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RECLAIMING OLD SOIL.—L. T. of Winchester Franklin county, Tennessee, is answer to A. A. W., of Ashland, Ohio, says:

"In the South we are trying every means to renovate our worn-out lands, and it is astonishing to see with what rapidity our soil is being brought out. Let me give you the method of preparing the soil for the fertilizer. Plow four or five inches deep, then run a subsoil in the furrows to the depth of seven or eight inches, and you will have soil broken up one foot deep. Rye as a fertilizer does not amount to much, as it cannot grow strong enough; it has been tested. Corn, rye, is a very good fertilizer if plowed under while in a green state. It is better for a spring crop than fall, as it does not decompose rapidly enough.

The best fertilizers we have tried are the German millet and the Southern pea. We can not find anything so well calculated for wheat. The pea in particular, comes up by the side of clover on good ground, and is far superior on poor soil. I have sown a field in what is equally divided between corn, German millet and peas. I can not see much difference at this time. The prospect could not be much better, and as far as my knowledge extends, we have a beautiful prospect for an abundant harvest.

In conclusion, let me say, whatever you sow, buy and raise the largest growth possible, which you can do by sowing 100 pounds of plaster to the acre, and plow all under in its green state. You will be astonished with what rapidity your soil will be brought out.

It is not known what will be the final result of the recent attempted coup d'etat movement on the part of the Directors of the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad, by which it was intended to transfer the management of that road into the hands of the Midland Railroad Company, and thus prevent the consolidation movement. It will be remembered that Governor CALDWELL, as soon as apprised of the movement, injected the board from leasing. The Governor, not fancying the movement and condemning the action of the Directors on the part of the State, on Monday removed Messrs. STANLEY, THOMAS, DUNCAN and RAMSEY, and appointed in their stead Messrs. HUMPHREY and RHODES, of Wayne, and Messrs. MANLY and MOORE, of Graham. The new Directors will endeavor to have a meeting of the Board to-day, and to effect an organization under the new regimen. It is thought, however, the deposed parties will endeavor to fight the issue, and we may yet see a lively mass over the matter. Gov. Fob, however, has gotten his blood up, and will fight it out on this line if it takes him all the Summer.—Raleigh News.

Iron and Coal in the South.

Slavery, which made labor dispensable, prevented the development of the mineral wealth of the South. The terrorism which followed the war prevented any influx of labor or capital. Then the vast coal and iron beds of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia have scarcely been touched, as yet, by the miner's pick. Public attention has now been called to them. A few mines have been opened, a few furnaces built. The ores are claimed to be everything that could be desired, in quantity and quality. In both particulars they are asserted to be far ahead of the Pennsylvania product. There are great facilities for reducing the ore. Coal lies beside it. Wood grows about it. Col. Forney, in an editorial in the Philadelphia Press, speaks of the "future Scrambles of America," and says: "The facilities for making iron for all purposes exceed any other part of this continent known to the business." Thomas Dunlap, Esq., of Philadelphia, Secretary of the National Association of Iron Manufacturers, says, in his report for 1873, that Tennessee "is of the first importance as an iron State," and that the East Tennessee ores, are "of great purity and especially adapted to the manufacture of Bessemer pig-metal." McFarland's "Coal Regions of America," speaks of the "future Scrambles and Pittsburg of the South." J. P. Lesley, a Pennsylvania geologist, says: "The sum total of mineral fuel preserved for the use of the inhabitants of the South is practically infinite."—Chicago Tribune.

[Special to Baltimore Sun.]

Comment at Washington.

How the Connecticut Election is Regarded at the National Capital.

The result of the Connecticut election was much talked of in congressional and department circles to-day. A Democratic victory had been anticipated, but not of the overwhelming character which the returns show. The Democrats having the Legislature will elect a Senator in place of Mr. Buckingham, who went home in the unavailing effort to save himself. It is said that Mr. Wm. A. Barnum, the wealthy iron manufacturer, will be chosen, although Governor Ingersoll and ex-Governor English spoken of in the same connection. The new Senator from Connecticut, whoever he may be, will be a solitary one of the Democratic faith from New England. That section of the Union has not had a Democrat in the Senate since the beginning of the war. The Democratic triumph in Connecticut, with the success of the same party in the important municipal elections in various parts of the West, have added much strength to the growing conviction that the Republican party will lose the next House of Representatives.

