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SEVERE ON SOOTHING SYRUPS.—The *Popular Science Monthly* remarks that one of the great dangers attending the use of the various sedatives employed in the nursery is that they tend to produce the opium habit. These quack medicines owe their soothing and quieting effects to the action of opium, and the infant, by being given a morbid appetite for narcotic stimulants. The offering for sale of such nostrums should be prohibited, as tending to the physical and moral deterioration of the race. In India, mothers give to their infants pills containing opium, and the result is a languid, sensual race of hopeless debauchees. In the United States the poisonous dose is administered under another name, but the consequences will probably be the same.

The competition between the New York lines of ocean steamers has nearly reached a point which reminds one of the sharp rivalry in old times upon the Chesapeake, when passengers were begged to come aboard and furnished with meals and staterooms, and their railroad fares paid to their destinations. So it is said; we do not vouch for it. But the European voyage now is at a merely nominal price, and it is as cheap to go to France as to Niagara. From twenty to twenty-five dollars is the reduced fare over and the different companies are as busily engaged in cutting each others' throats as a community desiring to travel economically could desire. —*Baltimore Gazette.*

DEATH OF COCHISE.—A dispatch from San Francisco announces the death of the Apache chief, Cochise. The last year or two of this notorious savage were passed without hostility, after a lifetime of uncompromising hate and revenge against the white race, and, as recently stated, his last days were racked with fever filled with horrid imaginings of his victims haunting his bedside and tearing his flesh. The theatre of his numerous tragedies embraced chiefly parts of Arizona and New Mexico, and it will be remembered, required no little fighting, a member of special messages, and considerable pleading, besides the concession of his life, though the Modoc chief was scarcely more savage, to bring him to terms of peace.

HOMESTEAD DECISION.—Chief Justice Waite, of the U. S. Supreme Court, has recently decided in Virginia, that the interpretations of the Bankrupt Act declaring that the exemptions allowed a Bankrupt should be the homestead, exemptions allowed by the State where he resides, is not constitutional because not uniform.

He also decided that the homestead in Virginia cannot be claimed against debts contracted prior to the 6th of July, 1866, in the bankrupt court any more than in the State courts. Virginia courts have decided, (and we think correctly, too) that homestead exemptions do not hold good against old debts.

The act of Congress of 1873 is declared void for ununiformity in this, that it gave more exemption than the State laws gave when debts were contracted. —*Salem Press.*

They have a wonderful freak of nature in Wilmington—a white child with black parents. It is nine months old, and a girl, and the *Star* says it is one of the greatest curiosities of the human species.

Its form and features are perfect up to the bridge of the nose, the chin, mouth and nasal organ being not only well formed but really handsome in their symmetry and general appearance, but commencing with the eyes the face and head has the appearance of an animal, more resembling a white bear than anything else of the animal species our informant could call to mind. The hair is of a whitish color and like the wool of a sheep. Its eyes are round and revolving, resembling those of a mink and revolve in their sockets in a very peculiar manner. They cannot bear the light of a lamp or candle and are instantly closed when one is brought in the room and are only kept open in the day time when the room is somewhat darkened. It has no eyebrows and the lid is of a peculiar formation, in no particular resembling the eyelid of a human being. It is very timid and when any one approaches it has the appearance and actions of a rabbit startled from its lair and is a fine field for those who make human nature in its various forms and peculiarities an object of study and analysis.

A MORAL.—A nut dropped by a squirrel fell through the opening in the middle of an old millstone which lay upon the ground and being thus protected, grew into a thriving sapling that shot up through the opening. In a few years it had increased so that it filled the space and was firmly wedged to the sides of the heavy stone. Still it grew and in a few more years, little by little it lifted the entire weight clear from the earth, so that a man could sit beneath it. All was done atom for atom, borne by the sap to the growing trunk. Think of this, my little man, puzzling over "long division" in arithmetic; little by little of thinking and working will take you through fractions, rule by three, and those terrible problems at the end of the book, by and by; but be sure that the little by little is not neglected. And you, hard working lad on the farm, or in the shops, look at Franklin, Watts, Morse, Field, and thousands more who have lifted the weight of circumstances—that would hold them down like millstones and who have by their steady perseverance risen above their lowly position bearing their burdens, and "keep begging away."

