

The Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, N. C., SEPTEMBER 12, 1878.

VOL. IX.—THIRD SERIES

NO. 47

MURDER BRIDGE.

Above the sluggish creek that veers
Round corn-fields and thro' meadows lone,
By night the highway traveler hears,
On "Murder Bridge," the dead man's moan.

A floating corpse, one autumn day,
Here rocked within its watery grave,
Till children, on the planks at play,
Were startled by the crimson wave.

And lifting up their timid eyes,
The whole ghastly spectacle they espied—
Behold and sunbeams snatch the prize
From midnight Crime, she sought to hide!

A brainless mass of clotted hair,
And features marred to hideous shapes,
The head was slowly rearing up,
To mock their swift retreating steps.

And as they ran, with sidelong glance,
They saw cold swaying arms reach out,
And cold feet in the eddies prance—
Heard cold lips echoing their shout.

At last in breathless haste they reach
The shore and to them narrate
A freezing tale, with stammering speech—
The mystery of a dead man's fate.

Anon, while broods a muttering storm,
Throng laborers o'er the meadow's dank,
And lay the friendless stranger's form
On reedy couch, that clothes the bank.

What time in solemn phalanx stand
A dozen stern and low-voiced men
Around, each lifting high his right hand
To Heaven, red lightning fills the glen.

And deep-toned thunder shakes the hills;
The distant watch-dog's howl is heard,
With chilling notes of whistling birds,
And looting dire of night's lone bird.

The robin flouts his bloody crest
In maps that o'erhang the crowd;
The wild wind sweeps from willows; drest
In garments dill, a sere-leaved shroud.

A serpent coils beneath the sack
Of stones they move from round his waist;
The coast they strip from off his back
A great load chooses for his nest.

The rain descends in copious streams,
And wash the pale corpse as it lies
In cloud-land fare; the lone one seems
Bewailed by even these sad skies.

The fire-fly trims her evening lamp,
To light the darkling shadow's gloom
That gathers in the vapors damp
Around the murdered wanderer's tomb.

Above a sluggish creek that veers
Round corn-fields and thro' meadows lone,
By night the highway traveler hears,
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Sept. 1878. E. P. H.

SOUTHERN SCHOOL BOOKS.

Mr. W. J. Duffie has laid upon our table a series of school books, prepared by able Southern authors, which seem to be most admirably adapted to our wants at the South. These books are the result of home enterprise throughout. They are preferred at the South; their authors are of the South; they are printed at the South; they are bound at the South; and they are published at the South; we believe that the paper is manufactured at the South. Now all this would amount to naught if they were of an inferior quality, but they are really as good as any, and in many respects much better than any.

1. We take up the history of the United States prepared by the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens. To give the name of the author would be enough to introduce this book anywhere, but at the South it would need even an introduction. It is a volume of five hundred pages and illustrated throughout. It was prepared expressly for schools and colleges. To appreciate the value of this work let the reader compare it with the history prepared for the same purpose by T. W. Higginson, of New England, Mr. Higginson's work being rather better than the most of them.

2. We next have the History of South Carolina by James Wood Davidson. In running over this little volume we are impressed with its value as a school book for beginners. It is admirably arranged in 228 lessons, and the story of the State is told in simple but elegant language from its early history up to 1870. We cannot recommend this little work too highly.

3. We lastly come to a series of works for young children and more advanced scholars, by the late Professor J. L. Reynolds, D. D., who was for many years a professor of languages in the South Carolina College. The author commences from the egg and goes upward.

1. He gives us the admirable little elementary spelling book illustrated, than which we have never seen anything better for the purpose intended.

2. He gives in the order of the progress of the young mind the Pictorial Reader No. 1, which begins and ends with words of one syllable.

3. We then come, as the pupil advances, to the Pictorial Reader No. 2, in which throughout there cannot be found a word of more than two syllables.

4. Thus we are introduced to the Pictorial Reader No. 3, in which are found pleasant little stories plainly told, to interest and improve the young.

5. We then come to the Pictorial Reader No. 4, which takes the scholar a stage further in giving the mind a little stronger food to be digested.

6. And lastly in this series we have the really valuable volume called Reynolds'

New Fifth Reader, that is interesting to all, old and young. We have here selections almost entirely from Southern authors, and most elegant are these extracts. In poetry we come to the household names of Simms, and Wilde, and Timrod, and Hayne and Meek. In prose, the great names of Calhoun, and Legare, and Preston, and Thornwell, and Grimke, and many more who wrote and spoke with the greatest force, purity and eloquence.

