

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. V.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY N. C. MAY 27, 1875.

NO. 83.—WHOLE NO. 87

PUBLISHED WEEKLY:

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Proprietor and Editor.

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Associate Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

WEEKLY WATCHMAN.

ONE YEAR, payable in advance, \$2.00

SIX MONTHS, " " " 1.25

3 Copies to any address, 10.00

ADVERTISING RATES:

ONE SQUARE (1 inch) One insertion, \$1.00

two " " " 1.50

Rates for a greater number of insertions

moderate. Special notices 25 per cent. more

in regular advertisements. Reading notices,

5 cents per line for each and every insertion.

OUR GRANDMOTHER.

There is an old kitchen somewhere in

the past, and an old-fashioned fire-

place therein, with its smooth, old jams

of stone, smooth with many knives that

have been sharpened there, smooth with

many little fingers that have clung there.

There are hand-irons, with iron rings in

the top, wherein many temples of flame

have been built with spires and turrets

of crimson. There is a broad worn hearth-

stone—broad enough for three generations to

cluster on—worn by feet that have been

cluttered and bleeding by the way, or been

made "beautiful," and walked on floors of

tasselled gold. There are tongs in the

corner wherewith we grasp a coal, and

"blowing for a little life," lighted our

first candle; there is a shovel, wherewith

was drawn forth the glowing embers, in

which we saw our first fancies and dream-

ed our first dreams; the shovel with

which we stirred the first logs until the

sparks rushed up the chimney as if a

force were in blast below, and wished we

had so many lambs or so many marbles,

or so many things that we coveted, and

so it was that we wished our first

wishes.

There is a chair—a low rush-bottomed

chair; there is a little wheel in the corner,

a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the

chamber. There are chests full of linen

and yarn, and quilts of rare patterns and

samples in frames.

And everywhere, and always, the dear

old wrinkled face of her whose firm elastic

step mocks the feeble saunters of her

children's children—the old-fashioned

grandmother of twenty years ago. She,

the very Providence of the old homestead;

she, loved us all, and said she wished

there were more of us to love, and took

all of the children at the old school-house

in the hollow for grandchildren besides.

A great expansive heart was hers, be-

neath that woolen gown, or that more

stately bombazine, or that sole heirloom

of silken texture.

We can see her to-day, those mild blue

eyes, with more beauty in them than

time could touch or death could more

than hide—those eyes, that held both

smiles and tears within the faintest curl

of every one of us, and soft reproof that

seemed not passion but regret. A

white tress has escaped from beneath her

snowy cap. She lengthened the tether of

a vice that was straying over a window,

as she came in, and plucked a four-leaved

clover for Ellen. She sits down by the

little wheel; a tree is running through her

fingers from the distaff's disheveled head,

when a small voice cries "Grandma,"

from the old red cradle, and "Grandma!"

shouts Tommy from the top of the stairs.

Gently she lets go the thread, for her pa-

tience is almost as beautiful as her charity;

and she touches the little red bark a mo-

ment, till the young voyager is in dream-

land again, and then directs Tommy's

unavailing efforts to harness the cat.

The tick of the clock runs faint and

low, and she opens the mysterious door

and proceeds to wind it up. We are all on

tip-toe, and beg in a breath to be lifted

up one by one and allowed to look in for

the hundredth time upon the tin cases of the

now-days, but then it was the old kitchen

and the old fashioned grandmother,

and the old ballad, in the dear old times,

and we can hardly see to write for the

memory of them, though it is a hand-

breadth to the sunset. Her voice was

feeble and wailing, like a fountain just

ready to fall, but then how sweet-toned it

was, and it became deeper and stronger,

but it could not grow sweeter. What

"joy of grief" it was to sit around the fire,

all of us except Jane, and we thought we

saw her when the door was opened for a

moment by the wind, but we were not

afraid, for was it not in her old smile she

wore! And how we wept over the woes

of the "Babes in the Wood," who laid

down side by side in the great solemn

shadows, and how glad we felt when rob-

in red-breasts covered them with leaves,

and laid all fall, when the angels took them

out of sight to day everlasting. We may

think what we will of it now, but the

song and the story heard around the

kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and

the actions of most of us; have given the

germs of whatever poetry blesses our

hearts—whatever poetry of memory blooms

in our yesterdays.

Attribute whatever we may to the

school and the schoolmaster, the rays

which make that little day we call life

radiate from the God-swept circle of the

hearthstone. Then she sang an old

lullaby she sang to her, but she does not

sing it through, and falters ere its done.

She rests her head upon her hands, and

silence is in the old kitchen. Something

glitters down between her fingers, and it

looks like rain in the soft firelight. The

old grandmother is thinking when she

first heard the song, and of the voice that

sang it; when a light-hearted girl she

saw around that mother's chair, now

play the shadows of the year to come.

Oh, the days are no more! What words

unsay, what deeds undo, to set back just

this once the ancient clock of time! So

our little hands were forever clinging to

her garments and staying her as if from

dying, for long ago she had done living

for herself, and lived alone in us. But the

old kitchen wants a presence to-day, and

the rush-bottomed chair is tenanted by

her. How she used to welcome us when we

were grown, and came back once more to

the homestead! We thought we were

men and women, but we were children

there; the old-fashioned grandmother was

blind in her eyes, but she saw that her

heart, as one always did.

