

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XI.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., DECEMBER 25, 1879.

NO 10

POETRY.

Remember Me.
Remember me is often heard,
When friends do bid adieu;
And O how sweet each loving word—
We will remember you.
Though they may roam far, far away—
With friendship ever true,
Their inward thoughts will often say
We will remember you.
Though time rolls back each passing year,
And bids each scene begone,
The mind will ever cling most dear
To some kind living one.
Their lovely forms and faces sweet,
That here we happy see;
Although we them may seldom meet,
Will still remembered be.
Oh when from earth dear ones are gone,
That sun-bright clime to see,
Help us to say when sad and lone,
Dear Lord remember me.

Oh when from earth dear ones are gone,
That sun-bright clime to see,
Help us to say when sad and lone,
Dear Lord remember me.
Nor in the heat of pain and strife
Think God hath cast thee off unheard;
Nor that the man whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of Him preferred;
Time passeth, and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.
Sing, pray, and swear not from His ways,
And do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace;
So shall it be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook in need,
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

Oh when from earth dear ones are gone,
That sun-bright clime to see,
Help us to say when sad and lone,
Dear Lord remember me.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
But never strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard camps to-day
The rear shall rest to-morrow.
—Gerald Massey.

A Jewel which no Indian mind can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all is nought—Content.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In a Bear's Clutches.
The Terrible Experience of a Young Woman in the Woods of Pennsylvania.
HENRY'S RANGE, PA., November 27.—About a month ago Miss Alice Corey, of New York city, came to visit her uncle, a German, who owns a small farm in the mountains, six miles northwest of this place. Miss Corey is about 16 years old, and her parents are well to do. Her uncle has a daughter, Clara, also aged about 16 years. Her father having but one son, Clara, has for years helped to do the work on the farm, and she has become an expert shot with a rifle. She has a mania for hunting, and frequently goes into the forest in search of game.
A few days ago Clara invited her cousin to accompany her on a hunting expedition. They started from the house shortly after breakfast, Alice with a double-barreled gun and Clara with a rifle. After scouring the woods for several hours without much success they visited "Dark Swamp," a densely wooded, and bears are frequently seen there. The girls reached the edge of the swamp at noon, and started into the thicket. They had gone but a short distance, when Miss Corey, who was walking a few yards behind her cousin, heard cracking noise in the bushes a short distance back. Looking around, she saw a large black bear coming toward her. Clara, who had frequently encountered these shaggy monsters, called to her frightened cousin to come to her. She then drew her rifle to her shoulder and, taking deliberate aim at the animal, awaited until it came within easy range, and then fired. The bear uttered a low growl and fell bleeding. As Clara's rifle was a single-barrel one, she seized the double-barreled gun from her cousin and discharged both barrels at the infuriated animal, in the hope of killing it outright. But with the disappearance of the smoke from the gun, the bear was seen writing, but not dead. The brave young woman then approached cautiously to within reaching distance of the wounded animal, and, taking from a large leather belt encircling her waist a bone-handled deer knife, plunged it into the bear's neck. At this moment the dying monster gave a sudden lunge and fastened its claws into the girl's skirt, pulling her down. Her frightened cousin ran about wildly and screamed at the top of her voice; but, as there was no one within two miles, her cries were not heard. She then returned to where Clara was still struggling with the animal. The bear still held the girl in its grasp, but was rapidly growing weaker. The girl was all the time using her knife with good effect. It finally released its hold and rolled over dead.

Through very much exhausted and considerably scratched by the bear's claws, Clara, with the assistance of her cousin, was soon able to walk. They marked the spot where the bear lay, and then returned home. Clara's father and brother drove to the swamp and brought the bear in, which, when dressed, weighed 340 pounds. It was to be sent to a New York taxidermer to be stuffed, and it will be kept by the young woman as a souvenir of her terrible struggle and fortunate escape.

Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's Blessings Attend Her.—Comparatively few people in Charlotte, we presume, know that a lady who now resides in this city had perhaps more to do with the introduction of the song, "The Old North State," than any one else, not excepting the author of the words. *Hale's Weekly* (published in Raleigh) tells the story:
Our New York correspondent asks about Judge Gaston's song. The facts about it are these: About the year 1840 a band of strolling Tyrolese musicians passed through Raleigh, and our old friend, Mrs. Mary J. Lucas, now of Charlotte, but then teaching music in Raleigh, caught one of the melodies to which they sang one of their national songs, and played it by ear on the piano. The venerable and venerated Mrs. Jas. F. Taylor took a fancy to the tune, and asked Judge Gaston to compose a song for it, which he did. The Supreme Court (Ruffin, Daniel and Gaston) usually met for consultation in Judge Gaston's office, on the corner of Hargett and Salisbury street, and it was during a consultation one afternoon that Judge Gaston wrote the song, writing it at intervals during the session of the court.

A literary society in Paris with a high-sounding name invited Professor Aytoun to an entertainment in his honor, in recognition of his merits as a poet. This was rather a weak point Aytoun, and Paisley being in those days in high repute as an avary of singing birds in the bait took. His bardship duly arrived, at Paisley Railway Station, and looked around expecting to be received by a deputation. Observing no one particular he made tracks for Country Square, when he was accosted by a seely-looking waver. "Are ye Maister Aytoun?" "Yes, that is my name." "I'm awfu' glad to see ye; come awa'—the Society's waitin'; There's seventy-aught o' us, and we're a poets."

The Oxford *Torchlight* says the farmers of Granville who produce the fine yellow tobacco and sell it for "fancy prices," are greatly indebted to their wives and daughters for their skill displayed in picking, sorting and tying up this tobacco. The ladies of the household are the best judges of color, and can "tie a knot" that always commands a premium.

Unblessing the Ground.

Just what is meant by consecrating the ground in a cemetery, is a great question just now. To bury or not to bury the body of Mr. Coppers, is exercising the minds of the Roman Catholic cemetery trustees. The courts have ordered them to do what they promised to do when he bought his lot. But they say he is not one of their sort of Christians, and his body shall not go into their consecrated ground. One of these priests said to a reporter of the *Telegram*:
"Consecrated ground, if used for the interment of those who are cut off from the communion of the Catholic Church, would become desecrated just as if the sanctuary of the church should be defiled by a heinous crime. To permit these rebellious children of the church or those who are outside its pale to use such ground indiscriminately, would be to surrender our faith in the efficacy and purpose of consecration. It would be a severance of the sacred link that binds the faithful here on earth to those who have crossed the threshold of eternity, and let me tell you this is one of the most cherished tenets of the Church to which she will cling to the end of time. To this end she sets apart solemn ceremonies to carry this consecration into effect, and prescribes specifically that the unworthy shall not enter there."
"But suppose the trustees should be compelled by the civil power to inter the remains of a person contrary to the discipline of the Church in a certain plot, would that interment affect the consecration of all the other plots?"
"Certainly."
"What course would then remain?"
"We would withdraw the blessing from the particular grave or plot." The Church must maintain its authority under the divine injunction. "He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me." If she failed to enforce her commands and preserve unsullied her doctrines, she would crumble to pieces.
"There is no method for a compromise?"
"There can be none. Compromise pertains to things of this world, but the Church of Christ is not of this world. I am simply laying down the doctrine of the universal Church, which is as unchangeable as the Divine Founder of the Church."
One of the trustees also said that they have full control of the question as a matter of business, but it is a question of Church discipline to be decided by the ecclesiastical authorities. If the priest should extract the blessing from the Coppers' lot, there are people ignorant enough to suppose that the man would be worse off than he is now in a vault.

A Dog's Sagacity.—A remarkable instance of canine sagacity and faithfulness was developed on Tuesday evening in the lost of a children's department at police headquarters. A policeman who took a little German boy to Matron Webb was closely followed by a little yellow dog, that could not be driven away. The dog was with the child when it was found in the street, and at the Eldridge street police station exhibited the greatest solicitude in watching over it. He resented any one's approach to the child excepting the policeman who found it. He would bark and drive others away, and then returning to the child would lick its face and caress it. John Wolf, a good-natured butcher of Willet street, claimed the child at police headquarters, and took it away, accompanied by the dog, which exhibited the liveliest satisfaction at this result. Mr. Wolf said that the boy, who is 3 years old, strayed with one two years older. They wandered until unable to find their way home. The dog seemed to appreciate this fact, and tugged at the elder child's clothes until he got him back to the house. Then he disappeared, and seems to have hunted up the other one. Then, unable to lead him back, the intelligent brute followed and protected him. —*New York Sun.*

