

The Carolina Watchman.

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Edith's Engagement.

What if I were past love dreams myself; was that any reason why I should not feel interested in the love of one else? Certainly not; so I watched, half sadly, half joyfully, the visits of Mark Chetwynd to our home.

I love Mark Chetwynd. Do not misunderstand me, and think I love him with a woman's love.—Oh, no! for years before, my heart had been given to another Mark Chetwynd, one who by sleeping the long last sleep for many years.

But for my own Mark's sake, I loved Edith's Mark, for that I saw he was very willing to be.

One evening she came to me, her dark eyes calm, and no flash staining her pure, pale face.

"Do you love him, Edith?" I asked.

"No," she answered, "I do not love him."

"You are deceiving him, Edith, in marrying him without love.—You are wronging him, as well as your self."

"No," she said, slowly, "I honor and respect him, as well as myself."

"No," she said, slowly, "I honor and respect him; he is wealthy, talented and handsome, and I never saw any one I would sooner marry. Honor and respect is all I give him, and it is enough, for he cannot give me his love; that is, except a man can love twice; for he has loved before."

"Loved before, Edith?"

"Yes, years ago, he loved a fair young girl; she was little more than a child, but he loved her with all the strength of his heart."

SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS.

The bull-ring of Madrid is a new circular amphitheatre built of brick and stone, 300 feet in diameter, with 20 rows of stone seats, one above another. There is a central seat for the President of the ring, who is generally some gentleman or some nobleman. There are also rows of private boxes, and a king's box.

The whole exhibition is under the direction of an association of distinguished citizens, usually noblemen, who appear in their attire of gaily colored and gay costume, which always delights the taste of the Spaniard. A large gate opens into the ring, which is approached by a wide way, which he is connected with the various stalls of the bull in the rear. Each bull is confined in a separate stall, with food and water let down to him from above. There is a large yard in the rear, connected with stalls, where the bulls are sometimes baited before the fight.

The bulls intended for the ring are raised in the mountains of the western part of Spain and about Seville, which is the great centre of this sport.

The exhibition of each bull consists of three acts, all of which are performed in about twenty minutes. First, at a signal of the president, the door is thrown open, and the bull, dazed by the glare of the light, dashes into the ring. He sees the picadors drawn up on the right of the ring on horses, each rider having a long pole and a short sword. The bull makes for the first picador, whose skill is shown in returning his horse so as to shun the plunge of the bull or turn him away, or, failing to do this, to put his horse as a shield between himself and the bull.

If the bull misses the first picador he dashes for the second, and so on. This act lasts only a few minutes, but in it many horses are killed by being disembowelled. The treatment of these poor animals is one of the most horrid features of the ring. They are blinded, and if only wounded, the wound is sewed up or stopped with tow, and they are again driven into the ring, until death ends their agonies. None but the poorest animals are used for the ring, but the cruelty is all the greater, as their means of defence becomes less. The bull is never killed by the picadors. If, however, he is a coward and will not charge, he is despatched at once with all manner of hissing and derisive epithets from the crowd, who call him a coward, and nothing but a cow. The dogs are set on him, who grapple him by the nose and bring him down, when he is stabbed or he is houghed—that is the cords of his hind legs are cut with a long knife from behind—and he is then disposed of and drawn out. If the bull is a brave animal, then, after a few minutes' contest with the picador, the second act begins. At a signal from the president the trumpet sounds, and a body of young men, called chulos, or merry-makers, enter the arena gaily dressed and with colored cloaks. They flaunt these in the face of the bull and entice him away from the picadors. They are exceedingly dexterous and skillful in escaping from the plunge of the infuriated animal. I was told by a gentleman that he had seen them, when the bull was rushing on them, leap between his horns and over his back. They will, as they leap one side of him, fix a little goad with a colored ribbon attached into his neck, on each side, and exactly opposite each other.

The last trumpet announces the third act. Upon the signal, the matador, the executioner, comes in alone. He is the man of science. On entering, he bows to the audience, throws his cap on the ground, and swears he will do his whole duty. He has in his right hand a long, slender sword, and in his left a red flag. After entering the bull, with the flag, to make a few plunges, at the proper moment, as he starts one side to let the bull pass, he strikes the fatal blow; and if he is skillful he pierces him to the heart between the left shoulder and the blade, and so quickly it is done that he draws the slim blade without a drop of blood, brandishing it aloft, while the bull in his last plunge falls, the blood gushing from his nostrils, and dies without a struggle. The team of mules, with flags and bells, are now driven in, and the bull is drawn on a low hurdle around the ring, amid the shouts of the audience.

