MOZART;

OR,

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

Translated from the French.

It was on a fine morning in the month of April, in the year 1762, that two children—one a girl about eight years old, and the other a boy, perhaps two years younger—descended the vine covered hill of Kosoheez, at the foot of which rushed tumultuously the beautiful and rapid waters of the Moldau, which are finally lost in the ancient forests of Bohemia.

Instead of tripping along with the careless gaiety of their age, the two children, holding each other by the hand, walked side by side, with thoughtful looks and downcast eyes; uniting the gravity of mature age with the charms and innocence of childhood.

Their attire betokened poverty; the color of the little girl's frock was faded, the clothes of the boy were much worn, and patched at the elbows and knees with different colored stuffs; but nevertheless, the neatness with which their fair hair had been combed, and their fresh-washed hands and faces, seemed to indicate the love and care of a mother.

They each held in one hand a piece of bread, which they looked at now and then, but did not touch. As soon as they reached the foot of the hill, and were about to enter the shade of the forest trees, the little boy broke the silence.

'Did you notice sister,' he said 'the manner in which mamma gave us our breakfast this morning; and how she sighed when I said, 'Nothing but bread!'

'Yes; and she was crying!' said the little girl. 'I saw her tears; and her look, which seemed to say, 'There is nothing but bread in the house, and you must be content with it.' But what are you crying for, Wolfgang?' added Frederica, while she shed tears herself.

'I cry, because you cry,' said Wolfgang; 'and also because I have only dry bread for my breakfast!'

'Poor fellow,' said Frederica, drying the eyes of her brother with a kiss; 'may you never have a greater grief. But why do you not eat your bread?'

'I am not hungry,' answered the boy.

'Ah, you would not want begging to eat, if there was something nice upon your bread!' said his sister.

'No, indeed,' answered the boy, 'I am not hungry!'

The little girl drew her brother towards her, and, parting the hair from his forehead, she said, 'I would give you a kiss, and tell you what I was thinking of this morning, only I am afraid you are too little to talk to of such things!'

'Too little! and you are so big, you!' said Wolfgang, with a tone of affected pity.

'But I am bigger than you!' said the little girl.

'By an inch or two; so you need not be proud of it!' answered the boy.

'And I am older than you!'

'By a few months!'

'By some years, sir. But let us reckon, and not quarrel about it!' said Frederica, good humoredly. 'I was born on the 30th of January, 1754.'

'And I was born the 27th of January, 1756,' said Wolfgang.

'That makes two years!' said the little girl.

'All but three days!' said the boy.

'Yes, all but three days!' repeated the girl. 'But let us think what we can do to help our parents.'

'What are you talking about, sister?' said the boy; 'what can we do?'

'That is what I am thinking of. O Heaven! what can we do?'

'Let us pray to God, sister; and then, perhaps, we shall think of something,' said Wolfgang.

'You are right, brother; let us pray,' answered the girl; 'let us kneel down under this tree; God will see us!'

'And hear us too,' said Wolfgang. 'Mamma says that God always hears children who pray for their parents!'

'Ah! then He will hear us favorably!' said Frederica, clasping her hands.

Wolfgang knelt down beside his sister putting his bread on the ground, in order to join his hands. 'Sister,' he then said, 'shall we not pray also to our great saint, John Nepomucene, to assist us?'

'Yes, to St. John Nepomucene!' answered Frederica.

'Then do you begin, sister, and I will follow,' answered the boy.

The little girl then said her prayer, and ended by asking for the intercession of the Bohemian saint, the little boy repeating the prayers after her; and both were so earnestly engaged with what they were about, that they did not perceive a man, of somewhat advanced age and of noble and distinguished appearance, who stood at some little distance from the tree beneath which they knelt.

'Our prayer is finished, brother,' said the little girl.

'And granted, too,' said Wolfgang, rising in his turn.

'Already!' exclaimed his sister.

'Yes, I thought of something while you were praying!' answered Wolfgang.

'Then St. John Nepomucene must have whispered it in your ear!' replied his sister.

