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# The Carolina Watchman.

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J. J. BRUNER,
Proprietor and Editor.
J. J. STEWART
Associate Editor.

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WEEKLY WATCHMAN.
ONE YEAR, payable in advance.....$2.00
SIX MONTHS, " " ..... 1.25
5 Copies to any address..... 10.00

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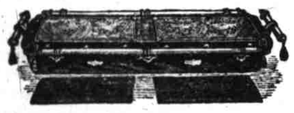

☞ A full assortment of Rosewood, Metals and Walnut Burial Cases, which can be furnished at 3 hours notice.
March 19, 1874—1y.

DAVIDSON COUNTY.—IN SUPERIOR COURT.

To Gray Wood—*Non-Resident*, You are hereby notified that the following summons has been issued against you (to wit.)

DAVIDSON COUNTY—IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

J. K. JONES, *Against.* GRAY WOOD, } SUMMONS.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

TO THE SHERIFF OF DAVIDSON COUNTY—GREETING:

You are hereby commanded to Summon Gray Wood, the Defendant—above named, if to be found within your county, to be and appear before the JUDGE OF OUR SUPERIOR COURT, to be held for the County of Davidson, at the Court House in Lexington, on the 6th Monday after the 3rd Monday of March, 1875, and answer the complaint which will be deposited in the office of the CLERK OF THE SUPERIOR COURT, of said County, within the first three days of the next term thereof, and let the said Defendant take notice that if he fails to answer the said complaint within the time prescribed by law, the Paintiff will apply to the Court for judgment against the Defendant for the sum of three hundred and sixty-five 80-100 Dollars and Interest thereon from the 11, Oct., 1872, till paid.

Hereof fail not, and of this summons make due return.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, this 20th, day of January, 1875.

S[eal.] C. F. LOWE.
Clerk of the Superior Court of Davidson County.

You are also notified that the above named paintiff has sued out an attachment against your property upon a Bond executed by you on the 11th day of October, 1872, for the sum of three hundred and sixty five 80-100 Dollars with interest thereon till Paid and that said Warrant of attachment is returnable to the Superior Court of Davidson to be held at the Court house in the Town of Lexington. on the 6th Monday after 3rd Monday in March, A. D 1875 when and where you are hereby required *to answer.* This 15th Feb., 1875.

C. F. LOWE.
Clerk of the Superior Court for Davidson Co.
Feb. 25, 1875—6w. Printers fee $10.50

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. | NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GUANAHANI!

AN IMPORTED NATURAL GUANO.

A GENUINE ANIMAL DEPOSIT.

A MONOPOLY OF THIS VALUABLE DEPOSIT HAS BEEN CREATED in favor of this Company by the Crown officers. The name "GUANAHANI!" is a Registered TRADE MARK at the United States PATENT OFFICE, and all persons are warned from making use of the same in connection with fertilizers of any kind.

THE COMPANY GUARANTEE THAT

EVERY CARGO will be ANALYZED BEFORE IT IS OFFERED FOR SALE.

Examine the Analyses and Letters of Prof. P. B. WILSON, Balitimore; Prof. H. C. WHITE, Professor of Chemistry, University of Georgia; Prof. F. A. GENTH, Philadelphia, Professor of Applied Chemistry, University of Pennsylvania.

IMPORTED ONLY BY THE

GUANAHANI GUANO COMPANY,
PETERSBURG, VA.

In offering this FERTILIZER to the Agricultural Community a Second Season we do so with the utmost Confidence, feeling satisfied that the high opinion, we formed, and expressed last season based on its Chemical Constituents have been most satisfactorily borne out by the test, by which all Fertillizers must be judged, that of the Plantation.

Last season, owing to the lateness at which we commenced importing we were forced to put our Guano on the market at once, but now having continued our importations during the summer and fall, and having large and well ventilated Warehouses in this City and City Point, we are enabled to put our Guano on the market, in a condition as to dryness, and freedom from lumps, equal to any Manufactured Fertilizer.