In one afternoon six or eight bulls are killed in this way. Frequently a picador or a matador will be gored and killed. He is then borne off to the priest, who has a room adjoining the ring, and there, forgotten by the noisy crowd, his soul is prepared for heaven, and he passes from the bull-fight to paradise. Such is a bull-fight, the Christian amusement of Catholic Spain. There are more than one hundred bull-rings in the kingdom.

Yet the Spaniard has his arguments by which he will defend this national amusement, and it is fair to give him the advantage of them. He says every nation must have amusement, and a historical and traditional one if otherwise good, is the best. That there is more or less cruelty in all national sports. The Englishman and American will play with his fish and slowly drown him; will slaughter the buffalo for sport; hunt lions and elephants for amusement. They shoot pigeons and pheasants for the fun of killing them. Common people in all countries, with wives and children, attend executions.—N. Y. Observer.

Mark Chetwynd gave no sign that Leslie Gray was more to him than Edith's cousin.

And Edith was changed as well, and there had come a look of pain into her proud eyes.

"Aunt Kate," she said to me, one day, "I am a fortunate girl, and I do not go to marry one of the handsomest, as well as the wealthiest men in the county. I will be queen of society, will I not, Aunt Kate?"

PROVIDENTIAL PROTECTION.

The following singular narrative is from a volume by a Canadian missionary, who has recently published certain recollections of his past life and labors.

About this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of Mr. M., a respectable farmer, who had died at one of my out settlements a few months before. He had left a widow, a very amiable and pious woman, and three children, to mourn his loss. The lone widow thought herself unequal to the management of the large farm which her husband had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the village where I lived, and was now selling everything off, except a little furniture.

After the sale was over I went into the house to see her. I congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, and remarked that she would be much more comfortable, not only in being relieved from the cares of a business, but in a feeling of security, which in her unprotected state, in that lonely house, she could hardly enjoy.

"Oh! no," she said, "not unprotected; far from it. You forgot," she continued, with a mournful smile, "that I am now under the special protection of him who careth for the widow and the fatherless, and I feel quite confident that He will protect us."

And he did protect them, and that very night too, in a most extraordinary and wonderful, and I may add, miraculous manner. The farm-house was a solitary one; there was not another within half a mile of it. That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale. The mother and the three young children, and a maid servant, were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast.

This kept the mother awake; and she thought she heard, in the pauses of the tempest, some strange and unusual noise, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in a room in the front of the house immediately beneath her bedchamber. This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own.

She immediately rose, and going to her maid's room, awoke her, and they went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially so, for the night was cloudy; still it was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense rough dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading into the kitchen whence she thought the noise she first heard had proceeded.

She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking so violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation; when the dog rushed in, and the widow saw through the open door two men at the kitchen window, which was open. The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident, from the occasional tones of the noble animal, that he sometimes had the worst of it.

The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till Mrs. M.—could hear only now and then a faint and indistinct bark. The robbers, or perhaps murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which had enabled them to undo the fastening of the window, when, but for the dog, they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose. The mistress and maid got a light, and secured the window as well as they could.

They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more was out of the question. They had not, however, got down stairs the second time before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately opened it, and fawning upon each of them in turn, to be patted and praised for his prowess. He then stretched his huge bulk, at full length, beside the warm stove, closed his eyes and went to sleep.

The next morning they gave him a breakfast of dog might have envied; after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining impatiently at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterwards.

THE TELEGRAPH.

Letter from Junius L. Clemmons—Facts in Regard to the Invention of Electric Telegraph.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 2, 1877.

To the Editor of the Raleigh News:—Sir:—My attention has been called to a communication, or rather an extract from a communication, from the Rev. M. L. Wood to your paper, in regard to the original inventor of the electric telegraph. The gentleman is mistaken in saying that Mr. Morse was a student of Randolph Macon College, Va., and a classmate of mine. He is not mistaken, however, in representing that my friends claim for me some part of the honor of suggesting that invention. I was a student at Randolph Macon College from 1833 to 1837 inclusive. It was in the year 1833 that the suggestions, drawings and explanations alluded to by the gentleman were made by me.

Having been absent from North Carolina for twenty-seven years I do not know whether certain citizens of that State who were fellow students of mine are yet living or not.

