

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL IX.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., JANUARY, 10, 1878.

NO. 12.

AN AUTHENTIC GHOST STORY.

My grandfather died at the age of 80, after a long, useful and happy life, and he went to the grave with immovable convictions that he once saw a supernatural appearance; in other words, that the spirit of a departed friend had appeared to his sight.

My grandfather was educated at the grammar school at Ashford, where he was born and reared. He had proposed to follow a profession; but his father having moved to Wales some years before, and dying there, left considerable property in land; and the presence of the only surviving son being imperatively needed there to settle the affairs of the estate, my grandfather reluctantly abandoned his project, and like a good son and brother, devoted the best years of his early manhood to the care and support of his mother and his two young sisters. I may say, in passing, that the path of duty proved in the end the way to wealth and comfort for him, and that, independent of the all-sufficient reason which he found in a sense of duty, he never regretted the removal from Kent, and the consequent relinquishment of his plans and purposes.

But there were those at Ashford who did regret it, and none more than Arthur Marley, his bosom friend. Their intimacy had begun at school, when neither of them was more than ten years old; had continued as they grew up, and was closer at the time of separation than ever before. There was a striking contrast, physically, between the two. My grandfather was tall and broad-shouldered, almost burly in form, with florid face, and the most robust health; while Marley was rather under-sized, slender in body and limb, with a pale, sickly face, and a pair of eyes that burned with intellectual fire of almost preternatural brilliancy. Their friendship had begun while they were mere boys, having its origin in the heartiness with which my grandfather came forward to champion the other against the petty tyrannies of the bullies of the school; and as they grew up together, the very differences in their bodily and mental organization served to draw them together. Marley was a profound and indefatigable student, and had a rare sweetness of disposition, and a zealous attachment for the few he loved. My ancestor, although less in intellect and scholarship than Marley, had a cool, correct judgment, and a knowledge of men which the other lacked, and also a firm will.

"I don't think that Damon and Pythias could have loved each other better than Arthur Marley and I did," was my father's habitual expression in speaking of it.

It must have been a terrible shock to Marley when he learned what my grandfather's new plans in life were. He was inconsolable for a whole day at the idea of parting; and though he soon saw that his friend could in honor and duty to his own kin do nothing else than he proposed to do, he did not cease to deplore the necessity that parted them until the sorrowful moment arrived.

"It is very hard to lose you, Charley," he said, "after my mind has settled down to the delightful prospect of being associated with you for life. And now you are going to spoil all this by burying yourself away off in the wilds of Wales, where I may never see you again?"

"It is hard, Arthur," my grandfather would respond; "but you know the old adage, 'Man proposes—God disposes.'"

"It is so hard to let you go!" the poor boy would persist. "All my relatives are dead, and you are the only one I care a straw about. I don't feel complete without you Charley. I do want you by me to lean on over the rough ways of life, and I shall feel half dead when you are gone."

My grandfather was deeply pained himself at the near prospect of a separation, and much affected by the grief of his friend; and he cheered him as well as he could by telling him that they would meet again soon, and that he should fix an early day for his friend to visit him in his Welsh house.

The night before his departure they were sitting together in their room, almost too sad for speech, in anticipation of the morrow. Marley had been sitting for some moments with one hand on my relative's knee, his eyes on the floor, when he suddenly looked up, and asked, "Do you believe in prementiments?"

"I can't say that I do," was the reply.

"I do, however, and I have had one of unusual force and clearness for the past week. It is, that we two shall never meet again in the flesh, after to-morrow."

"Stuff!" said my grandfather. "You'll see me on my estate in a year from now."

"I believe what I have told you," Marley quietly and firmly persisted—"that we shall never meet again as men. I know very well, my dear friend, that you utterly disregard the supernatural in this life, and laugh at the idea of post-mortem apparitions. I, on the contrary, firmly believe in them; and I believe that if you and I should now solemnly agree that the one who dies first shall appear to the other in the same friendly aspect that we now bear, the compact would be fulfilled."

"What nonsense!"

"I think otherwise. Will you promise with me?"

"I see no harm in making the promise," said the other, laughing, "always provid-

ing that I am permitted to come."

"Give me your hand on that."

So they shook hands over the agreement—my grandfather jocosely, and Marley, as he always said, with the most sorrowful face he ever saw.

For three years after the removal of my relative to Wales, he corresponded quite regularly with Marley. He had addressed himself resolutely to the settlement of his father's estate; and finding it much involved, and threatened with foreclosure which he knew would be disastrous, he went to work to clear off the debt. There was a great deal of hard work done, and a great deal of roughing before the consummation was reached; but at the end of three years he was fairly launched upon the tide of prosperity, and he knew that all he wished to do would be done in half a score more of years, if his life and health was spared.

