State Library

Carolina Watchman.

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Carolina Watchman

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

J. J. BRUNER,

Editor and Proprietor.

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SIMMONS' LIVER Regulator.

The symptoms of Liver complaint are uneasiness and pain in the side.—Sometimes the pain is in the shoulder, and is mistaken for rheumatism, the stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general costive, sometimes alternating with lax. The head is troubled with pain, and dull, heavy sensation, considerable loss of memory, accompanied with painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. Often complaining of weakness, debility, and low spirits. Sometimes many of the above symptoms attend the disease, and at other times very few of them; but the liver is generally the organ most involved.—Cure the Liver with

DR. SIMMONS'

LIVER REGULATOR,

a preparation roots and herbs, warranted to be strictly vegetable, and can do no injury to any one. It has been used by hundreds, and known for the last 40 years as one of the most reliable, efficacious and harmless preparations ever offered to the suffering. If taken regularly and persistently, it is sure to cure Dyspepsia, headache, jaundice, costiveness, sick headache, chronic diarrhœa, affections of the bladder, camp dysentery, affections of the kidneys, nervousness, chills, diseases of the skin, impurity of the blood, melancholy, or depression of spirits, heartburn, colic, or pains in the bowels, pain in the head, fever and ague, dropsy, boils, pain in the back, &c.

Prepared only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Druggists, Macon, Ga.

Price, $1; by mail $125.

For sale by T. F. KLUTTZ & CO., Druggists, Salisbury, N. C.

feb 24—1y

LAND SALE.

On the 9th day of January, 1872, I will sell at the Court-House door, in Statesville, the following valuable tracts and interests in Lands belonging to the estate of James F. Bell, deceased, viz:

NUMBER ONE,

Known as the Lawrence Tract, two miles from Statesville, containing Three Hundred and Thirty-two Acres, more or less, on the waters of Fourth Creek, 40 to 60 acres of which is very rich creek bottom, 100 or more acres heavily timbered rich uplands, and the balance mostly cleared upland; adjoining the lands of Hayne Davis, Esq., and others.

NUMBER TWO,

Known as the Gibson Tract, containing Two Hundred Acres, more or less, three miles from Statesville, on the Taylorsville road, 50 to 60 acres well timbered, 40 to 50 acres recently cleared, and the remainder more worn, but all level clay upland capable of improvement. No broken washing land on it. Two branches, affording stock water.

NUMBER THREE.

One-fifth Interest in the T. A. Bell place, adjoining No. 2, the whole of which containing Two Hundred and Seventy-four Acres, more or less.

NUMBER FOUR.

One Lot in the Town of Statesville, known as the "Cotton Lot," (so designated in the Will,) containing one and a half Acres, fronting on Depot street, and adjoining the Depot lots.

TERMS OF SALE: One-third (⅓) cash, one-third (⅓) at the expiration of six months, and one third (⅓) within twelve months from day of sale. Interest on two last payments from day of sale.

Notes, with approved security, will be required, and title withheld until full payment is made.

Persons wishing to examine said Lands will please call on Capt. T. A. Price, Simonton House, Statesville.

J. HERVEY STEVENSON,
Executor of J. F. Bell, dec'd.

November 22d, 1871.

Also, at the same time and place, I will sell sundry notes and other claims for money and railroad stock belonging to the estate of T. A. Bell, deceased.

J. HERVEY STEVENSON,
Executor, &c.

November 22, 1871. [11:tds]

NOTICE

IS HEREBY given that Certificate No. 317, dated September 15th, 1854 for two shares of Stock in the North Carolina Rail Road Company, issued to John M. Horah, has been lost, and that application will be made for a new Certificate.

Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 15, 1871.

JOHN M. HORAH.

[13:1m.]

ALL KINDS OF COUNTY AND MAGISTRATES' BLANKS at this office.

THE

WATCHMAN OFFICE

is well supplied with

A large and elegant assortment of

PLAIN & FANCY

JOB TYPES,

Pictorial or

CUT ILLUSTRATIONS, &C.,

suitable for all kinds of

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Finer and more Ornamental Types for

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CIRCULARS,

—Circulars of all kinds;

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Tobacco Notices and

LABELS

for all purposes;

Law Blanks

For Clerks, Magistrates and Solicitors;

Or anything else required in the Printing Line.

