

THE ERA AND EXAMINER.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1874.

The *Sentinel* is hereafter to be issued as an evening journal, according to announcement, this evening and with the proposed publication of the *Crescent*, our city can boast of four dailies, two of mornings and two of evenings.

THE SUPREME COURT.—There was nothing done in this court yesterday. The court met and adjourned out of respect to the late Rev. R. S. Mason, D. D., attending, in a body, his funeral services at the Episcopal church.

MEETING OF DIRECTORS OF INSANE ASYLUM.—The Board of Directors for the Insane Asylum, will hold a special meeting at the Asylum building, commencing at 10 A. M. this morning. Carriages will be front of the Mayor's office, where all the Directors are requested to assemble promptly at 9 1/2 A. M.

FUNERAL NOTICE.—POSTPONEMENT.—The funeral of Mrs. Lucy Martin Battle, wife of Judge Wm. H. Battle, owing to the inclemency of the weather on yesterday, has been postponed until today, when the services will take place from Christ Church (Episcopal) at half past four o'clock.

THE NEW BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB AND BLIND INSTITUTION, organized Monday night by the election of Major R. S. Tucker as president, with the following executive committee: Messrs. Johnson, C. D., Henson and J. J. Nowell. Nothing of importance further was transacted. The new board, transacted some little business.

NORTH CAROLINA TWINS ABROAD.—A contemporary remarks:—"France produces another monstrosity in which savans and showmen can rejoice. Miles, Millie and Christine are two colored girls joined at the lower part of the back. They have been examined by a medical commission appointed by the Prefect of Police, and Dr. Tardieu reports on the genuineness of the monstrosity and on the physical and psychological duality of the parties. France has possession of this precious specimen of humanity, but the honor of its production is due to North Carolina, the parents having been an Indian and a negress." These girls were on exhibition at our fair two years ago. They were born in Columbus county.

THE INQUEST OVER THE BODY OF JOHN FYLES FOUND IN THE MILL-POND.—General Leake presided at the Post Office on Monday yesterday and summoned a jury of six neighboring men, and a coroner for the remains of John Fyles, an account of whose death is being in the paper, we publish on Monday morning.

Dr. Wm. Little, of this city, was called in attendance and made a thorough post mortem dissection of the deceased, first making an examination of the body and then he opened the scalp exposing the skull but found no marks of violence whatever on either, and the jury arrived at the decision that John Fyles came to his death from drowning, by falling into the pond while in a state of intoxication on Christmas night last. The body was in a high state of decomposition and Dr. Little had anything but a pleasant task to perform.

FUNERAL SERVICES OF THE REV. R. S. MASON, D. D.—The funeral services of the distinguished and beloved pastor of Christ Church (Episcopal) for thirty-three years, occurred on yesterday.

Besides the Bishop and Assistant Bishop and Rev. Dr. Smeds, the following ministers were in attendance, clad in their church robes:—

Rev. M. M. Marshall, of Warrenton; Rev. Chas. J. Curtis, of Hillsboro; Rev. J. W. Larmour, of Goldsboro; Rev. Dr. Forbes, of New-Berne, and the Rev. Bennett Smedes, of this city.

An hour before the designated time, citizens in carriages and on foot were flocking to the sacred precincts of the church, and by 11 o'clock its seats were packed, many being obliged to stand for want of sitting room, but not to be taken aback, they did so throughout the services, showing their greatest reverence and the utmost respect and love for the lamented dead.

The church was appropriately decorated in mourning.

At precisely 11 o'clock the remains were brought over to the church from the adjoining parsonage by the pall bearers, who were as follows:—

Wm. E. Anderson, Dr. E. Burke Hayward, Wm. H. Jones, Seaton Gales, Dr. T. D. Hogg and Sam'l A. Ashe.

The metallic case was beautifully decked with wreaths of flowers wrought by the tender and loving hands of woman.

Upon the entrance of the pall bearers with the remains the Right Rev. Bishop Atkinson and the Assistant Bishop Lyman followed by the Rev. Dr. Smeds, met them. The Bishop reciting, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." (St. John xi, 25, 26.) They conducted the casket in front of the chancel, and there it was deposited, the or an rendering a plaintive and solemn dirge. Miss Love Root presiding.