A Friend in Need.

"Confidence," says the proverb, "is a plant of slow growth." It is, perhaps not best to grow at all in the Australian bush, judging from the following incident from a Melbourne paper. A certain person was traveling through a lonely district, when he heard a great outcry. Thinking bush-rangers were at work, he fired off his pistol to intimidate them, and presently the noise ceased and a seamanping was heard. On coming to the opened ground the traveler discovered a man tied to a tree. "Oh, sir," cried the victim, "I am so glad you are come; I have been attacked by ruffians, and they were robbing me when they heard your pistol." "And couldn't you get loose, my friend?" asked the traveler. "No; they tied me so very tightly." "And did they rob you of everything?" "No, only my watch. They had not time to search me for my money, which I placed in my left boot." "How fortunate," observed the traveler, "was the sum considerable?" "Over a thousand, thank heaven," said the poor man. "Are you sure they are gone?" asked the other. "Oh, certain." The new comer looked around and around, and seeing the coast clear, said, "Well, as they are gone I think I'll finish the job myself." And he proceeded to rob the unfortunate victim.—London Globe.

Much Married.

Colonel W. W. Price, the millionaire brewer of New York city, can boast of the most remarkable marital experience of any man living. Thirty-five years ago when a poor clerk, he married Susanna Butler, in Birmingham, England, but separated from her by mutual agreement a year afterward, and came to New York; Susanna married shortly after one Samuel Green. In 1843 he married Miss Caroline Barton, a young lady of respectable family in Brooklyn, who was not aware of his first marriage. They had in the family an Irish servant named Bridget Fallon with whom, as it afterward appeared the Colonel became favorably impressed. Meanwhile wife No. 1 learned that wife No. 2 was living, and left her husband, whereupon he applied for an annulment of the marriage, which was granted, and since that time the Colonel has supported her. Subsequently a report reached him that wife No. 1 was dead, whereupon he married Bridget Fallon. Bridget, however, was not refined enough to adorn his house, and trouble began to arise. Wife No. 2 made an attempt to open the decree adjudging her marriage void, upon the ground that it was obtained by fraud. A commission was sent to England in the course of the litigation, and wife No. 1 was found, with a flock of little Green's about her. Thereupon the Colonel took measures to annul his marriage to wife No. 3, in which he has succeeded, although he has to support her and the children. The Colonel now finds himself supporting two families, with two women of his hands who have born him legitimate children, and yet were not legitimate wives, and the legitimate wife who is another man's wife. It is highly probable that the wealthy New York brewer is now entirely satisfied with the marrying business, and will hereafter devote himself simply to beer.

A New Power.

We are constantly complaining of the railroad powers and the money kings and their forms of tyranny. A new influence has arisen in England, which threatens to menace the Parliament and sovereignty. Archbishop Manning called attention that the liquor trade represents five hundred millions of dollars, and that "the publicans was growing more and more dominant over public opinion, over the electors and the elected and Parliament itself. The Archbishop feared that the time would come when Parliament would be unable to cope with or control this power; that there was no Minister now who would cope with it, and that any government who would venture to touch or try to settle it would be shattered. A statement of this kind from an authority as eminent as the head of the Catholic hierarchy in England should be gravely considered. Cotton was once king in America, but gin and beer now rule England.—New York Herald.

A Famous Apple Tree.

There is an apple tree standing in a lot adjoining the house of Rev. J. W. Carter, at Huntersville, Polk county, Virginia, which has become famous for the apples it bears. It is said to have been planted by the first settler of the place in the summer of 1861. Gen. Lee was ordered to the command of the forces in Western Virginia. Leaving Richmond he came to Warm Springs the first day, and on the day following reached Huntersville, where for the first time in the war, he bivouacked on the tented field, selecting the aforementioned apple tree, which stands on a hill overlooking the town, as the place where his tent should be pitched. It is a singular coincidence that Gen. Lee should have commended his military career under an apple tree among the mountains of West Virginia, and have closed that brilliant career by captulating to Grant under an apple tree at Appomattox.

