

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. IX.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., MARCH, 14, 1878.

NO. 21

Mr. VERNON, N. C., Feb. 24, 1878.

DEAR WATCHMAN—When Paul wrote to the Galatians, "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing," he only put into words what his own life and that of every other true Christian declares more fully and effectively. It is in the power of language to express. These labors and trials have forced even the skeptic to acknowledge he has never seen anything so "unostentatiously grand." The Christian heroes of missionary life have elicited this admiration—have exerted it, as it were—from every pore. Cruden and Elliott and hundreds of others have consecrated their every book and manuscript by continuous prayers, enlivened them with pious tears, encircled them with a halo of celestial self-sacrifice. And, oh! ye martyrs, blessed a thousand fold! "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." No dying men were ever watched with so many eyes from earth and heaven as you!

A holy warfare, in which nothing but the most chivalrous zeal for the Master's cause could sustain the soldiers, was the lot of these men.

But what is this Christianity, for which men have ever been so willing to suffer and to dare so much, and for which we possess so abiding an affection? It cannot be on its very face, the marks of divinity are indisputable. In the contemplation of nature, the glowing stars almost seem to stoop from on high to whisper in our ears:—"The hand that made us is divine." Yet the grandeur of the firmament stirs the heart of man but feebly beside the Book of God's Revelation. It cannot speak to us in all the varied eloquence of inspired prophets, parables, historians and evangelists! The evidences of Christianity are as vast as its Author's works, yet how great his condescension in laying them before us by such convincing and irresistible methods, by the testimony of the apostles, by the surprising variety as well as the time, place and witnesses of miracles, by the brilliant success of the gospel itself, by a host of other evidences which cluster around the Good Book, and entitle its doctrines to the free reception wisdom has ever accorded them.

And what is the nature of Christianity? It is the state of the heart, the truest and happiest morality for this life, and a theory of sure guidance to the soul into the haven of rest hereafter. Its moral precepts are unequalled; no philosopher or statesman of antiquity has now any disciples except the moralists and law-givers of the Bible. The legislation of Moses rests on the rock of divinely authorized and divinely inspired authority. It has outlived all systems of ethics which would endeavor to ignore it; the wild fanaticisms which would have set up a God of man's own choice are now remembered only as sickening tales of vanity!

How long, how long, have the blessed Redeemer's doctrines, and triumphed over the ravings of infidelity! The essence of God's word, they are upheld by His will. The portrait of Christ, the "Light of the World," the "propitiatory sacrifice," the "Lamb of God," the "High Priest," the "Advocate and Intercessor," is enough to inspire men with fervent devotion.

The divine origin and immutable nature of Christianity culminate in the most remarkable and useful effects upon individuals and upon society. So far from uniting us on earth continually, so as to render us miserable, it binds us together by which we are held captive. How many direful calamities have been soothed by Christianity! How many tears has she wiped away? How many hopes inspired, when there was no longer earthly room to hope? How many doors of mercy thrown open to the guilty? How many supports given to innocence? If religion was designed only to console the miserable, it was designed for the consolation of the whole human race. Paul, amid bonds and imprisonment, and on the eve of dissolution, exclaims:—"I desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." Calm and untroubled on the verge of both worlds, he thus expresses the language of a steadfast faith: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him, against that day."

Indeed much the greatest influence of the Gospel is in the hearts of individuals; it forms them anew; it indicates the service of God and all their duties to their fellows; and it trains them up for a state of eternal felicity.

The general effects of Christianity, in the preservation of order and the prevention of crime, prove that there never was a national safeguard like the religion of the Bible. The "love of Christ constraineth men" to obedience, where human laws would not avail.

Christ found at His coming, a world full of idols—the Gospel has now banished idolatry from Europe, and from a considerable portion of Africa, Asia and America. The old heathen virtues, under this new dispensation, have become common. The horrors of war have been softened, and the prisoners treated humanely. The cause of the oppressed, the indigent, the widow and the aged have been pleaded, and the miseries of their lot often alleviated by the most magnificently endowed charitable institutions.

