The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XII.—THIRD SERIES SALISBURY, N. C. OCTOBER 21, 1880.

The Carolina Watchman,

ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1832.
PRICE, $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES.

FEBRUARY 20, 1880.

Inches	1 month	2 m's	3 m's	6 m's	12 m's
One for	$1.50	$2.50	$3.50	$5.99	$8.99
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Four for	6.00	7.50	9.99	13.59	18.99
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Cures Colds, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night-sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. It is only necessary to have the right remedy, and HALL'S BALSAM is that remedy. DON'T DESPAIR OF RELIEF, for this benign specific will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

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the Most Powerful Healing Agent ever Discovered.

Henry's Carbolic Salve heals burns.
Henry's Carbolic Salve cures scurvy.
Henry's Carbolic Salve allays pain.
Henry's Carbolic Salve cures eruptions.
Henry's Carbolic Salve heals pimples.
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Ask for Henry's, and Take No Other.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

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CURES IN ONE MINUTE.

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A SURE PREVENTIVE OF Contagious Diseases Colds, Hoarseness, Diphtheria, and Whooping Cough. Pleasant to the Taste.

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Relieve Dyspepsia and Biliousness.
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Office in the Court House lot, next doo to Squire Haughton. Will practice in all the Courts of the State.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SALISBURY, N. C.,
Practices in the State and Federal Courts. 12:6m

KERR CRAIGE,
Attorney at Law,
Salisbury, N. C.

Blackmer and Henderson,
Attorneys, Counselors and Solicitors.
SALISBURY, N. C
January 22 1879—tf.

PLOW BRAND GUANO! FOR WHEAT.

The following attested statement from Wilson & Griffith, of the Valley of Virginia, has been sent us for the information of those who wish to use a

VALUABLE FERTILIZER FOR WHEAT.

"We sold last year some 500 Tons different brands of Guano for Wheat and a fair proportion of Plow Brand, which has given such general satisfaction that we expect to double our sales of this brand this season and it will have the preference in this section of the Valley." "It acts magnificently here" For terms, &c., call at BERNHARDT BROS. Agents.
46:2m.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WATCHMAN

POETRY.

For the Watchman.

FALLING.

Hear the ripe nuts rattling, falling
All the autumn woodlands round;
See the brown leaves whispering, calling,
Fluttering slowly to the ground;
Acorn-feasts the oak is spreading,
Mingled with the hickory's mast;
Flocks of swine wood-ways are threading,
Cracking loud the rich repast;
Full-cared corn-fields down are turning;
Cotton patches white as snow,
For the gathering hands are yearning,
Sweeping, falling down below.

"Falling! Falling!" all things calling,
Nature's fruitage loads the fields;
Where the merry brook is brawling.
You wild festooned vineyard yields
Grapes and muscadines abundant,
Hazel, 'simon and papaw,
Luscious, bountiful, redundant
Treasures which the sunbeams draw
To thy full lap, fairy woman;
Filling, child, thy tiny hands;
Man's strong garner crowding; human
Hearts rejoice for fruitful lands.

October, 1880. E. P. H.

For the Watchman.

ORGAN CHURCH CEMETERY.

One lovely morn in early May,
I passed the iron gate,
While every sprouting twig was gay
In nature's first estate.

And here with granite walls enclosed,
Unnumbered graves are laid:
Of tottering age they are composed—
Of youth—the boy and maid.

Here infants from their mother's breast,
And masters trained at York,
Are laid in silence down to rest,
With Graeber, Lynn and Storck.

In distance far from east to west,
They came in one by one—
A father, wife, a sister bless'd,
A brother and a son.

With vernal life the eye is turned
To view artistic skill,
And trace the hope divinely learned;
That these are living still.

'Mid scented flowers that cheer the sight,
Dressed by a careful hand,
You see on Parian marble white
The name of Heilig stand.

Augustus young and George not old—
Kind brothers lived and died,
And now beneath the green turf cold
They're sleeping side by side.

Here family names, in order tell
The records of the past,
As when they rose and how they fell,
While slate and marble last.

Two monuments together stand,
With cross and pendants dressed;
They point beyond the stormy strand
To mansions of the blessed.