THE

Carolina Watchman

AS A NEWSPAPER,

Is a candidate for public favor. Its circulation is good, and its standing and patronage improving. It is one of the best advertising mediums in the State, and offers its facilities on as liberal terms as any.

MERONEY & BROTHER,

CALL ATTENTION TO THEIR

Foundry, Machine Shop

And Planing Mill.

Threshers & Horse-Powers repaired. Sashes, Blinds and Doors, made to order.

CASTINGS—SUCH AS

MILL GEARING, GUDGEONS, &c.

Will sell a lot of Tobacco Fixtures. Also. A 15 horse power Portable Steam Engine,

Farmers' Column.

From the American Farmer and Register.

WORK FOR THE MONTH.

Ploughing.—The utility of Fall and Winter ploughing for the Spring crops, is generally admitted by most good farmers, when the land is of a tenancious texture. It is perhaps better for such, than upon lighter soils; but care must be taken that clayey soils shall not be ploughed when wet. During January and February, it frequently happens that the weather will permit this work to be done, and for several reasons it is important that the cultivator should avail himself of any such opportunities that may offer.—1st. It renders such soils more pliable by the meliorating influence of the frost; 2d. It destroys the grub worm which would otherwise be dormant until the spring, when a resuscitation to active life renders it destructive to the early planted corn—and, 3d, in addition to the improvement in the physical character of the soil, by exposure to the frost, it advances the work in the Spring, when the farmer has so many duties to perform, that this, which is necessary to be well done at all times, cannot receive that care and attention that is requisite.

Fences.—From a letter to us from a practical and intelligent Maryland farmer we extract the following concerning fences: For several years we have been repairing the old worm fences with 6 bar post and rail fences, taking the old rails for the new fence; and we have saved enough to keep the old one in repair, without cutting 100 new rails for inside fencing, for ten years. I make my own fencing, hewing and mortising the posts with a doubled edged mattock bitted axe, *never* boring them, as those chopped out are decidedly better. You can graduate the holes; the rails do not need half the pointing, are not feather edged, and the posts will last five years longer than the bored ones.

PHOSPHATES AND ASHES.

The great value of the fertilizers to the farmer is forcibly shown by Dr. Nichols, an extract from whose address, lately delivered, we have laid off for insertion in our pages A writer upon the same subject presents some remarks which are also worthy of being published:

"Most farmers express themselves perfectly satisfied with barnyard manure, thinking that perfectly sufficient to meet the requirements of any crop; and, in fact, they do not know that one crop differs from another in the quality of its fertilizing food Barnyard manure is excellent; and, being home made, is the cheapest infallible resource of the farmer. But there are crops which require a stronger element added to it. In the majority of farm crops, the most powerful fertilizing ingredients are phosphate of lime and potash If farmers can be practically taught that the intermixture of those two elements to their manure, any kind of crop can be made to pay back the cost in a tenfold ratio, thus enabling their home made manure to go over a larger surface, a great and important result will be accomplished in the improvement of the agriculture of the country.

Beet Root Sugar.—The production of beet-root sugar, which commenced sixty years ago in France, has gradually extended throughout the continent of Europe, until now about 2,000 establishments are employed in its manufacture. In 1870, according to Dr. Voelcker 680,000 tons were produced. Another authority places the amount at 900,000 tons. This is more than one-fourth of the entire sugar crop of the whole world, so far as known. The manufacture is gaining ground in England, and has already become successfully established in the U. States in Wisconsin and California. In Illinois it is hardly successful as yet. The Sacramento Company, of California, made last year 500,000 pounds, with an absolute pecuniary profit, and are largely extending their operations. In Wisconsin the experiment has been equally successful. The experiment made in Illinois a few years ago failed, more from want of experience than any other cause. The managers are hopeful of finally succeeding in making their business profitable.

Corn Fodder.—A correspondent of the *Massachusetts Ploughman* says:

"I am a thorough going believer in corn fodder, and I say to all farmers, especially those having small farms, more likely to be affected by dry seasons, be sure to put a goodly piece of land to fodder corn, for it comes very handy, even if your hay crop is most abundant. In my case I rely upon this year's growth of corn fodder to take eight head of cattle at least half way through the feeding season.