Arthur had not visited him at the end of the first year, as he had anticipated, nor at the end of the second. He wrote that he was studying hard for his diploma in medicine, and that, hard as it was to wait, he had succeeded in persuading himself that it would be better for him to defer the longed-for visit until he could come as a surgeon, ready to settle in his friend's neighborhood, if there seemed to be an opening. My grandfather wrote back, heartily assenting to the proposition, and assuring Marley that he was quite sure he could find an advantageous practice here. This matter being settled to their mutual satisfaction, their correspondence was continued in the same friendly and loving spirit that had characterized their association at Ashford.

The time appointed by Arthur for his coming was drawing nigh. He was expected to arrive about the end of July, and it was now the first of the month. My ancestor's mother and sisters had the necessary preparations almost completed, as he had requested them to be timely with them.

"It is just like Arthur to get over-impatient, and surprise us three weeks in advance," he said. "I shouldn't wonder to see him walk in here any day."

But that he did not really expect his friend's arrival much short of the time is evidenced by the fact that on the Sabbath morning, the 8th of July, as he distinctly remembered, he sat down in his room to write him a letter. He had dated the sheet and written "Dear Arthur," when he became aware of the presence of another person in the room.

The chamber where he sat, I should explain, was at the head of the main stairs, which were quite wide. The door leading out of the room was closed, and there were no means of ingress except by the windows, which were fifteen feet from the ground.

I say that he became aware of the presence of another person in the room; how he became aware of it, he himself could not explain. Nor do I think that this alone would be any indication of supernatural influence; for it is within the actual experience of most of us that the presence of a human being behind us will often be detected by us in some mysterious way, with no help of eyes, ears, or the sense of touch. My grandfather sat with his writing table against the window, which he faced as he sat, and with his back to the door. With the half-formed thought that his younger sister, a mischievous spirit, had softly entered to frighten him (although he had heard no sound whatever), he abruptly turned round in his chair.

Nine feet from him, and about one-half the way between him and the door, stood Arthur Marley. He was inhabited very much as he used to be three years before; his face was thin and pale, and his eyes brilliant as then. His face wore a sweet, yet a most sad smile, and the look that my relative encountered was one of the most yearning tenderness.

"Why Arthur, heaven bless you, my boy!" my grandfather cried, jumping up. "I thought you'd steal a march on us, and here you are. Welcome, with all my heart!"

He advanced as he spoke, holding forth his hand. To his astonishment, the figure receded as he moved towards it. He paused; it paused; he advanced again; it again receded. Continuing to approach it, he saw it retire before him, without the motion of a person walking, but with a noiseless, wavy motion; and with the same expression upon its face, it vanished before his eyes.

Not until then did the thought possess my grandfather's mind that he was visited by a supernatural apparition; and when that idea presented itself, immediately upon the strange disappearance of the figure, the recollection of his compact with Marley, three years before, at once occurred to him. He had no fright, either during the appearance of the presence, or after it had gone; but that he was amazed and awe-struck he always admitted. Yet he thought that four strokes of the pendulum could not have been told after its disappearance before his sister rushed breathlessly into the room.

"Has Mr. Marley come, Charley?" was her eager question.

"No. Why do you ask?" he stammered.

"Well, who was it that just came out of this room, and down stairs? I met him on the stairs, and he didn't even look at

me; and I thought he went about very queer, without making any noise."

"In God's name, what did it look like?" the startled brother exclaimed.

In the fewest possible words the girl described the mysterious figure that had just quitted his chamber.

My grandfather rushed out of the room and down the stairs. He searched the outside and the inside of the house; and although two or three persons were standing so that they must have seen the entrance into or exit from the dwelling, by either the front or rear door, of any one, they solemnly declared that they had seen no such figure as he described. It was seen only by him and his sister.

The feelings and emotions of my grandfather after this apparition I will not attempt to describe; I will merely say, as he said, that he was fully prepared for the tidings of the death of his friend that reached him about a week after. The mournful news came in a letter from a gentleman who resided at Ashford.

"Poor Arthur," it said, "died with your name on his lips. He was full of the expectation of seeing you soon and in unusual health and spirits, when, on the evening of the 7th of July, he was attacked by a malignant fever that has been raging here. The best medical help could do nothing for him; he grew rapidly worse through the night and expired about 8 o'clock. He talked of you continually, and hardly a minute before he breathed his last, he whispered in my ear, 'I shall see dear Charley a great deal quicker now; but may be I shall not be able to speak to him. Do you write to him and tell him that I blessed him with my last words.' Poor fellow! I suppose his head was wandering, though nothing but his talk would have shown it. We all sympathize deeply with you."

