

The Carolina Watchman.

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NO 5

SEPARATION.

(From the Springfield Republican.)
A wall grown up between the two—
A strong, thick wall, though all unseen;
None knew when the first stones were laid,
Nor how the wall was built, I ween.
And so their lives were wide apart,
Altho' they shared one board, one bed;
A careless eye saw naught amiss,
Yet each was to the other dead.
He, much absorbed in work and gain,
Grew soon unmindful of his loss;
A hard indifference worse than hate
Charged love's pure gold to worthless dross.
She suffered tortures all untold;
Too proud to mourn, too strong to die;
Her white face showed her misery—
Such walls are growing day by day
'Till man and wife, 'twixt friend and
friend;
Would they could know, who lightly build,
How sad and bitter is the end.
A careless word, an unkind thought,
A slight neglect, a taunting tone—
Such things as these, before we know,
Have laid the wall's foundation stone.
Ye bow to ghostly symbols,
To crosses and scourges and thorn;
Ye seek his Syrian manger
Who in the heart is born,
For the dead Christ, not the living,
Ye watch the empty grave,
Whose life alone within you
Has power to bless and save.
O blind ones, outward groping,
The idle quest forego;
Who listens to his inward voice
Alone of him shall know.
—Whittier.

A SURPRISE.

"Am I thus nearer and dearer than ever,
Since thou hast taught me to love thee more."
Such were the words which the elegantly festooned walls and deep curtained recesses of a handsome drawing-room were made to echo. But whence came the sound that preceded the echo? Enter softly lest we disturb the fair singer! Where is she—was it an angel? But the low sigh, the language of the heart, betrays what the twilight's darkening gloom tries to conceal. We start! Seated before a richly carved rosewood piano, her head bowed as if by some impending trouble, we see Edith Lacy. Rocked in the cradle of luxury; blessed by the gifts which Fortune drops as the wheel of Time revolves, do we wonder that we find her as she is? No, not as to the distinguished air which lingers around even the folds of her dark velvet robe, but as those dewy tears which glisten in eyes far more piercing than even the little god's winged darts. Hark, the door bell peals! How quick she starts, but the look of joyous expectancy is gone; down rests the head and the lips half murmur the words, "Surely Paul is not gone without bidding me good-bye."
The door slowly opens just in time to make her sentence audible to Paul Raymond, who has since his father's death resided in the family of Esmond Lacy. His position in the family is one formed by the closest business ties; his father being, during his life, partner in the firm of Lacy.
Paul Raymond was tall and commanding in appearance, with a brow shaded by dark chestnut curls, a mustache over lips and teeth perfectly suited to make him, as he seemed to our Edith, an unequalled Apollo.
As her whispered sentence concluded, he was near enough Niobe to fold her in his arms, and, if he had followed the dictates of his heart, to clasp her to his manly breast and declare the new story that his waiting anxious heart had so often wished to reveal.
The time has come when he must speak the sweet old word, good-bye, when he must drift on Fate's broad current, wafted by the gale of Duty to a distant port, on business for the firm in which he hopes, by diligence and perseverance, some day to hold the place of his father.
Alas! the frailty of human desires! But we must not lift the veil of futurity too far lest we lose the interest of our fair readers, for methinks they will be the only ones who will pause merely to peruse a love tale.
"Edith," the low, softly whispered name seemingly intended only for the ear yet reached the heart, and lo! what myriads of tumults rushed through its hidden chambers.
Gently she arose and was sufficiently woman of the world to conceal from his glance what we have seen, the steerage of her poor troubled heart through the "Gate of Tears." "Are

