

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL IX.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., MAY, 2, 1878.

NO 28

For the Watchman.

THE SILVER KING.
Sitting alone watching the rain pats upon the window sill, seeing the flashes of vivid lightning, hearing peals of hoarse-toned distant thunder in coming storm, how pleasant it is to remember Our Father guides, and *all will be well*. The highest authority says "take no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." How few of us appreciate this most merciful command, when it bids us to enjoy the present, and be not *too solicitous* for the world's future. If it be well to-day, it is unwise to make the present miserable by fearing it may be ill to-morrow. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and its evils bear patiently. He that enjoys the present *if it be good*, enjoys as much as possible. But in enjoying the present we must not waste time, but should glean up its golden dust, save the broken fragments, those leavings of days, and remnants of hours, which so many are sweeping out into the vast waste of existence. Truly the poet sang:

The years that come come not again,
The sun that sets is gone;—
Even the rust of his cankered chain
A golden truth is glimmering through,
That to him who has the past,
Can never away with strength subdue,
And makes each year outlast the last,
There is no wasted Time.

But alas! how many ill-spent yesterdays are weighing upon the hearts of Time's prodigals. The aged are the growth of many yesterdays that stamp the soul with marks of weal and woe. Can it be true the spirit has scars as well as the flesh? If so, the youthful should take heed; for Barrow says, "The dead sea that swallows up all virtue, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man, is *idleness*. Then if industry is no more than habit, it is at least a desirable one. Our Master does not expect every one to do some great thing. He only asks us to be faithful in our sphere; to honor him in our daily life, to be glad, grateful, temperate, to cherish the present, and prize it, and let it not go until it bless us" with the consciousness of shrinking from naught that we can do to restrain ourselves from sin; then shall remembrances be sweet unto the soul when memory attends us through the vast hall of Eternity.

BLANCHE.

HONOR TO THE DEAD.

The monument of Thomas Jefferson is to be repaired. That erected in Chicago to the memory of Stephen A. Douglas is nearly completed. Kentucky has appropriated \$5,000 to build a monument to Gen. Zachary Taylor. General Wool is to have a \$50,000 monument to be paid for out of funds he left. "Stonewall Jackson—that hero of great genius—is honored with a beautiful statue made at the expense of appreciative and sympathetic Englishmen, and fashioned by the plastic skill of the great English sculptor, Foley. Halleck, the author of some fine poems, has a statue in Central Park, New York. Many others might be named that have been reared within a few years. We mention these that we may ask a question or two. Has North Carolina no great men? Has North Carolina no State pride? Has North Carolina no appreciation of genius—no gratitude for services rendered? Where are the men of the Revolution? Have we no memory of what Davie and Davidson, Caswell and Lillington, Harnett and others wrought? What other State with such a naval hero as Johnston Blakeley would not have had portrait or bust or statute of him in its capital? Then, too, we have men of great civic fame. We have lawyers and divines and jurists who were great men in their day, and who reflected undying fame upon our annals. Henderson, Gaston, Badger, Graham, Bragg, Benton, Hawks, and other great men we boast of were ornaments to their race, and shed great glory upon our State. Were none of these worthy of the chisel or the brush? Among our fallen heroes in the late war we have two names that are worthy to be forever cherished, and well worthy of the painter's art and the sculptor's skill. We refer to Pettigrew and Pender.

"What constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlements or labor'd moulds;

Not thick wall or mortared gate;

Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;

Not bays and broad arm'd ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride:

No—Men, high-minded men,

Who know their rights, and, knowing,

dare maintain,

These constitute a State."

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

The New England Farmer recommends the following receipt as a simple and invaluable remedy for rheumatism. Take a pint of the spirits of turpentine, to which add half an ounce of camphor, let it stand till the camphor has dissolved; then rub it on the parts affected and it will never fail to remove the complaint. Flannel should be applied after the part is bathed with turpentine. Repeat the application morning and evening. It is said to be equally available for burns, scalds, bruises and sprains, never failing of success.

