

# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. V.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY N. C., APRIL 22, 1875

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**RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION**  
WEEKLY WATCHMAN.

One Year, payable in advance, \$2.00  
Six Months, " " " 1.25  
Three Months, " " " .75  
Copies to any address, 10.0

**ADVERTISING RATES:**  
One Square (1 inch) One insertion, \$1.00  
Two " " " .75  
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5 cents per line for each and every

**Carolina Fertilizer.**  
**CASH PRICES**  
**\$50.00 PER TON OF**  
**2,000 POUNDS.**

**TIME PRICE**  
**\$58 PER 2,000 lb. paya-**  
**ble Nov. 1.**

THE HIGH STANDARD OF QUALITY HAS BEEN FULLY MAINTAINED, AND IT IS CONSIDERED BY THOSE WHO HAVE GIVEN IT A FAIR TRIAL THE

**BEST AND CHEAPEST**  
**FERTILIZER MANUFACTURED.**  
Liberal and advantageous Terms for Large Lots Given on Application.

Local Agents at all the Principal Depots.  
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General Agents for North Carolina and Virginia,  
AT WILMINGTON, N. C.  
Jas. A. McCONAUGHEY,  
Agent,  
Salisbury, N. C.

**MORE STOVES,**  
and better ones than ever.  
Come now and get the BEST. Get the stove called the

**ACORN COOK**  
If you want one that will outlast any other, and has made of all NEW IRON, and warranted a give satisfaction &c. Various styles, of cooking stoves at a small profit.

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SHEET IRON & COPPER WARE made of the BEST MATERIAL, on hand or made to order. Merchandise supplied at LOW PRICES. CASH PAID for all kinds of Copper, Brass &c. Ask for BAKER'S Tin Shop Main Street, Salisbury, N. C., L. V. Brown.

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**MY PRICES ARE LOW, AS FOLLOWS:**  
One-fourth inch letters 5 cents per letter  
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They may be sent to any part of the U. S. by mail at a small cost.  
Send in your orders stating size of letters you prefer, and the Stencil will be made neatly and promptly forwarded.  
Fisher street Salisbury, N. C.  
L. V. BROWN.  
April 22, 1874—4f.

**The North Carolina HOME Insurance Co.,**  
OF RALEIGH, N. C.  
INSURES DWELLINGS, STORES, MERCHANDISE, AND  
All Classes of Insurable Property,  
Against Loss or Damage by Fire, on the Most Favorable Terms.

Its Stockholders are gentlemen interested in building up North Carolina Institutions, and among them are many of the prominent business and financial men of the State.

All Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid.  
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ANDREW MURPHY,  
Agent at Salisbury.  
March, 4th—5mos.

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS | W ADVERTISEMENTS**

## GUANAHANI!

AN IMPORTED NATURAL GUANO.

### AGENUINE 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. F. B. WILSON, Baltimore; 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 Fertilizers 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 perusal 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.

**DIRECTORS.**  
President, N. M. TANNOR, of Rowlett, Tannor & Co.  
Vice-President, ROBT. A. MARTIN, of Robt A. Martin & Co.  
JOHN B. STEVENS, of Stevens Brothers.  
S. P. ARRINGTON, of John Arrington & Sons.  
JOHN R. PATTERSON, of Patterson, & Sons.  
C. R. BISHOP of Bishop & Branch.  
JOHN MANN, DAVID CALLENDER, W A K FALKNER  
FRANK POTTS, General Agent.

FOR SALE BY  
**MERONEY & BRO.,**  
SALISBURY, N. C.  
**BURROUGHS & SPRINGS.**  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

In offering this Fertilizer 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 thoroughly 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 9th 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 14 ounces the same day—showing a difference of over \$500 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 160 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, subsiding at the same time 15 inches deep. This acre, under ordinary circumstances, has average 700 pounds of seed cotton; this year the yield will be at least 1800 pounds.

E. A. PROBST.

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 \$38 PER TON.  
Freight added.  
CALL AND SEE US.  
**MERONEY & BRO.**  
Feb. 12th, 1875—3mos.

**THE POPULAR CEREAL-DIMES AND DOLLARS.**

[The following truthful and practical poem was composed many years ago.—Though ancient it is very appropriate at the present time. Such scraps of poetry are not often met with, written by authors whose names are never known in history.]

