

# The Carolina Watchman.

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NO 14

## POETRY.

For the Watchman.  
True Worth.

The lily of the rose's name  
Could never make a favorite flower;  
The dear and absent haunts its flame;  
The dear and absent haunts its flame;  
The dear and absent haunts its flame;

To ev'ning's star no lover turns  
To worship Venus in his dream;  
Affection's sweetness round it burns;  
The dear and absent haunts its flame;

Full many a planetary sun  
And system in wide space revolves;  
Yet all there is but one  
That dear young life which his entwines—  
The Venus called to mark its place,  
Yet in that star his Mary shines.

The boundless heav'n, the beauteous sea,  
The crescent moon and little boat,  
Are dumb; but oh! how cheerily  
The spirit of the songs that float  
Out o'er the waving waters sweep  
Extricate the heart; and moonbeam's smile  
And lovely shore and mirrored deep  
Are mingled in music's self the while.

Earth's flow'rs and stars and suns and seas  
To noble essences divine  
Surrounding o'er their power to please;  
So human character can shine  
But in the atmosphere of good,  
The lustre of our loving deeds;  
Were this but rightly understood,  
Who Fashion's tricks and trumpets needs?  
Nov., 1879. E. P. H.

## The Lilies of the Field.

Central Presbyterian.  
Wide scattered o'er the pleasant land,  
In garments white and radiant, stand  
God's sentinels, fresh from his hand,  
The lilies of the field.

They never weep, nor toil, nor spin,<  
Nor even grieve, nor ever sin,  
But live without and pure within,  
Sweet, praise and incense yield.

Beneath the daylight's sultry beam,  
Or low beside the murmuring stream,  
They meekly bow their heads, nor seem  
To know of discontent.

No high estate by them preferred,  
No voice of self-reproving heard,  
Sweet, silent preachers of the Word,  
To weary mortals sent.

Not treasures rare, nor priceless gem,  
Not costly robe with jeweled hem,  
Nor royal monarch's diadem,  
Nor wealth of India seas,  
Can with these humble flowers compare  
In splendor, glory and fair,  
Not kings in all their glory are  
Arrayed like one of these.

Sweet, simple lilies of the field,  
To you how much of God revealed!  
Faith finds a bulwark and a shield,  
O, teach my will to be resigned,  
Instruct my proud and wayward mind  
The highest, truest peace to find,  
So sanctify my heart.

The Southern Soldier Boy.  
BY FATHER RYAN.  
Young as the youngest who donned the  
gray,  
True as the truest who wore it—  
Brave as the bravest, he marched away.  
From tears on the cheeks of his mother  
(his)

Triumphant waved our flag one day,  
He fell in front before it.  
Firm as the firmest, where duty led,  
He hurried without a falter:  
Bold as the boldest, he fought and  
died.

And the day was won—the field was red,  
And the blood of his fresh young heart  
stained  
On his country's hallowed altar.  
On the trampled breast of the battle  
plain,  
Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,  
On his pale, pure face, not a mark of  
pain,  
(His mother dreams they will meet again,  
The fairest form amid all the slain.)  
Like a child—he nestled.

In the solemn shades of the woods that  
swept  
The field where his comrades found  
rest,  
They buried him there—and the hot tears  
dripped  
Into strong men's eyes that had seldom  
wept,  
(His mother—God pity her—smiled and  
slept,  
Dreaming her arms were around him.)

A grave in the woods with the grass o'er-  
grown,  
A grave in the heart of his mother—  
his  
This day in the one lies lifeless and lone;  
There is not a name, there is not a stone—  
And only the voice of the wind maketh  
moan  
O'er the grave where never a flower is  
seen,  
But his memory lives in the other.

The United States has become the chief  
agricultural region of the world, and the  
value of our agricultural productions has  
now reached the enormous annual aggre-  
gate of \$2,500,000,000.

