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POETRY.

Shadows.

A little word—soon spoken,
In petulance and pain—
A golden link once broken
And never whole again.

Upon the brow a shadow,
Upon the lip a gleam,
The wealth of El Dorado
Can never buy away.

A shaft of sin and sorrow,
From heart to heart of love
And O, the sad to-morrow,
And the one heaven above!

O why should the true-hearted
Be to its own unkind,
Why should sweet love be parted
And scattered to the wind?

O why to all so smiling
Save to the one alone—
All other hearts beguiling,
But that we call our own?

O mystery of loving—
O willful, tearful wail,
That lingers in the shadow
And trifles with the day.

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

A young man down east made the worst mistake of his life a few days ago. He went in what he thought was an application for membership to a temperance society, but it turned out to be an order for half a dozen bottles of beer. It is needless to remark that the application was laid on the table.

THE RED CROW.
A Legend of West Cheap, London.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN.

Master Hugh Clinton was a wealthy jeweller, and did business at the sign of the Golden Ewer in West Cheap. He had one fair daughter, who, from her extreme loveliness, had gained the distinguishing title of the "Fayre Mayde of West Cheap," among the bold archers of Islington, who were composed almost entirely of 'prentices. Master Clinton had also three apprentices, and, naturally enough they all loved the pretty Marion, the "Fayre Mayde."

Two of these apprentices were stout fellows enough, comely in person, and frank in manners. These were Percy Lovell and Wilfred Shafton. But the third was a small ill-favored youth, commonly called Dickon, though his true name was Richard Wilkins. He was a poor boy, whom Clinton had given shelter out of charity, and who did the drudgery and menial offices of the shop.

The love that Percy Lovell and Wilfred Shafton both bore the fair Marion did not destroy their mutual friendship for each other, for it was impossible to say which she favored as she dispensed her smiles equally to both. Perhaps the maiden did not know her own heart sufficient to make a choice between them. When she did so their long friendship might receive a severe shock, as disappointed love is apt to be bitter.

Dickon appeared a mere lout, and they never dreamed of his presumptuous hopes, as they would have deemed them. He was the humblest amid the humble, bowed to the merest beggar, and could no more keep his cap on in the presence of another than Shafton could pass by untouched a cup of good Canary. Lovell thought there was more in him than appeared upon the surface, and that he had a proud and domineering spirit, which lacked but the opportunity to display itself.

One day a stranger called upon Master Clinton and desired some private converse with him, and the jeweller received him in his private office. "I have journeyed many a long and weary mile to meet you," said the stranger, who was a man of middle age, with a grave but pleasant face, looking like, what he was indeed, the tried and faithful servitor of an ancient and noble family. "You have in your keeping certain title-deeds, jewels, and other valuable effects belonging to the De Lacy family?"

"I have," answered Clinton, readily. "What of it? I do but keep them until the heir is found."
"The heir, I think, is found," returned the visitor.
"How?" cried Clinton, in surprise.
"Even so," continued the other, "and abides, an I be rightly informed, under your roof."
"My roof?" exclaimed Clinton, his surprise increasing at this intelligence.
"Yes; is there not a foundling whom you have succored from earliest infancy?"
"There is."
"He has stamped upon his right wrist a red crow?"

"He has; that is to say, he has a red mark there, which resembles a crow in shape, as much as anything else."
"He is the heir of the De Lacy Castle, which has been so long in my charge, for I am steward there; my name is Ralph Marriott." Clinton acknowledged the introduction, and Marriott proceeded: "A red crow is the crest of the family, and all its members bear on their wrists the appearance of such a bird. It is said that the custom was derived from some old superstition that a red crow is ever seen hovering about when any strange event is likely to occur to the family."

"Why, this is passing strange!" exclaimed Clinton, with a feeling of awe.
"For the last two evenings a bird, shaped like a crow, but of a crimson color, hath been seen fluttering over the fields at Islington."
"Ha!" cried Ralph, with great interest, "this proves the prophecy is about to be fulfilled. A short time before sunset, say you? I will be there this even."
"So, shall I," said Clinton, "with all

my household, including the youth you spoke of, for the archers of Islington will contend for the prize of the silver arrow."

