The Carolina Watchman.

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Poems of the Week.

SUNDAY.

Lie still and rest, in that serene repose
That on this holy morning comes to those
Who have been buried with the cares that make
The sad heart weary and the tired heart ache.
Lie still and rest—
God's day of all is best.

MONDAY.

Awake! arise! Cast off thy drowsy dreams!
Red in the east, the morning gleams.
"As Monday goes, so goes the week," dames say.
Refreshed, relieved, use well the initial day;
And see! thy neighbor
Already seeks his labor.

TUESDAY.

Another morning's banners are unfurled
Another day looks smiling on the world;
It beholds new laurels for thy soul to win
Mar not its grace by slothfulness or sin,
Nor sad, away
Send it to yesterday.

WEDNESDAY.

Half-way unto the end—the week's high noon.
The morning hours do speed away so soon!
And when the noon is reached, however bright,
Instinctively we look toward the night.
The glow is lost
Once the meridian crost.

THURSDAY.

So well the week has sped, hast thou a friend
To spend an hour in converse. It will lend
New beauty to thy labors and thy life
To pause a little sometimes in the strife.
Toil soon seems rude
That has no interlude.

FRIDAY.

From feasts abstain; be temperate, and pray;
Fast if thou wilt; and yet, throughout the day,
Neglect no labor and no duty shirk;
Not many hours are left thee for thy work—
And if were meet
That all should be complete.

SATURDAY.

Now with almost finished task make haste;
So near the night thou hast no time to waste.
Post up accounts, and let thy soul's eyes look
For flaws and errors in life's ledger-book.
When labors cease,
How sweet the sense of peace!

—*Ella Wheeler, in Chicago Tribune.*

MABEL'S CHOICE.

BY A. F. A.

Feb. 20.—"Send me pictures of your daily life and sketches of the new people you have around you—pen pictures in your realistic style to brighten the dullness of my hermit life."

So you wrote in your last letter, dear Christine, and I fell in the mood to obey you now, while I sit waiting in my best dress of Quaker drab and watching the animated picture before me.

Let me tell you something of this family in which I have found my vocation as governess. It consists of Colonel L'Estrange, his wife, their beautiful daughter Inez, May and Jean (my two little charges), and, most interesting of all, Mabel Clayton, a niece of Colonel L'Estrange, who makes this her home. This girl is a study. Outwardly as calm and placid as the lake we saw last summer during our visit to the mountain, but, like that lake, with unfathomed depths in her nature, and with a power to oppose herself against destiny as those smooth waves could rise and battle with the storm. This, at least, is my estimate of Mabel Clayton.

The L'Estranges are very rich, and entertain both pleasantly and handsomely. Their visitors are numerous, but May, Jean and I are seldom more than lookers-on, as we are expected to take very little part in the household gayeties. I am, however often with the family in the evening With my habit of closely observing everything that is passing, I may find something to amuse and interest you in your loneliness.

Mrs. L'Estrange thinks but little of anything save the society in which she moves. The house at present is in great commotion, for Inez's eighteenth birth-night is to be celebrated by a grand party. The guests have not yet commenced to arrive. I am not expected to take part in the gayety of the occasion, as I am not so young as I once was. The girls are looking splendidly to-night. I have not yet described them to you. Inez is a perfect type of my favorite style of beauty,—golden hair and large, soft brown eyes. She is arrayed in white silk with white illusion falling in graceful folds over it. Emeralds sparkle in their ears and on her snowy neck and arms. These and japonicas form her only ornaments. Mabel is a queenly-looking girl,—dark-brown hair and eyes, and splendid figure. She is dressed in some soft silken material, embroidered with sheaves of golden wheat. The dress is becoming to her bright picturesque beauty.

I must stop now to look after May and Jean, who are all anxiety to be taken into the parlor, and I will have to go down with them.

Twelve O'clock P. M.—I have just come up from the mirth, music and dancing. Not participating in the amusement, I had fair opportunity of observing all that occurred. Of all the gay throng, there was none to compare with Mabel. There was some more beautiful, many more handsomely dressed; but there was about her that *"je ne sais quoi,"* as the French express it, which others lacked.

Among the gentlemen, I noticed one on whom I am sure my eyes would not have rested a second, except for his attentions to Mabel. He seemed to be a man of forty-five or fifty years—very gentlemanly in appearance, but nothing more. The girl received his attentions very kindly—indeed, seemed to exert herself to appear interested. I inquired of the lady with whom I was talking, who he was.