They bring to mind two sister's graves—
Two spirits round the throne;
The first who passed where Jesus saves,
Her work on earth well done.

The second shaft, with virgin grace,
To earthly visions lend,
While high it stands to mark the place
Where grace and beauty end.

Close by a little child is laid,
And o'er its sleeping dust,
A human form of marble made,
Guards well the sacred trust.

Soon all will hear the angel's voice,
And move in grand array;
Then how—will every grave rejoice
In that great rising day?

CALVIN.

Two Fishers.

One morning when spring was in her teens—
A morning to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I, in my rough and easy cloths,
With my face at the sun-tan's mercy;
She, with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped *vice versa*.

I, with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She, with her bait of her comely looks.
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dyke,
Where the white pond-lillies teeter;
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
and the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time for departure came,
My bag hung flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
A hundred and fifty pounder.

The Hancock Cock.

This is the cock that crows this morn,
And wakes the rads with clarion horn,
Announcing the dawn, as sure's you're born.
Hurrah for Hancock!

This is the cock that crew last night,
And woke up early for the fight—
Was spurred and eager by daylight.
Hurrah for Hancock!

This is the cock that crew in Maine,
And signaled Democratic gain—
God's justice showered like the rain—
Hurrah for Hancock!

This is the cock tells Garfield's doom,
And heralds the Democratic "boom;"
De Golyer, stand aside—make room!
Hurrah for Hancock!

This is the cock whose crow blends tears
For Southern dead with Northern cheers—
And welds a wrong of twenty years—
Hurrah for Hancock!

—*Evansville Courier.*

POLITICAL.

Judge Buxton.

The Republican candidate for Governor, endorses fully the candidate of his party, for the Presidency, and is in full accord with the party he represents. The Judge was always regarded as an honest, conscientious, christian gentleman; but since his acceptance of the nomination for the Governorship at the hands of the Republican party, these attributes as applicable to him have been questioned The press of the State and the Democratic speakers have by the records, convicted him on several occasions evaded the demands of justice in charging his juries sitting in judgment upon cases where the subject was a member of the Republican party. In numerous instances he has imposed heavy fines upon Democrats convicted before him of misdemeanors, while at the same term of the court he released Republicans, guilty of the same offenses upon the payment of "a penny and costs." In many other ways, too, he has exercised his judicial prerogatives in favor of Republicans and in the oppression of those who differed with him politically. Then, again, during the Holden Kirk War, when an organized banditti was called out for the ostensible purpose of suppressing alleged violence in certain counties, but really for political effect, when Joshia Turner, then the leading Democratic journalist of the State, was arrested and incarcerated in a loathsome cell, application was made to Judge Buxton displaying a most revengeful, vindictive partisan spirit, indicating thereby a disposition to oppress a fellow citizen for no other apparent reason than that his suffering subject had denounced the vandal horde of cut-throats then abusing the State and her people by their lawless depredations.

In the face of these facts can the Judge be considered impartial?

Upon every stump Judge Buxton extolls the virtues of Garfield, and is to

"His faults a little blind,"

and he, also, prays his auditors to elect him. Garfield is the man who sold his influence in Congress to the DeGolyer Pavement company for $5,000, and also suffered himself to be bribed by the Northern Pacific Railroad company.

A Distinguished Union General on Hancock.

Addison, N. Y. Advertiser.

Gen. W. W. Averell said in response to an invitation to take part in a grand Democratic demonstration, at Bath, New York.

The apprehension is expressed by some that Gen. Hancock if President would be manipulated or influenced by politicians of whom the people distrust. To this let me say I have known Gen. Hancock for twenty-three years. His character has been a growing model. With the vigor that comes from perfect health, he has been an ardent student and a close observer. His mind is constantly on the allert, and he gives to his well-formed opinions a prompt and clear expression. An excellent and experienced judge of character, he is the last man to be deceived or deluded, and I know of nothing in life or death that could change his resolutions or purposes with regard to his duty. He is a thorough Democratic gentleman, fond of cultured social intercourse, but in different to the brightest arts of fashion, and despising the frivalous allurements which the almighty dollar enables gifted snobs to occasionally set forth in American society. No one represents him but himself, and when President he will execute the will of the American people under the constitution and the laws, through an administration such as those living have not seen.

