

Mr. VERNON, N. C., March, 4, 1878.

DEAR WATCHMAN:—I wonder if chronic inactivity of mind is not the cause of the dazed and shrivelled and sluggish conception we often over-hear others decisively expressing, "that there is nothing in this country worth writing or talking about?"

They would not think so, if they could read in a letter in the New York "Tribune" or "Observer," written by Bayard Taylor or Irenaeus Prime, from the limits of old Rowan. Believe me, these men have charmed you with letters from lands possessing not half the interest of ours. Moreover, if Taylor and Prime could find nothing here worth writing about, it would be a sure evidence that their fair, as letter-writers were completely understood. By all the laws of literature they should, in that case, resign their pens and their laurels to somebody else.

Don't tell me this is mere fancy and bosh. What did Dickens find to write about in the back-alleys, the tumble-down tenement lanes, the hospitals, the poor-houses and recluses of the scummed, squallid and poverty-stricken quarters of London? What did Cervantes find in an old crazy reader of chivalric romances and a big-bellied Spanish peasant? What did Addison write about but these same beauties of earth and sea and sky these same beauties of nature we gaze upon with unimpeded eyes? What did Shakespeare describe but what the Adamsite model these same men and women who daily associate with? What supplied the ceaseless river of eloquence in which S. T. Coleridge and George Badger habitually conversed but the very subjects we are accustomed to regard as trivial and unimportant?

der a feeling of hero-worship for the great painter of England. When he died, a dear friend sat by my bedside when I was sick, and read to me the account of his decease; and I listened with moistened eyes and bated breath, for Dickens was kin to the whole world.

A king once beheld from his palace window, a fellow lying on the grass in the distance reading a book, and laughing, hoarse and cutting up enough curious antics to excite the suspicion that he was demented. Summoned into the royal presence, and asked what book he was reading, he replied, "Don Quixote." His demonstrations proved that was the book—he was not sent to the mad-house. How many have read and been affected by that book in the same way!

Just thirty years ago I first heard my grandfather read aloud to the family the foreign letters of "Irenaeus" in the "New York Observer." Since that date, I have read many hundreds of his letters—some from little hamlets in our own country—all interesting alike.

Would that letter-writers might come to the South, and excite interest and infuse life into our dear old land. "The pen is mightier than the sword."

E. P. H.

(From the N. Y. Observer.) NATIONAL MUSEUM AT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. BY MRS. LUCY E. SANFORD.

There are 50,000 specimens. There is but little of the popular element here. Nine Chinese figures in costume of the different ranks. The Haidah Indians excel all other aborigines; from them a painted house front, carved pillars, and high and dry on a shelf, a dug-out canoe, 60 ft. by 8 ft., with two Indians in costume. From Central Alaska is a coat of armor plated in Chinese coins, proving commerce between the two countries. Here is a bolt to which Columbus was chained in St. Domingo, and a part of the first steamboat.

This magnificent building, which covers the block on Fourth avenue between 23d and 24th streets, contains 512 sleeping rooms and eight reception rooms, besides extensive parlors and dining rooms. The whole building is heated with steam, lighted with gas made on the premises, and watered by an artesian well. There is a library of 3000 volumes, and every convenience by way of desks and writing materials. The building surrounds a large court, finely paved, in the centre of which will rise a superb fountain forty feet high.

It is stated that the regular charge for boarders, according to the present plan, will be \$6 per week, and the maximum \$10. This would place its comforts out of the reach of a large portion of the young women who are without homes; but it was not designed as a charity, but to provide a pleasant home for respectable women engaged in the finer mercantile pursuits, together with artists, teachers and students. A limited number of transient guests, women who have occasion to come alone to the city, will be accommodated at ordinary hotel charges.

THE POPE'S SOUL.

Prayers have been offered in Roman Catholic churches, all over the world, for the repose of the Pope's soul. It is strange that any Christian should be in doubt about the soul of a good dead man. The Pope was one of the best men who ever sat in the chair. He had his faults. He was very inconsistent. For an inflexible person he made many and great mistakes. But he was not a great criminal monster like some of his predecessors.

What is their idea of a future state? And why do they pray for the souls of the pious dead?

Their notion of a future state is very far from anything revealed in the Holy Scriptures. The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness and do immediately pass into glory. The penitent thief on the cross believed, and the Lord assured him "to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." If the dying Pope had received an assurance according to his faith it would be "to-day thou shalt be in purgatory."

