

The Carolina Watchman.

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For the Watchman.
TRADITION.—In February, 1781, when the army of Cornwallis were foiled in their attempt to cross the Yadkin at Trading Ford, in going higher up the country to cross the streams, they went over Grant's Creek by the present road, or some say half a mile lower down. At Green's bridge over second creek, some men and boys, of whom John Martin was one, the father of the present John Martin, were set to guard a ford a short distance below, called the cow-ford, when the light horse appeared. They fired once and ran to William Williamson's, who lived where Cathey Rice now lives; who with William Wilson, who lived about two miles above second creek, went sent to cut down the bridge. They had this done just as the British horse in sight. Williamson escaped, but Wilson was riding a slow horse; the cavalry overtook and cut him up badly, so that his bowels fell out. They left him for dead, but a fox to make sure of the matter shot a bullet into his neck. He crawled out, however, into the bushes, till they had all passed, and then crawled a mile and a quarter, to the place where the late Thomas Wood lived, carrying his bowels in his hands; (it seems they were not cut open) recovered and lived to be an old man—migrated to Rutherford co., Tenn., near Murfreesboro.

A man by the name of Todd, met suddenly in turning a corner, Tarleton at the head of his cavalry. Tarleton hailed him, but he replied by shooting a bullet through the top of his hat; and having a swift horse, escaped.

The army crossed Fourth Creek at Correll's Mill, near the 10th of March, 1781, and so to the main Yadkin at Fentville. They crossed the Catawba Feb. 1, and the 9th they camped at the Moravian settlement, Bethania.

The writer of the above says I have gathered the above traditions within a few days; by publishing it you may draw out more. E. F. R.

For the Watchman.
THE SCOTCH IRISH IN NEW ENGLAND.

In a sermon preached by Rev. Charles Hammond at the re-dedication of a church at Union, Conn., July 25, 1863, he says: "Many of the early inhabitants of this town [1734] belonged to the Scotch Irish emigration of that period. These people were really Scotch, and had no trace of Irish blood, nor did they have any sympathy with their religion. They hated Popery, as bad as their ancestors did, who emigrated from Scotland to the north of Ireland in the time of Cromwell. In matters of religious doctrine, they harmonized with the Puritans; but in church policy, they were Presbyterians of a decided type, and for this reason, doubtless, they were not cordially welcomed in New England.

In their search for homes, they went chiefly to the new towns and better settlements, evidently for the purpose of avoiding conflicts with those whose social institutions were already established. Large numbers went to the southern counties of New Hampshire. Palmer, in Massachusetts, were settled by them; and in the time of Cromwell, in matters of religious doctrine, they harmonized with the Puritans; but in church policy, they were Presbyterians of a decided type, and for this reason, doubtless, they were not cordially welcomed in New England.

The Scotch Irish people were intelligent and industrious, and thriving. Like the Puritans, they had suffered from religious persecutions, and hence they loved civil and religious liberty. They had little sympathy with the church and state system, which they found in New England, but they were ready to tolerate differences of opinion, while they were true to their own convictions. The Scotch Irish were said to be gifted with two qualities, *grit* and *grace*; which means, I suppose, that they were fond of having their way, but they were careful to pursue the right way, especially in respect to their religion and their politics. I find, however, no trace of social difficulties here, arising from differences of race or religion. The people cordially unite in settling a minister, and in building a meeting-house, and in the same hall, some of which were used for public worship. When, however, the church was organized here, four years after the town was incorporated, and three years before the meeting-house was built, I find few names among its members, except those of Puritan origin."

For the Watchman.
During the siege of Paris, men of science there in vain tried:

1. To discover how to obtain heat without a combustible substance.
2. To obtain fire from mineral matter without the co-operation of life.
3. To reproduce essential food of man, out of what had never before been used for food.

Hence, James 5: 7, we read of the *precepts of the earth*.—It costs great labor of man and beast to bring food out of the earth;—and after all this labor, it is the gift of God.

We must have the light, heat, and other rays of the sun, without these, our crops will not grow, without rain our food will fall. Who can estimate the value, in gold and silver, these elements, in the production of the fruits of the soil? It is stated in some papers, that an inch depth of rain in California is worth a million of dollars. How much then, is the value of all the rain and sunshine that we all enjoy over all the land, in producing so great a variety of articles from the earth for our use?

