

The Carolina Watchman.

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NO 15

POETRY.

A Kiss.

A pout, and a parting of lips as they touch—
That's a kiss in the abstract. It does not seem much, but the language can rightly express it?
What simile suggest, or what fancy reveal
The mysterious bliss it can cause one to feel?
Here nature assuredly won a diploma
For fragrance of flavor and perfect aroma.
A kiss is electrical—comes with a start
That tingles a delicate shock to the heart,
And sets the eyes twinkling with rapturous delight,
Like stars in the sky of a clear frosty night.
When this over the ecstasy clings to you
It is a joy to remember and never forget.
All pleasure condensed in an instant of bliss
Can but partly describe what's contained
In a kiss.
—George Birdseye.

The Water Mill.

DEDICATED TO MY BEST.

Listen to the water mill,
Through the livelong day,
How the clicking of the wheel
Wears the wearing hours away,
Languidly the autumn wind
Blows the withered leaves
In the field the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves.
But a proverb haunts my mind,
And as a spell is cast;
That the mill will never grind,
With the water that has passed.
Autumn winds revive no more
Leaves that e'en o'er earth and main,
And the sickle ne'er can reap,
The gathered sheaves again.
But the rippling stream flows on,
Tranquil, deep and still,
Never gliding back again,
To the water mill.
Truly speaks the proverb old,
With a meaning vast,
The mill will never grind again
With the water that has passed.
Take the lesson to thyself,
Noble heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too—
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will ne'er return again,
Sweet joys neglected, thrown away,
Leave no tender word unsaid,
But love with love shall last,
For the mill will never grind
With the water that has passed.
Work while yet the sun doth shine,
With all your strength and will;
Lose not the streamlet glide,
Gleams by the mill.
Wait not until to-morrow's sun
Beams beauty on the way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in the phrase "to-day."
Poet, intellect and blooming health
Will not, cannot always last,
The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed.
O, the wasted hours of life,
That have drifted swiftly by!
O, the good we might have done,
Lost, gone without a sigh,
Love which we might once have said,
By a single kindly word;
Thoughts conceived, but ne'er expressed,
Fading, unformed, unheard,
Take the lesson to thy soul,
Take and hold it fast—
The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed.
Love thy God and kindred all,
Thyself consider last,
For come it will, when thou must cease,
Back to the flight of life is o'er,
And earth recedes from view,
And heaven in all its glory shines,
Midst the pure gold and true,
Then you will see more clearly
This proverb deep and vast,
The mill will never grind again
With water that has passed.
—SELDOM.

"MIGNON."

BY BLANCHE SHAW.

One August afternoon a young girl sat on a rustic seat beneath the shade of Oakdale. She was slight and small, with a delicate pale face, and large dark eyes which look steadily before her instead of at the knitting in her quick fingers. She was alone as far as human society was concerned; but the birds flew so close to her, and the grasshoppers chirped so loudly, that all feeling of solitude was banished. Presently another sound was added—a footstep; and then a gentleman appeared. He stopped before the girl, and raising his hat, said:

"I beg pardon, but may I ask if Mrs. Mortmain is at home?"

The girl turned her intense eyes towards the sound, and replied:

"No sir. She went to drive, and will not return till dinner. Will you wait for her?"

"Thank you, yes," he answered. She arose to lead the way to the house, but he stopped her.

"Pardon me, but if you will permit me, I would rather wait here till my aunt returns."

"Your aunt? And the large eyes looked at him questioningly. 'Then I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Oscar Mortmain?'"

He bowed. "The same at your service. Am I wrong in calling you Miss Leigh?"

"Indeed you are giving me honor to which I have no right. My cousin Laura went with aunt to drive. My name is Page; a strange one to you, is it not?"

"It is; but I hope it will not be so long. It seems my aunt has prepared a double pleasure for me." He stopped abruptly as he saw Miss Page slowly extend her hand before her till it touched the chair she had just risen from, and then passed it quickly over it, before she sat down. Too well bred to show his surprise, he took another seat and was silent till she said: "Aunt will be very sorry she was not here to welcome you, Mr. Mortmain, but she did not expect you till to-morrow."

"Yes, that was the day I appointed, I believe; but my friends tell me that I never kept an appointment in my life."

A ball of worsted fell from her lap and rolled to his feet. He picked it up and handed it to her. Her eyes were looking steadily at him, but she did not notice the wool. He drew it back, and said:

"Thank you, I will keep it in memory of our meeting." And without waiting for her to reply, he continued: "To what lucky chance am I indebted for this pleasure, Miss Page? How could you be indifferent to the charms of a drive this delightful afternoon?"

