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THE SCHOOL BOY.

We bought him a box for his books and things,  
And cricked bag for his bat;  
And he looked the brightest and best of kings,  
Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train  
With a troop of his young compeers,  
And we made as though it were dust and rain  
Were filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see  
The sign of a sorrowful heart;  
But he only shuddered his hat with glee  
And wandered when they would star.

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,  
For the child was loyal and true;  
And the parents love the love that is old,  
And the children the love that is new.

And we came to know that love is a flower  
Which only growthed down;  
And we scarcely spoke for the space of an hour,  
As we drove back through the town.

THE HORRORS OF THE EPIDEMIC.

The brutality, barbarism and indifference developed by this epidemic stand out in marked contrast with the heroism which has cost us so many lives. Scarcely a day passes that the community, bowed in sorrow for so many weeks, is not ashamed by one or other of these hideous phases of inhumanity. As if it was not enough that the experiences of the times develop cases of total neglect, which are brought to light when the sufferers are past hope and beyond the reach of human aid, we have creatures in the semblance of man who, terrorized out of all reason, surrender themselves to demonical passions and express their fears in acts that are a disgrace to our race and blood. The story which we copy from the Jackson *Tribune* and *Sun* to-day, is a case of this sort, and perhaps one of the worst that has come under our notice:

A little boy, convalescent, sent to Millam from Grand Junction by his father, that he might breathe a purer atmosphere and be out of the way of the horrible sights which an epidemic develops, took possession of a log cabin where, during the night, he was beset by a party of fiends who, by firing upon the lonely little chap, compelled him to evacuate and take to the woods, on the coldest night of the season. Anything more brutal than this has not come under our notice. Then there was the case of the fever-stricken man in the railroad car which was uncoupled and left on a side-track near the National cemetery, where, but for the ministrations of a brave friend and timely assistance from Memphis, he would have died, as the poor fellow did who, left in a box car near Stevenson, was beset by a cowardly mob, possessed of only one idea, that of self-preservation. Then we had the cases of the negro men poor fellows, driven forth by a few inhuman persons, some of whom have since died with the fever they thus inhumanly sought to fight off. The three victims of their cowardice died miserably by the wayside, giving evidence by the contortions of their bodies that they passed away in nameless agonies. Horrible to think of; such an incident six weeks ago would have been scouted as impossible by the very persons who participated in it. Then there is the case of a poor negro woman who, dying of the fever, was rolled in a blanket and unceremoniously dumped into a hog-hole by her terror-stricken husband and kinfolks. Bad enough that those who died within the limits so well served by the Howard Association and Citizens Relief Committee should some days ago, on account of the want of laborers and coffins, have had to lie for two and three days, poisoning the air with a nameless stench and sending forth countless billions of spores to feed on the vitals of the faithful few who have done such noble service in battling with the scourge. Bad enough that these horrors should exist to appal the living, and help to increase the awful mortality, but when to them we add the wanton inhumanity of stoning and shooting at a defenseless boy of only ten years, driving helpless fever-stricken patients from the only shelter they have, and shaming our common humanity by leaving bodies in hog-holes, food for the hogs, we are overcome with shame for a brave people who, after enduring all the trials of a great war, and attesting both their moral and physical courage, should have their fair eschecheon soiled by a brutality without parallel. We have already referred to the cases—alas! too many—where fathers have deserted their families, and have called attention to the callous neglect of each other by near relatives, who before the epidemic came to test the strength and sincerity of their affections would have scorned the possibility of conduct that has secured some few a longer lease of life at the cost of a desertion that hastened the death of others. Only a few days ago we saw a little child of perhaps three years that had been surrendered to the keeping of one of our noble volunteer doctors by a mother who now fills a nameless grave in Potter's field. She was an outcast, had thrown herself away because abandoned by her husband, and finding herself fast sinking from the combined effects of the most loathsome of diseases and the yellow fever, gave her child to her physician,