Feeling now the true transcendent grandeur of Christianity and its intrinsic worth as an object of regard, can we hesitate to work zealously for it? Can we ever hinder those who do?

By what motives are they actuated? Good commands them to do it—puts into their mouths the glorious petition, "Thy kingdom come." That petition demands our prayers and our services, our bodies and souls, our choicest energies of thought and deed, and, if need be, our lives, as a willing sacrifice to the mighty cause of redemption.

No eloquence need be brought to bear to convince us of the value of the pursuit of worldly pleasures, wealth and honors. The mere sight of gold excites the desire for its acquisition, the wine-cup's redness must not be looked upon even, a single strain of martial music stirs to its depths the ambitious feeling, the darts of Cupid and the love-light from the eyes of woman are synonims. And why, let me ask, is not the very mention of the name *Irreigion*, a name rendered dear to us by every association of nobility, tenderness and mercy, more intensely exciting than the most soul-stirring music? Why are its most beautiful ceremonies, that are sampled as it were from the courts of

heaven, more interesting to our sight than would be a crown containing all the diamonds in the world? And why is not the pure fountain of its inspiration sweeter far than all the beverages that ever sparkled at the feasts of the kings? When God says to you and me, dear reader, "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing," will we be so dull as never to admire that good thing? Will we stop our ears against a truth so full of inducements, both for our worldly enjoyment and everlasting interest? Is our nature too depraved and stupid to heed a call of such advantageous promise? Do we need any stimulus to earnestness in a matter of life and death, and that, too, a life or a death forever and ever?

The wants of this wicked, suffering, sighing world call on us to be zealous. How many millions of dying fellow-beings stand about us, with "hell beneath them, heaven above them, and eternity before them," in all their proverbial unconsciousness of futurity!

Is anybody ashamed to remember, that since that cross was reared, and He was nailed and crucified between two thieves; since that temple veil was rent, and those voices were heard in the heavens; since the mountains swayed like ships in a tempest and even the tomb gave up its dead; since the heart-forsaken moan of "Eloi! Eloi! Sabaothani" was heard, as they pressed the sponge to His lips; since, with the last gasp of his precious suffering, he cried, "It is finished!"—never, since that hour, hath it been a trifle for a man to be born into the world!

For that man, whoever or wherever he may be, is bound, by every possible consideration, not only to earnestly seek the cause of Religion, but to be earnest and zealous in its behalf.

E. P. H.

From the Raleigh News.
WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, March 6, 1878.

Judge Reagan, of Texas, from the Committee on Commerce, has submitted a lengthy and able report providing for the regulation of inter-State commerce, which is exciting much attention and will give rise to active debate, when the bill is considered. It prohibits (1) any railroad company, or other common carrier of inter-State commodities, from charging any greater or less rates of freight and charges from one than from another, and provides for the regulation of inter-State commerce, and for any arrangement to secure the suspension or breaking of continuous transportation, except for some necessary purpose, and without intent to prevent such carriage from being regarded as continuous. (2) It prohibits the allowance of rebates and drawbacks in all cases of the transportation of inter-State commerce, and arrangements, or changes of schedules, or carriage in different cars, or other act, with intent to prevent continuity. (3) It provides that it shall be unlawful to charge more for the carriage of property, for one continuous haul, than for two or more hauls, of the same or different distance. (4) It makes the infraction of any of the foregoing provisions or prohibitions a misdemeanor, punishable, on conviction by a fine of not less than \$1000. There are many other provisions, but I have given a fair digest of the leading features of the bill. I am not sure, but it impresses me that the power of Congress to legislate in the premises is at least questionable.

