

For the Watchman.
MY NEW CLOTH CLOAK.

Most respectfully inscribed to *Dandy John*
Stratton, M. D.

BY WHO?

I have never spoke, John,
Of my fine cloth cloak, my boy,
To you, when in a humorous vein;
So now in good rhyme, John,
I'll tell you it's fine, my boy,
Either in sunshine, wind or rain.

It is right brand new, John,
Of a deep dark blue, my boy;
Or some may think it a bottle-green;
And all trimmed with plaid, John,
Which oft makes me sad, my boy,
Because both sides at once are seen.

For in point of dress, John,
I will here confess, my boy,
I bought my cloak to make a show;
But this plain blue, John,
Will I fear ne'er do, my boy,
Now plaid and stripes are all the go.

So it puzzles me, John,
To a sore degree, my boy,
To know which side of it looks best;
And such is my doubt, John,
I'd oft turn it out, my boy,
If cloaks were worn so by the rest.

More especially so, John,
Since the girls all go, my boy,
With their bright plaids all out to view;
Of a brilliant dye, John,
As brisk and as spry, my boy,
As if none else could do so too.

So I'm oft inclined, John,
To show all the kind, my boy,
Of goods that line my mantle through;
For it seems to me, John,
That when the girls see, my boy,
That all hands wish to get a view.

Either at their plaid, John,
Or their shining heads, my boy;
And which it is I will not say;
But this much I know, John,
That where'er they go, my boy,
There'll be a bustle in that way.

So to split this bother, John,
I'll fold it over, my boy,
To let all eyes its beauties see;
I throw wide the collar, John,
Then like a swallow, my boy,
Let tail and tassel both fly free.

Thus completely blessed, John,
When I'm fully dressed, my boy,
I sail the streets in finest glee;
And will go to church, John,
If by a short search, my boy,
I had a place where all can see.

Then robed in my cloth, John,
As snug as a moth, my boy,
I set and twist my watch key round,
'Till the sermon's o'er, John,
Then stand by the door, my boy,
'Till all come out, then homeward bound.

And when I arrive, John,
Then sure as alive, my boy,
I brush the dust and dirt off,
Then lay it away, John,
'Till Sabbath day, my boy,
When I go in it in my new broad cloth.

All Clay, Oct. 7th, 1850.

GIVE HIM A LIFT.

[Sunny South.]
Give him a lift! Don't kneel in prayer,
Nor moralize with his despair;
The man is down, and his great need
Is ready help—not prayers and creed!

'Tis time when the wounds are washed
and healed
That the inward motives be revealed;
But now, what'er the spirit be,
Mere words are but a mockery.

The grain of aid just now is more
To him than tones of saintly lore;
Pray, if you must, in your full heart
But give him a lift—give him a start.

The world is full of good advice,
Of prayer of praise, of preaching nice;
But the generous souls who aid mankind
Are scarce as gold, and as hard to find.

Give like a freeman—speak in deeds,
A noble life is the best of deeds;
And he shall wear a royal crown
Who gives 'em a lift when they are down.

Louisville, Ky. L. D.

THE FORTY-FIFTH CONGRESS AS SEEN IN THE SENATE.

[Olivian, in National Union, Rep.]

Just as Davis, Saffell, Toombs, Benjamin and Wigfall gave a certain color and tone to the Senate in days of yore, the strong native blood of the South appears at the surface represented by the fighting element of the late "lost cause." A glance towards the Democratic region of statesmen shows the tall, stately figure of Gen. Gordon, the successor of Stonewall Jackson in the field, with eight scars on his handsome person, to prove where the Union bullets have been when they were put where they would do the most good. But these marks do not detract in the least from his beauty and usefulness. The soldier who accepts the conquered situation and lays aside his sword, should make the best citizen, because courage and honor are ever before his eyes. In close proximity to Gen. Gordon may be seen other shining lights of Confederate fame, including Ransom, Hill, Morgan, Harris, Maxey, Cockerill, Garland and Lamar. Gen. Ransom surrendered on the field of Appomattox; Gen. Morgan has a history in the annals of the civil war; Maxey and Cockerill proved their courage in camp and battle, whilst Hill, Garland and Lamar will soon show the country what we are to expect from those who hail from the highest ranks in Southern civil life.