My grandfather uniformly concluded the story much in these words: "If any one asks me whether I have any doubt that the spiritual part of my dear friend visited me, in fulfillment of his promise, immediately upon his separation from the body, I answer, no, not the slightest. It was seen by two witnesses, my sister and myself, at different places, at different times, and by each unknown to the other. To doubt, under all the circumstances of the case, would be to trifle with an irresistible conclusion. I cannot explain it any more than I can explain the mystery of the dying state itself; I can only point to my future friend, with his strong, passionate yearning to be with me, and say, 'With God, nothing is impossible.'"

THE FINANCIAL CATECHISM.

From the Chicago Times.

Q.—What was the American coin standard?

A.—The silver dollar.

Q.—Its weight?

A.—Four hundred and thirty and one-half grains.

Q.—What was the gold equivalent?

A.—Twenty-five and eight-tenths grains nine-tenths pure gold.

Q.—The relative value?

A.—Sixteen ounces of silver to one of gold.

Q.—How long had the silver dollar been the unit of American value?

A.—For more than eighty years.

Q.—When was it demonetized?

A.—In 1873 and 1874, first by dropping the silver dollar from the list of coins in revising the laws relative to the mints, and second by making the gold dollar the unit of value.

Q.—How was this change accomplished?

A.—Stealthily and fraudulently, by withholding the knowledge of the transaction from the people, stifling discussions, and deceiving even the President and many of the Congressmen who voted for the change by concealing the real purpose and effect of the acts.

Q.—What was the purpose?

A.—To give the creditor class the right to exact payment in a single coin which would have a greater value by reason of the exclusion of its mate from monetary service.

Q.—What is the present value of the silver dollar?

A.—There is no silver dollar.

Q.—What is the present value in gold of the amount of billion which would constitute the silver dollar if demonetized?

A.—Between 92 and 93 cents of the gold dollar.

Q.—Will it not be unjust, then, to restore the silver dollar at this ratio of values?

A.—No.

Q.—Why?

A.—Because the monetary use of silver will enhance its value.

Q.—What leads to this conclusion?

A.—Because it was the demonetization of silver in Germany, Holland and the United States at about the same time, which threw between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000 of silver bullion on the market and brought on the depreciation.

Q.—Will the demonetization of silver in the United States give monetary employment to as much silver as was thrown out of use by the German depreciation?

A.—Ultimately, just about the same amount, and thus restore the equilibrium.

Q.—Why not increase the weight of the silver dollar, say from 16 to 16 1/2, in order to insure justice?

A.—Because such an increase, in addition to the new value acquired by the use of silver money, would render the silver dollar more valuable than the gold dollar, and this would drive the silver dollar out of circulation.

Q.—But suppose the silver dollar, even at the rate of 16 to 1, should still become more valuable than the gold dollar?

A.—Then it would lead to an agreement with other nations using silver as money to fix the ratio at 15 1/2 to 1 the world over—the ratio now prevailing in the Latin Union.

Q.—Would this insure a permanent equalization of the two metals as money?

A.—With the concurrence of all the leading commercial nations of the world, it certainly would.

Q.—But, in the event that those prognostications fail, and the silver dollar shall not be worth more than 93 cents, will not an injustice be done the creditor?

A.—No.

Q.—Why?

A.—Because the great bulk of the present debts were contracted at a time and in a currency when the creditors loaned only about 80 or 85 cents in gold, and expected to be paid in the same currency. They will not be swindled if they receive from 10 to 15 per cent. more than they loaned, over and above the interest.

Q.—Does this apply to the public creditors, the holders of government bonds?

A.—Only in part.

Q.—Then, will not the public creditors be defrauded by payment in silver?

A.—No.

Q.—Why?

A.—Because Congress pledged the faith of the nation, and the bonds expressly stipulate payment, not in gold, but in coin of the standard value of the United States on July 14, 1870, which included silver as well as gold.

Q.—Did the foreign purchaser of the bonds so understand it?

A.—Undoubtedly; else they would not have bestowed themselves so vigorously to bring about the demonetization of the metal, and thus enhance the value of the credits, by making them payable in the other exclusively.

Q.—Wherein, then, consists the swindle which is so generally charged in this silver dispute?

A.—In the original and surreptitious demonetization scheme, which sought to contract the coin currency in the interest of the money lenders.