"Oh! the gentleman with Miss Clayton? He is Mr. Clair, the catch of the season. He has quite a story of his own. His mother married, in violent opposition to her father's wishes, a man far beneath her socially, and the family never again recognized her as one of them. Her brother, who inherited his father's wealth, died recently, intestate, and all of his enormous fortune came to Mr. Clair as heir-at-law. Before this, he had been quite poor."

My informant was a very communicative individual, and more than this she would have told had not the little girls come for me to take them up to bed. I am tired now, and will write no more for the present.

March 14.—I have not written for a long while, my dear, but I am sure you will excuse me when you hear the cause of my silence.

The day after the party, which was quite a success, Mrs. L'Estrange requested me to take my work into Mabel's room and sit with her as she was quite sick. I, of course, went. I found the poor girl with a high fever, very excited and restless. I tried to soothe her, and succeeded, for she soon feel into a quiet slumber. For days she has been confined to her room, with me for her constant companion when not engaged with May and Jean. Mrs. L'Estrange is too much engaged with Inez either to think or care much about Mabel. She seems to fear her darling will be eclipsed by this niece of her husband's. I have found out how this girl is situated. She is one of several daughter of Col. L'Estrange's only sister, who is a widow and extremely poor. The Colonel kindly took the oldest girl to his home. He who yields to his wife in most things would not be influenced by her against this step, and treats Mabel as he does his own children. Nothwithstandtng, her home is not pleasant. While her aunt is too ladylike to be really rude, yet there are many little ways in which she is made to feel she is not on the footing of a daughter in the house.

During her sickness and convalescence, many were the tropical fruits and flowers sent by her numerous admirers, Mr. Clair's being excelled by none in their profusion. I noticed that daily, from the gayer and more costly flowers, a little bunch of geranum leaves and lily of the valley were chose and kept near her. When her eyes rested on these, a soft and tender light would fill them, and a sweet, sad smile would play around her expressive mouth. "Compliments of Edgar Vance" was written on the card accompanying the flowers which gave such pleasure.

May 25.—Now that Mabel is well again, the family are about to take their flight to the country. They have a summer residence in the county of D———, where they reside several months of the year. It is their custom to entertain a number of their city friends during their sojourn at "The Heights" (which is their country house). Mr. Clair is one of the party who will be down after the family are settled in their new abode. I hope Mr. Vance will be of the number, for it would be two bad if the poor fellow did not have an equal chance with Mr. Clair in the race for which Mabel will be the prize. Though "the battle is not to the strong nor the race to the swift," yet money often wins the day, and this young man has very little of it.

June 1.—Here I am, safely ensconced at "The Heights," where the soothing melody of swift running brooklets and singing birds make such pleasant contrasts to the heat, noise and glare of the city. Two girls, friends of Inez, came down with the family. This evening, the gentlemen visitors are expected—M. Clair and three sprigs of fashion.

After tea.—I see from my window which opens on the lawn, Mabel and Mr. Clair walking to and fro in the moonlight. I wonder if her thoughts are not with the absent one?

The morning after this moonlight walk, I noticed a set, determined look about Mabel's face, which I did not at all like. I am sure she has found her king, but will she let him take possession of his throne in her heart? Mr. Clair has proposed, I understand but his suit has not been decided. I am afraid she does not say to herself,—

"I can never give my hand
Where my heart can never be."

It is plain she has no heart to give him; yet, in spite of this fact, it is very evident to me that she will give her hand to Mr. Clair. And why? He has the almighty dollar. The struggle has been going on for some time; her heart asserting its claims and pleading for its love, on the one side, and a desire to be raised above the daily care of poverty (not her own, but that of her mother,) on the other. How many, how very many, end the struggle by being unfaithful to themselvees and their love! If Mr. Vance was only rich,—but alas! he is poor. You know, in the world's estimation,

"An empty pocket is the worst of crimes."

Thursday Night.—This morning, while at the table, a ring was heard, and Mr. Vance was ushered in. I watched Mabel closely, to see if she would betray any agitation. For an instant only, she lost self-control and became deadly pale; but when his greeting with the others was over, she stepped forward with extended hand and smilingly welcomed him.

In the evening, the young folks started off for a ride, Mr. Vance and Mabel taking the lead. Soon after this, I went out for my usual evening stroll. I took a secluded path which led to a beautiful hill whose summit was crowned with a grove, the trees of which were garlanded with woodbine. I determined to rest a while before retracing my steps. I had been here only a few moments when I saw through the foliage Mabel and her young lover. They must have left their horses in order to see the beautiful view of the surrounding country which was to be seen from this elevation. I was an unintentional listener to all that was said. Poor fellow! he was pleading with all the ardor of youth for her love, she listening with downcast eyes and trembling lips to the out pouring of that passionate avowal which, had she been true to her heart, would have made her happiness. When he paused for an answer she was silent. Twice she tried to speak, but her tongue refused to perform its functions.