As you pass along the street you meet with a familiar face—say good-morning as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles and sunshine all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us.

Out of 2,500 cases of measles in Montgomery, Ala., there was not a death.

lion dollars? Figures like these stun the imagination.

There is a man alive at this present moment who, if he were so minded, could give his daughter a marriage portion of one hundred and fifty million dollars. He would then have about fifty millions left for himself. He lives half way up a mountain side in Nevada, and his daughter lives with him. Seven years ago he was a poor man, to-day he is the silver king of America. He has dug two hundred million dollars' worth of silver out of the hill he is living on, and has about two hundred million more yet to dig. If he lives three years longer he will be the richest man in the world. His name is James Fair; he is the manager, superintendent, chief partner, and principal shareholder in the consolidated Virginia and California Silver Mines, known to men as the "big bonanzas." He has an army of men toiling for him day and night, down in the very depths of the earth, digging, picking, blasting and crushing a thousand tons of rock every twenty-four hours. He works as hard as any man of them. The man who, by his own unaided exertions, can raise to such marvellous wealth in so short a time is worth knowing something about. It is worth while to hear how such a fabulous fortune can be accumulated.

Several years ago there were two little Irishmen in the city of San Francisco, keeping a drinking-bar of very modest pretensions, close to one of the principal business thoroughfares. Their customers were of all kinds. Among them was an unusually large proportion of stock and share dealers, mining-brokers and the like, who, in the intervals of speculation, rushed out of the neighboring exchange five or six miles a day for drinks. Whiskey being almost the religion of California, and the two little barkeepers being careful to sell nothing but the best article, their bar soon became a place of popular resort. And as no true Californian could ever swallow a drink of whiskey under any circumstances without talking about silver mines or gold-mines or shares in mines, it soon fell out that, next to the stock exchange itself, there was no place in San Francisco where so much mining-talk went on as in the saloon of Messrs. Flood & O'Brien, which were the names of the two little Irishmen. Keeping their ears wide open, and sifting the mass of gossip that they listened to every day, these two gentlemen picked up a good many crumbs of useful information, besides getting now and then a direct confidential tip; and they turned some of them to such good account by a few quiet little speculations, that they shortly had a comfortable sum of money lying at their bankers'. Instead of throwing it away headlong in wild extravagant ventures, which was the joyous custom of the average Californian in those days, they let it lie where it was, waiting with commendable prudence, till they knew of something good to put it into. They soon heard of something good enough. On Fair's advice they bought shares in a mine called the Hale and Norcross, and were speedily taking out of it fifteen thousand pounds sterling a month in dividends. This mine was the property of a company, and though it had at one time paid large and continuous dividends, it was now supposed to be worked out and worthless. Mr. Fair, however, held a different opinion; and when he came to examine it carefully, he found just what he expected to find—a large deposit of silver-ore. Thereupon he and Flood and O'Brien together bought up all the shares they could lay their hands upon, and obtained complete control of the mine. It was immediately put under Fair's management, and it prospered, and the three partners waxed very rich.

Mr. Fair, being an experienced and clever practical miner, spent most of his time down in the mine, laying out and directing the work for his men. It was necessary that he should know all there was to be known, and see all there was to be seen, about the property; and he made such constant and thorough explorations of it, that he very soon got it by heart. In a little time there was not an inch with which he was not thoroughly acquainted, not a trace of mineral in shaft or tunnel of which he was not personally aware. By and by, being a reflective kind of man, who noticed everything and forgot nothing, he took to thinking over things, and putting odds and ends of observations together, and comparing notes, and rambling in old out-of-the-way corners of the mine, and making all sorts of examinations in all sorts of abandoned places, and generally carrying in on a curious way, until he finally persued himself that somewhere, close by the Hale and Norcross, there ran a gigantic vein of silver-bearing ore, whose value he could only calculate in figures that frightened him to look at. Week after week he hunted for this vein without success, and under difficulties that would have disheartened an ordinary man; but he stuck to the search and ultimately found a clue. He followed it up for ten days, and then struck the Bonanza, a huge sheet of glittering stephanite, one hundred feet wide, of unknown length and depth, and of the estimated value of six hundred millions of dollars—the mightiest fortune that ever dazzled the eyes of man. In a week he and his partners were the absolute owners of three-fourths of it, the prospective possessors of four hundred and fifty mil-

lion dollars! Figures like these stun the imagination.