And what is most singular, as an incident connected with the war, John Brown, who commenced this war, was "hung on a sour apple tree," and it is said that the forlorn front which makes Eve's neck look of was taken from an apple tree, and now, to cap the climax, agents for the sale of apple-trees are becoming as numerous as lightning-rod men and sewing-machine agents.—Greenbrier Independent.

A Hasty Yet Satisfactory Marriage.

A young lady of Alabama visiting in Memphis, was lately walking along the streets with a young gentleman, when he jokingly proposed to step into a church yard and get married; the young lady assented and started toward the church. When the young man saw that she disposed to humor his joke, he backed down and acknowledged himself back. Proceeding still further, they met a mutual acquaintance, a bachelor business man, and the lady's companion told business how she had backed him out on the matrimonial proposition, whereupon business remarked to her, "You can't back me out," she answered, "Yes I can."

The parties laughed and chatted a little, when they started off to get the license each supposing the other would give it up; but the document was duly procured, and the matter began to look serious. The next thing was to tie the knot; by this time both parties began to draw long breaths, but neither would give up to the other. They entered the church; and the preacher pronounced the words that made them husband and wife, and there was no flinching from the vows; neither would take a "dare," and the result was a marriage without any subsequent desire for divorce. It would be a wonderful relief to many a timid swain, if this daring business were a thing of more common occurrence.

Pleuro-Pneumonia.

John Crane, New Jersey, said in the American Farmers' Club, that this disease is and has been prevailing to an alarming extent throughout the State, bringing disaster and failure to farmers and dairymen particularly. The Legislature should take the matter in hand. A compensation law should be passed. The farmers do not want to be paid for stock that die, but do desire an appropriation which will enable them to kill the cattle which have caught the contagion, and so prevent its further spreading. He suggested a committee whose business it should be to value and slaughter the stock when first affected. This, with an appropriation relieving the farmer of one-half his loss, would soon end the trouble. A member thought, if the loss of cattle came from an epidemic, the farmer's desire for a compensation a reasonable one, but believed careful feeding stock had often much to do with producing sickness. Brewers' grains, for instance, contain a poison from the beer which is exceedingly injurious, and which renders it unfit for food. Another member not only agreed with the above, but thought all grain, given in large quantities, produce of anything rather than good flesh and milk; a very little rye with plenty of good straw, being the proper food in his estimation.

Eggs for Setting.

An English agricultural paper says that eggs intended for setting should be stored with the large end down, because the air bubble does not spread so much as when the small end is down. This spreading of the air bubble being known to affect the freshness and vitality of the egg. Eggs stored with the large end down will keep perfectly good for hatching more than a month, while the others cannot be depended on after two weeks. A successful poultry breeder in Franklin, Mass., has been experimenting with eggs for setting, and declares the above statement correct, and adds that eggs stored on the large end for a few weeks before setting will all hatch at once, instead of varying several hours, as is usually the case with eggs not so prepared.

While a youthful couple were being joined in wedlock in a justice's court in New York, recently, the damsel rather astonished a number of spectators by suddenly breaking out with "I want to know whether we are to keep house or board before going into this thing!" The Judge ruled the question out of order, and the ceremony proceeded.

How Alexander H. Stephens Started in Life.

When Stephens was a boy, two sisters, old maids, attracted by his brightness, adopted, educated, and destined for the church. But a few months of theological training convinced the young student that the profession had no attraction for him, and he announced to his benefactors his intention of exchanging the pulpit for the bar. Shortly after he was admitted to his new profession, a lawsuit arose involving the estate of the younger sister, the other having in the meantime died. He asked her to let him manage the case for her, but she, fearful of his inexperience, preferred looking for some older lawyer. At last one wrote to her whom she approved, and having asked the advice of her friends she confided the matter to him. The contest was warm, vexatious and long; but she came out so triumphantly of what had been regarded as a hopeless snarl, that she doubled her counsel's modest fee.—The intercourse between the two had been by letter exclusively, she living in the country, he in a distant city, so that the trick which you have already guessed Stephens had played on her was, under the circumstances, quite creditable. Out of his fee he repaid what she had spent on his education, and his success in so delicate a piece of business was a fine beginning for a young lawyer.—Savannah Advertiser.

