

# Carolina Watchman.

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## OFFICIAL RETURN

Of the Vote for Governor at the Election held on the first day of August, 1872.

COUNTIES.	Governor.	President.
Alamance,	1270	1015
Alexander,	545	329
Alleghany,	3	184
Anson,	1191	1019
Ashe,	752	761
Beaufort,	1331	1565
Bertie,	949	1574
Bladen,	1208	1448
Brunswick,	711	708
Buncombe,	1538	1114
Camden,	852	688
Catawba,	116	811
Cabarrus,	827	382
Caldwell,	562	554
Chatham,	1662	739
Caswell,	1415	1459
Catawba,	423	1252
Cleveland,	1774	1683
Cherokee,	486	433
Chowan,	576	742
Clay,	252	142
Crawford,	1099	547
Columbus,	1045	628
Craven,	1140	2780
Cumberland,	1890	1883
Currituck,	763	349
Dare,	232	270
Davidson,	826	710
Davidson,	826	710
Davie,	1750	1085
Duplin,	1474	3552
Edgecombe,	1033	1115
Forsyth,	1473	1560
Franklin,	927	688
Gaston,	754	512
Gates,	1976	2655
Granville,	783	947
Greene,	1849	1831
Guilford,	1673	3630
Halifax,	795	695
Harnett,	749	420
Haywood,	505	719
Henderson,	874	983
Hertford,	816	610
Hoke,	1738	924
Iredell,	554	166
Jackson,	1481	1374
Johnston,	559	639
Jones,	944	1270
Lincoln,	403	795
Macon,	655	130
Madison,	635	641
Martin,	1035	1048
McDowell,	730	519
Mecklenburg,	2531	2251
Mitchell,	105	428
Montgomery,	475	658
Moore,	1055	881
Nash,	1284	1235
New Hanover,	1697	1461
Northampton,	1095	1920
Onslow,	892	493
Orange,	1945	1321
Pamlico,	446	358
Pasquotank,	647	1032
Perquimans,	642	919
Persimmon,	1101	819
Pitt,	1782	1775
Polk,	221	342
Richmond,	1364	1389
Robeson,	1018	1304
Rockingham,	1631	1583
Roxboro,	2653	1201
Rowan,	1655	1118
Rutherford,	727	1013
Sampson,	1697	1461
Stanly,	646	366
Stokes,	905	830
Surry,	989	838
Swain,	332	29
Transylvania,	379	293
Tyrrell,	301	347
Union,	1022	631
Wake,	3269	3843
Warren,	1107	2380
Washington,	492	917
Wayne,	435	353
Wilkes,	1749	1939
Wilson,	1034	1294
Yadkin,	1319	1152
Yancey,	759	866

96,731 98,639  
96,731 1,899

## THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION.

Mr. Darwin has published another book in which he gives some forerunner, if ingenious, illustrations of his pet theory of evolution. His book is entitled "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals." Some of the illustrations by which he attempts to establish man's kinship to the brute creation are as follows: the bristling of the hair under the influence of extreme terror can only be explained, says Mr. Darwin, in the belief that man once existed in a lower and animal-like condition, where this expression is common. The same is true, he holds, of a similar movement of the facial muscles in the laughter of men and monkeys. The common gesture of children jerking away one shoulder, when in a pettish mood, finds a counterpart in the action of certain animals. Weeping is traced by Mr. Darwin to the usual outcry of children and animals when hungry—a prolonged screaming, filling the blood-vessels of the eye, contracting the muscles, and affecting the lachrymal glands. Tears, which are thus traced to a natural source, eventually become habitual and imitative, which accounts for the common expression of pain or grief in weeping. Pointing is one of the most curious illustrations which Mr. Darwin brings to his theory. The protrusion of the lower lip is the common mode of expressing anger or discontent among the young orangs and chimpanzees. Among civilized people, this expression is still common with the children, and Mr. Darwin has collected evidences that it is universal among the Chinese, Abyssinians, Malays, Kafirs, Fingoes, Hottentots, Indians, and a host of other barbarous and semi-barbarous people, even when they become adults. Such forced analogies rather tend to amuse than convince, and the great need of mankind is amusement.—*Richmond Whig.*

Thomas Thorne has been pardoned out of the Maine penitentiary after a service of twenty-nine years. His offence was that of killing a man who married his sweetest art.

## FUNERAL OF HORACE GREELEY.

A Grand and Imposing Ceremonial in Honor of the Distinguished Dead.