TWELVE CHILDREN IN TWENTY MONTHS.—The *Sharpsville (Penn.) Advertiser* quoted the following statement from another paper: "We have before us a clipping from a copy of *Liberty Bell*, published in this city in 1846, which is the most marvellous phenomenon related—the name of the physician being given—a Mrs. John Kelly of Mercer county, Pa., who had just given birth to five children, that being the second effort of the kind within twelve months, or ten children born within the year." And the *Advertiser* adds this: "Mrs. Kelly, referred to above, resided in Lackawanna township. Mrs. Wallace, now residing in this place, remembers the circumstances of the birth of the ten children very well, having been present on both occasions. Dr. Magoffin of Mercer was the physician. Mrs. Kelly died about a year after this event, but in the meantime had twins, having given birth to twelve children within twenty months. Mr. Kelly is still living, and now resides in Sharon."

"LET US HAVE A COUPLE OF DOLLARS."—The *Milwaukee Sentinel's* Washington correspondent tells the following on General Rusk: "Congressmen are subject to all sorts of impositions and vexations. 'Bat' innocence must suffer, and Congressmen must have their shares. Only yesterday, while your mutual friend, General Rusk, was standing on a street corner, with a \$2 bill in his hand, which he was playfully twisting around his fingers, nicely dressed man approached him with 'Good morning, General; how is your health?' The General answered him politely, supposing he had met an old friend, whose name he had forgotten. A few words passed between them, and when the General was about to ask the stranger his name, the unknown friend said: 'General, please let me have a couple of dollars, and at the same time innocently taking the bill out of the General's hand, turned on his heels and walked off, leaving our Congressman standing in a state of perfect consternation. This is the way members are served in Washington.'"

The Late Severe Accident on the Central Railroad.
The Wilmington papers of yesterday contain the latest information concerning the terrible accident which occurred on the Central Road, near Lileville, on Wednesday morning, but have little additional to the account given in our telegraphic columns yesterday. In addition to the three already announced as having been killed, the engineer, Mr. Galvin, died Wednesday night. The cause of the accident was the washing out of a culvert built in 1860, over which rested a firm old bank, and the track on that part of the road is in most excellent order. Some six inches of rain fell Tuesday night, doing great damage to the crops as well as to the road. The *Wilmington Journal*, alluding to the disaster, says:

Everything possible has been done for the sufferers, and Col. Fremont left here yesterday afternoon, on a special train, for the scene.
The entire community was dreadfully shocked, and nothing was talked of but the terrible disaster. We can only hope that we have already heard the worst.
Mr. Galvin the engineer who perished at his post, was not only faithful and efficient officer, but he was one of the most clever gentlemen we ever knew, and we speak this advisedly, as we have many times ridden with him on his engine over portions of the road. He has many warm friends and devoted relatives in this city, who are deeply grieved at the distressing news of his death. Col. Fremont, in a note to us, says:
"John Galvin, that good engineer and faithful servant, long in the service of the Company, is dead, making four that have perished in this, our first accident, and the worst I have ever had in twenty years railroad service."

Fairly Stated.
The Question of Special Likes and Dislikes Calmly and Ably Discussed in a Northern Paper.
[Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard.]

Put yourselves in their places, is good advice for those who insist that it is right to force the southern people to mingle with the negroes socially. Nobody thinks of providing that white people shall be treated as social equals by the negroes; yet there would be just as much sense and justice in this. It is a kindness to the blacks to make their social recognition by the whites compulsory. One step more means practical miscegenation, which nature stamps as a sin, and an amendment compelling intermarriage will be demanded as a supplement of the civil rights bill, if the latter is passed. Negroes will not consider themselves social equals, and in the enjoyment of all the rights of the white man, until parents recognize their right to court and marry white girls. This is what the civil rights bill tends to.

