

# The Carolina Watchman.

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## The Power of Woman.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.  
As mighty as ye; and a spell,  
In female beauty's restless sway,  
Which magic power a restless way,  
All, when the stoutest hearts obey.  
Man has an iron strength and nerve,  
And order to preserve;  
But woman rules—nor rules the less,  
Though only by her gentleness.  
The strength of genius has been known,  
To place some on the assembly throne;  
But there is a brighter gem,  
Which glitters in their diadem.  
That sparkling gem has ever shone,  
In female beauty's crown alone;  
And she—the only real queen,  
Is worshipped whereso'er she's seen.  
—M. T. Lewis.

## TEMPEST!

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.  
Hail the fierce pomp of thy coming!  
The dark wings unfurled,  
Of spirit of tempest and thunder  
Sweep down on the world!  
Lightning invisible Eagle's,  
Thou art the furious rush by—  
And the swirl of thy deluge waters  
Seem reading the sky—  
O, God! through the dim, dreary languor  
That broods o'er my heart,  
From the great deeps of passion gubercle—  
Let the fierce lightnings start,  
And the thunder which herald wild weeping,  
Impetuously roll,  
Ere I hope, like a new heaven, claspeth,  
The purified soul!  
—Paul H. Hogue.

## God Cares for Me.

I sat in the door at eventide,  
My heart was full of fears;  
And I saw the landscape before me lie  
Through mists of burning tears—  
I thought to myself the world is dark,  
No light nor joy I see,  
Nothing but pain and want is mine,  
And no one cares for me.  
A sparrow was twittering at my feet,  
With its beautiful autumn head,  
And looked at me with dark, mild eyes,  
As if he picked up crumbs of bread;  
And said to me, in words as plain  
As the words of a bird could be:  
"I'm only a sparrow, a worthless bird,  
But the Lord cares for me.  
Ally was growing beside the hedge,  
Beautiful, tall, and white,  
And it shone through the glossy leaves of  
green  
An angel clothed in light;  
And it said to me, as it waved its head,  
"By the breezes soft and free,  
"I'm only a fly, a useless flower,  
But the Master cares for me.  
Then it headed that the hand of the loving  
Lord  
Over my head was laid  
And he said to me: "O faithless child,  
Wherefore art thou dismayed?  
I clothe the lilies, I feed the birds,  
I see the sparrows fall,  
Nothing escapes my watchful eye,  
My kindness is over all."  
—Mrs. Matilda C. Edwards.

## THE DEVIL'S PLANT.

Emerson's definition of a weed, as a plant whose uses had not been discovered, seems to be happily applicable to the *Abutilon avicennae*, politely known as "velvet leaf," but called by Jersey farmers "devil's plant." Gray describes it as tall; leaves roundish heart shaped, taper pointed, and velvety; peduncles shorter than leaf stalks; corolla yellow; pods 12 to 15, hairy, beaked; annual; abounds in waste places, escaped from gardens. Imperfectly naturalized from India. This trifling weed has become a perfect nuisance in New Jersey and Pennsylvania; possibly in other States. It appears to survive almost any amount of hardship and ill treatment and is heartily hated by farmers and gardeners. Yet, if recent reports are true, this troublesome plant promises to become one of the great sources of national profit, owing to the superior fiber it has been found to contain. The discoverer of this fiber, the Philadelphia *Scientific American* tells us, was brought about by a French gentleman, M. Emile Le Frane, who has resided in America for about nine years. He is an authority on fibrous plants, and has written several reports on the subject for the National Agricultural Department. During the Centennial he came to reside in Philadelphia, and devoted some of his spare time to an examination of the fibrous plants of New Jersey. The *Abutilon avicennae* attracted his attention, and a little investigation brought him to the conclusion that the plant possessed no inconsiderable value. He commenced operating by a process of his own invention, and found that the bark around the straight stem contained a valuable fiber. With a little more labor this fiber was brought to the condition re-

quired by manufacturers, and several to whom it was shown, pronounced it equal to the jute imported by them from India. M. Le Frane also found that the short fibers could be made into a new tissue which can be employed in the manufacture of a new fabric.