Q.—What effect will the demonetization of silver have on resumption?

A.—It will hasten resumption by adding hundreds of millions to the coin resources of the nation.

THE CLOCK OF CLOCKS.

(From the Reading (Pa.) Eagle.)

In Mengel's building is now on exhibition in all probability the most wonderful clock in the world. It was built by Stephen D. Engle, a watchmaker at Hazleton. He is about forty-five years of age, and was about twenty years in perfecting the clock. Mr. Reid paid Engle \$5,000 for it. Engle never saw the Strasburg clock. In fact, he has not traveled more than two hundred miles from home at any time. This clock stands eleven feet high. At its base it is about four wide, and at the top about two. It is about three feet deep at the base, gradually less towards the top. Its colors are dark brown and gold. The Strasburg clock is thirty feet high, yet its mechanism is not intricate, nor has it as many figures as the Hazleton clock. The Strasburg clock's figures are about three feet high, and the American clock about nine inches. Three minutes before the hour a pipe organ inside the clock plays an anthem. It has five tunes. Bells are rung and when the hour is struck double doors in an alcove open and a figure of Jesus appears. Double doors to the left then open, and the apostles appear slowly, one by one, in procession. As they appear and pass Jesus they turn towards him, Jesus bows, the apostles turn again and proceeds through the double doors in an alcove on the right. As Peter approaches Satan looks out of a window above and tempts him. Five times the devil appears, and when Peter passes, denying Christ, the clock flaps its wings and crows. When Judas appears Satan comes down from his window and follows Judas as in the procession, and then goes back up to his place to watch Judas, appearing on both sides. As the procession has passed, Judas and the three Marys disappear and the doors are closed. The scene can be repeated seven times in an hour if necessary, and the natural motion of the clock produces it four times per hour, whereas the Strasburg procession is made but once a day, at 12 o'clock. Below the piazza is the main dial, about thirteen inches in diameter. To its right is a figure of Time with an hour glass. Above this is a window, at which appear figures representing youth, manhood and old age. To the left of the dial is a skeleton, representing Death. When the hour hand approaches the first quarter Time and reverses his hour glass and strikes one on a bell with his scythe, when another bell inside responds; then Childhood appears instantly. When the hour hand approaches the second quarter or half there are heard the strokes of two bells. Then Youth appears, and the organ plays a hymn. After this Time strikes two and reverses his hour glass, when two bells respond inside. One minute after this a chime of bells is heard, when a folding door opens in the porch and one at the right of the court, when the Saviour comes walking out. Then the apostles appear in procession. The clock also tells of the moon's changes, the tides, the seasons, days and day of the month and year, and the signs of the zodiac; and on the top a soldier in armor is constantly on guard, walking back and forward. As the hours advance, Manhood, Old Age and Death take part in the panorama.

The cotton crop for the last eight years has been 31,570,212 bales. For the eight years ending with 1871, when slave labor was used, the crop was 28,797,841 bales. That is, the crop for eight years of free labor has been increased near three million of bales on the crop of the corresponding period when slave labor was used. The cotton crop is said to be now more free than ever before, and with it has been raised a supply of food far greater than slavery ever compassed. The money value of the thirty-one and a half million bales of cotton produced in the last eight years has been over two thousand million dollars in gold, and over two thirds of this value has been exported.—*Rel. Ob.*

Religion in Scandinavia.

Under this head we clip the following from the *Independents*:

Lutheranism has been the prevailing religion in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark for nearly three centuries. It has been and is the Established Church, and until late in the present century tolerated no dissent. The Roman Catholic religion was wholly proscribed, and foreigners were only allowed to worship in their own way, on the condition that no attempts were made at proselyting. The Lutheran Church at the beginning of the present century did not possess an active spiritual life. It is true that ceremonial worship was observed in the splendid churches, and Lutheran doctrine was preached from the pulpits; but spiritual death reigned everywhere. Since that period various influences have been operating to bring about a change. "The religious movements of other lands," as the London *Congregationalist* points out, "have made their influence felt in Scandinavia." The piety of the Lutherans has become more earnest and more aggressive, and the spirit of intolerance is being gradually melted away. English and American Baptist and the American Methodists are cultivating the field with marked success, and even Roman Catholicism, which was formerly severely persecuted, has been allowed to obtain a foothold in the country. The dissenting element is steadily increasing in strength and influence; and, though still laboring under restrictions and in the face of opposition and persecution, the Methodists, the Baptists, and the Catholics are firmly establishing themselves.