A Shoeblack's Sermon.—A little shoeblack called at the residence of a clergyman of this city and solicited a piece of bread and some water. The servant was directed to give the child bread from the crumb basket, and as the little fellow was walking slowly away and shifting the gift between his fingers for a piece large enough to chew, the minister called him back and asked him if he had ever learned to pray. On receiving a negative answer, he directed him to say, "Our Father," but he could not understand the familiarity. "Is it our father—your father—my father?" "Why, certainly." The boy looked at him awhile and commenced crying, at the same time holding up his crust of bread, and exclaiming between his sobs: "You say that your father is my father; aren't you ashamed to give your little brother such stuff to eat when you have got so many good things for yourself?" —*New Orleans Dem.*

A young lady at Jackson, Tenn., was entertaining a gentleman friend the other evening, when he offered her an insult. She at once drew a pistol, compelled him to kneel on the floor and remain there until her mother came in and heard the whole affair, after which she allowed him to sneak off.

The New York ladies are again in the field against the practice of tendering spirituous liquors to their gentlemen visitors on New Year's day.

The Sailor Boy's Character.

In a certain seaport in England, a boy was seen many years ago wandering among the docks and asking for the captain of a vessel. "There is one coming over the side of that ship," said a sailor who was strolling along smoking his pipe. It was a merchant ship, so up to the captain the boy went—thinking all the time what a nice, kind-looking man he was—and touched his hat.
"Well," said the captain, "and what do you want?"
"I want to go to sea, Sir."
"You want to go to sea, do you?" and who are you going with?"
"I should like to go with you, Sir, if you'll take me."
"Have you ever been to sea before?"
"No, Sir."
"And what do you want to go to sea for?"
"To send my mother my wages, sir. She is a widow, and I want to keep her from going to the poorhouse."
The captain liked the honest, open look of the boy, and the way in which he spoke of his mother, and said, "Well, what is your character?"
"Character? I've got none, sir."
"No character? O, then I can't take you!"
"O do, sir; if you would but take me, indeed I would be a good boy!"
"Can't do it; it is against our rules. We never take any one without a character of some sort; you must try to get one somewhere."
William was turning away with a heavy heart, for he knew it was too far to go back where he came from, to get a character; when the captain's eye fell on his neat bundle.
"What have you got in that bundle, boy?"
"Only my clothes, sir."
"Only your clothes; what is that just there?"
"Only my book, sir."
"What book?"
"My Bible, sir."
"O, you've got a Bible have you?" said the captain. "We are not much used to Bibles on board ship. Well, let me look at it;" and turning it over, he saw written on the fly-leaf that it had been presented "as a reward for diligence and good conduct at the Sunday School." "That will do," said the captain, and he engaged him without any further delay.

Capital Punishment.
The *N. Y. Tribune* always opposed to the death penalty for murder, now in view of a recent crime, very candidly remarks:
"It was one of those horrors which furnish the believers in the total depravity of human nature with a striking argument, and which make even the speculatively benevolent doubt whether their perpetrators are fit to live longer. It is a remarkable fact, to which such a case calls attention, that however strong may be the current of public opinion against capital punishment, there are sometimes crimes committed which seem to put an end to controversy, and which really do so for the time. There is a grim general acquiescence in the justice of the fate of some murderers. Nobody entreats the Executive to pardon them except those having a personal interest in their preservation. It is also a curious and important fact; that while a considerable number—not so large, however, as once was—was anxious for the abolition of the death penalty, all save an inconsiderable few now assent to the opinion that while the law remains nothing should be allowed to interfere with its stern and unflinching execution. Considering that petitions for their repeal are now comparatively rare, and that there seems to be hardly any concerted effort to change the law, it is safe to assume that society is not yet ready for so great an alteration of the criminal code, and that capital punishments may be quite consistent with a somewhat higher humanity than has been sometimes supposed."
Yes, that is so.