If the Rev. Baxter Clegg, or J. W. Cameron, once editor of the *Wadesboro Argus*, are yet living, he or they will testify to all the facts connected with this matter. There are others who are familiar with them whose names I do not remember. My drawings of the telegraphic wire, &c., were made around the walls of my room, and often made the jest of my visitors. I was regarded as a visionary, and no person ever agreed with me that it could be done. My explanations all went for naught. I saw it as clearly myself at that time as I do to-day, and had I not been devoted to my general collegiate course, and very much prejudiced against "patent rights," I should then have put my suggestions into practice and applied for a patent. As it was I pursued the matter no further than a theoretic suggestion with drawings and explanations of the agencies and machinery by which telegraphic communications at any distance could be made. I was regarded as very extravagant when I contended that these wires could be used across the Atlantic, and prophesied that the day would come when they would encircle the globe. I believed this and so contended with my incredulous companions.

This is all that I am entitled to any credit for. It was some three or four years before Mr. Morse's invention.

Mr. Morse is entitled to the honor of having put the invention into practice, which was certainly more important to the world than the mere intellectual conception.

During the year 1834-'5-'6-'7, electricians in England, France and Germany made more or less progress in this invention. It proved, however, in Morse's hands more vital and successful than in the hands of any one else, and hence he was held by the world as the original inventor. I unite with all the world in according to Prof. Morse the honor justly due to the triumph of genius.

Whether or not Prof. Morse ever derived any benefit from my labors is only matter of suspicion with me. The circumstances were these: A gentleman by the name of Page was commissioner of patents at Washington. He had acquired considerable reputation as an electrician. I knew him by reputation as an electrician, but was ignorant of the fact that he was connected with the patent office. In 1833 when this conception of an electric telegraph and the manner of working it was sufficiently perfected in my own mind I wrote to Mr. Page on the subject. I accompanied my suggestions with rude drawings of the machinery and asked Mr. Page what he thought of it. My object was to obtain the opinion of a scientific man. My communication was concluded in polite and respectful terms and I naturally expected some sort of answer. Mr. Page, however, never replied to me in any way. I then let the matter drop and directed my attention to my studies, only occasionally renewing my suggestions among my friends.

Some four years after my communication to Page I was one day rather startled by seeing a notice in a newspaper stating that a partnership had been formed by Page, Smith, Amos Kendall and Morse to patent and put in operation Morse's invention. I was still more surprised to learn that Page, being examiner of patents, was prohibited by law from taking a patent in his own name. I learned also that Page was the son-in-law of Amos Kendall, and that there was some other considerations that gave cohesion to said partnership. I immediately sat down and wrote to Page, charging him with having used my suggestions for his own benefit and at the same time I published a communication in the *Washington Globe*, making the same charge publicly. Mr. Page answered my publication admitting the receipt of my suggestions and drawings and that he never answered my inquiries. His excuse was that at that time he had no faith in the project and thought it unnecessary to answer me. The files of the *Globe* of that day will show this.

Whether Morse, a partner of Page, ever profited by my suggestions to Page is only a matter of suspicion with me. I

SAURDAY NIGHT.

How many a kiss has been given; how many a curse; how many a caress; how many a promise; how many a heart has been broken; how many loved ones have been lowered into the narrow chamber; how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven; how many a cradle or crib stands silent, which last Saturday night held the rarest of all the treasures of the heart.

A week is a life; a week is a history; a week makes sorrow of gladness.

Go home to thy family, man of business, go home heart-renting wanderer; go home to cheer what awaits you, wrong waif of life's breaker; go home to those you love, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by. Leave your books with complex figures, your dirty workshop, your busy store; rest with those you love, for God only knows what the next Saturday night may bring.

Forget the world of care and the battle of life, which have furrowed the week, and draw close the family hearth. Saturday night has awaited your coming with the bitterest tears and silence.

Go home to those whom you love, and as you bask in the loved presence and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and to bless God for giving his weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river to the eternal Saturday night.

GOVERNOR TILDEN SPEAKS AT LAST

He Denounces Republican Fraud, but is Hopeful of the Republic.

(By telegraph to the News and Courier.)

