

# The Carolina Watchman.

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NO 2

## SLEEPY HOLLOW.

Here was Rip Van Winkle born;  
Here he sowed and plowed his corn;  
Here he reaped his harvest ripe;  
Here he courted, married, and died;  
Here he slept for seventy years;  
Here he awoke, and found his beard  
As long as the hair of an old man,  
His eyes as dim as a cat's,  
His teeth as loose as a horse's,  
His ears as deaf as a post,  
His nose as red as a rose,  
His face as wrinkled as a walnut,  
His back as bent as a bow,  
His legs as shaky as a reed,  
His voice as hoarse as a crow,  
His mind as blank as a slate,  
His heart as cold as a stone,  
His soul as dead as a dog,  
His body as stiff as a board,  
His death as sudden as a bolt,  
His resurrection as glorious as a phoenix,  
His new life as bright as a star,  
His new world as full of wonders,  
His new friends as true as steel,  
His new enemies as fierce as fire,  
His new adventures as thrilling as a novel,  
His new discoveries as valuable as gold,  
His new knowledge as precious as diamonds,  
His new power as great as God's,  
His new destiny as glorious as heaven,  
His new life as eternal as eternity.

## THAT "COMET."

It is suggested as matter for thought,  
That Eden with its Garden of Delights  
Was probably obliterated by the flood.  
Few subjects have been such trouble  
To the antiquary as the search for Paradise.  
The traveler who grows sentimental  
Over some traditional or supposed site of the Garden,  
Looks about as ridiculous as Mark Twain weeping  
at the grave of Adam. The conjecture  
of Mr. Guion, that Eden straddles  
beneath the waves of the Pacific ocean  
is hardly more unreasonable than several  
other conjectures concerning its whereabouts.  
The river that went out of Eden to  
water the garden and from thence was  
parted and became into four heads, is  
an enigma, the solution of which  
might identify the site; but nobody  
has been able to solve it, and I pre-  
sume never will be.  
Noah and his family of course talked  
in the same language after as be-  
fore the flood. After landing from  
the ark and beholding the new and  
strange phase of creation, it was nat-  
ural that they should bestow old  
names upon objects bearing real or  
fancied resemblance to those familiar  
to them before. Thus, the names of  
some of these ante-diluvian river  
heads may have obtained their coun-  
terparts, as the Euphrates, for instance;  
while other names, as Pison, Gihon,  
&c., may not have been applied to  
any of their new streams. At all  
events, there is no river system now  
which answers to the description in  
Genesis.  
The theory of a partial flood con-  
fines it to a comparatively small spot  
of earth, east of the Mediterranean  
sea, as sufficient for the destruction of  
the then world of mankind.  
This is very unsatisfactory. The  
increase of population in the ante-di-  
luvian epoch must have been in far  
greater ratio as to time than at present;  
for the average life of man was then  
over five hundred years, instead of  
less than one hundred years, as it has  
been since. It was two thousand years  
from Adam to the deluge. It was  
about the same length of time from  
the establishment of the Roman Em-  
pire or the birth of Christ. Thus the  
race of Noah having so nearly an  
equal start, it is reasonable to presume  
that the increase from Adam, in that  
undoubtedly prolific period, was at  
least as rapid as the increase from  
Noah.  
The population of the Roman Em-  
pire, about the time of Christ, was one  
hundred and twenty millions. The  
Empire then occupied the territory on  
all sides of the Mediterranean sea, ex-  
tending from the Atlantic to the Eu-  
phrates, three thousand miles in length,  
and from Dacia on the north, to the  
Atlas mountains on the south, two  
thousand miles in breadth. Though  
so important in the written history of  
the world, it was but a small portion  
of the globe of the earth; and we  
know not what multitudes of Barbarians  
lived outside the limits of the  
Empire—in the farther East, in Africa,  
perhaps also in America. So far  
from being an extravagant supposi-  
tion, that the numbers outside approx-  
imated the numbers inside the Em-  
pire, the probability is they were  
greater. In such case the population  
of the earth could not have been less  
than two hundred and forty millions,  
at a period two thousand years after  
the flood. Is it reasonable to suppose  
that the population was less at the  
deluge, two thousand years after man's  
creation? And, could a flood confined  
to the valley of the Euphrates, or even  
to as large territory as the whole Ro-  
man Empire, have wrought the de-  
struction of the human race? I trow  
not!  
It is hard to bring the mind up to  
an adequate idea of the magnitude of  
this wonderful event, in its purpose  
and effect; the tendency of our poor  
faculties is stop far short of a true con-  
ception of the awful reality.  
If the universality of the deluge be  
admitted, the premises of "The Comet"  
do not seem so unreasonable, how-  
ever grotesque some of its minor de-  
ductions may appear. On a subject  
so grand and so fascinating, the author  
of lively imagination may uncon-