A Singular Coincidence.

A New Jersey paper, the Patterson *Guardian*, in the following article directs attention to a rather striking coincidence:

Garfield admits that he "borrowed" money from Oakes Ames. What a queer coincidence it was, to be sure, that several other members of the House borrowed exactly the same amount of Oakes Ames at a period when he was putting out money "where it would do the most good."

Here is the little list:

John A. Logan,	$329
William D. Kelley,	329
James A. Garfield,	329

We have noticed that this queer circumstance has not yet been explained by any Garfield stump orators.

Nor is likely to be. Armfield says in his speeches that no man in the world ever "borrowed" just $329, and that if he could get an indictment against Garfield he could convict him on these figures, before any petit jury in the country.

ANDERSON, OCT. 11—The old residence of John C. Calhoun, in the southern portion of Pickens county, was burned last night. This residence was one of the oldest in the county. The place now belongs to Dr. C. M. Doyle, of Toccoa. Ga. No insurance. Loss about $3,000. The fire was the result of accident.

From the Speech of Hon. W. A. Graham, at Pittsboro.

Already we hear people the campaign cry that if we change the administration, rebel claims will be paid. It is supposed by forbidden by the constitution, and what is not so forbidden is barred by the statute of limitations. It would be suicide in either party. Again, we hear, if we change the administration the rebel soldiers will be pensioned. This is the very climax of absurdity. Open the constitution and select any article you believe safely anchored; that article is not more safely anchored than these amendments. The speaker quoted General Hancock's language concerning the constitutional amendments. As to the greenback policy, who brought it into life but the Republican party? This party is now boasting that we have resumed specie payment, and claims the credit of it. Resumption, such as it is, must be ascribed wholly to the scanty harvest abroad and the abundant harvest here. If we are prudent, we will, without further delay, make better preparation than we have yet made for a crisis that must ere long occur.

LAVISH GRANTS TO CORPORATIONS.

Prior to 1869, there had never been the donation of an acre of land directly to a railroad corporation. According to land office estimates, the Republican party, since 1861, has granted to railroad corporations more than 137,000,000 acres, about one-twentieth of the whole United States, larger in extent than New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky; larger than the German empire, including Prussia, Saxony and all the Dutch principalities; larger than France and Belgium, and much larger than Great Britain and Ireland. It belonged to the people; it was given to a few individuals, who, for convenience, organized themselves into corporations. Is there, in all history, such an example of waste? The government loaned to six of these railway corporations more than $64,000,000. When the bonds mature the loan, principal and interest, will amount to $300,000,000. This large loan was made a first lien upon these railways, but its priority has been surrendered. It may be considered as lost, and should be charged to the Republican yarty.

Our aggregate expenditures the last nineteen years, omitting what was paid as interest, have been more than $5,800,000,000. The aggregate expenditures the preceding seventy years were $1,600,000,000. The last nineteen years we spent, say, $4,200,000,000 more than during all the balance of our national life. The average civil and miscellaneous expenditures of the Republican party, the last nineteen years, have been $52,000,000 a year. In the nineteen years before they were less than $17,000,000. The aggregate Indian expenditures, the last nineteen years, amounted to $97,000,000, for the preceeding nineteen years, $44,000,000. I will say nothing of our war and naval expenditures, or pensions and interest, for they are not fairly the subject of comparison.