It may be an unreasonable prejudice, as the *Independent* says, that makes the idea of mixed schools repulsive, but it is deeply rooted in human nature. Individuals who have never done each other wrong, are often mutually repulsive from first sight, while in some cases the repulsion is confined to one side. Why may not race feel the operation of the same law, and acknowledge its force? It is but to recognize a law of nature, and have regard for dislikes as well as for our food, so should it be with our associations. We have a choice. It would be as sensible and just to pass a law compelling individuals, who are distasteful to

each other, to associate together, as to pass a law compelling blacks and whites to associate together.

Our dislikes are just as much entitled to recognition as our likes, and the prejudice which insists that blacks and whites should mingle socially, may be as objectionable as the prejudice against color which is pronounced unreasonable. Besides, it is not demonstrated that color alone is the cause of repugnance. There are mental, moral, physical and spiritual qualities which we suspect have far more to do with repugnance to becoming acquainted with the whites, than the refusal of the white to associate with the black, unless the black is deprived of the same right to refuse to associate with the white. Inequality consists in the enjoyment of privileges by one side which are denied to the other. To compel the whites to mingle socially with the blacks, is to make social inequality and put the whites in a state of social bondage to the blacks. Now, the whites refuse to admit blacks to their schools. The blacks are at liberty to refuse to admit whites to theirs. Is there any inequality about this?

All classes and individuals must be left free to choose their own associates. They are just as much entitled to gratify their dislikes as they are to gratify their likes. The likes of the negro can be no more sacred than the dislikes of the white man or white woman. Is it no part of the business of government to secure social position to its citizens. It is enough for it to protect life and property, and administer justice.

THE MOUSE AND THE FROG.—A mouse in an evil day made acquaintance with a frog, and they set off on their travels together. The frog, on pretence of great affection, and of keeping his companion out of harm's way, tied the mouse's hind foot to his own hind leg, and thus they proceeded for some distance by land. Presently they came to some water, and the frog, bidding the mouse have good courage, began to swim across. They had scarcely, however, arrived midway, when the frog took a sudden plunge to the bottom, dragging the mouse after him. But the struggling and floundering of the mouse made so great a commotion in the water that it attracted the attention of a kite, which, pouncing down and bearing off the mouse, carried away the frog at the same time in his train.

MORAL.—Inconsiderate and ill-matched alliances generally end in ruin; and the man who compasses the destruction of his neighbor is often caught in his own snare.

From the Raleigh Era.
The Old Whigs.

Col S D Prof, the Democratic candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction, was an old Whig.
Gen M W Ransom, the Democratic U. S. Senator from North Carolina, was an old Whig.
Gov Vance, the regular nominee of the Democrats for United States Senator, was an old Whig.

Maj Jesse Y. Yeates the Democratic candidate for Congress in the First District, was an old Whig.
Col Alfred M. Waddell, the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Third District, was an old Whig.
Capt Joseph J. Davis, the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Fourth District, was an old Whig.
Hon Thos S. Ashe, the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Sixth District, was an old Whig.
Maj W M Robbins, the probable Democratic candidate for Congress in the Seventh District, was an old Whig.
Gen R B Vance, the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Eighth District, was an old Whig.
Capt Mills L. Eare, the Democratic candidate for Judge in the First District, was an old Whig.
Bartholomew Fuller, Esq., the Democratic candidate for Judge in the Fayetteville District, was an old Whig.
Hon John Kerr, the Democratic candidate for Judge in the Greensboro District, was an old Whig.
Thomas J. Wilson, Esq., the Democratic candidate for Judge in the Salem District, was an old Whig.

The only old Democrats who have succeeded in obtaining nominations from the present Democratic party are Col A A McCoy for Judge in the Wilmington District and Gen Seales for Congress in the Greensboro District.