sciously permit fancy to interfere  
somewhat with the slow process of in-  
vestigation.  
A universal flood may be considered  
as at once cause and consequence of  
the changes which result in the pres-  
ent status of the crust and surface of  
the earth.  
How came the old sea shells upon  
our highest mountains? Mr. Guion's  
theory as I apprehend it, does not re-  
quire that the waters of the flood  
should have risen to the top of the  
mountains at their present altitude,  
but that the mountains, with all  
their fossil wealth, were heaved up  
above the surface of the waters in the  
convulsions attending the deluge.  
No matter how long the times occu-  
pied in the great periods of creation;  
no matter how numerous and varied  
the productions, vegetable, animal and  
mineral, of each successive layer or  
stratum of the earth—when all the  
fountains of the great deep were broken  
up by the Almighty fiat; that is when  
the internal forces of fire, or water, or  
both, were set in terrible commotion,  
and the solid frame of the globe con-  
vulsed and torn by the shocks thereof;  
then the strata of the old earth above  
the waters and below the waters, down  
to their deep foundations, were shaken  
and wracked like sheets of old parch-  
ment—heaved from the abyss into  
rounded hills and ridgy heights—or  
spread out in plain or vale, or risen  
into horrible fissures, with their edges  
turned up to the skies in millions of  
splintered crags, the mountain sum-  
mits of our earth.  
To the superficial observer, and pos-  
sibly to some profound investigators,  
the great geological phenomena of  
earth suggests the idea of violence—  
of such an earthquake as shook the  
globe from centre to circumference.—  
The facts attend that from its depths  
it suffered violence at the hand of the  
Maker. The fearful convulsions at  
Lisbon, at Carracax, and other earth-  
quakes at divers places; the eruptions  
of Etna and Vesuvius and Stromboli,  
of Cotopaxi, Hecla, Mauna Loa, and  
others, may be considered as linger-  
ing echoes of the grand catastrophe  
when the primeval nations were sud-  
denly destroyed with their sins upon  
their heads.  
Let not man object that the result  
of the flood, in the destruction of man-  
kind, was more than commensurate  
with the cause, to-wit: the corruption  
of mankind. In the Divine economy,  
moral government is paramount, and  
the physical creation, in the hands of  
God, subservient. Witness, the flood;  
the destruction of the cities of the  
plain; the plagues of Egypt, the razing  
of Jerusalem, and a thousand other in-  
stances in profane history, if we could  
read them in the light which Inspira-  
tion lends to its records.  
What dignity almost divine—what  
disgrace almost infernal—does the mor-  
tal power of choice bestow upon man!  
By his own consent the imagination,  
the purpose and desires of his heart  
become only evil continually; conse-  
quently his overt sins so abominable,  
that in the strong language of the  
East, "It repented the Lord that He  
had made man on the earth, and it  
grieved him at his heart." Hence the  
flood.  
"Before the mountains were brought  
forth, or ever thou hadst formed the  
earth and the world, even from ever-  
lasting to everlasting Thou art God." Ps. xc: 2.  
This is from a Psalm entitled "A  
prayer of Moses, the man of God"—  
the man skilled in all the learning of  
the Egyptians; acquainted with all  
the traditions of his own people, reach-  
ing directly back to Noah; with whom  
the Angel of the Lord had communed  
at the flashing bush in the plain of  
Midian, and the Lord on the thund-  
erous brow of Sinai; whose hand wrote  
or compiled the Book of Genesis; who  
knew whereof he spake.  
I trust this paraphrase may not be  
considered an irreverent speculation:  
"Before the mountains were brought  
forth"—before the crust of the earth  
was rent by the breaking up of all the  
fountains of the great deep, and the  
mountains brought forth from the  
abyss of waters. And then, away back  
before that, "or ever thou hadst formed  
the earth"—the Adamland before  
the flood, where dwelt the first crea-