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes!  
If a man's down give him a thrust—  
Trample the beggar into the dust!  
Abroad he leadeth a leper's life,  
Presumptuous poverty is quite appalling—  
Knock him over! kick him for falling!  
If a man's up, oh! lift him higher!  
Your soul for sale, and he's the buyer—

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes!  
I know a bold and honest man,  
Who strives to live on the Christian's plan,  
But poor he is, and poor will be,  
A scorned and hated wretch is he;  
At home he meeteth a starving wife,  
Join the church, and never forsake her,  
Learn to cant and insult your Maker;  
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,  
But don't be poor, remember the rule.

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes!  
I know a poor but worthy youth,  
Whose hopes are built on a maiden's truth,  
But the maiden will break her vow with ease,  
For a woosom cometh whose charms are these:  
A hollow heart and an empty head,  
A nose well tinged with villainy's school—  
But cash, sweet cash—he knoweth the rule!

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes!  
So get ye wealth no matter how,  
"No questions asked" of the rich, I trow!  
Steal by night and steal by day,  
(Doing it all in a legal way,  
Join the church, and never forsake her,  
Learn to cant and insult your Maker;  
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,  
But don't be poor, remember the rule.

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes!  
The Two Angels.  
BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

God called the nearest angels who dwell  
With him above:  
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one  
Was Love.

Arise," he said, "my angels! a wall of woe  
And sin  
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens  
All within.

My harps takes up the mournful strain that  
From a lost world swells;  
The smoke of torment clouds the lights and  
blights the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, on its  
souls of pain  
Let Love drop smiles of sunshine, and Pity  
tears like rain."

Two faces bowed before the throne, veiled  
in their golden hair:  
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the  
dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the night was long;  
at last the angels came  
Where swung the host and nether world,  
redwrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love,  
with faith too strong for fear,  
Took heart from God's Almightiness and  
smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the  
flame wherein it fell,  
And with the sunshine of that smile hope  
entered into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked up-  
ward to the Throne.  
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him  
who sat thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more  
soft than falling flake,  
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice  
Eternal spake:  
"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a  
holier joy to heaven,  
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the  
song of sin forgiven!"

[Atlantic Monthly.

From the Dublin Freeman.  
**THE IRISH WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON.**

Remember Dennis, all I bide you say;  
Tell him we're well and happy, thank the  
Lord;  
But of our troubles since he went away  
You'll mind, avick, and never say a word.  
Of cares and troubles; sure, we've all our  
share,  
The finest Summer isn't always fair.

Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May,  
She died, poor thing, but you needn't  
mind;  
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;  
But tell him God was very kind,  
And when the fever spread the country  
of,

His mercy kept the "sickness from our door.  
Be sure to tell him how the neighbors came  
To eat the corn and stowed it in the barn;  
'T would be as well to mention them by name—  
Pat Murphy, Ned McCabe, and James  
O'Carra,  
And big Tom Daly from behind the hill;  
And say, agra—oh, say I miss him still.

They came with ready hands our toil to share;  
'T was then I missed him most—my own  
right hand—  
I felt, although kind hearts were round me  
here,  
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land  
Strong hand! brave heart! severed far  
from me  
By many a weary league of shore and sea.  
And tell him she was with us—he'll know you;  
Mavourneen, hasn't she the winsom eye?  
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bluest, blue  
I ever saw, except in Summer skies?  
And such black hair! it is the blackest  
hair  
That ever rippled over neck so fair.  
Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day  
And moped, poor hog! 't was well he didn't  
die,  
Crouched by the road side, how he watched the  
way,  
And sniffed the travelers as they passed him  
by.

Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 't was all the  
same,  
He listened for the foot that never came.  
Tell him the house is lonesome like and cold,  
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light  
But may be 'tis my eyes are growing old,  
And things look dim before my falling sight,  
For all that, tell him 't was myself that spun  
The shirts you bring, and stitched them  
every one.  
Give him my blessing, morning, noon and  
night,  
Tell him my prayers are offered for his  
good.  
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,  
And firmly stand, as his brave father stood,  
True to his name, his country, and his God,  
Faithful at home, and steadfast abroad.