'I do not know whether it was St. John Nepomucene, or not; but this is what came into my head: You know I have a little talent for playing on the piano; but, indeed, if mamma had not so often said that we must not be vain, I should say that I do not compose badly. And you, Frederica, though you have not so much power over the instrument as I have, yet for your age you do not play so ill!'

'There's a conceited child!' said Frederica.

'Do not interrupt me, dear Frederica, or I shall forget what I thought of.—Now, let us set out some fine morning, and walk, and walk a long way. Sometime we shall come to a castle, and then Frederica, you shall begin to sing, and somebody will come to the gate; and then the people of the castle will say, 'Oh the poor children!' and ask us to come in and rest ourselves; and then I shall go to the pian——'

'If there is one,' interrupted the little girl.

'As if there were not pianos everywhere in these days!' answered the boy. 'But you provoke me with your interruptions. I say then I shall go to the piano; I shall get up on the stool, and I shall play, and play, and everybody will be enchanted. They will embrace us, and give us sweetmeats and playthings, and to you they will give necklaces and ribbons; but we shall not take them, and I shall say, Pay us, if you please, that we may take the money to papa and mamma.'

'Ah, you little rogue, how ambitious you are!' cried Frederica, throwing herself on her brother's neck.

'But that's not all,' said Wolfgang; 'let me finish my story. 'The king will hear us talked about, and send for us. I shall wear a beautiful coat, and you will have a beautiful dress, and we shall go the king's palace. There they will take us into a saloon full of beautiful ladies, the like of whom was never seen, and gentlemen, all in embroidery, and furniture all gilded, and a piano. Such a piano! the case all made of pure gold, with silver pedals, and keys of fine pearls, and diamonds everywhere. Then we shall play, and the Court will be delighted. And they will surround us, and caress us, and the king will ask me what I should like, and I shall say, whatever you please, king. And then he will give me a castle, and I shall have papa and mamma to live there, and—'

A burst of laughter interrupted, in the midst of his recital, the intrepid young performer on the piano. Wolfgang frightened, looked at his sister, then, turning his eyes, he perceived the stranger; who, hidden behind a tree near to the two children had not lost a word of their conversation. Fearing that he was discovered, he approached them saying:

'Do not be afraid, my children; I wish only to make you happy. I am sent to you by the great saint, John Nepomucene.'

At these words the brother and sister exchanged a look, and then turned their eyes again upon the pretended messenger of the saint This survey was doubtless satisfactory; for the little boy, running towards him, took hold of his hand, and with a charming simplicity, exclaimed: 'Ah, so much the better; are you going to grant me my wishes?'

'No, sir; not all at once,' answered the stranger; then seating himself on the spreading roots of a tree, and bidding Wolfgang stand before him, while his sister, older and more timid, kept a little aside, he said, 'I shall give you whatever you wish, on condition that you answer me truly all the questions I am going to put to you; I warn you beforehand, that if you tell a lie, I shall know it!'

'Sir, you must know that I never told a lie in my life,' replied Wolfgang, a little offended.

'That is what we shall see,' said the stranger.

'What is your father's name?'

'Leopold Mozart.'

'And what is his employment?'

'He is *maitre de chapelle*; he plays on the violin and on the piano; but best on the violin.'

'Is your mother alive still?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How many children are there of you?'

As the little boy remained silent, his sister answered this question.

'There were seven of us, sir; but now we are only two, my brother and myself.'

'And your father is poor, my dear child?' said the stranger to the little girl.

'Oh, yes, very poor, sir. See!' she said, showing the morsels of bread, which neither she nor her brother had touched, 'this is all the bread there was in the house. Papa and mamma have not kept any for themselves. Every time that mamma gives us our breakfast, and says, Go and eat it in the fields my dear children; it is that we may not see that she has not any for herself.'

'Poor children,' said the stranger, greatly moved. 'Where do your parents live?'

'Up there on the hill, sir, in that little cottage that you see the roof of from here, said Wolfgang.

'Did not that house belong to Dusseck?' asked the stranger.

'A musician, like our father—yes, sir,' said the little girl.

'Poor children,' repeated the stranger, drying a tear. 'Tell me, when I saw you both praying, what did you ask for?'

