

**For the Watchman.**  
**WOMAN'S LOVE.**

O, who can tell a woman's love;  
That grand impulse of Heaven;  
Her noble deeds but faintly prove  
Those strong affections given.

Though weak her form, yet no faint heart  
Does thrill her gentle breast;  
Her life and beauty will impart,  
And make each blessing best.

Her words breath love and tenderness,  
Her soft and soothing hand  
Will gently press in pains distress,  
When they afflict our land.

Those shining ones that soar above  
And haste to do His will,  
With them she has an equal love  
And oft their place will fill.

Sometimes their lovely form will bend,  
Their face change pale and wan,  
By those she did regard as friends,  
"By you, O traitor man."

Oh! cheat them not of health and life,  
Whose love in you repose;  
Far better take the assassin's knife,  
And see her dying throes.

Their broken heart will bow their head,  
And sadly change their face;  
Their dearest ones from her have fled,  
And left them in disgrace.

Detroned in reason some become,  
And sadly meet their end,  
An mournful clad is that sweet home  
That welcome you as friend.

No being in the world of woe  
Hath crimes more dark than this,  
With traitor Judas you will go,  
Your end will be like His.

**The Dead Alive.**

*Unexpected Result of Ripping a Family Vault—A Body-Snatcher's Secret.*

The present excitement over the resurrection business gives the following thrilling story particular interest:

In the town of Kilmare, in the north of Ireland, reside many families of distinction. The head of one of these was a Mr. Bell, a young gentleman of twenty-five. He married the only child of a wealthy East India merchant residing in Liverpool, by whom he had two children. In the fourth year of their wedded life Mrs. Bell was taken suddenly ill, and expired the next day.

The old church-yard at Kilmare stood on the side of a hill, and immediately in the rear of the church, and adjoining the chancel was the tomb of the Bell family. Here, in accordance with immemorial usage, the body of the deceased lady was to repose, and there it was deposited on the third day after her demise. After the ceremony the key of the vault was put in its usual place by the sexton, in the vestry of the church.

The day had been gloomy, and as night drew on a thin rain fell, which increased at about midnight to a smart shower. Mr. Bell was about retiring, when the clear tones of the door-bell rang through the building. Mr. Bell opened the door and stepped out on the corridor. At that moment, as he glanced down the stairway, he saw the housekeeper moving towards the door. Then he heard her set the small lamp she carried on the table, and open the bolts of the door. Then a dreadful and prolonged shriek followed, and at the same moment Mr. Bell's butler ran along the hall towards the front door. Mr. Bell had reached the head of the stairs and was in the act of descending when the butler reached the spot where the housekeeper lay on the floor apparently in a swoon. What was Mr. Bell's surprise to see the butler raise his hands, fix his gaze upon the door, and then sink to the floor as though struck dead.

Utterly bewildered and confounded Mr. Bell hastened down stairs. The sight that met his gaze when he reached the centre of the hall almost froze his blood. There stood the figure of his wife in her grave clothes, leaning against the pillar of the door, with one hand thrown across her breast.

"Julia, my darling, my wife!" Mr. Bell exclaimed, and stepped towards the figure.

It made a movement towards him, and the next instant it was entangled in his arms. It was indeed the wife, but that day buried, who was restored to the arms of the believed husband and children. The explanation which she offered was very imperfect. For a short time after her supposed death she was aware of all that went on around her, but before she was placed in the coffin she lost all consciousness. She said that the first sensation of consciousness she had was one of pain. Then she saw an indistinct glimmer. With a powerful effort she arose and saw a woman standing by her side. The woman shrieked and fled, and then Mrs. Bell discovered that she was lying in a coffin in the family vault. Fresh strength came to her every moment, and releasing herself from her shroud she stepped to the ground and passed out of the vault, the door of which was wide open. Down the churchyard path she passed to the main street, along which she walked for half a mile, until she reached her late home. Fortunately the large gate to the park was unfastened, and she hastened up the roadway to the dwelling.

The rest has been told. She rapidly regained her health, and lived to a good old age.

Next day the lamp was found extinguished on the floor of the vault. It was identified as one which usually stood in the vestry, and was used by the sexton. It had doubtless been removed at the same time when the key of the vault was taken. Beyond that all was mystery.