As the sunlight cast down our long

shadows through the open door, she felt

them as they fell over her form, and

looking up dimly, she said; "Edward I

know, and Lucy's voice I can hear, but

who is that other? It must be Jane's,"

for she had almost forgotten the folded

hands; "oh, no! not Jane's, for she—let

me see—she is waiting for me, isn't she?"

and the old grandmother wandered and

wept. "It is another daughter, grand-

mother, that Edward has brought for

your blessing," says some one. "Has

she blue eyes, my son? Put her hand

in mine, for she is my latest born, the

child of my old age. Shall I sing you a

song children? and she is idly fumbling

for a toy, a welcome gift for the children

Charlotte has five Rail Roads, from diver-

gent points, meeting in her corporate

limits, bringing wealth and travel with

them, and a continued increase of business,

which might have been your happy lot,

if keen perception and energy had been

displayed by your leading citizens, but

alas "Othello's occupation is gone," I fear.

Notwithstanding your place is left

desolate, and to a considerable extent

isolated, yet you have an opportunity

offered you to reclaim, at least a portion

of your losses, and will you do it? That

way, in my opinion, is to open up to your

doors the rich valley of the Yadkin River

and its tributaries to the "Blue Ridge,"

and by so doing you will redeem in a

great measure, what you have lost. In

order to accomplish this desire you must

aid in constructing a Rail Road from your

doors through Davie County, and up the

rich and luxuriant valley of the Big Ya-

dkin River, thereby filling the plans of

your sister and rival town of Winston.

Will you come forward and aid your

daughter, the County of Davie, in accom-

plishing this work for your aggrandize-

ment and her benefit? Now gentlemen,

we do not intend to distract your mind or

alienate the feelings of any of your citi-

zens from the cherished object you now

have immediately in view, to wit: The

Oheraw and Wadesboro Rail Road enter-

prise. Your County and city is abun-

dantly able to take stock in each enter-

prise and yet pay the burden that may

fall upon you by reason of these invest-

ments. Heretofore your County and

Davie have done the talking, now is the

time for a vigorous determination on the

part of both. Davie County is now in good

earnest and intends to move forward in the

work, will you lend a helping hand? Let

action be your watch word and ours

of Davie and we will see this project ac-

complished within a short time.

"XENOPHEN."

AN ACT

To Incorporate the North Carolina and

Virginia Rail Road Company.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General

Assembly of the State of North Carolina, and it is hereby

enacted by the authority of the said Assembly, that for

the purpose of constructing a Rail Road com-

munication between the towns of Salisbury and

Mocksville, and thence to the Virginia or

Tennessee State line, a Company is hereby in-

corporated by the name and style of the North

Carolina and Virginia Rail Road Company,

which shall have a corporate existence, as a

body politic, for the term of ninety-nine years,

and by that name may sue and be sued, plead

and be impleaded in any court of Law and

Equity in the State of North Carolina, whether

the same be in Law or Equity, and shall be

capable in Law and Equity of purchasing,

holding, leasing, and conveying estates real,

personal, and mixed, and of requiring the

same by writ or process, so far as shall be nec-

essary for the objects herein contemplated, and

no further; and said Company may enjoy all

other rights and immunities which other cor-

porate bodies may lawfully exercise; and may

make all the necessary By-Laws and regulations

for its government, not inconsistent with the

Constitution and Laws of the State of North

Carolina.

Sec. 2. Be it further enacted: That the Cap-

ital Stock of said Company may be created by

subscriptions on the part of individuals, firms,

companies, towns, and incorporated companies,

in shares of one hundred dollars, and equal in

amount to a sum sufficient to construct and

equip the Road herein authorized to be con-

structed, and no more.

Sec. 3. Be it further enacted: That A.

H. Caldwell, William Overman, John L. Shaver,

H. L. Robards, and James E. Kerr, of the

town of Salisbury, and William B. March,

Marion Boone, A. G. Carter, Lemuel Bingham,

and J. M. Clement, of the town of Mocksville,

are hereby appointed commissioners to receive

subscriptions to the Capital Stock of said Com-

pany in each of said towns, any three of whom

may have power to act, first giving ten days

previous notice in some one of the newspapers

of the State, of the time of opening books for

that purpose; and said Commissioners, or any five

of them, at any time after said books have

been kept open for the space of twenty days,

have power to call together the subscribers to

the Capital Stock of said Company, for the

purpose of completing the organization thereof;

and after its organization, the said Company

may, from time to time, receive further sub-

scriptions to its Capital Stock, as it may deem

proper.

Sec. 4. Be it further enacted: That said

Company shall hold annual meetings of its

stockholders, and offer, if deemed necessary;

and at said annual meetings, seven Directors

shall be elected to hold office for the term of

one year, or until their successors shall be

appointed; and any of the said meetings shall

have power to make or alter the by-laws of the

Company, provided that, in all such meetings

and at said annual meetings, a majority of the

subscribers shall be present in person, or by

proxy, which proxies shall be verified in the

manner prescribed by the by-laws of the Com-