The Rev. Dr. Smeds read from the prayer book of the church, "Lord let me know my end and the number of days, that I may be certified how long I have to live," &c. At the conclusion a full choir of fifteen sang the closing sentences, "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end." Amen.

Bishop Lyman now advanced to the service desk and read the lesson taken out of the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians:—"Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept, for since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," &c. Most beautifully and impressively read.

Bishop Atkinson now ascended the pulpit and addressed the large and solemn congregation for the space of half an hour in which he plainly but impressively reviewed the many estimable qualities and virtues of the beloved pastor now dead in front of him; briefly tracing his many traits of character from early manhood, and the positions he had so eminently occupied through life, which had been given so well by others, down to his death. During his remarks he mentioned that he never knew the deceased superior from the most abstruse point in theology down to the simplest matter in every day life; such was his extensive and polished learning. He was beloved by all, wherever known, which was almost throughout the extent of our common country. At the conclusion of Bishop Atkinson's remarks assistant Bishop Lyman read hymn 267, commencing:—

"Nearer my God to thee!
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer to thee!"

with the four remaining stanzas, was sweetly sung by the choir, many of the congregation joining. Services at the church were here finished. A long funeral train wended slowly to Oakwood Cemetery the place of final deposit.

Upon arriving at the grave in the above cemetery, while the corpse was made ready to be laid into the earth, the Bishop recited, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower. He fleeth as it were a shadow and never continueth in one stay." &c.; and when the corpse was laid in its final resting place, its burial casement, the other forms of the sicut service were gone through with and the beloved pastor, the eminent citizen, and one of the most learned of his day, after a honored life of 79 years rests in peace with his Father, respected by all those he leaves behind him. Thus closed one of the grandest and most imposing ceremonies it has ever been our melan choly privilege to witness.

SHOOTING STEVE LOWERY.

Seven-up Round the Camp-Fire—The Slayers in Ambush—"Charming" his Whisky—Steve Falls Dead—The Little Tin Cross.

Boss Strong was killed while performing on a mouth harp, and this time, Steve Lowery, the last and worst of the outlaws, was shot dead while tuning a banjo. The last track he followed was that of a whisky wagon. Sunday night, 22nd, Steve fell in with two whisky wagons, one driven by a white man named Burns, from Ashboro, and the other by a white man named Crosson. It was the custom of this outlaw to go along at night, with wagons of this sort, passing through the county, and boldly proclaiming who he was, and defy the power of any man to take him. But that night, three old hunters, Messrs. Sutton, Patterson and Holcomb, armed with shot guns loaded with buckshot, took the track of the wagons and followed it with the stealth of an Indian. These wagoners camped for the night at a place called Red Bank, in Robeson county. They built their fire, and Steve sat in the circle with a dozen other mulatto men, who had followed along, and they passed the bottle and got out a deck of cards, and all prepared for a night's carouse. But we will allow Messrs. Sutton and Patterson to tell the rest, for themselves, as we had it from their lips in a short interview yesterday morning.

THE SLAYERS IN AMBUSH.
We laid some twenty-five yards off, ready to pull trigger the first good chance we could get. They were all around the fire drinking and playing cards, and Steve was too close to wink for us to shoot. He didn't sleep a wink the whole night. The first of the night he got pretty drunk, but towards day he got "held up," and sobered a little, like he was suspicious of something.

STEVE PUTS A "CHARM" IN HIS WHISKY.
One time in the night while they were all going on carousing, Steve took a rag out of his pocket, about four inches long, and with something tied up in it, and he put it in his bottle of whisky, and called it his "charm." Then he took a swig from the bottle and swore that "nary damn white man could ever shoot him." Soon after, he sneaked off through the bushes (we couldn't get a shot at him), and after a bit, he came back, bringing with him a half dozen grown chickens and a big turkey, he had stolen.

NO CHICKEN FOR BREAKFAST.
About four o'clock Monday morning, we got the best chance at Steve we knew we could get, and it was tolerably skittish shooting, at that. He was sitting about two feet from the man next to him in the circle, and another man was sitting just behind him. We all three took aim and fired at the same time, and he fell back dead without even throwing up his arms. We shot him in the breast and head. Nobody else was touched except the man that sat behind him, and one of the shot just gave him a slight wound in the head. There were lively times around that fire. Some of the crowd ran off, and the rest hollered and prayed. I, (Sutton,) stood guard over the body, while Mr. Patterson went off for a wagon to haul the body in to Sheriff McMillan, in whose charge we left it, and came on here.