you not yet gone?" she finally summoned courage to ask, as she handed him her hand which he, following the style of his day, well knew how to brush with his "dainty mustache."
"And not see my childhood's friend?" His tone made her eyes seek his face and then—but he gave her not time to draw her inference, for still holding the jeweled hand he gently drew her towards him. "Edith, the hour is near at hand in which I set sail from my native Lincolnshire, give me but the right to feel while away that I leave one who will dream of a future happier hour on my return. Oh if you knew how fondly, how ardently I long to call this dear hand mine, you would yield to my entreaty! My absence may be for years, but
"Time will the impression deeper make,
As streams their channels year."
Look up my Edith, my idol, let me hear from those precious lips the words that can render your Paul earth's happiest mortal." The other hand was placed with its mate. One step nearer and her proud head, as if like the bird of Thrace whose pinions knew no other resting place, she laid on his shoulder. What an Elysium on earth! But human joys are but transitory at best, and the cry of the watchman warns him the hour has come when the "Elsie" must sail. One more kiss from the ruby lips and repeated promises of fidelity and he tears himself away, leaving his queen, where he fondly placed her on a small divan before the grate with only his diamond *solitaire* to convince her that Imagination has not been weaving her fantastic web uncorrected by the organs of sense. She aroused but to feel the full force of her desertion. Pathetically she raises her imploring hands to the ruler of the New Jerusalem and cries, "Save him, oh God, and a life's devotion shall be offered as a sacrifice to thee."
Day after day giddied by Edith was still reigning queen—the loveliest of the lovely. It seemed that
"Time's wing in stealing o'er,
But left her lover than before,"
yet, it was a beauty calmed by the canker of despair gnawing at her heart.
Two years had passed since the departure of the gallant bark "Elsie." Six months after the night of her betrothal, Edith was gladdened by the receipt of a white-winged messenger of love from Paul. A letter such as only the noble man in whose keeping her heart's pearls, almost totally unaware to her, had found their way, could write. A letter so hopeful, cheerful and loving, so beautifully and vividly picturing their future that Raphael would, on reading, have been tempted to give his pencil a deprecatory hurl and a farewell benediction of "Depart ye, useless rubbish, since love has ceased to color your work ye are become as your master—old and good for nothing."
Time's tireless pinion had swept another almost endless six months behind him, and Edith, while casually passing through her father's studio, glanced at a paper which seemed as if waiting for her perusal. Why did her eyes search first the columns of marine news—down past the A's, B's, C's, D's—but why that deadly pallor? One wild shriek, and she falls, but into the arms of her father, who entered in time to receive the inanimate form of his daughter. Calmly as possible he used every art in his power to restore light to those brilliant eyes, which now seemed closed in death—gently he chafed the icy hands, till a slight tremor betokened her returning consciousness, and committing her to her ever faithful nurse, a watchful Achaetes, he proceeded to look for the cause of her fright. By chance stepping on the paper that had dropped from Edith's hands, he was in the act of restoring it to the file on the table when his eye noticed the hitherto unmarked lines—
"WRECK OF THE ELSIE—ALL ON BOARD PERISHED."
This was the key to the mystery and it unlocked for Edith her father's warmest sympathy, for he too felt sincerely attached to his old-time friend's noble son Paul. He also knew his motherless child's happiness was buried with her lover in his watery bed, where the Peris of Ocean would deck

