

State Library  
The Carolina Watchman.

MY TRAMP.

(From the New York Observer.)  
Sitting, one morning, on the broad piazza of our summer home, with Hamerton's "Wanderholme" in my hand, I was interrupted by hearing the gate open and, in a minute, steps on the walk. Now nothing can be more utterly unassuming than this same home. The house is one story and a half, the paint has seen fresher days, and generally there is an air of absentmindedness; besides, we are out of the village, and consequently removed from chance visitors. When the gate rattled on its hinges—a trick it well understood—I always knew some friend was on his way or the marketmen were round on their daily calls; but this step, on this morning, had a peculiarity which said to me, "Tramp, before, between the low-lying branches of the avenue of Norway spruces, I saw the young man coming toward me. He was slight, graceful in his movements, rather well-dressed, and lifted his hat with altogether a gentlemanly air as he saw me. Everybody has a timid streak. Mine lay in the fear of tramps,—for, as I have said, our house is quite out of the village, and long French windows, shabbily fastened, offer easy ingress at any hour of day or night, doors there are, too, everywhere, with and without bolts, as it may happen. Very much at the mercy we are of every lawless intruder. But this young man, tramp though he undeniably was, had a clear, gray eye, which met mine fully as I looked up from my book, and a smile, with a kind of pathos that had almost a hungry pleading as I waited for his request. He stopped at a short distance from me and began nervously to break off small twigs from the tree by which he stood, neither of us speaking. At length I asked: "Do you wish anything?" "I'm not used to begging, ma'am," he broke out, in a low, musical voice, "but I have had a long walk, and I am almost starved. If you would give me some breakfast, and let me work for pay for it afterwards, I should be very much obliged to you."

Afterward! If he had only said before, he should have had a hearty breakfast, and all the ghosts of political economy that haunted my brain would have laid on the instant; but afterward—there it was, in the true, lazy, good-for-nothing tramp style. I pauper to idle begging! Not if I knew myself. "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat," was a part of my Bible in which I rigidly believed. So I said, turning the leaves of my book a little impatiently: "You are too young and too healthy to be a beggar. You look to me as if you were made for better things."

Not a word spoke he in answer; he just turned on his heel, and was slowly leaving the yard when my heart—a miserable, weak heart, that is always at war with my principles—gave a great tug, and I called after him: "Come back! You shall have your breakfast. I only wish you had proposed to earn it before you ate it."

He did not turn, and I called again, in a softer tone: "I should be sorry to turn even a dog away hungry. Come back! I will tell my cook to give you a bite."

He stopped, came back a step or two, and said: "But I am not a dog. I am poor, can't get work, and am out in search of it. I haven't a cent, and I don't want what I can't earn. I would have offered to earn my food first, but I am weak and faint for want of it."

"Come back! come back!" I said, now, more cordially than I would have welcomed the Prince of Wales. "Sit down on the piazza; it is cool here; and Bridget shall bring your breakfast out."

The tone drew him; he sat down on a corner of the piazza at the greatest distance from my chair, and I left him there while I put my head inside my kitchen door to astonish my cook, to whom my order for the summer had been peremptory—"No food, under any circumstances, for tramps—with. Get us nice a breakfast as you can, Bridget, out of what you have cooked, and bring it at once to the piazza—the man's faint."

"Marm!" said Bridget staring at me. "Breakfast as quick as you can, on the piazza, for one. Anything, Bridget, only so it don't take you long to get it. Hurry, will you!"—seeing her put her hands on her hips, a position the meaning of which I only too well understood; so I shut the door and went back to my tramp. Apparently he had not moved, yet I must own, as I saw him, I noticed that the seat he had chosen was directly in front of a window that opened to a view of the whole inside of the house. I was ashamed of myself to find I thought instantly of my bureau, that stood in full sight, and my watch, with a jewel box, that I knew I had left on its top; but this suspicion was only a stirring of the timid ghost and not to be wondered at.

