

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. V.—THIRD SERIES.

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J. J. BRUNER,

Proprietor and Editor.

J. J. STEWART

Associate Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

WEEKLY WATCHMAN.

One Year, payable in advance, \$2.50

Six Months, 1.25

Three Months, 75 cents

5 Cents per line for each and every insertion.

ADVERTISING RATES:

One Square (1 inch) One insertion \$1.00

Two insertions 1.50

For a greater number of insertions

make special notice 25 per cent. more.

In regular advertisements. Reading notice.

5 cents per line for each and every insertion.

WRITTEN FOR THE WATCHMAN.

FOLKS AT THE FAIR.

CANTO VII.

The world's a fair, and we are there,

Dear reader, genus Homo!

I'm peddling out my doggerel ware,

And throwing in a Chromo!

If to my lines you'll give your eye,

I'll send you forty cents, and I

Will send you forty-seven!

For a copper cent and two green stamps,

Five dollars worth of brass, sir!

Beware of other plagiarized scamps,

Who for my agents pass, sir!

Again! For only two and a half,

A big three dollar Whee-sackly,

With two match Photos of the brindle calf,

Worth an X apiece pree-sackly!

For half their cost, by mail I'll send

A good religious paper,

With Chromos paired, (to you, my friend!)

Of that renowned "Ski-Scraper"

In which on scales of wifely right

Ma'am Beecher weighs old Cryer

In Brooklyn Court—and "Than a Kite,"

The Life of Christ Knocked Higher!

If you don't want it all the year,

It's fast'n'able to "try her!"

Just send for three months, if you fear—

"Twont come quite half so higher!"

If you'll be good and not say much

About some drotted preachers,

I'll send you free, in Five Points Dutch,

A "Hit'ry of the Beechers!"

Ma'am Harriet Stowe insures, if you

Will send a club of twenty,

As premium, Bryon's coffin screw

And of his bones a plenty!

And, look-a-here! 'Twixt you and me,

Hen says, if you'll but ask it,

He'll add, from old Jeff's gallows tree,

A finely carved wood casket!

And if you wont accept my prop-

ositions grand and free, sir,

Just send, when you have sold your crop,

The money all to me, sir;

And I'll invest for you in Lot-

try Tickets, watches, trinkets—

These fish the breed St. Peter caught

With coin stuck in their—crinkles!

But of my great Gift Enterprise

I should have told you sooner,

Which here and now I'll advertise,

By your leave, Mr. Bruner!

'Tis to be drawn at Farry Bank,

The first of April, D. P.;

And every prize insures a blank—

The pile for Mr. E. P.!

Then thars my bully Spelling Match

Comes off just after that, sir!

Spell later, gravy, patch and scratch—

Spell dog, spell hog, spell cat, and

Spell tweedledum and tweedledee—

Spell p-h-t-i-zick!

Spell fiddle-fiddle-fiddle-fiddle!

Spell skizimys kazimyskizik!

I'll take my stand in "Dixie land"

To outspell all creation!

"Look away," while I spell "Chateaubriand!"

Spell the prayers of the Injunction!

"Look away," while I spell "Owyhawhee,"

"Tecumseh-wantawhater,"

Mississippihokuhogahawogee,"

And "Misternedamhiawatha!"

For whiskey bards plus rye and corn

My Rhymy Match wont lack—O!

The rocks and hills and vales, that morn,

Will ring one ceaseless echo—

Rab, cab, dab, nab, sab, crab, drab,

Uo, pace, dace, mace, case, pacin;

Sab, stab, whab, fab, Aminabad,

Grace, place, dace, space, trace, rackin!

Back, cack, cack, jack, lack, pack, quack,

tack,

Cade, fade, made, jade, blade, holly;

Sack, rack, black, crack, clack, slack, knack,

Snack,

Wade, staid, glade, trade, made, jolly;

And so forth and so on through the

Whole Rhymy Dictionary—

May we be there the fun to see,

With Tom and Dick and Harry.

E. P. H.

The Mountain of the Lovers.

The following is the dedication of Paul

E. Hays's new volume of poems just issued

by the Hales and noticed by us a few days

since:

TO MARGARET J. PRESTON, OF VIRGINIA.

My eyes have never gazed in thine

Our hands are strangers; yet divine

The deathless sympathy which binds

Our hearts and minds.

Thou singest along the mountain side;

Thy golden songs are justified

By the rich music of their flow;

I sing below.

Where the lone pine-lands are stirred

By notes of thrush and mocking bird;

The heights befit thy loftier strain;

Mine courts the plain.

And now with joyous sylvan wings

And round me "told the flash of things

The rivulet's lapse, the breeze plays.

On this bright day.

Finished like a dryad's tender face

With early springtime's happiest grace,

This day of soft harmonious hours,

Made sweet with flowers.

My lowland muse is blithe to send

Fair greeting to her mountain friend,

And—yearning more for love than praise,

These wild-wood lays.

BLESSEDNESS.

SINGLE, DOUBLE AND TRIPLE.

"I will never marry, never," said

William Blake to his father, a patient,

weary-looking old man, with thin gray

hair streaking across his bowed head.