"Speak to me!" I heard him say; "speak—tell me you are mine, and mine alone—that my fears are groundless—that you do not intend to give yourself to that man for his money. Oh, say I have not been presumptuous in hoping you love me!"

"No," she replied, with the calmness of despair: "no, you have not been presumptuous, for, Edgar, I love you."

At this he started forward, his face radiant with love and joy, and would have clasped her to his heart, but her "Stop!" uttered in chilling tones, repulsed him.

"I have not told you all," she continued. "I love you and think this confession is due you, yet I intend to do the thing you feared—do it that I may free my mother and sisters from the iron clutch of poverty, from the pangs of hunger and cold—do it that I may escape the daily heart-ache of knowing their condition. Edgar, do not judge me harshly"—here her voice broke down—"do not think his wealth would repay me for all I lose in giving you up, for my heart is wrung with anguish. If I had only myself to consider, a life with you would be my crowning joy—without you, I shall never be happy, except in trying to make others so."

In vain he tried to convince her that her mother would never let her make this sacrifice

"She will never know it," was her reply.

Then he told her of the great wrong she was doing herself and him—nothing could change her decision.

"Let me kiss you only once before we part, my darling, for you are mine, though you marry that other."

"It cannot be," she said; "it would be wronging the man I must marry."

But their hands were clasped, and the eyes of each poured floods of love into the soul of the other.

I left them, my heart very sorrowful for these two, who, with hearts united, must live their lives apart.

The lovers were the last to reach home. Mr. Vance could not be induced to enter the house, and left for the city by the next train.

"All is over with Vance poor fellow," some one remarked.

Just then I saw a very satisfied look flash into Mr. Clair's face. Mabel who had gone directly to her room, came down to tea, looking a trifle paler, but in other respects the same as usual. Again she and Mr. Clair went out into the moonlight. When she came in, a handsome diamond sparkled on her finger, and I knew her doom was sealed.

Sept.—I have been too sad recently to write, for it is heartrending to see this girl trying to conceal her sorrow. She succeeded well, but I who have had a glance behind the scenes can see the mighty effort she is making. She has certainly made Mr. Clair happy. His whole heart seems to be given her, and his devotion is rare.

October.—The family have returned to their city home, and Mabel is married. She insisted that the marriage should take piace from her mother's humble home. Everything was done in the most quiet manner. It was her desire that it shoud be so.

She has returned from her bridal tour, and when I took the little girls to see "Cousin Mabel," to whom they are devoted, I found her surrounded by every luxury which wealth could procure, and which love delights to lavish upon its beloved. She has accomplished her end. The day after their marriage, her husband settled an annuity on Mrs. Clayton which lifts her far above pressing wants. But is the woman who bartered her love for gold happy? Remember when you judge her that it was not for herself she did this thing, but for others.

Mr. Vance is rapidly advancing in his profession and will soon rank among our first lawyers. If she had only waited.

NEWS ITEMS.

Seymour on the Third Term.

During the day Governor Seymour strayed into the main vestibule of Bragg's Hotel, and was conversed with for a few minutes by your correspondent. The distinguished gentleman looked remarkably well, but could not be drawn into political discussion. He evidently wished to fight shy of the entangling alliances of party warfare. Agriculture, the wonderful growth of the United States, and kindred topics was discussed with the eloquence so characteristic of the ex-Governor, but the trouble of the Democratic party or the remedies to be applied seemed to be a forbidden ground upon which he did not care to enter. He made the assertion, however, that the Democrats were likely to wait and ascertain what their opponents were likely to do before taking the aggressive in the national campaign, and also expressed the opinion that harmony and union would soon be brought about. He also asserted that the Republicans did not want a positive man in the presidential chair, the history of the organization having proved that fact conclusively. While dealing with such a point it might be inferred from the Governor's remarks that he did not look upon the ex-President's chances of a third nomination as being at all bright, the Republicans being likely to take up a candidate that would harmonize and suit all classes and factions within their ranks. "The strong-man" idea received at his hands a castigation in the remark: "The people must control the government and not the government the people. Business interest is the great lever that guides the country and dictates the policy. We have more talent and genious in the United States now than in any country on the face of the globe." Alluding to the political history of the ex-President, he said: "The ex-President was a Democrat, and voted for Buchanan for President."—*Albany Dispatch to the N. Y. Herald.*

Grant has Illinois, Too.

Wash. Correspondent Richmond Dispatch.