The best mode of fastening a horse in a stall is the English one of attaching a light weight to the end of the halter and allowing it to run up and down under the manger, which should always be boarded in front from the floor up. By this arrangement, the horse enjoys sufficient liberty and yet has no chance of getting cast by stepping over his halter.

Beet Sugar.—Bonell's sugar factory at Alvarado, California, has just turned out a large lot of beet sugar from the new beet crop. Its quality is said to be the best. It is of a white, granulated substance, and is as sweet as the imported sugar. It has hitherto taken $3,000,000 to supply California with sugar, while now there is a prospect that in a few years it will be able to export that article.

Mr. William E. Baker has brought several wild buffalo or bison to his stock farm at Wellessley, Mass., and will try the experiment of crossing them with Jersey, Ayrshire and Durham stock.—This experiment has been tried with poor results heretofore.

The Canada thistle is making fearful headway in Bureau and La Salle counties, Illinois There are about sixteen acres in Bureau, and La Salle has at least two thousand acres of them. So it is said, and allow us to suggest to all concerned that in a few years, unless it is checked and exterminated, there will be two hundred thousand acres covered with it.

WAR WITH SPAIN IMMINENT—THE TRIBUNE FULLY COMMITTED TO IT.

We have already intimated that a war with Spain might renew the fast relaxing hold of President Grant upon the people of the United States, and secure his renomination and re-election.

In striking confirmation of our position, we observe that the *N. Y. Tribune*—most conspicuous among the Republican journals of the country hitherto for its opposition to Gen Grant—in commenting upon our article, takes the ground—and we quote its own words—that

"The wrongs against American citizens in Cuba, which remain unredressed by the authorities of Havana and the Cabinet of Madrid * * * are gross and *intolerable.*"

Intolerable means *"not to be borne."*

The wrongs, therefore, which citizens of the States have suffered at the hands of Spain are *not to be born or endured*—What is not be borne, it follows, is in some way to be redressed. These wrongs, then, are to be redressed.

The *Tribune* goes on to say that these wrongs are virtually admitted to be gross and intolerable "by the Department of Foreign Affairs in madrid," Having satisfactorily established these two points, namely, that these wrongs are "gross and intolerable" and not to be endured, and that "they have been virtually admitted to be so by the Department of Foreign Affairs in Madrid," the *Tribune* says:

"A joint commission for the consideration and settlement of claims arising under these outrages has been negotiated by Gen. Sickles, at Madrid."

But it adds:

"The fatal point at which all diplomacy breaks down is that Spain has ceased to exercise any authority in Cuba. *It is as useless to make treaties and conventions about matters in the Antilles with Spain as it would be to make a treaty with Queen* VICTORIA *about Massachusetts, because her ancestors once reigned over that territory.*

When all diplomacy breaks down, and all treaties are useless it is clearly time that something else should be done.—What shall it be? The *Tribune* answers with sufficient distinctness in the following language:

"We do not say that a collision between us and Spain, in the Antilles, is impossible. There are calamities as bad as war, and the worst of them all is for a nation to forget so far its evident interests and its self-respect as to submit unexplainingly to insult and outrage. *In some way or other the brutal despotism of the volunteers in Cuba must be taken in hand by civilization.* We grievously doubt whether it is possible for Spain to apply the proper remedy."

Of course, all other means having failed, as alleged by the *Tribune*, the only reserve left for "civilization"—as that paper call it—must be war.

The *Tribune*, thus having proved that war is inevitable, goes on to declare, in substance, that the only question remaining is, when it shall be declared. Its words are:

"*The question* for our Government to decide is, *at what point* it shall conclude that Spain has had sufficient indulgence to restore authority and order in the island."

The *Tribune* shows plainly the occasion—the necessity—of a war with Spain. How easy it will be to progress from this one step further, to the conclusion that Gen. Grant is the best man to conduct this war! See how suddenly this warcry has made a distinguished rival candidate for President a half-convert to Grantism! Does not this indicate that a war with Spain will be popular?

While the *Tribune* confirms thus strongly the views advanced by THE SUN, it differs from us as to the object of Gen. Sickles's return. The *Tribune* says:

"He is here * * * to aid as far as possible with his counsels and assistance in the measures now taking to break up the Erie Ring."

Gen. Sickles himself, on the other hand, when told that it was rumored that he had come over to help the English stockholders in Erie, replied:

"*There is not a word of truth in it.*"

We do not doubt that the *Tribune* and Gen Sickles are equally sincere; but we submit that on this subject Gen. Sickles has the best means of information.

