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RHODA GRANT.

CHAPTER II.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
Let no vain thoughts disturb my breast:
O may my heart in time be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

And the moonlight had died away in its turn, and Sunday morning dawned, first of all in the faint grey streaks, and then gradually brightening. It had been broad daylight for some time before a step was heard on the cracking stairs, and Mrs. Grant, who had hastily put her clothes on, crept down into the kitchen. Rhoda, who was a light sleeper, woke with a start; and now her rest and quiet were over for the day, and she could expect no more sleep till night came round again. The mother had brought down the baby, and laid her down on Rhoda's bed while she began to sweep and tidy the room, and light the fire. The baby cried, and the flying dust and smoke from the newly-lighted fire made Rhoda cough; but she bore it patiently, and did all that lay in her power to amuse the restless child and keep it quiet. Amid all the bustle she was able to raise her heart to God, and thank Him for all the sleep He had sent her, and to beg Him, for His dear Son's sake, to help her and those dear to her to keep His day holy.

When Mrs. Grant had to some extent cleaned and tidied the room, and boiled the kettle, she made a cup of tea for Rhoda and herself, and took the baby and came and sat down by the bed to rest for a few minutes.

"Ah, Rhoda dear!" she said, "I feel quite tired already with all this work. I am sure Sunday is anything but a day of rest to me; it is work, work, from morning to night."

"Mother dear," said Rhoda, "it makes me sad to think that I must be here and not do anything to help you: it's a hard case to think that you must do all the work alone."

It was plain, however, that a great deal of the cleaning might have been got through on Saturday, and Rhoda sighed as she thought how the Sunday's work might have been made lighter by a little management.

"Do, mother dear, if you can, send the children off to Sunday-school," she said. It is eight o'clock now, there will not be time enough for them to wash and dress and get their breakfast."

"I am going upstairs now to wake them," said Mrs. Grant. "I expect I shall have a hard job to get the boys out of bed, and your father is always cross when he is disturbed on Sunday mornings."

"How I wish poor Richard had some neat clothes!" said Rhoda. "I am sure he would go to school and church directly if he had them."

"Yes," said the mother, "I am always sorry now that I spent the money we got for the pig on a suit of Sunday clothes for your father. They are no good to him, as he never goes to church; but if Richard had them, he would be glad enough to make himself look decent."

Aid then Mrs. Grant went upstairs, and soon her voice was heard waking the children, and the younger ones began to move about. The elder boys were cross at being roused, and they seemed to be refusing to leave their beds; and Grant's voice was heard above the others, finding fault with his wife for not leaving them alone. Then the mother brought the two little girls and youngest boy downstairs, and got them washed and dressed. It seemed a difficult matter to lay hold of little John at all, as he was playing about the room and nursing the cat; but Mrs. Grant did just manage it, and when they had got through their duties of bread and butter it was none too soon to put on their hats and send them off to school.

"But where was Tom? Last week he had promised Rhoda that he would begin to go to school regularly this Sunday. After the younger ones had been gone some time Rhoda heard his heavy boots on the stairs, and he came into room with uncombed hair, looking sleepy and stupid."

"O Tom!" she said, "this is what your promise comes to, is it? I hoped so much you were going with the others this morning."

"There, Rhoda," he said, kissing his sister, "I was so sleepy that I could not get up, but I will go to school this afternoon. It is too late now to try to go."

"Even now, Tom, if you tried you might finish your breakfast and make yourself neat, and be up there in time for church."

The early morning mist had cleared away, and the sun was shining brightly; it was at the end of February, and after a long cold winter the fields were beginning to look green, and the air was mild and spring-like. The bells were now going for church, and neatly-dressed were passing along the road, on their way to God's house. How gladly would Rhoda have joined them! It seemed so hard to have to lie there instead, and hear no sounds of prayer and praise, and always to be with people who only counted Sunday as a holiday and a rest from work. But she lifted her heart to God, as she had become used to do when she was in any trouble, and received comfort. Contented thoughts took the place of repining ones, and she felt sure that God's providence ordered all things both in Heaven and earth. It was God's will that she was lying here sick, instead of being at church, and doubtless this sickness was for some

good purpose, both for herself and others. Her constant presence in the house, and her example, might be of great use to her family. And yet Rhoda was lowly and humble-minded, and her religion had made and kept her so. The more she grew in grace, and in the knowledge of her Lord and Saviour, the more deeply she felt her own unworthiness, and trusted to her own strength.