NEW YORK, December 4, noon.—Large numbers have arrived. Many representatives of the press from various parts of the country have arrived to participate in the obsequies.

Beautiful Decorations in Sombre.

NEW YORK, December 4, evening.—The interior of the Church of the Divine Paternity presented to-day a sombrely beautiful appearance. The pulpit was heavily draped in crape, and long lines of crape were suspended from every pillar and every abutment of the beautiful Gothic interior.

The several offerings in the church were exquisite in design and appropriateness. The principal ones among them were the following: "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," red on white ground and green body. At the rear of the pulpit was a sheaf of wheat from Chappaqua, in the form of a crown, and suspended overhead a pen and an axe. Around the pulpit were innumerable offerings of flowers and wreaths. In front of the pulpit was a beautiful design in flowers, with the words in the center, "It is Done," on white ground, purple letters and green border. On a tablet to the left of the pulpit was a floral wreath bearing the letters "H. G." Then there were in flowers a gown from the "Tribune" office, a quilt from the German Greeley Club, a basket of flowers with crown and cross from the Lincoln Club, and floral offerings from the Lotus, Arcadian, "Herald" and other Clubs.

## Crowds Flocking to the Church.

As early as 9 o'clock crowds flocked to the church, but only those having tickets succeeded in gaining admission.—By 10 o'clock the galleries, which had been reserved for the ladies, were crowded.

## The President and Notables Present.

About a quarter before eleven o'clock President Grant entered, and immediately following him were Senator Henry Wilson, Minister Washburne and Secretary of War, Bakpan. They took seats on the right of the pulpit. There were also present Carl Schurz, Lyman Tremaine and Vice-President Colfax. Mr. Colfax took a seat next to President.

## The Procession.

Promptly at eleven o'clock the funeral procession started from Mr. Sinclair's house, in Forty-fifth street. Many affecting scenes took place there during the morning. Mr. Greeley's daughters were inconsolable in their grief. The corpse was borne by ten men. Next came the clergymen, mourners, and then the "Tribune" Association, next the "Herald" Club; then followed in succession military and civil officers of the United States located in this and adjoining cities, officers of the Government, of the State of New York and of other States now in this city, the Mayor and Members of the Common Council, and the Mayor and Members of the Common Council of Brooklyn, Jersey, Long Island City, Newark and Elizabeth, representatives from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities. Then came the Judges from all the Courts, and a line of citizens of immense length.

## Entering the Church.

At 11:20 the procession entered the church. The solemnity of the scene was of the most impressive character. The stillness was such that it seemed as though the people in the church scarcely breathed.

## Distinguished Personages Present.

Among those present were Postmaster General Creswell, Gen. Dix, Gov. Morgan, Gen. Sheridan, Gov. Randolph, of New Jersey, and a committee of twenty from the Union League Club.

## Opening of the Funeral Services.

Rev. Dr. Chapin opened the funeral ceremonies by reading selections from the Scriptures, many of the allusions being peculiarly appropriate to the character of the departed. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg next sang very touchingly, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth."

## Funeral Oration by Mr. Beecher.

After which Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered the funeral oration. He said no one dies whose death is not momentous. Of all who have passed away, not one has gone for a long time who will carry with him so much reverence, so much honor, so much devotion. Who is this man who gets all these civil honors? Who is this man? Was he one of those great princes of wealth? Was he of great military renown? No, and yet here are men from every walk in life—here is our chief magistrate, here are the most prominent citizens from all parts of the country, gathered around the bier of this man, who is now no more. Here we see that criticism is disarmed. A little time ago, and men's political passions were all aroused (and we differ as much on politics as ever), but here lies before us this man who but a brief time ago was a great leader in the land and why do men of all parties gather here in reverence around his remains? It is because the man is greater than his politics. Here, to-day between the two oceans there is scarcely a man or child who has not felt the beneficent character of Horace Greeley. Horace Greeley gave the strength of his life to education, to humanity, and especially to the poor, who could little help themselves. He had a great heart that longed for sympathy. Though his life may not be remembered by those memorials which carry other men's names down, he will be remembered throughout this land for those great qualities of mind and heart which make his character commensurate as it were with the genius of this great Republic.

lic. His influence has gone out to teach a nobler manhood to the mechanic, the laborer and the farmer. What more can we say in eulogy of the character of the illustrious dead? As I said, he, through a long and not untempestuous voyage, has reached the shore. How blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. May God grant that in the solemnity of these thoughts, in which we have gathered here, it may be our happy lot that when we die angels shall open the gates and receive us into the glory of the Lord.