This important discovery was not to be allowed to slumber. M. Le Frane reported it to the New Jersey Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industries, and also determined to go into the manufacture of jute and the raising of the "devil's plant." The Bureau gave its co-operation, and issued, under its seal, an offer from M. Le Frane to pay eight dollars per ton for straight jute stalks, not less than 3 or 4 feet in height, delivered in Camden. The circular also advised farmers to go into the cultivation of the plant, and gave important information relative to the sewing of the seed, methods of planting, and other particulars. This circular was the first information which the Jersey agriculturists received of the prize which was contained in their former enemy.

The cultivation of the "devil's plant" is to be generally followed in different parts of New Jersey. As the plant is also to be found in Pennsylvania, it is anticipated that Pennsylvania farmers may find it to their profit to devote some attention to it. The discovery is calculated to have an important effect upon the trade of the country. Its ultimate result will undoubtedly be to render the United States independent of the world for a commodity which is now costing our manufacturers fully \$10,000,000 annually. The total importations of hemp, flax, ramie, and jute into this country are valued at over \$30,000,000 a year. The jute alone represents one-third of this amount. The supply comes exclusively from India, and the latter's trade in it has increased to such an extent that it has become the leading staple of Bengal. In this country jute is used for numberless purposes, among them for rope and carpet backs. It is also frequently mixed with linen in the manufacture of clothes. England, and in fact the whole of Europe, are dependent upon the Indian plantations for their supply.

The New Jersey Bureau is authority for the statement that "extensive jute rope manufacturers of Philadelphia have offered to buy any quantity at the highest jute market price; that the long fiber is equivalent to that of the Calcutta prime jute, and that the manufacturers admit the superiority of the American variety over the imported." In the face of this testimony it is not two much to hazard the opinion that ere many years America will not only supply the home demand for the staple, but will also be able to inaugurate an export trade. At least so to think those connected with the enterprise.—*Scientific American*

## Hamlet with a Navy Pistol.

George Ninaman, a St. Louis drummer, stopped one night last week at a small crossroads hotel in Grant county, Southern Arkansas. The house contained four rooms and a kitchen. After supper Ninaman was told that he must spend part of the night alone, as the family would attend a protracted meeting in the neighborhood. The host, with his wife and daughter, left the house and Ninaman sat in one of the rooms alone. His lonesomeness was added to by an owl in the yard, which hooted dismally, and an old red clock on a shelf, which ticked solemnly. The drummer, not having been assigned to a room, could not go to bed, and he tried to keep awake by reading the "Life of St. Paul," the only book he could find. The hog-grease lamp was sputtering in unison with the ticking of the clock, when the door of an inner room opened and a tall, wild-eyed, bushy-haired man entered. Without speaking he seated himself and stared at Ninaman, who naturally showed surprise. Presently a conversation was begun, and the man exhibited such intelligence that Ninaman's fears were allayed, especially as the man claimed to be the landlord's brother. The conversation

## Caught in a Swamp.

A Woman Rescued After a Terrible Experience of Eight Days.

MILFORD, PENN., October 28.—About two weeks ago a widow named Avery, about 45 years old, left her home, near Salem Wayne county, Pennsylvania, to visit a brother, living near the Lackawaxen River, in Pike county, Pennsylvania. She was making the trip on foot. While passing through a dense piece of woods in the western part of Lackawaxen Township, it being after dark, she lost her way, and wandered into Tinkwig Swamp, a short way to the right of the public highway, where she became fastened in the mire. When she found that she could not extricate herself, she called lustily for help, but as no one lived within some distance her cries were not heard. Her struggling to free herself caused her to sink deeper and deeper in the mire in which she was caught. In this position she remained for eight days, with no food except bark from the bushes which grew within her reach. The water she drank she dipped from the bog with her hands. Mrs. Avery's brother, whom she was on her way to see, was not aware of his sister's intended visit, and no search was made for the missing woman.