He answered, reflectively—"Well, I think

you're right; there are men that can

manage women, but your mother has been

too much for me."

"It seems half selfish in me to go off

and leave you alone with her; but what

can I do, with work that wants planning,

and that continued scolding in one's

ears?"

"It's the crying fits that master me,

though," said Mr. Blake, "when she sits

sniffing into her apron; looking at me

that reproachful, till I'm half brought

to believe that I have committed murder,

or something in my sleep."

"I sometimes think, do you know,

father, that in those times it is that she is

sorry for her temper; is, in fact, repent-

ing."

"It's an awfully unpleasant, unfair

kind of penitence, then; but I don't know;

she's been buzzing in my ears so long,

that I get fairly bothered sometimes, and

don't feel clear about anything."

"I'll tell you what you must do when

she gets past bearing; just come off to

me; it won't be far, you know."

So I will, my boy; so I will."

Accordingly the next morning, when

Mrs. Blake began the day with prophetic

indications of being what she called "up-

set," her husband prepared to escape,

greatly to her displeasure. She had re-

sented Will's removal and "setting up

himself;" but then, as Mr. Blake remark-

ed, "she couldn't be any crosser than she

was before," so she departed in compara-

tive comfort.

Will's room was a poor little place.

He was not earning much as yet, and he

said, "anything does for oneself," with a

desolate air that somewhat contradicted

his philosophy of loneliness; still, his

work improved wonderfully, and in that

way he was always happy. Will was a

designer of moldings.

Mr. Blake found him busily stitching

on an old coat.

"Turned tailor, Will?" he asked.

"Taint work enough for a tailor, and

I am afraid my bawling would not pass

for one, either. I tried glue, but some-

how it wouldn't answer, and one must

keep one's self decent looking. I am go-

ing after orders by and by."

"Women is of some use arter all, if

they wasn't such unreasonable creatures,"

said the father, with an involuntary glance

at the table, which looked rather like the

wreck of a kitchen, heaped up, it was,

with a little of everything."

Will was accustomed to have his tools

around him in his work, and so he gradu-

ally gathered the household implements

to gather in the same fashion.

"We will have breakfast pleasantly,"

he said, "it would have been ready before,

only while I was gone for a loaf the ket-

tle boiled over."

"It won't do that time," said Mr. Blake,

lifting the titled vessel from the fire.

"Why?"

"See!"

Then they both laughed; Will had for-

gotten to put in the water.

Father and son were chatting pleas-

antly over the end of their meal, when a

bright voice was heard on the landing

outside, calling, Willie, Willie."

"Made friends, already?" asked Mr.

Blake, looking up surprised.

"No, it is somebody who lodges over-

head; her little brother has run off down

stairs. He seems to give her a great deal

of trouble, but she never speaks any

sharper than that."

"Doesn't she, now? It is a wonder-

fully pleasant sounding voice."

By and by it seemed that the culprit

was hunted up the stairs home again; a

happy hunt, with much laughing on both

sides, and as they passed Will's door, a

quicker "Willie, Willie!"

Mr. Blake looked strangely reflective.

"I haven't heard anybody say 'Willie' in

scolding, for he could not be sure that he

really wanted to forget this.

"I am glad I have never seen her," he

said, with a long breath that did not sound

like content. Then he tried to say,

"Willie," in her tones, and, as a look of

impatience marked his consciousness

of failure, he put on his cap and went

out.

The haunting voice became a presence,

all too soon. As Will came home she

met him in the passage; a little, swift

gliding figure, with soft dark eyes set in a

fair face—"Not a bit like mother," he

thought, with a curious feeling of satisfac-

tion; but as he passed, he saw that

her eyes were humid with fear and grief.

"What is the matter?" he asked involun-

tarily.

"Willie! cholera! the doctor!" she an-

swered, rushing by, into the street that

was wet with a stormy rain.

"Stay! I can go faster," cried Will

following her. "You go back to your

brother." She obeyed at once with the

quick docility of a gentle intelligence; and

he thought again, "Mother would have

talked for an hour."

The doctor came soon, but not soon

enough. Willie was very ill.

Bravely the little fellow struggled, but

the foe was too strong for him.

"Strange," the doctor muttered impa-

tently; "the last cases are so often the

worst. I thought it was over for this

year."

A week before another lodger in the

same house, a gluttonous man, had made

himself ill feasting on mussels and plums

and beer; he recovered; but the poison

thus brought into the house fastened on

the weakest there. The child died. There

was nothing more to be done for him.

All at once, for the first time in his little

life, Willie wanted—nothing; not even

his sister. She went about her necessary

work with an oppressive, bewildered sense

of leisure upon her. And Will—if the

joyous voice alone had distracted him so,

how could he work now?—now that it

recalled the meek, desolate face of the

mourner; now that the cry had changed

into such a pitiful, beseeching "Willie!

Willie!"

The day after Willie was buried it

happened that Will paid his rent, and

took that opportunity to inquire after his

fellow lodger.

"Poor young thing," said the mother

landlady, "it makes my heart ache to see

her, up there in the little room, where

they