You have probably seen some accounts of the great ejection case now progressing at Alexandria before Judge Hughes, of the United States District Court, which means the suit brought by Gen. Custis Lee against the United States for the recovery of the Arlington estate, or, rather, its value in money, for the grounds are now used as a National Cemetery. The argument has been concluded, and the decision will be rendered on Saturday, or on the afternoon of course, to the Supreme Court of the United States for revision. It is a reproach and a shameful outrage, that restitution for this flagrant robbery by the government has not been made long since, and that the family should be driven to the Courts for redress against the spoliation. The estate was sold to the wife of Gen. Robert E. Lee. When she went South, to share the fortunes of her illustrious husband, it was sold at a tax sale,—\$22,022 being the amount due, tender of payment for which was made, but refused because not by the owner in person,—and the Government bid it in at \$25,000, going to go up afterwards, in the hands of Mrs. Lee's could bid in her behalf. There was no proceeding for "treason,"—simply and only a tax-sale. If this government, by a strong hand, cannot hold the property of a citizen, without allowing him to question its right,—if a citizen can be dispossessed of his property otherwise than by his powers,—then are Magna Charta and our own "constitution" worthless and our's is the champion despotism of the world.

I have had the curiosity, this morning, to look over the Congressional Directory, with a view to ascertaining the number of ex-Confederate soldiers in Congress. I find the whole number to be *fifty-nine*, of whom 10 are in the Senate and 49 in the House. Of these two are from Kentucky and three from Missouri; the remainder, of course, are from the Southern States proper.

"It was simply an informal affair," wrote the editor, of a little strawberry party at a neighbor's house. "It was simply an informal affair," read the compositor, and that editor will never get any more invitations from that quarter.

Mr. Hendricks corrected the report that a writ of *habeas corpus* had been sued out to test the right of Mr. Hayes to the office of President of the United States.

Many people put a fancy sign in their parlors, asking God to bless their home, and then they themselves do all they can to curse it.

Prayer in the pitcher that fetches water from the brook wherewith to water the herbs; break the pitcher and it will fetch no water, and for want of water the garden will wither.

From the New York Observer.

THE BURIED-ALIVE NUNS.

A MORNING ADVENTURE IN ROME.

You have often heard of the *Serpolze vive*, the buried-alive nuns of Rome. I have just returned from their convent. It is a strange story that you are to read, scarcely credible in this age of the world, but strangely true it is, and "pity 'tis 'tis true."

Leaving the church St. Maria in Monti, where repose in full view the body of a canonized beggar, I walked up the street, and in a moment reached a narrow alley which seemed to lead only to a gloomy arch under which was a painted crucifix, life-size, with two old monks kneeling in front of it. I walked up to these hideous images, and on the left hand found a flight of stone steps. I went hastily up, for I knew at once, from what I had heard, that these steps led to the doors of the concealed convent of Farnesian nuns, the *Serpolze vive*, or Buried Alive.

Perhaps it was the spirit of adventure, certainly of curiosity, that prompted me to ascend the steps, for I could have had no expectation of gaining admission to this house of living death. Mr. Hare, in his "walks in Rome," had told me "that the only means of communicating with the nuns is by rapping on a barrel which projects from a wall on the platform above the roofs of the houses, when a muffled voice is heard from the interior, and if your references are satisfactory, the barrel turns round and eventually discloses a key by which the initiated can admit themselves to a small chamber in the interior of the convent."

I looked in vain for any projecting barrel, but having reached an open gallery above the roofs of houses around, though the walls of the convent rose still higher, I entered a recess, on the walls of which were inscriptions in Latin and Italian, such as, "Who enters here leaves the world behind." "Qui non diligit, manet in morte." In the wall was a copper plate about one foot wide by two feet high, which I supposed covered the opening through which communication was to be had with the interior. On feeling of it, I found it was the side of a hollow cylinder, and evidently made to revolve if necessary. This must be "the barrel" through which the muffled voice of the woman within would come to me, if the oracle chose to reply to my call. I knocked. No answer came, but the hollow chamber gave back a melancholy sound.

My sensations at this moment were peculiar, and I began to wish that I had not come, or at least that I had brought with me some companion to share the excitement, if not the perils of this adventure. For the secret of this convent is that the nuns who once enter never come out of the door again, dead or alive! They never hear from the world outside. No mother's voice or father's love intrudes upon this living tomb in which their hopes are buried. They sleep every night in a coffin in which they are to be buried, here, when they finally stop breathing. They are told, when one of their parents dies, that some loved one is dead, so that each one is to be thrilled with the sorrow that perhaps her mother or father is dead, but no one knows which one has become an orphan. It is said that they become so enamored of death that they invade the vaults in which their dead sisters are placed, and fondle the corpses as children play with dolls. They have a death's head on the dinner table, and often lie down in graves prepared with their own hands, that they may be as nearly dead themselves as they can be while yet constrained to live.