We may add that if Gen. Sickles had come home for the purpose attributed to him by the *Tribune* he would deserve instant dismissal from office. His conduct would be as bad as that of General Schenck in London, which has been generally condemned by the American press and the American people. To clear the reputation of the daring and distinguished General from the blot or suspicion which the *Tribune*—unwittingly, without doubt—has put upon it, we respectfully propose that a committee be appointed by Congress to investigate the subject of Gen. Sickles's mission, and the object of his return to the United States.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A TERRIBLE EPISODE.

Fearful Struggle with a Maniac in the Burning Woods.

One of the survivors and victims of the late fire in Wisconsin relates some thrilling incidents of these disasters. Subjoined is the experience of a lady:

Night was coming on, and since noon we had nothing to eat. I did not feel hungry, but was tormented with though s of what might happen if we should not reach a place of safety, for I feared that Louis would give out, and that was one reason that made me carry him. My arms ached, and my limbs were scratched, bruised and bleeding. Still I made good headway, and soon came to a natural clearing, on the thither side of which we sat down to rest.

By this time night had come on, and what a night! No moon, no stars, but the cloudy heavens lighted up afar with the horrible fires of the burning woods—The clearing in which we sat was the dried up bed of a stream, which for some unaccountable reason had thickly wooded shores, and we were at least 200 feet from the edge of the forest in flames. All this time Louis, manly little fellow that he was, had not even asked for food, nor had he cried since I myself foolishly frightened him.

I had heard my husband speak of a stream which had run dry, but that was in a north-easterly direction from our house, and notwithstanding the fact that I was lost, yet I had a general notion that I was approaching Wolf river. The stars could give me no information, for I could not see them. What to do I scarcely knew; and when the heat of the fire became such that I could not doubt that it was near I determined to press on away from it, and taking Louis's hand I set off.

Hardly had I risen from the ground when in the direction of the woods on the other side of the clearing, I heard a crashing noise, a mingled gnashing and hoarse barking, which I instantly recognised as that of wolves. I scarcely had time to snatch up Louis, and run behind a pine tree, whose trunk was at least six feet in diameter, before I heard them scrambling up the side of the hill, and felt them rush by me.

I looked out and could see their eyes coming toward me like the wind. They did not stop for an instant, and when they passed, there came in their track a herd of deer uttering cries that seemed almost human in their intense agony. They ran blindly, for something more terrible than wolves were behind them; they struck the tree and were hurled back by the shock, some of them falling back upon those behind.

The stampede seemed to last ten minutes, and when it was over, and I, trembling with fear, dared once more to emerge from the refuge and look across the clearing, I saw the woods at its edge already burning—saw it lurid through the smoke, and felt its terrible heat upon my face. I turned and fled in the wake of the wolves. My shoes were stripped from my feet, and my ankles were torn and bloody. Fallen trees lay in my way, but I clambered over and crawled under them in my desperate flight. I was agonized with terror and finally sank to the ground with my boy in my arms

I must have fainted, for I knew nothing of what passed until I was rudely shaken by the shoulder and heard a wild gibbering laugh. I opened my eyes, and above me stood my mother with a drawn knife in her hand. The woods seemed all ablaze, although the air was not so intolerably hot as it had been. The forest beyond the clearing must have been burning at its edge, and the strong wind carrying the smoke upwards over our heads. My mother looked down upon me with eyes blazing with insanity.

"Ho, ho!" said she, "fine time of a night for a mother and child to be running through the woods! Fine night, this!—Night!—it is day! Look at the red light—'tis the light of dawn! *Le jour, le jour, de jugement est arrive!* And the rocks are burning! Call on them to fall upon you! The clouds of thunder and the day of doom! The Lord is coming, and the wheels of his chariot burn with his mighty driving! Let us go up to meet him in the mid air! let us ride on the smoke and thunder and sweep the stars from the heavens! Come, you shall go with me!" And she seized Louis, who had thrown himself upon me, and was clinging in terror to my breast

I sprang at her, and with all the strength of ten mothers in my arms I struggled with her. Torn, worn, and bleeding as I was, the thought of my child and my husband gave me the strength of a giant. I overpowered the mad woman, and, forgetting that she was my mother—that she was anything but the would-be murderess of my boy—I seized her by the throat when she was down rolling on the ground, and would have strangled her.