Twenty years ago our railroad interests were managed exclusively in the states; now these interests are lobbying in Washington. Twenty years ago education was acknowledged to be a home concern and left exclusively to the states; the theory now asserted and beginning to prevail is that the general government must see to the education of its children.—*Albany Argus.*

GOV. VANCE ON MATTERS OF STATE.—One of the most effective parts of Senator Vance's speech, night before last, was that in which he spoke of State affairs. In referring to the sale of the Western North Carolina Railroad, he said that aside from the material relief it afforded the people of the State, it was his profound conviction that the road itself would have proved a cause of dissention more deplorable than that which divided the people of Virginia, causing us, as it had caused them, to entirely lose sight of the great issues of the present campaign. It was the wisest thing Gov. Jarvis ever did. —Charlotte *Observer.*

Grant now says that Hancock is a vain, weak, ambitious man; that he was no soldier during the war and will be a mere plaything in the hands of the politicians. On page 300 of J Russell Young's book, Grant expressed himself a year ago as follows:

Hancock is also a fine soldier. At the time he was named Major General, we were not very good friends, and my personal preferences were for Schofield, but I felt Hancock had earned the promotion and gave his name to Stanton. He wrote me a beautiful letter on the subject, and our relations have always remained on the most cordial footing. I have great respect for Hancock as a man and a soldier. —*Ral. News & Observer.*

In speaking of General Grimes' assassins, the Wilson *Advance* says the negro who admitted his complicity states that he cut the road and Parker did the killing.

Vice alters the countenance of man, and quickly destroys the beauty of women.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Home Talk.

A good many men and women are, and perhaps have, the reputation of "charming conversationists," who never appear in the role in their own homes. There their talk is confined to mundane topics, to men, things, or to enforcing quiet while they cultivate their previous intellects, or settle their nerves to fit them for sociability in public. You aside from the pleasure which cheerful and worthy conversation diffuses over a home circle, its educative force can hardly be overestimated. The bright and interesting girls, who surprise and delight you with their ready fund of information quite outside of the conventional topics, and the "well-posted" boys, who know much more than books could have a father or mother who is wise enough to "visit" with them, and who do not keep their best mental and social gifts for outside friends.

Show us a father who saves his new stories or jokes to delight the family circle after supper—who has an eye out for new facts of travel, discovery, science, literature, art or religion with which to stimulate conversation at home—who talks with the little chaps about their studies and plays, and the older ones about their duties, ambitions and labors—who keeps before his daughters an edeal of a gentleman who treats ladies with sincerity, reverence and as equals, and does carry his "small talk" in a separate package from the rest of his knowlede, strictly for their use, and we'll show you a rare man, we are afraid. If a home is to be something more than a boarding house, a mere convenience or social necessity, it ought to draw out the best gifts of each inmate into the fund of common enjoyment and mutual ministrations.—*Golden Rule.*

Night Life of Young Men.

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day forever empty. Night is sins harvesting time. More sin and crimes are committed in one night than in all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the large towns and cities than those of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers with torch in had stretched away in long lines on either sidewalk the gay colored transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloon and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment; the gay company begin to gather to the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling dens are aflame with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness and hope out of thousands of lives. The city under the gaslights is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundred fold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and abysses and whirpools make us start back with horror. All night long tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning paper the names of all young men, their babits and haunts, who are on the street for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business; some would not return home at at night; some would commit suicide. Remember young men, that in the retina of the All-seeing eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed on the last day.

THE EPIZOOTIC.—The New York telegram says it was estimated that there are 6,000 horses suffering from the epizooty in that city, and the impression prevails that the distemper will continue until every animal has been affected. The horses in Brooklyn and Jersey City are also affected. Not a single death has so far occurred among the diseased animals. The distemper has extented as far north as St. John's, New Brunswick. It prevails along the Hudson River, has appeared in Philadelphia, and seems to be getting general.

Love, like the smallpox, is most dangerous when it comes late.

[illegible]

Beside the Times: Aunt Polly Way departed this life the 26th of last month, in Wentworth, at the good old age of 110. She remembered well hearing the guns at the battle of Guilford Court House, and at the time of her death she had in her possession a cannon ball that was used in that battle. Aunt Polly has over 175 children, grand-children and great-grand-children, and what is a little remarkable, she was never twenty-five miles from where she was born and raised.

A horse owned by Mr. Thos. R. Campbell, a prominent citizen of Page county, Va., deliberately committed suicide by drowning himself in the Hawskill river, a stream running near the house of his owner. A son of Mr. Campbell drove the horse to the river to water him and while in the stream the animal laid down and permitted himself to be drowned, altho' strong and apparently well. The animal resisted every effort to rescue him, and as fast as he was driven out of the river he would return, till he was finally permitted to end his days in the manner in which he seemed to desire. The owner of the steed says that for some time he had suffered from a form of indigestion, which in human beings would probably have been designated dispepsia. Whether this affected the animal, and finally led him to take his life, is not, of course known. The case altogether is a very remarkable one.