A man named Basden, residing in Lackawaxen township, happened to pass through Tinkwig Swamp a few days ago. He was returning from Rowland's, a few miles distant, to his home in the western part of Lackawaxen township, and carried his gun in the hope of killing some game. As he was passing along the edge of the swamp he heard a peculiar moaning noise. He at first thought it was the moaning of cattle that might be grazing in the woods. He paid no further attention, and passed on. Soon the same noise was heard again, this time more distinctly. He followed in the direction of the noise, and he stood in the very heart of the swamp. He stopped again to listen further, when, looking to his right, he saw an object moving, which he found to be Mrs. Avery, struggling between life and death. He attempted to extricate her, but failed, and was obliged to walk some distance for help. After giving notice to the nearest neighbors, he returned, accompanied by a number of men with a wagon. They finally succeeded in extricating the woman, and she was driven to a neighboring house, and medical assistance summoned. Although Mrs. Avery is yet very weak from the terrible ordeal through which she passed, she will recover. When questioned concerning her feelings while imprisoned in the mire, she replied that they were beyond description. She had, on the seventh day, given up all hope of being rescued alive, but on the morning of the eighth day she had a presentiment that help would reach her. Mr. Avery's mind is somewhat impaired by the terrible struggle between life and death.

Arising, the wild-eyed man darted into an adjoining room, and returned with a navy pistol. Placing the pistol on a table he began to recite in a voice so deep and with an air so wild that Ninaman was startled. When he came to "take up arms against a sea of troubles, and, by opposing, end them," he seized the pistol, cocked it, and placed the muzzle against his head. "Shall I end them?" he yelled, flourishing the pistol. "Shall I end them with you?"

Ninaman suggested that his troubles were not greater than he could bear, and asked the man to lay aside his pistol.

"Ah, I see you do not like tragedy. You no doubt like comedy. Pull off your coat and dance or I'll end your life."

The pistol was leveled and Ninaman pulled off his coat and began to dance.

"Whoop it up," yelled the man, "or I'll end them. Pull off your trousers."

The trousers came off and the dancing continued.

"Pull off your drawers." The drawers dropped off.

"Off with your shirt." The shirt flew into the air; a noise was heard outside, and the landlord, his wife and daughter were on the porch.

"Let me go for God's sake," pleaded Ninaman.

No, sir; I'll kill you if you attempt to leave. You are a comedian."

The door knob turned. Ninaman sprang toward a door and rushed upstairs as the pistol snapped.

In a few minutes the landlord came up and handed Ninaman his clothes. "I forgot to tell you," he said, "that my brother is deranged. He has an old pistol, but couldn't hurt anything with it. He is harmless, but likes his little jokes."

The next morning the wild man was in such good humor that he offered to beat Ninaman throwing rocks at an oyster can.

## A Turtle and Sturgeon Fight.

C. S. S. Horne, while fishing recently in Flint river, Ga., was disturbed by the continual falling of some heavy body in the water. After listening for some time he concluded that something unusual was going on, and, seizing his gun, went forward to investigate. On the opposite side of the river he saw a white object with a large dark one attacking it. A boat being handy, he hailed it, and expectantly and quietly passed over. He struck the bank about twelve feet above the cause of disturbance, seizing his gun, and, as the boat swung around with the stream, fired at the head of the dark object. He then dropped the gun, and as the boat drifted he lifted an immense logger-head turtle into it, after which he pulled in the other object, which proved to be a large sturgeon. Before he could recross the river, the turtle, which was only stunned by the bird shot, recovered and showed fight. The situation was lively and interesting. The boat was leaky, the water deep and swift, the turtle large, strong and determined on a fight. It advanced with open mouth, and Cul's gun was empty.—He gave the boat all the impetus possible, stuck the paddle in the beast's mouth, drew a little penknife from his pocket and tried to cut its throat. As the turtle kept its hold on the paddle, he succeeded in this after several efforts. He then carried his prize home, and found that it weighed fifty or sixty pounds. The sturgeon, he supposed, weighed thirty or forty.

## The Kiss of Reconciliation.

Among the latest novelties that disturb the peace of families and churches is the introduction among Ritualistic imitators of Roman Catholic customs of the kiss of reconciliation in the Confessional. A writer in a foreign journal speaks of it as a form with which a very high Anglican clergyman sealed his sentence of absolution. He heard confession in a private oratory established in his own house and so decoyed his spiritual flock into constant visits. One of them talked her mother over to adopt the modern guise "mock tither" Romanism. She, too, knelt a humble penitent before the ritualistic fiddling. "Did he kiss your mother?" I inquired. Her native daughter answered: "Oh no! of course not. She is such a saint you see, that she requires no reconciliation."