that it might find the home and care the cowardly father had denied to her and it. How shocking to every sense. Hearing such things, one wonders if our civilization is really a failure, and we are going back to the days of the London plague, when all the bonds of society were loosened, and besides the disease, which carried away so many thousands, the people of the great capital were the prey of an epidemic of moral cowardice. Were it not for the thousands of cases of heroism, almost divine in their self-sacrifice, which we witness every day, such a conclusion would be irresistible. Another case, and we close for the present. Mr. Ben K. Pullen, an old and honored citizen, who is held in the highest esteem as an upright, honorable man, on Monday last went out to Elmwood cemetery, loveliest of the cities of the dead, to perform the sad duty of burying his wife, who had died of the fever. It was late, past 5 o'clock in the evening, when the carriage and the hearse arrived at the cemetery. There was still three-quarters of an hour to pass before the hour arrived, when funeral parties are refused admittance and the laborers suspend work. The man in charge of the cemetery—named Flian or Edwards, it is not known which—came to the spot where the grave was to be dug, with a party of negroes, whom he informed that they would not receive any extra pay for work done after six o'clock, thus trying to prevent them from the work they were there to perform. The negroes, more humane than he, and indignant at such an exhibition of brutality before the husband and children standing beside all that remained to them of a good wife and mother, replied that sometimes they worked for friendship. They dug the grave, lowered the casket and had covered it out of sight, having almost completed their work, when the same cold-blooded creature, in the hearing of the mourning family, and almost in their faces, said: "You have worked after six o'clock, and you shall receive no pay for it. Hereafter no work shall be done after that hour, no matter how many dead carcasses are brought here." Powerless to resent an outrage so gross, the father and children passed out and on to their homes, their grief intensified by an insult that all men must share until it is punished as it should be. What a contrast is this to the offerings of life itself by gentle women and brave men, who come from far distant States and cities to nurse our sick and try to rescue from the very jaws of death our sorely stricken people. How black and hideous such things look by the light of the humanity, courage and tenderness exhibited toward us by strangers who leave all the endearments of home, the delights of friendship and the pleasures of society to brave the dangers of the plague in the performance of to them a duty. These horrible incidents are few; thank God, very few; whereas the noble examples of self-sacrifice are so many as to rob even the epidemic of its terrors and lift our race and name above the degradation of the inhuman brutes whose sins are after all their own.

**Death of Mrs. Vance.**—Mrs. Margaret M. Vance, the mother of Gov. Vance and Gen. R. B. Vance, died at the residence of Gen. Vance, at Riverside, on the 4th inst. The funeral services were held on Sunday morning at the Methodist church in this place, and her remains were interred in the church-yard. Gov. Vance reached here Saturday night in time to accompany the remains of his mother to their last resting place.

Mrs. Vance, who was a Miss Baird, was born on the Woodfin farm on the French Broad, on the 22d of December, 1802, was united in marriage with Capt. David Vance on the 2d of January, 1825, and was 76 years of age at time of her death. She was for about fifty-five years a faithful and zealous member of the church.

In addition to the two sons named, she leaves behind her four daughters, Mrs. R. N. Price and Mrs. Hugh Hale Johnson, of Tennessee, and Mrs. Dr. Neilson, and Mrs. E. W. Herndon, of Asheville, besides a large number of relatives throughout this section.—*Asheville Citizen*.

Any person, man or woman, can float without any difficulty. If a man finds himself suddenly immersed, not knowing how to swim, he will escape drowning provided he has the presence of mind to lie at full length flat on his back, clasp his hands across his chest or behind his back, or they may be placed on his hips, his face turned towards the zenith, his head well back in the water, his feet together under the water, except his toes, and keep perpetually looking at the sky right over him. In this position he may float for hours at ease and in perfect safety; but stir or thrust up one of his hands, and down he goes.—*Ex.*

Poll-tax should be paid before voting. Every man who votes should pay a poll-tax, and the revenue thus raised should be applied to the educational fund. The whole system should be overhauled, and a sensible one adopted.—*Wadesboro Herald*.

Some of the Chinese Embassy wear outside garments of white silk so closely resembling night shirts as to make an old maid dodge around the first corner.—*Exchange*.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.  
ABSTRACT OF THE SIXTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.  
MAY, 1878.

