

# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. X.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., FEBRUARY 6, 1879.

NO 16

## REPLY TO "HOLLER."

"Holler" can find how others have done, from his own sad experience to tell; or perhaps in the world he is left alone, as he knows how they feel very well.

The Order would feel like shedding a tear, just to see him thus thrown into grief; or, if that's the condition of "Holler" dear, let us hope he will soon find relief.

Whoever he is, one thing I am sure, to his own burning shame be it said, he has tried all he could to rank failure. There are none that by him will be led.

Perhaps in my haste (I hope 'tis not true), I've mistaken the sex of the writer; but if that be the case, let me say to you—(Oh, I wish if you keep getting whiter).

I meant nothing more than this will say, in a land where the grapes grow so high, a cunning old fox that was passing that way could not get them. "They're sour," he did cry.

Yes, long live the "club" at old China Grove, sternly it stands by its rights; and scolds at the man that to Cupid would bow. Or lean for support on love's brittle rod. PAUL JONES, JR.

## My Uncle George.

I suppose you wonder George, why it is I have never married—wondered, and most probably rejoiced for, at my death, you know, the old place will come to you, as it came to me, free from debt or incumbrance. I suppose you have attributed my concerned childhood to some disappointment in love in early life, eh?

Ah, well; I'll tell you the whole story. It may serve as a warning to you, I was going to say, only I do not believe in one man's experience being of any use to another. And as to warnings—bah! they never serve. But I am in a retrospective mood tonight; so if you care to hear the story, you shall.

My Uncle George and I were staying up at Darling, a small fishing-place of his in the Highlands, to which we resorted regularly twice a year for about a fortnight, in pursuit of salmon. I had lost my father when I was four years old, and since that time his brother, my Uncle George, had been my father in all but the name. Indeed, I think we were fonder of each other than fathers and sons usually are in these days.

It has always been a wonder to me, and every one else, that Uncle George had never married. Some people declared that he had been hopelessly in love with the beautiful Duchess—, and that it was for her sake he had remained single; others hinted at some entanglement; while some maintained boldly that Sir George Wyville was married, and that I, his nephew, had his presumptive in the eyes of the world, should look very foolish some day on the baronetcy, and Wyville Castle, being claimed by the son of my uncle's old college bed maker.

But to all these stories I turned a deaf ear. I knew enough of Uncle George to feel sure that there was not a shadow of truth in all of them. My uncle often spoke of the Duchess—, as what she was—one of the handsomest women and most finished beauties of her day. But I felt certain that he had never cared for her; he would not have talked so much about her if he had. And as to an entanglement or a secret marriage, why, I knew all my uncle's affairs as well as I knew those of Charlie Baynsford, my bosom friend and brother officer, who had been gaggled as ensign and lieutenant in the Fifth Foot Guards the same day as myself, about two months before. No; whatever reason my uncle may have had for remaining single, it was one that he had carefully guarded from the whole world. I was glad that I was going to hear it at last.

I lit my pipe, about the coloring of which I was so anxious, and drawing my chair nearer to the fire, prepared to listen in comfort.

"I was about thirteen, George when I first saw Nora O'Bryne." I was at Eaton then, and she was a flower girl in the streets of Windsor. The first I ever saw her—I remember it as well as if it were yesterday—it was a bitterly cold March afternoon, and she was standing outside the then only hotel in the place, selling violets. To this hour I cannot stand seeing a girl selling violets in the street. I gave her all the money I had in my pocket, and my heart with it. It is no use at-

tempting to describe her. All descriptions of real beauty are futile. She was the simplest, the loveliest child, as she was afterwards the loveliest woman, I ever beheld. Day after day I used to see her. I contrived to meet her quietly. I did all I could for her, and it went to my heart to feel that I could do so little. I used to give her food; clothing it was of no use giving, for her mother took it away again directly, and pawned it to buy gin.

"I need scarcely tell you that Nora was no common beggar-girl. Her father had been a well-to-do workman, and during his life-time she had been to school, and had learned how to read and write; but after his death they had been reduced to beggary, through her mother's fatal propensity for drink. For nearly two years of my life I spent every shilling I could spare upon that child, and I loved her as I have never loved any other human being. And what is more, I kept my boyish love a secret from every one—no easy matter, as you may imagine.