STEVE WORE A CROSS.
We found an old tin cross and a silver quarter in Steve's vest pocket, a kind of backwoods religion, he had of his own, and no doubt, he'd sooner have lost one of his fine pistols, than go all day without that cross. He was heavily armed. He had on three pistols, repeaters, a Winchester rifle that shot sixteen times, and the awfulest looking bowie knife you ever saw. He made the knife himself. It looked like a scythe blade and weighed ten pounds. He had all kinds of roots in his vest pocket. Steve Lowery was about 28 years of age.

THE REWARD.
These gentlemen will certainly get five thousand, and in all probability, six thousand dollars, for destroying this last relic of the Robeson Outlaws. Their county, also, give \$2000. Gov. Caldwell being absent from the city, so soon as the required written authority was obtained, they will receive the \$5,000 through the bank of New Hanover at Wilmington. They left for that city this morning.

COTTON FACTORIES.—What has become of the mooted cotton factory we were to have established in our midst? Has it all died out? We hope not. See what the *Wilmington Star* says on the subject, in and near Augusta, Ga.:

According to recent computations there are about 250,000 cotton spindles in operation in the Southern States, and at least 125,000 of these are in Georgia, or near there. Perhaps the most remarkable example of success in the spinning of cotton in the whole world is found in the city of Augusta. There are two mills there running 16,000 spindles with 500 looms, producing sheetings, yarns, drills, and osanburgs. The company have steadily paid dividends of twenty per cent., and have accumulated a surplus of about \$500,000 with which they are building a new mill of 8,000 spindles and 250 looms, and this entire sum has been made by the mills. The Graniteville Company, near Augusta, runs over 20,000 spindles and 700 looms, pays ten to twelve per cent. dividends, has a handsome surplus, and is building a new mill.

The Langley Mills, eight miles from Augusta, (where principal stockholders are enterprising New York merchants,) have 10,000 spindles and looms in proportion; capital, \$300,000; and during the recent panic, the stock sold in Augusta for ten to twelve per cent. premium, although the mill had been running but eighteen months. Many other similar companies are alluded to, all of which realize large dividends, and it is remarked that in no instance has a substantial cotton manufacturing enterprise with sufficient capital been started in the cotton States without paying handsomely from the beginning.

Nothing will be more new to the prosperity of Raleigh than the establishment of a cotton factory. Give it your consideration, capitalists of our city.

SUPREME COURT.—This court met at its usual hour—all the Justices being present.

Appeals from the ninth district were argued as follows: Carson and Grier vs. Lindberger & Co., from Mecklenburg; R. Barringer and Vance for plaintiff, J. H. Wilson for defendants.

Brem and Means vs. Thomas Jamison, from Mecklenburg; H. W. Guion for plaintiff, Vance and Burwell, McCorkle and Bailey for defendant.

John Walker, Ex'r vs. J. B. Johnston et al., from Mecklenburg; J. H. Wilson and Son for plaintiff, R. Barringer, H. W. Guion and C. Dowd for defendant.

Atlantic, Tennessee & Ohio Railroad Company vs. Wm. Johnston et al from Mecklenburg; McCorkle and Bailey, Jones and Johnston, and R. Barringer for plaintiffs, Vance, Guion, J. H. Wilson and Son, Armfield for defendants.

The argument of causes will continue to-day, also, from the ninth district.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.—This excellent troupe opened at Tucker Hall last night and were greeted with a very fair and appreciative audience considering the inclemency of the weather. Killearney was very sweetly sung. Backus was simply killing in "its Hand to Love" his facial expression was very funny and mirth provoking. Little Darling was superb, but the ballad "Mother bear me to the first part" was the crowning feature of the first part by Mr. Read. A charming alto. Many declaring it to be the voice of a lady.

"My Gal," song and dance by Johnson and Powers, was excruciatingly "illegant,"—just as good as Jehnnie Prendergast used to do it. The "Dutch Opera" we have seen Ricardo in before. He still holds his own. "Living pictures of great artists," very fine—many recalled Edwin Forrest to mind. Backus is a "Corkist" of the first water,—you laugh to look at him. "Merry wives of Windsor," very immense and laughable. The music of the troupe is exceedingly artistic, and rendered in most exquisite time. Give them a rousing house to-night.