OAKEY HALL.
New York, April 6.

A gentleman who has seen Oakey Hall in London, telegraphs as follows: "It may not be improper for me to say that his flight was caused by the ever-recurring spectre of his alleged complicity in the ring frauds. The perpetual revival of these charges made life intolerable to him, till he came to think death better than to be thus constantly haunted. He said to me that he wished to be considered dead by his friends, and to be forgotten. He is very greatly depressed, and seems to have no care for the future."

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE.

BY HESBY STRETTON
Author of 'Lost Gipsy,' &c.

V.—THE LAST STEP.

How the days sped I do not know; but they seemed to pass by like the rushing of a river just before you come to a deep, dreadful waterfall, down which you must plunge into a flood that will drown you. Every morning and every evening carried us on to the terrible day when we must quit our old house for ever. I kept my school open till the very last; for this was no time to lose a single penny I could win. There was no other house near that place where we could move to; for the lowest rent was five shillings a week; and I could never undertake to pay that. So my school would be lost, as well as our home, and I must try to begin again in a strange neighborhood, on the other side of the town, where the rents were lower. What was to become of Transome and me baffled me whenever I looked forward. He did not lie in bed any more, but sat beside me in the chimney-nook, whilst I taught the children, now and then stretching out his hand, his poor hand, crooked and drawn together with rheumatism, just to touch me. I knew after a while what he was thinking of then, though he never put it into words.

Well, we had to sell some of our goods; the old loom for one, that used to make such a busy sound in our cottage early and late. The rest we carried with us to the other side of the town, into a small house, in a close, pent-up street, where the wind never blew across one's face with a sweet, fresh breath. I did my utmost to gather together a few scholars; and sometimes I had a few, and sometimes none. Transome took to setting always at my side; and if I was away for half an hour, doing a few errands, he'd welcome me back as though I had been away from him all day. He began, too, to talk more, at times quite eagerly, as if he was afraid he might some day want to tell me something, and would not have the chance. I never knew him talk so much as that long, dreary summer, when we were treading slowly down those steps poor folks know of, step after step, downwards and downwards, never stopping, till the last step crumbles away under one's feet, and all is lost!

We trode on the last step, and it crumbled away, underneath our old feet when the first sharp touch of winter came. We had kept up till then, pawning and selling our few goods to buy bread for our mouths. But when the biting cold came, and our blankets were in the pawnshop, and I had not a morsel of flannel to wrap about Transome's poor pained limbs, and no fire to give a little warmth to our worn-out frames, then I knew that all was lost! I was sorely bewildered and beset. Had the Lord been deceiving us all these years? Had He brought us to old age, and to the very gates of death to forsake us at last? Transome had been faithful, if a poor ignorant man can ever be faithful to his God. If either of us had been unfaithful, it was me; and surely the Lord would not visit my sins and short comings upon him!

"Ally!" said Transome, one day, "bring th' book, and read me again how th' blessed Lord came to's end upo' th' cross." So I opened my old Bible, so worn that it was worth nothing at the pawnshop; and I read aloud to him, shivering and shaking with cold as I read. There was not a spark of fire in the grate, or a crust of bread in the cupboard. I had not a penny in the world; and did not know where to turn to find one. We had not any friends. Transome being such a silent man, and me a foreigner in that country; and all my kinsfolk were dead and gone. It was forty years since I had married away out of my country.

I was thinking all these thoughts, taking no heed of the blessed words my tongue repeated; for I had read those chapters so often to Transome, I did not need to think of them. How far even I had read I did not know, till all at once I heard Transome saying to himself—
"Scourged, and mocked, and crucified! God's own Son! That were ten times waur nor deen' i' th' workhouse!"

That word stung me to the core of my heart; though in my secret thoughts I had known it must come to that. But to hear Transome say so! I threw down the Bible, and cried aloud, with very bitter cry. It seems as if I could hear myself even now; and as if I could see Transome's thin, pale face, as he looks at me.
"Ally!" he said, there'r a gradely scholar. Is na' there a verse somewhere, 'faithful unto death.'
"Ay!" I sobbed, 'be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'
"That's it!" he cried 'learn it me, Ally, as yo' learn the little childer.'
I could not say to him nay, though my heart was like to break. He caught hold, fast firm hold, of my hand, as I said it to him over and over again; him repeating it after me like the least of my scholars in our old house. It seemed hard to him; or maybe he wanted the lesson to be long; for it was growing dark in the afternoon, before he stopped saying it.
"We'll stay one other neet," he said.