Around me were the walls of this huge sepulchre, silent as the tomb itself, cheerless, hopeless, the home of madness or despair. It was Christmas day. The sun was shining joyously on the roofs below me, and all the glad morning the bells of Rome had been ringing the carols of the Saviour's natal morn. The city was jubilant with the songs of angels, and the churches flung open all their doors to the people flocked to the choirs and the altars, their hearts the meanwhile shouting, "Unto us a child is born." But no glad sound of Merry Christmas enters these dead walls: this prison house of young souls, doomed in the spring time of life to take up their abode in coffins, vaults and tombs.

These gloomy thoughts of mine were destined to a speedy interruption and a sudden conversion.

I knocked again, and with greater force; then waited listening. Presently a woman's voice—she must have been close by me—was heard from the other side of the copper plating, and this is what passed between us:

The voice (in Italian).—"What do you wish?"

"I wish to visit the convent if it be allowed."

The voice.—"It is not possible for you to come in."

"I would see the convent, as I have come from a far country and have heard much of this institution."

The voice.—"You cannot come in," and then the woman broke out into a ringing, hearty laugh, loud and long.

I was taken all aback. It had not occurred to me that they ever laughed inside such walls as these. It was more

in my mind that "darkness, death and long despair reign in eternal silence there." But she laughed cheerily at the idea of my being such a fool as to think of coming in there, and we chattered gaily, I laughing in sympathy on the outside, and she within, a thin metallic loose plate between us.

The voice.—"Do you speak the French?"

"Better than I speak the Italian, but the English is my own tongue."

She said she would send someone to converse with me, and in a few moments another voice addressed me in French, and asked if I would walk in and visit the chapel. I said that I wanted to see the convent, and the mode of life within. She replied that it was impossible, and very soon began to laugh as merrily as her sister had done. When, in her playful French banter, she asked me, "What do you want to see?" I said, with equal playfulness, "I want to see you," her merriment broke out afresh, and I verily thought for a moment I had won my way in the fortress by the irresistible art.

The cylinder revolved, showing me that it was divided into chambers; it paused and I heard something fall upon the metal bottom. It turned still more, and the open chamber presented itself to me with two keys lying in it. The voice within said, "The larger key will admit you to the chapel, and the smaller will open a door inside of it."

The door of the chapel was near to me, the only door there; unlocking it, I stood upon its marble floor. It was a simple chapel, the pictures and stools and images such as are seen in thousands of Romish churches. But the marble floor was largely made of sepulchral slabs on which were recorded the names and virtues of the nuns who were buried underneath! How sad was this obituary! What a mausoleum was here! How many weary, wretched, aching hearts had rested in this cold bed! I read the epitaphs, and some inscriptions on the walls, and mused among the tombs on the wreck and ruin of young lives, tortured and murdered and buried here, by the terrible machinery of a Church that, through long centuries, has perpetuated successive living sacrifices of blooming Roman maidens on these altars of superstition, imposture and crime. For what is martyrdom by fire, or the wheel, or the axe, or by lions in the arena, compared with the long-drawn-out agony of a young lady who sleeps with a skeleton at her side, and eats in a coffin and plays with a corpse, and this for years, till sweet death comes in person, and releases her from torment by clasping her in his cold and chaste embrace!

The little key let me into a side chamber, the cell or cloister of a nun, fitted up as a show or specimen, and perhaps quite unlike the real cells into which the "profane vulgar, or persons of the male persuasion, may never enter. It was a room about ten feet square, with a chair and table in it: beyond it a closet with a crucifix on the wall, and still farther, a cell just large enough to hold a person in a chair; and in the wall was a perforated plate through which the nun is reputed to whisper the story of her sins into the ear of an invisible priest who sits in the outer court, and by a pleasing fiction is supposed never to come within these walls.