his pillow with gems of the deep.
Gradually Edith appeared among her old associates, but like the magnolia shows the touch of the human hand, she bore the impress of sorrow, though endeavoring to conceal from the world her heart's best treasure. Suitors were not lacking for the hand of the heiress to Lacy Hall, yet she still clung to her *solitaire* and in the solitude of her own boudoir dreamed of "The land of rest for those who love and never forget."
Imbibing comfort from the thought "We'll meet in that blissful region yet."
Thus passed another year, and Edith, still Miss Lacy. To-night the anniversary of her Paul's departure, she, at the earnest exhortations of Annie St. Clair, her childhood's earliest playmate, has laid aside her sable robes, that she persists in wearing, and is to stand pre-eminently first in the group of lovely bridesmaids. An elegant white satin perfectly *a la mode* has just received the finishing touches from the deft fingers of Fashion's most skillful *modiste*. Her raven hair decked with a single white rose, the favorite of her heart's hero and a cross of untold value clasping the rich lace at her snowy throat, form the only ornaments of our queen, and such she looks as majestically she descends the corridor and kneels before Mr. Lacy to receive the farewell kiss she never leaves without. No wonder her escort seemed paralyzed; for never has her regal beauty been so resplendent as now.
They reach the St. Clair residence. "Every thing young, every thing fair,
From the East to the West is bustling there."
But Edith must still receive from "Priam" the "golden apple."
But why that dreamy look?—her thoughts on this night are "linked by many a hidden chain" to the past. She is aroused from her reverie by the indirect question—"Who waits with Edith." Never till that moment had it occurred to her, there must be some one. Silently she turned as if expecting Annie to give the answer, when suddenly all attention was directed toward the half open door, when a waiter of elegant flowers was being handed in for Miss Lacy. Taste and elegance was breathed out in the aroma, but the white rose held pre-eminence. No card, no name—what a bundle of unsatisfied curiosity the room contained! Each guessed, as usual with the sex, but Annie premised it from the handsome stranger who reached Lincolnshire the day previous. Poor little flowers, your fate is sealed! A handsome stranger and a rosebud are but poor balances when weighed in the scale of woman's curiosity.
Edith alone thought of her treasures, and not suspecting any guest to have yet arrived, descended to place her floral tribute in a vase suitable for its reception. She had placed the "last bud in its proper nook and corner, when thinking perhaps "distance would lend enchantment," she stepped back, her mind busy with conjectures as to the donor, when the same low "Edith" was borne to her ear. She starts and is clasped in the embrace of Paul. Has the sea given up its dead. So it seems, for there is no Edith as bridesmaid that night—but two brides—Edith and Annie. A few moments' delay in which to receive congratulations from assembled friends, they then hasten for the blessings of Mr. Lacy to his children, Paul and Edith Raymond.
Vive Beate!
North Carolina Gold,
The arrangements recently perfected by the Treasury department to purchase the gold bullion deposited at the United States assay office at Charlotte, N. C., at its value, less the usual mint charges at the expense of transportation to Philadelphia, are meeting with great success. The annual gold yield of North Carolina is only \$150,000 but the producers were compelled to dispose of their gold to bullion dealers at a heavy discount. Under the present management they can exchange it at par with legal tenders or silver dollars, thereby greatly increasing the production. Since the order was issued from the Treasury department there has been a very noticeable increase in the gold receipts from this section.—*Washington Post*.

A SAD STORY OF THE YELLOW FEVER.

A few evenings ago a well-dressed girl baby, one year old, was left on the doorstep of Mr. Newcomb, of Providence, R. I., and by its side a letter, in which the heart-broken mother who had left it there stated that she had lost her father, mother, brother, husband and three children by yellow fever in New Orleans, and that she fled to Cairo to escape the plague, with her baby; that both were attacked with the fever in that place and recovered, though the writer felt as though she was losing her memory, and no doubt would soon be a raving maniac. She urged them not to look her up, as she was going to New York on the midnight train, "there to die unknown," and gave instructions for the care of the child. She signed herself Mrs. Josie Hall. Mr. Newcomb was greatly affected, for he had known the lady's family, who, he said stood high in the South, Mrs. Hall being a beautiful and accomplished lady. Two days after a telegram was received by Mr. Newcomb from Boston, stating that Mrs. Hall was in a dying condition at a hotel in that city. He immediately started for Boston, and arrived in season to receive the dying woman's instructions. She begged him to be good to her child and to send her body to New Orleans for interment. She left some money to pay her funeral expenses, and also some for the care of the child. The remains were forwarded to New Orleans. A letter received from the latter city throws some additional light on the sad affair. Mrs. Hall, it appears, while deranged with grief, had fled from the city in her father's carriage, accompanied by the faithful coachman, and went to Cairo, where the coachman died. After her arrival there her uncle and aunt also died. She immediately left Cairo and fled North. The babe will be tenderly cared for.

A Fresh Cuban Outbreak.