A quick spasm of pain passed over her face, and then she replied:

"I would not be a very desirable companion on an excursion like the one they are taking this afternoon. It has pleased God to veil from me the visible beauty of his works." Her voice trembled, and her eyes grew deeper.

Mortmain drew his breath quickly. He looked at her a second, and then the truth burst on him. She was blind! A cold shiver ran over him; and had a third person appeared at that moment he would have said that his was the moister eyes of the two. He tried to say something; but no fitting thought would come at his bidding, and the silence lasted till Miss Page said:

"I feel that the sun is sinking lower. They will soon be home. Listen! Is not that the sound of wheels?"

Mortmain bent his ear, but heard nothing. She smiled.

"No, I suppose not. It is too faint for your ears. There! You can hear it now, can you not?"

He heard it, and in a few moments a carriage rolled up the avenue and Mrs. Mortmain alighted from it. She cast a look of uncertainty on her nephew, but in a second it changed to a smile of welcome.

"Oscar," she said, extending both hands, "is it indeed you? Welcome home once more! Why did you not tell me to expect you to-day? Have

you been waiting long? I am so sorry!"

"Do not distress yourself, my dear aunt," replied Oscar; "I have been waiting but a short time, and Miss Page has entertained me delightfully."

"Lucy, ah, yes, I am very glad she was here. Laura, my dear." She turned to a tall auburn-haired girl, who had followed her from the carriage. "This is my nephew, Oscar Mortmain, Oscar, my niece, Miss Leigh."

Miss Leigh bent her pretty head, and Oscar responded:

"Miss Leigh has been an ideal friend so long that it is hard to realize I at last in the flesh."

Miss Leigh lifted her delicate brows.

"Please get accustomed to the fact as soon as possible, Mr. Mortmain. I have no ambition to be identified with the spiritual for some time to come yet."

"Consequently, you must know that it is near dinner time, Laura," said her aunt. "Come Oscar, let us go to the house."

Oscar was late at dinner that day; not that he had not plenty of time for his toilet, but he loitered at it, pondering over the last few hours and Lucy Page. Who was she? His aunt's niece, he knew; but he had never heard her name before. Laura's praise had been chanted to him ever since she had graduated from pinafores, and he knew that he was expected, in the end, to dutifully fall in love with her and marry her. But Lucy! Her story was as sealed to him as the sunlight was to her sightless eyes! So deep, so searching, and yet so soft. Could it be that all was black to them? Great heavens! it was terrible. And that evening, after listening faithfully for an hour to Laura's sweetest songs and Laura's most brilliant wit, he sauntered to his aunt's side to ask about Lucy.

"Lucy? Yes, poor dear child. We are all very fond of her. Her affliction is indeed terrible. She is my sister's child. A sister who married an artist, in opposition to all her family; he died in a few years, leaving her with one child, and very poor, of course. Poor Mary! her heart was broken. She soon followed him, and left her little blind girl to the care of her family. Lucy generally has lived with her uncle, but this summer I have asked her to stay with me for company for Laura. She is a queer child; solitary in her habits. But we all love her. Laura, dear, sing that last new song for Oscar; I know he will like it."

And thus with singing, and dancing, and boating, and fishing, the time rolled by, and Oscar saw but little of Lucy. He hovered around Laura constantly, and Mrs. Mortmain was congratulating herself that her darling wish would be gratified, when one day Oscar was brought home senseless and bleeding, in consequence of a fall from his horse. They laid him on his bed, and grave-diggers worked over him for hours before suspended life was restored; and then it broke forth in delirium. For ten days he hovered between life and death. His aunt and Lucy watched beside him, while Laura moped in the parlor, a useless mass of nerves and ennuis. It was wonderful what instinct guided the blind girl in the sick chamber. It was her hand that arranged the phials on the little stand, her hand that gave the draught, and her voice that, when the sufferer was struggling with the fever, soothed him back to quiet. At last the change came, and the doctor said that Oscar Mortmain would live. He was weak and helpless as a babe, but reason was restored; and when the first ray of its light shone from his eyes, Lucy crept away 'to rest,' she said.

Oscar improved rapidly. He was soon able to don the inevitable wrapper, and occupy the easy-chair in the sunshine; and then Laura, suddenly all solicitude and interest, would sit by him and read; but Lucy still kept away.

"What has become of Miss Page?" he asked suddenly, one day.

Laura dropped her book.

"Lucy? Why, she's in the house somewhere, I guess."

"Why doesn't she ever come to see me?"

"I don't know. Probably she does

not like invalids; you know they are not the most delightful companions."