**HOW A LITTLE MONEY KEPT IN CIRCULATION WILL PAY MANY DEBTS.**

An eye-witness relates the following story:  
One evening that I took tea with an intimate friend of mine, while we were seated at the table, Mr. Baker, my friend's husband, while absent feeling in his vest pocket, found a five dollar note which he had no recollection of putting there.

"Halloa!" he exclaimed, "that is no place for you. I should have put it in my pocket-book. Here, wife, don't you want some ready money?" and he threw the note across the table to her.

"Many thanks," she replied; "money is always acceptable, although I have no present use for it." She folded the note and put it under the edge of the tea tray, and then proceeded to pour out the tea and attend to the wants of her guests.

At her right sat Mrs. Easton, or aunt Susan, whom we all knew as an acquaintance, who, sometimes, spent a week with Mrs. Baker. Her visit was just at an end, and she was about to return home that evening. As Mrs. Baker was pouring out her tea it occurred to her that she was in her aunt's debt for certain small matters, and when she had the opportunity she pushed the note under her plate, saying:

"Here, aunt, take this five dollars in part payment of my debt."  
"Very well," she replied, "but the money does not belong to me. I owe you fifteen dollars, my dear Grace, which you lent me last Saturday. I had to pay the taxes on my little house and had not the ready money, and Grace lent it to me," explained aunt Susan.

Grace, an orphan, was a cousin to Mrs. Baker. She and her brother Frank boarded with her, and made a very pleasant addition to the family circle. She was studying music, and her brother was a clerk in a mercantile establishment.

As soon as aunt Susan received the note, she handed it to Grace, saying:  
"I will give you this now on account, and the rest as soon as I get it."

"All right answered Grace, laughing, "and since we all seem in a humor to pay our debts, I will follow suit. Frank, I owe you something for music you bought me; here is part of it;" and she threw the bank note across the table to her brother, who sat opposite.

We were all highly amused to see how the note wandered around the table.

"This is a wonderful note," said Mr. Baker; "I only wish somebody owed me something, so that I could come into the ring."  
"You can," said Frank. "I owe Mrs. Baker, or you it's all the same, for my board; I'll here with pay you part of it."

Amid general laughter, Mr. Baker took the note and threw it playfully to his wife, saying: "It's yours again, Lucy, because what belongs to me belongs to you. It has completed the round, and we have all had the benefit of it."

"And now it must go around again," replied she gaily. "I like to see money circulate; it should never lie idle. Aunt Susan, you take it; now I have paid you ten dollars."

"Dear Grace, here is another five dollars on my account," said aunt Susan, handing it to Grace.

"And you, Frank, have received ten dollars for the music you bought me," said Grace, handing it to her brother.

"And I pay you ten dollars for my board," continued he, and the note once more rested in Mr. Baker's hands. The exchanges were as quick as thought, and we were convulsed with laughter.

"Was there ever so wonderful an exchange?" exclaimed Grace.  
"It's all nonsense!" cried Mr. Baker.  
"Not in the least," answered his wife, "it's all quite right."  
"Certainly," said Frank; "when the money belonged to you, you could dispose of it as you would; I have the same right. It is a fair kind of exchange, although very uncommon."

"It shows the use of money," said aunt Susan; "it makes the circuit of the world, and brings its value to every one who touches it."  
"And this note has not finished its work yet, as I will show you, my dear husband, if you will give it to me again," said Mrs. Baker.

"I present you with this five-dollar note," said Mr. Baker.

"And I give it to you, aunt Susan—I owe you fifteen dollars, and I have paid my debt."  
"You have, my dear friend, without doubt; and now, dear Grace, I pay you my indebtedness, with many thanks for your assistance."  
"I take it with thanks, Aunt Susan," replied Grace; "and now the time has come when this wonder working, inexhaustible-rich bank-note must be divided, because I don't owe Frank five dollars more. How much have I to pay yet?"  
"Two dollars and sixty-two cents," replied Frank.

"Can you change it?"  
"Let me see; two thirty-eight; yes, there is the change; the spell is broken, Grace, and you and I divide the spoils."  
"This bank-note beats all I ever saw."

How much has it paid? Let us count up," said Grace. "Mrs. Baker gave aunt Susan fifteen dollars, which aunt Susan gave me; I gave Frank twelve dollars and sixty-two cents; Frank gave Mr. Baker ten dollars—altogether, fifty-two dollars and sixty-two cents."

