

The Carolina Watchman.

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JOHN CLARK, JR., & CO.'S



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By Kintz and Rendleman,

Salisbury N. C.

The Farmer.

The farmer came in from the field one day.

His bluish step and his weary way,

His beaded brow, his sinewy hand,

While he worked for the good of his land.

For he sows,

And he hoes,

And he mows,

All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife,

Light of his home, and joy of his life,

While she all aglow and busy hand,

Preparing meal for her husband's band;

For she must boil,

And she must broil,

And she must toil,

And all for the good of the home.

When autumn is here with its chilling blast,

The farmer gathers his crop at last;

His barns are full, his fields are bare,

For the good of the land he never hath care.

While it blows,

And it snows,

The winter goes,

He reaps from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,

In the children's guide, the husband's stay,

From day to day she hath done her best,

Until death alone can give her rest,

For after the test,

Comes the rest

With the best.

By the farmer's heavenly home.

—Christian at Work.

Circumstantial Evidence.

The announcement by the New York papers of the murder of Mrs. Hull was in each instance, though he was not named, an accusation against her husband as the murderer.

On the second day he was plainly named. The police would appear to have held the same suspicion; at least they kept the Doctor under close surveillance. What the police theory was, or whether either the police or the newspapers (both lay claim to the honor) contributed materially to the discovery of the actual criminal, are things not likely ever to be known. But the newspapers are "giving fits" to the police on the supposition, assumed as fact, that their theory was that Hull was the murderer, and thus a great injustice has been done an innocent man. Much moralizing on the part of circumstantial evidence is indulged in view of the injury to Dr. Hull, against whom, as the *World* now says, there was not a single piece of direct evidence. Now that the real murderer has been found, the *World* goes on to say, "all New Yorkers can see what a majority of the people of New York probably thought a strong or at least a suspicious case of circumstantial evidence against Dr. Hull falls at once to the ground when confronted with the facts of the case. The case against Dr. Hull was specious, not because we knew a single fact inconsistent with his innocence, but because there were many facts quite consistent with his guilt and because no suspicion could be attached to any other person. The people who contended most earnestly that the circumstances of the murder pointed to him as the perpetrator will most rejoice to be relieved of a suspicion dishonoring not only to the afflicted man who was the victim of it, but to human nature itself. It is curious, and it ought to be instructive to consider, now that this suspicion is finally dispelled, how terribly plausible it was. Many men have suffered death on evidence less strong than that which might have been brought against Dr. Hull. It is not likely perhaps that a legal conviction could have been secured against him, but the evidence might have sufficed to produce a moral conviction and to weigh down such years of life as remain to him with the burden of a cruel distrust added to the burden of a sudden and dreadful bereavement. Really, almost the only considerations which those who believed in the innocence of Dr. Hull were able to adduce as inconsistent with the supposition of his guilt were that the adequacy of his motive was not made out and that he was physically incapable of committing such a murder. In other words, of the three elements of capacity, opportunity and motive which must be established by circumstantial evidence, that of capacity was apparently lacking, and motive was not proved."