And in the books we here incidentally notice, the subject is an important one. It is no insignificant matter that Southern men and women are beginning to realize that they should educate Southern boys and girls. That was a very wise and observant man who said "let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who make their laws." There is even greater truth in its application when we say give us the making of the school books for the young and we care not who may be their legislators. What man or woman has ever forgotten in his blue backed spelling book the boy up the apple tree and the old man trying to bring him down with tufts of grass? It was this feeling of the young mind that built up that great party in the country that finally led to the greatest war in modern times. One picture in a spelling book with the lazy master in a broad-brimmed hat, sitting on his horse in the shade and the drawn whip in hand scourging the slave in the cotton field, and in the distance a runaway in iron shackles escaping to freedom, poisoned more youthful minds and made more ranting abolitionists than all the preaching of Parker and Beecher and Sumner and Wendell Phillips put together. It is in this view that we approve of educating our children through the means of our own books, and if need be our own pictures. And it is for this reason that we hail with pleasure the dawning of a new day in this field of intellectual and moral culture. We do not know to what extent our present excellent Superintendent of Education may have authority in this matter, but we are sure that without any promptings from us, the line of thought we have suggested has not escaped his mind, both as an educated gentleman and an experienced teacher.

WHAT IS WANTED BADLY.

Not a day passes but the press or telegraph brings us some frightful case of wife-beating to excite our horror and indignation. Never was there a time when this brutal practice was so prevalent and the number of cases appear to increase daily. Yesterday's record for New York city alone was a fearful one. No less than a half-dozen cases were brought to public attention by the arrest of wife-beaters, and no one can estimate how many such crimes were perpetrated for which there were no arrests.

There is but one adequate punishment for such outrages, and that is by the re-establishment of the whipping post: Yesterday furnished a sample case in that of a worthless dog who would not work when work was given him, preferring to live upon the hard earnings of a delicate wife, who has been again and again the victim of his blows. Day before yesterday he went home in a half drunken condition, and demanded money from his wife, who was sick in bed. She did not respond promptly and he dragged her to the floor by the hair, kicked and beat and bruised her, and when neighbors gathered, attracted by her cries, he drew a knife and would have murdered her had not a prompt policeman knocked the weapon from his hand as it descended toward his prostrate victim. He was arrested after stout resistance and the woman cared for. Yesterday as they were being taken to court the brute watched his opportunity, broke from the officer and before any one could interfere struck the poor, patient sufferer a blow in the face that felled her to the sidewalk.

A wretch like this should have the life lashed out of him. Yet he will be sent to jail, the judge will indignantly reprimand him and he will be comfortably fed and lodged for sixty or ninety days as a reward for his villainy. At the expiration of that time he will be released, heartier and stronger, to maim and torture her further, if not to kill her. Is not this offering a premium to brutality?

Oh! but we will be told, the whipping post is a relic of barbarism. What is wife-beating? A stimulus to civilization? A social accomplishment? A modern improvement? Which is likely to be the most demoralizing—an adequate private punishment of a deserving scoundrel, or the public mangling of innocent women by furious and drunken debauchees? Which is the grossest relic of barbarism—the honest administration of justice, or the public encouragement of savagery?

It is time brutes were met with such punishment as they can appreciate and comprehend. They are always cowards, who would not dare to resent a blow from one of their fellows, but who vent all their cruel and bloodthirsty instincts upon the helpless, hapless creatures within their power. If that man Johnson, whose case we above describe, were tried up and given a sound lashing he would make a quiet citizen hereafter. As it is he will swagger into jail, be fed and supported in laziness and idleness at the expense of honest men, and then be turned loose a fiercer and abler brute than ever. Is not this a mockery of justice, a parody on civilization, an insult to intelligence and humanity?

Whilst our fair South is being so fearfully scourged, and so much of suffering and so many deaths are almost at our door, our hearts go out in profound sympathy at the mention of the great calamity and disaster that occurred near London, on the river Thames, on Tuesday evening. Two steamers collided. One of them, the Princess Alice, went to the bottom. It was a very large steamer and had on board eight hundred excursionists. Of these it is believed six hundred and fifty were drowned. Think of this large number of immortals being hurried into eternity almost in a moment. Imagine the scene if you can. It is one well calculated to harrow the most callous soul.