When the Mother Superior gives an audience, it is an affair of state more mysterious than the approach to the celestial Emperor of China. She sits in the midst of her oratory veiled in black from head to foot, and the visitor sees nothing but this stately drapery concealing the abbess. Pope Gregory XVI. entered by his divine right to go where he pleased among the faithful, and wishing to see the lady with whom he conversed, he said:

"Sister, please to raise your veil."

"No, father," she answered, "it is against the rules."

The Pope asked very much the same question that I did, and got about the same answer.

Having penetrated as far into the convent as the rules of the order permit, I returned with the keys, and dropping them into the cavity, the sound summoned the unseen sister to the portal, and she asked me:

"Were you pleased with the church?"

I told her that I had been very much interested in what I had seen, but would be pleased to see more. She laughed again right merrily, and chattered on gaily as if it was a pleasure to have some one to talk with, though he could not come in. I was well assured from what I heard, her tones of voice, her cheerful words, and her right merry laugh, that they have good times inside in spite of death's heads cross-bones and coffins. I do not believe it is half so bad to be buried alive, as they would have it to appear, and a lady, who was permitted by special favor to visit the nuns, testifies that they are ruddy and rosy-looking girls notwithstanding their ghostly employments. Twenty-seven are there now, and I left them with more satisfaction than when I knocked at their inhospitable door.

IRENEUS.

GOVERNOR VANCE.

Rather prematurely, we cannot help thinking, the question of the Senatorial election has disturbed the equanimity of some of our contemporaries. Since the question has been sprung, we are at no loss to construe the motives of the attacks upon the administration of Governor Vance, seeing that those attacks are at the bottom of the purpose to oppose his election.

Last winter there were friends of his excellency so far carried away by enthusiasm as to insist that he should be nominated to the place now so worthily filled by Matt W. Ransom. We opposed this precipitancy upon the ground that the people, with unwonted expression, had called him to fill one office; one, in which peculiar adaption to its duties, were ascribed to him. A sober second thought appreciated the soundness of our views, and Governor Vance, duly installed as Governor of the State, entered upon his office with the full abnegation both on his part and that of his friends, of all ulterior ambitious projects.

He is now in the second year of his term and apart from the opposition of the captious journalism, he has not abated one jot in his hold upon the affections or esteem of the people.—Both love and respect enter into the elements which give him his wonderful hold upon the popular mind. Without the first, he could not have aroused the fierce blaze of enthusiasm which blasted all opposition; without the second, he could not have retained what he had gained, if reaction had exposed weakness of foundation. It is the peculiar merit of Governor Vance that those light and amiable qualities which appeal to the affections, are only the graceful ornaments of a solid structure of worth whose stability becomes the more assured under every test of its strength. He has proved himself not only the popular man, but the safe, prudent, sagacious and expansive statesman.

The time has come when he shall enter into the full enjoyment of long deferred honors. North Carolina once sent him, with full recognition of his honors, to the United States Senate. He was forced to stand at its doors a suppliant, and under decree of a bigoted partnership, was excluded from his rights.

When he could have been legitimately returned and admitted, most untoward combinations confirmed his exclusion, and consigned him to obscurity until that time when the people, with spontaneous act, lifted him into the highest post of popular preferment.

The people have had him, or will have him, for two years. Now, let the State have him; grateful for the past, appreciative of the present. It can elevate him without reproach to others. But a man whose character is national is entitled to an elevation where his capacities can be displayed upon a national theatre. Vance is a man the nation wants. Let him be sent to adorn the national councils.

SOBER WORDS TO SOUTHERN MEN.