tion of man; "and the world," that is  
the earth and the surrounding heavens,  
the system of created things. "Even  
from everlasting to everlasting thou  
art God," even from before each of  
these wondrous acts of Omnipotence  
away down into the mysterious future,  
the self-existent, the eternal.  
"He fills His own eternal now."  
And see our ages wait.  
"Thou art God." These three  
words have an awful emphasis, over-  
whelming to the understanding and  
imagination of man, because connect-  
ed with these specific exhibitions of  
Almighty power.  
Now, if the reader has not found  
out that I have written nothing new,  
it is not my fault. I have merely set  
forth, with little regard to order, some  
prominent thoughts gathered in sup-  
port of a position which I am inclin-  
ed to regard as mainly true. The  
reason for the faith that is in the  
writer may not satisfy others. I wish  
I could "turn on the light;" but alas,  
what can the flicker of my poor taper  
show where torches have blazed in  
vain?  
S.

## Planting Trees in Autumn.

Spring is the time when planting seems  
most natural, and it is therefore the time  
when this work is mostly done. Yet  
most farmers are less hurried in the fall  
and can do their work better and at less  
cost. If well done, as good results, or  
rather better, can be had from fall plant-  
ing. The time should be early enough  
to have the roots firmly fixed in the soil  
before winter sets in. Do not water the  
spots. You do not wish to start the trees  
into growth, and the dry soil made in  
fall is as possible and closely packed be-  
tween and around the roots, and the soil  
will have all the moisture it needs. Then  
pile up the earth in a little mound around  
the trees, and they are ready for the win-  
ter. What remains of this mound, should  
be hoed down in the spring. Every leaf  
must be picked off, and by doing this, it  
is safe to plant by the first of October, or  
even earlier, if desired. The chief cause  
of failure in fall planting, is from hav-  
ing the work poorly done, and leaving the  
trees in a hollow for the water to settle  
around the roots all winter. This is hard  
usage, even for trees firmly established.  
While the tree is not growing, its roots  
are dormant. Any excess of wet tends  
to rot them, and with newly transplanted  
trees there is not vigor and vitality  
enough to resist this tendency. Hence,  
if the land that you intend to plant on  
is cold and wet, it is advisable to defer  
planting till spring, so as to give the trees  
a chance to grow at least one season, be-  
fore standing with wet feet during the  
winter months when they have least vitality  
to resist disease. The better way, however,  
or such land is to defer planting until the  
soil is thoroughly underdrained. In  
other words, where land is too wet for  
fall planting, it is unfit for planting and  
growing trees at all. With fall planting  
on such land, the trees die the first winter.  
If planted in spring, they decline their  
owner with one season's growth only to  
disappoint him more grievously by dying  
or becoming so stunted and puny, as to  
be less than nothing.—J. E. in Country  
Gentleman.