Bridget, I need hardly say to any experienced housekeeper, did not hurry, and, while we waited, I fell into a chat with the young man. He said he came from "down South," had walked up the other side of the Lake, hoping, among the farmers there, he should find a job, but so

many had been before him, with the same expectations, he had with difficulty done enough to earn his food; he hadn't slept in a bed for three weeks, and, take the wear and tear of his clothes and the loss of his strength, he was going home even poorer than he left. There was something about him so different from any other tramp I had ever seen, that all my sound theories went where a woman's theories are apt to go,—I say it with shame and confusion of face, but I must tell the truth at whatever cost,—and I began to feel interested in him. Now, I said, if he don't try the mother dodge, I really shall feel like helping him; at least, I will ask my husband to let him do any odd chores he may have about the place; but if he begins to talk to me about his mother, I shall expect the next thing will be a request for money,—that will never do. But he didn't. I found him intelligent, quite up in matters of daily public interest, and inclined to bring them forward. Now and then I detected his eyes wandering toward the door through which he expected his breakfast to be brought; but otherwise, no impatience until the well-filled salver in Bridget's reluctant arms made its appearance. The salver was well filled; Bridget could take a license as well as any cook, but she knew me well enough to know when it would be best not to venture, and acted accordingly.

I have seen wild beasts fed, but it seemed to me, as I stole a glance now and then at my tramp, that I had never known what eating ravenously meant before; he seemed literally to have been starved. "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" I kept repeating to myself. I dare say, from our prejudice against this class, we do them often a grievous injustice. Just suppose, now, I had turned a hungry man—a hungry man as that—away unfed, how sadly I should have regretted it by-and-by, in that other world, where even our tramp mistakes will rise up against us. "Because ye have not fed the hungry, therefore ye are none of mine."

Well, this one, at least, was getting a good, hearty meal, and then there would be the work—yes, of course, the work—in payment. That I should insist upon, my political economy demanded it as only just. There was a salver of empty dishes very soon, and the young man got up and shook himself, as I have seen a big Newfoundland dog do after a hearty meal; some how his expression seemed to have changed, the pathos had all died out; it was not so well pleased with it, and my determination to enforce the work rapidly strengthened.

"Now," I said, "I will find something for you to do. Come with me."

"Yes, ma'am," just lifting his hat. At the back of our house was a large woodpile waiting to be packed neatly away in the adjacent woodhouse.

"There," I suggested, pointing to the wood and its shelter, "do what you think your breakfast has been worth to you, and then come to me."

My plan had been to try his honesty in the way of payment, and then hire him at rather an unusual rate of wages to finish the job.

Becoming again absorbed in "Wanderholme," I quite forgot my tramp until I suddenly wakened to a consciousness that the regular sound of piling wood had ceased for some time; evidently the man's meal had been paid for, but what had become of him? With a slight misgiving, I made my way, with as little delay as possible, to the woodpile. No one was there; a few sticks had been thrown in, a slovenly way, inside the woodhouse door, and that was all. As I stood looking in, I heard a snicker (it's the only word that will describe the sound) and I knew Bridget was somewhere, watching me. It was insult added to my injury.

I have only a few words to add by way of moral reflections: Never allow your heart to get the better of your head! Believe in political economy! in your Bible! in your firmly-established prejudices! Lay no ghost! Preserve intact your natural timidities!—recognize them as your guardian angels!—and, above all, beware of tramps!

That night I went as usual, to wind up my watch, but—I didn't do it. Always orderly, I sought to put my jewelry away in its pretty case, but—I didn't do it. And yet my tramp had not spoken of his mother.

The United Presbyterian in an article entitled "Picnic Religion" speaking of camp-meetings and other arrangements for summer services says: "All these plans of religious ruralizing are of doubtful credit to our Christianity. In some respects they are injurious. They subject the church to the charge of seeing sensual pleasure under the guise of piety; and more than this there is, in many instances a shrewd financial operation in the conventional surroundings. A man wishes to make money piously, and invites his fellow-believers to come together to work and worship, the main chance all the while overshadowing in his thought the devotion he is professing. Among current scandals none are so scandalous as these worldly policies, coated with a thin varnish."