Each of the three kingdoms—Denmark, Norway and Sweden—shares in the revival of religious activity which we have referred to as prevailing in the Lutheran Church. In Denmark the State Churches, which were formerly closed to week-day service, are now open to prayer and missionary-meetings, efforts are being made to supply the spiritual needs of destitute fields in city and country, and Sunday-schools are being organized in all parts of the kingdom. The Danish Missionary Society is generously supported, and a really extensive work is being done in the printing and circulation of the Bible. The American Methodists, in the face of serious obstacles, have established a mission, which will soon grow into an annual conference. They have a total of 699 communicants, with 39 preaching places, and 17 missionaries, local preachers and exhorters. They have, clear of debt, about \$46,000 worth of property.

In Norway, as in Denmark the state is supreme in the regulation and control of the Church. The Church suffers greatly for the lack of clergy. In many cases there are four churches under the care of one pastor, and consequently, many pulpits are occupied not often than once a month. The American Methodist Mission in Norway was organized last year into an annual conference. Bishop Andrews, who visited the mission in 1876, says there are no legal obstructions in its way. Church property is held regularly by trustees, and the ministers have full liberty to perform the rite of marriage, and to administer the Lord's Supper and baptism. Those who wish to, except youths under nineteen years of age, may withdraw from the Established Church by notifying their pastor, and join the Methodists, who have, however, to pay taxes for the support of the Establishments. The conference now has 2,798 members (an increase of 291), 27 missionaries and local preachers, and 17 churches. The bishop thinks Methodism has done more to quicken vigorous life in the State Church.

Although Sweden and Norway are under the same crown, there is less liberty for dissenters in the former than in the latter. It is Bishop Andrews' testimony that, though Methodism has not been legally recognized, "the interpretation of the laws is generally favorable to our work. Our ministers preach, administer the sacraments, solemnize matrimony, and bury the dead almost without obstruction. One prosecution was attempted by a Lutheran minister against one of the preachers for baptizing within his parish, but the judge would not entertain the charge. In the chief centers of population public sentiments forbid any interference with our work, and many kind recognitions of its value are given." The Baptists are less fortunate. When they entered Sweden upward of 25 years ago, the laws against separatists were put in active operation against them, and they have endured several persecutions from that time to the present. Their ministers have not yet been granted liberty to preach. The past year a theological student was imprisoned 51 days for preaching against the prohibition of a parish council. But the Baptists believe that the day of deliverance draws near. One indication of this is that in the revival last winter State Church ministers worked harmoniously with Methodists and Baptists. The latter have now 240 churches, 13 of which were organized in 1876, 83 meeting-houses, and 11,518 members, the Baptists in 1876 numbering 1,342. The Methodist conference has 33 ministers and 59 assistants and local preachers, 125 Sunday-schools, 5,663 members, and 31 churches. The Baptists raised for various purposes the very large sum of 106,082 rix dollars.

The pietistic element is much larger in the national church in Sweden than it is in Norway. In the latter the pietists are known as *ossekter*; in the former they have an organization known as the Evangelical Lutheran Missionary Union. The Union has become widely extended, and its mission-houses, which are springing up everywhere, are generally crowded. The services in them are usually conducted by laymen, who are called readers. The differences between this and the other party in the Establishment are increasing, and it is thought that a separation will take place ere long.

MEHEMET ALI'S WIT.

Mehemet Ali, the founder of the Egyptian empire, was a soldier, a statesman and a law-giver. Though wholly uneducated, he was a man of genius, and a natural ruler of men. "He found," says a writer, "re-creating the bones of Augustus that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble." "He found all Egypt a chaos; he left it a country."

Mehemet, though wanting in culture, had quick mother-wit, and was as ready with a retort as a Frenchman. While he was building the canal which connects the Nile with the sea of Alexandria, he asked a French engineer what he thought of the plan.

"Your Highness must pardon my suggesting," replied the Frenchman, "that your canal will be very crooked."

"Do you rivers in France run in a straight line?" abruptly asked Mehemet.

"Certainly not," answered the astonished Frenchman.

"Who made them? Was it not Allah?"

"Assuredly, your Highness," replied the Frenchman, thinking the Pacha's wit must be wandering.

"Well, then," replied Mehemet, with an air of one who had led his antagonist right up to a fact which settled the question, "do you think that either you or I know better than Allah how water ought to run? I imitated him in my canal; otherwise, it would soon have been a dry ditch, not a canal."

"The Frenchman was silenced, but not convinced," remarks Mr. De Leon, who tells the story; "and the canal is certainly very crooked still."

Patterson's days of innocence were spent in a newspaper office.