We solicit a careful persual of our Circular containing the certificates sent us, and which can be had on application at this OFFICE. or from any of our AGENTS. Having nothing to conceal, we made an innovation on established usage, by publishing those letters received unfavorable to our Guano, but careful inquiry in many cases proves that the cause of its failure was not owing to any fault in the Guano, but to those far beyond our control. We have frequently heard the same complaints of its kindred Fertilizer, Peruvian Guano, but the concurrent testimony of well known Farmers and Planters from Maryland to the extreme Western counties of North Carolina, justify us in claiming a place for our Fertilizer Superior to many, and Second to None.

We confidently expect the continued patronage of the Agricultural Community and no exertion shall be spared on our part to make

GUANAHANI
THE STANDARD FERTILIZER
FOR THE
COTTON, TOBACCO & GRAIN CROPS
OF THE SOUTH.

:o:

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FOR SALE BY
MERONEY & BRO.,
*SALISBYRY, N. C.*
BURROUGHS & SPRINGS.
*CHORLOTTE, N. C.*

In offering this Feltilizer to the people of Rowan, and surrounding counties we are satisfied that we offer them the best Guano for the least money now on the market. It has been throughly tried during the past season and the results have been even better than we hoped for. Below we append two of the numerous certificates we have received.

AN IMPORTANT TEST, PAID OVER 600 PER CENT.

SALISBURY, N. C., October 10th, 1874.

Messrs Meroney & Bro.

Gentlemen: In reply to your inquiry as to the merits of the Guanahani Guano, I will state that I have given it a fair, and, as I think, a thorough test, and believe it to be one of the best fertilizers now in use in our country. In the month of February I bought two tons and applied it over my farm at the rate of 200 pounds to the acre under Cotton, and 100 pounds to the acre on Corn. On the 8th of October I picked from one row of Cotton 14 rods long, which had been fertilized at the above rate, 8 pounds of seed cotton; from another immediately by the side of this one, of the same length, to which I had applied no fertilizer, I picked 1½ ounces the same day—showing a difference of over 8500 per cent. between land fertilized and not. I counted the number of unopened bolls in each, and making calculation on this basis, I find that the land without the Guanahani would yield 30 ounces to the row, 80 rows or 150 pounds to the acre; with Guanahani it will yield 12 pounds to the row, 80 rows or 960 pounds to the acre—showing a difference of over 600 per cent.

I have not had an opportunity to test the Corn yet, but from general observation, I feel warranted in making the statement that Guanahani has benefited my Corn at least 100 per cent.

On one acre of ground, as a test, I sowed 400 pounds of Guanahani broadcast, subsoiling at the same time 15 inches deep. This acre, under ordinary circumstances, has average 700 pounds of sced cotton; this year the yield will be at least 1800 pounds E. A. PROPST.

DAVIE CO., N. C.

Messrs Meroney & Bro.

GENTLEMEN:—In reply to your inquiry as to the merits of Guanahani Guano, I would say that I used it last Summer on an old field which would have produced very poorly under ordinary circumstances but which under the application of Guanahani yielded me a very good crop. I had one test row and this showed a difference of over three hundred per cent. in favor of the Guano.

I am satisfied that it is a good Fertilizer and take pleasure in recommending it to every farmer who wishes to increase his crops as being fully equal if not superior to any Guano on the market.

MATTHIAS MILLER.

WE SELL GUANAHANI AT $40 PER TON.
Freight added.
CALL AND SEE US.
MERONEY & BRO.

Feb. 13th. 1875.—3mos.

## ONE MORE CHRISTMAS.

[Written Christmas night, 1874.

BY SUE J. JESSAMINE DICKSON.

One more christmas gone at last,
Swept into the silent past;
Yes, one more christmas glad! sublime!
Walked upon the wheel of Time.

Yes, one more christmas all so bright!
Cheered us with its sacred light,
Spread all its glory o'er the earth,
Filled our hearts with love and mirth.

Oh one more christmas! did it bring,
Soft upon its gilded wing,
To all earth's children, high and low,
Happiness instead of woe?

Or were there some all wrapt in night,
O'er whose path no rosy light,
The gleam of christmas morn could throw,
Or lend its softening glow?