Letters just received from Cuba show that the Eastern part of the island is as far as ever from the pacification so loudly proclaimed at Havana a few months ago. In addition to the bands in Las Villas and the Eastern Department, there is positive information received from Cuba, that Col. Arias has taken the field in Las Villas at the head of a force numbering over 300 men, well armed and enthusiastic. Spanish forces have started in hot pursuit from Villa Clara and Cienfuegos. Large bodies of slave negroes from all the adjoining estates are flocking to the insurgents. The situation is further complicated by negro revolts throughout the department.—*N. Y. Star*.

In New York city a suit has been begun by Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, formerly surgeon-general of the army, against Dr. John P. Gray, of the State Lunatic Asylum, for \$50,000 damages for alleged libel. The asserted libel was in an article in a periodical controlled by Dr. Gray, which was afterwards reproduced in pamphlet form, in which Dr. Hammond says that his skill in what has become his specialty—nervous and mental diseases—was assailed, and his honesty in testimony given by him in several murder cases was impugned. [This is the same Dr. Hammond who was so decently flayed by Dr. Grissom of Raleigh.]

The Columbia Register of yesterday, after remarking that it seems probable that the prosecution of ex-officials of that State is to be revived, says that the grand jury of Richmond county Tuesday returned true bills against Daniel H. Chamberlain, Hiram H. Kimpton, C. P. Leslie, Niles G. Parker and J. L. Neagle, who are charged with conspiracy to defraud the State, in connection with the infamous transaction of the land commission.

With pleading eyes she looked up from the piano and sang, "Call me your darling again." But he refused, as there were witnesses around, and there is no telling when a man will be introduced to a breach-of-promise suit in these days.

THE KIND OF PEOPLE WHO DISSIPATE.

The Rev. Dr. Talmadge of Brooklyn, recently visited (at night) many of the low dance houses and sinks of perdition in New York City, in company with Policeman, for the purpose of observing the frequenters of such places and how they behaved. He has been giving horrible accounts of what he saw, and on Sunday last spoke as follows in his Church in Brooklyn: "Standing within these pavilions of death, I was as much surprised at the people whom I missed as at those whom I saw. There was one class of persons that I missed. I looked for them up and down the galleries and amid the illuminated gardens and the scenes of death. I saw not one of them. I mean the hard working classes—the laboring classes of our great cities. [Applause.] You tell me they could not afford to go there. They could—entrance for women, nothing; entrance for men, twenty-five cents. [Laughter.] Hard work is the friend of good morals. Men who have toiled from morning till night, are glad to sit down and rest or go to some quiet place of amusement where they could not afford to take their wives and daughters. The places of dissipation are chiefly supported by those who begin business at 9 or 10 o'clock and go away at 3 or 4 in the afternoon. They have plenty of time to go to destruction in, and plenty of money to buy a through ticket on the grand trunk railroad to perdition, stopping at no depot till they come to the eternal smash-up. The most fortunate and divinely blessed young men are not those who have breakfast early and supper late, and have a pocket case full of the best cigars, and dine at Delmonico's and dress in tip-top fashion, and have their hat set further over on the right ear—[laughter]—and who have boots of most exquisite torture fitting the foot, and who have handkerchiefs soaked with musk, and patchouli, and white rose, and new mown hay and balm of a thousand flowers. [Laughter.] There is no chance for the morals of that young man who has plenty of money and no occupation. Those are the fortunate young men who have to work hard for a living. You do not find them in these places of iniquity. Give a young man plenty of wine, and plenty of cigars and plenty of fine horses, and Satan has no anxiety about that man's coming out at his place. He ceases to watch him, only giving directions about his reception when he shall arrive at the end of his journey."

Apples for Europe.

The export of apples this year promises to be the largest ever known. The apple crop is enormous; the quality is excellent, and prices are ruling low enough to give excellent promise of profit in foreign markets. The Boston correspondent of the New York Bulletin says that already some vessels have taken as many as 3,000 barrels, but the "Canopus," of the Warren Line, which sailed October 16, took 5,000 barrels, which is the largest cargo yet, and, as near as he can find out, no such shipment was ever before made.

A female elephant in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden was greatly frightened by the recent gale, and when she cut one of her feet on the glass of a broken window, her terror was complete. She sat on her haunches, held up her wounded foot, and bellowed long and loud. When the keeper entered, her male companion had his trunk wound round the foot as though trying to comfort her.

