The Carolina Watchman.

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The Carolina Watchman,

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POETRY.

True Nobility.

What is noble to inherit? To inherit
Wealth, estate and proud degree?
There must be some higher merit,
Higher yet than these for me.
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span,
Fitted to create and center
True nobility in man!

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portions of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart.
Ever prompting, ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan,
To uplift our fellow being,
And like man, to feel for man!

What is noble? Is the saber
Nobler than the humble spaded?
There's a dignity in labor
Finer than e'er pomp arrayed.
He who seeks the world's improvement
Aids the word in aiding mind;
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind!

Light Beyond.

When the heart is filled with yearning
For the friends who are no more,
As the tide of life are drifting,
But have reached the farther shore;
Though we know that they are resting
Safe beyond each stormy wave,
Yet there comes a weary craving
For one glimpse beyond the grave.

But the skies are closed above us,
Dark and voiceless is the grave,
And our prayers seem all unanswered—
We forget that God can save,
That He bends in pity o'er us,
That He heeds our inmost sigh,
That He hides from us His purpose
Till the shadows have passed by.

For God's sun is ever shining,
And the clouds may come between,
And the earth grows dark and gloomy,
Yet there's light behind their screen;
When the side next earth seems darkest,
Then that next to heaven is light,
And, in God's time, rays of brightness
Will come streaming thro' the night.

Then, with faith in God our Father,
Let us straightway turn to Him;
While earth's weary yearnings vanish
With the clouds of doubt and sin;
And our dear ones will grow nearer,
As our love more perfect grows,
With the love of God o'ershadowing
All in measureless repose.

Trip Lightly.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp Woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh over blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though all the days be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow
And gaily sing the lark,
Fair Hope has not departed,
Though roses may have fled;
Then never look down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail a doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness
On this side of the tomb.
Whilst stars are nightly shining,
And heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

POLITICAL.

Salisbury Examiner.

FIDELITY TO PARTY OR DEFEAT.

There is a small faction of dunderheads in every community, in every town, floundering and groping about in the black slough and slime of negro alleys, bar-rooms and hovels, trying to find some spot which splits the difference between a true Democrat and a negro-equalizing Radical. But the hunt is in vain. There is no such place on the green earth. Pure Democracy is on the other side of the world from Radicalism. There is no crossing the impassable gulf between, and they can no more get together than could Dives, the rich old fool mentioned in the New Testament, escape his doom and go to Lazrus in heaven. The history of Radicalism is the history of shame and hypocrisy—is the history of duplicity and treason to the fundamental principles of self-government and liberty—it is the history of persecution, venality, and crime. It is stained with the blood of a million of innocent men, shed in a most unrighteous war of hate and plunder. It is the synonym of all that is black, and base, and mean in the chronology of human infamy. It stinks in the nostrils of decency, and is as odious and repulsive to the honest and right thinking man as sin is in the sight of God. The time-servers, the lickspittles, the growlers, and sore-heads going about in hunt of this middle ground are destined to be disappointed. They are mainly responsible for the rule of Radicalism to-day. They are chronic disorganizers and traitors to principle. While claiming to be Democrats, they are destroying its friends. They profess one set of principles and act out another. They are bankrupt in every thing that is noble, and abandoned to all that is occult and villianous. Their foul slanders and base misrepresentations have two often been heeded by good men whom they have led astray. They have betrayed the Democratic party and attempted to bring its time-honored principles into disrepute. They have united with negroes and thieves in midnight conclaves to work disorganization and defeat in our own ranks. Yet they have been listened to and respected as true men and true Democrats. This course has well nigh ruined us. This shameless policy has made of our party organization a wild and bewildering anarchy, and too frequently left us stranded and wrecked, high and dry in the arms of unaccountable defeat. Men who are not for us are against us. The work of purification and organization must be begun at once, and prosecuted with firmness. There must be no more of running one set of principles for this man and another set for that one. There is no such thing as "climbing up some other way." That is just what too many so-called Democrats have been trying to do. Until the party can be brought to think more of vindicating great principles than of seizing the spoils of office it will continue to be a weak and wretched timeserver, unworthy of the support of honest men. This trying to steal in office through all manner of Dodges, such as laying down platforms of false principles, and nominating men who represent any kind of principles except those of Democracy, will keep the party a demoralized and disgraced minority to the end of time. Independentism, bolting, and trimming have been too common. Discipline must be enforced and fidelity to the party must be the test. Without these all our plans are destined to defeat. Timeservers and sore-heads must be exposed and ignored. The time has come for action. The people must awake from their lethargy. The defeat of the Democratic party this year means the triumph of fraud, venality, and oppression—the continuation of outrageous protective tariffs, odious Internal Revenue exactions, and lawless, despotic measures. The Democratic party must meet the issue squarely. These abominations must be abated. No man who lends incouragement in any way to Radicalism or Radical aspirants for office must be listened to. We have had enough of Radical robberies and Radical wrongs, Kirk wars and the insolence of public officials. Freemen must speak out, ere it is too late to escape despotism. Organize the Democrat cohorts, cast your banner to the breeze, and rally as one man in this final struggle for free government, and honest administration of public affairs.