"When I was fifteen I had a bad attack of typhus fever. I was staying at Wyville at the time of the summer vacation with my uncle, Sir Rupert. He had a perfect horror of sickness, and of fevers especially; and directly I was taken ill he left the house to pay a visit to some friend near Windsor. He promised me that when the school met again he would ride over, and give the fellows at my house the latest accounts of me.

"I did not return to Eaton till after the Christmas holidays, and Nora was gone—where I could not learn. In vain I made inquiries of different people in the town who knew the girl by sight. All I could learn was that neither she nor her mother had been seen since the beginning of September. I was nearly frantic with anxiety. I gave up my word, George, that never left once again in my life have I felt anything like the utter grief and desolation of that time, when I thought of Nora, with her extraordinary beauty, thrown upon the wide world with no other protection than that drunken old mother.

"Well, time passed on, and when I was eighteen I left Eaton and went into the Guards. My mother took a house on Hartford street, and I lived with her. I went everywhere, and was made much of. I was heir to Wyville Castle and fifteen thousand a year—to say nothing of the baronetcy; and I could have married—as my uncle and mother was always telling me—almost anybody I chose. But I did not choose. Strange as it may appear, I never met a girl I could care for—never met any one who could make me forget for one moment my childish love. I grew tired of everything sooner than most men, and at twenty, having obtained several months leave of absence, I started for a tour in the East with my old friend Baynsford, who was then Captain Fellowes. We were at Smyrna; I received a letter from my mother, telling me that my uncle was going to be married. As I had been taught from childhood to consider myself his heir, you may fancy, George, with what feelings of disgust I received the intelligence. My mother wrote a very illegible hand, and moreover always crossed her pages, consequently deciphering her letter was no easy task. I could not make out the name of my uncle's fiancée, although Fellowes and I sat up half the night trying to discover it. My mother said Sir Rupert had met her in Paris, and I thought the word we could not decipher looked like a French name.

"London was no place for me now, I decided, and determined to leave the Guards and exchange into some regiment going to Canada—a country I was particularly anxious to see. We lingered a good deal of the time on our way home, and were a great part of our time in out-of-the-way places where we saw no newspapers. Thus I missed reading the announcement of my uncle's marriage. When I arrived in town I heard nothing but the extraordinary beauty of Lady Wyville and many were the warnings I received—half in jest—half in earnest—not to fall in love with my aunt. It was very odd, but I felt no curiosity to see her. On the contrary,

the idea of making her acquaintance was rather repugnant to me.

"I left a card for my uncle in Grosvenor square, a day or two after I returned home at an hour when I knew she would be out; and I declined, on the plea of a prior engagement, an invitation that I received to dine with them the following evening.

"A few nights afterwards there was a large ball given at the Russian Embassy. I heard, directly I entered the house, that my uncle and his bride was there; but there was a great crowd, and I never caught sight of them. Towards the end of the evening, just as I was going away, the Duchess de—came up to me in the conservatory, and told me that my uncle and aunt were just then on the staircase.

"You must come and see her, George," she said to me; "she is perfectly beautiful." "I made some commonplace reply such as that it was only very pretty women who ever admitted beauty in others, and then, with the little duchess on my arm, I went to greet my uncle and his bride.

"She was dressed all in white—not the faintest trace of color about her—and her lovely face shined as white as her bridal wreath, as she came face to face with me. It was Nora—Nora whom I had last seen in rags, barefooted, asking alms from the passer-by, and now met again thus—at an ambassador's ball, and talking to a foreign prince!

"My uncle introduced me to his bride, and I made a profound bow, and with a face as white as her own congratulated her on her marriage, and expressed the gratification I felt in making her acquaintance.

"She gave me such a look, poor girl! I knew then that she had never forgotten me. I passed on with the duchess into the ball-room, and I felt rather than saw that Nora turned to look after us.

"Is she not beautiful?" my companion asked me with levity. "Ah! I was right, I could see you were desperately *après* with her. What is it you English call it? Love at first sight. Take my advice, *mon ami*, and do not see too much of your lovely aunt."