'Me, sir?' said the little girl. 'I asked that I might know the way to earn some money for my parents, so that my brother and I may not every day have to breakfast alone. Wolfgang tells me that he has thought of a way to get money, but I am afraid—'

'If what Wolfgang says is true, that you can both play so well on the piano, it is very likely you may earn money, and I may be able to help you.'

'My brother is a good musician, said the little girl, 'that not only he can play at first sight any piece that is presented to him, but he composes pretty little pieces besides; papa says so.'

'And what age is your brother?'

'Six years old, sir; and I am eight.'

'And this child composes already?' exclaimed the stranger.

'Does that surprise you?' cried Wolfgang, laughing. 'Come to our house, sir; and you shall see.'

The stranger drew out his watch, reflected for a moment, and then said, in a tone half serious, half jesting, 'My dear children, the great Nepomucene, that revered saint of Bohemia, orders me to tell you to go home to your parents, stay at home all day, and before night you shall have some news. Now go.'

The stranger was retiring, but Wolfgang took hold of his coat.

'Just one word, sir,' he said, 'before you go back.'

'What are you going to ask, brother?' interrupted Frederica, wishing to hinder her brother from speaking. He then whispered something in her ear, to which she replied, 'No, no, Wolfgang, it would be rude; I do not want it.'

'What is it, my dear child?' said the stranger.

'She wants me not to ask you if the great Nepomucene won't send mamma some dinner,' answered Wolfgang, so quickly that Frederica had not time to stop him. 'He can, I am sure, sir.'

'Without doubt, your mother shall have it,' said the stranger. 'But what else do you want? Speak out, do not be afraid!'

'Well, then, a new coat for papa; he has not been able to give his lessons some days past, for want of one.'

'And then——'

'And then, a new gown for mamma! it would become her, so well.'

'Is that all?'

'Enough, brother, enough!' said Frederica, with the delicate susceptibility of a well bred child.

'Leave me alone, sister, I am only going to ask for something for you!'

'I do not want anything; you are asking the gentleman for too much!'

'Though I am pleased with your sister's modesty,' said the stranger, 'I authorize you to mention whatever you wish for.'

'Well, then, what I want is a large house, and servants so that mamma shall not be fatigued with doing the work and then—then, that is all, I think!'

'But you have asked nothing for yourself.'

'Oh, there is no need, sir; give papa all that he wants, and I shall ask for nothing.'

'Charming and admirable child,' said the stranger. 'Farewell; very soon you shall see me again.'

As he uttered these words the stranger rose, and disappeared so quickly among the shades of the forest, that the children remained in surprise.

'What, do you think, Wolfgang, that he will send us some dinner?' said Frederica; as with her brother she took the road home.

'To be sure!' said Wolfgang, in a confident tone.

'As for me, I am afraid the gentleman has been making game of us,' said the little girl.

'Ah, we shall see about that,' replied the little Mozart.

So soon as the two children re-entered their home, a woman, still young and neatly attired, said sorrowfully to them—'What, have neither of you touched your bread?'

'We were not hungry, mamma,' said Frederica.

'What, then, has made you lose your appetite?'

'Why, think, mamma!' said Wolfgang, 'I and my sister have seen a messenger from the great Nepomucene, whose history papa has so often told us.'

'Indeed, tell us how that happened, Master Wolgang!' said a good-natured looking man, who just then entered, and whom the two children saluted by the name of 'good little papa!'

'Only fancy, good little papa!' said Wolfgang; 'a tall, beautiful man, with a beautiful face, who looked like a king indeed.'

'And how did you know that he was a messenger from the great Nepomucene?' inquired the *maitre de chapelle*.

'Oh, he told me so!'

'And what proofs did he give you of it?'

'What proofs!—that is what we are going to see!—he will send you a coat, and a gown for mamma, and something for my sister—and a good dinner for all of us!'

M. Mozart could not help laughing at his son's simplicity.

'And do you believe all this my dear child?' he said.

'The friend of St. John Nepomucene told me so, papa.'

'Ah, he was making game of you!'

'Making game of me?—why, papa?—Oh, no. If you had seen him, you would not say tha'; his face is so good-natured. I can tell you, too, that instead of this poor little cottage, we are to have a palace. Oh, since I have known that, I do not like this little, dull room!'