An honest ignoramus, who had escaped a great peril by an act of heroism, was much complimented for his bravery. One lady said: "I wish I could have seen your feat." Whereupon he blushed and stammered, and finally, pointing to his pedal extremities, said, "Well, there they be, mum."

It is they who glorify, who shall enjoy Him; they who deny themselves, who shall not be denied; they who labor on earth, who shall rest in heaven; they who bear the cross, who shall wear the crown; they who seek to bless others, who shall be blessed.—*Dr. Guthrie*.

WHO SUCCEEDS.

Evidently the man who tries! "Try is the golden key that unlocks the strongest doors and reveals the hidden treasures. It laughs at difficulties, at opposition, finds success in failure, victory in defeat, and triumph in every conflict. It spans the deepest chasms, bridges the largest rivers, tunnels the highest mountains, and by tiny connecting wires brings continents within a few seconds of each other. It has given to the world the greatest discoveries, the most wonderful inventions, and the most useful men. The world will never forget many of its worthies who have arisen from humble callings to a place among the wisest and best.
Roger Sherman, who was a member of the first Congress, was once a shoemaker. Franklin, the philosopher and statesman was a poor printer boy. Eljahu Buxitt, the mathematician was a blacksmith. These men became great by dint of their own effort. They were self-made men. And, is not every great man a self-made man? He knows, better than any one else, how he climbed the ladder. Some begin on lower rounds than others, but all go up the same way, "round by round." Men do what they want to do. "Where there's a will there's a way." None ever make life more of a success than they expected to make it. Then how important to keep the courage up!—keep trying!
What purpose have you?
"Life is real, life is earnest!"
Aim high. Keep your ideal above you. Look towards it, aim at it, hit it. There can be no failure. When his boatman despaired of reaching the land Caesar inspired them by shouting, "Never fear, you carry Caesar." Have confidence in your purpose, yourself—and your God. You have a better, higher inspiration than any general could bring to bear upon his men. Be true. Be good. Be right. Assert yourself in all good things. A slave is known even by his songs—how full of bondage his plaintive minor air?
Let the sunshine, the genial air of happiness pervade your whole life! Develop mind and body. Educate yourself. Mental discipline makes superiority. Seek wisdom, and remember that as the body so the mind does not become fully grown in one day. It was after six defeats, that the seventh battle gave Bruce of Scotland the final victory.
"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again!"
"Get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding," and remember, there is no success without effort.—*Paul*.

Singular Diphtheria.—The diphtheria around Company Shops has proved fatal. In the family of Albert Mitchell, four miles from the Shops, four children were lost and then the father. Mr. Hughes, a laborer in the rolling mill, buried one child to return from the funeral and find another dead, and by the time the second was buried, a grave was dug to bury the third one the next evening. Some doubt it is diphtheria. Willis Sellers says he remembered the same kind of disease around the country thirty years ago; Dr. Mike Holt pronounced it some sort of paralytic affection of the blood, he forgets the technical name. Some of the victims have been taken in the eye and it runs in a streak all up the body and ends right under the throat. In the case of M. Thompson's little boy his foot cracked open under the bottom and a red streak ran up each side of the leg, one streak taking up the stomach to the boy's neck and the other running up his back. Mr. Thompson works in the foundry at the Shops.—*Reidsville Times*.

Don't Quarrel.

People talk of lover's quarrels as rather pleasant episodes—because they are not quarrels at all. It is half-play; and they know it. Matrimonial quarrels are another thing. We doubt seriously if married people ever forgive each other after the first falling out. They gloss it over, they kiss and make it up; the wound apparently heals, but only—as those horrible wounds given in battle do—to break out again at some unexpected moment.
The man who has sneered and said cruel things to a sensitive woman never has her whole heart again. The woman who has uttered reproaches to a man can never take to his bosom with the same tenderness as before those words were spoken. The two people who must never quarrel are husband and wife. One may fall out with kinsmen, and make up and be friends again; but love, once banished, is a dead and buried thing.