Some time since George W. Hamilton, of Freedom, N. Y., issued a challenge for a standing broad and high jump for \$200 a side. J. Emerick, of Ypsilanti, Michigan, accepted the defiance and the match came off in Buffalo, on Thursday, August 8th. Messrs McAllister, and D. A. Slaughter were the judges, George Bellanton referee, and George B. Colbath stake holder. The Buffalo base-ball grounds were selected for the contest. The Buffalo Star says: J. Emerick is a medium sized man, and one of the last to pick out for an athlete. George Hamilton is about 5 feet 5 inches in height, weighs about 120 pounds and is a wiry little fellow. The first jump was made by Emerick, who cleared thirteen feet. Hamilton, then with great ease jumped 13 feet 2 1/2 inches. Emerick now strained himself for a final effort, and with a bound he leapt 13 feet 10 1/2 inches behind him beating the best time on record by 2 1/2 inches. Hamilton did not look worried or frightened a bit, and picking up his 18 lb weights he merely raised them above his head, gave a tremendous spring in the air, and cleared fourteen feet 4 inches. This beats the records all hollow, the best previous being that of Jos. Graves, Woodpark Grounds, Bardsley, England, September 18, 1875, who using 11 1/2 pound weights, cleared 13 feet 7 inches—the best previous American record having been that of A. S. Thompson, San Francisco, Cal., who, on November 25, 1875, cleared 13 feet 5 1/2 inches, using 14 pound dumb-bells.—Turf, Field and Farm.

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ty. The substitute, the specification further states, will keep longer without decomposition than fowls' eggs, and contains in equal amounts more of the essential qualities for which eggs are valuable than eggs themselves.

This is most remarkable; and it must be true, or else Mr. Griffin would not have spent his money on it in patent fees. Still we must confess we have our doubts of the availability of the substitute for our egg uses, say for political purposes or for personal expostulation with an offensive public speaker. It is not clear how it could ever be made as fragrant and explosive as Mr. Stempel's eggs, for instance (Mr. Omar A. Stempel is the gentleman who patented the pinhole), or make so handy a missile to throw. Still you cannot expect everything from an invention.

As a matter of purely scientific interest we will add that Mr. Griffin's egg compound, which is so much better and cheaper than real eggs, is composed of cream tartar, tartaric acid, alum, soda bicarbonate, sugar, curcuma, gum arabic, sulphur, and starch, in proportions specified. Seeing that real eggs contain only albumen, mucus, water, and a little saline matter, the superiority of the substitute will be readily appreciated.—Scientific American.

WISE MEN DIFFER.

The committee raised to ascertain the cause of the distress in the country, of which Mr. Hewitt is chairman, is still in session, examining persons of various pursuits in life. The result so far, reveals no information which could not have been obtained by any man by mixing and conversing with the multitudes found everywhere. It is evident from the conflicting opinions elicited, that no conclusion can be drawn and put into statutes, that could afford any relief. One person thinks the United States Senate ought to be abolished. Another thinks the government ought to issue \$5,000 to every person in want; one, that all out of employment ought to be put on public lands at public expense; one was of the opinion that improved machinery had caused the distress, by bringing about over production; another, a day's labor ought to be restricted to eight hours, while another thought six would be enough as over-production would be checked; another thought if all were required to labor the whole day, that would stop idleness which enables them to spend in dissipation the earnings of the day. Others thought all a man made over a comfortable support should be divided out to the needy. No two gave exactly the same views. No good can be derived from these conflicting opinions, and it is time and money wasted, as no bill can be introduced to remedy the evils of life in accordance with such opposing views. All this information could have been picked up by an intelligent man without the aid of a committee, which has cost the government thousands of dollars, yet throwing no light on that important question.

Committees of investigation accomplish nothing satisfactory, as there will be conflicting opinions. What is remarkable, most of the persons examined attribute their distress to the government, while it is at their own doors. Economy, industry and frugality are the only remedies, and they are in the reach of all. The great object in the organization of a government, is to protect persons in life, liberty and property; and then if people are protected in these, can live if they will do right; if not, then a government can do nothing except to pass penal laws against vice and idleness. If aid is given to tramps or idlers, it will increase the evil. Idleness cannot be cured by charity. The idle must be forced to work and make a living for themselves. The reply of the late H. W. Connor, of Charleston, S. C., to a gentleman who was raising money to relieve the wants of the Irishman who carried the Palmetto flag of the company safely through the Mexican war, illustrates the true policy: "Give him employment. It is all wrong to give him money, as it will soon be spent and he will expect more." The tramps are becoming numerous. The question must be met with severe penal or compulsory laws, or our government will fail in the object of its organization to protect life, liberty and property.—South. Home.