As he utterred these last words, the little Mozart cast a look of disdain about him. In fact, the chamber served at once for kitchen and parlor. On one side was a capacious fire-place, with stew-pans suspended upon hooks within the wide chimney; and on the other, a piano, above which a violin was hung against the wall; in the middle was a table of some dark wood, and about it a few rush chairs.

'Ah, so we shall have a palace, shall we!' said M. Mozart, good-humoredly.

'Yes, papa; a palace and plenty of servants to wait on us. But what are you doing mamma?' said the child to Madame Mozart, who was beginning her preparations for dinner.

'Why, you see, while you are waiting for the servants, I am getting the dinner ready!'

'The dinner, the dinner! when I tell you they will send us some ready cooked, all ready cooked!'

The father and mother began to laugh, when they heard a knock at the door.

It was a covered cart, out of which came a cook, his assistant, and all the accessories of a first-rate dinner.

'We come from the person whom Master Wolfgang Mozart met at the entrance of the forest,' said the cook, as he entered. Then he placed upon the table, as his assistant brought them out of the cart, various dishes ready dressed, some bottles of wine, and all the materials of an excellent dinner.

'Can you not inform me, my good friend, who was the person who sends you?' said M. Mozart to the cook.

'I cannot satisfy you, sir,' said the man respectfully.

The *maitre de chapelle* insisted.

'Well, then, sir, your son knows who sent me,' said the cook.

'Yes,' cried Wolfgang, 'and Frederica knows him, too; it was the messenger and friend of the great St. John Nepomucene!'

'For, heaven's sake explain this mystery,' said M. Mozart to the cook.

'Sir,' replied the man, 'I can tell you nothing, except that the dinner is paid for—you can eat it without hesitation. If you wish to know more, let your son place himself at the piano, and improvise a sonata, then the person will appear. Do not ask me any more questions for I must not answer them.'

The dinner being served, the cook retired with his assistant, mounted his cart, and drove away.

Little Wolfgang was the first to break silence after the departure of the cook.

'Well,' he said, 'did not I tell you!'

'Ah brother!' said Frederica, 'I thought that the strange gentleman was making sport of us, but now I see myself that it was not so.'

'My dear children,' said Master Mozart, 'let us sit down to the table. The generous man who has sent us this dinner is, doubtless, a good friend who has been sent to us, even though he may not be the messenger of St. John Nepomucene. Let us drink his health—his name is unknown to us, but the remembrance of him will always remain in our hearts!'

You may suppose how merry they were over the repast; the family of Mozart had never dined so splendidly. As to the children, they had never seen such a feast; and they were still in the midst of their joy, when the clock of a neighboring convent struck two. Wolfgang bounded from his chair.

'Where are you going?' inquired his mother.

'To compose a sonata, to make the gentleman appear, who gave us the dinner.'

Then he placed a little stool, upon which he stood before the piano, for he was so little that his elbows did not reach the keys.

At first he ran up the scales, with an energy and precision extraordinary in a child so young and feeble; then he passed to the modulation of chords, and finally improvised a theme so sweet, so soft, that the *maitre de chapelle* and his wife remained dumb with surprise. Then, as he abandoned himself to the exuberance of his infantine imagination his fingers flew over the keys; touched with the hand of a master, they would now utter their full sound; then gently pressed, caressed as it were, they would give forth tones so expressive, that tears stood in the eyes of Mozart and his wife.

Softened, moved beyond expression by the melting sounds which Wolfgang drew from his instrument, they all forgot not only the dinner, but the promised visit of the stranger.

'Come hither that I may embrace you, Master Wolfgang Mozart!' cried the *maitre de chapelle*, with the enthusiasm of a father and an artist; 'with the help of God, our Lady, and the great St. John Nepomucene, thou wilt be one day a great performer, a great composer, a great man! But who will push thee forward in the world, poor unknown child; who will rescue thee from the obscurity in which thou art plunged by my poverty? Who will protect thee?'

'I will!' exclaimed a voice from without. It was that of the stranger. On beholding him, Wolfgang ran and took hold of his hand.