"I wonder if one can remember what happens in delirium, or if I only dreamed it?"

"Dreamed what?"

"That Miss Page watched over me during the first part of my illness?"

"No; you didn't dream that. She watched while you were delirious, but left you as soon as you became conscious. Shall I continue my reading, or are you tired?"

"Not at all. Please go on." And he leaned back and closed his eyes.

A week passed, and Oscar shed the wrapper and abdicated the armchair. A large reception was given by a friend. Oscar was not strong enough to attend, but he insisted upon his aunt and Laura's going, and at last they consented. Laura looked beautiful, that evening, and as Oscar handed her to the carriage he told himself a man might have a worst fate. He took a book and sat down, but he did not feel like reading, and was carelessly turning over the leaves, when a light footfall sounded, and looking up he saw Lucy enter. She advanced a few steps, and then feeling the magnetic influence of another presence, she stopped and half turned to go back, but Oscar said:

"Pray don't retire, Miss Page; rather take pity on my loneliness. Permit me to lead you to a seat." He went towards her.

"Thank you; no, I cannot stay."

"Can I get anything for you?" he asked, as she half turned, and then hesitated.

"No," she replied, with a half-sad smile, and then added, in a lighter tone, "we all have our 'blue' spells sometimes. To-night the spirit seizes me, and I thought I would try to exorcise it with music. It is one of my follies."

"If that be folly, may I never be wise," replied he. "I too, have a dark spirit to-night, Miss Page. Have pity on me." And he opened the piano.

"No, no, not that." And light as a shadow she glided across the room and seated herself at the harp. Oscar followed her, and watched with earnest eyes the little white hands sweep over the strings. A few sad chords floated through the room, and then looking far beyond her with her sightless orbs, she sang 'Mignon.' The low echo died away, Oscar came and leaned on the harp.

"Miss Page"—those deep eyes were raised to his—"Miss Page, I have wished for a long time to thank you for your kindness during my illness."

"Pray do not Mr. Mortmain, I did nothing worthy of thanks."

"But you did. You bore the burden of it all."

She smiled; this time a little bitterly.

"Is not that right? I was born for burdens."

Oscar spoke eagerly.

"Do not say that, Miss Page. You pain me deeply. It is not right. It cannot be right for you to bear so heavy a burden. When I see you going on so patiently day after day without a murmur, I want to put up my strong shoulders, to take part of the weight."

"Thank you, Mr. Mortmain, I am not worthy of such interest." Her face was white and weary.

"Miss Page, can it be that you are mortal? Do you never rebel against your cross?"

She looked at him. Her eyes sparkled now, and her cheeks flushed.

"Do I ever rebel? Do you think, that because I bow to the inevitable, because I know that God does all for the best, that I can stifle all nature within me? That I can know the beauty of life around me, and not long for it? The wealth of love that is showered on other women, and not yearn for it? Rebel! Father, give me strength to conquer rebellion, and to endure!"

She rose quickly from the harp, and before he could speak a word, she was gone.

Summer fled, and the crimson tints of autumn began to glow. The party at Oakland was to separate on the morrow. Laura was to return home, and Mrs. Mortmain was to take Lucy back to her uncle. Oscar was still with them. His health was perfectly

restored. He still played the devoted knight to Laura, but his heart and fortune was still his own. He, too, would go somewhere, on the morrow; but whether he would vend his way he had not stated. Laura fondly hoped he would accompany her home to address her under her father's roof. The farewell dinner was over. Mrs. Mortmain was occupied by her last household duty, and Laura with her trunk. Oscar sat alone on the piazza wrapped in the smoke of a fragrant Havana.

Suddenly the soft notes of the harp broke on the air, and then a low voice sang 'Mignon.' Oscar rose and walked gently into the room. In the dusky light he saw Lucy at the harp. Her head was bowed, and he saw a tear glisten on her dress. Lower and more tremulous grew her voice, and when she uttered the last 'Dahin, Dahin,' she bent her head in her hands and sobbed. In a moment Oscar was at her side, and bending low over her he whispered:

"Will you indeed go with me, my darling?"

And Lucy rested her tired head on his strong shoulder, while over her darkness broke the golden light of love!

MISCELLANY.

Remarkable Trees.

The last treaty with the Cherokee Indians was signed beneath a giant white oak that still stands near the Cherokee corner, Oglethrope, Ga.

At Wyoming, in Western New York, is an elm that measured thirty-four feet around the trunk. Its branches are thirty-four feet from the ground.

A curious freak of nature can be seen near Eureka, Cal. It is in the shape of a tree, seventy-five feet high, one portion of which is pine and the other fir.