"I shall follow your advice," I said; "I mean to see as little of her as possible." "Something in my voice made my companion glance up; and then, with true tact and good breeding, she hastened to change the subject. She was a kind hearted little woman, in spite of her trifling language. I knew that never again to me or any living being did she recur to what she had noticed more than she chose to say I felt certain.

"I never saw Nora again so as to speak to her during uncle's lifetime. I exchanged at once into a regiment under orders for Canada. There I remained three years, until the death of Sir Rupert recalled me to England. Nora had no children, so I was now Sir George Wyville. (She might as well have waited for me, I thought bitterly. I met her once at our solicitor's upon business, just after my return home, and that was the last time I ever saw her in the world. She lived entirely in London, doing an immense deal of good, I believe, among the Irish poor. But her career of usefulness was a short one. She only survived Sir Rupert four years. To me she died the hour when she became his wife. She wrote to me once after she became a widow, telling me all the circumstances of the marriage—how that Sir Rupert had rescued her from a life of beggary in the streets, and sent her to school for four years, and that then she had felt herself bound in honor and gratitude to marry him. "She concluded her letter by expressing a hope that we might still be friends. Friends! I had no more friendship to offer her than I had love to offer any woman; and my uncle's widow was sacred in my eyes.

"I never saw Nora again. "I believe the world talked a good deal about my strange conduct towards my aunt, and pronounced it to be 'very bad taste,' now that I had come into the title and estate. Only the Duchess de—, gave me credit

for having some good reason for thus avoiding Lady Wyville.

"There, George, you know now the story of my life—why I have remained a bachelor all my days. I was not aware that there is any particular moral to be deduced from my tale, unless it is 'Only to fall in love in your own rank of life,' a piece of advice that was very frequently given to me when I was young. I hope you will profit by it better than I have done."

### BOILED CRACKED WHEAT IS AN UN- surpassed breakfast dish, if rightly cooked. Everything depends upon that. It is more economical for farmers to use their own wheat, than to buy the prepared article. After the wheat is cleaned and dried, it may be coarsely ground in a coffee-mill. This also is made like a "mush," but should be cooked carefully as corn mush—from two to four hours. It requires frequent stirring to be kept from burning. When done, fill a dozen—or less—teacups rather more than half full of the "mush;" let stand until cold; turn out of the molds, carefully, into the dessert plates, or arrange all on a platter, which may be placed on the table, and served from that as desired. Eat with a sauce of sugar and cream. Delicious! Of course, all mushes require a seasoning of salt, while being cooked. Wheat, so prepared, forms also a nice dessert for dinner. A slice of jelly, served with it, adds to its delicacy for some palates.

### Short Stories for "Tribune" Readers.

A man who had gone out fishing caught several splendid bass, which he promptly threw back into the river. Being remonstrated with for this apparently foolish act, he replied: "I take no interest in bass. I came out to catch catfish and when I come out for catfish I want catfish."

A hunter, after long following a grizzly bear in the direction of its den, suddenly abandoned his pursuit, and when questioned as to his motive for doing so, said that the trail was getting "too fresh."

A Frenchman who had been to India being interrogated as to the pleasures of the chase replied: "Oh, ze tigre-hunting—that is a sport magnifique where ze Frenchman hunt ze tigre, but when ze tigre hunt ze Frenchman—*parbleu*, zat is quite another zing!"

Old Howe, the Wisconsin Radical Senator, who is eternally hating and howling at the South, will soon go into that obscurity he so richly merits. His successor, Matt Carpenter, is as brilliant as Howe is dull. He recently arrived in Washington and was received with a display of electric lights, cannon firing, speech making, &c. Carpenter recently spoke in conciliatory terms, but then he is for Grant.—*Wtl. Star.*

### The Next Great Issue.

The currency question and other issues may come up in 1880, but unquestionably, if the signs of the times are correct, the great issue of the next Presidential campaign, and not of that only but of the next decade perhaps in our political history, will be the old historical one of the rights of the States versus the idea of centralism.—*Wtl. Sun.*

The Legislature of Louisiana has called a convention to frame a new Constitution for that State. Delegates are to be chosen March 18th, and the convention is to meet in New Orleans April 21st.