And now, Grant and his eldest son came downstairs, just as the church-bells had left off ringing. Grant was a strongly-built man, with rather a moody, sullen face; but when he saw Rhoda his look became kinder. He had a soft place in his heart for his poor maid, as he called her, and it grieved even his rugged, selfish nature, to see her looking so thin and ill. He came and sat over the fire in his shirt-sleeves, but he was in other respects decently dressed for Sunday. Poor Richard, who was a tall, overgrown, haggard-looking boy, had put on a clean smock-frock, and was otherwise as neat as he could be. As the father and son sat at the little round table eating their Sunday breakfast of bread and cold bacon, and drinking the tea which had been kept hot for them, Mrs. Grant, who had been to fetch some potatoes from an outhouse, entered the room.

Grant began at once to speak crossly to her, because she had come upstairs and disturbed him, when he was comfortably asleep. She answered him sharply, which made him worse, and talking became loud and violent. The clamour was almost more than poor Rhoda's head would bear, and the swearing was very terrible to her.

"Father dear," she said gently, "don't speak like that; you are taking God's holy name in vain, which is a great sin against Him. Oh! don't do it! I am sure mother didn't mean to make you uncomfortable, but it was so late, she didn't like to let you go on sleeping. Oh! if you would only go to church on Sunday mornings, I am sure you would find the day pass so much more happily."

"I can't, my dear maid," said Grant. "I work so hard in the week, that I must rest myself on Sunday. I'm no worse than a great many who go to church, and try to make other people think they're good. I don't pretend to be anything but what I am. A great many who go regularly to church are downright bad."

"That may be true, father dear; but are we to be kept from our duty, and from keeping God's day holy, because other people are not what they ought to be? God sees our hearts, and knows what our motives are, and it is not for us to judge our fellow-men. You know, father, that as many had people stay away from church as go to church."

"That's true, my lass; but then, there's no preference about them."

"But, father, these hypocrites that you talk of, by going to church are putting themselves in the way of hearing what is good, which those who stay away cannot hear. They may begin attending church just to please their fellow-men; but they may end in getting good for their own souls. But, whatever their reason is for going to church, our duty is just the same—to keep God's day holy."

"My lass, I have never been to church since I was a boy, and I can't begin now; it is too late. I should get tired to death with all the long praying and preaching."

"But father, church does not take such a very long time,—about an hour and a half in the morning, and less than that time in the evening; it is not three hours out of your Sunday, and there is plenty of time to rest yourself at home besides."

"Ah, it's too late now, my girl! What would folks say if they saw me there? they'd wonder what I was going to turn hypocrite. No, thank you! John Grant, whatever his faults are, will always be a downright, straightforward fellow!"

Poor Grant! If he had even had any real wish to go to God's house, this feeling of false shame would have soon risen up and choked it; but he had never got so far to think even for a minute of exerting himself to attend divine service. Rhoda glanced sadly from her father to her brothers. What could be worse for them, than to hear him talk in this manner? They listened to every word, and Tom was inclined to laugh at what his sister said in reply. Richard looked grave, but he had not a strong nature, and would go anywhere he was led, and followed his father about like a dog.

Rhoda had tried to persuade her elder brother that his clean smock was decent enough for church, but he had a foolish dread of being laughed at by other better-dressed people; and both boys had a feeling that, if they went to church, they would be setting themselves up for better than their father was, which they thought was not a proper thing to do.

After breakfast, Grant took down the gun from the wall, and began to examine it.

"Oh, father!" said Rhoda, "I hope you are not going to use that gun! Remember what day it is; and besides, you know you'll get into trouble if you use it."

"What's that to thee, lass?" said Grant. "I shall do what I choose, so hold thy tongue."