"Meet me there then," responded Ralph Marriott, as he arose to take his departure. "I haste to acquaint the sheriff, and then for the red crow." With these words he hurried away, leaving Clinton to his reflections, which were not altogether pleasant ones. This was wonderful information he had received. Richard was then heir to the treasure in his possession. Much did he marvel how he would meet his sudden elevation. But to the jeweler this intelligence was most unwelcome, for in his business he had embarked much of the treasure, and could not in a day recall it—something must be done, and speedily.

A project flashed through his mind, and hastened to the workshop in search of Richard, to put it into execution. He found poor Dickon being soundly rated by Shafton, for having carelessly broken a new bow, which he had procured to win the silver arrow that evening upon the green at Islington.

"What means all this outcry?" exclaimed Clinton; "why do you speak so angrily to poor Richard? He is a very good and trusty gentleman."
"Gentleman!" echoed Shafton and Lovell, in the deepest surprise. But their surprise did not equal that of poor Richard himself.

"To your work, lads," continued Clinton, "and for the future remember I shall expect to see my friend Richard Wilkins treated with due respect."

Shafton and Lovell resumed their work, marvelling strangely at these words, and their prevailing opinion was that Master Clinton had gone mad. Master Clinton placed two stools and graciously begged Richard to be seated, who stared at him in stupid amazement, and seemed fearful of taking such a liberty in his master's presence. The jeweler force him, good-naturedly, to sit down, and then drew his stool beside him. The two 'prentices Shafton and Lovell strained their ears at their work, curious to know the purport of this singular interview.

"Richard," began Master Clinton, in a very friendly and confidential manner, "I have ever been a kind friend to you even from infancy. When a poor foundling without food or raiment, Providence guided you to my dwelling. To prove to you still further how deep is the anxiety I feel to promote your welfare, I design to give you a share in business, for I am old and feeble, and cannot much longer endure the cares and anxieties of business." Richard started wildly to his feet at this, and then sank down utterly bewildered and amazed by this unexpected good fortune, while Shafton and Lovell suspended their work in their astonishment.

Master Clinton resumed: "I have long marked your merit, your zealous endeavors to please, with approbation, and have now resolved to prove my wish for your advancement. What say you, Richard? how like you my proposal?"
"Lo! I am in a maze—a dream!" he stammered.

Master Clinton chuckled to himself at the success of his project; and he must bind the heir of De Lacy still closer to his interests.
"Nay, to prove even yet more plainly how well I value you," he continued, "it is my purpose, an' it suits your wishes, to give you in marriage my only child Marion."

Richard started to his feet excitedly.
"Marion! the fair maid of Cheap?" he exclaimed.
"Even so," answered Clinton, also rising; "what say you? Will not this cement our mutual interest?"
"O, this is marvellous!" cried poor Richard, overwhelmed by these unexpected favors. "Good master, I know you do but jest with your poor servant; but now e'en jeering has gone too far, let me retire."

"Hold!" cried Clinton, restraining him, and raising his voice to attract the attention of Shafton and Lovell, little dreaming what keen listeners they had been all the time; "I do not jest, I speak in sober serious mood; to-morrow's sun, if you so please it, shall light you to your nuptials. Shafton, Lovell, I take you both to witness—Richard Wilkins shall wed the fair maid of West Cheap!"
As might be expected, this sudden determination of Master Clinton was distasteful to many persons. It enraged Shafton and Lovell, and filled the breast of the fair Marion with dismay. She dared not openly rebel against her father's expressed wish, but she received Richard's attentions with a frigidity that galled him to the quick.

There was a merry party assembled that evening upon the green at Islington to see the archers shoot, and among them came Master Clinton, and Marion, and Richard accompanying her as her accepted suitor.