The information received here from Illinois by other Republicans besides Gen. Logan is to the effect that Grant has secured the machinery in that State as he did Pennsylvania and New York, and his friends really talk as if they were certain of his nomination, while Democrats who have been afraid that Blaine with his immense personal popularity would win at Chicago are highly gratified at the situation. They assert that Grant can never get the German vote, while Sherman or Blaine can, and that hence Grant can be more easily beaten than anybody else.—Many thoughtful Democrats and anti-Grant Republicans, however, profess to see trouble in his candidacy, and some go so far as to say that it means revolution, for that wether elected or defeated he will seek to take possession of the White House.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.—During our recent trip to Fayetteville curiosity led us to ascertain the opinion of the people with whom we came in contact on the question of the sale of the Western N. C. Railroad. From Raleigh to Fayetteville and return we did not meet a man who was not in favor of selling or giving away the road. At Fayetteville we found the same feeling. Sheriff Hardie, an intelligent, painstaking officer, informed us that for some time past he had canvassed the question amongst all classes and found but one man opposed to the sale. And this is the general experience of gentlemen with whom we daily converse.—*The State Journal.*

The Southern *Home* publishes the following letter:

JOHN HOPKINS UNIVERSITY,
BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 19, 1880.

The University now in its fourth year has 150 students, one half of whom have graduated elsewhere. Thirty-nine American Colleges and seven foreign Universities, (the Universities of France, London, Heidleberg, Leipsic and Gottingen, being included) are represented by graduate students. Howard has the largest representation—five; then Yale, University of Virginia and Davidson, come next, with four each. Among undergraduates there is a student from Bingham's and one from the Hillsboro Military Academy. Financially, the University is absolutely independent, having, together with the Hopkins Hospital, seven millions. Twenty fellowships ($500) are awarded annually to enable students to prosecute their studies here. These are not confined to members of the University, but are open to the world. One of the "fellows" is a lady from Vassar, who *mirabile dictu*, is in the mathematical department. A Russian and a Jap. also hold fellowship. Besides the students mentioned, quite a number of students from the two medical colleges situated here, attend the lectures on Biology, and seven medical doctors are enrolled as full members. Several courses of lectures are delivered each year in Hopkins Hall under the auspices of the University—the subjects of which vary from the Structure of the Crab and Oyster" to "Sanscrit Hymns."

Yours respecfully.
W. S. MOORE.

THE BANKRUPT LAW.—The sub-committee of the House Committee on the Judiciary, to whom was referred for investigation and report the subject of a national bankrupt law, are hearing suggestions as to the features of the proposed law. Some of these are that the lawshould be as compared with the former law—more simple in its machinery, more uniform in its operation and less expensive to those availing themselves of its provisions. A further suggestion was made that certain acts should be made to constitute a prima facie case of fraud, and that the burden of proof should be changed from the creditor to the debtor. The subject of homestead exemption was discussed, and the point made that in many States the exemption covered so large an amount that creditors were virtually powerless to collect debts. The better law for us all is, that when a man makes a debt there will be no discharge except by its payment or compromise with the creditor.

TROUBLE AT THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.—A special from Richmond, Va., says that information has just been received there of the dismissal of 27 students from the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, for disobedience of orders and for breaking arrest. The dismissed students had requested Gen. Francis H. Smith, the superintendent, to grant them an additional suspension from duty, to enable them to prepare for examination in descriptive geography, which he refused, as he was on the point of leaving for Staunton on a business visit. The students refused to obey the commandant of the Institute in the superintendent's absence, and were dismissed upon his return. A few of the class declined to join the rebellion, and three or four of those who did returned to duty. The superintendent had issued an order in the interest of discipline setting forth the facts in the whole affair. The mutiny began on the 24th and the dissmissals followed promptly.

COLORED JURORS.—Washington March 2.—A decision was rendered in the Supreme Court of the United States this afternoon in the case of Taylor Strander, plaintiff in error, vs. the State of West Virginia. The question involved was the constitutionality of the act of the West Virginia Legislature, (laws of 1872-73, chap. 47,) excluding colored citizens from jury service in the courts of that State. This court holds that when a colored citizen is tried for his life by a jury from which citizens of his own race are by a State statute expressly excluded, he is denied the equal protection of law guaranteed by the third clause of the 14th amendment to the constitution, and that the State statute denying him such right is repugnant to said constitutional provision. The judgment of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia is reversed. Justice Strong delivered the opinion, Justices Field and Clifford dissenting.