Salisbury Examiner.

FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

From Mr. Alex. H. Stephens' concluding remarks on President Lincoln's administration, we gather the following facts in regard to the number of soldiers employed by the opposite sides during the late war:

From its beginning to its end, near, if not quite, two millions more of Federals were brought into the field than the entire forces of the Confederates. The Federal records show that they had from first to last, two million six hundred thousand men in the service; while the Confederates, all told, in like manner, had but little over six hundred thousand. The aggregate Federal population at its Commencement was above twenty-two millions; that of the Confederates, was less than ten, near four millions of these being negro slaves, and constituting no part of the arms-bearing portion of the population. Of Federal prisoners during the war, the Confederates took in round numbers 270,000; while the whole number of Confederates captured and held in prisons by the Federals was in like round numbers 220,000. In reference to the treatment of prisoners on the respective sides, about which much was said at the time, two facts are worthy of note, one is, that the Confederates were ever anxious for a speedy exchange, which the Federals would not agree to; the other is, that of the 270,000 Federal prisoners taken, 22,576 died in Confederate hands; and of the 220,000 Confederates taken by the Federals, 26,436 died in their hands: the mortuary tables thus exhibiting a large per cent. in favor of Confederate humanity. The entire loss on both sides, including those who were permanently disabled, as well as those killed in battle, and who died from wounds received and diseases contracted in the service, amount "to the stupendous aggregate of one million of men."

At the end of the war, the whole number of Confederates surrendered, including Lee's and all, amounted to about 150,000. The whole number of Federals then in the field, and afterwards mustered out of service, as the records show, amounted, in round numbers to 1,050,000.

These facts throw new luster upon the endurance, humanity and fidelity of the southern people, and forever hush the slander of the blockaded south's cruelty to the prisoners of war. The ports of the north were all open, they had plenty of medicine and provisions, yet they managed to torture or slay more prisoners and that out of a less number held than the south.

GOVERNOR JARVIS.

A majority of the Democrats of the county, seem to favor the nomination of Jarvis for Governor. It would be remarkable, if the sentiment of the people, in this county at least, were otherwise, considering the action of the Governor, in convening the Legislature in extra session, for the purpose of effecting the sale of the Western N. C. Rail Road. By the sale of the road, its completion to Paint Rock and Ducktown is secured; and what town and county along the whole line of Railroad, will derive greater benefit from the completion than Salisbury and Rowan. The Road once finished to Paint Rock, its extention from Salisbury to Wadesboro becomes a necessity, and in a few years must be an accomplished fact.

Governor Jarvis deserves credit for his wise and patiotic course, in convening the Legislature in extra session; and, while securing the completion of the W. N. C. Railroad at an early day, at the same time releaves the people of onerous taxation.