Mrs. Bell was buried with her valuable diamond ring on her finger. The design had been to steal this from the supposed corpse. Finding it impossible to remove it, the daring thief had raised the hand of the dead woman to her mouth, and in her attempt to withdraw the ring with her

teeth caused the pang which went through the frame of the victim of a trance, and aroused her to consciousness. On the finger, just below the ring, marks of teeth were distinctly visible for several days after Mrs. Bell's resurrection.

Soon after this extraordinary occurrence the vicar of the parish resigned his living and removed his family to England. Several years passed away, and the incidents recorded were almost forgotten. Mrs. Bell's father died, and Mr. Bell and his family quitted Kilmare and took up their residence at Toxteth, near Liverpool.

And now for the sequel.

During the Chartist riots in 1840, James Biass was arrested for murder and lodged in Lancashire jail. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. Before the last sentence of the law was executed he made a confession of many crimes, and among the rest of his exploits, as a professional body-snatcher, in which business he had been engaged for many years. The following facts are taken from his confession:

In July, 1820, he was living in Belfast, having fled from England to escape punishment for his offences. He had done several small jobs in Belfast for the doctors, and on the night of July 20, in the year named, a well known physician of Belfast sent for him, and told him that he had a very delicate piece of work for him to perform. A Mrs. Bell, a lady of great beauty, and the wife of a rich proprietor, had just died suddenly, and the doctor and his associates desired the body to be investigated the cause of death. The doctor paid him so much money down, and dispatched him to Kilmare with such instructions as were necessary. At midnight he went to the churchyard armed with a wrench, a pair of shears, and a pick-lock. The night was dark, and rain was falling. Creeping up by the side of the church, he approached the tomb of the Bell family. To his surprise, he saw that the door was open and a faint light burning inside. Stealthily drawing near he glanced in. He saw the coffin lying along the marble slab and in front of it a woman was standing. A second glance showed him that the woman was at work trying to remove a ring from the finger of the dead. A sudden thought struck him, and crouching down, he reached in at the door and with his shears, which he had brought to rid the corpse of its cumbersome shroud, he cut a piece from the skirt of the woman's dress and retired unobserved. As he remained for an instant peering into the strange scene, he saw the corpse arise and raise the hand which the woman was apparently in the act of putting to her mouth. The woman gave a shriek, rushed through the door and fled, leaving the lamp burning on the floor. The body-snatcher guessed at once the woman's design, and impressed with the conviction that she was a person above the ordinary rank, he resolved to follow and see where she went to. He had no difficulty in tracking the rapidly retreating figure. It passed out of the churchyard at a small wicket on the north side of the church and entered the parsonage. Satisfied that he possessed an important secret, out of which he could make money, he returned to the vault. The light was still burning and the coffin was empty.

The next morning the news of Mrs. Bell's restoration to life was abroad in the town. The body-snatcher lingered in the neighborhood until he ascertained that the clergyman had quitted home for a friend's house. Then he called at the parsonage and asked for the lady of the house. After the lapse of half an hour a middle-aged, handsome, stately lady entered the parlor, and gazing with considerable dignity at her visitor said:—"What is your business with me sir?"

"Let me shant the door, ma'am," he said, and quickly stepping behind the lady, closed the door. "I think we have met before, ma'am," he said.

"Sir?" the lady exclaimed in offended accents.

"You are mistaken, sir," the lady replied, "utterly mistaken, sir; you will oblige me by quitting the house immediately."

"You forget last night, ma'am, in the vault," the man said, in a low tone.

The cheek of the lady blanched, and she gave a gasp for breath. Instantly recovering herself, she said:

"I don't understand you, sir. You are laboring under a mistake."

"Well, I may be," the man replied, "that's a fact; but my impression was that I saw you last night in the vault when you were trying to remove the ring from the finger of what you supposed to be a corpse."

The lady sank into a chair, and was deadly pale. By a powerful effort she overcame her momentary weakness, and said in strong tones: "I don't know, sir, what you speak of. You are either laboring under a mistake or you are a lunatic."

"Do you happen to have a dress like this, ma'am?" the man asked, drawing from his pocket the piece which he had cut from the dress of the occupant of the vault the night before.

The lady's lips grew white and dry. She tried to speak, but utterance was impossible.