A TRIPPLE MARRIAGE.—White Water, Wis., February 29.—Twenty-seven years ago, on Thursday, there were born into the family of Wm. Marshall, of this city, tripplets—two boys and a girl. All three were married on Thursday night in one ceremony by the Rev. G. W. Wells, and the three happy couples took the train for Chicago.

Dirt has been broken, and the foundation partly laid, for the large cotton factory now under construction, by the Messrs Oates, of this city. We rejoice to see such improvements going up. It argues well for the future of Charlotte, and will give bread and employment to our idle poor.—*Southern Home.*

A VALUABLE STONE.

Corundum Mines in the South—North Carolina Takes the Lead.

Scientific American.

The name "corundum" is applied to all crystalized alumina. It is the hardest mineral in the world, except the diamond and when in the crystalline form and transparent, constitutes the Oriental gems, the sapphire, ruby, emerald, topaz, etc., which are of great value, some even exceeding the diamond, because they are more rare. It is used for abrasive purposes, but as yet a sufficient quantity has never been found in this country to take the place of emery. It is much harder than emery, performing the work in less time.

Corundum occurs in the great crysolite belt extending from the Southern part of Virginia to Middle Alabama, passing in a Southwesterly direction through the mountainous portion of North Carolina. In the Southwestern counties, in the Nantahala range of mountains (one of the spurs of the Blue Ridge), and laying on either side of Buck Creek (a tributary of the Tennessee), at an elevation of from three to four thousand feet is the so-called Cullakenee corundum mine, which has been considered the largest deposit of corundum in this country. It covers an area of three hundred acres. This mine was purchased in April, 1879, by Herman Behr & Co., and has been worked since May, with what success is not reported.

In Macon county, N. C., on the western slope of the Blue Ridge, at an elevation of about twenty-five hundred feet, is Corundum Hill, formerly know as the Culasagee mine. This mine was discovered in 1872; it was afterwards purchased by E. B. Ward, and worked for eighteen months by Col. C. W. Jenks, of Boston. Rumor says that gems of exceeding great value were taken out. In July, 1878, this mine was purchased by Dr. H. S. Lucas for the Hampden Emery Company, of Chester, Mass. They commenced mining August 20th, and up to the present time they have taken out two hundred tons of corundum; also, in washing some of the dumps left there when worked by Col. Jenks, were found many fragments of the oriental gem, perfectly transparent and of very great brilliancy. Among these is an emerald weighing 30¼ carats, and several rubies of the finest color.

In the eastern part of Jackson county, North Carolina, at the foot of one of the highest peaks of the Blue Ridge, is what is termed the Hog Back mine. This mine was operated for a limited season by the Hampden Emery Company.

Northwest of the Pigeon, in Haywood county, North Carolina, is still another deposit of corundum, called the Presley mine, which has been worked since one year ago last March.

In Madison and near the Buncombe county line, in the same State, is an outcropping of chrysolite, carrying corundum, which covers an erea of seventy-five acres, and has been worked for the Hampden Emery Company for the past season.

Deposits of corundum are also found in South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama.

A spark from a passing engine ignited a bale of cotton, on the platform of the N. C. Railroad, on Wednesday, and a number of others soon caught; but the burning cotton was rolled off, and the spread of the fire prevented, though a strong wind was blowing at the timer There was considerable excitement, especially among those who remembered the conflagration a few years ago, which originated at that place, and destroyed 1,500 bales of cotton and a number of houses.—*The Southern Home.*

John Burroughs in the March number of *Scribner*, says: "It is a fact in the natural history of the country that, in the South birds run more to beak and claw, and in the West to tail, than they do in the North and East. The beak and claw, I take it, mean ferocity, mean bowie-knives and the ku-klux, and the tail, I am loth to say, means bray. The West is windy, and the South is fierce and hot."

THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE.—The recent encyclical of Pope Leo XIII against divorce is apparently exciting a profound reactionary sentiment in favor of the indissoluble sanctity of marriage throughout the entire Christian world. Several eminent Protestant divines of different denominations indorse its positions strenuously, and Pere Hyacinthe stoutly advocates it. "Marriage," he eloquently and truly says, "is the full and perfect union of man and woman. Ideal marriages are rare, even impossible. Nevertheless we must strive to tend toward the ideal marriage. This should imply love and purity as twin flowers upon one stem. All true love hopes and promises eternity. Clearly, then, indissolubility is the law of human nature. Unity or monogamy, despite the corruptions of Salt Lake and the degradation of lower civilizations, is also a natural law. It is necessary to the dignity of woman and inseparable from marriage."

Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another.

Oliver Wendell Holmes calls a kiss a lisping consonant. He should have added also that it usually follows a-vowel.—*Detroit Free Press.*