CURIOSITY.—R. D. Moseley of Brown's Warehouse, exhibited some beautiful specimens of "picrate rock" to us on Saturday last. The impressions on the surface of the stone represent landscapes, and among the number as yet unexplained was found a beautiful view of Niagara Falls. These pictures are supposed to have been reflected on the clouds and then photographed on the rock by crude chemicals in the quarry from which the stones were taken. The surface on which the photograph appears is smooth and hard and the picture indelible.—Bob's specimens were sent to him from Randolph County, near New Market, where a large quarry of the rock has been discovered. On the surface of each strata are found different views, well executed and pretty to look upon.—*Salem Press.*

### ONE-HALF TO THE INFORMANT.

In view of the interest taken in removing the 40 lashes one for petty offences, we take from the Charlottesville *Chronicle* the following amusing story of how it was administered in Virginia in the good old times:

"In colonial times, when Col. Archibald Cary was a magistrate, living at Williamsburg, a man who was much disliked by his neighbors, on account of his vindictiveness and general meanness, came before the old Colonel, and informed him that his neighbor, John Brown, had violated the Game law by killing a deer before the 1st of September. Now, although Brown was a good, honest, poor man, much esteemed by his acquaintances, Esquire Cary was bound to issue a warrant for his arrest, and when Brown appeared before him he confessed that he had killed the deer, knowing at the time that he was violating the law; but that his wife had a great longing for venison, and knowing that deer daily frequented his corn-field, she gave him no peace. He had begged her to wait a little while, till the 1st of September, but she vowed she could not wait. So he killed the deer. The old Magistrate, seeming, out of compassion, said:

"Brown, the law is explicit; you will have to pay the fine, which is £5."

"Lord bless your heart, Col. Cary," said Brown, "all I have on earth would not sell for £5."

"Well, then," said the Justice, turning to the law and reading, without paying strict attention to punctuation or the exact position of the words, "Whoever shall be guilty of shooting, snaring, trapping, or in any way killing a deer within this his Majesty's Colony of Virginia, at any time between the 1st of May and the 1st of September, shall pay a fine of £5, and if he is unable to do this, the punishment shall be awarded of 39 lashes on the bare back, *with* laid on, one-half to be given to the informant, and the other half to the King." "Mr. Constable," said his Honor, "as we are enjoined to do justice and love mercy, and where an odd amount, which is not capable of an equal division is to be divided between a rich and a poor man I always give the poor man the larger share; you will, therefore, give the informant in this case the 20 lashes, and when ever you catch his Majesty, the King, in this colony, you will then give him the 19." So the majesty of the law was maintained, much to the satisfaction of all who knew the odious informant."

### ANOTHER DEADLY HABIT.

(From the N. Y. Tribune.)  
A dangerous method of using morphine to produce pleasurable sensations is believed by physicians in this city to be a growing vice. Morphine is one of the principle constituents of opium, and has the effect of relieving pain and preventing sleeplessness. It has been found, however, that frequent internal doses, of the drug had an injurious effect on the intestinal canal and gradually undermining the system. Of late years physicians have nearly abandoned the practice of administering morphine by internal doses, and have adopted, instead, the use of a needle-pointed syringe, by which small doses of the drug are injected under the skin. The effect of the drug administered in this way is much quicker, and smaller doses are required. The use of the morphia syringe was confined to medical experts for a time, as it was believed to be attended with unusual dangers in unskillful hands. It has become a practice with some physicians, however, to teach their patients how to administer morphia-injections, and it is not surprising that many persons who have experienced the delightful effects of the drug in time of sickness, should use the instrument to banish imaginary suffering. Several prominent physicians of this city were visited by a *Tribune* reporter recently, and their statements showed that the vicious habit is spreading to an alarming extent.

A strong opposition to the frequent use of the morphia syringe was expressed by Dr. Jared Linsky. "It is an instrument of death," he said, "in the hands of any person except a skillful and cautious physician. If the use of the instrument is ever justified, it is in cases where immediate relief must be given to excruciating pain. Whenever morphine can be given in internal doses, I believe it should be administered in that way. A dose of the drug injected under the skin is taken up by the blood, carried to the heart and disseminated through the system with great rapidity. The effect on the vital organs is all the more hurtful because of its suddenness, and because the impurities of the drug are conveyed directly into the blood. It is not surprising that many deaths have resulted directly from the mode of administering anaesthetics. It is a crime for a physician to teach the use of such an instrument to his patients. The practice is sending hundreds of persons to the inebriate asylums and filling thousands of homes with misery."