The Loss of the L'Europe—A Graphic Account of the Rescue of the Passengers and Crew—Crimination and Recrimination.

The telegrams have given pretty full accounts of the recent rescue of the passengers and crew of the French steamer Greece, and the safe arrival of the latter with its live cargo in New York, but the following graphic account of the transfer of the passengers from the sinking ship to the Greece will be found of peculiar interest as showing the dangers of the great deep: The passengers had been for more than two days on a vessel in which the main pumps were being driven night and day, and from saloons to steerage not a morsel of anything but the monotonous routine of an Atlantic voyage was in store for vessel and freight. It was noon Thursday before the purser received his first intimation that the vessel was leaking at all, in an order to prepare the ship's papers for leaving the ship at a moment's notice. Few of either men or subalterns had been taken into the confidence of the captain before this time, but the danger had become so imminent that when a steamer was reported to the captain just after breakfast as on the port bow, he changed her speed quickened, and she began to overhaul the craft in the distance. The drifting smoke on the horizon grew more marked, and smokestack came into view, and the passengers of the Europe crowded on the deck to see the chase. A stiff northwesterly breeze was blowing and the ship plunged and pitched in a heavy sea, the water rushing out at the pumps and in at the leak in about equal quantities beneath the unconscious

Passengers.

passengers, scanning with glass and eye the stranger whose smokestack lay in front to the left. A little stir below, and the signal flags came on deck. The ship was going to be spoken, and the mysterious red and blue and white flags that mean so much in the signal code and so little out of it were fastened to the halcyons' riggers, and the passengers were startled at seeing a reversed ensign flying at the mainmast head. A moment later the passengers on deck signs of coming danger heard two cannon fired to call the attention of the Greece to the distressed vessel. All concealment was over. The officer came aft and announced that the passengers were to be transferred to the steamer in the offing at once. The same time was communicated to the steerage forward. There was a little confusion; a rush for the boats—the signs of a panic. It was promptly stopped, and the fright or its noisy manifestations ceased. In the cabin proper order was preserved. Men on deck rushed below to do a little hurried packing, and found the ladies gathered in still groups in the cabins waiting for instructions. Not a lady or child screamed or fainted after the first shock was over; the self-possession of every one rallied and preparations began for leaving. Orders were given to put on life-preservers and it is worth nothing that enough were found in the staterooms and ship stores to supply twice the number of persons.—The crew of the Europe was changed again and in a few moments the crew of the stern of the Greece, hailed the vessel and asked assistance. The sailors in both vessels were ordered to the boats, and as the boats of the French steamer touched the water the English boats were alongside. A heavy sea was running, and passengers on both vessels declare that it seemed impossible to transfer the passengers in open boats across the chopping waves that tossed the two steamers up and down. It was done, however, with perfect success. Every one of the eight boats on the Europe reached the water in safety, every block ran smoothly, and every man of the crew knew his duty, and did it thoroughly well. The captain had his men well in hand, and the orders that came from the bridge were obeyed coolly and promptly. Around one boat there was a moment's delay; the steerage passengers crowded around it.—Two Americans stepped forward and pressed the throng back; one of them, Lieutenant Phoenix, cut the canvas covering with his knife, and in a moment this boat was safe in the water with its crew, and only its crew in it. Except their proper complement of men, it is the unanimous testimony of all the passengers that the women and children filled the first boats that left the ship's side. All the etiquette that governs on such an occasion was observed, and no frantic rush of men for the boats marred the scene. The passengers were lowered one by one into the boats, rowed across, and hoisted on board the Greece. The work was done well and done rapidly. There were nearly 400 persons to be transferred. Both vessels were lying now on the wind, pitching and tossing, and every time a boat approached either, it came alongside of a moving, rolling iron wall, against which it would be destruction to touch.—Back and forth the boats plied, the cargo of lives was safely placed in the open boats, the oars took the water, and the boat went out of sight below a wave to come up again on another, and finally reached the other vessel to disembark its load. As the last trippers were being made several boats were swamped as they reached the Greece, but these boats contained only men, and by the aid of life-preservers were the rescued. It was three o'clock when the signals of distress were hoisted, about half past four when the boats took the water, and an hour and a half later the last boat came alongside. The officers of the Europe clambered down the gangway. Captain Le Marie left the bridge and passed over the side of the vessel, and the Europe lay abandoned.—But one of the saddest features of the whole affair is the unhappy discussion that has arisen between the rescued and the rescuers, in which mutual crimination is freely dealt in, and accusations of bad treatment and unfair dealing are made against the English. Captain Le Marie, of the unfortunate vessel L'Europe, declares that he was forcibly prevented from returning to his vessel after having gone on board of the Greece, and that the sailing crew which boarded the vessel for the purpose of attempting to carry it back into port was composed entirely of Englishmen. Captain Le Marie is sustained in this assertion by his officers. On the other hand Captain Thomas, of the Greece, as positively asserts that neither Captain Le Marie nor any of his crew showed any desire or disposition to go back to the L'Europe, either coming on board his vessel, that the salvage crew was entirely voluntary, and that he would not have prevented Captain Le Marie from going aboard the deserted ship had he so desired. It is hard to reconcile those adverse statements, and it is to be regretted that two gallant men, who were willing to risk their own lives to save that of others, should now have this misunderstanding.