'See!' he exclaimed, 'there is the friend of the great Nepomucene.'

Scarcely, however, had the *maitre de chapelle* set his eyes on the stranger, than rising with an aspect of deep respect, he bowed profoundly, as he said,

'His Majesty the Emperor of Austria.'

Some days after this adventure, Madame Mozart was shedding tears while she prepared for the departure of her husband and son.

'We are going to the court of the Empress Maria Theresa, that queen so great so wise, and so virtuous; we are going there at the invitation of her august husband himself, Francis the First.'

'At six years old, to begin a life of labor,' said the poor mother, stifling her sighs.

'But I shall work for you, dear mamma, and that will be a life of pleasure,' replied Wolfgang, throwing himself on his mother's neck.

An hour afterwards, the *maitre de chapelle* and his son were on their way to Vienna. On their arrival they were informed that the Emperor would receive them the next day. At the same time, orders were given for the arrangement of a concert, to which all the lords and ladies of the court were invited, to hear the wonderful child.

The next day the elder Mozart went out to visit his friends, and on his return he found his son capering about the chamber.

'I have said my prayers and practiced,' exclaimed the boy, 'and now I am resting myself.'

'A pretty sort of rest,' replied the father, laughing.

'Every one, papa,' answered the boy, 'follows his own fashion.'

When the evening came, Wolfgang was conducted by his father to the imperial palace. The *maitre de chapelle* was dressed in black. His son wore a court costume; a little coat of lilac cloth, with a vest of the same color, rose colored breeches, white stockings, and shoes with buckels.

A master of ceremonies introduced them to the concert room, where nobody had yet appeared. The first thing that Wolfgang observed was a superb piano, before which he quickly stationed himself; his father went out into a balcony which overlooked the magnificent gardens of the palace. Wolfgang, alone in the vast saloon, lighted as for royal fete, was seated before the piano, his little fingers flying with wonderful rapidity over the keys, when he heard the voice of a child near him say—

'Oh how well you play! Are you the little Mozart that they have all been talking about?'

Wolfgang turned his head, and saw beside him a little girl of about seven years old very richly dressed.

'How beautiful you are!' was the reply of the Bohemian boy.

'Oh, never mind that!' said the little girl. 'But tell me, are you Wolfgang Mozart?'

'Yes, Mademoiselle.'

'And who taught you to play so well on the piano?'

'My father.'

'And is it not tiresome to learn? Are you not obliged to practice a great deal?'

'Yes, and sometimes that fatigues me, then I say a prayer, and ask for the help of the great St. John Nepomucene, that I may have courage and good-will, and he always gets it for me.'

'And who is the great St. John Nepomucene?'

'The saint of Bohemia!'

'Why is he called saint of Bohemia?'

'Because there is a statute of him on the bridge over the Moldau at Prague.'

'That is no reason!' said the little girl, impatiently.

'I know his history, and can tell you all about him,' said Wolfgang.

'Oh, tell me it,' said the little girl, 'I shall like to hear it!'

'Listen then,'—and the little Mozart proceeded to relate what he knew of the life and martyrdom of the Bohemian saint.

As Wolfgang was finishing his story, he heard a great rustling of silken robes, the sound of satin slippers; and the waving of feathers and flowers; and looking around him, he saw with astonishment that the saloon, which was empty a few minutes before, was now filled with beautiful ladies and fine gentlemen.

He rose, blushing and confused.

'Do you not remember me?' said a gentleman, approaching him.

'You are the king!' answered Wolfgang, as he looked at him.

'And this is the queen, Maria Theresa,' said Francis, leading the little Mozart towards a lady, about forty-five years of age, and in all the lustre of her beauty; who received the child with the most unbounded kindness.

Little Mozart was then seated at the piano, and then, smiling at those who surrounded him, and particularly at the little girl, who still kept near him, he began to play. His execution was so perfect, his little fingers passed with such facility from a quick and difficult movement, to a measure slow and melodiously accentuated, that the illustrious audience uttered a cry of admiration at the wonderful and precocious talent which he displayed.

'Wolfgang is so well practiced on his piano, that he could play with his eyes shut!' said his father.