"I am reasonable madam," the man said; "I know your secret, but I will keep it for you if you will make it worth my while."

"How much do you require?" the lady asked, acquiring the power of speech by a very great effort.

"Twenty pounds down will satisfy me for the present," the man said, "and more at another time when I need it."

The money was paid, and within a month the man returned and demanded more. The lady evidently revealed the story of her disgrace and crime to her husband, for he paid the money and soon after resigned his living and retired to England.

This part of the condemned man's confession was made known to Mr. Bell. All the parties to this strange transaction are not yet dead, and hence the names used are fictitious. But the tale is a true one.

*Daniel Webster on Public Life.*

"I am not unaware, and it would be affectation in me to deny it, that I have public reputation to leave to posterity; but it has been earned with difficulty. If I were to live my life over again, with my present experiences, I would, under no circumstances and from no considerations; allow myself to enter public life. The public are under grateful. The man who serves the public faithfully receives no adequate reward. In my own history (those acts which have been, before God, the most disinterested and the least stained by selfish considerations, been most freely abused. No, no! have nothing to do with politics. Sell your iron, eat the bread of independence, support your family with the rewards of honest toil, do your best as a private citizen to your country, but let politics alone. It is a hard life, a thankless life."

**Synod.**—The delegates elected by the adjourned Synod of the Moravian Church South, to represent this Province in the General Synod of the Moravian Church to be held at Herrnhut, Germany, in 1879, are Rev. Edward Routhaler and R. P. Lineback. Alternates, Rev. E. P. Greider and Mr. J. W. Fries.—*Salena Press.*

**45 Years Before the Public.**  
**THE GENUINE**  
**DR. C. McLANE'S**  
**LIVER PILLS,**  
**FOR THE CURE OF**  
**Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,**  
*DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.*

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is sometimes that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

**AGUE AND FEVER.**  
**DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER,** when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

**Beware of Imitations.**  
The genuine are never sugar coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS., on the wrapper.

Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name *McLane*, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

**To Magazine Club-Getters!**  
**3-BUTTON KID GLOVES,**  
**FRENCH AND ENGLISH Cashmere**  
**and Repeat Silk Dress Patterns.**  
**GIVEN IN PREMIUMS**  
**for Subscribers, at Club Rates, to**  
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**TERMS:** \$1.25 a Year, with a large reduction for Clubs. Specimen numbers, free.

Send for Club-Getters' Special Circular, containing full particulars of this splendid offer.

**T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 27 S. SIXTH ST., PHILA.**

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.**  
All persons indebted to the estate of Mrs. Christina E. Brown, dec'd., are hereby requested to make payment at once and all persons having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated on or before the 31st day of October, 1879, as required by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

**R. R. CRAWFORD,**  
**L. W. CRAWFORD,**  
 Ex'rs. with the Will annexed.  
 Oct. 24, 1878. 59:6t.

**Winter Pasture.**  
I have several good pastures and plenty of shelter and will take fifty head of dry cattle to winter at \$1.50 a head per month.  
**S. F. LORD.**

**GET THE BEST.**  
**The Raleigh News.**

DAILY, one year, \$5.00  
WEEKLY, one year, 1.00

Send Postal Card for Sample Copy.

Address **THE RALEIGH NEWS,**  
 Raleigh, N. C.

**New Polling Place**  
 At Enochville, in Atwell Township.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Justices of the Peace of Rowan county, at a meeting held at the Court House in Salisbury, on the 14th inst., ordered another polling place to be established in Atwell Township, at Enochville—and to be called "Enochville Election Precinct."

All electors in Atwell Township, who wish to vote at the Enochville place, must obtain certificates of removal from the Registrars of the Atwell Precinct, and register their names with J. A. Lips and S. M. Furr, the Registrars of Enochville Precinct.

By order of the Board of Justices,  
 HORTON S. WOODSON,  
 Register of Deeds and Clerk,  
 Sept. 14, 1878. 48:7c

**SIMONTON FEMALE COLLEGE**  
**Statesville, N. C.**

The next session opens August 28, 1878. Board, and tuition in English, \$85.00 per session of twenty weeks. Catalogue and circular with full particulars on application.

Address, **Mrs. E. N. GRANT,**  
 341y Principal.

**Druggist's Notice.**  
We hereby give notice that after this date our stores will be open on Sunday for the sale of medicines only. We positively will not sell Cigars or Tobacco on that day.