Brilliance, and the small change of ready talent, so available in the "House," is completely lost in the Senate, where only the "heavy weights" have any chance for distinction or power. No more sorrowful sight has been seen since the Confederate war than a carpet-bag Senator struggling in the mental claws of an Edmunds or a Thurman. One terrific blow from the proper paw has generally been sufficient to level most of these political masher-rooms—at least so far as Senatorial "gab" is concerned. The sight of lay figures in their seats, voting the ticket straight year after year, without question or remonstrance, is familiar to us all. The return of the actual representative men of the

different sections to the Senate is the outward sign of national regeneration; and though our wounds are not completely healed, they have lost the general gangrene form, and are entirely healthy in their character. The coming of such men as Lucius Q. C. Lamar to the Senate is the birth of a new era of love and good feeling. What are we going to do with a man composed of modesty itself, with a nature so broad that it would take all creation to fence it in; with the finest culture, and with natural manners which no amount of polish can improve? He may, or he may not make a great Senator, but in either case he has universal womanhood to crown him with laurels, and he seems to be willing to accept his fate.

One of these sudden comets that sometimes dash across the political sky may be seen to occupy the chair of the late Senator Brownlow. It is Stanley Matthews, famous friend of the President, an unfortunate sheep that is said to have caused such a disaster to the Republican fold. The politicians who have not assailed the President, brought their arrows to bear upon his best beloved target, who now like dead Caesar, lies stretched out in the home of his friends, whilst Ben Wade's prestige is rather increased than diminished by his removal from the Senate, which shows that great men, like precious jewels, lose nothing by the simplicity of the setting.

Like the flaming carbuncle of Hawthorne's bewitching tale, the son of the great Pennsylvania chieftain adorns the brow of the Senate, the only man in the Republic who has come into the possession of a title by inheritance. In his person seems united the cold, haughty blood of the Bourbon and Hapsburg, with the same supernatural tenacity to hold with iron grip the legislative leaves and fishes. But his bitterest enemy can wish him no greater harm than has been thrust upon by his implacable sire. A glance at his manly form and face reveals the fact that he did not come into the possession of the spectral rhinoceros hide that made his illustrious predecessor invulnerable to the Damascus blade of irony and sarcasm. Destitute of the quality that would arrogate the power to place his portrait in the most prominent medallion of a committee room, he will go back to the wilderness of Pennsylvania after his brief Senatorial reign a sadder if not wiser person.

When a man seeks to find his intellectual level, let him try his hand at book-making or smuggling himself, either by bonanza or other means, into a seat in the United States Senate.

Behind the gorgeous bonnet, with a face unruffled as summer morn, sits James G. Blaine, his busy brain hard at work weaving the same subtle web as once cocooned the soul of Nero, Alexander, Burr and Napoleon. Superb in his intellectual capacity, nothing is needed but proper cultivation; polished and elegant to the last degree, if he would only plant, water and prune his Senatorial garden he would find the returns a sufficient reward for his pains. Whilst there is material enough in him, if energetically developed, to make a first-class Senator, the same amount of talent spread over the whole country might become a little thin. Who would not rather be a great Senator than a small President. When the Executive is called to divide himself in such a way that forty millions of people are each to have a share, the fragments become so small that an individual atom assumes gigantic size if used with the hope of comparison.

Among the remarkable "heavy weights," both physical and intellectual may be seen Judge Davis, who left the Supreme Bench for a senatorial career. During the exciting days of the electoral tribunal the eye of the whole country was fixed upon this man, and it may be safely said at that time the political fate of the nation seemed suspended from his hands. History will record that Judge Davis sat down on Sam Tilden, by this sorrowful performance the Republican party seized the crown.

OLIVIAN.

Hayes' Policy in Massachusetts.

On the 19th inst. there was a citizens' Hayes endorsement meeting held at Holyoke, Mass. President Seelye, of Amherst College, made the leading speech. The following resolutions were passed:
Resolved, That we rejoice in the success that has attended the efforts of President Hayes in promoting and securing peaceful and harmonious relations between the people of the North and South; that we gladly bury forever all animosities of the past, and extend to our fellow-citizens of the South cordial greetings, congratulating them that now they are permitted to exercise the rights of sovereign States of the Union.

Resolved, That we heartily approve the policy and actions of President Hayes to secure to the people a genuine civil service reform, so that now and always honesty and capacity, and not partisan servility, shall be the test of fitness for appointment to office, fully indorsing the motto, "He serves party best who serves the country most."