A smile costs the giver nothing, yet it is beyond price to the errand and repentant, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns cruelty to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight.

### SOMETHING OF A VILLAGE.

London is the greatest city the world ever saw. It is the heart of the British Empire and the world. It covers within the fifteen miles' radius of Charing Cross nearly seven hundred square miles. It numbers within these boundaries 4,000,000 inhabitants. It comprises 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself; more Jews than the whole of Palestine; more Irish than Dublin; more Scotch than Edinburgh; more Welshmen than Cardiff, and more country-born persons than the counties of Devon, Warwickshire and Durham combined. Has a birth every five minutes. Has a death in it every eight minutes. Has seven accidents every day in its 7,000 miles of streets. Has on an average twenty-eight miles of new streets opened and 9,000 new houses built in it every year. Has 128 persons every day and 45,000 added to its population every year; has 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors in its port every day; has 117,600 habitual criminals on its police register, increasing at an average of 30,000 per annum; has more than one-third of all the crime in the country committed in it; has as many beer shops and gin palaces as would, if placed side by side, stretch from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of seventy-three miles; has 38,000 drunkards annually brought before its magistrates; has as many paupers as would more than occupy every house in Brighton; has upwards of a million habitual beggars of public worship; has 60 miles of open shops every Lord's day; has need of 900 new churches and 200 additional city missionaries; has an influence with all parts of the world represented by the yearly delivery in it of 238,000,000 of letters.

### A Fast Young Man.

The career of a young man who has just come to grief in St. Louis affords a pretty fair illustration of the shame to which riotous living and profligate associations will bring a lad. The youth in question was the son of a well-to-do merchant, and some time ago, having manifested a desire to reform, was made his father's confidential clerk. The moment, however, he received this mark of confidence, he deliberately instituted a system of false entries in the books, and in the course of a few months embezzled nearly \$10,000, which he spent in gambling, wine and dissolute company. When the day of reckoning came so much incensed was his father that he disowned the boy and threw his trunk out after him into the street. A few days later the son returned home surreptitiously to get some money from his mother, and while there his father, as he was entering the house fell and broke a limb, which necessitated his retiring to bed and sending for a physician. In the confusion he left his coat, in a pocket of which was \$2,000 in cash, in an adjoining room, and his ungrateful son took the opportunity to steal it. That same night he was plucked of every cent in a law resort, during a drunken spree. He is now in charge of the police authorities, with plenty of leisure for repentance.

### THE BRIDE AND HER DOWRY.

A clergyman was sent for to visit a girl who was seriously ill. The illness proved fatal, and the mother was left bereaved for her child as well as husband. A few days after her child's funeral the widow called and requested to see the clergyman. She put into his hand a small packet, containing money which she begged he would give to some society which was sending the Gospel to the heathen world. He opened the parcel and to his amazement counted out twenty dollars. He remonstrated with the widow, told her that gaining her precarious living as a landress, she surely ought not to give so large a sum. With firmness she urged him to take it, and then said, "How I come to have this large sum is just this: When my child was born I thought, 'She'll live to get married some of these days,' and I thought I would begin to put by a little sum to be a store for her then, and I began that day with sixpence. You know what happened last week. Well, I thought to myself, 'The Heavenly Bridegroom has come, and He has called her home to be His bride; and as He has taken the bride it is only right He should have the dowry.'"

### AN OUTRAGEOUSLY PEACEFUL ELECTION.

Mr. L. C. Northrop, United States district attorney for South Carolina, in a letter to Wm. Pressly, United States supervisor of Abbeville county, asked him to furnish "material testimony, such as can be used in court, concerning the conduct of the recent congressional election," and the names of witnesses to the use of violence, intimidation or fraud thereat. Mr. Pressly, under date of January 20, replies that he is a Republican, but was never commissioned a supervisor; that there was no violence or intimidation at the election, which was the quietest he ever saw, and nobody tried to stop him or ask him how he voted; that there was no Republican ticket in the field, and finally that all the Republicans who voted cast their ballots for the Democratic nominees. Altogether the state of affairs in Abbeville county at the last election appears to have been outrageously peaceful, and the Teller committee should investigate the matter.