Her insanity had almost made me mad. I felt then what a murderous maniac feels. But when I thought my mother was lying almost dead and powerless, and the fire would soon advance, perhaps overwhelm us all, my hand was stayed, and when my mother rose to her feet all her wildness was gone.

She was ready and willing to do anything that I told her, but I kept the knife fast in my hand. The wind had fallen and a slight rain was dropping among the leaves overhead, as we went on for an hour or two longer, and then, overpowered with exhaustion, and no longer greatly dreading the fire, we lay down in a hollow and fell asleep.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND FOREVER.

[We find the following floating in our exchanges. We give it as an appropriate sermon for the present holiday season, when all should take opportunity of doing deeds of Charity and Love]:

YESTERDAY.

Gone, gone never to return—that which was once ours is ours no longer! It passed through time from eternity on one side into eternity on the other, like a meteor through space, but as it passed it recorded all the thoughts, words and actions of mankind, whether good or evil, in a volume, and, when its mission was ended, placed the record upon the top of a pile of books of a similar character—the testimony of former yesterdays, which are awaiting the Day of Final Account.

TO-DAY.

It is here, the only portion of time to which we can lay claim; but it is swiftly passing, and will soon be numbered among the list of yesterdays—the name indiscriminately applied to all to-days that have fulfilled the mission upon which they were sent. To-day is the time in which we really live, for now events are actually transpiring; the past is gone, and faithfulness of memory is all upon which we can rely, while the future is dark and uncertain. Enjoy the present and turn it to the best advantage; never let chances of happiness slip away unimproved, for they are as golden strands woven in a web of life, which diffuse light and beauty through the whole fabric, and, when age has enfeebled us, we will have a bright past to look upon, which will reflect its brilliancy upon our declining years, thus lighting our path to the tomb.

FOREVER.

There is contained in this word something which inspires us with profound awe—something solemn, grand, inconceivable! How can we imagine a series of years merging into eternity and *never* ending? It is impossible. An impenetrable mental darkness which envelopes the future years of patient toil has failed to dispel.

Great minds have sounded the depths which at one time were deemed unfathomable. Reason and reflection have traced and brought to light many hiden laws of nature, but before this subject the most profound minds are powerless—all is darkness and uncertainty—but Hope persistently points through the gloom to a point in the distance which seems brighter than the rest, but which we are unable to see through any other than the eye of Faith. At first we see it but dimly, but, after gazing a while, it takes upon itself a more definite form. It is a gate—a golden gate—which opens at times to receive poor wayworn pilgrims, emitting a gloriously bright light, while the sound of heavenly music comes floating down the highway of life, cheering the travellers thereon. As the eye of Faith grows stronger, we perceive an inscription, wrought in golden characters, which is *"Heaven;"* let this be our beacon and our watchword.

COMING BACK TO ROOST.

The English proverb tells that "curses come home to roost," while the Italian says, emphatically, that "curses are like processions, they return to where they set out." Other things, beside maledictions, take the same course, and we have an illustration of this now. In the spring of 1867, the angry Radical Congress of that day enacted what is known as the "tenure office bill." On March the 2d of that year the acting President, Mr. Johnson, returned the bill to the Senate, where it originated, with his objections, and notwithstanding those reasons, it was re-enacted by a constitutional majority 35 to 11 in the Senate, and 138 to 41 in the House of Representatives. That forgotten message lies before us, and we find in it a course of reasoning which has a strange illustration now a days. Speaking of an unworthy incumbent of that day, the President said, among other things, that a case might arise when a public officer "might grasp at power for his own aggrandizement and the elevation of his connexions and relatives to office," and, hence, should be removed He went on to say that if the power of removal were virtually vested in the Senate, as it would be if their consent were needed, "such a body is more likely to misuse it than the man whom the united voice of America calls to the Presidential chair" This was denounced not merely as heresy, but as the utterance of frantic and distorted intelligence. Less than five years have elapsed, and now we find an accredited Republican organ, such as is eminently the New York *Evening Post*, denouncing the tenure of office act as the most pernicious of all legislation, and, as Mr. Johnson foretold, tending directly to the demoralization and degradation of the Senate.—*Wash. Patriot.*