HEEL POWER OF A DARKEY.

STEWART'S HOTEL FOR WOMEN.

It is now announced that the enterprise started by the late A. T. Stewart, the extensive hotel for working women, is to be opened about the middle of this month. It is said to have been the original purpose of Mr. Stewart to build on a large scale tenement houses on a plan which he considered an improvement on Mr. Peabody's tenements. He subsequently changed the plan and started the working men's hotel project.

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HEAVEN'S SWEET MISSIONARY.

A growing flower was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it the family made changes in their way of living. First they cleaned a window, that more light might come to its leaves; then they would open the window, that fresh air might help the plant to grow.

THE GOVERNMENT'S CREDIT.

Unprecedented Demand for United States Bonds.

NEW YORK, March 14.—The stated demand for government bonds from leading cities is steadily increasing. Since Monday orders have been received from Cincinnati amounting to \$250,000, and equally large sales were made in financial institutions in Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis.

AN ACT OF KINDNESS REWARDED.

A SUNDAY LAW IN LOUISIANA.

A Louisiana paper gives the following testimony to the beneficent working of a Sunday Law in that State, as follows: "On the first Sunday of last November the ordinance of the Police, Jersey closing all places of business on Sundays and keeping them closed during the entire day, became a law throughout the parish. The town councils of Opelousas, Washington, Grand Coteau and Arnaudville adopted the ordinance simultaneously with the Police Jury, and thus for the first time in our history St. Landry had a Sunday law. In the country its effects have been most beneficial. Heretofore planters found it all but impossible to get their employees to work Saturdays anyhow. They would come to town, and spend Saturday in a general debauch, and would not be prepared to go to work on Monday. Now they spend Saturday in town. There is no inducement for them to remain over till Sunday, so they go home Saturday evening, and on Monday are rested and prepared to go to work. A man may ride over our public highways all Sunday now and not meet a drunken man. Six months ago he would have met them by the dozen, even between this point and Washington, screaming, whooping, cursing, yelling and running races, endangering the vehicle, life and limb of the quiet traveler. In Opelousas the effect of this ordinance has been marked indeed. Previous to its adoption our streets were filled every Sunday with a promiscuous crowd of idlers, loafers and traders; some buying; some selling, some getting drunk, and creating almost a pandemonium by their yells and screams. Of all days it was the busiest and required the most active and unceasing vigilance on the part of our town constable to prevent violations of our town ordinances. But what a change this ordinance has produced! There are no crowds of loafers and idlers hanging about the streets, no buying, no selling, no getting drunk, no rows, no arrests, no work for the constable. Nor has this change affected business as they did before the ordinance went into effect. People, both black and white, from the country, instead of coming to town on Sundays, come in and transact their business on Saturdays, hence Sunday is now what the Christian dispensation intended it to be, a day of rest. Nor does the present ordinance intend to affect it further than this. It has no smack of the old blue laws of Connecticut about it, as some of our contemporaries seemed to think at the time of its adoption. It forces no man to any peculiar observance of the Sabbath. It merely suspends business that day, and then leaves every man to spend the day as he sees fit and proper."

DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN AUTHOR.

THE HILLSBORO RECORDER.

THE SILVER BILL.

THE PEN FOR LIFE.

GOR. PENNINGTON.

A PITTSBURG EDITOR.

WILKINS HAS QUIT.

DEMAND FOR THE NEW SILVER DOLLAR.

NEW YORK, March 14.—The first of the new silver dollars made their appearance on Wall Street this morning. Being in limited amount, the supply was soon exhausted, the desire to obtain them as tokens being general, and buyers paying a premium above par in gold.

LETTER FROM SALISBURY.

MISSISSIPPI: Where shall the Democratic State Convention be held? The Executive Committee, which meets in Raleigh on the 27th inst., will fix the time and place. The claims of Salisbury are second to no place in the State. We suppose the committee will not select Raleigh for the reason the last State Convention was held there. Then should it conclude to come west of Raleigh, we think Salisbury is the place: Greensboro has had a convention since Salisbury, and Charlotte is too near the South Carolina line. So, then, in point of location, Salisbury has many advantages. From all points west delegates will arrive by the W. N. C. Railroad. Salisbury has first-class hotels and good boarding houses. Its citizens are hospitable, and will cordially welcome the convention. We have a splendid hall (Meroney's Opera Hall), which we have no doubt the citizens will furnish free of charge to the convention. Besides the hall we have one of the largest and best arranged Court rooms in the State. Let the convention come to Salisbury X. This is all true and well said. Let the convention be held here.