Verily the *Crescent* was speaking truly when it said the old Democrats are only "hewers of wood and drawers of water for the old Whigs."

REMARKS.
While it is an undeniable fact that the lion's share of honors and emoluments have fallen to the lot of the "old line Whig" portion of the Democratic-Conservative party in North Carolina, we beg leave to assure our Radical Raleigh contemporary that it need not hope to take any advantage therefrom. The devotion of the old line Democrats to the cause of good government, the rights of the States and the liberty of the citizen is not to be gauged by the measure of spoils that falls to their lot. Their political action springs from a sense of duty and if it happens that a greater share of the honors and emoluments falls to their old line Whig brethren than to themselves they will none the less do their duty.
Our Radical friends will take nothing from their attempts to create dissatisfaction in our ranks by appeals to the self-pelling individuals, who are distasteful to

THE OLDEST VOTER.

A North Carolinian Living Now in Illinois Who Saw the Battle of Guilford Court House.
To the *Editor of the Courier-Journal*: Having noticed in several journals articles claiming for the various localities the honor of having in their midst the "oldest voter," I concluded to put in the claims of Monroe county, Indiana.
Living near Bloomington is our venerable old friend, William Ross, who, according to his own account and the family record, was born at Guilford Court House, North Carolina, May 17, 1759; consequently is one hundred and fifteen years old the 17th of last month.
Father Ross is in splendid health, visits Bloomington frequently during the pleasant weather of summer, kills squirrels with his rifle, chops wood, works his own garden, and occasionally follows the plow and says he feels as young as he did a half century ago.

Father Ross was not in the Revolutionary war, but was an eye-witness of the battle of Guilford Court House, North Carolina, and makes no claim to having been a member of the military family of General Washington, or of even having seen the General. He has voted for ninety-four years, but does not remember how many votes he has cast within that time, but must have been on to two hundred times; and has invariably voted the regular old Democratic ticket, and never fails to pay his taxes. He is certainly the oldest man in the United States if not in the world.

The city registrar of Charleston furnishes some figures which show that the rate of mortality among the colored population is twice as great as among the white inhabitants. These mortality statistics relate to a year that brought no epidemic to Charleston. The number of deaths in that city from May 1, 1873, to May 1, 1874, was 1,255. The city contains about 25,000 whites and 26,000 blacks. The deaths among the whites were 485, and among the blacks 1,070—a mortality of a little over two per cent. for the one, and a little more than one-tenth per cent. for the other.

The Rockford (Ala.) Grange has adopted this resolution: "That we will refrain our expenditures for dress and living, and confine them to articles actually necessary for decency, comfort and good health, and will deny ourselves, as far as possible, the purchase of such things both as to dress and living, as are superfluous." This resolution, rigidly enforced throughout the South, would be worth millions to the agriculturist of this section.

WHAT IS AMBER?—Amber is a resinous substance, yellow, hard, brittle, shapeless and glossy. It has been variously supposed to be a vegetable gum, a fossil, and an animal product. It is probably formed by a species of ant, that inhabits pine for ests. The bodies of ants are frequently found in its substance. It makes a fine polish, and is used for ornamental purposes, and as a basis for a fine varnish.—By friction, it really becomes electric.

Bald Mountain Intervened by Prof. Brady, of East Tennessee University—His view of the Causes of the Disturbances.