A very remarkable English case of circumstantial evidence is also cited by the

World. A murder was committed some thirty years ago at night in a gentleman's house in the south of England, and finally confessed by the murderer, in which every one of these three elements was apparently so lacking that nothing but his own blunder would ever have brought the crime home to him. The story is so interesting in itself as well as so suggestive that it is worth repeating. The shipwreck of an Indian man cast upon the shore a passenger who was taken to a country house near by, the owner of which, a man of fortune, had for many years been confined to his chair by gout. The host recognized in the man whom this chance had committed to his hospitality a school-fellow with whom long years before he had had a bitter school-boy's quarrel, and who had "peached" upon him. Old times were revived, and the host recalled this childish grievance only to laugh it off. He devoted himself to entertaining his accidental guest, and the evening passed off agreeably. When bedtime came the host was wheeled to his chamber and the stranger was shown to a room on the floor above that inhabited by his disabled acquaintance of yore, so strangely once more stumbled upon. In this room on the next morning he was found dead, with a hideous gash across his throat. As it was evident that the man had been murdered, a suspicion, much like that which attached to Dr. Hull, was fastened upon a maid-servant who slept upon the same floor with the murdered man. The girl was arraigned and a case was made out against her as the only person possible to be suspected. Her master, a local magistrate, naturally took a special interest in avenging the murder of his guest, pushed the inquiry, and a conviction seemed inevitable. But somewhat to the annoyance of the prosecuting counsel, who thought the case complete, he insisted upon asking and reiterating in a curiously persistent way, the question whether the maid heard no noise during the night. At last she suddenly remembered and stated that at a certain hour of the night she had been disturbed in her sleep by a slight noise in the passage before her door "like dragging a dog." From this point seized and pressed by the defence new light grew and broadened until the disabled man, who had to be lifted from his chair and who had no motive conceivable to any person engaged in the inquiry for injuring his guest and his old friend, confessed the murder! The memory of his childish wrong had grown stronger within him as he sat at meat with the boy, now become an old man, who had wronged him. It came on him like a passion in his bed, until the lust of revenge at last mastered not only his mind, but the very infirmities of his body. He dropped out of bed, found and took a razor and dragged himself in agony on all fours up the staircase and into the room where his guest and enemy lay, to do murder upon him. The case is one of the most impressive of the long list of warnings against that over confidence in "circumstantial evidence," which would have acquitted him without a doubt or a question to commit the judicial murder of his servant, and which now again in our own city, but for the capture and confession of the real murderer, must have done a grievous and irreparable wrong to the husband of Mrs. Hull.—*Ital. Observer.*

OVER THE FALLS AT NIAGARA.—There was a terrible scene at Niagara a day or two ago. It was reported that a religious fanatic was about to float down the river in a rowboat to the edge of the fall, expecting to be miraculously saved from death. A multitude of people gathered upon Goat Island and along the Canadian shore, and presently they were horrified to see a boat drifting down with the strong current directly in the middle of the river. In it was the figure of a man. He sat placid and motionless, seemingly perfectly confident that a miracle would save him from his impending doom. Nearer and nearer to the awful brink rushed the boat, and finally with a mad plunge the frail bark dashed headlong down into the seething cauldron below. Women fainted and strong men fell to the ground weeping and praying. Some hurried to the foot of the falls, and finally succeeded in recovering the body. It was stuffed with straw.

REMEDY FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA.—Nail a piece of bacon on a tree or post so that the chickens can peck it, and if they are too far gone to peck for themselves, put a small piece of fat bacon down their throats for three mornings and they will recover. They are to have no waters during treatment. Gapes in chickens is a worm that hatches on the head and crawls into the windpipe. Grease rubbed on the heads of little chickens will prevent gapes, but if that is neglected, put camphor in their water and it will work a cure.—*N. O. Farmer.*

ADVICES FROM HONG KONG TO JUNE 1st states that Gen. Grant was then en route from Trenton to Pekin, and that considerable change in the programme of his future movements is indicated. It is now believed probable that he may return to China after visiting Japan, and proceed to Australia. His plans are subject to so many sudden alterations, however, that nothing absolutely certain is known a month in advance.

For the Watchman.

Stock Law Question.

LITAKER TOWNSHIP, July 3d, 1879.

Mr. Editor: The time is not far distant when the above question will be voted upon, and as I have seen nothing in the public prints lately relative thereto, I, with the solicitation of others, have concluded to hint at the matter—which may lead to some action. We regard it as one of the most important subjects now claiming the attention of our section of the State. I will give a few reasons:

1. Whatever will result to the greatest good of the largest number ought to be the law of the land. The land-owners are a very important class, in the strength, and support of the country.

2. No one has a right to trespass on any one's premises, which the owner pays for and improves, as it now is. A man's premises should not be subject to deprivations by his neighbor's stock without redress?