The Eads jetties are at length a complete success. The sealed mouth of the Mississippi is unlocked, and the vast trade of that mighty river, with its affluents, is open to the world. Vessels drawing twenty feet of water are now passing through the South pass of the Mississippi, and a problem as important as the construction of the Suez canal is solved. The first great movement for the south and west is a perfect success, and no man can venture to compute its value. The genius of Eads has achieved a triumph over great natural obstacles, and over ignorance, prejudice and envy. His next undertaking—the deepening of the channel of the Mississippi to twenty feet from St. Louis to New Orleans—is an early certainty, and the ships of every nation will then be seen in the very heart of the west and south, delivering and receiving cargoes without breaking bulk. Side by side with this vast, yet thoroughly practicable work, comes the Texas and Pacific railway, from San Diego, on the Pacific, to the Mississippi river, and thence eastward to the Atlantic, pouring the treasures of India, Japan, China, and the isles of the Pacific into the bosom of the South. It is a road fourteen hundred miles shorter than the northern lines, unobstructed by snow, piercing the gold and silver belt of the Rocky mountain chain, leading for hundreds of miles through excellent coal, lying near heavy beds of iron and copper ore, and having a climate along its entire line mild and equable—the very and only line from the Atlantic to the Pacific that ever ought to have been built, or that ever in the long run will pay, and that, too, at rates one-half less than those forced on the people by the monopoly of the Central, and Union, and Southern Pacific—three names for one gigantic swindle. Fortunately, most fortunately for the South and West, the hand of nature has indelibly marked the true route for a transcontinental line, with easy grades and curvatures, from the Mississippi to the Pacific terminus in the bay of San Diego, where a thousand ships can ride at anchor in safety. Not to build this national line is to refuse a gift of God to the American people. To refuse on the part of the South to lend the Government credit for a few years, and only for the interest on the bonds, to the Southern, yet, national line, is suicide.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

A PROPHETIC UTTERANCE.

Amongst the Circuit Judges elected the other day by the South Carolina Legislature was the Hon. A. P. Aldrich as Judge of the Second Circuit. Judge Aldrich occupied a judicial position in South Carolina for many years, but in 1868, left the bench rather than obey the military authorities at that time ruling over that State. In retiring from the bench, Judge Aldrich then said:

"The indignity put upon me is of little moment, but it almost breaks my heart to see this grand old State humiliated through my poor person.—But gentlemen be of good cheer.—I see the dawn of a better day.—The great heart of the people of this land beats to constitutional liberty; and if God spares my life I will yet preside as a Judge in South Carolina Courts with my name unstained. Mrs. Sheriff adjourns court, while the voice of justice is silent."

LOSSES OF THE WAR.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30, 1878.

Editor of Journal of Commerce:

I please inform me as to the number of soldiers that died in battle and in prison and in consequence of wounds, on both sides, during the late war of the rebellion.

Yours truly, H. S. N.

Reply.—About 304,000 men on the Union side were killed in battle, died of wounds, or of disease, first and last, the largest proportion, reckoned at 184,000, of the latter; of these only 280,739 altogether died while in the service. On the Confederate side about 75,000 were killed, or died of wounds and disease.

A Strange Remedy.—A medical journal states that in Austria whooping-cough is treated with the rod. When a child is seized with a coughing fit he is immediately severely chastised. The remedy is applied with the belief that the malady is a purely nervous affection which can be cured by vigorous counter irritation upon the outside. We do not recommend the remedy, and would advise none to try it unless they are desirous of receiving a visit from an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to children.

Health Reformer.

A wonderful feat in engine building was recently accomplished at the Michigan Central Railroad shops at Jackson. Two gangs of fourteen men each began at seven o'clock upon two separate locomotives, the parts of which had been previously laid to hand, and "set up" the two machines, each employing thousands of pieces, and started them out of the yard under steam, in exactly two hours and fifty-five minutes.

A city contemporary that keeps a close eye upon mercantile affairs reports a growing disposition among our merchants, to dispense with "drummers," and says there is quite a flutter among the profession. Undoubtedly the traveling-salesman system has been abused, and there is a cheaper and better way of reaching customers than spending the large sums in this direction which some houses have been accustomed to do. A reaction, to some extent at least, is in order.

The shoe manufacturers of Baltimore have protested to the Legislature against the competition of convict labor in their trade. They aver that the penitentiary contractors have imitated the styles made in Baltimore, and by the use of inferior materials, purchased principally outside of the State, are able to undersell the regular dealers, and that "327 honest mechanics (the number of convicts) employed in shoe-making are thrown out of employment by the convict system, and forced upon the world to be stigmatized as tramps."