Many oaks in England are 800 to 1,000 years old. The Newland oak is forty-seven feet six inches in girth. The Cowthrop, now more than 100 years in process of decay, still has a girth of sixty feet.

A peach tree in the garden of Mrs. Caleb Crow, of Hartford, Ky., is bearing a full grown pumpkin. The *Nova* says: "This tree bore none of its natural fruit this season; but nevertheless there hangs the healthy growing pumpkin, just as it grew from the blossom to the present size, which is much larger than a man's head."

Not a rivulet can be found on the island of Fierro, one of the largest of the Canaries, yet there is a species of tree the leaves of which are narrow and long, and continue green through the entire year. These trees are continually surrounded by a cloud which is condensed, and falling in drops keeps the cisterns placed under them constantly full.

The trunk of an old tree that resembles a block of plaster or cement may be seen on the grounds of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. An inscription at the root of the branches announces that the tree is the *Acacia Virginiensis spinosa* of North America. It was brought to France in 1601 by Jean Robin, and was planted in the place it now occupies by Vespasian Robin, gardener to Louis XIII., in 1636. This tree, which is now 278 years old, formerly reached a great height, but its topmost branches withered and had to be cut off to obtain new shoots. All its branches are bound with iron and carefully stopped with a composition so that water cannot infiltrate into the trunk of the tree, as that would cause its death.

Under a South Carolina law which provides that money won at gambling shall upon proof, be restored four-fold, a firm of Charleston has entered suit for \$79,000 against the proprietors of two fashionable resorts, the amount alleged as having been lost by young men in whom the firm were interested.

The expression of a boy's face at the end of a straw that likes two inches of reaching the cider in a barrel, is supposed to be the model that the artist selected in the delineation of Adam leaving Paradise.

The Make Up of the Body.

Suppose your age to be 15 or thereabouts, I can figure you to a dot. You have 160 bones and 500 muscles; your blood weighs 52 pounds; your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats 70 times a minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 per day, and 36,792,000 per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs supposing them to spread out, exceed 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches, and you are subject to an atmospheric pressure of 15 pounds to the square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain tile, one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of your body of a drain or tile ditch for draining the body 23½ miles long.

—Dio Lewis.

From the Novel of the Future.

"There was a loud noise like the report of an overcharged cannon, the burst boiler sent the splintered iron and steaming vapor high in the air. Marianne, the engineer's lovely daughter, was carried with the debris, and ascended with frightful velocity in the direction of the clouds. As she flew heaven-ward, the employees held their breath and closed their eyes—the spectacle was fearful to witness. But young John, the assistant, who had admired Marianne from afar, was alive to the emergency. Seizing a flying machine, upon which he had just obtained a patent that morning, he strapped it to his broad manly back, and spreading the wings of the machine, vowed he would rescue the girl of his heart or die. On he flew in the direction his loved one had taken. He reached her just as her red head had plunged through a cloud. It was but the work of a moment to clasp her to his bosom. "Saved!" came from the crowd below, who had been watching the scene through telescopes, &c.—*Oil City Derrick.*

NEWS ITEMS.

A Colored Man on the Exodus.

We have received a letter from a colored man who signs himself F. P. Shaiver. It was written from Mankato, Minnesota. He gives his views at length concerning the exodus. He thinks they make a great mistake. We copy a portion of what he says. Referring to the exodus to Indiana and Kansas, he says:

"What are they going there for? I suppose just for the purpose of voting the Republican ticket. Why do they leave their homes just for that, as North Carolina is one of the best States in the South for the colored people? The Northern Republicans are great for making promises, but they are not so good as to fulfill all their promises, as they pretend. This I know for a fact, as I came North to the State of Minnesota in 1865, when I was twelve years old, and have been here among them ever since. Did I not go back in the spring of 1878, to my old home in Onalaska county, N. C., in search of my parents, but found them both dead, although finding other relations. I also found my old master, Jesse Sanlin, living on the same old plantation as in 1865. I was as proud to see him and his family as any of my own people, and I will assure you that he and his family were proud to see me back again. While down there I had the opportunity of witnessing several Republican meetings, which the Northern people told me it would not be safe for me to attend, as my life would be in danger. I found no difficulty at the meetings whatever between the blacks and whites. I also attended the fall election, and did not see any trouble in all my travels through North Carolina."

He says it was impossible for him to remain there, or he would have done so after seeing what he did. He thinks he will return yet. He says it is too cold up North for the negro, and on Christmas day the thermometer stood at 45 degrees below zero. This colored man has tried the North for himself. He has had fourteen years' experience, and he has discernment enough to see that the South, and North Carolina especially, is the place for him and his race. The climate and the people are much more favorable to the progress and happiness of the colored people.