Wonderful Leaping—The Best Standing Jumps on Record.

Some time since George W. Hamilton, of Freedom, N. Y., issued a challenge for a standing broad and high jump for \$200 a side. J. Emerick, of Ypsilanti, Michigan, accepted the defiance and the match came off in Buffalo, on Thursday, August 8th. Messrs McAllister, and D. A. Slaughter were the judges, George Bellanton referee, and George B. Colbath stake holder. The Buffalo base-ball grounds were selected for the contest. The Buffalo Star says: J. Emerick is a medium sized man, and one of the last to pick out for an athlete. George Hamilton is about 5 feet 5 inches in height, weighs about 120 pounds and is a wiry little fellow. The first jump was made by Emerick, who cleared thirteen feet. Hamilton, then with great ease jumped 13 feet 2 1/2 inches. Emerick now strained himself for a final effort, and with a bound he leapt 13 feet 10 1/2 inches behind him beating the best time on record by 2 1/2 inches. Hamilton did not look worried or frightened a bit, and picking up his 18 lb weights he merely raised them above his head, gave a tremendous spring in the air, and cleared fourteen feet 4 inches. This beats the records all hollow, the best previous being that of Jos. Graves, Woodpark Grounds, Bardsley, England, September 18, 1875, who using 11 1/2 pound weights, cleared 13 feet 7 inches—the best previous American record having been that of A. S. Thompson, San Francisco, Cal., who, on November 25, 1875, cleared 13 feet 5 1/2 inches, using 14 pound dumb-bells.—Turf, Field and Farm.

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DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE CIRCULARS.

CIRCULAR NO. 41.]

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, RALEIGH, SEPTEMBER 4, 1878.

DEAR SIR: At the approaching State Fair thousands will visit our Museum, and throughout the Fall and Winter large numbers of persons, desiring to locate in our State, are expected to come here to examine the various products of the State. Our Legislature being in session will also attract many visitors, and it is important that every county should be well and handsomely represented. The case for your county needs the following to complete its display: Wheat, corn, cotton, tobacco, oats, rye, barley, buckwheat, flax, millet, broom corn, sorghum cane, grasses, clover, chufas, peanuts, peas, beans (all these on a stalk in bundles of four inches in diameter and in seed of quarts and half gallons), wool, honey, syrup, wines, oils, models of inventions, samples of manufactured goods, tobacco, etc., vegetables, fruits, and all your varieties of woods, in blocks eight or ten inches long, with two sides dressed. These articles, when handed to your nearest Express agent will be promptly forwarded, we paying all charges. Mark the name of each contributor on each article and put as many together in one bundle or box as can be conveniently packed. Mark the package "Department of Agriculture, Raleigh, N. C."

Permit me to suggest that you ask the attention of the township correspondents for your county to this important matter, and solicit their aid in making the collection. Allow me to beg that you will give this your earliest convenient attention, that we may demonstrate by this exhibition the splendid resources and capabilities of our State. The utility of advertising has been recognized and demonstrated by those States which have so far outstripped us in progress, population, development and wealth. Let us resolve to come to the front. Let us show, as we certainly can do, that our good old State possesses advantage and attractions nowhere to be excelled. Please send in your specimens by the first day of October.

Yours, most respectfully,
L. L. POLK.

CIRCULAR NO. 42.]

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, RALEIGH, N. C., SEPT. 5, 1878.

To the Board of County Commissioners: GENTLEMEN:—At a meeting of the Board of Agriculture held in this city on the 17th day of July 1877, the following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, That Boards of Commissioners of the several counties be requested to send to the Commissioner of Agriculture a map or a plat of their respective counties, to be hung up in the department of each county, with its products in the Agricultural Museum."

I had the honor to send a copy of the above resolution to each County board in the State, on the 18th of July of last year and maps only from the following counties have been received, viz: Alexander, Bertie, Cleveland, Lenoir, Rutherford, Randolph, Pasquotank, Transylvania, Wake and Warren.

In this Museum it is our design to make such a display of all the products of our State as will illustrate its capabilities. Each county will illustrate its separate space, in which we want not only specimens of all its products, but design, (as soon as the material can be procured), to place there a statistical compendium of all its products, industries and prominent physical characteristics. In short we desire to have this Museum a permanent object-school in which may be learned the resources and capabilities of our State. To make it complete it is indispensable that we should have a good map of your county. Will you do me the kindness to inform me whether we may expect one from your county?