He had resolved to contend for the prize, a daring act which he had never ventured upon before. Both Shafton and Lovell refused to shoot with him; and when Richard, in his speech, vented a sarcasm on Lovell's blighted hopes, and pointed significantly to Marion, the enraged 'prentice struck him in the face, and Master Clinton was obliged to interfere to restore peace. Richard Wilkins never forgave or forgot that blow.

When quiet was restored Clinton was annoyed to see the sheriff and his attendants approaching. He foresaw that all would be discovered, and he congratulated himself upon the steps he had taken to secure Richard's good will.

"Master Clinton," said the sheriff, as he drew near, "we have at last discovered the long-lost heir of the De Lacy family. Where is one Richard Wilkins?"

"I am so called," answered Richard. "You are a foundling, and have marked on your right wrist a red crow?"

"I have."
"And we have other proofs," continued the sheriff. "Be it known to all men, that he, usually called Richard Wilkins, is Richard De Lacy heir of De Lacy barony, estates and treasure."

A general shout of surprise greeted this strange announcement. Richard stood like one stupefied.

"Speak, sir, do you hear these gladdening tidings?" continued the sheriff.

Richard raised his head proudly, and his whole frame seemed to swell with his new-found greatness.

"Yes, I hear!" he cried exultingly. "Now away with paltry evasion and deceit! away with the assumed character of years—for—I—I am—ha, ha, ha! the De Lacy Baron!" He confronted Clinton insolently. "Soh, master, you would, knowing the secret, wed me to your daughter? Ha, ha, ha! We'll find a method of getting her upon easier terms! See that by noon to-morrow all those jewels and coined money which you hold of mine be paid to yonder sheriff! else, mayhap, the goaler of Newgate prison may have to tend upon your worship."

"Is this your gratitude for years of protection?" Clinton asked, indignantly.
"Gratitude!" sneered Richard. "Ha, ha! what's that? I know not the meaning of the word; my passion is revenge! Yes, yes, now shall the treasured remembrance of every sneer, or bantering word, or slight, or contumely, be nicely scanned o'er and rendered back with godly interest." He walked up to Shafton, whose face displayed a broad grin, and cried, hoarsely and vehemently, "Out of my path, sirah! Would ye keep the sunbeams from a nobleman?"

There was a commotion among the archers whose eyes were turned skyward, and a confused murmur of "The red crow! The red crow!" And when the sheriff asked the meaning of this outcry, a bowman told him that a strange bird, shaped like a crow, but of crimson hue, had been seen for the last two evenings flying over the meadows, and it was coming then.

"I have heard of this!" exclaimed the sheriff; "the owner is connected with the De Lacy family, and the prophecy runs thus:
"When a red crow meets thine eye,
Then the castle's heir is nigh;
When a red crow falls to ground,
Then the castle's heir is found."

"And is not this explained?" cried Richard, eagerly. "I am the castle's

heir, and see yonder flies the red crow!"

A bird of bright crimson color, and not unlike a crow in shape, hovered for a moment over the heads of the spectators, and then settled down, and perched upon the target. All gazed upon it in awe, and a general murmur went forth of "Hail to the Baron de Lacy!"

At this juncture of affairs Ralph Marriott pushed his way through the gaping throng and gained the sheriff's side.
"Noble sir," he exclaimed, "there has been some strange mistake committed here! Richard Wilkins is not the heir to the De Lacy estate." All listened with astonishment. "Within the hour I have discovered his parents," continued Ralph; "they are poor and needy people residing at village the of Hogden. The red mark on his wrist is not a crow, but the scar of a burn received in infancy. We must seek further for the rightful heir."

"Liar!" cried Richard, aghast at the prospect of so soon losing his new-found greatness. "I am he! this noble sheriff hath announced it, and fate itself ratifies the decree, for, behold, the prophecy is accomplished—there is the red crow!"

He pointed triumphantly to where the strange bird still perched upon the target. But Ralph Marriott was not convinced.

"All this is vain," he said. "It is clearly proved that you are not the real De Lacy, nor will the prophecy be accomplished until the crow falls."