## Eulogy of Dr. Chapin.

After an ode by a quartette from St. Francis Xavier's Church was sung, Dr. Chapin said: To-day, in the freshness of his power, Horace Greeley is laid by the side of his beloved wife. As a pastor and a personal friend, I cannot now here attempt to depict the worth and greatness of the departed journalist. Horace Greeley's epitaph is written in homes throughout the length and breadth of the land.—Where are now all party and religious differences? I ask you to consider here what it is that brought forth so much love for this man. It was not his official position. He held none. It was not even his unquestionable genius. It was the attraction of pure and simple goodness. The hundreds of toil-worn men who yesterday waited for hours to look upon the face of the dead were not drawn there by any mere curiosity—they went to look at the features of one who had been their consistent and ardent friend. Horace Greeley stood for what he believed to be right, until mind and heart gave way. He lies dead upon the field. Let me remind you that Horace Greeley's life was a remarkably practical one. No man, it seems to me, was given to more practical purposes than he. How many lives has he stimulated to wholesome energy? How many great interests of education and science and progress mourn him now? All these tributes to-day testify to the recognition of the virtues of this great and good man.

The President of the nation joins in this tribute to the patriot and the man. [Murmurs of applause.] Let me take occasion to urge Mr. Greeley's views of Christianity. He lived on the essential truths of Christianity; laid on them his weary head and weary heart and died, weary with the turmoil of life. Does the truth come to us "I know that my Redeemer liveth"? In Horace Greeley I recognize a proof of immortality. He looked from the frontiers of the surging world to the peace of the grave, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. I thank God from my heart and soul that when all this world was fading from his eyes, he remembered, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was the triumph of his life, and of his death, and now before we take our brother from this Church, which has known him so often, but will know him no more, let this be our lesson. "We know that our Redeemer liveth."

Farewell dear friend, farewell noble associate, farewell great champion—we know that our redeemer liveth, and God grant that, like thee, we may know it when the light of this world is fading from our eyes.

## Close of the Services.

The services closed at 1:15 o'clock, but the procession did not leave until nearly 2 o'clock.

## THE VILLAGE ANGEL.

Emily Wharton was the pet and pride of Riverville. The old man reverently called her the "village angel," the young man admired her by day and dreamed of her by night, and even her companions of her own sex felt for her a pure regard, free from the least taint of envy or jealousy. Had any one asked if she was beautiful, the reply would have been, "I'm sure I don't know; but she is so good we all love her; we can't help it." And if you, dear reader, had seen her, no trace could efface the memory of her glossy brown hair, her deep, tender eyes, of a dark gray, and her fair, round face, with gentleness and patience shining from every feature. You might deny that she was really pretty, but you would have to admit that she possessed charms superior to those of personal loveliness. What little of romance there had been in Emily's quietly happy life, she had made herself, while quietly working for quite another object. Her parents being the wealthiest people in the town, and her own heart prompting her to take the most worthy advantage of this blessing, she had often helped those in need, and accomplished it in such a quiet way that she avoided the ostentation of charity, and caused the recipients to feel a thankfulness unobscured by any sense of humiliating obligation. It was one summer afternoon, when sitting with her mother on the piazza of their elegant cottage, that Emily saw a young man staggering under the weight of a heavy barrel filled with vegetables. He was coming up the road, and as he drew near she saw that his face was very pale, and bore only too plainly the mark of care and sorrow. She watched him as he advanced, his face revealing the sudden sympathy which the appearance had inspired in her heart. Reaching the house directly opposite, the young man let his barrel rest upon the walk, and opened the gate; then moving forward with his load, he essayed to enter, but the gate swung to, barring his progress. Again he tried, and with the same result. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he looked about for something with which to hold the gate in position, and at that moment a slight, girlish figure swept by him, and a sweet voice said, "I will hold it while you come in." Surprised, and not a little embarrassed, he regarded her for a moment in silence;

then while gratitude shone from his dark eyes, he replied:

"You are very kind, Miss; I thank you."

And he wheeled his burden into the yard, glancing almost reverently at his gentle assistant.

"My mother thinks you have not been long in our village," said Emily, shyly.

"No; only three days. I'm a stranger, you see, and don't get much work, but I shall by and by, I think," and a faint smile passed over his features.