His action in this matter, in opposition to the advice of a majority of the Board of Directors of the Road, showed him to be possessed of firmness, sound judgment and decision of character, which are necessary elements in the constitution of every man called upon to fill high and responsible public positions. He has made an excellent Governor, has proven a faithful public servant, and the Democratic party would be guilty of ingratitude if they failed to endorse his administration.—*Examiner.*

Concord *Register:* There will be a meeting held by the citizens of Stanly county, at Big Lick, on the 3rd Saturday in May, for the purpose of considering the feasibility and the possibility of continuing the railroad movement from Mount Pleasant to that place. Stanly is waking up to railroad enterprise.

Conventions, in the lingo of sore-heads, are always packed, if their particular favorites and tools are not nominated.

We are informed that in South Carolina the Democratic farmers buy their plows, their groceries and dry goods from none but Democratic merchants of the straitest sect. Whenever they hear a merchant talking about not caring for the political results in a campaign, they drop him and trade somewhere else. Their prosperity and peace and social order depend on Democratic government. So they do here, but it will require another Kirk war to open the eyes of the indifferent masses. Our people have almost forgotten the crimes of Radicalism, and hence, they do not fully realized the charater of the treachery in our midst.—*Examiner.*

The sale of the Western North Carolina Rail Road, saves annually to the tax payers of the State $175,000.

MISCELLANEOU

Two Colored Men---Heroes Martyrs.

Charleston News and Courier.

Two colored laborers, named Telfair, and Stewart, went down into a fire-well in Charleston on Thursday morning. A few moments later, overcome by poisonous vapors, they were lying in the mud and water gasping for breath. A colored laborer named Simons hastened to their relief. As soon as he felt the first effect of the noxious gas he was hauled out. Undismayed, a colored man named William Roberston, insisted on being lowered down into the well. As he touched the bottom he fell forward as if shot. There were now three helpless, dying men in the well. Volunteers were not wanting. A colored man named James Seymour descended into the depths, and and fell as those who preceded him had done.

Stewart, one of the two men who went down to clean out the well, was taken out alive. Telfair, his companion, was dead. These two, Stewart and Telfair, were engaged in their usual work. Robertson and Seymour, who endeavored to save the stricken laborers, were dead when their bodies were removed. They died for their friends. Brave and loyal hearts had throbbed under their dusky skin. Knowing that they risked their lives, they demanded that they be allowed to make an effort to rescue the men of their own race who were breathing their last. They shared the lot of the man whom they hoped to preserve to his wife and children. Their own wives are widows, and their children are orphans.

A Florida Romance.

A romantic rescue is reported by the Leesbury, Fla., *Advance*: An ardent lover boarded his frail bark last week on Lake Eustis to visit his heart's idol. The young lady stood upon the veranda watching his approach. She saw, too, a dark cloud rising in the Southeast. Soon the angry looking clouds overspread the blue canopy of heaven, the wind rapidly increased to a storm, and seeing her lover's danger she bravely entered a boat to go to his rescue. As she pushed out from the shore she saw his boat make a lunge, as if maddened by the resistance of the waves and wind and go over. No time was to be lost; the danger ahead seemed to give her the strength the desperate occasion required, and after rowing for a mile against wind and tide she reached the disaster, took her lover on board, whom she found perched upon the up-turned boat, and rowed back to the shore.

Mr. Wm. J. Best In New York.—The New York *Herald* gives an account of an unusual scene in the streets of that city. A gentleman, attended by a Secretary bearing bags of coin, and laboring under the hallucination that he was bestowing charity, has been strewing the streets with nickel and silver pieces to the manifest advantage of the small boys and the strikingly apparent delight of himself.