Resolved, That the industrial and commercial interest of the country are now of the highest importance, and they should receive from all the departments of the Government every encouragement in their power; that our commerce may be revived and extended; that labor, not less than capital, may receive its just reward, and the better time now dawning upon us so auspiciously may result in a period of solid and permanent prosperity not before equaled in the history of the country.

The libel case against the Wilmington Post, charged with libeling the commissioner of Robeson county, was brought to a termination last week. The verdict as to Canada was, "not guilty," and as to Cassidey, "one penny and cost."

THE SPIRITUAL EXPOSITION.

Prof. Cooke, the distinguished slight-of-hand performer, and spiritual exposé, exhibited to a wondering audience at Tucker Hall last evening, his unequalled powers as a magician. Upon the stage, in full view of the audience, was placed a wooden cabinet with doors cloth covered, and a committee of six gentlemen of our city were requested to come upon the stage and examine everything. The following gentlemen composed the committee: Messrs. J. C. Blake, J. C. S. Lumsden, E. Conklin, C. Weikel, Rev. Dr. Pritchard, and Hon. T. S. Kenan.

Slips of paper were distributed among the audience, who were requested to write any question upon them, and to keep the same until called for, at a later stage of the performance.

After a few feats of legerdemain, the Professor seated himself in a chair and permitted himself to be securely fastened thereto; his arms were run through two holes in a board and then tied tightly at the wrist.

He then seated himself in the cabinet and Miss Cooke closed the doors. In two or three seconds the doors were opened and the Professor appeared still bound but in his shirt sleeves. While the cabinet was closed, bells rang and hands appeared at an opening in front and at the top. He returned into the cabinet, and in a few moments stepped out unbound. The cabinet test next succeeded. Cards were placed in the cabinet, the Professor entered, and in two or three minutes hands appeared at the opening. An instant after the doors were opened and disclosed him securely bound. He was lifted out of the cabinet and tied again, four gentlemen pulling tightly the cord around his wrists. As soon as he was replaced in the cabinet a hand appeared, which Dr. Pritchard attempted to grasp, whenever he reached for it, it "wasn't there." The Professor now invited a gentleman to step into the cabinet and turn his back to him. Our beaming friend, Weikel, took the position, and as soon as the doors were closed bells were rung all around him and he was slapped on the back.

The "Hindus Test" closed the evenings exhibition. A sack was placed over the head of a performer, he was put in the cabinet and tied up. In a moment after the doors closed, hands appeared, the bag was thrown out, and he stepped out.

He was then securely handcuffed, the cuffs being furnished by our chief of Police, but after a few minutes stay in the cabinet he stepped out free.

There was an intermission of some minutes, at the end of which the curtain rose, revealing Miss Cooke reclining on a lounge. To all appearances the lady seemed to be in a trance. The professor asked her what she saw, when she made answer which agreed with the questions asked on the slips held by persons in the audience. All the answers were acknowledged by the questioning parties, except the lady who manifested such an interest in "Major Wilson."

The Professor announced that he would to-night expose all these seeming miracles, and we urge our people not to fail to attend, and bespeak a crowded house.

The audience last night was the worst puzzled one ever seen in our city, but they will learn to-night how the wisest may be taken in.

Potato Bug Cure.

Many different means have been tried to destroy the beetle, but without effect, until the present method was found, and this method is so effective and so cheap, that he must be a very careless farmer who still lets his potatoes be ruined. It is the following: Take 10 lbs. of lime and mix it with 1 lb. of Paris green, which is in no way deleterious to the potatoes, giving 11 lbs. of mixture for each acre. Get a small wooden box, 10 inches by 8 inches, and 6 inches deep, and nail piece of millcloth, as used for sifting by wheat millers, instead of a wooden bottom beneath, also a piece of lath across the middle of the open top as a handle for shaking the box. Every morning from 5 to 9 o'clock or longer, as long as the dew is on the plants, this mixture has to be applied. Children of 8 to 12 years can easily do it, by putting about one pint into the box and sprinkling it as dust by slow shaking on the leaves of the plants. I guarantee that if this is done at the beginning of the growth in the spring, as soon as the first insects are seen, the plants will remain perfectly free. Within two days all the beetles will have disappeared, and this result is quickly arrived at, even if the field has been really completely devastated, and only the stalks remain covered with the insects and their larvae. The cure never fails, and it has already been proposed by our farmers in the papers to compel all potato growers by law to apply this mixture on all their fields, for then, within two years, the bug would be entirely destroyed.—*Scientific American.*

EIGHT TO SEVEN IN WISCONSIN.