It is not impossible that this is mere gossip, but it shows the tone and tendency of social opinion in regard to these imitators of the Roman Confessional. In all times, in all lands, and under all circumstances, the Confessional has been the instrument of vice, a temptation and help to secret sin. Instead of helping to relieve burdened consciences, it has ministered to priestly iniquities and the ruin of precious souls. That it finds apologists in the Anglican Church and some imitators, is but another illustration of the weakness of poor human nature, and of the need of vigilant opposition to the wiles of the devil, which are as crafty as they are deadly.—*New York Observer.*

## AWFUL CONDUCT OF A LORD CHANCELLOR.

Our London religious papers bring the astounding intelligence that the Lord Chancellor of England has been preaching the gospel to the poor! It seems that during the summer, while he was up in Scotland, taking a vacation he attempted to tell poor sinners what they must do to be saved, whereupon one of the Canons of the church exclaims in type: "Was it right, was it to be endured, that he should thus openly transgress the express law of the Church? Was it becoming his high office thus to cast in his lot with laymen, often of the ignorant, fanatical, and misleading class, who were intruding into the office of the sacred ministry?"

The irate Canon concludes by reminding the Lord Chancellor that when even a Jewish monarch was not allowed to escape divine punishment for so doing, it cannot be expected that the highest law officer in England, can set aside law, and order, and propriety, unrebuked.—*New York Observer.*

## WHAT IT IS TO BELIEVE ON CHRIST.—1st.

It includes the belief that He is what he claims to be, viz. the Son of God, or God manifest in the flesh; the Messiah; the Prophet, Priest and King of His people, and therefore the Redeemer of men. This involves the recognition of the conviction and acknowledgement of the truth of His doctrines. This faith, to be genuine, must not rest merely on external evidence, but on the revealing and testifying influence of the Holy Spirit.

2d. It includes reliance on Christ in His propitiation, on His saving, sanctifying, and protecting power.

3d. It includes, not exactly in its nature as faith, but as its inseparable adjunct and necessary effects, adoring love of His person, and His glory, devotion to His service, and submission to His will. As we cannot separate in fact, or even in consciousness, the apprehension of beauty from delight in it, so we cannot separate from faith in Christ, love, zeal, devotion and submission. The want of all these is unbelief.—*Dr. Charles Hodge.*

FAST YOUNG MEN.—A young man of fortune, pleasure, fashion, folly and dissipation, who at 30 years of age, killed himself last week in this city. His bon companions were with him when he did the deed. It would be less deplorable, such a tragedy, were it not painfully true that hundreds of young men in this city are pursuing the same career of idleness, debauchery, drunken gambling, wasting their lives in a round of vice, and plunging swiftly into the grave and a miserable eternity of deserved woe. Religion, philanthropy, and every motive that inspires a benevolent heart, would impel to effort for the rescue of this class of men, for they are the farthest from hope of any, but for whom we work or pray. Joined to their idols, and those the worst of all gods, they are let alone and seem to be doomed. Yet how great the misery they make. How many hearts they break. How many heads hang down in shame when these fast young men blow out their few brains and perish in sin!—*New York Observer.*

Some action of the Postmaster General in regard to address on letters has given cause for great complaint. It is said that the order was misunderstood. General Key now explains that the order allows imperfectly addressed letters to be sent but Postmasters "are prohibited only from transmitting letters when they are compelled to choose between two or more destinations, which results, in nine cases out of ten, in the letters wandering from place to place, and being finally returned through the dead letter office to the sender to the great delay and embarrassment of both parties; much greater in fact than if they had been returned to the writer in the beginning."

No child can sleep soundly while suffering from Colic or Teething. Remove the cause by using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Only 25 cents a bottle.