The *Herald* gives the name of this eccentric individual as Dexter, but, from having recently witnessed a similar scene enacted in the streets of Newbern, we presume it was Mr. Wm. J. (Railroad) Best. While Mr. Best was on the train passing through Hancock street, in this city, his Secretary, who was provided with a bag of coin, strewed nickles and pennies from South Front street to the depot. The train was followed by about fifty boys, and many of them will long remember the rich harvest they reaped on that occasion.—*Nut Shell.*

"I should like," said Mr. Appleton, taking up a sheet of paper, "to show you the cost of book making. I don't believe that people, when they buy a book for fifty cents, have any idea of the capital invested to bring it down to that price. For example, it cost us $238,000 to Publish 'Picturesque America,' and that without adding the cost of printing. To be sure we made a great profit on it. Forty thousand copies were sold and $2,400,000 turned in by our agents. An even more profitable venture was the 'American Cyclopedia,' for which the public has paid $5,760,000. Of course, all of that is not profit. It costs an immense amount of money to carry on our factory in Williamsburg. We employ 600 hands and pay out $239,470 in wages annually."

Gin Sling is the name of a Chinese student at Harvard who is preparing himself for the bar.

A Singular Tragedy.

The observance of an old and Celtic tradition, Saturday, resulted in quite a tragedy and riot at Paterson, N. J. The old German custom, now nearly obsolete in Germany, but still kept in Denmark, of going to the hills on May Day, or the first Sunday in May, at sunrise, to "see the sun dance," was kept by the German socities at Paterson. This festival, a merry and innocent one, though sometimes attended with pilfering of flowers, is considered to be a vestige of Baal or sun-worship; the witches used to dance on the Blocksberg on the first Sunday in May according to the German legends which have come to us from the Hartz mountains. Amongst the Paterson party of revelers was Joseph Van Houton, step-son of Alderman Swift, of Paterson, who attempted to cross the lands of Wm. Dalzell, a farmer owning property on the mountain top. When Houten and his companions were warned from trespassing, but persisting, the former was shot dead by Dalzell with a gun loaded with buckshot. Dalzell was pursued to his house by Van Houten's companions, and when he refused to surrender, his house and barn were fired. Coming out he was seized, a rope put about his neck, and he was very nearly hanged, when the police succeeded in making a diversion in his favor and procuring him a respite, after which he took refuge in a neghboring house until the sheriff could be obtained, in whose custody he went to Newark jail.

Street Sights in Rome.

It is something, if you be so prosaic as to enter old Rome by a railway, to find that the depot is put down on the map as a part of the old baths of Diocletian; and house-hunting, with hurried glimpses as one goes from street to street, of Trajan's forum, and the fountain of Trevi, and the Tiber, is calculated to stir strangely one's fancy. And the picturesqueness of the streets strike one at once. What with priests and soldiers, and the passion of the women for brightness, they are all life and, color. Priests in brown, priests in white, priests in scarlet; soldiers with an opulent variety of uniform, and plumes and tassels and silverbraid enough to ruin a modest government. Is it because war in itself is so little alluring that soldiers are always so gay? Or is it the last remnant of the time when men rivalled women in the splendor of their dress?

We are getting, of late years, to a mononous uniform of dark colors. We shrink even from a too gay flower or ribbon to brighten our sombre robes. But Roman women have no such scruples, and the rainbow scarfs, the bright plumes and ornaments they wear, are pretty to see, and seem suited to this sunny air. And the life and variety of the streets is their charm to a Northern mind. Even while I write, a band sounds in the distance, and I see down the long street a troop of gay soldiers. A half hour ago, a vague sonorous chanting rose to our windows, and below was the long line of priests bearing the dead to his home. All in brown robes, barefoot, and bearing long wax tapers, their chant, their dark procession, had in it something weird and impressive. But the charm of the dead city one feels most, perhaps, from the public pleasure-grounds on the Pincian Hill. The vision of all these domes and spires rising at one's feet, the picturesque confusion of majestic ruin and modern shabbiness, and beyond all, back even of the great dome of St. Peter's which crowns the distance, the Alban hills standing up against the blue—all this is calculated to touch the most prosaic; and the proper historic emotions for which so often one pines in vain come of themselves.