But he felt his child's rebuke, after a time he put the gun back into its place, though he meant to use it the first chance he had. It was wrong altogether his having purchased it at all. The farmer for

whom he worked was a liberal man; and as his farm was overrun by rabbits, he allowed his labourers to snare as many as they wanted for the use of their families. This had been a great help to the Grants during the winter; but the father, instead of snaring the rabbits on a week-day, as he might easily have done, kept the employment for Sunday, which was quite against the farmer's rule. He went on the sly, when the farmer was at church, and took other men with him, who did not work on the farm, and therefore had no business with the rabbits. With their dogs they were able to catch a great many, which they sold during the week, and Grant had lately bought a gun, which he thought would help him still more; he had given fifteen shillings for it, out of money which was badly wanted for his wife's and children's clothes; and now he had it he could not use it honestly, besides not being able or willing to pay the gun-tax.

Rhoda and her mother both felt when they saw the gun that it would bring trouble to the household sooner or later. The cottage clock struck twelve, and the voices of men and barking of dogs were heard in the garden. Grant got up, and put on his coat, saying, as he lighted his pipe, "There's Bill and George, I must go. Look sharp, missus, and have dinner ready when I come back in an hour, as I shall be hungry."

Richard got up and followed his father, and they left the cottage. Tom was going too, but Rhoda said, "Tom dear, do stay and read to me a bit." And the boy stayed behind, though he regretted for the moment the stroll with the dogs into the sunny green fields. He came and sat by the bedside, and Rhoda found out the Sunday lessons in the large Bible. He spent out word after word, and she told him what they were; but owing to his having been so little at school, there were few even of the most simple which he knew; still it was something to get him to sit down by her side and make this effort; and Rhoda sent up a prayer to God to bless this reading of His Book both to Tom and herself.

Mrs. Grant was in the meantime bustling about, getting dinner ready. She put down the small joint of pork before the fire to roast, and set the greens and potatoes and the current-pudding on to boil. Soon after one it was all ready, and Grant and Richard came in, the younger children having returned from church some time before.

Dinner over, Rhoda succeeded in coaxing Tom to go with the others to the Sunday-school, and then she tried to get some rest; but this was impossible. Grant was talking loudly to his wife and Richard about his morning's sport, and the narrow escape they had of being found out by Farmer Lee. He had brought two rabbits with him as his share of the spoil, and laughed as he described how cleverly he had hidden them when he saw the farmer coming; and how the other men had stayed behind the hedge and held the dogs till he was quite out of the way. And Farmer Lee had asked him, why he and his sons did not go to church on Sunday morning; and this seemed another good joke to Grant. He passed the rest of the afternoon lounging idly about, sometimes smoking and sometimes quarrelling with his wife, or speaking sharply to the children. Towards evening he grew sleepy and surly, and seemed to find his day of rest an utter weariness, as it must have been, without Bible-reading or attendance at God's house.

Rhoda gathered the children round her after tea, and made them tell her what they had learnt at school, and repeat their catechism and some hymns, and read verse by verse a chapter in the Bible. The mother listened, and even Grant seemed pleased to hear his children read, though he cared little for what they read. So this Sunday, like so many other Sundays, came to a close, and Rhoda turned on her pillow and tried to go to sleep, after praying earnestly to God for those near and dear to her.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL SCENERY.

Place has wonderful effect on human feeling and human actions. The original inhabitants of Scotland and Switzerland, and those of the sterile plains of Arabia, were savages alike, the latter having, however, the advantage of letters which the former had not. But the former, though savage, were romantic, poetic, patriotic, and human; while the latter were sensual, selfish, thievish, nomadic, and Arab. How comes it, that when the natural scenery is picturesque there is in human character something to correspond, and that where Nature spreads out her sandy plains, unrelieved by growth or verdure, human nature, too, seems barren of every outgrowth of beauty.

These things illustrate the well-worn maxim that the mind becomes what it contemplates. Impressions made on the retina are really made on the soul. Nay, rather, they are the mould in which the soul is cast and takes shape. Nay, more, they not only give shape but complexion. Nay, more, they only give color to the superstitious, they pervade the interior, they are infused into the substance; they amalgamate with the essence, so that a man is not only like what he sees, but in a certain sense, he is what he sees. The

THE SURRENDER OF RALEIGH.