Oh! as the light of christmas morn.
Softly circled o'er the earth,
Did some poor mourner weep alone,
While others joyed in their mirth.

Did some one o'er the silent bier.
Bend and shed a bitter tear;
And kiss once more the pale white face,
Where cold death had left his trace?

And were there some who gaged them back
Over times hard, beaten track,
While o'er their faces sad and white,
Beamed no happy christmas light?

If such there were Great God above.
Shed around them rays of love!
Oh! break the claims what e'er they be,
Let the wretched mourners free!

One more christmas now has fled,
Come and gone with waisless bread;
And now my God, I come to thee,
And thankfully bend the knee.

Oh yes! I bow before thy Throne,
And ask thy blessing here to-night,
Make me kind Father all thine own;
And lead me in the path of light.

## Progress.

How beautifully has the Quaker poet Whitier, expressed the mighty march of events—the lightening-like progress of the age.

Behind the squaw's light birch canoe,
The steamer rocks and raves;
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves
I hear the tread of pioneers—
Of nations yet to be—
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roam a human sea,
The rudiments of Empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.

EPITAPH ON THE TOMBSTONE OF AN OHIO WOMAN.

Neuralgia worked on Mrs Jones
'Till 'neath the sod it laid her,
She was a worthy Methodist,
And served as a crusader.
Her obsequies were held at two,
With plenty of good carriages.

A VALENTINE.

I dearly luv the singin' bird
And little buzzin' bee,
But dearer far than all the world
Is thy sweet voice to me.

Oh, very deep is daddy's well,
And deeper is the sea,
But deeper in my buzzum is
The luv I bear for thee.

Then smile on me, dear Angeline,
And make my heart feel lite;
Chain the big dog and I will cum
A courtin' Sunday nite.

## I've Been Thinking.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their business more,
And mind their neighbors' less!
For instance, you and I, my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And others' follies mock.

I've been thinking, if we'd begin
To mind our own affairs,
That possibly our neighbors might
Contrive to manage theirs.
We have faults enough at home to mend—
It may be so with others;
It would seem strange if it were not,
Since all mankind are brothers.

Oh! would that we had charity
For every man and woman;
Forgiveness is the mark of those
With whom "to err is human."
Then let us banish jealously—
Let's lift our fallen brother;
And as we journey down life's road,
Do good to one another.

## ON THE BEATH OF BARRY CORNWALL.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

In the garden of death, where the singers whose
names are deathless.
One with another make music unheard of
men,
Where the dead sweet roses fade not of lips
long breathless,
And the fair eyes shine that shall weep not
or change again.
Who comes now crowned with the blosoms of
snow-white years?
What music is this that the world of the
dead men hears.
* * * * * *
Beloved of men, whose words on our lips were
honey,
Whose name in our ears and our father's
ears was sweet,
Like summer gone forth of the land his songs
made sunny,
To the beautiful veiled bright world where
the glad ghosts meet,
Child with father, and bridegoom with bride,
and anguish with rest,
No soul shall pass of a singer than this more
blest.
* * * * * *
The same year calls, and one goes hence with
another,
And men sit sad that were glad for their
sweet songs' sake;
The same year beckons, and elder with younger
brother
Takes mutely the cup from his hand that we
shall take.
They pass ere the leaves be past or the snows
be come;
And the birds are loud, but the lips that outsang them dumb.
Time takes them home that we loved, fair
names and famous,
To the soft long steep, to the broad sweet
bosom of death;
But the flower of their souls he shall take not
away to shame us.
Nor the lips lack song forever that now lack
breath.
For with us the music and perfume that die
not shall dwell,
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome,
and farewell.

From a Philadelphia Paper.

## IMPROMPTU.

### On the Turkey Cock's Attack Upon the Honorable Judge Spencer's Cap.

In the degenerate age,
What hosts of knaves engage?
Do all they can
To fetter man,
Dreading he should be free:
Leagued with the scoundrel pack
Even turkey cocks attack
The cap of liberty!