Raleigh Observer: The Secretary of State informs us that the law allowing parties whose lands have been sold to the State for taxes to redeem the same upon the payment of ten per cent., expires on the 13th day of March, 1880. Delinquent tax payers will do well to settle at once, as they will have to pay 25 per cent after that date.

The Peabody Fund that was to do so much to advance the cause of education in the Southern States appears to fall in its mission. Several States have been notified that payments are suspended for the reason that they are not doing enough themselves to forward education. The trustees may look at it in this light, but we had supposed the endowment was made to assist the struggling, debt-laden States at the time when they most needed it. Ten years from now they will be in a position to help themselves without any special need of aid from the fund. At the breaking out of the war North Carolina had a splendid school fund that had been nurtured to a degree that it would have made it of considerable usefulness to the popular education, but it was nearly all swept away. However, with taxation reduced to living rates and proper action by the next Legislature it is possible that we can get along without any aid from the fund, although it will be at a slower rate.—*Daily Raleigh News.*

RESULTS OF THE BOOM.—Wheeling, W. Va., January 22.—The January invoice of the various iron and glass manufacturing concerns in this city and vicinity show the results of the present business boom. The Zena iron works has declared a 10 per cent. cash dividend; the Bellaire mill, 16 per cent.; the Wheeling iron and nail works, 10 per cent., and the Benwood company 15 per cent. There are other concerns yet to follow that will show a similar result. The Langhlin nail works show large earnings, as also do the various glass concerns. The industries of these regions were never in a more prosperous condition.

WOMEN'S DAY IN THE SENATE.—The women of the North and West made a concerted attack on the Senate, Wednesday, in favor of women's rights and women's suffrage. There was scarcely a Western or Northern Senator who did not present at least one of these petitions, and a number presented four or five. Mr. Conkling was entrusted with six. It was noticeable that the Southern Senators had none to present, and this looked as if Southern women are not much stirred up on the subject of female suffrage.

THE GRANT JUNKETERS IN CUBA.—Havana, January 22.—Gen. Grant and party arrived here in the steamer Admiral this morning. They were received by Gen. Arza, the civil governor of the province, and conducted to the palace, where they will remain during their stay here. After making a trip to Hayti and perhaps to other islands, Gen. Grant will sail for Vera Cruz about February 12.

The Euzelian and Philomathesian societies of Wake Forest College will celebrate their 45th anniversary on Friday, February 14th, in the usual manner, by a public debate.

A runaway team spilled a load of whiskey belonging to C. G. Bailey, of Davis county, near Lexington, Tuesday last week. Result "busted" barrel, drunken negro injured, wagon smashed and a dead horse.

Raleigh Observer: There has been considerable interest shown here in the building of the new hotel at Morehead City, to take the place of the lost Atlantic. The new building will be a three-story one, with a front of 220 feet, and two wings of 120 feet each, affording 150 large and comfortable rooms, besides the parlors, ball room and office rooms.

Concord Sun: Out on Church street, near the residence of Mr. W. A. Smith and Dr. J. P. Gibson, is something of a small Leadville so far as gold mining goes. Mr. Smith came down town Saturday with a lump of gold weighing nearly half a pound, the result of a day's work with a small mill. The vein was opened out some time last December and proves to get richer as it is followed up. Two mines are being worked, one by Mr. Smith and one by Mr. Joel Reed.

North Carolina Citizen, Jan. 15. Asheville is to be favored this year by the meeting here of two State associations. The State Press Convention will meet here about the first of July, and it is intended to have present our brethren of the press from our sister States of South Carolina and Tennessee. Later in the summer the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Honor will meet here. We have no doubt that Asheville will take good care of their visitors.

Reidsville Times: Old Mrs. Belton died last week, at the poor house, in this county. She was a kindly old lady, did neighborly turns for the good ladies around, and her only property on earth was a little spotted dog. Superintendent Simpson vouches that this little dog followed the coffin and laid by her grave three days. So it seems, though she died a pauper, she left one friend behind faithful unto death and three days after. It happened to be a dog, of course.

The Chapel Hill correspondent of the Raleigh News gives the following list of officers elected at the University for the next Conclave: Marshals—Mr. F. B. Daney of Edgecombe, Chief; from the Philanthropic Society, Messrs. F. H. Stedman, of Cumberland, J. P. Joyner and N. J. Rouse, of Lenoir; from the Dialectic Society, Messrs. C. E. McLean, of Guilford, E. E. Richardson, of Rockingham, and T. C. Covington, of Richmond.