From the Raleigh News.

A REMINISCENCE.

Imitating the example of citizens in the South generally, under similar circumstances, the people of Raleigh who were in possession of gold or silver coin, as well as other portable articles of value, adopted the "hiding process." The usual mode resorted to, was that of depositing in the ground, or in some secret place about the houses, whatever was thought most likely to tempt the cupidity of the enemy.

The story goes, that three of our citizens who had been so fortunate during the war as to secure considerable piles of specie, entered into an agreement a day or so before the arrival of the enemy to hide it near a culvert on the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad just beyond the premises then occupied by Carter B. Harrison, Esq. They selected a spot which they deemed most likely to escape the notice of intruders, and in the "wee small" hours of the morning, consigned their precious metals to mother earth. It was the custom of one of the other to loiter in a seemingly careless manner around the spot where his hopes, "lie buried," for the purpose of observing, and if possible, arresting in its incipency anything like a raid.

Going one day to visit the accustomed haunt, one of the gentlemen discovered a party of Federal soldiers encamped upon the very spot that contained his hidden treasure. The reader can easily imagine what a cold shudder ran through his frame at the bare idea that his "pile" might be discovered and removed. For a long time did agonizing fear torture the bosom of our worthy citizens, and probably they realized, to its fullest extent, the proverb of Solomon, "How much better it is to get wisdom than gold!" After a delay of many days it was determined to disclose the secret to a Federal officer and solicit his protection for the removal of the hidden property. This course was followed with success. The party, accompanied by the officer, went to the camp, and to the utter astonishment of the soldiers, dug up the glittering pieces which they had been innocently eating and sleeping for so long a time. It is said that they raved at the bare idea of rebels being allowed to rob their camp! Our citizens were much relieved of a terrible load of suspense, and their joy can be imagined.

A bureau for dispensing rations to the needy was established by the Federal commander and proved to be a very great relief to our people. Some of our best citizens were compelled to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to replenish their larders. It was amusing to note the rush made upon the distributing agents for the one article of coffee. Many persons, both white and colored, had not perhaps seen a grain for two or three years, and enough to make a pot or so was taken in lieu of two or three pounds of bacon or flour. The colored population came in for much the largest share of Federal charity in the way of rations, but no one was refused upon proper application.

During the visit of General Grant a review of the entire army took place. It was the grandest sight ever witnessed by our people. Grant occupied a stand in front of the old market house on Fayetteville street. Sherman sat on his horse near the south gate of the capitol. The column was formed far on the Holleman road. It came into Fayetteville street at the Governor's house, up that street to Hargett, down Hargett to Wilmington, up Wilmington to Morgan, along Morgan as far as the old masonic hall, thence into Hillsboro street, up which it proceeded out on the road nearly to Ashbury. Over one hundred thousand troops were said to be under arms. Having been refitted in every particular before leaving Goldsboro, they appeared in admirable plight and presented a marked contrast to our own worn out army.

About the 25th of April Gen. Sherman left the army in command of Schofield, and proceeded to Savannah, for the purpose of directing matters in South Carolina and Georgia.

Upon his return to Raleigh arrangements were made for the disposition of the forces under his command. The Tenth and Twenty-third corps, together with Kilpatrick's cavalry division, were ordered to remain in North Carolina until further orders. Most of the remaining portion of the army was ordered to march to Washington. Gen. Hancock took the route through Louisa, Warrenton, Petersburg and Richmond. General Slocum's division went by way of Oxford, Boydton, Virginia, and Nottoway Court House. On the 24th of May a grand review took place in Washington City, and on the 30th of the same month Sherman issued his farewell orders to his troops. After this, commenced the great contest for restoration. For the past twelve years the vexed question has puzzled the brain of politicians and kept in constant inquietude the minds of our people. The present year bids fair to be one of unusual exemption from state turmoils. Our people are fast settling down in peace and security under their own "vines and fig trees." Let us hope, that in the future criminalities and recriminations may cease; that the strife of the past decade may give way to an era of unusual good feeling and that

NEWS ITEMS.