AVENGED!

The old clock in the wall rang out five melodious chimes, as Cora Smith softly closed the kitchen door, and ran to the little bedroom for her blue scarf. "Five o'clock," she said, as the last stroke died away; "he is wondering why I don't come, and I must make haste." Madge, little Madge, are you going with me to-night? I was all ready. Little Madge, the twelve year-old sis-

ter, came flying through the hall.

"Auntie says you have forgotten to get the potatoes for breakfast, and we must prepare them before you go. Never mind if he does have to wait a little for you; you've waited for him many a time. Come quickly and I will help you."

So sweet-tempered Cora Smith untied the blue scarf, and tramped away to the forgotten task as merrily as her little sister, albeit her heart beat like an impatient bird's at the delay.

The west was all aflame with the autumn sunset ere the sisters closed the cottage door behind them, and ran down the garden-path toward the stile where Madge was waiting—in other words, where her eyes, sweet-faced Cora Smith's city lover was waiting for his lady love, as the old saying says—

Almost every evening they met there at the stile—their "trysting place," he said; just half way between her home and his boarding-house. He had proposed it, and she was nothing loth to accede—it was so pretty and romantic.

Then, Auntie Smith was not at all pleased with this dark-eyed young stranger, and, though she had not forbidden him the house, both lovers knew the preferred "his room to his company." And so, always with dear little Madge at her side, she daily trilled down the path through leafy woods to the half-way "trysting place" where she met her handsome, dark-eyed lover, Neil Rowan.

How her heart fluttered at night as she thought of him! and the warm sunlight deepened and darkened the soft brown eyes!

"Neil, Neil," she said, almost unconsciously, aloud; and little Madge clasped her sister's hand closer, and looked up in her face.

"Do you love him so very much, sister Cora?"

A swift, hot color came into the girl's cheeks, and then she paused, suddenly, holding the hands of little Madge in a fervent grasp.

"Love him! love him, Madge! better than all the world—better than my youth, my life—ay, sometimes I fear better than my hope of heaven! And I am to be his wife, little Madge, this good man's wife, when the beautiful spring comes. I shall leave you, and auntie, and uncle to be all his. But this is our secret, little sister, and only you can share it."

And then her hands relaxed their hold, and drawing the light scarf over her shoulders, she tripped stately on. They were almost there—nearly the edge of the wood, and the stile was but a step away. Another step forward, and then Madge held her sister back.

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