## Georgia.

THE COMING STATE FAIR, AND THE MAON  
MONUMENT UNVEILING.  
Macon, October 17.—The Georgia State  
Fair will begin on the 22d inst., and  
continue throughout the week. The  
prospects are that there will be the largest  
agricultural and stock display ever  
seen here, and that the attendance will  
be immense. Many fine horses are now  
on the grounds, and will be shown  
every day. Good prices will be paid  
for all classes. During the fair there  
will be a reunion of Cook's brigade.  
On the 29th instant the Confederate  
monument here will be unveiled with  
imposing ceremonies. Several military  
companies have been invited to be pre-  
sent. A distinguished orator will be se-  
lected and there will be a grand pro-  
cession.  
TELEPHONE TALK.—Be very careful what  
you say on the telephone. A tradesman,  
who has a telephone in his store, and at  
his store, received a call at his store re-  
cently from an out-of-town acquaintance.  
After the customary salutations had passed,  
his friend, whom we will designate as Mr. B.,  
extended to his visitor, Mr. C., a cordial  
invitation to dine with him, which was  
accepted. Mr. C. was to dine with us to-day.  
Judge of his amusement when promptly  
there came back to him over the wire the  
following cheerful response. "Now, Fred-  
erick, what do you want to bring that fool  
up here again for, when you know I hate  
the sight of him?" It is perhaps needless  
to add that it suddenly occurred to Mr. C.,  
in view of his momentary engagement, that  
he should be unable to accept Mr. B.'s  
hospitality after all. "So sorry."

At ten o'clock all the visiting and local  
bands of music—and their name is legion—  
assembled on the public square, and enter-  
tained the crowd with music.  
At eleven o'clock a procession was formed  
and the column proceeded to Harrison's  
grove in the western suburbs of the town,  
under the leadership of Gen. Robt. Ransom,  
as chief, and Capt. Jas. R. Crawford, W. G.  
McNeely, Benj. Allen Knox, Jacob H. Fisher,  
H. C. Boat, C. R. Barker, John C. Board,  
H. G. Miller, of Rowan, Robt. Gibson, of  
Concord, Maj. W. B. Clement, of Davis, Dr.  
J. F. Beat and Capt. F. C. Robbins, of Davidson,  
Capt. J. Graham, of Alamance, Col.  
C. A. Cley, of Lenoir, Capt. W. S. Ball, of  
Greensboro, Col. Thos. B. Long, of Bun-  
combe, and Capt. H. W. Reid, of Guilford,  
as assistants.  
Among the list of marshals were men of  
prominence in both the Federal and Con-  
federate armies, and we will take occasion  
here to remark that all the deliberations  
of the celebration were non-sectional and ab-  
solutely non-political, as is indicated by the  
selection of the marshals. The stores and  
many private houses were decorated with  
National bunting, and if the loyalty of the  
people of Salisbury can be estimated by the  
number of United States flags that were dis-  
played, it ought to be satisfactory to both  
Messrs. Conger and Chandler, of Michigan,  
or any other "bloody shirt" waver.  
The procession being formed, moved to  
Harrison's grove, where a stand had been  
erected for the accommodation of both the  
speakers and the audience, in which were  
many ladies, gathered around it in a quiet  
and orderly manner.  
ON THE STAND  
were his Excellency, Gov. T. J. Jarvis, Hon.  
Alfred M. Scales, Hon. D. G. Fowle, Hon.  
W. M. Robbins, Col. W. L. Saunders, Hon.  
J. M. Leach, Gen. Robt. Ransom, Hon. F. C.  
Robbins, Gen. Rufus Barringer, Col. Wm.  
Johnston, Col. W. H. H. Cowles, Col. Paul  
E. Meana, Major C. E. Merrill, Major W. F.  
Hallock, of the United States Army, and  
other distinguished gentlemen. To Capt.  
Chas. Price had been assigned the duty of  
introducing the speakers, and to say that he  
acquitted himself handsomely, is only say-  
ing what everybody would concur in. On  
the stand were the following:  
REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS.  
J. I. McRee, Raleigh Observer, John Wood-  
house, Concord Register, R. D. Gourley,  
Concord Sun, J. J. Brunner, Carolina Watch-  
man, J. J. Quantz, Salisbury Daily News,  
James Robinson, Winston Leader, J. R.  
Blakes, Lenoir Topic, W. H. Deaver, Ashe-  
ville Journal, and Chas. R. Jones, Charlotte  
Observer. The management are entitled to  
the hearty thanks of the members of the  
press, present, for preparations which had  
been made for them in the matter of loca-  
tion, chairs and tables. As this little fore-  
thought was uncommon at the South, we  
deem it to be a recognition of the favors  
extended, in the hope that it is the begin-  
ning of a reformation in this particular,  
which will distinguish future occasions  
of this kind.  
The vast audience had scarcely assembled  
around the speakers' stand, when, within  
close proximity, a battery of artillery, under  
a well trained impromptu company was  
turned loose. There was a general under-  
standing that the cannon were loaded with  
blank cartridges, and while the deep intona-  
tions of the black mounted monsters re-  
called to many a mind the scenes of carnage  
and incidents of the actual battle-field,  
the marked absence of the sound of the  
hurling shell with its unearthly shriek,  
gave every face the expression of safety, at  
least.  
THE SPEAKING.  
As has been stated, the stage had been  
handsomely decorated with national flags,  
and emblematic of the relations existing be-  
tween the United States and the State of  
North Carolina, it was peculiarly appropri-  
ate that the Governor of the State should  
be the first speaker, and Mr. Price intro-  
duced  
HON. THOS. J. JARVIS.  
He commenced his remarks by a pleasant  
allusion to his services in the Confederate  
army, as the aimless right arm which hung  
listlessly by his side abundantly testified.  
With them he has tramped, fought, suffered  
and starved. They had fought for a cause  
which was lost, and a flag which was furled  
forever, and while no shaft now marked the  
resting place of the hundreds of his com-  
rades who to-day slept in unknown graves,  
their memory would be green in the affec-  
tions of his people. He did not object to