The Concord Register tells of a quilt belonging to Miss Maggie Winecoff, of Rowan county, which contains 9,299 pieces.

LETTER FROM SPAIN.

BY HENRY DAY, ESQ.  
LA MANCHA.  
Many a lover of Don Quixote, or Don Quijote, as the Spaniards call him, would go to Spain for the sake of viewing the scenes where the famous knight and his doughty squire gained immortal renown. On our way from Toledo to Grenada we pass through the province of La Mancha, which alone the genius of Cervantes could have made famous. It is a treeless country, its soils impregnated with salt, with a few squalid villages, with a race of poor but industrious people, of whom Sancho Panza is a good specimen. At Menzanes we are in the centre and in the capital of the province of La Mancha. Here we are within a few miles of the little inn, Venta de Quesada, where Don Quijote was knighted, and occasionally we pass one of those wind-mills or a flock of sheep which furnished an opportunity for the display of his martial prowess.

The peasants of Spain have the most implicit belief in the existence of this renowned knight. He is a reality to them. His marvelous adventure, and those of the Cid, are the great fund of song and story at the village inns of Spain. About fifty miles further on we reach the station of Baeza. Here there are mines of lead and copper worked, and worked in the same manner as they were under the Romans two hundred years ago. Here Scipio the younger fought a great battle with Asdrubal, about 200 B. C. Here you may see the ruins of the palace of Himelec, the wife of Hannibal! But the crowning honor of this place is that it is the birthplace of St. Ursula, who so heroically ended her life at Cologne with her 11,000 virgins, whose bones we have many of us seen there. It is generally bad taste to spill a good story, but I must be allowed the explanation of this legend, which is that it arose from a mistaken reading of an old manuscript which was "Ursula et XI. M. V.," meaning eleven martyred virgins.

From Toledo to Grenada our way runs nearly south, crossing the headwaters of the Gaudiana and the Gaudalquivir. We strike the latter at Menjibar, from whence it flows southwesterly to the Atlantic, passing in its course Cordova and Seville, two of its most beautiful cities in Spain. It is not the beautiful, clear, poetic river, sometimes described in song. In winter and spring it is swollen and turbid, cutting away its banks and overflowing them. In summer it dwindles to a shallow stream, winding through wide, treeless meadows.

At Menjibar we leave the railroad, which is very circuitous in its route to Grenada, for the diligence. If we wish to see real Spanish life, customs, dress and the people as they live we must take the diligence through the small villages, stopping at the posadas and ventas, as the village inns are called. On a fine day, with a beautiful mountain scenery, mounted on the driver's seat, with six horses or mules, each having bells, the diligence is the very poetry of travelling. One postillion rides one of the leaders from eight in the morning till eleven o'clock at night,—eighty miles without a rest. It is said that these postillions, before the days of railroads, rode from Madrid to Grenada, a journey of two hundred miles, in two days and a night. We had another attendant who seemed to be a conductor, and went the whole journey. Another, called the Mayoral, drove the team, having reins only for the wheel horses. He would drive only from one station, where horses were changed, to another, and always came with and left his team, and had the entire charge of them in the stables and on the road. He carried with him a bag of stones, which he would throw with great skill at the leaders which his whip would not reach. The driver talked and shouted to the horses all the way, and at a certain sound at the foot of a hill they would break into a run. About every eight miles, the driver, with his horses, would leave, and a new driver and a fresh team would take their places. The postillion carried a horn slung around his neck, with which he heralded our approach to every village.

Leaving Menjibar, we wind our way for a short distance along the banks of Gandalquivir, which we soon cross on an iron bridge, and make our way up out of the valley on to the high, treeless plains, which are bare and muddy in winter and hot and parched in summer.

For fifteen miles we see not a tree, not a fence, not a field of grass, scarcely a horse or a person, except the guards who patrol the roads. These guards civiles are stationed on most of the travelled routes of Spain, for protection against banditti. They are sometimes mounted and always well armed, dressed in military uniform, with a cocked hat. They are found at every railway station, in every village, and at regular distances upon all the roads. They are fine-looking men of good character. We found them miles away from any dwelling, two together, patrolling the roads over which we passed, always armed with a musket. They have rendered travelling safe in all parts of Spain.

