

# The Carolina Watchman.

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## EARLY DAYS OF DAVIDSON COLLEGE.

INTERESTING SKETCHES OF THE MANUAL LABOR EXPERIMENT.

Abstract from a Series of Articles on Presbyterianism in North Carolina, now appearing in the "N. C. Presbyterian."

BY REV. J. RUMPLE.

Setting aside those who worked at trades, such as cabinet making, etc., the whole number of students was divided into two great detachments, or classes, for work. At 9 A. M., the steward would give a blast of his trumpet, that echoed through the leafy aisles of the grand old oaks, and penetrated to the inmost recesses of each dormitory. Class No. 1, would assemble tumultuously on the Campus, to be led or sent to the field, and assigned to the desired labor, to continue thenceforth till 12 M. At one o'clock another ringing blast would waken the sleepy echoes, and forth into the bright sunshine and quivering heat class No. 2 would proceed. For this work the students would be credited to the amount of ten or fifteen dollars per session, according to age and working capacity, on their board-bill. As board was worth about six dollars per month a first-class worker would earn about one-half of his board. But the system was a failure, and the college farm was found to cost more than it yielded. Many causes conspired to produce this result. Semi-compulsory labor on a large scale is always unprofitable. To yield a profit, labor must be either cheerfully voluntary, or fully compulsory. The steward could neither chastise nor dissuade his laborers. And it was soon discovered that the young men held strictly to the theory that labor was a curse, and that they had come there to learn how to evade the curse as soon as possible. Experience proved that three hours of hard farm work in the morning begat such fatigue and drowsiness as disqualified them for study in the afternoon. The afternoon labor would be even worse for the evening studies. Between faithful labor and hard study, life would become a burthen, souring the spirit, and repressing the elasticity of youth. Nor could they help regarding themselves as under the eye of an overseer, though the office was disguised under the name of steward. To cheat him out of their labor became almost an instinct. Besides there was "fun" in overreaching him, trying his temper and displaying their own adroitness. It was not a very difficult task, by an awkward stroke, to break the handle of a hoe or mattock, or to drive an axe into a "convenient" stone. Selecting a good stout stump, yet green, it was comparatively easy to drive a plow full tilt against it, and then—"something was sure to break." It would require an hour or two to repair these fractures, and of course the laborer must superintend the repairs. That was so much time gained to rest! An old habitue of the hill once assured the writer, that he thought there was a bushel of clevis-pins, open-rings and bull-tongues under the college chapel where they had been "lost" by boys who were expected to use them next day. But the "fun" par excellence, was in hauling wood from the clearing. Four boys with four horses and a wagon would go for a load of wood. When the load was on, each boy would mount a horse, with a good switch in his hand, and then away, Gilpin-like, away went wagon, horses, boys, thundering along like a herd of buffaloes. If any chance tree or stump was in the way, so much the worse for the stump—or the wagon-wheel! When they pulled up at the college, it was a fortunate event if a dozen "sticks" were left on the wagon unsplintered. Tradition says that while the trumpet called them from refreshment to labor, the college bell was used to call them from labor to refreshment. Upon a certain occasion a pig was coaxed and inveigled by an abundant supply of corn to allow himself to be tied with one end of a rope, while the other was attached to the bell-clapper. While the corn lasted and the pig's appetite was unquenched, the students marched solemnly to their work, and began, like Cicinnatus to cultivate the soil. Scarcely, however, had they grasped the handles of the plow and hoe, before the pig's appetite was appeased, and he moved gently off. Soon he found his course arrested by some unaccounted obstruction, and in terror began to surge wildly hither and thither. At each surge the clapper came into furious contact with the bell. The boys all chose to consider this as the signal to "knock off," and returned in all possible haste to their rooms to "wash for dinner." But theirs was a short lived joy. The blast of the steward's inexorable trumpet re-called them to their deserted furrows and abandoned hoes, and all went back "sadder and wiser" boys.