The Managers of the American Bible Society express their gratitude, in view of the fact that no one of its constituted guardians has been removed by death since the last Anniversary. Mention is made of the resignation of Rev. Dr. Holdich, on account of advanced age and feeble health. For twenty nine years he served the Society as Corresponding Secretary. Through this long period his course has been so marked by christian prudence, urbanity, integrity, and zeal, as to win the affection regard and sympathy of all who have been associated with him.

Rev. Albert S. Hunt, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has been elected as his successor, and entered upon his work at the commencement of this fiscal year.

The Hon. La Fayette S. Foster, of Connecticut, and Robert Carter, Esq., of New York, have been elected Vice Presidents.

Life Directors constituted, 14; Life Members, 543; new Auxiliaries Enrolled, 13.

District Superintendents engaged in the Society's work in this country, during the year, 18; County Agents employed at the expense of Auxiliaries, 134; unpaid Volunteer Bible Distributors, 5,556.

The receipts for the year were \$446,954.04. Of this amount \$206,117.81 were received in payment for books, \$30,010.27 from rents, \$103,057.71 from legacies, \$102,585.99 from donations, and \$5,182.26 from sundry items. From foreign lands \$14,489.54 were received from sales by the Society's agents. The total receipts are less than those of the previous year by \$96,625.51. Seven-eighths of this decrease was in legacies.

**Translations.**—Progress is reported in the revision of the Turkish and other versions, and in the translation of the New Testament into Japanese; and liberal appropriations have been made for printing and circulating these and other foreign versions.

It is a matter of interest to mention the remarkable fact that a firm of native Christian publishers in Japan have expressed a desire to participate in the publication of the Scriptures for their own countrymen, and have asked and received permission from the board of Managers to issue a pocket edition of the Japanese New Testament, with chapter headings and references, in a style and at a price which will not interfere with the circulation of the Society's edition. That at so early a period in the development of the new life of the nation, such an enterprise should be undertaken by its own people, is a cause for profound thanksgiving and congratulation.

**New Books.**—English Bible, 24mo, Pearl-Agate type, which is sold for twenty-five cents, and the English New Testament in the same type, which is sold for five cents; also, First Kings in Dakota.

Copies manufactured at the Bible House, 654,893. Printed abroad, 233,908. Purchased abroad, 17,978. Total, 906,779.

Copies issued, 664,900 at home; 193,593 abroad. Total, 857,493.

**Bible for the Blind.**—Volumes issued, 521; making an aggregate of 11,236 volumes in thirty-six years.

The issues of the Society during sixty-two years amount to thirty-four millions eight hundred and sixty-four thousand, three hundred and fifteen copies.

The Bible Society Record, containing interesting statements of the work in the home and foreign field, is published monthly, and sent to each Life Director and Life Member who requests it, and to the pastor of every church taking up an annual collection for the Society, upon his application. Copies circulated during the year, 199,575, or an average of 16,631 each month.

The gratuitous work for the year amounted in value to \$259,518.19. Of this sum \$89,832.90 was in cash appropriations for work in foreign lands, besides 20,231 copies of Scripture sent from this country.

**Number of Auxiliaries Reported as engaged in supplying their fields during the year, 196.**

The following table shows what has been accomplished by the auxiliaries reporting general operations, and by

colporteurs employed at the expense of the Parent Society in the more sparsely settled and destitute regions:

| Families visited.                              | By Aux's | By Colps. | Total. |
|--|----------|-----------|--------|
| 348,395  | 51,217   | 499,713   |        |
| Scriptures sold without the aid of auxiliaries | 62,605   | 30,030    | 92,635 |
| Destitute families supplied                    | 81,925   | 14,292    | 96,217 |
| Individuals supplied in addition               | 15,999   | 4,997     | 20,996 |
| Sabbath and other schools supplied             | 771      | 10        | 781    |

Auxiliary Bible Societies are earnestly requested to attend to the supply of the destitute in their own fields, and forward reports of their operations to the Parent Society without waiting for visits from the District Superintendents.