The last Asheville *Expositor* has the following:
Prof. Brady, of East Tennessee University, who recently passed through Asheville with the graduating class of that institution on a visit to the earthquake region of Bald Mountain, 24 miles east of us, publishes a letter in the *Knoxville Chronicle*, giving the result of his visit. The letter adds little new to what all were aware of before. The rumblings and other sounds had ceased on his arrival, and he only heard descriptions of them from them. Says the Prof.
"There is nothing properly volcanic about them, and the region shows no volcanic rocks."
"Bald Mountain consists of micaceous and hornblende schists and gneisses, having variable southerly dip characteristic of the whole range."
"The upturned positions of the rocks of all this region give abundant evidence that it has been a region of disturbance through many ages past, and at the same time furnish the means of understanding the new phenomena."
"Drying and cooling are both accompanied by contraction. As an apple dries, its pulp contracts; and the skin remaining attached in part to the pulp, but not contracted, proportionally wrinkles; as an orange dries, on the contrary, the stiff rind refuses to yield and remains smooth, the pulp being pulled apart. When the earth was hotter than now—and there is reason for believing that it was once melted—it was much larger and its crust was originally smooth. As the globe cooled its consequent contraction caused great pressure in the stiffening crust, and yielding to the pressure, the crust wrinkled. The same process of cooling and contraction is still going on, but the crust long since got too thick and stiff to bend readily, so that its modern yielding has been very largely by breaks. Very extensive and sudden fractures are naturally accompanied by sudden displacements of the surface (and often by loud noises) forming great earthquakes, whose effects are felt for hundreds or thousands of miles. But, if the breaks are small, the disturbance will be heard and felt at small distances; and such have been all the earthquakes that have originated in the Appalachians since the country has been known to white men; and such are the disturbances in question."

FOR THE WATCHMAN.

MT. VERNON, N. C., June 15th, 1874.
DEAR WATCHMAN:—
I have just read, in your last issue, what you say about raising a monument to EDGAR ALLAN POE; and I seize my rusty pen to endorse every word of it, and to thank you most heartily for such truthful and manly utterances.
One of my best friends was persecuted, when a youth, for having been a Presbyterian; and afterwards, as a man, he was dogged and ostracized because it was plain he did not lean towards the Presbyterians.—Of course it was only so-called Methodists on the one hand, and so-called Presbyterians on the other that descended to this contemptible work—but most of them were men of influence, and did my friend a precious sight of harm.
I can testify, from my own personal observation, that my friend loved the church with all his heart. Not the Methodist, or the Presbyterian, or the Baptist or the Episcopalian church particularly, but the whole brotherhood of believers, whether they are posted on the saint or sinner side of puritanical ledgers. He is as kind-hearted as the best Bishop, and as prayerful as any of them; yet he has been known to do some things not just right, and to have the ridiculous effrontery to acknowledge it.
I would you to talk on in that strain, whenever you feel like it; and I all give you attention and huzzas to the extent of my ability.
What has not narrow-minded bigotry done, to kill out all religion, if it could! It pointed Sorcerer—it stilted the millions of fire around the martyrs from age to age—it brought on the last war in this country—it has forced the negro on us as a voter—it is discouraging and disgusting and irritating and keeping thousands of good men out of the visible church of Christ to-day.
I shall I speak of what I did for Poe, and many of his cast of intellect; I do not doubt that the sanctimonious eel, who would not ostensibly hurt a worm or take a lamb from its mother, who drove Tom Hood to appear half a sinner, and who could always do immense hurt to human beings by raising and stirring prejudices and slanders, did the meanest with E. A. Poe. Speak on Mr. Watchman! You are right!
E. P. H.

THE FATE OF TWO LOVERS.