It is proved, where fish are preserved in many of our bays open to the sea, and even in some few lakes and streams, and not allowed to be caught except at proper seasons, that acre for acre, the water furnishes a more valuble product than the richest and most highly cultivated land. We are glad to notice that more and more attention is given to this matter annually by the United States and single State governments, also by private individuals. Fish add a great variety to our food and are alike healthful and palatable, perhaps more so than most kinds of meats. By exchanges with foreign nations, many new kinds have been added to our waters, and we are promised more. In consequence of this our products are continually increasing, and some waters, in which, heretofore, little of consequence found life, are now producing largely, as in the European carp which subsists solely on vegetable matter growing in the water.

An Early Betrothal.—An early betrothal is chronicled in the Elmira (N. Y.) *Free Press.* Two young couples were married within a month of each other, and from families that had been very intimate. In January last a boy was born to one of them, and he was welcomed as heartily as though he had been a prince of a reigning house. Last month a girl appeared to the other young couple. One evening the mother of the boy visited the mother of the girl, taking her child with her.—Most of the members of both families were also present. The mother of the boy took rather a diminutive but costly ring from a case, and, placing it on the finger of the girl scarcely a month old, solemnly engaged her son to the child, the matter to be ratified in the future.

Stamping by Fire.

The postoffice authorities think they have arrived at a practical and thorough solution of the question of preventing the second use of postage-stamps, which is a fraud that has been practiced by washing off the ink with acids after the stamping of a first use. Persons engaged in this cheating of the government have been very ingenious in devising modes of doing the unlawful washing. A new process of cancellation has been invented, and is to be brought into use in the post office. It is to scorch the stamps. Specimens of the new process, show very effective work against the fraud of second use of the stamps, the cancellation mark being absolutely indellible. The imprint made is just the same as that made by the ink stamp, except that it is slightly burned or scorched instead of being an ink impression. The new stamp is heated by gas, the metal being thin, to allow of both quick heating and cooling. It is used the same as an ink stamp, but with a saving of time that will enable the person using it to do at least twice the work that the ink stamp would. In using the latter it travels between the inker and the letters being stamped. With the new stamp the operation will be a continuous rising and falling of a few inches. It can be used in all offices where gas is used. An experienced hand with an ink stamp cancels about 125 letters per minute.

Quigg and Billy.

In New York city there lives a red-faced little milkman named Joseph Quigg. Mr. Quigg is in the employ of a milk company and goes over a certain route every morning, serving milk to many customers on Charlton, Macdougal and other streets. His horse, "Billy," has been on the route for three years, and not only knows every cussomer, but the days upon which to stop, for some of the costomers do not buy milk every day. One Tuesday not long ago Mr. Quigg, who was several yards behind, saw that Billy did not intend to stop at a certain house on Macdougal street and running up, scolded Billy quite hard. But Mr. Quigg found that Billy was right, for the man of the house reminded Mr. Quigg that Wednesday and not Tuesday, was his "milk day." The man took the milk, however, and said that Mr. Quigg need not stop on Wednesday. When Wednesday morning came Billy stopped, sure enough, and this so angered Quigg that he beat poor Billy cruelly. Some of the residents of Macdougal street had learned to love the intelligent horse, and when they saw the cruel treatment they complained to the company. This complaint led to Quigg's discharge. Billy really loved his driver, however, and gave such signs of displeasure at his loss that Quigg was restored to his place, promising never to beat Billy again.

Let Girls Learn

To be pure in mind and heart.
To be modest in demeanor.
To be helpful at home.
And then there are less vital things that they should learn; as
To sew neatly.
To do simple cooking.
To buy with economy.
To dress with taste.
To read aloud well.
There are many other useful and ornamental accomplishments within the reach of most girls, but those which we have given are indispensible.—*Our Monthly.*

Fell From the Sky.

Finding of a Meteorite in a North Carolina Gravel Pit.

Prof. Wm. E. Hidden in Morganton Blade.