At the breaking out of the revolution  
the colonists possessed but nine colleges,  
namely, then Yale and Harvard; now  
there are three hundred similar institu-  
tions in this country.

According to J. B. Hunter, in the Ox-  
ford Torchlight, John R. Knight has the  
largest tree this side of the Yosemite  
Valley, "sixteen yards in circumfer-

STACIA;  
OR,  
An Old Man's Darling.

She stood in the garden among her  
flowers, with the sunshine about her;  
and John Ashley, watching her from  
the doorway, with a curious, thought-  
ful expression on his face, could think  
of nothing but a bird or butterfly, as  
she flitted about from rose to lilac,  
with her yellow curls flying about her  
face in a cloud, and her eyes full of  
sparkles like water in shadowy  
places.

His years were more than double  
hers. He was a man whom study had  
made sober and thoughtful in early  
manhood. He had a brave, strong  
face, with a strange gentleness in it  
now, as he stood and watched the  
girl in the garden. She was the only  
child of an old friend of his who had  
left her to him when he died; he had  
accepted the trust willingly. He had  
tried to be faithful to it; and he had  
succeeded.

"She is growing into beautiful  
womanhood," he said to himself,  
"Some one will be robbing me of her  
one of these days I suppose."

He sighed a little as he spoke, and  
the thoughtful look upon his face  
grew deeper.

"Unless— and then he stopped  
suddenly, and shook his head, as if to  
assure himself that what had been  
in his mind that moment was not to  
be thought of seriously.

The girl in the garden began to  
sing. Her voice was clear as any  
bird's, and the still morning air rung  
with its melody. John Ashley left  
off thinking to listen. A bird perched  
on one of the little lilac bushes by  
the gate began a song in purrivalry.  
It seemed as if he would split his  
slender throat in the attempt to out-  
warble the singer in the garden. She  
listened a moment, and began again;  
she ran up and down the lines of  
melody in lights and dips of sounds  
that made him think of a bird flitting  
in mid-air.

"Bravo!" he cried, clapping his  
hands as her voice died into silence,  
and the bird flew up and away in the  
blue overhead. "You have put your  
rival to flight."

"Why, John!"—she always called  
him that—"I didn't know any one  
was listening."

"You would make a fortune with  
your voice," he said. "But I wouldn't  
like to have you try it."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I don't want to lose you,"  
he answered.

"You'll never be fortunate enough  
to do that," she laughed. "I'm going  
to stay with you always, John."

"You'll change your mind some-  
time," he said, gravely, looking away  
toward the mountains in that way he  
had when thinking deeply. "Wait till  
Roy comes."

"I wish Roy were here," she said,  
coming up the steps, and stopping  
close by him. "You have told me so  
much about him that I want to see  
him."

"He will be here to-day or to-mor-  
row," he answered, thinking that  
with Roy's coming there would be an  
end of the old quiet life, in which he  
had Stacia all to himself.

Someway it had seemed to him all  
along as if Roy would marry Stacia.  
They were suited to each other. He  
knew of no one he would sooner give  
her to, but—and always at the  
thought of giving her up to any one  
there was a curious little pain at his  
heart. He wanted her for himself.

That night Roy came.

"I like him very much," she told  
John Ashley next morning. "We  
shall be the best of friends."

"Or lovers," he added, with a grave,  
slow smile.

"Oh, no; only friends," she said,  
dropping her eyes before his earnest  
gaze, while a soft color, like that in a  
rose's heart, came into her face. "I'm  
going to have no lover but you, John."

"Wait and see," he answered. "You  
don't know your heart yet."

But Stacia only shook her head.

She and Roy were the best of friends  
as she had said they would be. She  
had never known a brother's love or  
companionship, and Roy's pleasant  
ways won a place in her regard from  
the first. There were long rows on

the river, in the pleasant days when  
all the world was full of summer  
sweetness, and walks in the twilight.  
And John Ashley, sitting apart, with  
only his thoughts to keep him com-  
pany, saw the two together, and told  
himself that what he had foretold had  
come true. Roy loved her, and he  
was going to lose the woman he loved.