SIGHTS AND SMELLS.  
A ride of fifteen miles over plains which have every appearance of barrenness, gradually rising, brings us to the ancient city of Jaen, which is beautifully situated among the hills. It is the key to Grenada; from the north, mountains rise around it in every direction. It has a cathedral and a number of fine churches and some famous relics. As we have no partiality for old bones, teeth, finger nails, and dried hair, or old rags, we spend no time upon them. Here we made our first trial at a venta, or country inn. As we were to travel till eleven o'clock at night without anything to eat, my guide brought me a most delicious morsel of veal, fried in vinegar and garlic, which, with bread, was all the venta afforded. We were contented with oranges and bread for our day's provision. Our fellow-travellers here provided themselves for the day—bread, sausages seasoned with garlic and fried in garlic. During a shower we were obliged to ride in the coupe, shut up with two of them. Every few minutes they would partake of the sausage and politely offer me some. After indulging in this food for some time they became thoroughly impregnated with odor. They breathed garlic from within; their pockets emitted garlic from without. Garlic was everywhere. The air was filled with it; and such garlic who can describe? Shut up in close coupe with these two bodies, the odor was terrific, and sea sickness is a comfort to what I felt. I was obliged to open the window, put my head out and pretend to look at the beautiful scenery. At Jaen we are about fifty miles from Grenada. Our road lies through winding valleys, along which mountain torrents rush in winter and the beds of which are often used as roads in summer. We ascend gradually through pass after pass, where, had to hand, the Moors and the Christians fought every inch four centuries ago. We are now among the Sierra Susanna, which bound the Vega of Grenada on the north. Their lofty snow-capped heights look down into one of the most fruitful and lovely valleys under the sun.

THE APPROACH TO GRENADA.  
As we emerged from this mountain valley and descended into the Vega, a new world bursts upon us. The flow of the waters, diverted from the mountain streams for irrigation, is everywhere heard like music. You exchange sterility for verdure of living green; the orange, lemon and fig-trees everywhere abound, filled with bloom or fruit; the air is fragrant with flowers; beautiful villas setting back from the road, surrounded by gardens, begin to appear.

Through this wealth of living verdure, the road, broad and lined with trees, makes its way up to Grenada, like the approach to the city of a great king. The night is upon us before we reach the gates of the city. Two old Moorish towers frown upon us from above the gates as we enter through the massive walls. We wind our way through the narrow and dimly-lighted streets, until we reach the eastern side of the city, and ascend through a grand avenue of trees to the height of the Alhambra to the Hotel Washington Irving, which is just without the walls of the ancient fortress.

BLUNT BUT TRUE.  
There is said to be a young man in the Missouri penitentiary whose parents at their death, left him a fortune of \$50,000. There is where his parents made a fatal mistake. If they had taken the precaution to invest that sum in a small dog, and shot him, and then had simply left the young man a jackplane or a wood saw with printed instructions how to use it, the chances are that, instead of being in the penitentiary, he would to-day have been gradually but surely working his way up to handsome competency, honorable old age. But ever since the days of Adam and Eve, parents have made it a point to toil and struggle all their lives in order to realize a sufficient sum of money to purchase, when they are dead and gone, their sons each a first class through ticket to the devil, and it is not much to be wondered at that so many of their sons, reared in vice and idleness, as too many of them often are, have no higher ambition than to invest their inheritance in just that sort of transportation.

"GONE."  
How significant this solitary word upon a tombstone! Like a bird of passage, the little stranger had lighted upon this planet, had tarried for a brief day, and then had flown forever.

And where shall we be? Whither shall we have fled? We shall still exist. We shall continue in being somewhere. And where? Whether or not in some blest abode will depend on our improvement of the passing hour. "Behold, now is the accepted time: behold now is the day of salvation!" H. S.