"We've been together many a long year. But to-morrow morn, Ally—"
There was no need for him to finish what he was saying. To-morrow we must go into the Union workhouse. Nothing else lay before us. We had fought our fight; and this was the end of it! I could not believe that it was nought save a dream; only I was cold and hungry, and so was Transome; so cold and so hungry it could not be a dream.

"My lass!" he said, tenderly, very tenderly, and my mind called back the sound of his voice as we came home picking flowers along the canal-side, "we mun remember as't were God's own Son as deen' po' th' cross. If he had to see me hang, it 'ud be far, far waur nor deen' i' th' union; but it would na' be waur nor what He bore for us. No, no, Ally; God Almighty's deen' w' us is softer nor w' Christ. And, Ally, His poor mother stood by to see him dee upo' th' cross."
"Oh! if it was only me," I cried, "I could bear it!"
"Ah! but thee'll have to bear it for me," he said, smiling on me; it's just the same w' me. If it were na' for thee, Ally, aw could go cheerfu' and glad to th' union; for aw've noan so long to live. But never to hear thee say "Good neet" as I'm asleep, nor "Good day," when th' morn breaks, that's th' hurt, lass, that's th' hurt!"

In the dark cold night I took the few things we had left and pawned them, spending part of the money in coal and food; and thinking that with the rest we might come out of the workhouse again in the spring, and I could get a little school together once again. Bought a small store of tobacco for Transome, for I knew how sorely he would miss his pipe when we were parted. The long, long night wore away too soon; and then I went to the relieving-office and got an order to go into the House.

There was a glimmer of pale sunshine in the sky as Transome and me crept along the streets towards the Union workhouse, feeling as if everybody we met knew where we were going. He could not drag himself along save at a very slow pace; and here and there, wherever there was a doorstep to an empty house, we were forced to sit down and rest. Transome did not speak many words as we went along; for he was very weary with the journey; but every now and then his poor fingers clasped my arm more tightly, as if he meant to say, "Cheer up, Ally; but must come right in the end." But length we reached the end, the long, blank wall, and the great black doors; and though we stood outside full five minutes, looking into each other's face, no help came. I was forced to ring the loud, clanging bell, and we crossed over the black doorsill into the workhouse.

VI.—GOOD-BYE.

We stood inside the great black doors, which swung to behind us, shutting us in as though they would never open again; save, may-be, when we were borne out through them in a pauper coffin. Transome leaned more heavily on my arm. A man in the workhouse suit was sitting in a little room just within the doors, and as we stood staring about us he called out sharply.

"Na then! whatten yo' standin' there for?" he shouted; "can'ta' yo' come on and tell me whatten yo' want here?"
"Me and my husband has brought an order to go into the House," I said.
"Inside birch!" he said, laughing a little; caught an' edged! Go on then t' th' meester's office. First dur' t' th' neet across the yard!"

I guided poor Transome across a large, square yard, with nought to be seen save high walls on every side, with windows in them that had no curtains, like eyes without eyelids, looking down on us. But there was not a face to be seen at any of them; and a mournful stillness filled the place. It was Transome that knocked at the master's door, a quiet, feeble knock that could never have been heard, if there had been much noise. We were called to go in, but we did not stay there many minutes; and the master sent a man with us to show us our separate wards.

Once more we had to cross the great yard, Transome clinging to my arm, till we came to a door in the wall, where we must say good-bye to one another. We never had said good-bye all those long years, those forty years, since he had taken me from my father's home in another country. How could I let him go out of my sight? It was not like him setting off for his day's work, sure of coming in again in the evening. How could him and me spend our time apart?
"Could na' yo' leave us for two or three minutes?" said Transome, to the man, feebly. "Hoo's been th' best wife as ever a man had these forty years; and aw dunno how to bid her good-bye. Give us a minute longer to be together!"
"That aw will," answered the man, but it canna be more nor a two or three minutes. Bless yo'! ye'll see one another at prayers morn and neet, if yo' chosen to go; and yo'll ha' half an hour o' Sunday, besides half a day out once a month. It's noan so bad as th' house, so as yo' getten ree side o' th' meester!"