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Yes, that is so.

A Bear Killed with an Axe.—Some two weeks since Ben Hannon, of Catawba Creek, Haywood county, killed a black bear weighing 500 lbs. under the following circumstances: He heard his dogs (which he prizes highly) barking furiously in the woods near his house. With an axe in his hand, he ran to the woods to find his dogs in a deadly struggle with a bear, and into the fight he waded with his axe, dealing such blows to the animal that he caused his bearship to give up the ghost, but not, however, before one of his valuable dogs had been sent to the spirit land by the slapping and hugging powers of the bear. —*Morganton Blade.*

The Heroes of King's Mountain.—The *Yorkville Enquirer* says that Rev. Robert Lathian, a gentleman, for the way, who has special qualifications for the work, has begun the preparation of a series of sketches of the heroes of King's Mountain, the first of which has appeared in the *Enquirer*. It is stated to be the object of the author to present these sketches as fully and truthfully as possible to do so with the limited amount of data at his command; and he declares that should any inaccuracies appear in any of them, that he be notified of the same, that he may have an opportunity to investigate the subject fully. We presume that there are many persons in this county who could greatly aid the author in the prosecution of his self-appointed and grateful task, as many of them are descendants of those who were prominent in that great battle, and it is to be hoped that they will undertake to do so. —*Charlotte Observer.*

At the annual dinner of the St. Andrew's Society at Delmonico's, Chief Justice Daly, in responding to a toast as President of the St. Patrick's Society, referred to the time when he, as a waif in the streets of Edinburgh, grew hale and hearty upon oatmeal, and said: "Since then, I have been back to visit the home of my childhood. In the course of my journey I fell in with an enthusiastic old Scotchman, and after telling him about America concluded with a description of our great metropolis—a very comprehensive description, I thought." "Ah," said the man; "I have no doubt New York is a fine city, but ye'll think nathin' o' it when ye see Dundee." When I was a Politician, thirty or forty years ago, it was the custom to challenge a voter who was suspected of being incapable of voting, as there was then no system of registry. A distinguished Alderman, M. Hoxie, was about to vote, when a Scotchman, who was in charge of the ballot box, challenged him. Mr. Hoxie said, "I recognize your right to challenge my vote but, at the same time I am a native to the manor born while you are a foreigner." "Yes," replied the Scotchman, "but when I came to this country I had a shirt on my back and that is more nor you had."

General Grant will exhibit in Louisville to-morrow, supported by Mrs. Grant, and a powerful combination. If the weather is all that could be desired it is expected that the city will clear \$50,000 by the extra consumption of "sour mash" alone.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Divided House.

Sharp Discussion Between the Two Wings of the Virginia Democracy.

RICHMOND, December 12.—The election of State officers was completed to-day in the General Assembly, the office of State railroad commissioner being the only one to be filled. The Readjusters elected their candidate, Capt. Asa Rodgers, Jr., over Col. Thomas Carter, the present incumbent, whose term, however, does not expire until April, 1881. The nomination in the Senate of Col. Carter, a cousin of Gen. Lee, was made by Maj. John W. Daniel, of Lynchburg, in a speech of about two hours, in the course of which he discussed at length and with scathing invective, the combination existing in the Legislature between the colored Republicans and the readjusters. He denounced the party of Readjusters for going before the people on one issue, to-wit: A reduction of interest on the public debt, and then after their election by negro votes, gotten by deceiving them into the belief that they were not bound to pay any of the debt, though enjoying the benefits which contraction conferred upon the State, attempting to perpetuate their rule by turning out all tried officers of the State and planting themselves on radical ground to purchase the co-operation of the colored members. He compared the party to a burglar entering by the back door with a skeleton key, then turning a dark lantern upon the contents that he might secure his plunder. Mr. Riddleberger, of Shenandoah, who is the leader of the Readjusters, replied ably, defending his party and turning many of Daniel's points to their account. He defended Gen. Mahone and his party from the attacks of Major Daniel, and claimed that it was right to divide the spoils they had won. The entire session was taken up with the discussion, which was marked with great ability on both sides.

Federal Court.