We get the above from the Wilmington *Journal.* Judge Spencer, who is referred to above, died in 1794. Wheeler, in his history of North Carolina, referring to Mr. Spencer's death says: "His death was caused by a most singular circumstance. He had been in ill health, and was sitting in his yard in the sun. A large turkey gobbler was attracted by some part of his clothing, which was red, for which color turkeys have a great antipathy. The turkey attacked Judge Spencer most furiously, and before assistance could rescue him, so severely was he wounded, that he died in a short time from the injuries."

This story seems incredible, but it is so an authenticated as to leave no room to doubt.

## Singular and Fatal Acident.

We have unaccountably overlooked the following obituary notice of the late Judge Spencer, of our State, which we find in the Fayettesville *Gazette.* The reference to the particular incident connected with the death of the Judge, which follows the obituary, is from a Philadelphia paper and has called our attention to the original article in the *Gazette:*

DIED.—At his seat in Anson county, on the 20th ult. the Honorable SAMUEL SPENCER, L. L D., and one of the Judges of the Superior Court of this State.

"His honor's health had been declining for about two years, but he performed the last Circuit, three months since; and we understand, intended to have left home in a few days, for this town, where the Superior Court is now sitting, had it not been for the following accident, which, it is thought, hastened his death:—He was sitting in the piazza with a red cap on his head, when a large cock turkey passing, the Judge being sleepy began to nod; when the turkey, mistaking the nodding and the red cap for a challenge, made so violent and unexpected an attack on His Honor, that he threw him out on his chair on the floor; and before he could get any assistance, so beat and bruised him, that he died within a few days after."

## A Cure for Lock-jaw.

In course of the Cantor lectures, recently delivered before the British Society of Arts by Dr. Benjamin Richardson, the following deeply important remarks were made upon nitrite of amyl: One of these specimens, I mean the nitrite of amyl, has within the last few years obtained a remarkable importance, owing to its extraordinary action upon the body. A distinguished chemist, Prof. Guthrie, while distilling over nitrite of amyl from amylic alcohol, observed that the vapor, when inhaled, quickened his circulation, and made him feel as if he had been running. There was flushing of his face, rapid action of his heart, and breathlessness. In 1861-62 I made a careful and prolonged study the action of this singular body, and discovered that it produced its effect by causing an extreme relaxation, first of the blood vessels, and afterward of the muscular fibrers of the body. To such an extent did this agent thus relax, I found it would even overcome the tetanic spasm produced by strychnia; and having thus discovered its action, I ventured to propose its use for removing the spasm in some of the extremest spasmodic diseases. The results have more than realized my expectations. Under the influence of this agent, one of the most agonizing of known human maladies, called angina pectoris, has been brought under such control that the paroxysms have been regularly prevented, and in one instance, at least, altogether removed. Even tetanus, or lock-jaw, has been subdued by it, and in two instances, of an extreme kind, so effectively as to warrant the credit of what may be truly called a cure.

SAVE ALL THE BONES.—There is nothing that will induce early laying in pullets better, if as well, as to be fed with raw bones, pounded in pieces of the proper size. It strengthens them, and prevents leg weakness, which is often seen in cockerels. But for chickens intended for exhibition, we would not recomend its use, for it is conceded that growth ceases when the pullet commences to lay. In these cases bone dust will be found to answer better, as it does not have the same effect on the tendency to lay.

## Christian Courtesy.

I saw somewhere the other day, a sentence like this: "The truest courtesy is the truest Christianity." This is not simply saying, I take it, that a Christian will be gentleman; it teaches that the spirit of self-denial, foregoing personal advantages for the sake of favoring another, is the root and substance of the regenerated life. Now, here is a practical test, brought near to us in all the scenes of our intercourse with our fellows, showing what manner of spirit we are of. If we are truly, that is, sincerely, courteous and polite, we are serving Christ, showing his example, and exhibiting his spirit. If in the collisions of personal interests through the day, we are more careful to favor ourselves, to secure the best, to be served first, to gratify our own wishes and tastes, and to gratify and serve others, I care not what names we bear, or what professions we make, or what religious exercises we engage in, the spirit of the Master is not in us.