## WINGS.

He blows his soft and mellow horn,  
And then presents his bill,  
At noon, at night, at early morn,  
With persevering will,  
The darning creditor, and he,  
The way I figure things,  
Is a nuisance, verily,  
In all except the wings.  
The love-light in her eye is heaven,  
Her teeth the pearly gate,  
Her voice celestial music given  
To cheer our lonely fate,  
A woman beautiful, and she,  
The way I figure things,  
Is good angel, verily,  
In all except the wings.  
He scents afar a scandal's stink,  
And gulps the horror down—  
Then spues, as quick as you can wink,  
His tale all over town,  
The gossip gatherer, and he,  
The way I figure things,  
Is an old lizzard, verily,  
In all except the wings.  
She calls for him the dainty meal  
From out his labor's store,  
And builds his home, and makes him  
feel  
All right when toil is o'er,  
The husbandman's good wife, and she,  
The way I figure things,  
A working bee is, verily,  
In all except the wings.  
Flesh, fish or fowl that's fresh must pay  
A duty to the de'il;  
In fairs plans that wise men lay  
She shatters them from harm,  
The doughty demagogue, and he,  
The way I figure things,  
Is just a green fly, verily,  
In all except the wings.  
The baby birdie in his nest  
Lies cooing soft and warm,  
He lullabies soothe him to rest—  
She shelters him from harm,  
The baby's tender parent, she,  
The way I figure things,  
A mother bird is, verily,  
In all except the wings.  
August, 1879. E. P. H.