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JEFF DAVIS.—It is no uncommon thing to hear some one speak in a slighting way of Jeff Davis. There were a class of blind partisans who hated him for different reasons, and were always ready during the war to attribute every mishap to him. Since the war, another set of hounds who always hold their noses to the windward and can see no wisdom or utility in defending those who have no rewards to distribute, shing their shoulders when his name is mentioned, and stand ready to acquiesce in any slanders of his character. But we ask, where is a man in politics at the present day who has shown such consideration for others as he?

Our great military chief is dead, but the Statesman, Patriot and moral Hero still lives.—Morganston, N.C.

The Romans have from time immemorial been addicted to playing in the lottery "the number" of any distinguished personage upon his death. There was a rush at all the royal lottery offices in the city to play the numbers of the late Pope—7, 32, 58, 86. Seven indicates the date of his death, 32 the length of his pontificate, 58 the Pope himself, and 86 the years of his life. Not a single one of the above numbers was evolved by the wheel; nevertheless it is believed that they will win sooner or later, and they will continue the favorites during the remainder of the present year. The Government has no objection, having already reaped an unusually rich harvest from the popular indulgence in this belief.

Coffee was served at the polls in Utica last Tuesday. The ladies of the various Christian temperance association labored unceasingly in every ward, serving refreshments to candidates and voters—now sandwiches, now biscuits, now cake, now pie, now crackers and cheese, always coffee, and never whiskey or beer. At the various polling places 5,725 cups of coffee were handed to politicians and voters during the day. There was good order everywhere, and very few cases of intoxication were reported by the police. This is a temperance measure as novel as it is practical.

And the bonds continue to rise, and gold continues to lay down. Gold was to come up with a rush, and bonds were to come down with a crash on the passage of the Silver Bill—so said the "great New York dailies." And gold would go up, and bonds would come down. And the "great New York dailies" are explaining why. The explanations are all very well in their way, but the way is almost as valuable as the predictions.—Tal. Ob.

The Hillsboro Recorder has presented to the people of the State the following splendid little chapter on our Governor. The people will respond to its every sentiment with a most hearty—AMEN. Gov. Vance commands not only the approval but also the affections of the people. They love him because he is sincerely good and honest as well as wise and great.

While out hunting during a late storm a Texan encountered a herd of bewildered buffaloes numbering 100 grown ones and 40 calves. The snow lay on the ground to the depth of one foot. He was alone, but after several days' hard work he secured the entire lot in a natural coral in the bend of a stream, and proceeding to the nearest town, sold them to an enterprising dealer for \$500.

The silver bill is not so bad, now it is law, as it was said to be by its enemies. For instance, the Washington Star opposed it, and now it says: "It is probable that whatever else may happen from the silver bill, it will stop the shrinkage of values, and especially the downward tendency in real estate."

"Women have the mastery of color," said Sir Joshua Reynolds. But when a woman wears a green skirt with a brown overdress, and a purple necktie, with a bow of yellow ribbon in her hair, and a blue bonnet, with a salmon-colored feather and red flowers on it, and a drab veil over her face, then color has the mastery of the woman.

IN THE PEN FOR LIFE.—Yesterday evening Mr. H. M. Worth, Deputy Sheriff of Randolph county, arrived in the city with Lewis S. Keen, the sixteen year old boy, convicted of arson, sentenced to be hanged, and whose death sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life in the Penitentiary.—Raleigh Observer.

"Gor. Pennington.—A person notorious in Radical politics of Alabama during the rare performance under the reign of reconstruction, and well known in North Carolina also, has failed to secure a re-appointment to the gubernatorial honors of Dakota. President Hayes has made a Mr. Howard, of Michigan, an old "Kansas Jayhawker" Governor.

A Pittsburg editor has been found guilty of libel and sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand dollars and be imprisoned for one year; and thus the grim question of how he was to get through the summer is solved. Sparrows and editors are watched over.

Wilkins has quit the study of botany now. He was frightened nearly to death by a bullrush. The bull rushed right at him, and the fence was about seventy-five yards off.