There are fine caverns and recesses among the rocks; one particularly which we took the opportunity of visiting, as it can only be entered at the ebb of the spring tide. It is very spacious, beautifully arched, and composed of granite rocks finely veined with alabaster, which the imagination may easily form into an semblance of a female figure, and is, of course, the Nereid of the grotto. We wished to stay longer, but our friends hurried us away, lest the tide should rush in, which it is supposed to do from subterranean caverns, as it fills before the most unlikely to be chargeable with an offensive act in any way were generally selected as the victims. They bit like grass after a rain, somewhat after this fashion:
Smith met Jones. Says Smith to Jones, "Have you seen Tom Collins?"
"No. Why? Who is Tom Collins?"
"Well, I don't know much about him, but he has been saying some very harsh things about you, and so on, according to the fertile imagination of Smith."
"Where did he say this? Where can I find the fellow? Condemn him I'll shoot him if he don't take it back."
"Well he said it before a dozen men" (at King's or Besse's, or Jacoby's or McCollough's or any where).
"Off the victim goes to one of these favorite resorts, and somebody there—Thompson—who is in the joke with Smith, tells Jones that he saw Tom Collins at the Southern about half an hour or so ago, and off Jones goes to the Southern, where he meets Brown and Brown tells him that he saw Collins at the Laclede one five minutes since, where he was repeating these stories, and really Jones ought to take notice of them because the oftener they were repeated without denial from Jones, the more people would be likely to believe them, and so forth. By this time poor Jones is all over fight, and of course is so much the better fun, and he goes on until he "smells the mice," or knocks somebody down.
The "sell" acted in a dozen different ways with as many men, and in more than one instance the climax was ludicrous in the extreme. At one time Jones—let us still call him—went in asking every-body if they had seen that son of the sea cook Tom Collins? "Yes," said a Smith No. 2. He was here not two minutes since; oh, there he is now across the street," pointed to a man notoriously on his muscle. Jones looked at the supposed Tom Collins for a second or two. He didn't look like a gift at a rough and tumble, and he had never seen the man in his life before; but he had been circulating such infamous falsehood that life wasn't worth living unless he could knock Tom Collins down there and then, and kick the lies down his Tom's throat with the toes of his number seven.
Jones went across the street, and said by way of gentlemanly warning, "You are Tom Collins," and before the man of muscle could explain Jones patted him a hot one over the head, and was continuing the pasting business when the man of muscle went into Jones on his own account with this remark: "Well my name's not Tom Collins, but I'm just as good a man as Tom Collins, and if you owe Tom anything come and pay me, I'm all here. This is my racket, mister." If people had not interfered and explained the joke, possibly Jones would have been more than ever sorry about Tom Collins. As a practical joke it was a success. As fun—well, it may have been fun for Smith and Brown, but it was pretty near Hades for Jones while it lasted. —*St. Louis Republican.*

Governor Vance as a Grange Lecturer.

We knew that Gov. VANCE was good in handling almost every subject as a lecturer, but did not know that he could prove a success as an instructor to the Patrons of Husbandry. He addressed, by invitation, the quarterly convention of the Atlantic Coastal Patrons of Husbandry, held in Goldsboro on Thursday last, and we learn from those who heard him that he made a most happy success, giving to the farmers such practical suggestions and views best calculated to improve their general condition. The *Newbern Republican-Courier*, thus speaks of Gov. VANCE's effort:
"The Council was addressed for nearly two hours by Hon. Zebulon B. Vance. The subject was rather a hard one for the Governor as the farmers had to be entirely educated. The first half hour was rather uninteresting, but finally he began to get warm in the harness and he waded in, and thoroughly discussed the subject of capital and labor; he showed that there was plenty of capital owned in our State if only utilized, urged upon the farmers the necessity of kindness towards laborers, especially the colored race; explained to the Convention that the farmers of the country are not to help the people of this State, who do not make the proper exertion to produce something to buy the money with; he was in favor of such emigration as would bring their families with sufficient means to enable them to commence farming and manufacturing; said the brains of some of the people of North Carolina needed more grano than did the lands; (applause); he urged upon them the necessity of more and better education, and the necessity of making the home and the farm attractive in order to encourage its further improvement, &c. Upon the whole it was one of the best speeches we have heard for some years. Such sentiments as he advanced has a tendency to create an era of good feeling."

HORRIBLE MURDER NEAR WELDON.