**Operations in Other Lands.**—It is gratifying to mark a steady demand for the Scriptures in the countries where the arrangements for distribution are best organized. The foreign agencies have been unchanged, except that in Constantinople Dr. Isaac G. Bliss has been joined by his son, the Rev. Edwin M. Bliss. He has also had the continued aid of the Rev. M. Kalopothakis, of Athens, Rev. S. C. Ewing, of Alexandria, and Rev. E. R. Lewis, M.D., of Beirut. In St. Petersburg, Mr. George H. Prince has kindly taken the oversight of the Esthonian work; while the Society has been represented in Japan and China by the Rev. Luther H. Gulick, M.D., in Brazil by the Rev. A. L. Blanchford, and in Uruguay by Mr. Andrew M. Milne. To the missionaries of various societies thanks are due for co-operation and counsel. One hundred and ten persons are reported as having been engaged as Bible colporteurs in foreign lands.

**DEATH OF GENERAL GIDEON J. PILLOW.**

In a short telegraphic dispatch a day or two ago, the death of this gallant son of the South was announced. He died at his home, near the mouth of the St. Francis river, Arkansas. He was a native of the State of Tennessee, but had long made his home in Arkansas, and his adopted State now mourns his loss even more than his mother State. He died, it is said, of congestion of the brain.

When the Mexican war broke out, General Pillow was 40 years old. He has been practicing law and politics in his native Tennessee ever since his graduation from the Nashville University in 1827. He had been a member of the Baltimore convention of 1844, and had a large hand in the nomination of James K. Polk for the presidency. Naturally he had no difficulty in obtaining a commission of brigadier-general of volunteers. He was present at the siege of Vera Cruz, commanded the lucky wing at Cerro Gordo, where a rifle wound made him a major-general, and took part in the battle of Chapultepec, and the action of Molino del Rey. After the fight was over Gen. Scott sent him before a court-martial for disobedience of orders, but he was acquitted. He went back to Tennessee and his law books.

In 1861, a true Southern man, he felt compelled to again buckle on his sword in defense of his country, and he was appointed a major-general, by Jeff Davis, under whom he had served during the Mexican war. His record during the late war was all that a brave, generous, gifted man could make it. His command was almost entirely in the West, and though he fell into some disfavor with the Richmond authorities, no one ever claimed that it was on account of any lack of ability or integrity. He celebrated his seventy-second birthday last June, and closed a well-spent life full of honors.—*Char. Observer*.

**Selling Out to the Elevated Railway.**

A New York letter says there is good reason for stating that one of the most important of the horse-car railway companies of that city is negotiating with the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad for a transfer of their entire property to that concern, and that the only obstacle in the way, is an amendment to the charter of the latter, which will enable it to operate a surface road as an adjunct or feeder of the elevator, it is expected this will be removed by the next Legislature. The motive for the proceeding on the part of the horse company is the great decline in business since the elevated railways commenced carrying passengers. The latter further states that the movement looks like the initial step towards a grand combination or monopoly which will have the whole city at its mercy.

**SOCIALISM IN THE REICH-STAG.**

A fiery speech in behalf of this Cause.

LONDON, October 11.—A Berlin dispatch says: "In the Reichstag yesterday, during the debate on the anti-socialist bill, Herr Hasselmann, a well-known socialist agitator, made a violent though clever speech, beginning and ending with threats of violence and bloodshed as results of the repressive legislation. He said that the people would hold those responsible for the bloodshed who helped frame and carry the bill. In concluding, Hasselmann declared that if the pacific endeavors of socialism were repressed, the day would come when the socialists would take up arms and fight against their tyrants. The president of the Reichstag interrupted Herr Hasselmann, called him to order and said that his speech was an incitement to rebellion. Hasselmann repeated his words and was again called to order amid loud and indignant protests. He went on to say: "I am not personally in favor of revolution, but if we are forced to fight we shall know how to fight and I shall be proud to lay down my life on the field of honor. Let Bismarck remember the 18th of March, 1848." Herrin, Love and Benning- sen, Liberal leaders, denounced the methods and purposes of socialism and defended the legislation for its repression, which Herr Benningssen declared even the advanced Liberals now admitted to be necessary. Herr Benningssen said he had no fear that Bismarck would allow the anti-socialist law to be employed to impair the liberties of the people.