THE LATE DR. R. S. MASON.

A Meeting of the Bishops and Clergy.

At a meeting of the Bishops and Clergy in attendance at the funeral of the Rev. R. S. Mason, D. D., held at the Rectory, there were present the Right Rev. Thomas Atkinson, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the Diocese, the Right Rev. Theodore B. Lyman, D. D., Assistant Bishop, the Rev. E. M. Forbes, the Rev. A. Smedes, D. D., Rev. John E. C. Smedes, Rev. G. W. Phelps, Rev. B. Smodes, Rev. M. W. Marshall, Rev. C. J. Curtis, Rev. E. A. Rich, and Rev. J. W. Larmour.

The Right Reverend, the Bishop of the Diocese, stated it to be the object of the meeting to take action in reference to a suitable expression of its sense of the loss sustained by the church, the Diocese, the Parish, and the community, in the death of the Rev. R. S. Mason, D. D., the venerable and beloved rector of Christ church, Raleigh. The Rev. J. W. Larmour was requested to act as secretary.

On the motion of the Right Rev. Bishop Lyman, it was resolved to appoint a committee to prepare a suitable minute.

The Right Reverend the Bishop of the Diocese appointed as said committee the Revs. Dr. Smedes, E. R. Rich and C. J. Curtis. The committee retired, and shortly afterward returned and reported the following minute:—

The Bishop, the Assistant Bishop, and a portion of the other clergy of the Diocese of N. C., having been brought together from their respective fields of duty to follow to the grave the remains of their venerated and beloved brother the Rev. Dr. Rich'd Sharpe Mason, feel that they ought not to separate without some expression of the sentiments which the occasion has awakened in their minds, and in which they are sure that they will have the sympathy of the faithful only of our own Diocese, but of the whole of our church in this country.

First: We heartily thank our Heavenly Father that it pleased Him to crown the prolonged life of our departed brother with a death so calm, so trustful, so humble yet so confiding, as to give assurance that it was the "peace" that is the "end of the perfect and the upright man" that to him, "to live was Christ, and to die was gain."

Secondly: Among the many traits of his character which we recall with pleasure, we mark especially his "simplicity and godly sincerity." Though the last person to boast of himself, he might have said with Obadiah, "If thy servant fear the Lord from my youth; or if might be said of him, as of Abimelech, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile," or he might have sat for the picture which David has drawn in his fifteenth Psalm: "Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle, or who shall rest upon thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth from his heart." Or he might be supposed to have most successfully modelled his life after the wonderful pattern the Apostle has given us: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any praise, think on these things."

Thirdly: While thus the moral integrity of our brother made him a light and a guide at a time when such an example is especially needed, and evinced the genuineness of his religious belief, his soundness of doctrine, his faithful maintenance of "the truth, the whole truth," as embodied in the standards of the church to which he had vowed his allegiance, no less entitled him to our respectful recollection. He was a churchman of the school of Hobart and of Ravenscroft. No "novelties that disturb our peace" ever found in him a moments toleration. "Rooted and grounded in the truth as it is in Jesus," and thoroughly master of the "reason of the faith that was in him," he stood in the pulpit, in the Diocesan Convention, and in the general council of the church, a "workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightfully dividing the word of truth."

Fourthly: Feeling how utterly inadequate any tribute of such an occasion as this must be to the memory of such a man, we, the Assistant Bishop, and the other clergy present, respectfully and earnestly request our honorable Bishop to prepare a fit memorial of our departed brother, to be delivered at our next annual council.

Fifthly: We feel a sincere sympathy with the congregation whose pastor and father, after serving them for longer than a generation, has been taken from them. Their church shrouded in mourning, their tears, their sorrowful faces, attest their genuine grief. May they have grace so to recall the instructions they have heard, and the pure example is itself a daily sermon, which they have beheld, that they may be his "joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ, at His appearing."

Lastly: We devoutly and earnestly commend the widow and the children of our departed brother to the gracious keeping of the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless. They only can fully appreciate all that, in the removal of our brother, God has taken to Himself. May the blessing which the dying husband and father was enabled to invoke upon the head of each member of his household kneeling at his bedside, bear precious fruit in all their earthly pilgrimage, and, at length, have its perfect consummation in the reunion of all of them, in the blessed region where tears and parting are unknown.