If any one who can say "quorum pars fui" should deny the literal truth of these stories, I can only say, they were traditions when the writer was there, six years after the Manual Labor System was defunct, dim traditions, whispered under the leafy oaks of the Campus, in the cool shade of the evening, when a new generation of students rejoiced that their lots were cast in better days. Doubtless there were many exaggerations and addi-

tions needed to construct a yarn that would make admiring Freshmen open their eyes in mute amazement. Still these stories have about them a vraisemblance that almost challenges belief. They illustrate the beauties of Manual Labor Schools. The experience of four years sufficed to show that the habits and tastes of the true lover of knowledge can no more be blended, at that period of life, with the habits and tastes of the farm-laborer, than the tastes of Miss in the parlor can be made to coincide with those of the maid of all work in the kitchen. And of all persons in the world to detect the incongruity commend us to the bright, quick-witted youth of a college. He would infinitely prefer to "chop logic," than to wield a club-axe against the trees. To extract the cube root of any quantity in an infinite series, whether increasing, decreasing or converging, is stimulating to his intellect, but to extract the roots of nettles, briars, or the ever-recurring sassafras, is increasingly and infinitely detestable. To dig a Greek root from the most remote branch of a verb in *mi* is pleasant employment compared to the sensation experienced when a recalcitrant root of some sturdy oak or hardy dogwood returns in full force against the tibia, after its elasticity has been tested to the utmost by the advancing plow-share.

And yet, whatever may have been the practical defects of the Manual Labor System, in the Providence of God it subserved a valuable purpose. Indeed it is questionable whether the college could have been established without it. The system constituted an attraction and a watch-word, without which the first agents might have failed to engage the attention and enlist the sympathies of the people. Many would be disposed to aid in the establishment of a college, where they fondly hoped their sons could "work their way through;" who would otherwise have been less willing to contribute. Nor was there any intentional deception; for its authors were bona-fide believers in its entire practicality.

In the next place the failure of the experiment practically settled the question, whether as a rule, literary study and rough farm labor could be harmoniously blended; and proved that it was poorly worthwhile to war the progress of the zealous student for the paltry sum of \$30 per annum; and that he had better earn if need be, at exclusive labor, enough to enable him to devote himself to exclusive study.

In the third place it dissipated the popular dream of a cheap and at the same time thorough course of culture. The two are incompatible. Education is a luxury and a privilege, and costs money. And the higher the degree of culture, and the greater the facilities enjoyed, the more expensive it becomes. The expenses must be met somehow. They may be met by an endowment, or by funding scholarships, or by friendly beneficiary aid. Or in the absence of these helps, the courageous youth, who has the stuff that men are made of in him, may slowly and painfully push his own way, by alternate labor, teaching and study, and be all the better for the effort. Many have already done this, and with a suitable college accessible to him, any youth who deserves an education can win it for himself, unless he is encumbered by burdens greater than the care of himself.

Among the many martyrs to the cause of humanity, during the awful scourge that has been desolating and impoverishing the South, there is none whose death has excited more comment or caused profounder regret than that of Col. Butler P. Anderson, President of the Howard Association at Memphis, who died at Grenada. He was a most faithful and gallant soldier during the late war, and was one of the most conspicuous workers among the sick and the dying until he fell at the post of duty and on the field of honor. A public meeting was held in Nashville some two weeks ago, and a committee was appointed to prepare a circular appeal to the Bar Association of the United States for donations to the fund for the support of the orphan children of Col. Anderson. A noble cause that will be responded to no doubt promptly by the legal profession throughout the country.—*Wil. Star.*

## A COIN DEPOSIT.

Money to Be Paid Out by the Government for Bullion at Charlotte.

Col. C. J. Cowles, assayer and melter at the United States assay office, in this city, has received instructions from the treasury department for adding to the assay office the feature of a coin deposit. This is in accordance with an amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill, known as Patter-son's amendment.