USELESS WORRY.—Life has great troubles in store for all of us; and few live to be men and women without knowing terrible grief. But, fortunately, these intense moments cannot fill all the years. Time helps us to forget, at least the sorest of the pain. To every one would come some joy but for the little worries that happen with the passing hours—cares about money and the cost of things, small quarrels, petty jealousies, false shame; and an awful dread of what "they" will think if we take a little comfort, act to suit ourselves, and know people we like whether they are genteel" or not, and say what we mean, instead of what is expected.

Worries eat the life away. They gnaw and bite wrinkles into the face, and bring gray hairs on the head, and half the time they are not only absolutely needless but absurd. Why in the name of all that is sensible, can we not wait until the draught of sorrow is forced to our lips, and not sip needlessly at the cup of gall and wormwood? If every man could say to himself, "Small worries shall most cercertain not lengthen my face;" if every woman could refuse to fret over such trifles as impudent cooks, and napkins with untimely holes in them, more of us would live out the three score and ten years allotted to us by Heaven, and we shall all certainly be much better company while we lasted.

## Perseverance Versus Genius.

As contemplated by the generality, the two qualities constituting the caption of these desultory remarks are diametrically opposite to each other; the former being looked upon as a somewhat grovelling though praiseworthy quality; while the latter is appreciated as something celestial in its nature, and emanating, indeed, from a strictly divine source. To denounce this view of the matter as originating in the purest delusion, and as sustained in a great measure by the force of prejudice and superstition combined, would be deemed, probably, on our part, as a reckless and daring intermeddling with the long established conclusions of mankind, and a silly attempt, at best, to controvert a self evident proposition. Let us run the risk for a single moment. Let us summon one or two spirits "from the vasty deep" (as Glendower boasted *he* could do)—the spirits of John Milton and Sir Isaac Newton, for instance, who, when in this world, *passed* as two of the greatest *geniuses* that ever lived. Well, the latter, Sir Isaac, we feel satisfied, on being interrogated as to the matter under consideration, would say, what he said in his life-time, that whatever *he* had achieved, in the way of science or discovery, he had achieved "through patient thought" (he scorned the word "genius,") and John Milton would doubtless tell us that *his* "Paradise Lost" was the result, simply, of "indefatigable labor and care." Indeed, all the *really* great that have ever lived, equally disclaim this evanescent quality of genius, ascribing their success and renown exclusively to the homely quality of perseverance.

## THE LADIES.

The electrical girl: In the beginning of 1846, a year memorial in the history of table-turning and spirit rapping, Angelique Cottin was a girl of fourteen, living in the garden of Bouvigny, near La Perriere, department of Orne, France. She was of low statue, but of robust frame, and apathetic to an extraordinary degree both in body and in mind. On January 15 of the year named, while the girl was, with three others, engaged in weaving silk thread gloves, the oaken table at which they worked began to move and change position. The work women were alarmed: work was for a moment suspended, but was soon resumed. But, when Angelique again took her place the table began anew to move with great violence; she felt herself attracted to it, but, so soon as she touched it, it retreated before her, or was even upset. The following morning similar phenomena were observed, and before long public opinion was very decided in affirming that Angelique Cottin was possessed of a devil, and that she should be brought before the Parish priest. But the cure was a man of too much common sense to heed their request for an exorcism, and resolved to see the facts for himself. The girl was brought to the cure's house, and there the phenomena were repeated, though not with the same intensity as before; the table retreated, but was not overturned, while the chair on which Angelique was seated moved in a contrary direction, rocking the while and giving Angelique great difficulty in keeping her seat.—*From Popular Science Monthly for March.*