A VERY REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

A certain neighborhood in Fourth ward has been greatly exercised during the last few days over a genuine phenomenon, which has appeared in that locality. A lady has been suffering greatly for two or three years with severe pains in the head and face. At times these pains have been almost unbearable, and were attended with considerable swelling in the upper part of the face. The symptoms were those of neuralgia, and she was accordingly treated for that ailment. Not long ago she told some one she believed there was a live bug or worm, or something of the sort in her head; that she could feel it move. Of course no attention was paid to this, and apparently she did not attach any importance to it herself. On Tuesday the pains in her head and face were excruciating, and opiates failed to afford any relief. The upper portion of her face, especially between the eyes, was swollen to an extent hitherto unknown. Late in the afternoon she blew her nose rather more violently than usual, and observed that something of extraordinary size and solidity came out of it, and fell on her dress. She examined it and found a curious looking animal, which was between a half and three-quarters of an inch in length a young cat-fish minus the fins. It was alive and kicking, but soon expired. After death it was put in water and brought up town and exhibited to several physicians, who had never seen anything of the kind before. It was taken in charge by Dr. Battle, who proposes to investigate the matter, in the meantime preserving the animal.

The remarkable feature of the whole affair is, that as soon as the curious looking object came out, she was relieved of all pain, and has suffered none since.

The facts herein related are vouchered for by several neighbors and friends of the lady. She has no doubt in her mind that the "fish" came out of her head, in fact, is positive in asserting it did.—*Char. Ob.*

Either North Carolina is the greatest snake country on the face of the earth, or else the editors of the State keep more of them in their boots than other scribblers in existence.—*Petersburg Intell. Appeal*.

In the midst of deep gloom that overshadows the South, reports show that the cotton crop was never more promising. There are now no complaints from farmers in any quarter.—*Courier Journal*.

A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and asked for a drink. "No," said the landlord, "you had delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they finished, he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him: "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a young man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck in body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me; but they can be saved. Do sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them. The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "So help me, God! this is the last drop I will ever sell to any one!" And he keeps his word.

**PERSONAL.**—The Memphis *Avantgarde* has already spoken in the most complimentary terms of a young gentleman of this city, who went to nurse the yellow fever patients, and now we find the following concerning him in the *Appeal*: "R. P. Waring, Jr., one of the most efficient of the Howard corps, is a whole team, and is truly the right man in the right place. Mr. Waring, as soon as the fever appeared here, left his home in North Carolina and hastened to offer his services to stricken Memphis, and has never flinched from duty. We all honor him."—*Char. Observer*.

**That Apple.**—Our Franklin correspondent, writing us too late for last week's issue, thus speaks of "that apple":—"I have seen it, Dr. Love has it, and will send it to our State Fair. It grew at Squire Daniel Matinee's, on Iola, four miles from Franklin. Here are the facts. A grape vine, at least some of its branches, had been allowed to run on an apple tree. The vine and tree each bear fruit. When the apples were the size of partridge eggs, a tendril from the vine laid hold of the stem of the apple and soon pushed it off from its parent twig—that is, broke it loose from the apple twig. But the tendril held to it, and it seems penetrated the apple, when the stem of the apple and the vine united. Then the remarkable freak began. The apple, now severed from its parent, and less than an inch in diameter, did not wilt and wither, but continued to grow. The other apples on the tree did likewise, which were nearly white. As the grapes ripened, so did this—this apple. Is it an apple? Is it a grape? The apple was broken from the tree early in June, taken from the vine about Sept. 15, having, while supported by the vine, increased from one to three inches in diameter. No better proof of the truth of these statements could be had than Mr. Matinee's mere assertion."—*Asheville Citizen*.