This is what those interested in the development of mines in the Atlantic Gold Belt, and more especially those who have been operating mines themselves have been contending for ever since the United States branch mint here ceased to be a mint of coinage. Hitherto all gold in the form of bullion had to be shipped to Philadelphia at a considerable expense for express charges before the coin or greenbacks could be obtained, or sold here at a price which would repay the purchaser for the expense and trouble of shipping to the same point. The shipping expense was never less than one per cent. and sometimes more. Under the arrangement, which has just gone into effect, the operator can bring his crude gold to the assay office and, without any delay, receive its full value in silver or greenbacks, only one-tenth of one per cent. being reserved as charges for assaying.

Accompanying the instructions to the assayer for conducting this branch of business, was an order permitting him to draw at once upon the treasury department for \$5,000 to be used in exchange for gold. As much more will be forwarded from time to time throughout the year, as is needed for this purpose. It will be, however, some little time before the assayer is ready to make the exchange, as the details of the new arrangement have not been perfected.

In speaking of this effect of the new feature of the assay office, Col. Cowles said that among the advantages which have already been referred to in this article, it would result in increasing the business of the mint ten-fold within the coming year. He called attention to the fact that the coin deposit must not be confounded with the sub-treasury, which Congress in a bill, amended by Gen. Vance, had consented to have established here. This matter is still under consideration in the treasury department, and will doubtless be acted on within the year. A sub-treasury would afford still greater advantages.—*Char. Observer.*

## GOLD AS MAILABLE MATTER.

Under the law of Congress admitting merchandise into the mails as third-class matter, the postmaster-general recently issued an order that gold should be considered as mailable matter. These directions are, however, according to the statement of the *Washington Post*, causing considerable dissatisfaction among postmasters, and several have protested against being compelled to receive gold. The responsibility incurred in its carriage and delivery is greater than they wish to assume. Although its loss does not fall upon the government, but upon the sender, the disappearance of a package of gold at any point between the forwarding office and its destination would cast an unpleasant cloud upon the whole line, and the great temptation would render such dishonesty at least possible. The comparatively large quantity of gold that is presented for mailing shows that persons are willing to take the risk, and place implicit confidence in government employees, although the present mode of mailing it is not as safe as a registered letter. The opinion of the department is that it must be considered mailable matter and received and forwarded, notwithstanding the general desire to the contrary.—*Char. Observer.*

Mamma (who has been screaming at the top of her voice for over ten minutes, to Johnny, who has just crawled down from the hay-loft)—"You naughty, naughty boy, why didn't you answer me before?" Johnny (very innocently)—"Really and truly, mamma, I didn't hear you till you called free or four times."—*Puck.*

## NORTH CAROLINA IN 1773, BY JOSIAH QUINCY.

[Stateville American.]

"The soils and climates of the Carolinas differ, but not so much as their inhabitants. The number of negroes and slaves is much less in North than in South Carolina. Their staple commodity is not so valuable, not being in so great demand as the rice, indigo, &c., of the South. Hence labor becomes more necessary, and he who has an interest of his own to serve, is a laborer in the field. Husbandmen and agriculture increase in number and improvements.

"Industry is up in the woods at tar, pitch and turpentine; in the fields, ploughing, planting, clearing, or fencing the land. Herds and flocks become more numerous. You see husbandmen, yeomen, and white laborers scattered through the country, instead of herds of negroes and slaves. Healthful countenances and numerous families become more common, as you advance north. Property is more equally diffused in one province than another, and this may account for some, if not for all the differences of character in the inhabitants. However, in one respect I find a pretty near resemblance between the two colonies: I mean the state of religion. It is certainly high time to repeal the laws relative to religion, and observation of the Sabbath, or to see them better executed. Avowed impunity of all offenders is one sign at least, that the laws want amendment or abrogation. Alike as the Carolinas are in this respect, they certainly vary much as to their general sentiments, opinions, and judgments. The staple commodities of North Carolina are all kinds of naval stores—Indian corn, hemp, flax-seed, some tobacco, which they generally send to Virginia, &c. The culture of wheat and rice is making quick progress, as a spirit of agriculture is rising fast.