[From the Green Bay Advocate.]

Among the curiosities of the division of this city into wards is the looseness with which the boundaries are manipulated. In some cases the lines run through city lots, and in one instance, at least, a line separating two wards runs through a house and divides a bed, so that the two occupants find themselves sleeping in separate wards. This was a scene at a recent sitting of the Registry Board:
"Do you wish to register?" blandly said one of the board to a sedate individual who stood before him.
"Yes."
"What is your name?"
"John Doe."
"Where do you live?"
"In the First and Second Wards."
"This is the Second Ward, and if you

live in the First Ward, you can't vote here."

"I said in the First and Second; the ward line runs through the middle of my house."

"Which side of the house do you sleep?"
"In the middle."
"In which side of the bed do you sleep?"
"Back side; my wife will have the front side."

"Which side of the ward line is the back side?"
"Both sides."
"Are you a Republican or a Democrat?"
"A Democrat."

"You can't vote in this ward."
"My wife is a Republican."
"And makes you sleep on the back side? You can vote in this ward."

"Thank you. My wife is Hayes Republican, and I am a Hayes Democrat."
"You can't vote in this ward."
"I want to vote somewhere."

"The intention of the new Registry of law is perfectly plain; you can't vote in this ward."
"I have got fifteen children, and eight of them sleep in the Second Ward."
"Oh, ah! Seven to eight. Ah, yes! That makes a difference; you must vote in this ward."

SIXTUS V.

This was the Pope who astonished the Cardinals who had elected him, under the impression that he was a tottering, bent old man, by throwing away his crutch, raising himself to his full height, and "intoning" a hymn in a strong bass voice as soon as he was elected. His reply to some one who ventured to speak to him of his greatly changed appearance from the days when he was a cardinal is well known: "Ay! Then I was looking for the keys of Paradise, and sought them with bent back and downward look. But now that I have found them I look heavenward, and have none more need of anything on earth." And on that same day of his elevation, what had been the habit of previous Popes to throw open the prisons, he refused to do so, saying that there were more than enough malefactors at large, and caused two brothers, caught in doing a little highway robbery as they returned from Rome, where they had been to see the ceremony of his installation, to be forthwith hanged. In a very short time he made it safe to walk the streets of Rome with a pocket full of gold at any hour, whereas the city and the environs had been before so overrun by bandits of every sort that robbery in the streets of the city was a daily occurrence. He made himself respected, if not loved, by the Romans and the Sacred College, and must always be reckoned as one of the great Popes.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

ANCIENT MODE OF MOVING LARGE STONES.

Mr. Eugene Robert, having found in the neighborhood of a Celtic dolmen in France, a ball-shaped mass of sandstone about a foot in diameter, suggests that it might, with other stones shaped like it, have been used as a roller to facilitate moving the immense masses of rock with which the ancients constructed their monuments. He thinks that by this means the large granite rock which supports the equestrian statue of Peter the Great in St. Petersburg, was brought from Finland.

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM AVERTED.

A correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* communicates the interesting observation, that in a case of syncope during the administration of chloroform, where the usual treatment was without effect and death seemed imminent, the application of some lint saturated with nitrate of amyl to the nostrils was followed almost immediately by restoration of the pulse, and the subsequent recovery of the patient.

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Third Creek	10 30 "	10 35 "
Statesville	11 07 "	11 07 "
Platts	11 27 "	11 30 "
Newton	12 18 P. M.	12 20 P. M.
Canova	12 35 "	12 38 "
Hickory	1 05 "	1 25 "
Leard	2 05 "	2 10 "
Morgantown	2 50 "	2 53 "
Bridgewater	3 37 "	3 40 P. M.
Marion	4 25 "	4 30 "
Old Fort	5 13 "	5 20 "
Heary	5 30 "	5 20 "

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.
Heary	6 12 A. M.	6 00 A. M.
Old Fort	7 07 "	7 10 "
Marion	7 52 "	7 55 "
Bridgewater	8 22 "	8 28 "
Platts	8 55 "	9 02 "
Hickory	9 50 "	9 10 "
Canova	10 20 "	10 23 "
Newton	10 35 "	10 37 "
Catawba	11 25 "	11 35 "
Statesville	11 55 "	12 00 P. M.
Third Creek	12 32 P. M.	12 52 "
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