**Apples for the State Fair.**—Capt. Nat Atkinson was yesterday busily engaged in arranging a large and handsome assortment of apples for shipment to Raleigh. Among the lot we noticed especially a fine lot from Col. Sol Hampton, of Leicester, and another from Mr. Robert Platt, of Haywood. Capt. Atkinson intends surpassing all other exhibitions of fruit from this locality.—*Asheville Citizen*.

A young lady, hesitating for a word in describing the character of a rejected suitor, said: "He is not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but—" "Domestic," suggested her friend. "No, he has not dignity enough for that; I think pupineity would convey my meaning admirably."

There is something ludicrous in the facility with which Americans and Englishmen get excited over any kind of an "international" contest. It is also noticeable that a fight or a footrace will stir up much more intense enthusiasm than literary, scientific or religious competition.—*Washington Post*.

Mr. J. S. Ramsay has purchased the interest of Mr. J. R. Brooks in the *Landmark*, and sold it to Mr. A. A. Banks. Mr. Banks is from Virginia, and has been connected with several papers in that State.

Four or five engineers of the United States survey corps came to town yesterday morning, en route for Wilkesboro, from which point they will begin the survey of the Yadkin river, with a view of ascertaining if the idea of making it navigable is a practicable one.

**SPLINTERS.**

A young lady lately went to an Iowa clergyman, and applied for the position of "solferino" in the choir.

Sixty-four Pennsylvania school teachers took advantage of vacation to find husbands and sent in their resignations.

Mrs. Throwcats resides in Columbus, Ga. If her business is all her name implies, she ought to have constant employment.

Westmoreland is the smallest county in Virginia, but it was the birthplace of three Presidents—Washington, Madison and Monroe.

**English Sparrows.**—Mr. Wiley Tansall, of Hale county, Alabama, has ordered 1,000 English sparrows, which he hopes will prove an effectual cotton worm destroyer.

A too sensitive lover in Barke county, Georgia, has broken off his engagement because his sweet-heart named her pet calf after him.

The phonograph is like the small brother of a young lady. It will repeat everything said in its presence without regard to blushes.

Ida Lewis, the heroine, spansk a baby just the same as any other mother. She uses only one language and an old slipper.

James Gordon Bennett will shortly return to Europe. There is a rumor that he is engaged to Garibaldi's grandmother.

The connecting link between our earnest mentioned ancestor and the oyster is that neither had to undress on going to bed.

And now the jokers will have it that Mrs. Partington said the minister preached about the "parody of the probable son."

To be efficient a police force must be well paid. A man on half pay does not care to get himself disliked by making arrests.

A Chicago girl left Cape May the other day wearing five engagement rings. She goes in for Troy weight instead of love.

When Emerson recklessly wrote, "Every natural action is graceful," had he ever seen an angry woman throw a stone at a cow?

The cereals and fruits of California sell for more than her gold. Young man, don't walk over an onion bed to pick up a three cent piece.

The old dairyman who asked the Greenbacker if he could get any more cheese from his milk by watering it is still waiting for an answer.

The wise maidens who kept their lamps trimmed and burning would appreciate the luxuries of gas, and hot and cold water in their rooms.

Sitting Bull is to the West what George Francis Train is to the East, but neither of them begin to be the value of an ordinary wind mill.

The man-eater sharks are becoming numerous in the Sound. They are probably New York hackmen thrown out of business by the elevated roads.

The tobacco crop of Connecticut has been damaged by wind storms. The result will be a less number of Havana cigars made in the State's prisons.

Carl Pretzel says: Dink pooty vell of a man dot vill stoed by you when you are in shotomy vedder. Schwarms of insects vill slity round you when de sun shines out.

The slight effect that such hysterical uprisings as the female crusade against the Ohio saloons a few years ago, has on the general tide of affairs is shown by the fact that there are now in Columbus, Ohio, 127 more saloons than there were in 1871.

"The girls of our days are very badly educated," said one of the members of a committee on education to the bishop of Gloucester. "That's very true," retorted his lordship; "now ever, there is one consolation—the boys never find it out."