## When are Women Lovely?

Loveliness in women, though it  
may vary in its character and man-  
ifestations at different periods of life, is  
not the property of youth only. There  
is a great and undeniable charm in a  
fresh beauty of eighteen, to which in-  
experience and early romance lends,  
perhaps, additional fascination. A  
pretty girl of that age, who has been  
untouched by care, and who knows  
of the world through imagination only,  
is a very delightful object; and many  
men wish they might take captive  
her first affections. Between  
eighteen and twenty-two the changes  
in a girl, so far as the charms of her  
person go, are not likely to be great,  
but in that time, by longer intercourse  
with society, and by natural develop-  
ment, she may get more companion-  
able for men of maturity, and her car-  
riage and self control become better  
and greater. Those are important  
years in a young woman's life, the  
years during which, in our climate,  
the majority of the sex are married.  
And yet, from twenty-two to twenty-  
five or twenty-six a maiden may, and  
generally does, still further advance  
in attractiveness, and add to the store  
of her charms. She is still young,  
but she has outlived some of the  
youthful fancies, and feels some of the  
dignity of womanhood. No better  
ages than those in a maiden's life, and  
never is she lovelier. But why stop  
at twenty-six? What fairer women  
are to be found than many of those  
between twenty-six and thirty, and  
even older? Girls of eighteen may  
look on them as unsought old maids,  
and yet they are in their womanly prime  
and may capture the hearts that have  
been steeled against girlish fascina-  
tions. Oftentimes they make the best  
of wives, and men find a solace and  
companionship in their society which  
immaturity cannot give. They have  
the advantage of experience, and  
they have learned the lesson  
taught by longer contact with the  
world, while still they may not be  
averse to falling in love.—Baltim-  
orean.

## KEEP THE MOUTH SHUT.

The influence of nasal respiration on the  
ear is illustrated by Mr. George Cat-  
lin, in his history of "North America  
Indians." Among two million In-  
dians he found not one who was deaf  
or breathed through the mouth, ex-  
cept three or four deaf-mutes; and in  
the memory of the chiefs of 150 tribes  
not one case of deafness could be re-  
membered to have occurred. This is  
explained by the mother always clos-  
ing the mouth of the child whenever  
it attempted to breathe through it.  
MOONSHINE.—Gaston, Oct. 17.—Re-  
venue Agent O. H. Blocker, assisted by  
Deputy Collector Gyles, have unearthed  
gross frauds in Gaston county, N. C., car-  
ried on by registered grain distillers in  
collusion with government officers. Seiz-  
ure of over five hundred gallons of corn  
whiskey abstracted from the distilleries  
secreted by the distillers have already  
been made, and revelations point to more  
important results. The plans of the ring  
have been exposed, and large seizures  
of spirits and important events may be look-  
ed for. The frauds, to a great extent,  
have been penetrated through the sale  
and shipment of corn whiskey in kegs,  
filled from un-tapped packages. The  
citizens prize the skill of the revenue of-  
ficers who have discovered these startling  
frauds.

## Queen Bees and how their Vacancies are Supplied.

In a paper read to the Quekett Micro-  
scopical Club, Mr. Hunter states that a  
fertile queen bee will in four years lay  
a million eggs. Twenty-one days are re-  
quired for the production of a worker  
bee; but the same egg that produced  
the worker in twenty-one days could,  
had the bees been so minded, have been  
bred up to a queen in sixteen days.  
"The bees," continues Mr. Hunter, "only  
rears queens when necessity calls for  
them, either from loss of their old mon-  
arch or apprehended swarming. If I  
remove a queen from a hive, the first of  
these contingencies occurs, and after a  
few hours' commotion, the bees select  
certain of the worker eggs, or even young  
larvae two or three days old. The cell is  
enlarged to five or six times its ordinary  
capacity, a superabundance of totally  
different food is supplied, and the result  
is that, in five days less than would have  
been required for a worker, a queen is  
hatched. The marvel is inexplicable.  
How a mere change and greater abun-  
dance of food and a more roomy lodg-  
ing should so transform the internal and  
external organs of any living creature! The  
case is without parallel in all the animal  
creation. It is not a mere superficial  
change that has been effected, but one  
that penetrates below form and structure,  
to the very fountain of life itself. It is a  
transformation alike of function, of struc-  
ture, and of instinct."