On the 19th of last July, while Mr. Gray W. Harris was prospecting for gold on his plantation near Lick creek, Davidson county, he found in a ditch a nugget of what appeared to him to be silver. It was covered with a thick scaly crust of iron oxide; weighed two and three-fourth pounds; was shaped, measured 4½ by 2½ inches over its broadest surface and about 1 inch in thickness. Whenever cut or hammered it showed a white metallic mass underlaying the red crust, and we cannot blame Mr. Harris for concluding the mass to be silver; more silver especially as it was a native metal and no other metals but silver, platinum and gold are found native in such large masses.

Accordingly the story went far and wide that a "three pound nugget of silver had been found in Davidson county."

Search was made for more "nuggets," but unsuccessfully.

I heard the story as above recorded from Messrs. Robt. Eames, Jr. and Sr., of Thomasville. In their opinion the nugget was iron, perhaps "native iron."

They had noticed that the nugget had what Mr. Eames, Jr., aptly termed "night sweats." Little beads of moisture would gather on its surface when left for a few hours, which, if wiped away, would soon form again; showing thereby that decomposition was going on in the nugget. (In all probability the oxidation of its phosphides and sulphides.)

This last and most important addition to the "silver nugget" story confirmed my suspicion of the mass being meteoric iron, in truth a meteor, whose coming and fall, had not been observed. After no little outlay of time and money it was finally brought to New York and is now in the cabinet of the writer; where it keeps company with two others from the South collected within the year. It contains iron, nickel, cobalt, phosphorus, copper and carbon, iron largely predominating. Dr. S. Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, Ky., has its analysis now in hand and it will be published soon. It is one of that rare class of meteorites that do not show the Widmanstatten lines, and will therefore obtain a wide notoriety among scientific men.

OTHER METEORITES.

North Carolina has been very prolific in meteorites. No less than fifteen different "falls" are recorded and credited to this State. Buncombe, Haywood, Randolph, Rochingham, Nash, Madison and Davidson counties have furnished meteorites. The Nash county fall (1874) was of stone, not of iron.

In the last month I have heard of two new ones in this State and have hopes of soon bringing them to light.

The Charlotte *Observer* chronicled the falling of a meteor in Rowan county, in February last about which we have as yet heard nothing further. I ask, did it actually fall as recorded?

Meteoric iron in masses of extraordinary size have been discovered in in Brazil. The largest weighs over sixteen tons.

A yet larger mass now exists in the Cascade Mountains in Oregon, U. S., which, when first discovered, was thought to be a ledge of native iron. I regret to write, its exact location is now lost.

WHY THEY FALL.

It is now generally conceded, that these strange bodies swing around the sun, like so many minature worlds and coming under the attractive force of a larger planet, fall to it. They come from regions intensely cold and only become heated, and consequently luminous, in their short passage through our atmosphere.

Kepler believes there are more small bodies flying about in space than there are fishes in the ocean, which seems to find support in modern discoveries.

KILLED BY METEORS.

The story from Kansas, about a man being killed by the fall of a meteor, has been proven untrue by the village paper published where it was said to have occurred. The editor thought it "the unkindest thing ever credited to their town." However, people have been killed by meteorites. Humboldt records a monk killed at Crema, Sept. 4th, 1511; another monk at Milan in 1650; and two Swedish soldiers *aboard ship* in 1674. Not once in one hundred years will a human being meet his fate from this cause; thousands of years might pass without such an accident happening.

RARITY OF NATIVE IRON.

Terrestrial or native iron is of extreme rarity and is found only in every inconsiderable quantities, only in small grains in basaltic rocks and as an alloy with native platinum, iridium.

It is generally safe to conclude that any mass of metallic iron found in the soil, is of celestial origin, is a meteorite; as such they belong to science, and should never be put to any practical use, but carefully preserved, in their original condition, for scientific purposes. Buyers can always be found for meteorites. They will bring from ten to one hundred times their intrinsic (iron) value.

Something Loose.—A gentleman in this city received a letter yesterday, that was mailed at Amity Hill, Iredell county, on the 9th of April, having been one month coming over a route of 38 miles. How is this for quick mails?

It is now probable that Congress will adjourn about the 1st of June, Democrats and Republicans appearing to be pretty well [illegible]