3. It will result in great good to the farming class, including tenants, in the saving of labor and timber, before it is too late. The profits arising from the cultivation of hedge rows, fence grounds, and the natural improvement of lands, not liable to trespass, are items well worthy of note.

4. The fence law is growing in favor with the people. Many who were opposed are now in favor of it, and are anxious for the change. Consequently fences have been neglected, and should the law fail to pass, extra efforts will be required to repair under the old system, which the people will be very loth to do.

5. Because it meets with some opposition does not prove it to be an evil. The railroads, public schools, and every enterprise which resulted largely in the welfare of all classes, met with the same unfavorable reception.

6. Last but not least, it will tend to the elevation of society. As it now is there is too much labor for the amount realized. Consequently farmers' children are ground down to hard labor eight or nine months in the year to make a support, and have but three or four months left for school. Thus the majority of farmers remain poor, their children grow up with good minds uncultivated. They follow in the footsteps of their predecessors, and think it all right.

On the other hand we feel persuaded that the proposed change, although it be but a stock law, will be the initiation of a "new and living way," so to speak, whereby our children will become in truth sons and daughters of North Carolina, instead of servants.

If the State fails to provide adequate means, as hitherto, for the higher cultivation of the rising race, I verily believe that the new method will soon enable the masses to accomplish this end unaided, together with all the blessings and advantages that accompany prosperity and intelligence. Knowledge is power, and gives the possessor the advantage of the uncultured in every situation in life. We hope Rowan and adjacent counties will act speedily,—call a convention, and have the counties canvassed by intelligent speakers, to enlighten and encourage the people.

Very respectfully, J. L. G.

"Little Gutter Pup."

He came swaying up from below singing:

"For I'm little Buttercup, Poor little Gutter Pup."

When the Justice gently asked him if he would stop his noise.

"Can't do it 'Squire, I'll lose it—I'm little—"

"Lose what? What have you got to lose?"

"Lose the tune man. Went to the opera last night—see little Gutter—"

"And where did you go after the opera was over?" asked the Court.

"Went strait to the hotel—strait. P'l-eceman showed me the way. What's my bill? Where's the feller 't keeps this hotel? I'm little gutter pup—"

"Yes, you're evidently little gutter pup," said the Justice sadly. Your hotel bill will be five dollars, with understanding that you follow the Seville company out of town and play the character of gutter pup somewhere else."

According to rumors from Boston Ten. Bather is booming. He expects to be nominated for Governor by both the Labor Reform and Democratic Conventions. When the latter body does so we will believe it and not until then.—*Wil. Star.*

Brother Hugh Hastings offers Britian General Grant to fight the Zulus with. It will also relieve us of a very painful duty by proposing, in addition, to throw Pope in as dispatch sender. We want to see the Zulus well licked.—*Washington Post.*

A true woman scorns the smirking fop. Affectation of gentility is little better than insult.

"False hair, false teeth, false cheeks, false manners," says an exchange, "are likely to cover a false heart."

A man is fortunate who works his way to wealth and position, and dies before he finds they are not worth the labor.

SENATORIAL COURTESY.

From the Raleigh Observer.

We are prone to think that the olden days were better than the these days, and that our forefathers were at least demi-gods in integrity and virtue. We regard Washington, and Hamilton, and Ames, Caswell, and others of like stamp with a feeling of awe, and say within ourselves, surely these worthies were above the infirmities common to humanity, and never looking at the great figures in history who loom more nearly to us than those first mentioned, we are disposed to regard them as greatly superior in self-control and dignity of character to such men as Lamar, Conkling, Conger, Chandler, and others of that stamp; whereas, history attests that Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Randolph, Benton, Butler, Foote, King, and others who more or less ranked with them, all had their weaknesses, their vanities, their bursts of passion, and, at times, exhibited before the country, in their places in Congress, not the very best examples of parliamentary decorum and dignity.