He went off for a little while, leaving Transome and me against the door into the women's wards; with all those dark, staring windows looking down on us. I laid my head against the door-post, and

broke out into heavy, heavy sobs.
"Na, Ally," cried Transome, "na, my lass! Hush thee! hush thee! God Almighty's here as well as out yonder i' th' world. He knows where we are; and sure He loves us both, same as He's loved us all along. We mun put our trust in Him, and go through it; thee and me muna part. Eh! but aw wonder if God Almighty looks down on yo' hearts sorer nor ours at this moment o' time?"
"Only promise," I said, through my sobbing, "promise me faithfully, you'll be careful of yourself, and keep up, so as we can get out again in the spring, when the warm weather is come. Oh! Transome, if I could only keep nigh you, and take care of you, I shouldn't mind."

There's one as 'll take care on us both," he answered, his voice trembling; "One as says, 'I'll never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' O'ny think o' that, my lass. He's here i' th' workhouse itself; and nought 'll part Him away from thee nor me. Good-bye, Ally. Aw hear th' man comin' back to us!"

He stretched out both his hands to me, and I put mine into them, and we kissed each other solemnly, as if we were both about to die, and enter into another world. I saw his face quiver all over, and then there came across it a patient and quiet look, which never left it again, never! I knocked at the door before me, and passed in; just catching a last sight of him turning away with nobody to lean upon. Then the door was thrust to between us, and I could see him no more.

I did not heed much what was said to me, and I did not look about my new dwelling-place; only I followed a woman, who passed through many rooms, where the windows were high up in the walls so that nobody could reach the sills, and where there were groups of women all dressed alike, chattering most of them; and there was a strange close smell. Oh! how different from the sweet air in our old home! At last when I came to myself as it were, I found I was sitting on a chair at the head of a little narrow bed, in a long room, with two long rows of beds down the sides of it, and a narrow path up the middle. All the beds were alike, and the bare, white-washed walls closed us in, with nothing to be seen through the high windows, save a little bit of grey November sky. There were old women all around me; some of them many years older than me, even a few of them bed-ridden; but they seemed too dull to take any notice of me, as if everything that was like life had died out of them, save the bare life itself.

Well! there's no need to tell you much about the workhouse. Most poor folks know more of it than they care to know, either through their own troubles, or the troubles of their friends. I don't say a word against it; only I could not be with Transome. There! think what it was to have been his wife forty years, with scarcely a struggle between us, and never a sulking quarrel, and all at once to be shut up in different parts of the same building, with only a few walls and yards to part us, yet not be able to see him, or even send a loving message to him. I wet my pillow with my tears that night; ay! more than when my Willie died, as I wondered and wondered how he was faring, and if he was warmly wrapped up, and how his pains were. But I could do nothing for him, no more than if I was lying in my shroud and coffin. At last my loneliness and my trouble drove me to remember him that is everywhere, and was with Transome as He was with me. "Lord," I said in my heart, for it was not altogether a prayer such as I had generally said to Him, "Lord, if they'd only make his bed comfortable, and wrap him up well in the blankets! Do put it into their hearts, Lord, for he's tried to serve Thee faithful all his life long!"

After that I felt a little easier in my mind; I fell asleep, and dreaming of the days when Willie was alive, only sometimes Pippin. I suppose it was because I had close to my pillow the little box that held the curl of Willie's hair, and Pippin's piece of money. It was the only thing I had brought in with me, except a few bits of old-line Transome had woven for me years and years ago, which I had bleached as white as snow in the frosts on the brow of the hill.

(To be continued.)
An old lady at Birmingham thinks she has had a special providence, and it is surely a remarkable coincidence. She was poor, needy and dependent on charity for her support. On Sunday, at church, she felt strongly impelled to put six cents, all she possessed, into the missionary. She hesitated, as she needed it herself, but finally dropped it in, and, a few minutes after, while returning home, she picked up six cents in the road.

From the New York Observer.