In the excitement caused by this astounding discovery it is scarcely more than the hard truth to say that San Francisco went raving mad. The vein in which the bonanza was found was known to run straight through the consolidated Virginia and California mines, dipping down as it went, and could not be traced for himself. He lives half way up a mountain side in Nevada, and his daughter lives with him. Seven years ago he was a poor man, to-day he is the silver king of America. He has dug two hundred million dollars' worth of silver out of the hill he is living on, and has about two hundred million more yet to dig. If he lives three years longer he will be the richest man in the world. His name is James Fair; he is the manager, superintendent, chief partner, and principal shareholder in the consolidated Virginia and California Silver Mines, known to men as the "big bonanzas." He has an army of men toiling for him day and night, down in the very depths of the earth, digging, picking, blasting and crushing a thousand tons of rock every twenty-four hours. He works as hard as any man of them. The man who, by his own unaided exertions, can raise to such marvellous wealth in so short a time is worth knowing something about. It is worth while to hear how such a fabulous fortune can be accumulated.

Roman churches have their fashions to attack the multitude, just as some sensational and spectacular Protestant churches who feebly imitate them, have. One of these is, to get up a popular madonna in some of their large city churches. The usual method is, to attribute some remarkable cures of sick persons, made in answer to prayers offered to an image of the Virgin in some cathedral or church. Sometimes the cures are real, and are only attributed to the wrong cause; but the actual cure is sufficient; it is attributed to the kind and loving Virgin Mother of our Lord, and her image in the church thus becomes an object of special homage, and worship to the multitude. This is the way some madonnas become popular, and the churches in which they are, attract more worshippers than others.

A FASHIONABLE MADONNA.

The most popular and fashionable madonna in Rome at the present time, is that of Giacomo Tatti, in the church of St. Augustine. It is a group of the Virgin and Child, and has long since superseded in popular favor the famous madonna of Lorenzetto, at the tomb of Raphael in the Pantheon. This statue is believed to possess superhuman power, and to have caused miraculous cures in answer to prayers. The walls of the church are hung with pictures representing such wonderful recoveries from sickness, and protection and deliverances from danger and accidents. The image is arrayed in a gorgeous robe, which is literally covered with necklaces, bracelets, rings, chains, watches, and all kinds of costly jewelry, all of which are votive offerings from persons who have sought or received benefits attributed to this madonna. So numerous are these offerings, that the bracelets clasped around the arms, for instance, cover them entirely from the shoulders to the hands, and some are even clasped doubly over others, while other gifts are pinned and otherwise fastened on the dress, which glitters with gold and gems of all colors from head to foot. The statue stands in a niche sufficiently high to enable devotees conveniently to kiss its foot, which is covered with metal to prevent its being worn off by the frequent contact with the lips of the multitudes who thus pay their homage from day to day and year to year. Near the foot is a money-box to receive the gifts of the worshippers, and before it hangs silver lamps which are kept constantly lighted.

KISSING A MADONNA'S TOE.