Mt. Glead, Montgomery county, gave \$62.50 to the Orphan Asylum.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE N. Y. OBSERVER, BY RUTH POOL.)  
Music has different effects upon different men, and those effects depend much upon the impression received and the habits formed in childhood. A harmony which would entrance a cultivated ear would leave a savage unmoved. It is not, then, surprising that music acts variously upon the different kinds of animals. The sound of instruments impresses them and often very keenly. Wind instruments, for example, have a singularly exciting effect on dogs. To these they seldom become accustomed; the first sound which strikes them call forth frightful howls. Herdsmen and shepherds, in some countries, call their flocks with a long horn, and notwithstanding the dog hears from it every day the same air, it draws from him each time cries of distress.

There is, however, an instance of a dog sufficiently fond of harmony to allow his master to give him a certain degree of musical education. This animal belonged to a German composer of a name very few tongues can pronounce, but I will venture to write it. It was Schweitzerhofer. Well! the man of this astonishing name succeeded in teaching a dog to play a dog. The animal retained the lesson, and always after, at the command of his master, would raise correctly the note.

The horse, unlike the dog, takes pleasure in music; at the sound of it he raises his ear; he is animated by a martial air; at a slow movement he slackens his pace. In the days when regiments of cavalry had their own bands of music, the performers, when upon the march, were seen playing quietly their parts, giving little heed to the animals they rode, who advanced in perfect order, and without making the least mistake.

The regiment horse learned to understand perfectly the different calls of the trumpet. Many have heard the anecdote of the countryman who had bought an old horse of a retired soldier. One morning he entered a town as a regiment of cavalry was passing. Suddenly the trumpets sounded, when the horse instantly started, joined the troops, placed himself in the ranks, and followed, in spite of the cries and efforts of its owner. The ass and the ox experience equal pleasure in listening to melody. The ox advances his head as a sign of satisfaction; the ass raises his ears and shows unmistakable evidence of enjoyment. Mice are also among the quadruped lovers of music.

The birds are monomaniacs; artists themselves, it is not strange that they love music. It is easy to teach tunes to some of them. By hearing them played on a bird-organ, they remember and repeat them. All birds, however, do not have that taste. Among those that are distressed by music may be reckoned hens. The sound of a violin causes them to fly away with cries of fear. If shut up in a place where music is made, their demonstrations of terror are most comical and curious.

Reptiles and insects appreciate the charms of music. If one whistles before a lizard that is running away, it suddenly stops, and, if the air is agreeable, it listens with evident pleasure. When an American Indian has the ability to whistle pleasantly, he can approach the iguana and capture this gigantic lizard, whose flesh is said to be good for food. Like all other lizards, the iguana listens to music with such attention that he forgets to care for his own safety and allows himself to be taken. The charmers of serpents, by means of certain melodies, slow and captivating, can control perfectly these terrible creatures. They call them, direct their movements, allow them to surround their limbs with their powerful coils, without the least danger; the serpent is completely subjugated.

Who would believe that music could affect the spider? Nothing, however, is more true. A captain of a regiment had displeased the Minister of Louis XIV, and was imprisoned in the Bastille. He obtained permission to take with him his lute, which he played with much skill. After a few days, the prisoner was astonished to see mice come out from their holes and spiders descend from their webs, and surround him to listen to him. His surprise was so great the first time that he stopped playing, when his singular audience retired. When he began again, spiders and mice returned. They sat last became so numerous, that he was convinced they informed their friends in the neighborhood, and, in order to indulge in his diversion, he was obliged to have a cat in his prison. Still some mice, too music-mad, would not be stopped by that, and became victims of their love for lyric art.