DOES LIQUOR SELLING PAY?

In 1865 I took charge of the Presbyterian church in this place, then a village of some four or five hundred inhabitants. There were three saloons in full blast, dealing out, without stint, their villainous compounds, warranted to kill at eighty rods.

Saloon No. 1 was a regular Irish shebeen. The man and his wife were both liberal patrons of their own bar. Ere long the wife fell a victim to her own poison. The husband held out a year or two longer and then followed her, leaving two little boys to the tender mercies of people like themselves. One of these at once took possession of the premises and continued the business. Money known to have been in possession of the deceased was never accounted for. The boys were sent to an orphan asylum. The successor in the business soon erected a substantial building and kept a more showy establishment. After a few years he followed his predecessor, and by the same means—delirium tremens.

Saloon No. 2 was kept by a young man who rapidly accumulated money. Of three brothers, directly or indirectly connected with him, one yielded to the power of whiskey; another left the business; the third still lingers. Delirium tremens, after a while, sent the principal to his final account, leaving little of his ill-gotten gains for his wife and children.

Saloon No. 3 did a large business, and for a time seemed prosperous. But in a few years delirium tremens closed the career of the husband. The wife kept up the business, took another husband, and erected the best brick building in the place. Within two years the second husband followed the first, and a tornado wrecked the fine building. It was repaired, and the widow, though often seen on the street drunk, still held out. "Last of all, the woman died also." Her death-bed presented one of the most appalling scenes conceivable. The torments of the world of woe seemed to have kindled upon her before life was extinct. Her shrieks of agony were terrific. "Snakes and devils, snakes and devils! Oh take them off, I know they are not there; but oh, there they are—snakes and devils." She literally tore the flesh from her limbs in her agony of terror. So she went to her fearful account.

Thus, within about seven years, eight persons, after helping to destroy hundreds upon hundreds, fell victims to their own deadly compounds; and of their ill-gotten gains, little remained. All this in one small town.

Last spring a severe gale again wrecked the brick building above named, and there was not money enough belonging to the estate to repair it. Any one passing on the railroad will notice a large building, the main part partially unroofed, the gable and windows dashed in, and the wing totally wrecked. There it has stood, and there it is likely to stand. A curse rests upon it.

Does liquor selling pay? Is not the question answered by these facts? In these, as in multitudes of other cases, it paid in poverty, delirium tremens, and death. Further we cannot follow them. They sowed to the wind and reaped the whirlwind. Yet tens of thousands are preparing for a similar harvest.

(Selected for the Watchman.)

There is something in the vice of intemperance which is exceptionally mean. Not only, like all other vices, is it debasing and evil in itself; but, having the property of flourishing in company with every other vice, its companionship sinks each one of them down to a still lower level of shame and degradation. A liar is bad enough, in all conscience; but a liar who is a drunken sot is still more detestable. A thief is very despicable, but a drunken thief is incalculably more so. And so it is all through the catalogue: every vice is made more hateful and repulsive by being linked with intemperance.

Moreover, there is no other vice which so effectually extinguishes the ordinary moral virtues. A liar may be courteous, cleanly, humane, capable of faithful friendship and ardent affection, and too honest or too proud to steal; but a drunken man never can be either of these. In his drunken moments he is rude, unclean, brutal, prone to insult or injure friend or wife or child, and he will descend to the lowest depths of baseness and dishonesty. So again, a thief may have all those virtues which are possible with a liar, and may in addition despise lying; but the drunken man, having no capacity for any virtue and attracting to himself every vice, finds it easier to lie than to speak the truth. Proverbially, no one places any reliance on his word or even upon his sworn testimony. This is especially the case with opium eaters.

It is even worse with religion than with the merely moral virtues. A man has no conscience when he is drunk; his spirituality is extinguished absolutely; he cannot either fear, or love, or pray, or worship; or adore; he is unable to see his sin, and therefore cannot be truly penitent for it or repent of it; the example, the sacrifice, and the resurrection of his Saviour can make no impression on his bestialized soul, nor will the Holy Spirit enter that unclean dwelling; it is impossible for the love of God to find room in his heart, and we have the

inspired word of the Apostle that none who are like him "shall inherit the kingdom of God."