"I must be a fool to think of such  
a thing as linking her life and mine  
together," he said, bitterly, one day,  
as he stood at the window, watching  
them rowing slowly up and down the  
river. "I am almost an old man. May  
and December were not meant  
to mate together. And yet, you wo-  
men have loved men as much older  
than they were, as I am older than  
Stacia. If she could love me how  
complete life would seem! Without  
her, I shall always be a lonely man."

One day Roy and Stacia were in  
the garden together. They were tying  
up carnations.

"I don't know of anything in the  
world sweeter than carnations except  
your cheeks," said Roy, all at once.

"That's a very pretty compliment,"  
said Stacia. "I suppose I ought to give  
you something in return. Here is a  
carnation. That's fair—you give com-  
pliments and I'll pay in carnations."

"I'd rather you'd pay in kisses,"  
said Roy. "Do you know I am jeal-  
ous over that kiss you gave uncle  
John this morning? You never kiss  
me in that way."

"Because I keep my kisses for the  
one who loves me best," she answered,  
softly.

"I love you," Roy said, suddenly.  
"You must have seen that, Stacia! I  
have loved you since the first time I  
saw you."

"So I do, as a very dear brother,  
she answered. "I love you very much  
Roy, but not in the way you meant  
just now."

Roy's face was full of keen disap-  
pointment. He had hoped to woo and  
win this girl. But it could not be.

"I am sorry, very sorry for you,  
Roy," she said, tenderly, touched by  
the sight of his disappointment. "Let  
me be your sister Stacia, and forget  
that you ever thought of me as any-  
thing else. You shall be brother Roy  
from this time forth. Is that agreed  
on Roy?"

"Yes, since you will have it so," he  
answered.

He understood that it would be  
useless for him to urge his suit. Sta-  
cia always meant what she said.

"Let me seal the compact with a  
kiss, then," she said and kissed him.

Looking up, after the caress, she  
saw John Ashley's face at his window.  
He had seen her kiss Roy, and his  
heart was full of keenest pain at the  
sight. He thought it was such a kiss  
as a woman gives to the man she  
loves, and sighed to think his life  
must be barren of such kisses.

That night he was in the parlor  
alone, thinking of her, when she came  
in.

"I have been hunting for you," she  
said. "I am lonesome; I want some  
one to talk to."

She drew a little stool up to his  
feet, and sat down, leaning her head  
upon his knee.

"Lonesome, are you?" he said, strok-  
ing her yellow hair gently. "Where is  
Roy? He ought to keep you from get-  
ting lonesome."

"I don't want to talk to Roy," she  
answered. "I want you, John. You  
don't act as you used to before Roy  
came. I don't have you all to myself  
for a quiet talk as I used to."

"You don't miss my company, do you?"  
he said, threading his fingers through  
her tresses in an absent way. He was  
thinking how much he should miss  
her when Roy took her away.

"You know I miss you," she an-

swered. "I like to talk to you better  
than to any one else."

"Better than to Roy?" he ques-  
tioned.

"Yes, better than to Roy," she an-  
swered.

"I suppose it is all settled between  
you and Roy," he said, by-and-by,  
breaking the silence that had fallen  
about them. His voice had a sharp  
touch of pain in it. It hurt him to  
talk about losing her.

"Yes, it is all settled," she answered.  
Has he told you?"

"No; but I saw you kiss him in  
the garden this afternoon, and I have  
known how it would be from the  
first. I hope you will be happy, very  
happy, Stacia. It will be hard for me  
to give you up; I shall miss you  
more than you can think; but I am  
not selfish enough to try to keep you,  
when love calls you elsewhere."