## From the Utica N. Y. Observer.

Two Ladies of Whitesboro. Emulating the philanthropic spirit and discriminating munificence of their sisters in the neighboring city of Utica, the ladies of Whitesboro, to the number of half a hundred or more, assembled in the session house of the Presbyterian Church in this village on Tuesday last, for the purpose of organizing a Union Society, irrespective of sectarian views, through whose associated labors of love a broader field of operation could be occupied, and more effective results be realized, in dispensing the blessed aid and influence of their ever active Christian benevolence, in this primeval "borough," the mother-town of New York.

After a familiar and sociable consultation, in which a unity of sentiment and a lively interest in the object for which they had assembled was manifested by all present, an organization was effected, as the "Woman's Christian Union of Whitesboro," of which the following officers were chosen, viz: President, Mrs. Edwin Watson; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Harriet A. Frost; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Robert Gibson; Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Bradley.

After the above named organization had been perfected, Miss Anna M. Johnson, Whitesboro's accomplished graduate of Vassar College, addressed the assemblage in eloquent and persuasive terms, appealing to the beneficent impulses of matrons and maidens alike, in behalf of establishing a Young Men's Reading Room in Whitesboro. Miss Johnson's thoughtful proposition was most cheerfully concurred in, and it was unanimously resolved that such a reading room should be founded by this Christian Union Society. An Executive Committee of six ladies was accordingly appointed to procure a suitable room and furniture, and to solicit periodicals.

In virtue of this philanthropic enterprise of our ladies, the right-minded young gentlemen of Whitesboro will henceforth be enabled to enjoy the benefits of a pleasant and instructive resort at leisure times, when they might otherwise be puzzled in their efforts to shake off idleness and amuse.

## A COMPETENT JUROR.—The General Term's decision in the case of Pender is a very important one, and ought to work a great change in the practice.

"By the general dissemination of knowledge through the means of the public press, information of the occurrence and details of great crimes had been circulated through all classes of the reading community, and persons otherwise competent as jurors were found in that way to have formed opinions which, under the principles of the common law, rendered them incompetent to sit in the trial of such causes. The result was that the reading and most intelligent portion of the community to a great extent had to be excluded from the trial of offenders against the law." What the juror requires under the new law is to be able to satisfy the Court that he has such control over his opinion and mental operations as will enable him to listen to the evidence and determine the case substantially in the same manner as though no opinion had previously found a lodgement in his mind. This is good sense and is now decided also to be good law.—*New York Observer.*

## One of the objects of interest at the present moment to the loungers in the Strand, London, is a copy of an English newspaper displayed in a window in the condition it reached a subscriber in Russia, after passing through the hands of Russian authorities.

An article on Russia is entirely obliterated. The manner in which the Russian authorities manage these things is wonderfully simple and effectual. They take a printer's roller, covered with printer's ink, and run it up and down the objectionable columns till a word can be deciphered.

Some of the Chicago papers are bemoaning the fact that the typographical error still exists. One of them recently wanted to say "holy of holies," when the type made it "baby of babies," which was slightly ridiculous. Another said "prairie chicken citizens of Memphis" instead of "panic stricken citizens." The same paper explained that, instead of saying "Mr. Brown's great pug nose," it meant to say "Mr. Brown's purpose," as the context would show. That was about as bad as the New England journal that made the clergyman's text read "Is there no barn in Guilford?"

It is difficult for us to understand that men engaged in the little affairs of this poor unsatisfying life on earth, with all its petty concerns and troubles, are what Scripture reveals to us, heirs of immortality intended for heaven, to be made equal to the angels, and to dwell for ever with God. And yet our Blessed Saviour would not only have us deeply impressed with this truth ourselves, and always acting under this impression, but also look upon others in this light as fellow-heirs of the grace of life. Our Lord's childhood at once raises the common life of us all up to heaven.—*Isaac Williams.*

JUDGE LYNCH'S COURT.—Cincinnati, Oct. 23.—A special from Grayson, Ky., relates that two hundred men rode into Martinsburg, Elliott county, Monday night, surrounded the jail, overpowered the jailer and took two prisoners, John W. Kendall and William McMillan to a tree near by and hanged them until they were dead. The men who were hanged were known to belong to a gang of outlaws.