This fact is not a solitary one. Leclere, a celebrated violinist of the time of Louis XIV, who was assassinated in the street by a young man, his rival, passed several months in prison, for what reason is unknown. A warrant of arrest was sufficient in those days to send a man to the Bastille, where he was sometimes forgotten for years. Leclere had permission to take with him to prison his violin. One day, as he was playing the sonata in C minor of Corelli, he observed a spider which had come out of its hiding place and rested motionless on the edge of its web. The sonata finished, it returned to its retreat. Leclere executed several other

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

Well-informed persons in Madras, where the famine has been most prevalent, estimate the number of deaths directly or indirectly by starvation at half a million, and the opinion is expressed that it will amount within the next three months to at least ten times that number, or five millions of the people of the country. In regard to this fearful state of things the London Times of the 31st says: "We may shrink from so ghastly a calculation, and it may be hoped we shall be able to avert some of this destruction of life; but if we take into account the indirect as well as the direct influence of the Famine, even this estimate may be none too high. Our correspondent reminds us most truly that behind and besides the actual deaths from starvation comes a vast number from the effects of the disease, the constitutional feebleness, the undermining of the whole strength of the population which such a Famine entails. To what a pitch the misery has reached may be guessed from a letter we published on Friday. One of the members of the Mysore Revenue Survey stated that in Bangalore there was a regular service organized, in addition to the Police, to keep the streets clear of the dead and dying. Outside the municipal limits, dead bodies, he says, are lying in all directions; the lower castes are cooking and eating the bodies. \* \* \* Two days ago, when riding past the Husar stables, I saw a crowd of wretched women and children routing in the dung-heap, and picking out the undigested grains of corn to eat. The people who are reduced to these miserable expedients are, as another correspondent describes them, ordinarily apathetic in the presence of death; but it seems to come upon them now in too portentous and cruel a form for even their powers of endurance. There are horrible and miserable scenes enough in the world, no doubt; but question whether anything so terrible could be witnessed at this moment as this spectacle of the population of half a continent thus perishing in the agonies of starvation."

Notwithstanding so many thousands are perishing daily, the Viceroy has interposed to repress public charity and advises against holding public meetings for the purpose of collecting subscriptions. He is said to have stated that the Supreme Government is determined to avert death by famine so far as the resources of the whole Empire would enable it to do so. The importation of grain will be left to private trade, but the Government will reinforce the railways and arrange for other means of transportation. It will give subsistence and relief wages graduated according to the prevailing prices, and it hopes to construct great and permanent works by means of relief labor.—It will buy grain locally and give gratuitous support in various forms to the helpless poor; but it deprecates appeals to private charity as having a tendency to interfere with public organization and to increase the panic.

The wisdom of this action on the part of the Viceroy has been called in question, but both the home and the Indian government naturally feel a deep responsibility toward this conquered province.

President Clark, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, has been spending a year in Japan, superintending the establishment of a Government institution in that country similar to the one over which he presides. In a recent address at Amherst he made an interesting statement of his impressions of the people. He never saw a quarrel in Japan, and never saw nor heard of a Japanese student in America or Japan accused of immorality. He selected from a thousand young men the students for the college there, and never knew one of them that would willingly offend his teachers. He spoke of the Japanese as well disposed toward Christianity and as ready when, convinced of its truth, to make a bold confession. They have great capacity for usefulness in the conversion of the world, and are the men of all others to be missionaries in China. He gave an account of the theological school founded by Joseph Nee Sima, which has upwards of 60 students who are Christian young men studying to be missionaries among their countrymen, a large number of them already preaching every Sunday. After Nee Sima had started his school with the consent of the Government, complaint was made that he was teaching the Bible, and the ministers of the Government told him he must stop; he might have a theological school, but he must not teach the Bible in the school. So Nee Sima bought a house across the street, and the students go to his private house to study the Bible and study the science at the school building, their theological school going on just the same as before.

Self government is good, if those who exercise it know how to practice it.—It is supreme folly to expect any number of persons to govern each other if they have never learned to govern themselves. Putting a man in a state house, to make laws before he has been placed in a school-house to learn how to study, and before he knows the science of government, is as much foolishness, as it would be to permit a man to navigate a vessel, who knows nothing about navigation. The right of universal suffrage is based on the duty of universal education.

Dishonest and uneducated persons should never be permitted to make our laws.—Teacher's Monthly.

The Pennsylvania oil wells are estimated to have yielded 88,000,000 barrels worth \$300,000,000 on the spot.