"I don't understand you," she said,  
looking up at him in a puzzled way.  
"I kissed Roy in the garden, but it  
doesn't follow from that that you've  
got to give me up, or that love  
calls me away from you. It doesn't,  
I am going to stay with you always,  
and be your Stacia."

"Don't you love Roy?" he asked,  
lifting her face up that he might  
look into her eyes.

"Yes, I love Roy?" and we're going  
to be the best of friends. He is broth-  
er Roy to me, and I am sister Stacia  
to him."

"And nothing more?" There was a  
strange eagerness in his voice.

"Nothing more," she answered soft-  
ly.

"Stacia, I wonder—" he began, and  
stopped suddenly.

"Wonder what?" she asked.

"No matter," he answered, getting  
up and going to the window, where  
he stood looking out into the night,  
with a shadow on his face.

"But I want to know, she said, fol-  
lowing him and laying her hand upon  
his arm. "Tell me, John!"

"Would you force me to tell you  
that I love you?" he cried, passion-  
ately. "That I have been fool enough  
to dream that I could make you hap-  
py? Go away, Stacia, and let me  
think of my folly, and try to conquer  
it."

"Is it folly to love me?" she asked,  
softly, lifting her shy eyes to his. "Oh  
John, I could be happier with you  
than any one else in the world!"

"Do you mean that you could care  
for the old man as the old man cares  
for you, Stacia? Have you thought of  
the years between us?"

"I only know I love you," she said,  
and put her hands in his. "If you  
want me, John, why take me?"

"But"—with the old haunting  
thought throwing its shadow in his  
face—"I am so much older and sober-  
er than you. Do not take me out of  
pity, Stacia. It is love I want. You  
will be in woman-hood's prime when  
I am a white-haired old man."

"Then I will be an old man's dar-  
ling," she said softly.

And John Ashley bent over and  
kissed her with a great joy in his  
face. She was his—all his!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Kindness a Beautifier.

A beautiful person is the natural  
form of a beautiful soul. The mind  
builds its own house. The soul takes  
precedence of the body and shapes  
the body to its own likeness. A vac-  
ant mind takes all the meaning out  
of the fairest face. There is no sculp-  
tor like the mind. There is nothing  
that so refines, polishes, and ennobles  
face and mien as the constant presence  
of great thoughts. The man who  
lives in the region of ideas, moon-  
beams though they be, becomes ideal-  
ized. There are no arts, no gymnas-  
tics, which can contribute a tithes so  
much of the dignity, the strength, the  
ennobling of a man's looks, as a great  
purpose, a high determination, a noble  
principle, an unquenchable enthu-  
siasm. But more powerful still than  
any of these as a beautifier of the per-  
son is the overmastering purpose and  
pervading disposition of kindness in  
the heart. Affection is the organizing  
force in the human constitution. Wo-  
man is fairer than man because she  
has more affection than man. Love-

liness is the outside of love. Kind-  
ness, sweetness, good will, a prevail-  
ing desire and determination to make  
others happy, make the body a fair  
temple of the Holy Ghost. The soul  
that is full of pure and generous affec-  
tions fashions the features into its  
own angelic likeness, as the rose  
which grows in grace and blossoms  
into loveliness which art cannot equal.  
There is nothing on earth which so  
quickly transfigures a personality, re-  
fines, exalts, irradiates with heaven's  
own impress of loveliness as a pervad-  
ing, prevailing kindness of heart.—  
*Presbyterian Journal.*

### Aglow 400 Hours.

The Time During which Mr. Edison's  
Lights Have Burned Without  
Losing Lustre.

Workmen were employed in Menlo  
Park yesterday in further increasing the  
number of lamp posts that line the neat  
board walk leading from Mr. Edison's  
laboratory to the depot. These new lamp  
posts will be connected with the wire by  
which those already standing are sup-  
plied with the electric current. Mr.  
Edison says that before long he will have  
800 lamps going night and day, all fed  
from one dynamo machine attached to an  
eighty-horse power engine. The lights  
new burning necessitate the use of only  
two generators, but the dynamo machine  
standing in the engine room, it is said,  
will supply fourteen generators.