The Intensity of Arctic Cold.

The chronicler of Lieut. Schwatka's recent expedition in search of the remains of Sir John Franklin records some intering facts regarding the great cold of the Arctic regions. The lowest temperature met with by the company was 103 degrees below the freezing point, or 71 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, a degree of cold almost impossible to imagine by the people of more temperate clime. The effects of such intense cold upon the human system were not so marked in the case of the lieutenant and his companions as might be supposed, and even during a month to which the average temperature was 65 degrees below zero the health of the party remained unimpaired. The men adapted themselves as much as possible to the habits of the natives, feeding upon blubber and fat meat, by which the vital heat was sustained. Plenty of game was found by the adventurers, who were able to secure with their repeating rifles enough reindeer at one time to last them for several days. The difficulty of approaching these animals was often very great, for in the still cold air the step of a man upon the snow could be heard two miles away, and the grating of the sledge runners resounded like the clothing of tempered steel. It was not an easy matter to keep guns in working order in this climate, for at 60 degrees and 70 degrees below zero strong oak and hickory would break like icicles, and all lubricants harden and interfere with the working of the locks. When the guns were brought into the warm atmosphere of the huts to be cleaned, they would at once become coated with moistnre, and covered them had to be carefully dried and wiped, lest the hunter, on stepping into the cold air again, would find a useless block of ice in his hands. A bottle of whiskey which was in the stores was congealed to the consistency of thick syrup by the intense cold, and the cup from which one of the travelers essayed to drink actually froze to his lips. The low temperature of this latitude permitted some of the Esquimaux in the party to practice a terrible revenge upon some wolves which had attacked them. They sat upright in the ice several keen knife blades and covered them with blood. These the wolves licked, slicing their tongues, but being prevented by the cold from feeling the wounds at the time, and their own warm blood tempted them to continue until their tongues were so scarified that death was inevitable. The natives also bound up long strips of whalebone with pieces of meat, and after allowing them to freeze, dropped them into the animals' way. These pills would hold together until they had passed into the intestines of the wolves, when, the meat having thawed, the whalebone would spread open and produce an agonzing death. Hunters believe that nothing is bad enough for wolves, but these devices of the Esquimaux ought to satisfy any one.

An Enormous Concern.

Krupp's steel and iron works at Essen, Germany, pay $2,600,000 in wages annually, an average of $311.80 per. hand, or, on a basis of 300 working days in a year, 70 3-5 cents per. day for the whole force. The average daily wages are really 69 cents per man, the most skillful forgers and puddlers receiving about double this average, while unskilled laborers receive only $2.88 a week. The working men at Essen have a considerable offset in the way of very cheap living, which the proprietor guarrantees them. There is an immense bakery in connection with the works, where 15,000 loaves of bread are made every day and supplied the workmen at cost. There are stores to supply clothing, dry goods, groceries and provisions at cost, schools, reading-rooms a theater, etc., and the workmen when sick, are cared for in a hospital without cost, receiving half wages also. The workmen also lodge in houses owned by Krupp, at a nominal rent, and in these several ways the wages of the Essen laborers are said to be about double in effective value.

The "White Horse."

Perhaps the biggest horse in the world is the "white horse" of Berkshire, England. It is one hundred and seventy yards long to the end of the tail. It is a figure cut in the side of a hill. A long way off it looks as though drawn in chalk lines, but the outlines are really deep ditches in the soil, and kept clean and free from grass by the people, who take great pride in it. The ditches are six yards wide and two feet deep. The eye of the horse is four feet deep. The eye of the horse is four feet across, and the ear is fifteen yards long. It can be seen for sixteen miles. When the time comes to clean out the ditches, the people make a sort of picnic of it—play all sorts of rustic games, and have fine times. Who made the white horse, or what for, is not known. It is very old.