'Cover the piano, and you shall see!' answered Wolfgang, and he then played with the greatest accuracy under a cloth which concealed the keys. When he stopped, worn out and fatigued, his poor little forehead covered with perspiration, the Empress made him a sign to approach her.

Wolfgang got down from his chair to go to the Empress; but either from the confusion he felt amidst that brilliant assemblage, or through not being accustomed to walk upon a waxed floor his foot slipped, and he fell.

The little girl utterred a cry, and running to assist Wolfgang, she exclaimed, in a voice soft and full of tenderness, 'Have you hurt yourself my little friend?'

Wolfgang only answered, 'You are more charming than all the world. Will you be my wife?'

The little girl burst out laughing. 'That cannot be, poor little fellow!' she said.

'Why not?' asked Wolfgang; 'we are both of the same age.'

'You are only a poor little artist,'

'But I shall be a great man some day.'

'But I am Marie Antonette, Archduchess of Austria!'

'That does not matter; I will marry you all the same!' cried Wolfgang, to the great amusement of that imposing assembly, who were little used to such plain language.

Alas, that little girl, whom the infant Mozart so ingenously chose for his wife, was not so happy as to marry an artist. Long afterwards, on the very day when Mozart, the great composer, was hailed with the acclamations of the people of Vienna, that little girl, became queen of France, and wife of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, was insulted by a furious mob. Strange and mysterious destiny of human life, which God conceals from mortal eyes, and the end of which none can divine!

But to return to our little hero, who promised so early all that he afterwards became. Charmed by his precocious genius, the Empress Maria Theresa condescended to let him [illegible] ciate with the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, who was a year older than the little Mozart.

Wolfgang was not quite eight years of age when he appeared, in 1767, at the court of Versailles; he played the organ in the king's chapel, and was considered to equal the greatest masters. At this epoch he composed two sonatas, one of which he dedicated to Madame Victorie, the king's daughter, and the other to the Countess de Tesse.

Mozart was but thirty-six years old when he died. It was while engaged in the composition of his famous *Requiem*, which had been ordered by some unknown person, that he felt his end approaching 'I am working for my own funeral,' he said. In fact, the excitement of composing increased his fever to such a degree, that his wife, by the orders of the physicians, was obliged to withdraw him from his task. His health then somewhat improved, and he resumed his work in the hope of completing the design. Death however, put an end to his labors. The *Agnus Dei*, which terminates that wonderful composition, was the song of the swan of the great artist; it breathes all the profound melancholy, the religious fervor, that filled his soul.

A few hours before his death, he desired his attendants to bring him the *Requiem* Mass. 'Well!' said he, 'was I not right when I said that I was composing for myself the song of death?'

He died on the 7th of December, 1791.

The true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul; it banishes, indeed all the levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolate mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others as to be pleased in itself.—*Addison.*

Piedmont Air Line Railway

Richmond & Danville, Richmond & Danville R. W., N. C. Divison, and North Western N. C. R. W.

CONDENSED TIME-TABLE

In Effect on and after Sunday, June 4, 1876.

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Charlotte	5 55 AM	2.15 AM
" Air-Line Juntion	6.12 "	2.40 "
" Salisbury	8.30 "	4.19 "
" Greensboro	10.58 "	6.17 "
" Danville	1.36 PM.	8.54 "
" Dundee	1 49 "	9.01 "
" Burkeville	6 49 "	12.45 PM
Arrive at Richmond	9.36 "	3.19 "

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Richmond	5.50 AM	1.10 PM
" Burkeville	9 00 "	3.54 "
" Dundee	1.39 PM	8.05 "
" Danville	1.43 "	8.10 "
" Greensborough	4 35 "	10.25 "
" Salisbury	7.01 "	12.32 AM
" Air-Line Junction	9.06 "	2.29 "
Arrive at Charlotte	9.08 "	2.42 "

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
STATIONS.		MAIL.
Leave Greensboro	Read Down.	10.55AM Arr. 4 20PM
" Co. Shops		12.14PM Lv. 2.54 "
Arrive at Raleigh		3.22 " Arr. 11.43 "
Arrive at Goldsboro		6 00PM Lv. 9.15AM

STATIONS.		ACCOMMDATION TRAIN.
Leave Greensboro	Read Down.	6 30AM Arr. 10 30AM
" Co. Shops		10.30 " Lv. 8.30 "
Arr. at Raleigh		6.07PM Arr. 8.00PM
Arr. at Goldsboro		10.55 " Lv. 3.00PM

NORTH WESTERN N. C. R. R

(SALEM BRANCH.)