## Waste of Petroleum.

A press dispatch from Bradford, Pa., dated October 2, estimates that as much as 150,000 gallons of petroleum was running to waste every day in the McKean County oil regions. The tanks, with capacity for several million barrels, were filled to overflowing. The market was overstocked, and still the production went on at the rate of at least 25,000 barrels a day. 5,000 more than the pipe lines could handle. The United States Teledwater Pipe Lines had iron tankage in the Bradford districts for 3,000,000 barrels of oil, and were able to take care of all the oil of individuals and companies owning tankage in connection with them. The heavy loss fell chiefly on small producers who could not afford to build tanks. All the streams of McKean County are all literally rivers of oil; and in the marshy places the ground was a mass of greasy mud, several inches deep.

In some parts of the region the streams were dammed and the oil collected in large ponds, in places as far distant as possible from derrick and buildings. These ponds were set on fire daily. Thus a large quantity of the waste oil was disposed of. It was not uncommon for the fire to be communicated to the combustible rivers by sparks from locomotives. Sometimes they were fired by malicious persons and tramps. Derricks and other property had thus been destroyed, resulting in the losses of thousands of dollars. All efforts to limit the production of oil and stop this great waste had been unavailing; and though the over production was excessive, new wells were going down in all parts of the district.

PROBABLE DEATH OF PROF. WISE, THE AERONAUT.—On Sunday, September, 22, Prof. John Wise, the aeronaut, ascended in a balloon, from Linnell Park, St. Louis, Mo., with one companion, and has not since been heard from. The balloon was last seen about half past eleven the same night by an engineer of the Lake Shore and Michigan Railroad, at Miller's Station, 35 miles from Chicago. It was plainly visible in the bright moonlight, not very high, and was drifting north-westward over the lake.

Prof. Wise was born in Lancaster, Pa., in 1808, and had made a practical study of aeronautics for over forty years. His last ascension was his three hundred and sixty-third. The fatal balloon was the "Pathfinder," and is described by the aeronaut's son, Charles E. Wise, as new and strong. It had never been used before. The bag was of material made expressly for it, and of the best quality for the purpose; the basket was one of the strongest, and was commodious.

A POOR STOWAWAY'S TERRIBLE DEATH.—New York, October 28.—The steamship England, of the National Mine, arrived in port this morning from Liverpool. When her cargo was about to be unloaded a man was found leaning against a crate who gasped out "Water!" He was terribly emaciated and weak. He faintly gave his name as Harry, and said he was a baker. He was asked if he had been all this time while the ship was at sea without food or drink and he nodded once, shuddered and died. The body was sent to the morgue. Nothing was found on it to indicate its identity but a piece of paper, on which was scratched the address: "Peter Hartman, baker, at Simpson's, Soho street, Branch." The England left Liverpool October 15, and the stowaway must have been thirteen days without food or water. The dead man appeared to be about thirty-two years of age.

W. E. LOCKWOOD, Esq., of this city, is about taking out a patent for a "coupon paper shirt," which, it is claimed, will prove as popular as the paper collars so largely manufactured by the firm of which Mr. Lockwood is the senior partner. It looks as if a man could have a paper shirt forwarded to him by mail, as his newspapers are forwarded, whenever he desires to indulge in a clean, white "dickie." The coupon paper shirt, it is said, will present many advantages over those made in the old way.

E. J. Hale, Sr., of New York, writes to *Hale's Weekly*, at Raleigh, as follows in regard to a pleasant incident: "Some kind friend in North Carolina has sent to Mrs. H. a large fruit cake, more beautifully iced with grapes, &c., than anything of the kind I ever saw. As I know not from whom it came, permit me here to express our grateful acknowledgments. We propose to keep it for my 77th birthday and her 70th, which come within the same week. Your lady readers may be a little surprised at this disclosure of her age—Three score and ten—but she is no more sensitive than myself on that point, only thankful that God blesses us with a degree of health and vigor unusual to people so advanced in years."

Tissue paper napkins, with a colored or namented border, are used in the cheap dining saloons of Berlin. They cost about two dollars per thousand. They are used because linen napkins were so frequently pilfered.

A colored man, named Williams, has been elected to the Ohio Legislature. This is the first instance of a colored man being elected Representative in a Northern or Western State.—*Winston Republican.*