**THEO. F. KLUTZ,**  
**C. R. BARKER,**  
**JNO. H. ENNIS.**  
 Oct. 16th, 1878. 52:1m.

**STOP AT THE**  
**BOYDEN HOUSE,**  
 SALISBURY, N. C.

**C. S. BROWN, Prop'r.**  
 (Late of the National Hotel, Raleigh.)

**AT HOME AGAIN.**


Having leased this house for a term of years, I would be pleased to have my friends call and see me. It will be kept as a FIRST-CLASS HOTEL IN EVERY RESPECT.

Board: Two Dollars Per Day.  
 OMNIBUS AT EVERY TRAIN STOP.

Large Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers. TRY ME.

C. S. BROWN, Jr.,  
 W. O. SHELBURN, J. Clerk,  
 January, 1st, 1878. 114t.

**CHEAPER THAN EVER.**



ORDERS FOR PRINTING FROM  
 Responsible persons, or on cash remittances, shall receive  
**PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION.**

COURT AND JUSTICES' BLANKS KEPT ON HAND.  
**PRICES STRICTLY LOW.**

Address **WATCHMAN, SALISBURY, N. C.**

**DEEDS & MORTGAGES.**

Fee Simple Deeds, Deeds in Trust, Mortgage Deeds, Commissioners' Deeds, Sheriffs Deeds, Chattel Mortgages, Farm Contracts, Marriage and Confirmation Certificates, Distillers' Entries, and various other forms for sale at the WATCHMAN OFFICE.

**SALE NOTICES.**  
Administrators, executors, commissioners, sheriffs, constables, agents, &c., are advised to call on us for printed sale notices. It is certainly great injustice to owners to put up their property at public auction without first giving ample notice of the sale. The requirements of the law on the subject every body knows are insufficient. Property is often sacrificed from this cause when a dollar or two is spent in advertising might have saved it and made it bring its value. We furnish sale notices promptly and cheap.

**NOTICES FOR POSTING LAND READY PRINTED.**

**PAMPHLETS,**  
**SCHOOL CIRCULARS,**  
**BILL-HEADS,**  
**LETTER HEADS,**  
**Monthly Statements,**  
**CARDS, Posters, all kinds,**  
**ON CALL.**

**PROGRESSION!**  
**FOUR CORNETS IN ONE!**  
 OUR NEW CORNET PLAYS IN  
**E FLAT, C, B FLAT AND A.**

And is perfect in all its keys. We are aware that many will cry IMPOSSIBLE, but our reply is TRY IT.

**IMPORTANT.**  
In future all our Cornets will be SILVER PLATED! The \$55 Cornet will be plated and neatly finished with what is known as the Satin Finish. The \$70 Cornet will be Triple Silver Plated, Gold Mounted and Burnished. We finish this instrument as elegantly as is possible to do.

**NO DISCOUNT.**  
Instruments sent for a trial of FIVE DAYS before acceptance. Photographs of our New Cornet sent on application.  
It is foolish to condemn before trial. If our Cornet is not all we represent we pay all charges for transportation.  
Address all orders to

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**THE NEW ELASTIC RIM MOUTHPIECE!**

If after Trial Our Mouthpiece does not enable you to play longer without fatigue and play higher with less effort,  
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 CLUBS OF FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, (to one address) WITH ONE OF OUR PATENT MOUTHPIECES TO EACH SUBSCRIBER FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH SUBSCRIPTION.

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TO THE PRESS: Please show this paper to the leader of the Band in your place, as it will be a benefit to the whole Band.

I stake my reputation as a musician and my integrity as a man in fully endorsing all of the above, and invite correspondence from members of bands who know me.  
 W. H. NEAVE, Salisbury, N. C.  
 246m.

**Mustang Liniment,**  
**FOR MAN AND BEAST.**

This Liniment very naturally originated in America, where Nature provides in her laboratory such inflicting remedies for the maladies of her child. Its fame has been spreading for 25 years and now it occupies the habitable globe.

This Mustang Liniment is a masterpiece of pharmacy, and is made of the finest and best quality of medicinal herbs and minerals. It is a simple but it cures every human ailment. A single bottle is worth any other medicine, and every family should have a bottle of this excellent horse ointment.

