance; will some day be found out.—*Rail Observer*.

A WICKED HOAX.

A fun loving Brooklyn man removed the setting from his big gold ring the other day, leaving a marked and decided vacancy. He gets on a street car, holds his hand so that the ring must be seen, and pretty soon a man bends forward and remarks: "Excuse me, sir, but you have lost the setting from your ring."

"So I have," replied the owner as he looks around on the floor.

Every passenger began to peer around, and the man who made the discovery finally asks: "Was it a valuable set?"

"It was a thousand dollar diamond," is the calm reply.

There is another move on the part of the passengers. Some look along the seat, some under it, and some make a dive for pearl buttons, and other small objects.

"When did you miss it?" asked the first man as the search weakened a little.

"A year and a half ago, when I was attending camp-meeting in Illinois!" is the sad reply.

Then every passenger straightens up, every eye looks into vacancy, and not the faintest smile can be seen on any face. A person boarding the car just then would wonder what great man in the city had just died, and if the passengers were on their way to take a sad farewell look at his remains.

Materials are being collected for a biography of Bishop Jones, by his daughter.