## To Make Yourself Attractive.

Study your style of face and figure, and  
dress in such a manner that they will  
gain beauty rather than lose it. Do not  
throw yourself into unattractive posi-  
tions. Do not permit yourself to be called  
by a ridiculous nick-name expressive  
of your peculiar defects. Avoid manue-  
vering. Do not wear masculine looking  
garments. Do not stride like a man in  
your walk. Do not mince your steps.  
Do not place your arms akimbo. If your  
hands are large and red, do not wear rings.  
If you have red hair, do not be ashamed of  
it. Remember it was the hair some of  
the greatest painters loved to paint. If  
you are fat, don't loll on the tables and  
chairs. Don't be sulky and resent inju-  
ries forever; implacability injures beauty  
more than any other bad passions. Do  
not rump; hoydens are never attractive  
though they may be amusing. If you  
have fine teeth, do not laugh and grin to  
show them. If you have fine eyes, do not  
roll them. never indulge in a horse  
laugh. Don't be slovenly; don't be prim.  
Avoid indulgence of bad passions of every  
kind. Cultivate cheerfulness. Take  
care of your health.

## THE RE-UNION.

North Carolina Ready to Class Her  
Across the Mythical "Chasm."  
The demonstration at Salisbury on last  
Thursday in the practical illustration of  
desire to heal the wounds between the  
people of the different sections of the Union,  
made by the late war, was a grand success.  
While the celebration was held in Salisbury,  
and local to that extent, it was participated  
in by the Governor of the State, one of our  
United States Senators, several Congressmen  
and quite a number of other prominent gen-  
tlemen, who could not afford, if they would,  
to utter words of peace, harmony and recon-  
ciliation, unless there was an underlying  
current of popular opinion in the same di-  
rection. Indeed the demonstration, with its  
large crowd of old Confederate soldiers,  
was only the legitimate outgrowth of that  
fellowship was extended to the North by  
the celebration, not less than by the utter-  
ances of the distinguished speakers, in no  
idle or unmeaning terms, and showed un-  
mistakably that the desire to perpetuate ill-  
feeling between the people of the different  
sections of the Union, to-day—indeed if it  
ever had—has no place in the hearts of the  
people of North Carolina. In desiring to  
allay any feeling of sectional strife, let us  
not be understood to say that there is, or  
ever can be any wish to forget the memories  
of that struggle. The courage, the endur-  
ance, the ability and the zeal which the peo-  
ple of North Carolina displayed in that  
struggle, are and ought to be a diadem in  
the coronet which we will leave as a legacy  
to our children. These will be treasured up,  
and only grow brighter as they are burnish-  
ed up by the coming historian. They mark  
our nationality, our civilization, for all time  
to come, and will yet become a bright mem-  
ent in the history of the Anglo-American  
people.  
THE CELEBRATION.  
The people of Salisbury, at which place,  
as is generally known, is a large Federal

## Trip Lightly.

Trip lightly over trouble,  
Trip lightly over wrong;  
You'll make grief foolish  
By rolling on it long.  
Why cry Woe's hand so tightly?  
Why sigh or frown unsightly?  
Why not seek joy instead?  
Trip lightly over sorrow,  
Though all the days be dark;  
You may shine to-morrow  
And gaily sing to the lark.  
Fair Hope has not departed,  
Though roses may have faded,  
There never be down hearted,  
But look for joy instead.  
Trip lightly over sadness,  
Want not to fall at doom;  
You may be to string of gladness,  
On this side of the tomb.  
Whist stars are night's shining,  
And heaven is overhead,  
Encourage not repining,  
But look for joy instead.

## No God.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.  
"No God!—no God!" The simplest flow-  
er  
That on the wild is found,  
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,  
And trembles at the sound,  
"No God!" astounded echo cries  
From out her cavern hoar,  
And every bird that flies  
And every theist's lore,  
The man forest lifts his head,  
The brooklet to proclaim;  
The brooklet in its crystal run  
Doth leap to grave his name;  
High sounds the deep and vengeful sea  
Along his billowy track,  
And red Vesuvius opens his mouth  
To hurl the falsehood back.  
As God is pitying and forbearing  
To us, let us be pitying and forbearing  
To our fellow men. This is the lesson  
To be engraved in golden letters on  
the human heart. All experience  
teaches, and the soul of man proves,  
that there is no satisfaction in indulg-  
ing an intolerant spirit, and that noth-  
ing but grief and wretchedness is to  
be reaped from the taking of venge-

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