It cures rheumatism, lumbago, hollow horn, grub, sore throat, sore mouth, sore eyes, and every ailment that troubles the horse, and every such ailment to which horses and mules are subject.

It cures every external trouble of horses, such as lameness, sore shins, sore spots, sores, wind-galls, etc., etc.

The Mustang Liniment is the quickest cure in the world for accidents occurring in the family, in the absence of a physician, such as burns, scalds, sprains, cuts, rheumatism, and all ailments caused by exposure. Particularly valuable to those.

It is the cheapest remedy in the world, for it penetrates the muscle to the bone, and a single application is generally sufficient to cure.

Mustang Liniment is put up in three sizes of bottles, the larger ones being proportionately much the cheapest. Sold everywhere.

**Buy only the**  
**NEW**  
**AMERICAN**  
 It is the  
**Only Sewing Machine**  
 WHICH HAS A  
**Self-Threading Shuttle**



It has Self-Setting Feed.  
 Never Dreads the Thread.  
 Never Ships Stitches.  
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The Simplest, the Most Portable, and in Every Respect

**The Best Family Sewing Machine!**

The "NEW AMERICAN" is easily learned, does not get out of order and will do more work with less labor than any other machine. Illustrated Circular furnished on application.

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**CERTIFICATES:**

I do not hesitate to say the American Machine surpasses all other machines. Besides doing all the work that other machines can, it overcomes and works button holes in any fabric from Swiss Muslin to Beaver cloth. I have used Singers, Howe and Weed Machines, and find the American is superior to them all.

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I have used the Singer and other machines, and would not exchange the American for any.

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Salisbury, N. C., May 22d, 1872.


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Since I have used the Howe, Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, Wilcox & Gibbs, Sewing Machines, and would not give the American for all of them. It will do all that is claimed for it in the circular. I consider it superior to all others I have ever seen.

Very respectfully,  
**MRS. GEO. W. HARRISON.**

**PRESCRIPTION FREE!**  
 For the Specially Prepared Remedies for Cholera, Typhoid Fever, and all other Epidemic Diseases. Prepared by Dr. W. D. HARRISON & CO., No. 102 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, O.

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**WHEN YOU WANT HARDWARE At Low Figures**

Call on the undersigned at No. 2, Granite Row,  
**D. A. ATWELL.**  
 Salisbury, N. C., June 8—11.

**Warranted to Cure!**  
**ENNIS'S CHICKEN CHOLERA CURE**— or money refunded—if directions are strictly followed.  
**PRICE 25 CENTS,** at ENNIS'S Drug Store.  
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**Cheap Chattel Mortgages,**  
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**TIME TABLE WESTERN N. C. RAILROAD.**  
 In effect Thursday, October 17th '78.

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| STATIONS.   | ARRIVE | LEAVE     |
|-------------|--------|-----------|
| Salisbury   | .....  | 6 30 A.M. |
| Third Creek | .....  | 7 22 A.M. |
| Statesville | .....  | 8 15 "    |
| Catawba     | .....  | 9 15 "    |
| Newton      | .....  | 10 11 "   |
| Catawba     | .....  | 10 29 "   |
| Hickory     | .....  | 11 00 "   |
| Lead        | .....  | 11 48 "   |
| Morganton   | .....  | 12 33 "   |
| Bridgewater | .....  | 1 21 P.M. |
| Marion      | .....  | 2 09 "    |
| Old Fort    | .....  | 3 03 "    |
| Henry       | .....  | 3 16 "    |

**GOING EAST.**

| STATIONS.   | ARRIVE | LEAVE      |
|-------------|--------|------------|
| Henry       | .....  | 7 00 A.M.  |
| Old Fort    | .....  | 8 00 "     |
| Marion      | .....  | 8 52 "     |
| Bridgewater | .....  | 9 38 "     |
| Morganton   | .....  | 10 12 "    |
| Lead        | .....  | 10 26 "    |
| Hickory     | .....  | 11 07 "    |
| Catawba     | .....  | 11 40 "    |
| Newton      | .....  | 11 55 "    |
| Catawba     | .....  | 12 52 P.M. |
| Statesville | .....  | 1 48 "     |
| Third Creek | .....  | 2 43 "     |
| Salisbury   | .....  | 3 40 "     |

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