After the reading of the above minute, it was unanimously resolved that it be adopted; that a copy of it be sent to the family of the deceased; and that the papers of the church and of the city be requested to publish it.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.—We do trust our southern ladies will not catch the Ohio temperance reform, but we are looking for it to break out most any day. Somebody said yesterday, there had already been a little spell of it in Richmond. Old toppers don't say much about it, but they keep a sharp eye on every squad of women they see on the street. Fancy a fellow cut off entirely from supplies. See him pulling imaginary bricks from his nose, or walking up to a bug and feeling it to see if it is a bug, or scratching his head to tell whether his hat is really on or off, or butting up against everything that's not at all in his way. Stepping high over smooth places. Shieing about at things. It's a miserable fix, truly. Why it might drive a man into hogmania, which is said to be a kind of delirium that's instant death—he sees a bog and dies. We trust our ladies will have more respect for their country, and not have our towns and cities crowded with the best talent for business, and for writing poetry, and for making speeches, and all that sort of thing, and then to have them all walking rickety along the sidewalks, running up against each other, and trying to keep out of each others way, and the same time shaking hands every three minutes, and then forgetting they had shaken, and shake over again. It would destroy the business turn of this country, and lose us a heap of our talent in congress too, this temperance reform would.

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.—W. L. Bradley, President of the Sea-Fowl Manufacturing Company, of Boston, is on a visit to Raleigh, and was in to see us yesterday.

The fertilizer from the Sea-Fowl Manufacturing Company, has attained a high and successful reputation, and since it is established that a good fertilizer pays at any price, and that a poor article pays no price, it behooves every farmer to look out for the best. There can be no discount on the Sea-Fowl, and the visit of Mr. Bradley may be availed of with profit to our farmers and dealers.

REQUISITION FROM GOVERNOR KEMPER.—A requisition has been received from Governor Kemper of Virginia for the rendition of George Fresh, a fugitive, from Wythe county, Virginia, charged with grand larceny. Fresh is in jail at Salisbury. The requisition was duly honored and the agent left here Tuesday night for Salisbury, with the Governor's warrant of delivery.

About in Spots.

A new paper is to be started at Bakersville, N. C. Gilson Deane, of Union county, has a bible printed, 1874. A daughter of General Jackson is attending school at Charlotte. A daily mail is to be established between Statesville and Wilkesboro. The hub and spoke factory, near Charlotte, is in a prosperous condition. Forty Scotch immigrants are on their way to settle in Mecklenburg county. The colored children in Norfolk have a military company, the zouave uniform.

A man was recently locked up in Stating, Pa., to keep him sober for his son's funeral. The funeral of J. A. Saddler, Jr., occurred in Charlotte on Tuesday morning last. No robins have been seen in the Charlotte section this season. Plenty here, all kinds. The *Masonic Monitor* of Goldsboro and the *Bright Mason* of Concord are to be consolidated.

A Virginian hasn't yet given it up that the cruel war is over, and drills an hour every day. A love sick swain of 16 was united to an antiquated spinster of 45 in Yadkin county recently. A couple of Woodville, Iowa, have been divorced four times and are bent on marrying the fifth time. A couple in Iowa have resolved themselves into a committee of two, with power to increase the number. A man who had been married twenty years, says he never gave his wife a short word. He did't dare to.

At last we have it. Fashion now means that a man has a pair of trousers plainness rather than ruffles and frills. A new disease has broken out in the sections of the country; it baffles doctors, but yields with ease to the sons. Strong-minded women of Connecticut refuse to pay taxes because they cannot vote. Sheriffs' fees are accumulating.

"Hurrah for General Watson!" shouted a colored school boy in Norfolk, when the teacher said he'd break up school in honor of General Washington's birthday. J. W. Hartley was elocutioning it before the Charlotte institution for young ladies Monday evening. The entertainment is reported to have been one of the highest literary excellence. The rumor that Ex-Gov. Vance and Col. Wm. Johnston are contemplating the establishment of a newspaper in Raleigh is untrue. They have no such intention—says the *Observer*.