"Papa has a lot of work to be done; he might give you some, if he only knew your name," contained the maiden, sagaciously.

"Thank you. My name is Thomas Wilson, and I live on the flats." He spoke hesitatingly, and blushed as he mentioned the name of the poorest locality in town. Presently he looked up, but his companion was gone, and was now sitting on the piazza again, as quietly as if she had not moved at all.

"That name drove her off," mused Thomas, as he went on with his load.

"Well, I don't wonder. It is a low place. But she was kind; there are mighty few girls would do what she did."

That evening, while Emily and her father were conversing—she trying to find out if he knew anything of the Wilson family, and he wondering what "the darling little witch was driving at"—the neighbor across the way came in and shortly referred to the incident of the afternoon, and added:

"It was good in you Emily, very good; but they are rather low people—these Wilsons. They lived in Daymouth before they came here; in fact the old man died there. He was a hard one, it is said, and drank himself to death. I don't know but I shouldn't wonder if the boy took after him, for he won't work steady. I hired him the first day he came here, and he was off in the afternoon; and the next morning he looked pale, and his eyes were red. I really don't believe he is of much account."

Emily, who was very far from sharing the father's suspicions, was about to say that other things than drink caused pallor of the features and redness of the eyes, but, thinking that time used in argument is generally thrown away, she held her peace and resolved to ascertain the facts for herself.

Slipping quietly out of the room, she assumed her habit, and then ordered her pony saddled. As it was nothing unusual for her to ride on moonlight nights, neither of her parents asked a question, and she galloped away on her mission, undisturbed. Reaching the flats—a place she had often visited upon errands of mercy—she dismounted and inquired in what house Mr. Wilson lives. The woman directed her, with an ominous shiver of her head, and Emily, reflecting upon the force of prejudice among all classes, pursued her way on foot, leading the pony by the bridle.

The smallest, oldest, and daintiest of all the habitations on the flats was the one which had been pointed out to her. Hitting the pony to a staple in the windowsill—for there was no other place not a tree or shrub growing in the vicinity. Emily knocked upon the door and awaited with peculiar feelings the answer. It soon came in the person of Thomas, who for a moment was rendered speechless by surprise; then in a voice which revealed both pain and mortification, he said:

"Will you come in? You will find it a wretched place, we can't help it just now."

Emily made no reply, but followed him into the house. In the first room were a table, three chairs, an old cooking-stove and an old-fashioned washstand. In one of the chairs, curled up asleep, was the girl of about five summers, her long, black hair falling over a thin pale face, on whose features were yet visible "Thomas," which were Emily's glance at the child, and he simply said: "My sister." But there was a quiver in every accent. "My mother is in the next room. Would you like to see her?" he asked, presently.

The maiden inclined her head, and followed him into the chamber, where, upon a low cot, lay a woman evidently in the last stages of consumption. Her skin was nearly transparent, and her eyes, large and black, gave to her countenance a brilliant, almost frightful, gleam. As Emily entered, the invalid glanced upon her inquiringly, and said:

"Curiosity is sometimes cruelly. Why did you come?"

"Will the hope of being met as a friend, answered Emily with gentle reproof, at the same time placing her hand on the sufferer's brow.

"Forgive me, but there is so much coldness in this world, so little love. Oh! I remember now; you are the young lady who helped Tom; he is nearly worn out. He tried to work outside, and take care of Alice and me too; but he can't do it all, so he has let outside work go sometimes, and then, I suppose, his employers think he is idle. It weakened me very much moving, and I have not been so well since. What do people say of us, Miss?"

"He paused for an answer, but Emily evaded the question, and then the woman went on: "Yes, it is always so; you wish to spare my feelings; your motive is good but I can see through it. My husband's miseries first set him on the downward path, and then by degrees poverty came until all was lost. Now we must bear his unimpaired reputation, but not long—not long." She raised her eyes heavenward, as if imploring death.

"Dear mother, do not speak so; you are all I have on earth," said Tom, in a tremulous voice.

"My dear boy—my life—my blessing!" she murmured, tenderly.

will be better soon, Mrs. Wilson. Do not give way to sadness. Remember I am your friend." The invalid smiled faintly, and shook her head. Knowing that further conversation would be injurious to her, Emily bade her adieu, closing the chamber door as she went out. Once again in the front room, the maiden said: "Mr. Wilson, will you do me a favor?" He acquiesced, wondering, and Emily, placing a ten dollar note in his hand, added: "Run down to the store and buy what your mother needs; be sure not forget fruit and jellies."