As for Louisiana, we have been forced to say a great deal upon that subject.—We fear we shall be forced to say a great deal more before Louisiana gets a just and free government, and before the prayer for "peace" with which Mr. Grant began his civic career, and which he has done more than any other man in the country to prevent the fulfillment of, is fulfilled by his successor, since nobody any longer expects the fulfillment of it from him.—As to the Revenue bill which passed the House yesterday, the pretext of financial necessity on which it was put farward is, we think, as impudent a thing to come from such financiers as Mr. Dawes and his co-workers in the support of it, as they have ever done. For they are precisely of the kind of statesmen who go about bragging, on stumps and elsewhere, of the unlimited resources of the United States, and decrying in comparison all the principalities and powers of Europe. We call their particular attention to the fact that the victorious war of the United States closed in 1865, and that the war in which France was defeated closed in 1871. France has paid an enormous indemnity within these three years, and while the United States, by dint of all sorts of expedients new to national finance, have succeeded in placing seventy-five millions in two years, the $44,000,000 loan asked for by the city of Paris the other day has been subscribed forty-two and a half times over, and the Congress of the United States is now driven to extraordinary and once abandoned means of raising revenue in order to avoid deficit. If Mr. Dawes and the rest are right, as they are, in the estimate they put upon the resources of the United States, how can they possibly avoid the inference that the difference is because the man to whom French finance has been confided know their business, and the man to whom American finance has been confided do not? —*N Y World.*

TO PREVENT LAND FROM WASHING.—By using a common rafter level, stepping about fifteen feet, with a line and plumb hanging to the center of the crossbar. With this I moved across the field, placing the foot of the level so as to keep on a level with the ground, and as the level is moved, a peg is stuck where the rear foot of the level stood. When the line is run across the field, I take a mule and scooter plow, making a mark frow one peg to the other, bending gradually from one peg to the other, so as to keep all the time on a level; then with a turn plow throw up a large (bed?) This is done at intervals of from forty to sixty feet apart; then lay off the rows paralel with the beds, filling in the short rows in the center between the beds. Prepare the land by deep plowing, and cultivate with any plow that will leave the surface level. By deep preparation, gentle rains sink in the ground, and by level culture heavy rains spread out, and thereby lose their force, and what soil is moved lodges against the beds and terraces, making quiet a success. —*Robert McCord, of Georgia.*

## Lost in the Woods.

A correspondent writing us from Holly township, New Hanover county, gives the following particulars of a remarkable instance in which a child less than three years of age, was lost and spent the night in the woods on one of the coldest nights we have had this season, and yet who is still alive, and we hope in a fair way to recover. He says:

Sunday evening the 7th, about 3 o'clock, Mr Felix Meeks left home to call on some neighbor. As he was in the act of leaving, his little boy, only two years and seven months old, asked to go with him, but his father told him he could go if he would go to the house and wrap up. The little boy started to the house, and Mr Meeks, knowing that it was too cold for the child to go with him, took advantage of his absence and rode off. It seems that the little boy did not go to the house, but, as soon as his father left, he turned and followed him. Mrs. Meeks, thinking he was with his father, as it was his custom to sometimes carry him around, thought nothing of his absence until Mr Meeks returned, about dark, without him. Search was then made, but he could not be found. The alarm was given and the neighbors turned out with lights, built up fires, and exhausted every means to find the little fellow, but all in vain. At a late hour in the night they ceased their searches. By day light this (Monday) morning the woods were full of hunters exploring every nook and corner, and calling for little George. About 9 o'clock this morning the little fellow started up from between two trees, and asked if papa was coming, saying, at the same time, "I am so cold." He was picked up and carried home, where his father and mother met him as one lost, but found again, and no one can express their feelings. They expected he would soon die, thinking he was too badly frozen to live. The neighbors all had their remedies, and went to work to restore him, if possible. His shoes and stocking were frozen stiff on his feet, and his legs and feet were puffed up to such an extent that it was with difficulty they could get his shoes off. His hands and arms were frozen, and his ears were like icicles. They called in Dr. Ennett, who gave a favorable prognosis. For a little boy not three years old to sleep out in an open swampy place from three p. m. until 9 a. m., the next day on such a night, when it was almost impossible to keep warm in a tight room, is almost incredible, but such is true.—*Wilmington Journal.*

BIG PREDICTIONS.—The new "Encyclopedia Britannica" has these appalling assertions: "If the natural resources of Amrrica were fully developed it would afford sustenance to 3,600,000000 inhabitants a number nearly five times as great as the entire mass of human beings now existing on the globe! And what is even more surprising, it is not improbable that this prodigous population will be in existence within three or at most four centuries."