When the Republicans of the North begin to war against the representation of the South in Congress, and seek to force qualified suffrage upon us, the colored men will find in Wade Hampton a zealous and earnest friend. In his recent speech to the colored voters of Charleston, he is reported as having made use of the following language:

"We don't want the colored man's vote taken away or restricted; for, aside from the friendship we bear their race, their right to vote gives us thirty more votes in Congress, and when peace comes, we are satisfied that the best men in both races and parties will vote together for the common weal. We don't want to take that right away."

This sentiment was heartily applauded. It is in accord, we believe, with the sentiments of all the wise men of the Southern States.—Raleigh News.

GOV. VANCE AND THE COLORED PEOPLE.

A new paper called the *Star of Zion*, has just been established in Newbern. It is to be the organ of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in North Carolina, and is edited and managed by Rev. J. A. Taylor, a colored minister. In the first number, which is now before us, we find a communication from Rev. J. W. Hood, in which he speaks as follows of the recent meeting in this city of the State Board of Education, when a number of prominent colored men from different sections of the State met with the board:

"For the first time in the history of America a Democratic Governor presided over a convention of colored men. And for Governor Vance, it must be said that he filled the position with a grace as natural and easy as though he had always been used to it. And on the other hand the delegates showed their appreciation of his presence by refusing to allow him to retire, as he proposed to do, after he had submitted certain propositions for their consideration. He supposed that they would feel more freedom in discussion if he and the board retired. But the delegates with one voice demurred, and requested him to retain the position he was filling with so much satisfaction to the convention."

"Though politics did not get into our proceedings in any form whatever, yet I think this meeting will tend to break the color line which is getting very weak in our good old State."

Not within our recollection has there been so attractive a programme at the University in the way of gifted speakers as that offered at the next Commencement. You will travel long and far before you find it eclipsed by that of any other literary institution. When before have such men been selected as Deems, Steele, Vance and Fowle? Rev. Dr. Deems delivers the address before the Trustees, Hon. Walter L. Steele delivers the Alumni address, and Judge Fowle delivers the Literary address before the two societies.—W. Star.

There are lying looks as well as lying words; dissembling smiles, deceiving signs, and even a lying silence.

It is necessary to be wise in order to be virtuous.

GEN. SHERMAN AND THE WAR.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer says:

Gen. Sherman thinks that the Turko-Russian war will eventually culminate in the greatest outbreak which has occurred for centuries past; that Austria will soon be in it, and that before Constantinople is taken, England will probably interfere, and thus become involved. He says that a large army of Russians will cross the Danube some where between Rastchuk and Varna, and that both of these cities, with Silistria, will be the scenes of great fighting. The Russians will push on into Moldavia, and down to Galatz, if they can get there. At that place, he thinks, a terrific battle will be fought, but in his opinion the great field of battle of the campaign will be fought at Schumla, the immense fortified camp of the Turks. He thinks the Russians are moving with an army of about 300,000 men in that direction. He is of opinion that if the Russians are paying gold for what they use in the Moldavian and Wallachian provinces, the farmers will continue to go on and raise their crops; but if they take by force and devastate the country, then the farmers' business in that great producing country will entirely suspend. He says the Turks will make a more determined resistance than they have ever made before, and that their navy now in the Black Sea is far superior to the Russian, and that it would not surprise him if the Turks perpetrated a bold flank movement and capture Odessa in the Black Sea, the chief depot of supplies, etc., for the marching armies of the Czar. He believes that before the war is over the map of the continent and of Eastern Europe will be very changed. Gen. Sherman says all officers of the American army, who go leave of absence to go across the sea, must do so at half pay, and it is decided that they cannot be on the staff of any general of either side, and that they cannot be engaged on either side in any manner.

RADICAL POLICY VS. CONSISTENCY.

[Savannah News.]

The Raleigh News says: "It is reported that Mr. Hayes says he is not unwilling to appoint Packard to the collectorship of a Federal office. The President manifested a similar disposition towards Chamberlain. How can this be reconciled with Mr. Hayes' profession of regard for law and love of justice? If Hampton and Nicholls were right, his President Hayes acknowledges, then Chamberlain and Packard were revolutionists and usurpers, and richly merited such punishment as is inflicted upon those who commit treason against the State either by usurpation or insurrection. When the President takes such men by the hand he belies his own professions, and acts with gross inconsistency."