Some of the lights have now been  
burning about 400 hours. Supposing that  
artificial illumination is required six  
hours per day, on an average, it has thus  
been demonstrated that these lights would  
have remained unimpaired for two months.  
Nice tests have shown them to be yet as  
bright as when first set up. On several  
occasions in the last two weeks, how-  
ever, the engine has been stopped for a  
short time—once when the supply pump  
for the boilers gave out, and at other  
times for experimental purposes. At  
such times, of course, the lights cease to  
glow.—*New York Sun, 10th.*

### Old Folks on the Farm.

The tenacity with which the veteran  
farmers stick to their farms not only, but  
to the actual work on them, is one of the  
most interesting subjects for the student  
of social characteristics. A "retired"  
farmer, living on a small income in a  
country village, with nothing to do but  
to higgole over his purchases and growl  
at the taxes is a proper object of pity.

Happy the man whose younger kins-  
men will carry on the old farm, and let  
him work or not as he pleases—giving  
him an easy chair by the warmest corner  
of the fire place in winter, and a shady  
nook on the verandah wherein to nod  
over his newspaper and play with his grand-  
children in summer. Thrice happy the  
good farm wife whose daughter, or daugh-  
ters daughter reserves the best ground-floor  
room for her, and carries on the work  
herself—all the while pleasing "mother,"  
with the belief that she is still doing it as  
she did for half-a-hundred years. How  
sweet and placid the dear old face, as  
she goes with feeble steps to kitchen and  
dairy "lookin' arter things!" She  
knows how many chickens there are, and  
when the speckled hen ought to come off;  
She passes judgment on the new cow,  
and gives that finishing touch to the but-  
ter which won the first premium at the  
county fair so many years ago—before  
"help" was known in the farm house.

She "goes to meetin'" with a regularity  
that shames her children, and passes  
gently down the farther slope of the hill  
of life serenely happy amid accustomed  
scenes and familiar faces. What hamper-  
ed village existence would be so good  
for her as that? It is poor work, trans-  
planting old trees.

There is, we think a danger that the  
old man on the farm will work too much.  
The gritty American; farmer gives up  
hard; and in the hurry of work, or from  
thoughtlessness of younger men, the old  
frames are often overtaxed. Enforced  
idleness is often the beginning of the end  
with men whose whole lives have been  
spent in activities. But "taking it easy"  
won't hurt them. Make "laying off," and  
lighter cares around the house so natural  
and easy for them that they will never  
know it was planned. The younger gen-  
erations should take good care of the  
elder, for from the present outlook, it is  
doubtful if grandparents are so plenty  
fifty years hence.—*Golden Rule.*

Many of our readers will remember Rev.  
Samuel S. Bryant, one of the most eloquent,  
superbly endowed Methodist preachers of  
the South. His sermons were fine, and his  
literary lectures and addresses of marked  
excellence. This gifted man has just died  
in Kansas. His death occurred on Decem-  
ber 28th. We do not know his nativity.  
We do not think he was born in this State,  
although he was for a long time connected  
with the North Carolina Conference, M. E.  
Church, South.—*Wilmington Star.*

Never trust a man for actual nec-  
essaries who refuses to promptly pay  
cash for his luxuries.

## NEWS ITEMS.

### Maj. Wilson's Engineering Work.

WHAT COL. CAMERON SAW UP WEST.

(From the Durham Recorder.)

Passing up the narrow valley of  
Mill Creek, the route soon displayed its  
labyrinthine character. Much as has been  
said about the wonders of this ascent not-  
with actual observation can realize it.  
The work is a wonder, the very romance  
of engineering, bold, original, beautiful, yet  
eminently practical in conception; in fact  
the only mode apparently by which the ele-  
vation to be reached could have been over-  
come.