"It's all nonsense, I tell you," cried Mr. Baker again; "you all owed each other what you owed before."

"You are deceived, my dear by the rapid, unbroken race this little sum has made; to me it is clear as daylight," replied Mrs. Baker.

"If it's all nonsense, how could the note which you gave Mrs. Baker, if nothing to me or you, be divided between us?" asked Grace.

Mr. Baker didn't seem to see it very clearly, but the others did, and they often relate this little history for the amusement of their friends.

**THE PAINTER'S MANTLE.**

On the fifteenth day of January, 1826, a gentleman arrived in Florence, and went to lodge at the Sun Inn. Having with him only one trunk, the innkeeper thought he could not be very rich, and gave him for this reason a room in the top of the house, No. 40. At that time it was not necessary to give one's name at an inn, and those who wished to preserve their incognito gave to their friends the number of their room and the name of the inn where they lodged. This gentleman did so.

At the end of the first week the landlord presented his bill; but great was his astonishment when the unknown told him that he had no money, that he expected some every day from home, begging him to rest easy, and assuring him that as soon as the money arrived he should be paid.

The innkeeper went away not very well satisfied, because this stranger ordered the most exquisite dinners, the most recherche viands, the most expensive wines of France and Germany—and the landlord, being very miserly and suspicious, feared for his money.

At the end of the second week he made his guest another visit, and, presenting his bill, met with the same response; then he looked around the room and saw a magnificent mantle hanging on the wall, all lined with rich fur—a mantle which might be worth 500 silver florins. The innkeeper, delighted with his discovery, saluted the gentleman, and descended the stairs, saying to himself, "If he does not pay me at the end of another week, I will make him leave this mantle in pledge for what he owes me."

Some days passed, when there arrived an express with a letter for the gentleman in No. 40.

The landlord, sure that it contained a remittance, ran to give it himself to the stranger, who took the letter, and seeing the seal, exclaimed, "Oh, the imperial arms!" Then he opened the letter and, having read it, said: "It is an order to go at once to Bologna, where the Emperor of Germany, who wishes to see me, is staying at present. A carriage will come for me in a little while, because the journey will be at the Emperor's expense."

"But, sir, before you go, pay me my bill, which amounts to 150 florins."  
"You know very well, caro mio, that since I came to your inn, I have received no letter but this one; therefore, I have not yet received my money, and, not having received it, I can not pay you. I am an honest man, I do not wish to defraud you, and I will send you the money from Bologna."

"Sir, if you have no money, as you say to pay me, it does not matter; leave me in pledge this mantle, (pointing to the one hanging on the wall), and as soon as you have paid your bill, I will take care to have it sent to Bologna, or to whatever other city your lordship may happen to be in."

"How! have you the heart to let me go away this cold weather without my cloak!"  
"Al! sir, I do not know you, and I give credit to no one."  
"Inhuman wretch without pity!"  
Here he was interrupted by the porter of the inn, who entered, telling the gentleman that the carriage had come for him.

"Very well, he replied, "take my trunk and I will go."  
The landlord accompanied him to the gate, saying: "A pleasant journey, sir; we understand each other, and I will remember my promise."  
Eager to examine more closely the rich cloak, he mounted at once to the chamber of the unknown, and went up to the wall to take down the cloak, when, oh! horror! he discovered that it was painted!

"Ah! the thief! the villain! a man who deserves hanging!" he began to shout, and made such an uproar that all the strangers in the inn came out of their rooms to see what had caused such a noise.

"Ah! gentlemen, see—a painted mantle! The man who had this room, and who has just gone, not having money enough to pay his bill, was to leave me in pledge his magnificent cloak, worth more than 500 florins. Instead, the villain has put it in his trunk, and left me this; and more than this, he had the effrontery to mock me, reproaching me with being without human feeling, without a heart."

One of the strangers, who was an amateur painter, said to the landlord:  
"You are an ingrate, an ignorant fool. You possess a treasure in this beautiful picture. You were born lucky—this mantle will make your fortune—Charge a price of admission for each person who wishes to see it, and in a short time you will have in your strong box many times the value of your reckon-

ing."  
The innkeeper, surprised at this praise of the picture from his guest, and reflecting that it was possible that he might in that way gain some profit, followed the advice.