Leave Greensboro	4.45 P M
Arrive at Salem	6.45 "
Leave Salem	8.15 "
Arrive at Greensboro	10.33 "

Passenger Trains leaving Raleigh at 11.43 A. M. connects at Greensboro with the Southern bound train; making the quickest time to all Southern cities. Accommodation Train leaving Raleigh at 8.00 P. M., connects with Northern bound Train at Greensboro for Richmond and all points East. Price of Tickets same as via other routes.

Accommodation Train leaving Greensboro at 6.30 A M, connecte at Guildsboro with Northern and Southern bound Trains on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad.

Lynchburg Accommodation leave Richmond daily at 10 25 A M, arrive at Burkeville 1.45 P M; leave Burkeville 5 20 A M, arrive at Richmond 8.30 A M.

☞ Express Trains will only make the following stops between Richmond and Charlotte, viz: Chula, Burkeville, Clover, Wolf Trap, Ringgold, Dundee, Danville, Greensboro, Thomasville, Salisbury and China Grove. Tickets will therefore, in no case be sold to passengers by this train to other than the points mentioned above.

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Time Table Western N. C. R. R.

In effect on and after Monday April 10th, 1876.

GOING WEST. Arrive.	Leave.	STATIONS.	GOING EAST. Arrive.	Leave.
9 20 A M	8.30 A M	Salisbury	3.35	4.15 P M
10.15 "	9.24 "	Third Creek	2.40	3.30 "
10.51 "	10.21 "	Statesville	2.10	2.35 "
11.13 "	10.53 "	Piedmont	1.46	9.50 "
11.18 "	11.18 "	Catawba Sta.	1.40	9.07 "
12.10 A M	12.15 P M	Newton	12.56	12.55 "
12.31 "	12.35 "	Conova	12.25	12.20 "
1.09 "	1.20 "	Hickory	11.38 A M	11.55 A M
2.00 "	2.05 "	Leard	10.40 "	10.45 "
2.45 "	2.55 "	Morganton	9.55 "	9.50 "
3.40 "	3.45 "	Bridgewater	8.55 "	9.40 "
4.35 "	4.31 "	Marion	8.10 "	8.15 "
5.15 "	5.20 "	Old Fort	7.20 "	7.26 "
5.30 "	"	HENRY'S	"	7.20 "

Going West, Breakfast at Salisbury, 8 a. m.; Going East, Dinner at Hickory, 11.35 a. m.

Carolina Central Railway Co.

OFFICE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.
Wilmington, N. C. April 14, 1875.

Change of Schedule,

On and after Friday, April 16th, 1875, the trains will run over this Railway as follows.

PASSENGER TRAINS.

Leave Wilmington at	7.15 A. M.
Arrive at Charlotte at	7.15 P. M.
Leave Charlotte at	7.00 A. M
Arrive in Wilmington at	7.00 P. M

FREIGHT TRAINS

Leave Wilmington at	6.00 P M
Arrive at Charlotte at	6.00 P M
Leave Charlotte at	6 00 A M
Arrive in Wilmington at	6.00 A M

MIXED TRAINS.

Leave Charlotte at	8.00 A M
Arrive at Buffalo at	12 M
Leave Buffalo at	12.30 P M
Arrive in Charlotte at	4.30 P M

No Trains on Sunday except one freight train that leaves Wilmington at 6 P. M., instead of on Saturday night.

Connections.

Connects at Wilmington with Wilmington & Weldon, and Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta Railroads, Semi-weekly New York and Tri weekly Baltimore and weekly Philadelphia Steamers, and the River Boats to Fayetteville.

Connects at Charlotte with its Western Division, North Carolina Railroad, Charlotte & Statesville Railroad, Charlotte & Atlanta Air Line, and Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Railroad.