Richard snatched up a bow and arrow and aiming the shaft, exclaimed, "Then the bird shall perish now!" launched it at the red crow. But the arrow went wide of the mark, and the bird, scared from its perch was rising swiftly in the air, when a second arrow, sent by Lovell, with a better aim, transixed it, and brought it to the ground. One part of the prophecy was fulfilled—the crow had fallen to the ground.

"Why have you done this, young man?" asked Marriott, surveying Lovell curiously.
"Faith!" answered Lovell, "I was anxious to verify the prophecy. There is the red crow down, and here is another." He stripped up his sleeve and showed a red crow stamped upon his wrist.

"Thou art the De Lacy heir!" cried Marriott, instantly.
"You!" exclaimed Clinton. "Why, methought the Bible scribe of Paternoster Row, was your parent?"

"So, indeed, do many think," answered Lovell; "but it is not so. It is not I. It was but charity that bade him nurture me, and not parental love. How the crow comes upon my wrist I cannot tell."
"But I can," answered Marriott. "When the deceased Lord De Lacy was forced by untoward circumstances to throw his infant son upon the world, he—so that in future time the infant might be recognized—did on his wrist stamp the emblem of the family—a crimson bird, like to a crow."

"Then I am the De Lacy baron," cried Lovell, joyfully. "And thou, Marion, shalt be my baroness. Say, Master Clinton, shall it be so?"
The jeweler eyes glistened; here was the fulfillment of his scheme, with but a change of bridegroom.

"What says my child?" asked Clinton, persuasively.
"Nay, father," answered the 'Fayre Mayde of West Cheap,' modestly and demurely, "an' it be thy wish I shall not gairisay it."

We thought that Chicago was ahead on wheat, pork, provisions and divorces, but now she turns up as something of a lumber market also. Her total receipts of lumber during 1879 were 1,467,720,000. The increase for the year was 25 per cent., or about 300,000,000 feet. The sales in 1878 were 1,278,000,000 feet at satisfactory prices. A billion and a half feet of lumber for one town at booming prices is an item, giving us some notion of the immense business of this great country of ours. We know not one half about ourselves.—*Savannah Observer.*

The patriotic owner of the Gettysburg battlefield is determined that he shall not be ignored. He has a claim before the Congressional committee for the rent of the ground while the battle was being fought. It has not yet been allowed, and his loyal soul is much exercised thereat.

For the Last Time.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing for the last time. It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked the last time on some scene that you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street where you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time; the singer whose voice is hopelessly cracked, and who after this once will never stand before the sea of upturned faces disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms, the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the bitterness of the two words, "never again." We put away our childish toys with an old headache. We are too old to walk any longer on stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought that we had played with our merry things for the last time, and life's serious grown up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost back. Life has larger and other playthings for us. May it not be that these, too, shall seem in the light of some far-off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that the death is but the opening into the land of promise?

The Right Sort.

The man who "runs a farm" wants a suitable wife as a partner in the work. The blooming and beautiful young lady, rose-cheeked and bright-eyed, who can darn a stocking, mend her own clothes, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, milk the cows and be a lady all the time, is the girl that sensible young men are in quest of for a wife. But your pinning, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of idleness, are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear young girls, you want less of restraint and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor; more exercise and less piano; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your corsets and breathe the pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed.

The London *Building News* says that the extraordinary demand for Italian marble has raised a question as to how long the quarries are likely to hold out. According to a report of the French geological commission there yet remains a considerable surface and depth of the true Pentelicon marble untouched, but no specific statements are given on this head. At Carrara a dreadful waste of marble goes on. A late traveler was assured on the spot that hundreds of tons are needlessly thrown away through sheer carelessness and clumsiness of workmen. Much of this exquisite material is removed in enormous masses for the decoration of commonplace edifices.—The Italians are at length becoming alive to this. The quarries have been worked almost without intermission since the days of the Roman emperors. A little community of sculptors is established around the quarries, and the artists chisel is plied almost side by side with the marble mason's saw. The marble goes everywhere.