"God bless your bright face," he murmured, in a choked voice, and impressively pressed her hand.

"I will stay here until you return," she said, he took his hat and hurried away. When the young man returned he found the table set, while little Alice, who had been awakened by the cheerful sound, sat up in her chair, gazing at Emily in amazement.

"You are too good, Miss; I did not believe that there was one left in the world as good as you are," said Tom, regarding her as if she was something more than human.—"Don't praise me, but take out your bundles, and I'll have supper presently. Of course you got some steak?"

"Yes, though I was afraid I was doing wrong."

Emily reproved him for that sentence, and then went on with her preparations. In a short time a repast, which, to Tom and Alice seemed a banquet, was placed on the table, and then Emily departed, saying she would come on the morrow and wash the dishes. Tom's gaze followed her until she was invisible, when he returned to the house, dropped on his knees beside his mother's bed and thanked God for the friend which had been sent to them when starvation seemed inevitable.

The next day, and every day for a week Emily Wharton brought the sunlight of her presence to that wretched abode, and cheered and comforted the invalid and her children, not forgetting to enlist the services of the village physician in the same cause. But he could do little for the sufferer; she could only be made easy during her brief stay on earth—she could not recover. And at length the time came when his words were to be verified, and Tom Wilson, standing at the side of the little couch, knew that his mother would not live an hour. Oh! if Emily would only come! He could not bear this terrible blow alone, with little Alice clinging to him in fear. And still the terrible minutes dragged on, and at length Emily came and stood by his side; and to make him stronger she took one of his hands in her own. The three looked down upon the blanched face and wasted form of the invalid, and saw the chest move with labored effort, and the lips, as if praying for air. Great sobs shook the son's breast, and tears rolled down his cheeks, and at intervals the words came forth in convulsive whispers: "Oh, God! God! must I lose my mother?" She heard him once, and tried to smile, but she had not the strength, and instead she worked her hand along the counterpane until it touched his—

That destroyed the last particle of his self-control, and sinking upon his knees, he wept as only a man can weep when anguish makes him a child before his creator.

"Tom," said Emily, in a low voice.—"He arose just in time to see the last pulsation of the mother's heart. She had gone forever. Weakened by grief, he turned toward Emily, and gazed upon her imploringly.

"Be calm, dear friend," she said, tearfully.

"Oh, Emily, you are all that I have left! Oh, Emily, if I dared to love you—"

"He paused, and his body shook like a leaf. Again he spoke: "Emily, next to her I loved you! May I?"

"Yes, Tom," and thus they were betrothed in the presence of death.

Five years had passed since the night when Emily gave Tom her promise at the bedside of his dead mother. Very long and weary had been those years; many heartaches, some deaths, and many tears had come and gone, only to come and go again. Emily was now twenty-three years old, and looked upon by the villagers as an old maid, not that she was less attractive because she had refused so many lovers, some distinguished and some rich.

"My child, my dear Emily," said her father, one evening, when they were sitting on the piazza, in the very same place where she had first seen her only accepted lover, "I think you have done your duty in waiting. Your life is your own, and from the fact that you have not heard from Tom for three years, it is not likely that you will ever hear from him again."

"Don't, father! Oh, please don't," said Emily shuddering.

"My precious daughter, I would not pain you for the world. It is only my love for you that causes me to speak thus. You proved to me that Tom was good, else I would not have sanctioned the engagement. He went away to make his fortune, taking with him his little sister. It is sad to think of anything happening to him, but time and silence indicate something."

"He will come back, father," she replied, a far-off, dreamy look in her eyes.

"Tom will come back," said Emily, and the old gentleman shook his head, and rising, went into the house. He felt that his daughter was throwing her life away; and such a noble life as hers! It made her unspensably sad.

Six weeks later Emily became Mrs. Wilson, and a happier home than theirs does not exist. Little Alice lives with them yet, but ere long she, too, will have a home of her own.

From the New York Spectator.

## REMEDY FOR THE HORSE MALADY.

In the early period of the Horse disease two prescriptions were published in this paper, which were handed as by a physician in large practice in this City, and who had found the remedies efficient.—From other sources we received evidence of the effectiveness of these prescriptions, which are as follows:

No. 1.  
Protartrate of Mercury—4 grains.  
Crystals of Iodine—2 grains.  
Sugar—1 ounce.