Thus supplying the whole West, Northwest and Southwest with a short and cheap line to the Seaboard and Europe.

S. L. FREMONT.
Chief Engineer and Superintendent.
May 6, 1875.—tf.

Send 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3,000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. March 9, 76: 1y.

To the Working Class.—We can furnish you employment at which you can make very large pay, in your own localities, without being away from home over night. Agents wanted in every town and county to take subscribers for The Centennial Record, the largest publication in the United States—16 pages, 64 columns; Elegantly Illustrated; Terms only $1 per year. The Record is devoted to whatever is of interest connected with the Centennial year. The Great Exhibition at Philadelphia is fully illustrated in detail. Everybody wants it. The whole people feel great interest in their Country's Centennial Birthday, and want to know all about it. An elegant patriotic crayon drawing premium picture is presented free to each subcriber. It is entitled, "In remembrance of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Independence of the United States." Size, 23 by 30 inches. Any one can become a successful agent, for but show the paper and picture and hundreds of subscribers are easily obtained everywhere. There is no business that will pay like this at present. We have many agents who are making as high as $20 per day and upwards. Now is the time; don't delay. Remember it costs nothing to give the business a trial. Send for our circulars, terms and sample copy of paper, which are sent free to all who apply; do it to-day. Complete outfit free to those who decide to engage. Farmers and mechanics, and their sons and daughters make the very best of agents. Address

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MACHINE WORKS.

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Having all my new Machinery in operation, I am now prepared in connection with the Iron & Brass works to do all kinds of wood work, such as Lumber Dressing, Tongue & Groving, making Sash, Blinds & Doors, making moulding from ½ inch to 6 inches wide, also Turning & Pattern making, Sawing Bracketts, &c. Having the best Machinery and first class workmen, satisfaction is guaranteed.

July 29, 1875.—1y.

OMNIBUS & BAGGAGE WAGON ACCOMMODATIONS,

I have fitted up an Omnibus and Baggage Wagon which are always ready to convey persons to or from the depot, to and from parties, weddings, &c. Leave orders at Mansion House or at my Livery & Sale Stable, Fisher street near Railroad bridge.

M. A. BRINGLE

Aug. 19.—tf.

Chesapeake and Ohio R R

THE GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE BETWEEN NORTH CAROLINA AND THE WEST.

PASSENGER

TRAINS RUN AS FOLLOWS.

	MAIL	EXPRESS.
Leave Richmond	8.45 a m	10 p m
Charlottesville,	1.25 p m	2.15 a m
White Sulpher,	8.50 "	8.42 "
Huntington,	9.30 a m	5.46 p m
Arrive Cincinnatti.	——	6.0 a m

Connecting closely with all of the *Great Trunk Lines* for the *West, North-West* and *South-West*. This is the *shortest, quickest* and *cheapest* Route, with less changes of cars than any other, and passes through the *finest scenery in the world.*

Passengers taking the Express train on the N. C. R. R. have no delay, but connect closely, to any point in the West.

First class and Emmigrant Tickets at the LOWEST RATES and Baggage checked. *Emigrants go on Express Trains.* TIME, DISTANCE, and MONEY saved by taking the *Chesapeake and Ohio Route.*

Freight Rates to and from the West, always as low as the lowest.

Merchants and others will find it to their interest to get our Rates before shipping or ordering.

For Information and Rates apply to
J. C. DAME, So. Agent.
or G. M. McKENNIE,
Ticket Agent
Greensboro N. C

C. R. HOWARD,
General Ticket Agent.
W. M. S. DUNN,
Superintendent.
Richmond Va.

655 ACRES!

Best Tract in the County.

One of the best (if not the very best) Tracts of Land in the County is for sale. It contains 655½ acres, and will be sold at $6,000. There is land enough adjoining this tract which may be purchased to accommodate a pretty large colony. Its within 2 miles of a railroad depot. For further particulars address box 32, Salisbury, N C. 25tf

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GRASS SEED.

Just received a fresh supply of Clover Seed, Orchard Grass, Blue Grass, Red Top and Timothy, which I will sell cheap at

ENNISS