No Needy People in Statesville.—Messrs. Carlton & Co. gave a benefit at their Skating Rink last Tuesday night, proceeds to be applied for the use of widows and orphans in the place who might stand in need of pecuniary assistance. On application to the pastors of the several congregations in the place if they knew of any such persons, a negative reply was given. We doubt if another town in the State, of the same size, can say the same. A beggar is unknown in the place, unless he comes from elsewhere.—*Statesville American.*

The Statesville *American* says: Dr. J. J. Mott, of that place, has presented the congregation of the Episcopal Church, in Statesville, with a large and fine-toned Troy made bell. It arrived here Christmas Eve, and is a most valuable gift, that will be duly appreciated.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

[These beautiful lines, from the pen of Miss Marie Lacoste, of Savannah, Ga., are taken from Holmes' *Fourth Reader.*]

Into a ward of the white-washed walls
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined face
Brush every wandering, silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's love hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in these waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love!
Somebody's heart enshrined him here;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand—

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart:
There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, his child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"*Somebody's darling lies buried here.*"

From the Raleigh Biblical Recorder.

THE PENITENTIARY.

Three hundred and seventy six convicts now occupy comfortable cabins, and are held in subjection by the fear of powder and lead. The women wash and patch. The men work as carpenters, shoe makers tailors and dirt movers. Among these convicts are 75 white men and one white woman; also 17 colored women and 283 colored men. Of the colored men there are twice as many under 20 as there are over 40 years of age. All seem to be in the prime of life, and in the vigor of manhood.

The new building is only a few feet high, though the foundations are so broad that one third of the granite is already laid. The vast structure is in the shape of a cross, with its head at the east. Its length from head to foot is 624 feet; the distance from the end of one arm to the other is 368 feet. The building will be two stories with basement In the head of the cross the female convicts will have their cells, and the male in the foot The front arm will be finished in handsome style for the officers, and the rear arm will be dining room, chapel, &c. There will be 12 towers, for strength, ventilation and ornament. On each side of the front door will be 3 columns 10 inches in diameter, of Scotch granite, very hard and handsome. The front door will be of Tennessee marble. There will be 500 cells, 5 by 8 feet and 9 feet pitch. The cost is estimated at $250,000. It will be the finest house in the State, and the Capitol will be insignificant in comparison with it.

The convicts are fed daily at a cost of a 11 cents each, and the 50 officers and guards at 23 cents each.

[The above is a fair discription of the rogues, palace in Raleigh. If we were a member of the Legislature we would not vote a dollar of tax to continue the work.]

Sheriff Buchanan.—This defaulting Sheriff of Jackson county has recently been caught forging claims against the county. The parties victimized got out warrants and had him arrested, but he managed in some way to make his escape. He had the impudence to come back into the town that very night and go to the jail to see his wife. A party on the look-out for him saw him enter the jail and immediately followed him, but he again made good his escape through a window which his wife raised for him, having a number of shots sent after him. He returned a night or two after and was again unsuccessfully chased by the party on the watch for him. Buchanan is said to be lurking near Webster, being concealed by some of his friends.—*Ral. Sentinel.*

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE that the grand jury of Chester county, South Carolina, composed of half whites and half blacks, have condemned the act of the President, and declare that "THE ALLEGATION CONTAINED IN THE PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ARE WITHOUT FOUNDATION."

Here is a rebuke, says the Baltimore *Evening Journal*, to the outrageous act of of the president which should be known everywere. Let the democratic papers always keep it before the people, in some form, *all the time.* Let us agitate indignation meetings as our only safety in advance, and we can and will sweep radicalism to the earth in 1872.

The True Nobility of Earth.—The Legislature of Alabama agreed to pay three lawyers, employed in the Clanton railroad suit Knoxville $20,000. One of these, Gen. James H. Clanton, was killed and left his family poor. The other two, Messrs. Stone and Clopton, transferred their interest in the fee of $20,000 to Gen. Clanton's widow. A deed like this, of two lawyers, neither rich, redeems an age and country. Selfishness and love of money blacken every page of current history.—*Memphis Appeal.*

A young Hoosier once said to a Hoosieress: "Sal, is there anybody courtin' you now?" And Sal replied, "Well, Sam, there is one feller some courtin, and sorter not, but I reckon is more sorter not, than sorter."