The commerce of North Carolina is much diffused through the several parts of the province. They, in some respects, may be said to have no metropolis, though Newberne is called the capital, as there is the seat of government. It is made a question which carries on the most trade, whether Edenton, Newberne, Wilmington, or Brunswick. It seems to be one of the two first. There is very little intercourse between the Northern and Southern provinces of Carolina. The present State of North Carolina is really curious: there are but five provincial laws in force through the colony, and no courts at all in being. No one can recover a debt, except before a single magistrate, where the sums are within his jurisdiction, and offenders escape with impunity. The people are in great consternation about the matter; what will be the consequences is problematical."

This extract from the memoir of Josiah Quincy, found in Jones' Defence, page 93, is very curious and interesting to us now, more than a century after—a similar man, from the same quarter, would doubtless make a different report now about many things. What has become of the town "Brunswick," above mentioned that competed with the other towns for trade? In a Gazetteer of 1825 it is put down in Brunswick county, 30 miles up the Cape Fear river; this is about the distance of Wilmington. It is not given in an old geography of 1795.

The greatest violinist in the world is now in New York. He spells his name Wilhelmj, which we learn is pronounced Wilhelmj. There is no doubt about his greatness in the fiddling way. He is greater even than Ole Bull. He gave his first concert in New York on Thursday night to an immense audience, and the enthusiasm was tremendous. The excellent New York correspondent of the *Philadelphia Times* telegraphs:

"In many particulars his triumph is even more remarkable than that of Rubinstein. He won it almost instantaneously, for the audience was completely conquered before he had played a dozen measures, and it is a conquest which seems to have no qualifying exceptions whatever. The verdict is unanimous that he is so far before all other violinists who have visited this country that he stands alone. The extraordinary beauty of his tone and the brilliancy of his execution are not more fascinating than the eloquence of his expression, the sympathetic character of his music and the sympathetic nature of the man himself."

## A SPLENDID TRIBUTE.

Heroism of the Southern People in War and in Pestilence.

From the London Standard.

The younger among us cannot perhaps remember the keen, warm sympathy with which the English of 1861 '65, witnessed the heroic struggle maintained by their Southern kinsmen against six-fold odds of numbers and odds of position, resources, vantage ground, simply incalculable. Even those who from sympathy with the Northern States were unfavorable to the cause of a great nation revolting against a real tyranny could not but feel proud of our near kinship with that incomparable soldiery—so designated by their enemies—which, on fifty battle fields maintained a contest such as no other race has ever in modern times maintained, and at last, when all hope was gone, held for six months, with 45,000 men against 150,000, a slender line of earthworks thirty miles in length; who marched out 28,000 strong, and after six days' retreat in face of a countless cavalry and overwhelming artillery and infantry pressing them on all sides, surrendered at last but 8,000 bayonets and sabres. It is this people, the flower and pride of the great English race, on whom a more terrible, more merciless enemy has now fallen. There can now be no division of sympathy, as there is no passion to excite and keep up the courage needed for the occasion. Yet the men and women of the South are true to the old tradition. Her youth volunteer to serve and die in the streets of plague stricken cities as readily as they went forth, boys and gray haired men, to meet the threatened surprise of Petersburg—as they volunteered to charge again and again the cannon-crowned hills of Gettysburg, and to enrich with their blood, and honor with the name of a new victory every field around Richmond. Their sisters, wives, mothers and daughters are doing and suffering now as they suffered from famine, disease, incessant anxiety and alarm throughout the four years of the civil war. There may be among the various nations of the Aryan family one or two who would claim that they could have furnished troops like those which followed Lee and Johnston, Stuart and Stonewall Jackson; but we doubt whether there be one race beside our own that could send forth its children by hundreds to face in town desolated by the yellow fever the horrors of a nurse's life and the imminent terror of a martyr's death.