There is another very tragical aspect of this terrible vice. It is perhaps the most difficult to conquer of all vices. No other sin stretches its roots down so deep into or intertwines its tendrils so insidiously and widely with every part of our moral nature.

(From the Raleigh Observer.)
THE TELEPHONE A NORTH CAROLINA INVENTION.

Like most of the wonderful inventions of modern times, the telephone is of North Carolina origin, but the inventor of it, like many other inventors—especially North Carolina inventors—is not known in connection with it. It seems to be the fate of genius that its possessor shall never enjoy the fruits of his labors. The following letter written to one of the editors of *The Observer* does but tell the usual story. Dr. Davis, the writer, formerly a resident of Fayetteville, now lives in Salisbury, and is well known in both places. The gentlemen to whom he refers as cognizant of his invention are also well known and of the very highest respectability. The following is the letter:

SALISBURY, April 3.
MR. P. M. HALE:—Dear Sir: Believing you to be the champion of the right, I appeal to you to take a little trouble to do justice to a citizen of Fayetteville, with whom you are not entirely unacquainted, and more especially as he who asks this favor at your hands is now, and has been for nearly a year past, an invalid and confined to the house with pulmonary disease. Believing that you will willingly comply with my request, I refer you to an article in your paper of April 3d, 1877, respecting the telephone, as it is named by Messrs. Gray, Bell and others. I claim to have invented this "Phonetic telegraph," as I named it, more than ten years ago. At that time I made drawings illustrating fully my invention—but did not proceed to obtain a patent until I should have perfected the machine.

I refer you to Mr. Jefferson Robinson, of Fayetteville, to whom I described the apparatus, and also to Dr. Haight, of the same place. From the latter gentleman I borrowed, about that time, some works on Anatomy, in order to study and fully acquaint myself with the structure of the human ear, so as to fully understand it, in reference to the working of the "Phonetic Telegraph," as I then called it. I also made pen and ink drawings of the instrument which I sent to the editor of the *Scientific American*, with a request that they be preserved, as I wished by means of them to claim priority of invention, if my right were disputed. There are many others, all gentlemen of reliability, to whom I can refer. My apparatus was the most perfect than that of Messrs. Gray and Bell, inasmuch as it could write or register the sounds in a distinct language, a thing they have not yet accomplished. My invention covers the changing of air-vibrations into electrical, and the restoring of them again into air vibrations or waves, as is done by these inventions. I have overcome some of the difficulties which they encountered. My apparatus is more perfect than that which they exhibit. My state of health alone has prevented my proceeding to establish my claim, to which I can bring many witnesses. I am somewhat surprised that those of my friends with whom I held communication, many years ago on this subject, should not speak out and do me that justice which should be shown an invalid; but I suppose that so few of our citizens are in the habit of appearing in print that that is a reason for their silence.

Now if there is any honor connected with this discovery or invention, (it was not a discovery with me) this honor should be assigned to that State of which the inventor is a citizen. Is it not so? At any rate I leave the matter in your hands, satisfied (as I said in the first part of this communication) that it will be a pleasure to you to do justice to one of your old fellow citizens and whose health forbids his making any special exertions in his own behalf. I am, I think, sufficiently well known to you to insure your attention to and interest in this matter, and I leave it for the present in your hands. My address is
DR. JAMES DAVIS,
Salisbury, N. C.

HON. W. L. STEELE'S LETTER ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

"To me it is clear that duty to the country and to truth and honor demands that the enemies of modern Republicanism shall stand firm and united in their efforts to establish good government and conservative liberties. Any schism in their ranks will only add to the mischiefs which they have often denounced, and to the removal of which they stand solemnly pledged. Such being my views, I do not hesitate to say that as the Representative of the Sixth District I shall stand by its action in the election by the House, whether the nominees are my choice or not, and in all things else looking to the harmony of the party and the consequent interest of the country. In the event that any man elected by the Democratic party shall, contrary to my expectations, prove false to his good government and conservative liberties, and the faith which was reposed in him by his constituents, I shall be willing to hurl anathemas at him, whose treason, like a deadly blight, came over the 'councils' of his party, and 'blasted them in their hour of might.'