The next day the report of this strange adventure had spread through all Florence; and the curiosity was so great, not only in that city, but in all the country around, that our landlord in a very little time had pocketed eight hundred silver florins.

But when, a few days after, it became known that this wonderful painted mantle was a pious work of Titian, who had painted it as a trick on his innkeeper, not only the Florentines came to see it, but people came from all parts to admire a work of this distinguished painter, whom Charles V. had that year summoned to Bologna to paint his portrait and undertake other important works.

Our fortunate innkeeper found himself, in a short time, possessor of a considerable sum, and wrote a letter of apology to the great artist.

Titian replied that he was much surprised that any painting of his had produced so fabulous a sum, but knowing that his landlord had not deserved it by his cupidity and avarice, he left it to him only on one condition, that if some poor artist should come to his inn, he would not present his bill at the end of every week—  
Alice D. Wilde.

**RISEN FROM THE DEAD.**  
*A Singular Story from Maine of a Temporary Return to Life.*

The Augusta (Maine) Journal, of Friday, 19th inst., tells this marvelous tale: "We have an event to chronicle that would scarcely be believed were it not authoritatively vouched for by competent witnesses, parties whose testimony cannot be well disputed or set aside. A young man in the town of Vassalboro, in this county, was suffering in the last stages of consumption, the disease which had insidiously and stealthily brought him to the verge of the grave. For several weeks he had been entirely prostrate and unable to speak, even to articulate a syllable.

He became so oppressed for breath that he compelled his attendant to raise the windows in his room, put out the fires, and resort to every means to obtain fresh air. One day last week, (Thursday), the young man died. Friendly hands prepared the poor emaciated body for the burial; but just as the attending friends were arranging the remains of the casket, there appeared unmistakable evidence of returning life in what had seemed to them an inanimate mass of clay. The ear of an attendant was bent down to the side of the dead man, and it was discovered that the heart had begun again its slow palpitations, throbbed, the young man arose from the death-shroud, opened his mouth, and spoke in clear and distinct words to those who stood appalled in the death-chamber.

There was no incoherence in his voice; he appeared lively and active, said he felt not the slightest pain, but, to use his own language, "I feel as well as I ever did." At his request the neighbors were called in, who crowded the house for hours, declaring the recovery of the man equal to any miracle recorded in the Scriptures. He told this startling assemblage of his friends and neighbors that, as he died, all things seemed dark, but only for an instant his eyes suddenly opened to a new world, the real Heaven which had been so many times in his thoughts, and had given him so much comfort in his last weeks of pain and sorrow.

He stood upon an eminence which overlooked a vast and beautiful plain; the magnificent plain stretched farther than his enlarged vision could penetrate, and he described it in language which to his mortal auditors, seemed extravagant in the extreme. But the revived life of the young man was not content long. Before night he again resigned himself to death. The body was kept a reasonable length of time, and buried on Sunday last, the funeral being largely attended.

We have written out the particulars of this remarkable event substantially as we have heard them, allowing our intelligent readers the privilege of drawing their own inferences."

From the Covington (Ga.) Enterprise.

**A WIDOW BELIEVED TO BE A WITCH.**  
—In the county of Newton, eight miles from Covington, three families reside near together. The first household consists of an old maid and her widowed mother; the second of husband, wife, and two children; and the third of an old lady and son. So strongly has the delusive idea implanted itself in the minds of the two latter families that the widow is a witch, and in league with the devil, that they refuse to allow her to visit or to borrow anything from their houses. They say she has made witch balls from hair gathered from the tail of a tricky cow, which it rubbed against any article, will charm any one who touches it. These people place horse shoes over their beds and under their door steps to kill the influence of the old woman's charms. They verily believe that she intends to witch the whole neighborhood, and bring some plague upon its inhabitants. Silver bullets have been moulded with which to shoot her in case she intrudes upon the families at night by creeping through the keyholes or coming down the chimney. Silver dimes have been nailed in the bottom of the churn and well bucket to prevent the witch from taking an underhand advantage of her neighbors.

Dan Bryant, the well-known minstrel performer and actor, died in New York on Saturday night. He contracted cold on the 2nd inst., which settled into pneumonia of which he died.