The first marvelous feature occurs at the  
Round Knob which the road encircles from  
the left. Approaching it, high up in the air,  
120 feet above the track, is seen a long trestle,  
crossed apparently by a parallel road.  
Curring sharply to the left, the road crosses  
Mill Creek on a single archway of granite,  
45 feet above the water with a span of 40  
feet, the work of convict labor, and very  
beautiful work it is; then hugging the base  
of the mountains, following all its recesses  
and indentations, passing through deep and  
formidable rock cuts, it sweeps back in ir-  
regular curvatures, crosses Mill Creek again,  
encircles Round Knob, and mounts that  
high trestle which a few minutes before was  
high in the air above us. Then bearing to  
the right, it sweeps in a majestic symmetri-  
cal curve round a conical peak with broad  
but irregular base, and comes back again to  
find itself in close proximity to the Round  
Knob track, but far above it. Then again  
bearing to the right and winding along the  
bases of the hills, and plunging deep into  
the recesses of the coves, it turns again to  
the left, crosses a fill of extraordinary  
height, cuts through the point of a steep  
slope to formidable depth, curves sharply to  
the left again, and then crosses by a trestle,  
partly filled in, a valley which is 130 feet  
below the track, and about 200 yards across.

Emerging from this the train halts im-  
mediately at the famous Mud-Cut. The  
difficulties of this spot have not been alto-  
gether exaggerated; only it is grave error to  
regard them as insurmountable. The cut  
was made through a soil which ages before  
had slipped from the steep mountain face  
high above, and the continuity of loose tex-  
ture having been broken, gravitation caused  
a sidelong settling, and the expanse which  
has occasioned so much delay. About 7  
acres thus made their way to the track and  
offered an apparently endless battle. But  
having seen the cut in the early stages of  
trouble, we cannot fail to see how much of  
the difficulty has lessened. The face of the  
cut, originally nearly perpendicular, and 60  
feet high, is now reduced almost to a level,  
and the angle is so small that there is little  
pressure. And except occasional delays,  
the cut itself has proved an indispensable  
mine of earth needed to fill up the adjacent  
high trestle which had to be brought from  
remote distance. Maj. Wilson will at once  
proceed to construct a track around the  
point of the mountain below the cut, and  
with a turn-table, escape all further delay  
both in the passage of trains, and the pro-  
tection of his work.

### Some Good Sound Sense.

HOW TO RUIN A PARTY.

If a man like Billy Mahone who has just  
been elected to the United States Senate in  
Virginia, differs from you upon a single  
question of paying the State Debt, denounce  
him in unmeasured terms and brand him as  
a Radical—in other words, drive him out  
of the party—if you can! If the negroes in  
any number vote for him, hold it up as  
*prima facie* evidence that he is a Radical,  
dye in the wool, although you may have  
tried to get these same negroes to vote your  
way and failed to do it.

HOW TO SUSTAIN A PARTY.

If a man like Billy Mahone differs from  
you upon the local or general questions of  
State policy, simply express regret over the  
difference and labor to convince him he is  
mistaken in his views, but do it in a mild  
and courteous manner, and at the same time  
accord him equally as much honesty of pur-  
pose, and party loyalty as you profess to  
have. Do not seek to belittle him, nor de-  
nounce him as dishonest, corrupt, &c. In-  
stead of laboring to drive him out of the  
party, labor to keep him in it. Give him  
credit for being a good Democrat in all the  
great National principles upon which the  
party is founded.—*Milton Chronicle.*

The above allusions to Virginia affairs  
may be very applicable next summer to pub-  
lic matters in North Carolina. There's go-  
ing to be some difference among Democrats  
about spending money by public appropri-  
ations and paying salaries to an increased  
number of State office-holders.—*Charlotte  
Democrat.*

According to the opinion of the Supreme  
Court of Maine, as delivered to the Gov-  
ernor at his request, certificates should not  
have been denied to the members of the  
Legislature on account of technical irregu-  
larities and defects in the elections and re-  
turns. There is no doubt of the actual elec-  
tion of the members to whom the Governor  
and Council declined to give certificates,  
and public opinion will not tolerate their  
exclusion, when the effect is to reverse the  
political character of the Legislature and  
enable the minority, if they choose, to make  
themselves permanently a majority.—*Char-  
leston News and Courier Dem.*

### Senator Bayard's Platform.

From His Letter to the Newark Jackson Dinner.