Rev. Dr. Deems has made a sacrifice that is well worthy of mention in such times as these. He refused to accept one dollar of the \$20,000 legacy bequeathed him by the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, but gave it to the Church of the Strangers, of which he is the pastor. He did this quite privately and it is but recently known. This shows how unjust the papers sometimes are in their hasty comments.

A Danbury young man nearly bankrupted himself visiting the daughter of the owner of a New York aquarium—subsequently discovered to be a fish market.

The annual gold product of the world is probably greater than that of silver by about \$25,000,000 and there does not appear to be any well grounded reason why this proportion should materially change, at least during the present generation.

Walter Canterbury, of Mississippi, is six feet 5 1/2 inches tall, and weighs 185 pounds. He is but 15 years old, and has room to grow.

An Alabama Judge has decided that any one who sets a spring-gun does so at his own peril, and is to be held responsible for damage done, even to ties-passets.

There is a family in Malison county Florida, of remarkable stature. The *Reformer* reports their heights as follows: "The father is seven feet 6 1/2; the mother is six feet eight; two sons seven feet three; and one daughter is seven feet nine."

THE HOT SPRINGS FIRE.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK., March 6.—The fire broke out in a shanty occupied by a negro named Greenlee. It was communicated to the French restaurant, thence north and south on both sides of the street. All the buildings were burned north of Rockafellow's drug store, and south below the Malvern Crossing. About two hundred and fifty buildings were destroyed, and an immense amount of goods. The loss is estimated at \$300,000. The mountain is covered with people driven from shelter.

THE NEW POPE.

He Makes no Mention of Pius IX., in His Coronation Address, and is Taking New Departures.

LONDON, March 6.—The Rome correspondent of the *Times* says: "Cardinal Franchi was confirmed Pontifical Secretary of State; Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect Propaganda; Cardinal Moricini, Camerlingo, and Bartolini, President of the Congregation of Rites."

ROME, March 7.—The pope and Cardinal Franchi determined on the policy of reconciling as far as possible the interests of Church and State in questions pending with the various governments.

The Pope, on receiving fifty-four parish priests, recommended them to preach Jesus Christ, His life and teachings, and to guard their flocks against the infidelity and immorality so generally prevailing—the result of a corrupt press. The Pope in all his exhortations avoids mention of the Virgin, with the purpose of disencumbering the Mariology which his predecessor so long encouraged. What has shocked most people in his coronation speech is that he made no allusion to the late Pius IX., although Cardinal Dietro in addressing the Pontiff has been eloquent in praise of the deceased Pope. The omission could not therefore be accidental, and has been variously commented upon.

The Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says: "Public opinion is irreconcilable on the attitude which appears to have been adopted at the Vatican."

The fate of the policy holders in the Charter Oak Company was illustrated by one case in Utica. A hard-working man in this city took out, in 1863, an endowment policy for \$1,000, payable in ten years. He has paid on it between \$600 and \$700, and the company hold his notes for \$30 more. He is now compelled to sign an agreement to take \$100 in place of the thousand, and to receive on it not this year, when it is due, but five years hence, in 1883. Very many of our citizens are in an equally bad plight. It will be a day for thanksgiving and praise when the prison bolts are drawn on the insurance swindler, one and all.—*Utica Observer.*

Dean Swift's Marriage Ceremony.—Dean Swift was applied to, at a late hour of a stormy night, after he had gone to bed, by a runaway couple to be married. He answered the call from his upper chamber window. He told them as he was undressed, the weather very threatening, and they, he presumed, were in a hurry, he would marry them as they stood, and after asking them the necessary questions, said:

"Under this window, in stormy weather, I marry this man and woman together; Let none but Him who rules the thunder, Put this man and woman asunder."

IRENEUS.

Thos Jefferson is a barber in Charlotte, Jo Turner a barber in Wilmington, and Chas Summer a barber in Raleigh.