## HARD TIMES.

Times are hard. Everyone says so. They said so last year, they said so five years ago, they said so ten, twenty, thirty years ago, in fact, we never knew the time when the public failed to vote unanimously that the times were hard. If you ask our merchants they will tell you they sell few goods on credit. If you go in the country you will see the crib full of corn and fields with cotton. You there see industry unsurpassed by any country in the world. You find the most improved machinery for ginning cotton, and it is common to hear the steam engine whistle in the country as in town. You see young men whose fathers and mothers went to meeting horseback, now dash up to the meeting house with a red buggy with his sweetheart by his side, with a tied-back dress and kid gloves. The most casual observer will tell you that the stock of the country was never in better condition, and that there are finer horses, bigger and fatter mules, and more Berkshire hogs in the country than was ever known before. In the country you see new residences built upon the most modern style with modern conveniences. We know of houses erected in the country that are superior to many and equal to the best in town. Farmers are making money gradually, slowly but surely, and we are sure that this reaction, all things considered, has grown in wealth and is to-day better off than ever. The little towns may suffer, but the country is getting wealthier daily.—*Griffin News.*

## A FACT TO BE REMEMBERED.

A Wall Street, New York broker laid a wager the other day that Christopher Columbus discovered the continent of North America, and of course he lost. It is surprising how many intelligent persons entertain the same error. Knowing that he discovered a number of islands in the Western Hemisphere, they thought that he must, of necessity, have discovered this continent also. They forgot that he died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his achievements, believing Cuba, Terra Firma and the other lands he had found to be remote parts of Asia. Amerigo Vespucci, after whom North and South America is named did not discover this continent proper either. The land he discovered lay near the equator, and he too, was deluded with the notion that it was a portion of Asia. John Cabot was the discoverer of North America (some time in May 1497), which he likewise supposed to belong to the dominions of the Grand Cham. He sailed along the coast for 300 leagues, and went ashore without finding any human beings, though he believed the country inhabited. It is remarkable that the three great discoverers of the Western World should all have been Italians—Columbus having been born in Genoa. Vespucci in Florence, and Cabot presumably in Venice. The birth of Cabot is uncertain, as are his age and place and time of his death. But the fact that the license granted him by Henry VII. calls him Cabetto, Venetian, would seem to determine the question of his nativity. The discoverers had a sorry fortune. Columbus, as we are aware was treated with the blackest ingratitude by the King of Spain. When the officers of the vessel in which he was carried a prisoner to Spain offered to remove his chains, imposed upon him by royal order, he replied, "I will wear them as a reminder of the gratitude of Princes." He died, as everybody knows, neglected, in extreme poverty of a broken heart. Vespucci had many trials and died poor, and Cabot or Cabotta, fell into such obscurity that no one can tell where or when or how he died. Surely the auguries attendant on the birth of the Western World were not favorable and in a superstitious age might have led to the belief that its history would never be marked by good fortune.

## BAD AS THE FEVER.

If we have not yellow fever, the cholera, or the plague in this city, we have the evil among us that makes more misery, destroys more lives, and imposes a heavier tax on property, than a year of pestilence.

When David was offered the choice of his people being smitten with the pestilence or by the sword, he chose the pestilence as being more directly the minister of God's displeasure, and he said let me fall into the hands of God and not of man. The trouble with us is we are in the hands of men, and dreadfully bad men at that. There are good laws made to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors, because their use is the most prolific source of our crimes, disease and deaths; and especially of our enormous taxes. But the men set to execute these laws have in the first place given about six thousand persons full permission to sell, a number far in advance of the wants of the people, and then, in addition to this vast licensed army, our authorities suffer five thousand men to sell without license: so that, with or without the permit, and in all cases with the knowledge of the officers of the law, we have a standing army in this city of more than 10,000 men dealing out the destructive element for the ruin of our people. These are the men who are doing more injury than the yellow fever would do if it were now to burst upon us. Since the first of May the number of hotels in this city has increased by 1,600 and more! They are mostly mere grog shops, but the Excise Board, under their oath, declared these hotels necessary, and gave them the legal sanction of the State. How much longer will an oppressed and overtaxed community submit to these official outrages?—*N. Y. Observer.*