On the floor before the image of this madonna, devotees may nearly always be seen kneeling, and during the fifteen or twenty minutes in which we examined the statue, and observed the worshippers, one day last summer, we counted over thirty who bowed, crossed themselves, fell on their knees before the image, and, after praying a few moments, rose and kissed its toe! Most of these persons were richly dressed ladies in silk and jewels, who daintily wiped the toe of the madonna with their embroidered handkerchiefs before kissing it, and then "crossed themselves," bowed again, and departed. But some were poorly-clad and sickly-looking woman, who brought their dirty, ragged, sore-eyed children—sometimes a baby in arms—and these kissed the sacred toe without wiping, and lifted their children to do the same. Then they dipped their fingers into a small box of holy oil beside the statue, and anointed the eyes of their little ones, crossed their foreheads, bowed again in homage and withdrew, doubtless believing that the holy oil, and the intercession of the madonna, would soon cure them and the eyes of their children.

On the portion of the church, photographs, rosaries, pictures, and all manner of cheap but holy charms and mementos are kept for sale, and for a penny we purchased a tawdry little colored picture of this fashionable madonna and Child, framed with pasted paper and glass, with a loop attached, to be worn as an amulet against disease. Many of these are purchased by the poor to be hung up in their dwellings, or worn on their persons, to secure the favor of the madonna, and to protect them from harm.

Such is Mariolatry in Rome, as it blossomed under Pio Nono, and as we saw it exhibited there in the year of grace, 1877.

This decree furnished another special dogma to the Roman Church with which to inspire the devotion of the faithful, and the late pope employed it with signal success. With his express approval, his subordinates in all countries encouraged Mariolatry in various ways, and it became one of the chief features of his pontificate. Miraculous appearances of the Virgin were manufactured to order in different countries and at secluded out-of-the-way places, where none but priests, girls and sickly women could testify about them; and these were trumpet abroad, certified as true, and pilgrimages of the faithful by thousands every year were made to the places where these marvelous apparitions of the Virgin were said to have occurred. The grotto of Lourdes in France, and Marpingen, in Rhenish

Prussia, are among the more recent and famous localities at which such apparitions and pilgrimages have been made.

POPULAR MADONNAS.

GRIST FOR BLAIR'S MILL.

Two Florida Radicals Turn State's Evidence Against Their Fellow Electoral Swindlers.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., April 23.—The Daily Sun and Press announces that McLin, Secretary of State under Governor Stearns, and L. G. Dennis, the little giant of Alachua county, have made a confession in writing of frauds in 1876 by which Florida was carried for Mr. Hayes. Dennis covers all the details of the Archer precincts frauds, which played so important a part before the returning board. He says that 214 names were put on the returns of Archer after the voting. McLin's confession is said to cover all the transactions before the State canvassing board. These confessions were put in the hands of the present Secretary of State, Bloxham, and have been forwarded to Washington. After Dennis made his confession, eleven indictments against him for fraud in Alachua and Levy counties were not pressed. McLin, it is said, was rewarded, but how is not known. The Sun and Press to-morrow morning will close an editorial as follows: "These gentlemen have unbosomed themselves, and their written statements have gone to Washington. The Archer fraud is fully developed, and the little crookedness in Baker is laid bare, and also the secrets of the State canvassing board at Tallahassee."

THE DEATH OF A GENERATION.

(Popular Science Monthly.)

A writer in an English magazine studies from birth to death the march of an English generation through life, basing his remarks on the annual report of the registrar-general. The author singles out, in imagination, a generation of one million souls, and finds that of these more than one-fourth die before they reach five years of age. During the next five years the deaths number less than one-seventy of those in the first quinquennium. From ten to fifteen, the average mortality is lower than at any other period. From fifteen to twenty the number of deaths increases again, especially among women. At this period, the influence of dangerous occupations begins to be seen in the death rate. Fully eight times as many men as women die violent deaths. The number of such deaths continues to rise from twenty to twenty-five, and keeps high for at least twenty years. Consumption is prevalent and fatal from twenty to forty-five, and is responsible for nearly half the deaths. From thirty-five to forty-five the effects of wear and tear begin to appear, and many persons succumb to diseases of the important internal organs.