We fear our Raleigh namesake does not understand the true inwardness of Mr. Hayes' "Southern policy." It has nothing to do with principles or morals. It is pure policy, which has for its aim the accomplishment of a certain political end by hook or crook—by hook when expedient, and by crook when necessary, on the theory that the end justifies the means. Packard and Chamberlain, with their returning boards, served Hayes in the grand look of the electoral count, and now it is perfectly legitimate for Hayes, by a little crook of his high moral ideas, to serve these worthies. Besides, call them what you will, "usurpers and revolutionists," if you choose to apply to them such ugly terms; but after all, they were only guilty of attempting to obtain with the aid of United States bayonets what Hayes succeeded in obtaining with the aid of fraudulent commission, viz: offices to which they were not entitled. The difference between Packard and Chamberlain and Mr. Hayes is, that while the former were unsuccessful in their fraudulent aims the latter was successful. Is there, then, any inconsistency in Mr. Hayes taking such patriots by the hand? Radical policy knows no rule of consistency, honesty or morality.

A STATESMAN'S VIEW OF THE NEW PARTY.

Senator Thurman stands foremost among the statesmen of the great West. His views on any public question are of value. In a recent interview he said that no Democrat could honestly find fault with the policy of President Hayes toward the South, for he had granted the Southern Democrats all they had asked or that they could have obtained, even if Mr. Tilden had been declared the duly elected President.

While the Democrats should be fully satisfied with the President's course thus far, Senator Thurman anticipated that at the next session of Congress there would be serious trouble among the Republicans. He did not doubt that the Southern Democrats felt grateful to the President for restoring to them the right of local self-government, but he did not believe that would induce them to leave the old party organization.

He further said that he did not favor the organization of a new party, because he believed the Democratic party, both North and South, stood upon a better footing than it had for years, and that now, when the outlook for success in the near future was so bright, it would be folly to talk of entering the new lines of party affiliations and leave what he considered a nearly certain success for a doubtful experiment.

He said that he had no doubt that some of the Southern whigs who were specially favored personally by the Administration might be ready to go into any scheme which promised them further honor or emoluments, but that he did not believe that any great number of the Southern men of his acquaintance would be willing to cut loose from the old organization, now that its prospects for future success looked so bright. "As for himself he was content to stand by the old party."

Mr. Thurman's view is sound, with one single exception. It is hardly true that the Democrats of the South feel "grateful" to the President for restoring to them the right of local self-government. No doubt they feel on the subject; but "grateful" is not the proper term to apply to their state of mind. We feel simply that we have at last been granted rights to which we were justly entitled, and which have, since the opening days of reconstruction, been wickedly withheld from us by arbitrary power.—Raleigh News.

A natural bridge, far more wonderful than that in Virginia, has recently been discovered in Elliott county, Kentucky. It is of solid stone, and forms a magnificent arch 162 feet long and 15 feet wide at the top, the river, the Little Ghany, rolling over 100 feet below. Fifty yards above the bridge is a waterfall 60 feet high, and the view from the bridge is said to be extremely beautiful.

Faithfulness in keeping secrets cements friendship; but trust not one who has an itching ear for secrets, for it is usually accompany by an itching for telling them.

REUNION IN HEAVEN.

"I am fully persuaded," says Baxter, "that I shall love my friends in heaven, and therefore know them; and this principally bids me to them on earth. If I thought I should never know them more, I'd love them after death, I should love them comparatively little now, as I do all other transitory things."

It is refreshing to see how Professor Spectacles is patronized in the rural districts, and how his "Brazilian pebbles," or his "crystal glasses," that took the premium, you remember, at the great Yankee Show at Philadelphia, are bought eagerly at from \$5 to \$12.

No bigger humbug out than Prof. Spectacles with his "pebble" glasses at from \$5 to \$12. The best glasses are often found in our stores at from 25 cts. to \$1.