It is well known that the duel between Mr. Clay and Mr. Randolph originated from gross and bitter personalities between those gentlemen on the floor of the House. It is remembered, too, that Mr. Clay once told Mr. Pickens on the flooring of the Senate that he "disgraced the carpet on which he sat." On another occasion, Mr. Clay, in the heat of debate, impeached the veracity of Col. King, of Alabama. Col. King instantly wrote a challenge, which was handed to Mr. Clay, and Mr. C., bowing towards Mr. King, said: "I accept it." But immediately Mr. Clay proceeded in substance to say that he knew Col. King would not attribute to fear on his part what he was about to say; and then he added he had allowed himself in the heat of debate, to charge Col. King with falsehood, "but, Mr. President," he said, "I withdraw the charge, for, sir, the Senator of Alabama is not capable of falsehood."

Mr. Webster indulged only once, we believe in gross personalities. Charles Jared Ingersoll had charged, in his place in the House, that Mr. Webster had been bribed by the manufacturers to represent their peculiar interests in the Senate. Mr. Webster repelled this charge, in his place in the Senate, in the most vehement manner, and handled Mr. Ingersoll very roughly personally. But Mr. Webster did not publish this speech in the regular edition of his speeches. Mr. Calhoun was remarkable for his Senatorial dignity. He delivered his last great speech in the Senate on the 7th March, 1850, or rather it was read for him by a friend, for he was too weak to read it himself, and as soon as the speech was finished, Mr. Foote rose and made a vehement, personal attack on Mr. Calhoun. This was too much for Col. Benton, who, though not on personal terms with Mr. Calhoun, was always for manliness and fair play, and he at once said, in tones loud enough to be heard in nearly every part of the chamber, "when God puts His hand on a man I take mine off."

We might devote column upon column to reminiscences of this kind, to show that modern days are no worse in this respect than former days. We are neither improving nor retrograding on this score. Witness the fierce personal assaults on Gen. Jackson's administration; the abuse poured out by Wise and Peyton on Whitney and Kendall; the threat that "ten thousand armed men would march down the avenue on the White House," if Gen. Jackson did not change his course on the Bank question; the personal assault by Sam Houston on Mr. Stansbury, a brother member of the House, for which he was reprimanded by the Speaker; the personal insult offered by Henry A. Wise to James K. Polk when the latter was Speaker of the House, which Mr. Polk did not resent, but for which he paid Mr. Wise in 1845, when as President he found Mr. Wise was American Minister to Brazil, and, being a good Minister, he continued him in his place; and the threat by Gen. Jackson, soon after the Seminole war, that if a certain member of Congress "did not cease his as-

saults upon him he would go to Washington and cut his ears off."

Senators should remember that they are gentlemen. Of course everybody says that. On ninety-nine occasions out of one hundred they do so remember, and they do so act. One Senator says another Senator is a liar. The Senator thus insulted repels the insult by telling him that he is a liar. Well, what of it? What has been gained? What has the truth gained by such a discussion? Question, which is the liar? This question the country is not disposed to settle. It says, "Gentlemen—please excuse your constituents from this duty. It is as unpleasant as it is difficult. That Senator who first impeached the motive of his brother Senator is primarily to blame; but when the lie began to be bandied there was too much of the smoke of passion to allow any one to see clearly who was in the wrong." And then the whole country adds, "You are both Senators; you were sent to the Senate gentlemen, and we believe you are really so, though you have lost your tempers and behaved unhandsonly, and we do not concur in the view you take of each other, that is, that you are liars. The country thinks better of you than that."

The House used to be called the "Bear Garden." As the Senate increases in numbers it increases in its tendency to disorder. The people are looking at both Houses, and they are talking about them. For several years past the House of Representatives has been improving in courtesy and decorum. The people think the House in this respect is doing very well. It would be by no means a happy or a pleasant thing if the body once adorned by a Webster, a Badger, Clay, a Douglas, a Cass, a Mangum, a Calhoun, a Preston, or a Benton, should suddenly cast off the cloak of its dignity and become itself a "Bear Garden." It would be well if Senators would conduct themselves in their Chamber before the world as gentlemen bear themselves toward each other in a private parlor. Words in reply to insulting words amount to nothing. Rather than thus meet words with words, it would be better to adopt the old adage, "a gentleman will not insult me, and no other can," and thus pay no attention to words. The old Scotchman, who, when called a liar, retorted by saying, *pruv it*, was a man of more sense than he had credit for. Behold the war councils of the American Indians! Let the Senate model itself by these councils, and by discountenancing personalities of all kinds, learn what true Senatorial dignity is.