"The country has witnessed long enough the use of the military to maintain political ascendancy in the Southern States. Such base and unconstitutional acts, made the chief infamy of the late administration, notwithstanding the deceptive cry of 'Let us have peace.' With my consent the army can thus be used no longer. Sooner than see it further employed in such unallowable uses, I would see the land defenceless, so far as the regular army is concerned, feeling sure that when any real danger to the government or the people should present itself, a volunteer army could easily be raised which would stand as a wall of fire' around its interests and its liberties.

With me, the liberty of the citizen is above all things else, and I will do nothing which I think tends to infringe upon it or weaken its strength. Unless the army can and will be used in a legitimate way, against the public enemies, and to protect and not harass the peace of society, and I can be assured of such a use, I will not vote one dollar to its support. In this I am confident I shall faithfully reflect the voice of the people who have trusted me, for I propose to be their servant and not their master.

"The House of Representatives must defend the rights of the people of this country against all assaults, by whomsoever made, whether the assaults be open and manly, or secret and detestable. It must not be moved from its propriety by either money, offices, threats or smiles."

Why?
The Wilmington Star, which labors zealously to advance the prosperity of North Carolina, asks:
Why then should any North Carolinian leave his home to seek his fortune elsewhere? Why should he go out among strangers to find that which lies at his own door?

Because the Legislatures of this State, for, lo! these many years, seem to have studied how not to promote her interests and keep her sons and daughters at home. We want, what we have never had, a liberal, progressive State policy of development which looks beyond to-day and into the future; a policy that looks to opening up and utilizing the vast resources that nature has lavished upon us. This we have never had, and until we do our people will continue "to seek their fortune" in regions less favored by nature, but more favored by fostering legislation. "That's just what's the matter."—Greensboro Patriot.

True only in part. We believe nine out of ten of those who leave the State do so because they expect to find a richer soil in the West, and where the labor of the farmer is better rewarded. Many go from a desire to join friends who have preceded them. Some others because they are of a restless, discontented mind and can't be easy anywhere, especially when hard work presses them. We have known some to go away to spite a wife's relations, and others for the purpose of breaking up social relations not agreeable to them. We never known one to leave for political reasons.

FROM WASHINGTON.
(Special to the Richmond Dispatch.)
WASHINGTON, April 6.

Secretary Key made a flutter among the eighty bidders for the new postal card contract, which involves a million and a half of dollars, by rejecting all bids and ordering a re-advertisement for proposals. The Post-Office Department had decided to have a style of cards that could only be manufactured by one firm in the whole country, because no other firm possessed the peculiar machinery necessary. These new cards, as proposed, were to be made of pulp of two colors, so combined that the card should be homogeneous throughout, yet show a green surface upon one side and a buff upon the other; and this result must be reached without coloring the cards after manufacture.

When the day came for the bids to be opened some of the bidders explained to the Secretary the advantage, amounting almost to an exclusion of competition, that was given to a firm in New England, and Mr. Key rejected all bids without even opening any except those that arrived by mail.

HOW A PIG BECAME A HORSE.

A lady, who has several grown sons and daughters, told me that when her first-born boy was a very young baby a gentleman gave him half a dollar. She told her husband that she would, with that, provide the little fellow a horse to ride by the time he was twenty-one years of age.

With the half dollar she bought a pig. She fed the pig with such scraps, ect., from the kitchen as would otherwise have been thrown away, for she had determined that her husband should not incur any expense in the plan which she had adopted to get the horse. In about twelve months, when the pig had become large enough to be fattened for pork, she bought eight bushels of corn, promising the neighbor of whom she bought it that she would pay him when she had killed and sold the hog. So, in a few months, the animal had reached such a size that he brought about fourteen dollars.

With part of this fourteen dollars she bought a calf, using the balance of the money to pay her husband all expenses of keeping the calf, except the grass which it ate in the fields.

In the course of two or three years the calf had grown so well that it brought thirty-five dollars.

This amount, after paying all expenses not heretofore paid, was quite sufficient for the purchase of a colt, almost ready to be put under the saddle; and by the time her little boy was six years old his horse was ready for him, but he was not quite large enough to take a ride.

Some of our young readers can act on this hint for themselves. A ten-year-old farmer-boy may, if he will, turn a pig (or something else, perhaps a lamb,) into a horse before he is seventeen.—*South's Companion.*