The only case tried yesterday was that of R. R. Swenson, of Richmond, Va., (brother of G. W. Swenson, of this State), against the commissioners of McDowell county in reference to certain bonds issued by the county for the construction of the Western North Carolina Railroad. The plaintiffs submitted that the facts in the case—as to the manner in which the bonds were issued—were the same as those in the case of Alexander against the commissioners of McDowell, reported in 70 North Carolina Reports. A question as to ownership of the bonds was submitted to the jury and decided in favor of Swenson. His Honor Judge Dick decided that the plaintiff was entitled to the coupons on the bonds. A motion for a mandamus to issue against the commissioners compelling them to levy a tax for the payment of the coupons was continued. The plaintiff is suing for about \$5,000. Judge Merrimon appeared for Swenson and Messrs. W. H. Bailey and W. W. Flemming for the defendants. *Charlotte Observer.*

A Pennsylvania Town Destroyed.

New York, December 12.—A special from Bradford, Pa., says the town of Red Rock has been entirely destroyed by fire. At an early hour this morning a tank of coal oil containing twenty thousand barrels of oil caught fire and exploded, and the flames spread with fearful rapidity. In an incredibly brief time the fire had attacked and destroyed the entire village, containing 200 houses, and in a few hours rendered more than that number of families homeless and utterly destitute. Immediately on receipt of the above dispatch subscriptions were started at the petroleum exchange by Manager S. F. Strong, and the members responded liberally. Funds are remitted by telegraph as fast as received.

Inhuman Desertion.

A Youth with Small-Pox Deserted by his Family—He Devours his own Flesh—His Death.—New York, December 10.—An Ottawa, Ont., special says a shocking case of neglect has just come to light in Hull, near that city. A boy, seventeen years of age, was taken with small-pox, and his family deserted him. Neighbors hearing of it, went with food to the house where he was stopping. On entering the room they found the youth covered with blood and at the point of death. Food being placed to his lips he ravenously devoured it. An examination showed that he had eaten the flesh from one of his arms in his agony and hunger. He died a few minutes after the arrival of the neighbors.

Missouri—Fearful Storm—Dwellings Destroyed and the Inmates Killed or Wounded.

St. Louis, December 10.—A very severe wind storm passed over the town of Renick, Randolph county, yesterday evening. The residence of Byrd Pyle was torn to pieces, every member of the family being more or less injured and Mr. Pyle fatally. The house of Joseph Patrick was blown down, and Mrs. Wright, a visitor, received injuries from which she died last night. The dwelling house of Noah Burkhead was demolished, and Mrs. Burkhead seriously wounded. Several other houses were considerably damaged, and fences, trees, etc., destroyed.

SOLDIERS CALLED INTO SERVICE.

St. Louis, Dec. 13.—It will be remembered that some two or three weeks ago a deputy United States marshal, of Texas, attempted to arrest several men in one of the Pan Handle counties of that State for alleged violation of the revenue laws; that he was resisted, and himself arrested by State authorities, and it was not until he had obtained military force from Fort Elliott that he succeeded in taking the parties wanted. These men, eleven in number, were taken to Dallas and yesterday discharged, the grand jury failing to find a true bill against any of them. A good deal of feeling is manifested in the community against what is charged as an outrage, and District Attorney Minor has demanded the removal of deputy marshal Johnson, Captain Nolan and Lieutenant Flippin, the latter colored, of the Tenth Cavalry, who furnished troops to assist the deputy marshal in making arrests, and who have been indicted by the grand jury for unlawfully permitting United States soldiers to be used for the above purpose.

A Terrible Explosion.

Amherstburg Ont. Dec. 13.—At the scene of the explosion to-day nothing whatever could be found of the magazine, where it stood was a hole sixty-five feet in diameter and sixteen feet deep, made by the explosion. A goodly number of the unexploded mica, powder, and cartridges are lying around. The shock was felt so severely at Fletcher, on the Canada Southern Railroad, forty-four miles from here, that the people ran out of their houses in alarm. The opinion of many is that it was the work of an incendiary.

The Debt of Trinity College.

At the Conference, held in this place, steps were taken (see report) for paying the debt of Trinity, the Methodist College. The indebtedness of the college amounts only to \$10,400 and the members of the Conference are quite sure that more