By fifty-five the imagined million has dwindled down to less than one-half, or 421,115. After this, the death-rate increases more rapidly. At seventy-five, there remain 161,124, and at eighty-five, 38,565. Only 202 reach the age of one hundred. At fifty-three, the number of men and women surviving is about equal, but from fifty-five onward the women exceed the men.

AN OUTSIDE VIEW OF NORTH CAROLINA POLITICS.

(Washington Special to Baltimore Sun.)

WASHINGTON, April 23.—North Carolina politics are attracting some attention here at this time. The Democratic convention to nominate candidates for judicial offices, &c., will meet in June. For a month or two there has been a discreet and amicable squabble in progress between several of the aspirants for judicial position, which has threatened the harmony of the Democratic party of the State. This has had the effect to stir up hopes in the Republicans of regaining some at least of their lost ground, and some of the more prominent of them have come on to Washington to consult with the Republican leaders as to what means shall be used to take advantage of the situation. One result of this consultation is said to be the understanding that both orators and money can be supplied from here if the outlook should continue sufficiently promising to justify it.

The Democratic Congressmen from North Carolina, while admitting that the quarrel over the judicial offices has not been beneficial to the morale of their party, are of the opinion that it will not have any serious effect upon Democratic prospects at the approaching election. Another element which will make the canvass of unusual interest is the senatorial contest. The contest will be between Judge Merrimon, the present Senator, and Gov. Vance. The great point attempted to be made against Judge Merrimon is that he was elected to the seat which he now holds in the Senate by the vote of the Republican members of the Legislature, aided by a few Democrats who would not vote for Gov. Vance, who at the time was the Democratic caucus nominee.

ATHEISM IN POLITICS.—Belief in some sort or degree of religion on the one hand, and in nothing like religion on the other hand, are so widely divergent standpoints in regard to all questions of right and wrong, that it becomes a problem of ever increased difficulty and magnitude how a state can be governed harmoniously by Christians and atheists in common.

In the State of Mississippi the constitution for thirty years before the year 1868 provided that no person who denied the existence of God, or a future state of reward or punishment, should hold any office in the civil department of the State. Then, however, that part of the constitution was changed, and this law was set aside. A few years, however, have passed away, and the workings of things have been such that it is now proposed to restore the law. This is well. With the State and the individual alike, the beginning of wisdom is the fear of God, and it is only in acknowledging him that any can expect to be led in right paths.

Canada is a convenient place of refuge for rascals. Every dirty fellow who has committed a robbery flees to the Dominion of the Queen and thinks himself safe from the clutches of the law. The other day General Smalley skipped across the border, and now H. H. Skimpton, the fiscal agent of South Carolina in New York, has fled, and is said to be in Canada, without beard and with a new name. Gov. Hampton is anxiously inquiring his whereabouts, but Skimpton is afraid of Southern malaria, and is craving to sip his mint juleps this summer with his legs dangling over the Canada side of Niagara Falls.—Star.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

(From the Salem Press.)

Hon. Israel G. Lash died at his residence, in this place, on Wednesday morning, after a protracted illness. He had reached the average age of 67 years and 8 months.

Mr. Lash was born at Bethania, Forsyth county, (then Stokes) on the 18th of August, 1810, and worked on his father's farm until 1830, when he engaged in the mercantile business, and subsequently commenced, with his brother, an extensive cigar factory.

In 1847 he became President of the Bank of Cape Fear at Salem, of which he held to the end of the war.

After the war, he, with others, started and satisfactorily conducted the First National Bank of Salem, yet in successful operation.

He was elected to the State Convention in 1865 with Judge D. H. Starbuck. The deceased also represented this District in the 40th U. S. Congress of 1867-'68 and was re-elected to the 41st Congress of 1869-'70, as a Republican.

The deceased was a man of large wealth, and in this State and beyond its limits, was well known to the world of finance, in which specialty he shone pre-eminent.

DEATH OF ISRAEL G. LASH.

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