## DEATH OF THE GOVERNOR'S MOTHER.

A telegram received in this city yesterday announced the death of the mother of Gov. Z. B. and Gen. R. B. Vance, at the residence of the latter on the Swannanoa river in Buncombe county. Mrs. Vance was a very aged lady, and has for several months past been declining rapidly. Indeed, the Governor has several times been called from his official duties to attend at her bedside. She died in the full enjoyment of the hope held out by the christian religion of a blessed immortality beyond the grave, and leaves behind her the increase of a quiet devoted christian life.—*Char. Observer, Oct. 5th.*

Children are children and kittens are kittens. A sober, sensible old cat that sits purring before the fire does not trouble herself because her kitten is hurrying and dashing hither and thither in a fever of excitement to catch its own tail. She sits still and purrs on. People should do the same with children. One of the difficulties of home education is the impossibility of making parents keep still; it is with them, out of affection, all watch and worry.

## The Murder Case at Rock Hill, S. C.

The *Yorkville Enquirer* of October 3d gives the following probably correct account of the unfortunate occurrence by which Mr. P. M. Murray, of this city, lost his life.—*Charlotte Dem.*

"On Tuesday afternoon of last week, P. M. Murray, a building contractor of Charlotte, N. C., was shot and fatally wounded at Rock Hill, by Henry Bruner, a carpenter, whose home is in Wadesboro, N. C. From what we can learn respecting the affair, L. C. Murray, a brother of the victim of the encounter, and Bruner met on the day in question near Hagan's bar-room, when Bruner offered an apology to L. C. Murray for a remark he made concerning him at some previous time. The words were overheard by P. M. Murray, who approached and entered into the conversation, which soon became a quarrel between the parties, during the progress of which L. C. Murray struck Bruner. P. M. Murray then threw Bruner on the ground and commenced beating him. At this juncture several pistol shots were fired by L. C. Murray and Bruner, it not being definitely stated who fired the first shot, though it is thought L. C. Murray did, endeavoring to hit Bruner, whom P. M. Murray was at that time holding down and beating.

When the parties were separated, it was found that Bruner had escaped the pistol shot directed at him, but that he had shot P. M. Murray while Murray was on him, inflicting wounds in the breast and bowels. The wound in the breast was slight, and that in the bowels, which produced death, was not discovered until several hours after the altercation. Murray died in the afternoon, and his remains were taken to Charlotte for interment. Bruner was arrested and committed to jail in this place."

## Murder Will Out.

The old saying, "Murder will out," was strangely verified in bring to light the evidence of an awful tragedy near the city of Bridgeport in this State, last week. A man and his little son were fishing in a stream called Cedar Creek, near to the beach. In running about the boy came upon an old shoe to which was attached a stone by a small piece of string. Attempting to put his foot in it he encountered an obstacle and called his father. The man took it to remove the obstruction, when he found that a human foot was in the shoe. Appalled by the sight he immediately returned to the city, leaving the ghastly object where found. He informed the people at once. The matter was kept secret by the authorities, who despatched an officer to the place. On his reaching there he found the tide had covered the beach, and he was obliged to return. The next day he again repaired to the spot and found the shoe and its gasty contents as described. It was brought to the police office, the leather cut open, and the flesh taken out. I proved to be a piece of corned beef. Subsequent investigation developed the fact that a man named Edwards had been fishing there for crabs and used the corned beef for bait. Wishing to use it another day he put it in an old shoe and attached the stone to prevent its being carried away by the tide. It was a dreadfully narrow escape from the unearthing of an awful tragedy. The policeman and the man who made the discovery are both seriously ill.—*Danbury News.*

In a recent oration a Vermont speaker rather lost track of himself and remarked: "When we pass one of these mile-stones of life, it behooves us to stop and take our soundings, and see where we are drifting."