Your early attention will greatly oblige,
Yours most respectfully,
L. L. POLK, Commissioner.

A Successful Invention.

Some time ago, Messrs Liddell & Co., of this city invented an eight-horse power steam engine, for which they have obtained a patent. The first one made, was used in ginning cotton and when in operation ginned 10 bales per day. A month ago, they sold on trial, to Mr J P Hunter, of this county, one of their engines, with the guarantee that it would saw out 2,500 feet of lumber daily, and that if he was not pleased with it he could return it at any time. After giving it a fair trial, Mr Hunter declares that it will accomplish more than it was guaranteed to do, and he came to town on Tuesday to close the trade. These engines are the cheapest known costing only \$575, and can be used in grinding grain, ginning cotton, sawing lumber, and for a number of other purposes. All who have seen these engines speak in the highest terms of their utility and of the ingenuity and practical skill of their inventor, and think they combine more advantages for their size and power than any known invention. We hope Mr. Liddell may realize handsome results from the sales of his engines, for he is a hard-working man, attentive to a laudible business and deserves a large patronage and success.—Southern Home.

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TERRIBLE DISASTER.

Collision of Steamers in the Thames, near London—Eight Hundred Excursionists Engulfed in the Stream—Over Six Hundred Lives Lost.

LONDON, SEPT. 4.

The excursion steamer Princess Alice, which was run into and sunk with such frightful results last evening, was one of the largest saloon steamers of the London Steamboat Company. She left London at 11 o'clock, yesterday morning, for Gravesend and Sherness, many excursionists being induced by the fine weather to go for a holiday trip. The vessel left Gravesend on her return journey soon after 6 o'clock in the evening, arriving within sight of the Royal Arsenal, at Woolwich, about 8 o'clock. The Bywell Castle was then approaching on the opposite course. The two steamers were near the middle of the stream, just off the City of London gas works, at Beckton, and at almost the precise spot where the fatal collision occurred between the Metis and Wentworth ten years ago.

What happened it is impossible accurately to detail. All that is known, and the maddening excitement, is that the screw steamer struck the Princess Alice on her port side, near the fore sponsor, when a scene which has had no parallel on this river ensued. A few, very few, persons clambered on the other vessel, but nearly all rushed to the other side of the Princess Alice, and as her bow subsided gradually under water the shrieks were fearful, and nothing could be done to save life. There were a dozen or more life buoys on board, and some boats were swinging in the davits, but even if they could have been got at, they would have been of little service under the circumstances.

Within five minutes the Princess Alice keeled completely over and went down in deep water. Some small boats hastened to the scene, and the Duke of Teck, another steamer belonging to the same Company, which was also on her passage up the river with a party of excursionists, went to the rescue, but the river for a hundred yards was full of drowning people screaming in anguish and praying for help, and as it was growing dark then not much could be done.

It is believed that not more than one hundred and fifty persons escaped out of eight hundred aboard the vessel. The Princess Alice was a long and low river steamer, built for excursions down the Thames, of which the middle and poorer classes of Londoners were very fond. She had saloons on the forward and after decks, and her passenger carrying capacity was unusually large. A large proportion of her passengers last evening were on the upper or saloon deck, and must have seen beforehand their impending doom, but those in the stern of the steamer had no warning until they heard the crash and found the passengers from the forward part of the vessel running to the after part.

Beyond the fact that the tide was about two hours ebb, which would enable the Princess Alice to ease and stop sooner than the screw steamer, which would be borne on the tide, it is impossible to discover any of the circumstances immediately succeeding the collision.

Before the boats came in collision there were cries from one to the other to keep out of the way, but as usual in such cases the accident was probably due to a misunderstanding, the misinterpreting of the intention of the other. All the rules of sailing were cast to the wind in the moment of peril, each taking the wrong course to avoid each other's blunder.

Hard Work.

"What is your secret?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madame, but hard work." Says Dr. Arnold: "The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy." "Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well directed labor, nothing is to be attained without it." "Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained by the labor of a lifetime, but it is not to be purchased at less price." "There is but one method," said Sidney Smith, "and that is hard labor; and a man who will not pay that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of a fox."

"Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far." "Nothing," says Mirebeau, "is impossible to a man who can and will. This is the only law of success." "Have you ever entered a cottage or traveled in a coach, ever talked to a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom?" asked Sir Edward Bulward-Littton, "and found that each of these men had a talent you have not, knew something you did not?" The most useless creature that yawned at a club, or idled in rage under the sun of Calabria has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is not talent, but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

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