AN EARNEST SWEETHEART.—The following tender epistle was sent us by a friend in Winterville. The paper was ornamented with three bleeding hearts and a woman, done with a pen in a manner characteristic with orthography:—"Clark County, Ga.—Mr. George—I will take th Pleyer of in forcing you a few lines to let you know that I am well and hoping that these few words will find you the same my love to words you is grater than I can express if all the straw that in the old fell wood turn to pencils and all the leaves that on th trees wood turn to paper and all th water that in the see wood turn to ink it could Not Rite the love down that I have in my hart for you the Rosie is red the villets blu Shugar is seaweed and so are you if you love me like I love you no nife Can Cut our love in 2 Mr.—I wood like to see your very much at this time. Your are my dailie study and my Mid night dream I will be down there the 2 sunday in June if Nothing takes place Your dear love Miss Emmer line Pinson."—Oglethorpe (Ga.) *Echo.*

In an editorial comment on advertising schemes, the Reading (Penn.) *Times* says: "There are men who would rather spend \$10 or \$20 in the rail-card and board nuisance, which may be seen by a few hundred people, than to expend the same sum in their home papers, where tens of thousands would see their cards every day. This is an age of newspaper reading, and the sooner business men come to realize this fact in all its importance, the better it will be for business generally, and the better it will be for themselves."

ENTERING THE SUEZ CANAL.

From Sunday Afternoon.

Sunset on the Suez Canal. Two interminable banks of grayish-yellow sand, growing gradually higher as they round southward; a little ribbon of light green water barely visible between them; a huge steamedredger in the background, with a clamorous garrison of blue-shirted men and red-capped boys, who rush shouting to the side to stare at our steamer as she comes gliding by; behind us the houses and docks of Ismailia, the Khedive's new capital, fading into one shapeless mass of gray, amid which a darker spot represents the mouth of the "Sweet-water Canal," and all around, the dreary waste of the great Arabian desert, looking vaster and drearier than ever beneath the fast-falling shadows of night.

At first sight it is certainly difficult to realize that this tiny streak of water, less than twenty-seven feet deep and barely seventy in breadth, can really be one of the great commercial highways of the world. Like the Russian military road across the Caucasus, or the little thread of railway which spans the boundless desolation of the steppes between the Volga and the Con, it is so utterly dwarfed by the vastness of its surroundings that one half forgets the magnitude of the results achieved, or the long and terrible struggle against heat, sickness, drifting sand, insufficient supplies, and constant hindrances of every kind, which human skill and human perseverance have conducted to this glorious completion. The men of old time, when they completed the same task, certainly found it no child's play.

"In the region of Nech," says Herodotus, note-book in hand as usual, "one hundred and twenty thousand Egyptians perished in digging this canal." What a history of oppression and wrong, of grinding misery and wholesale destruction, do those few words convey!

Stand by your anchor! Let go!"

The captain's hoarse shout, and the rattle of the chain as our anchor splashes into the water, scatter my visions at once, and I look up to perceive that our surroundings have undergone a sudden and marvelous change. From the narrow monotonous avenue of the canal we have glided into a wide expanse of smooth, dark water, which seems almost boundless in the shadowy twilight. To the south and west long waves of purple hill roll up against the last gleam of light that lingers in the darkening sky. In front the posts set to mark the canal start out gauntly like skeleton sentinels; and amid the deepening gloom twinkles a solitary point of fire—the light-house that guards the passage. This is the famous "Bitter Lake," one of the countless lagoons that occupy a full third of the space traversed by the canal.

"Are you going to stop here captain?"