Each one of us, whether in the Senate or  
any other place of public trust, whether in  
public or private life, must do a man's part  
to prove that political duty can be perform-  
ed by American citizens in as high, steady,  
fast and faithful a spirit as though each  
were privy councillor to a monarch and sur-  
rounded by all the pride and state of a gov-  
ernment arbitrary and limitless in its pow-  
ers. Yet we never fail upon any occasion  
to denounce any act, executive, legislative  
or judicial, which exercises power not dele-  
gated by the Constitution and laws. This  
was the old faith and practice of the Dem-  
ocratic party, under which for more than  
seventy years they administered the affairs  
of the Union with honor, prosperity and  
peace, and they will do so again so soon as  
our countrymen recognize the fact that we  
stand once more in the ancient pathways  
of the Constitution. Let us prove that we  
do, and that the success of our party at the  
polls means a return to constitutional bounds  
in every department of the government, and  
the subordination of every official, high and  
low, to the spirit and letter of the only su-  
preme law of the land. Let us make our  
party the recognized agency for honest ad-  
ministration and wise economy, and the  
consequent advancement and honor of our  
entire people.

CUTTING THEM UP.—It is said that the  
Western Medical Colleges have so much dif-  
ficulty in getting subjects for dissection,  
that they contemplate overcoming all diffi-  
culties by an abundant supply from the  
negro emigrants who are now going into In-  
diana and Kansas from North Carolina and  
other Southern States. The negro cannot  
live long in that cold climate, and the Doc-  
tors know it, hence the prospect of an  
abundance of dead bodies for the use of the  
Medical Colleges of Indiana, Kansas and  
other Western States.

Let the deluded freedmen move along  
West, if they want their skeletons hung up  
in Medical Colleges and Doctor Shops. Dis-  
sectors know that it is hard to get the bod-  
ies of white men, but are confident that the  
black man will furnish an abundant supply.  
Poor fellows!—*Charlotte Democrat.*

GRANT BOON REACTION.—Washington,  
January 1st.—The anti-Grant feeling, par-  
ticularly in the North, is being felt here in a  
marked degree within the past few days.  
The Grant men are becoming alarmed. They  
disclaim any intention to force the nomi-  
nation of Grant if against the better judgment  
of the party. A well known Ohio Republi-  
can who has just arrived in the city, who  
lately ran for Congress in the Fourteenth  
district, says that if Grant is nominated the  
Democrats will almost certainly carry Ohio.  
Such testimony as this and much of the  
same sort, heard here lately, is having a  
damaging effect on the third term boom.  
Ohio is regarded as essential to Republican  
success, and Ohio Republicans are in a situ-  
ation to make themselves heard.—*Cincinnati  
Commercial.*

The Cheraw and Salisbury Railroad has  
been completed to within five or six miles  
of Wadesboro.

Prof. A. W. Mangum, of Chapel-Hill  
writes to the Raleigh *Christian Advocate*:  
On the eve of his departure from New York,  
for a tour through Egypt and Palestine, Rev.  
Dr. Deems placed in charge of President  
Battle and myself the sum of three hundred  
dollars, as a memorial fund, to bear the  
name of his lamented son, Theodore Deems.  
The appropriateness of the gift will be  
appreciated when it is known that Theodore,  
who fell at Gettysburg, was born at Chapel-  
Hill, while his father was a professor in the  
University.

THE MAINE IMBROGLIO.—Augusta, Me