NEW YORK, June 12.—Governor Tilden made a brief speech at the reception of the Manhattan Club to-night. After alluding to the departure of Governor Hendricks to-morrow, with his best wishes for a prosperous voyage and safe return, he said: "Everybody knows that after the recent election the men who were elected by the people President and Vice-President of the United States were 'counted out,' and men who were not elected 'counted in' and seated. I disclaim any thought of the personal wrong involved in this transaction. Not by any act or word of mine shall that be dwarfed or degraded into a personal grievance, which is, in truth, the greatest wrong that has stained our national annals. To every man of the four and a quarter millions who were defrauded of the fruits of their elective franchise, it is as great a wrong as it is to me. And no less to every man of the minority will the ultimate consequences extend. Evils in government grow by success and impunity. They do not arrest their own progress. They can never be limited except by external forces. If the men in possession of the government can in one instance maintain themselves in power against an adverse decision at the elections, such an example will be imitated. Temptation exists always. Devices, to give the color of law, and false pretences on which to found fraudulent decisions, will not be wanting. The wrong will grow into a practice if once condoned. In the world's history, changes in the succession of governments have usually been the result of fraud or force. It has been our faith and our pride that we had established a mode of peaceful change to be worked out by the agency of the ballot-box. The question now is, whether our election system in its substance as well as form, is to be maintained? This is the question of questions. Until it is finally settled there can be no politics founded on inferior questions of administrative policy. It involves the fundamental right of the people. It involves the elective principle. It involves the whole system of popular government. The people must signify their condemnation of the great wrong which has been done to them. They must strip this example of everything that can attract imitators. They must refuse a prosperous immunity to crime. This is not all. The people will not be able to trust the authors or beneficiaries of the wrong to devise remedies, but when those who condemn the wrong shall have the power, they must devise the measure which shall render a repetition of the wrong forever impossible. If my voice could reach throughout our country and be heard in its remotest hamlet, I would say: "Be of good cheer, the Republic will live, the institutions of our fathers are not to expire in shame; the sovereignty of the people shall be rescued from this peril and re-established." Successful wrong never appears so triumphant as on the very eve of its fall. Seven years ago a corrupt dynasty culminated in its power over the million of people who live in the City of New York. It had conquered, or bribed, or flattered, and won almost everybody into acquiescence. It appeared to be invincible. A year or two later its members were in the penitentiary or in exile. History abounds in similar examples. We must believe in the right and in the future. A great and noble nation will not sever its political from its moral life."

Anger is blood, poured and perplexed into a foetus; but malice is the wisdom of our wrath.

Though a good life may not silence calumny, it will disarm it.

TRouble Between Orangemen and Catholics

—Great Excitement and Several Men Killed.

MONTREAL, July 12.—12 30 P. M.—All is peace so far, but immense crowds of ominous import are gathering in St. James street, Victoria square and Craig street. The members of the Catholic union have their rendezvous at St. Patrick Hall. Anxiety and dread are visible on every countenance, and the worst fears are expressed of approaching trouble. The services in Knox Presbyterian church are still proceeding. A large number of ladies are present.

1 P. M.—A stranger has just been shot dead on Victoria square.

1:30 P. M.—The trouble is just beginning. The man was killed while standing on the steps of Dan's store, where he had been pursued by the crowd. Fifteen shots altogether were fired. About 1:30 two women were standing on Victoria square, one with an orange billy in her breast. The other snatched at the billy, and the women commenced to fight. A man in a check suit interfered, and tried to separate them. People gathered around, a fight ensued and several shots were fired. The man with the check suit being badly handled, rushed into an adjoining store, where he was followed. Several parties endeavored to protect him, and a further row took place, during which the man, whose name is not known, was shot three times in the temple and killed instantly. The police have just marched down to disperse the crowd.

3 P. M.—The whole volunteer force including those that filled the batteries have been ordered out. The excitement is increasing. It is rumored that the Catholic union men are being supplied with arms and ball cartridges.

3:40 P. M.—The city is full of roughs preambulating the streets. Numbers of them are strangers. "The Quebec Coves" probably furnished their quota.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—The latest reports from Montreal show no further disturbances. The celebration of the Orangemen elsewhere have been tame, and no disturbances have been reported.

Gov. Cullom, of Illinois, has established a series of rules to be adhered to by those seeking pardons or commutations that will commend themselves to every intelligent person, not only in Illinois, but every other State. The rule chiefly to be commended is that which requires public notice to be given in the newspapers in the county in which the criminal was sentenced, that an application for pardon is about to be made.

What Pitkin Publicly Promulgates About Packard and Pitkin.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—The *Republican* interviewed ex-Marshal Pitkin of Louisiana: Pitkin—"Well, neither Packard nor myself is bent upon any deep seated revenge, but as far as we can afford the Republican party legitimate redress, we will not hesitate to do it."

Reporter—"Is it true that you two gentlemen have brought out the indictment against the members of the returning board?" Pitkin—"It is an atrocious falsehood. We have had nothing whatever, to do with it. The grand jury is composed of Democrats, and the Judge, Whitaker, is a violent Democrat. I am satisfied that the whole movement was instigated from New York in the Tilden interest. Moreover, I am led to believe that the original returns of the late election are to be promulgated in favor of Tilden and Nicholls."