"Don't see what else we can do," growls the skipper, "if them fellers make us go half speed through the canawl, so as it comes on dark afore we can git through. If we was to go it full steam we'd run the whole eighty-three miles 'tween sunrise and dark easy; but its no fault of mine anyhow!"

But no halt can be a matter of regret on this historic ground, where the very earth seems to be still shaken with the tramp of empires, and the very air to be filled with memories of the past. Few spots upon the face of the earth have a stranger mingling of the familiar and remote, of names which were the household words of our earliest childhood with others which are known only to the driest lore of the antiquarian. Hebrew shepherd and Assyrian conqueror, Persian and Greek, Saracen and Crusader, Frenchman and Anglo-Saxon—all have been here in turn.

As the full moon breaks forth in its cloudless glory, the shadowy armies seem to rise around us once more, Moses and the thousands of Israel, setting forth upon that wonderful march of which God Himself was pioneer—Assyrian Ninus in his carved chariot, with the "captains of the

host and mighty men of valor" around him in all the pomp and splendor of war—the turbaned warriors of Cambyes with their light lances and huge wicker shields, sweeping onward to that fierce short fever of conquest beyond which lay an unknown grave in the depths of the hungry desert—the soldier-zealots of Aradia, following black-browed Amron to the sack of Alexandria—mail-clad horsemen with the Red Cross on their breasts, straining their eyes to catch the first gleam of Saladin's spears along the sky—and finally the war-worn grenadiers of Republican France, gathered around the dark, stern face and eagle eye of the "General Bonaparte," who was one day to be the Emperor Napoleon.

Leo Miller, a Greenback talker said last week in a speech in Lewiston, Me., "It is a great wrong to stamp one dollar on a piece of coin that is worth eighty-four cents, when it can just as easily be stamped on a piece of paper worth nothing."

Economical management of newspapers is a very good and a very necessary thing, especially in the South. But we do wish that our friend of the *Baltimore Gazette*, which we like to read, would quit wrapping up his paper in it.

A sponge cut thin and moistened, worn in the hat, is the best protector against sun heat known, and are very grateful and cooling.

He Was a Diplomat.

A very tall man with sandy chin-whiskers entered the door. The car was full, and the seat occupied by two persons was filled with a valise, a bundle, a shawl and a thin woman of thirty-five, with the latest style of red hair and false teeth. The man with the sandy whiskers, feeling a sympathetic bond drawing him toward the woman's red hair, touched her on the shoulder and said:

"Is that seat engaged?"

"Yes, it is," snapped the woman, swelling up in the seat, that the man might observe no possible room.

"Ah!" murmured the man in a pleasant tone. Then he went and stood by the stove and mused for a while. Presently he returned to the scene of his rebuff, and leaning on the arm of the seat, said softly:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but as I was standing by the stove, your features struck me familiarly. Did you ever attend a Presidential reception at Washington?"

"No, I never did," replied the woman, but in a milder voice than she had at first assumed.

"Then you will please pardon me," said the man, with an apologetic air; "the mistake was occasioned by your close resemblance to a young lady from Philadelphia, who made her debut that season, and whom I had the pleasure of meeting. She was the belle of the season."

"No, I never was in Washinton," remarked the woman, in a mollified tone.

"It is strange how much you resemble the lady in question," pursued the man. "The hair is the same golden hue, and while her features may not have been so clear cut and Grecian in their—but there, excuse me, I am annoying you," and the tall man started away.

"Don't hurry," said the woman, pleasantly. "There doesn't appear to be many empty seats; won't you sit here?" And she picked up her numerous baggage.

The man with the sandy whiskers didn't know, but finally accepted the invitation and in an incredibly brief space of time had the valise and bundle in the rack above, the shawl tucked around the window to exclude the draft, and was regaling the red-headed woman with a choice collection of anecdotes that kept her laughing till the passengers could see her false teeth.

The plain and wholesome things of life are its greatest blessings. We are taught to pray not for luxuries and dainties, but for daily bread.

Colored velvet stands for dishes are used when it is thought best to make the dinner table look unusually fine.