A Strange Fish Story.

A day or two since, immediately after an explosion under water at the blockade above this city, the government employes discovered a large number of fish rising to the surface of the water, apparently dead, and commenced gathering them up. They had collected quite a large number of them when they found that others, which had been floating about on the water, were "coming to life" and swimming off. The explosion had stunned them all, and after a short time those which had not already been gathered up, came to and were enabled to make their escape. The others were dressed and prepared for the table.—*Newbern Nat. Shell*.

Married by Telegraph.—A strange wedding took place Tuesday afternoon at Washington Court House, Ohio; at least the bride was there, the groom being 3,000 miles away, at Germantown, Colorado. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Carpenter, and the high contracting parties were Mr. Wheeler Ellis and Miss Lina Sellers. The telegraph was employed as a means of communication. Mrs. Ellis started on Wednesday for her new home and husband in the West. The wedding day had been appointed, but Mr. Ellis could not, from business engagements, be on hand. The young lady's mother could not allow her daughter to go away from home unmarried; so, at the suggestion of the minister, the marriage was consummated by telegraph.—*Ex*.

Drunkness no Painless.

It is more than thirteen centuries ago when Bellisarius on his way to Africa gibbeted two of his soldiers for an act of violence. And when this summary punishment aroused some mutiny among the comrades of the executed men, the General explained that the crime alone (which not have been visited by this terrible retribution if it had not been aggravated by the fact that the perpetrators were drunk. This is pretty sound law to-day. Surely a man will not be held less guilty of crime because he deliberately prepares himself for it by stifling all that is in human nature, and stimulating all that is brutal. He should rather be held morally responsible for all the other possible crimes which the alcohol he swallows would drive him to commit if opportunity offered.

Young Girls.—A girl in Hillsboro, N. C., poisoned a young man because he refused to make love to her. Young men run a fearful risk in refusing to make love to young women. But, per contra, we read that in another town a young girl shot the top of a young man's head off because he persisted in making love to her. Therefore young men also run a fearful risk in making love to a young woman. The safest plan would be to start on an expedition to discover the North Pole. There are no young women there.—*St. Louis Evening Post*.

When pins were first introduced into use in England they were very expensive, and only attainable by the rich. So precious were they considered to be, that the maker was only allowed to sell them for two days in the year. Owing to these circumstances, the custom arose for husbands to give their wives money for the purchase of pins, and hence the term "pin-money" was applied—a term which is still used when speaking of the money allowed by a husband for his wife's private expenditures.

NEWSPAPERS.

Newspaper law says if a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, if the paper is taken from the office. Also an action of fraud can be instituted against any person (whether he is responsible in a financial view or not) who refuses to pay a subscription.

Gentleness at Home.—Be merciful in your judgment of one another. Do not encourage in yourself the habit of criticizing and commenting upon the foibles and faults of any members of your own family. There is nothing gained by it, and a great deal is lost. Love itself is often choked back and hindered in its growth by the rank sturdiness of weeds which spring up against it, unchecked, in houses where people say all manner of ungentle things to each other.

Wonders will never cease. Grant has said once in his life, when something was offered, "No, I thank you." King Luis of Portugal, offered to confer on Ulysses the highest decoration of knighthood, and Grant actually declined. He was probably afraid it would cost something. If the King had sent it by express, charges prepaid, Grant would have taken a fresh cigar and said yes.—*Wilmington Star*.

The signs all point to a cold winter. Wild geese fly higher and honk louder than usual. Squirrels are laying up a large winter supply. Ground-rats dig deeper holes. There are more marriages than usual. Dogs turn their heads to the north when they howl at night, and heifers curl their tails higher when frisking.—*E. City Economist*.

GEMS.

Consider well, then decide positively. Dare to do right; fear to do wrong. Endure your trials patiently. Fight life's battle bravely, unflinchingly. Go not to the society of the vicious. Hold your moral integrity sacred. Injure not another's reputation or business. Join hands only with the virtuous. A man who has no bills against him belongs to the nobility of the highest rank.