—We learn that on Wednesday night a horrible murder was perpetrated near the Seaboard railroad bridge, that crosses the Roanoke River at Weldon.
Mrs. S. Pressey, an old man who has long and faithfully served his company, as watchman, at a late hour of the night was called out of his house by two negroes who had a horse, which they told him they wished him to put in his stable. The old man complied with the request, thinking they were going to walk over the bridge to Weldon, he being on the Northampton side. Soon after one of the wretches went to the old man's house and told his wife that her husband said "send him his pocket book," and at that moment the report of a gun was heard. She suspected something was wrong and refused to give him the pocket-book and he departed. She looked out now, and saw her husband coming toward the house and on reaching it fell in the door, crying out, he was killed. He was shot through the neck, and expired in a few moments, but before he died gave the names of his murderers, to his wife, and others, who came to the house, hearing the alarm.
On Thursday a party who went pursuit, captured the two negroes, charged the murder. One of them, Austin Hill made a desperate attempt to escape, and for his folly, was shot down, but was not killed. Both of the murderers have been lodged in Northampton jail. —*Centinel.*

A Sweet Thing on Jokes.

HAVE YOU SEEN TOM COLLINS?
If you haven't, perhaps you had better do so, and as quick as you can, for he is talking about you in a very rough manner—calling you hard names, and altogether saying things about you that are rather calculated to induce people to believe that there is nothing you wouldn't steal short of a red hot stove. Other little things of that nature he is openly speaking of in public places, and as a friend—although of course we don't wish to make you feel uncomfortable—we think you ought to take some notice of it and of Mr. Tom Collins.
This is about the cheerful substance of a very successful practical joke which has been going rounds of this city in the past week. It is not in the manner born, but belongs to New York, where it was played with immense success to crowded houses until it flamed out. It seems singular that such a funny affair could take in and do for anybody; but it has, and of course the most unlikely to be chargeable with an offensive act in any way were generally selected as the victims. They bit like grass after a rain, somewhat after this fashion:
Smith met Jones. Says Smith to Jones, "Have you seen Tom Collins?"
"No. Why? Who is Tom Collins?"
"Well, I don't know much about him, but he has been saying some very harsh things about you, and so on, according to the fertile imagination of Smith."
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"Off the victim goes to one of these favorite resorts, and somebody there—Thompson—who is in the joke with Smith, tells Jones that he saw Tom Collins at the Southern about half an hour or so ago, and off Jones goes to the Southern, where he meets Brown and Brown tells him that he saw Collins at the Laclede one five minutes since, where he was repeating these stories, and really Jones ought to take notice of them because the oftener they were repeated without denial from Jones, the more people would be likely to believe them, and so forth. By this time poor Jones is all over fight, and of course is so much the better fun, and he goes on until he "smells the mice," or knocks somebody down.
The "sell" acted in a dozen different ways with as many men, and in more than one instance the climax was ludicrous in the extreme. At one time Jones—let us still call him—went in asking every-body if they had seen that son of the sea cook Tom Collins? "Yes," said a Smith No. 2. He was here not two minutes since; oh, there he is now across the street," pointed to a man notoriously on his muscle. Jones looked at the supposed Tom Collins for a second or two. He didn't look like a gift at a rough and tumble, and he had never seen the man in his life before; but he had been circulating such infamous falsehood that life wasn't worth living unless he could knock Tom Collins down there and then, and kick the lies down his Tom's throat with the toes of his number seven.
Jones went across the street, and said by way of gentlemanly warning, "You are Tom Collins," and before the man of muscle could explain Jones patted him a hot one over the head, and was continuing the pasting business when the man of muscle went into Jones on his own account with this remark: "Well my name's not Tom Collins, but I'm just as good a man as Tom Collins, and if you owe Tom anything come and pay me, I'm all here. This is my racket, mister." If people had not interfered and explained the joke, possibly Jones would have been more than ever sorry about Tom Collins. As a practical joke it was a success. As fun—well, it may have been fun for Smith and Brown, but it was pretty near Hades for Jones while it lasted. —*St. Louis Republican.*

A Virginia politician is so anxious to get to Congress next session that he promises faithfully to be content with one term and moreover that he will give \$2,000 yearly from his salary to religious and benevolent organizations in his District.