How is this Woodson? The *New York Herald* says:—"The Raleigh (N. C.) *News* calls Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe 'an old ghoul.' The editor probably meant to say 'an old gal.' A portion of the family of the late lamented Dr. Mason left on the Weldon train yesterday on a brief visit to relatives in Washington, including Mrs. Dr. Mason and her son Wm. M. Mason, Esq.

Chas. N. Vance has been elected assistant cashier of the Commercial National Bank of Charlotte. Mr. Vance was for some time a clerk in the Merchants' and Farmers' National Bank of the same place. Rev. L. McKinnon, of Concord, has received and accepted a call from the second Presbyterian church of Charlotte. The Rev. Mr. Harding will succeed Mr. McK. as pastor of the Presbyterian church in Concord.

Gov. Allen of Ohio says of the women temperance reform in that State:—"If the movement is to succeed keep the men out of it, if it is to fail let them control it. For my part, I believe it to be of an ephemeral character at best." Chas. T. Neal, Esq., the unfortunate victim of the Statesville homicide, was interred in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond, Va., Monday last. The Richmond Grays, of which he was a member, accompanied the remains to their final resting place.

Miss Becky Kitchen died in Southampton county, Virginia, a few days since aged 120 years, and only a short time since Mrs. Beaton died in the same county, aged 104. The swamp and lowlands of Southampton are very unhealthy, but perhaps the use of tobacco aided malaria to carry off these poor beings so early.

A brother in the western part of California writes that their church is in need of a pastor, and adds:—"They want him to live on Grace street, corner of Penitent alley, at the sign of the cross next door to Glory. He will find the street corner of Frozen alley, at the sign Shun the Cross, next door to Vanity Fair."

A few evenings ago a certain young man went to spend the evening with his love. During his visit he told a few stories and called them *tales*. The lady approved him and told him he should say "anecdotes." After a short time he went out to see his horse. When he returned she asked him how his horse was getting along? "Oh he's all right, only the d—n calves have chawed off his anecdote."

W. H. Finch, Esq., the general supervisor of the Southern agencies for the Brooklyn Life Insurance Company, arrived in this city on yesterday, and is quartered at the National hotel. He has his headquarters in Atlanta, but necessarily travels through all Georgia, together with a good portion of Alabama and Florida. We are glad to shake the hand of this genial gentleman and good friend. Mr. F. is decidedly ranked among the first of our Southern insurance men, and deservedly so. He will be in our city a few days longer on business of importance to himself and the splendid company he represents.

An affecting scene in a church. The *New York Herald* of the 22nd inst. says:—"Last Sunday evening sixteen young converts were thus baptized into the Christian church by the pastor, Rev. J. Hyatt Smith. Mr. Smith had been catechizing the candidates previous to administering the ordinance, and had used in his address the conversation between Philip and the eunuch, as portrayed in the Acts of the Apostles. The father of one of the candidates was in the audience, and was so convicted and impressed by the services that, rising in his place in the church, he called aloud to the pastor, 'in the words of the Ethiopian, "See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" Mr. Smith, not at all surprised at this interruption, though his congregation were greatly so, in the language of Philip, promptly replied, "If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest." The gentleman again responded "I do believe with all my heart; and, walking down the aisle to the baptistry, he was then and there publicly baptized. The scene was a memorable one, and the large congregation were affected to tears by it. Father and daughter went home rejoicing in a new found Saviour."

THE BONE OF A BLACK CAT.—Mr. James H. Leach, of Thomasville, former steward of the deaf and dumb asylum, was in the city yesterday, making an effort for the pardon of a negro, who is in the penitentiary from his place, for stealing. The negro is sentenced for three years and has served out one year. The circumstances of this stealing are both novel and funny. The negro had always borne a first-rate character in Thomasville and was considered a reliable and honest servant. But some time ago a negro from Norfolk came to Thomasville getting slaves, and they to "enjuried" this boy into the theft. They told him they could give him a receipt for sealing anything he wanted, and it never would be found out. To kill him a black cat and bake it in an oven and then get a bone from its body and carry it in his pocket, and he might steal what he pleased, and still be as free as a bird. This boy was simple enough to follow out the instructions to the letter, and had "the bone" in his pocket when he stole the meat from the store of Messrs. Lambeth Bro's of Thomasville. Mr. Leach thinks he can get everybody in Thomasville to sign the petition for pardon.