### Governors' Salaries.

Alabama pays \$3,000, Connecticut \$2,000, Iowa \$3,000, Kansas \$3,000, Maine \$2,500, Michigan \$1,000, Minnesota \$3,000, Nebraska \$2,500, New Hampshire \$1,000, Oregon \$1,500, South Carolina \$3,500, Vermont \$1,000, West Virginia \$2,700, Arkansas \$3,000, Georgia, most prosperous of Southern States, pays \$4,000, Illinois, with three times the wealth and population of North Carolina, pays but \$6,000. Missouri, double as large and as rich, pays \$5,906. Ohio, with its three and a quarter million people, pays but \$4,000. New York, worth twenty times as much as North Carolina, can afford to pay \$10,000. If North Carolina should pay its Governor \$3,000 and furnish him a home it will be doing as well, in proportion, as the most of the large and prosperous States.—*Wilmington Star.*

### Honest Young Men to the Front.

It is safe to predict that we are now on the very threshold of the most prosperous era—one of progress in all the arts, and amelioration in all the conditions of society—that has ever been witnessed on this continent. Pay no heed to the croakers and prophets of evil. They are of the despairing class who have lost their hold upon everything, or have passed their day, and are without hope. These may well be told to stand aside and not obstruct the way to the more hopeful, and particularly to the more youthful, who in the vigor of their strength and glory of their manhood, have the courage to go forward and fight their way through to victory. This is their opportunity; and if we know the young men of America, it is one they will not suffer to pass or escape them unimproved.—*Richmond State.*

### Florida Election Cases.

JACKSONVILLE, Jan. 22.—The jury in the case of the Brevard county canvassing board, for making false returns of the late congressional elections brought in a verdict of guilty with a recommendation of mercy in the case of the sheriff and justice of the peace. The county canvassing board and two inspectors of the late election from Alachua county were arrested to-day on the charge of violation of election laws.

### GAME LAWS.

Protecting laws have become a necessity since the war in all the Southern States. When guns and fishing tackle are in the hands of the indolent, the game in the fields and streams is very near destruction. Not only the men who catch and kill for the purpose of shipping and selling, but ruthless sportsmen, who exercise no rational control over their pastimes, ought to be kept within stringent limits. Will our Legislature heed the subject grave consideration?—*Ral. Observer.*

### NEW COTTON RULE.

It may be of interest to the cotton trade to know that a new rule is pending in New York Cotton Exchange which provides that six bands or ropes not exceeding twelve pounds in the average shall be considered sufficient for each bale of cotton. Anything above that weight is to be removed before weighing, or a proper allowance made for it.

### CONCORD SUN.

The cotton factory in this place, owned and run by the Odell Manufacturing Company, is one of the most extensive establishments of the kind in the State. A considerable quantity of new machinery has been added recently, and under the able management of the Odells, the present capacity for turning out the various fabrics, is second to none. We doubt whether or not our people fully realize what they have in the possession, in their midst, of such a concern.

### A Valuable Officer.

The lawyers are having a fine time over Smith & Forbes, store. A Mr. Reynolds, of Boston, took possession of the store, as assignee, and constable Melure, having a number of judgments from other Northern creditors, acting under legal advice, broke open the window and walked in. There was no breach of the peace, though a large and curious crowd thronged the door at the time.—*Charlotte Observer.*

### Fishing is the last resort of the lazy man.

The Richmond State objects to stocking all our streams with free fish, because the natural Southern indisposition to labor might be increased by this means, and dabbling in the well stocked streams our people might cease to strive, to labor and to save with a view to the future.

It would be a queer sight to see the Legislature elude the danger that threatens the per diem after having retrenched every official out of existence almost, wouldn't it?—*Ral. Observer.*

The last of the Raleigh *Observer's* railway articles states that of the 94 counties in the State, 49 are to-day penetrated by railway lines in operation. It is learned that work on the Winston and Salem and Mooresville railroad was begun at Mooresville yesterday (27th), with about 100 hands. A Good Man Dead.—John U. Kirkland, Esq., of Hillsboro, died at his home on the 25th inst., at the age of 75 years.