The humble man, though surrounded with the scorn and reproach of the world, is still in peace, for the ability of his peace resteth not upon the world, but upon God.—*Kempis.*

The bed of death brings every human to his pure individuality.—*Webster.*

A NOBLE PIECE OF ELOQUENCE.—Mr. James Barren Hope, the poet editor of the Norfolk (Va.) *Landmark*, in noting the fact that Gov. Vance had consented to deliver in Washington City his address on "The Scattered Nation," for the benefit of an Episcopal church in Montgomery county, this State, says under the above heading: "We have had the pleasure of hearing this masterly composition, and can say without the least affectation that in profound thought, curious information, just criticism, and lofty eloquence, it is unsurpassed by anything we have ever listened to, at any time, or from any orator. The people of Washington will do well to hear the Senator in his great speech on a great people."

The Press and its Functions.

Mr. Webster in a most remarkable speech delivered at Worcester, Massachusetts, where he exhorted the people against executive usurpation, uses the following striking language with reference to the exercise of mastery over the free press of the country by executive patronage. He said: "In all popular governments a free press is the most important of all agents and instruments. It not only expresses public opinion, but, to a very great degree, contributes to form that opinion. It is an engine for good or evil, as it may be directed, but an engine of which nothing can resist the force. The conductors of the press in popular governments occupy a place in the social and political system of the very highest consequence. They wear the character of public instructors. Their daily labors bear directly on the intelligence, the morals, the taste and the public spirit of the country. Not only are they journalists, recording political occurrences, but they discuss principles, they comment on measures, they canvass character, they hold a power over the reputation, the feelings, the happiness of individuals.

"The public ear is always open to their addresses, the public sympathy easily made responsive to their sentiments.

"It is, indeed, sir, a distinction of high honor, that their's is the only profession expressly protected and guarded by constitutional enactments. Their employment soars so high, in its general consequences, it is so intimately connected with the public happiness, that its security is provided for by the fundamental law. While it acts in a manner worthy of this distinction, the press is a fountain of light and a source of gladdening warmth. It instructs the public mind and animates the spirit of patriotism. Its loud voice suppresses everything which would raise itself against the public liberty; and its blasting rebuke causes incipient despotism to perish in the bud.

"But remember, sir, that these are the attributes of a free press only. And is a press that is purchased or pensioned more free than a press that is fettered? Can the people look for truths to partial sources, whether rendered partial through fear or through favor? Why shall not amanaced press be trusted with the maintenance and defense of popular rights? Because it is supposed to be under the influence of a power which may prove greater than the love of truth. Such a press may scorn abuses in government, or be silent. It may fear to speak."

Too much of a good Thing.

At a party of young people in Paris, the conversation happened to turn on the subject of kissing, and the question was propounded who of the young men present could boast of having given or being able to give "his girl" the most kisses. Various were the replies this question brought out. Finally a young man and the girl to whom he was betrothed bet 200 francs that they could kiss 10,000 times in ten hours, providing they would be allowed to take an occasional glass of wine "between." Two persons were appointed a committee to count the number of kisses, and the work began. During the second hour the kisses were not nearly as numerous, for the committee only counted 1,000. After the third hour, during which they managed to score but 750, further operations were brought to a sudden standstill. The lips of the young man were seized with a cramp, and he was carried off in a fainting condition. The girl, a few days later, was stricken with brain fever which nearly carried her off to a land where kissing is unknown. When the people who had won the bet demanded their money the parents of the girl refused to pay her share of it. The matter was then taken to the courts, and there it was decided that the bet must be paid.

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."

The Asheville *Citizen*: In conversation with Mr. Best, he assured us that if his proposition was accepted by the Legislature he would at once move his family to Asheville, and that this place would necessarily be the headquarters of his operations. To accomplish what he proposes would require the placing on the roads a large-laboring force, and this he would necessarily have to do in one. It is his intention to lose no time in the prosecution of the work, should it be placed in his hands.