

# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XII.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 23, 1881.

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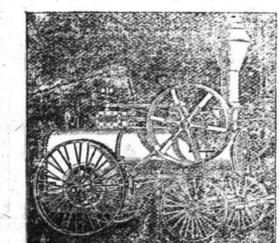
**The Carolina Watchman,**  
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1852.  
PRICE, \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

**CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES.**  
FEBRUARY 20, 1880.

Inches	1 month	2 m's	3 m's	6 m's	12 m's
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Four for	6.00	8.00	10.00	13.00	19.00
Five for	7.50	9.50	11.50	15.00	22.00
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Salisbury, N. C., March 9, 1881.



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Salisbury, Jan. 6, 1881.



**CRAIG & CLEMENT,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
SALISBURY, N. C.

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SALISBURY, N. C.,  
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**Blackmer and Henderson,**  
Attorneys, Counselors and Solicitors.  
SALISBURY, N. C.  
January 22 1870—11.

## THY LAND SHALL BE MARRIED.

Sermon Preached in Brooklyn, Sunday, May 15, by Rev. T. De Wit Talmage.

At the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning, May 15th, the opening hymn was—"My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty." To-day is the day for taking a collection for home missions, and hence the following patriotic discourse was delivered: Text.—Isaiah lxii, 4: "Thy land shall be married."

As the greater includes the less, this prophecy of future joy which encircles the earth, must include our own Republic. Bold, unique, startling, exultant divine imagery of the text! At the close of a week, when the world is full of the sound of wedding bells, and the heir of the Austrian Empire takes home his bride, amid the congratulation of many nations (may God preserve Rudolph and Stephanie!) it will not be inapt to anticipate the time when the Prince of Peace and the Heir of Universal Dominion shall take possession of this nation, and "Thy land shall be married." In discussing the future of this great nation, it makes every difference in the world whether we are on the way to a funeral or a wedding. In pulpit and on platform and in places of public discourse I hear so many muffled drums of evil prophecy sounded as though we were on the way to a national interment besides Thebes and Babylon and Tyre, and in the cemetery of dead nations our republic would be entombed, that I distinctly wish to be understood that instead of obsequies it will be nuptials, and instead of memento it will be carpeted altar, and instead of express it will be orange blossoms, and instead of requiem it will be wedding march, for "thy land shall be married." I shall tell you who are offering their hands for this betrothal. This land is so fair and beautiful and affluent a bride that she has plenty of suitors, and your advice will have much to do with her acceptance or rejection in any case.

One greedy and grasping woeer is named Monopoly. His sceptre is made out of the iron track of railroad and the wire of telegraphy. He proposes to have everything his own way, for his own advantage and the people's robbery. This monster of monopoly already controls the three States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and is fast gaining the supremacy of all the nation. He decides what laws shall be adopted or hindered. He stands in the railroad depot and puts into his pocket each year \$200,000,000 beyond the reasonable charges for service. He holds the steam of locomotion in one hand and the electricity of swift communication in the other. He has put the Democratic party into one pocket and the Republican party into the other. He controls nominations and elections, city elections, State elections, national elections. He buys up Legislatures with free passes, and the appointment of needy friends to lucrative positions, and by retaining them as attorneys, if they are lawyers, and by carrying their goods at 15 per cent, less if they are merchants; and if he finds a stubborn case on which much depends, puts down the hand cash of bribery. It has come to this pass in many of our legislatures that laws which monopolists favor pass, and laws which monopolists oppose are defeated. They have become so skilful in their manipulations that there is no chattering their now as they were caught during Mr. Buchanan's administration, when a legislative committee of Wisconsin exposed the manner in which a railroad company got the donation of public lands. Thirteen members of the Senate received \$175,000 among them; sixty members of the lower House received from \$5 to \$10,000 each, the Governor of the State \$50,000, and his Private Secretary \$5,000, and the Lt. Governor \$10,000, and the clerks of the House \$5,000 each, and \$50,000 to lobby agents. In many of the Legislatures the monopolists are carrying on similar schemes, but not in such blundering way as to be found out. The overshadowing curse of America to-day is monopoly, it puts his hand upon every bushel of wheat and every sack of salt and every ton of coal, and not a man woman or child in America but feels the touch of this moneyed despotism. I rejoice to hear that in twenty-four States of the Union Anti-Monopoly Leagues have been formed. God speed them in the work of liberation! I hope this will be the chief issue in the next Presidential contest. Between now and then we have time to compel the political platforms to recognize it. We say nothing against capitalists. A man has a right to all the money he can make honestly. We say nothing against corporations. Without them great enterprises would be an impossibility. But what we do say is that capitalist and corporations ought to have no rights not granted to the plainest laborer and poorest individual. What is wrong for you is wrong for the Vanderbilts and Goulds. Monopoly in England has ground millions of her best people into semi-starvation, and in Ireland has driven many of the tenants to frenzy, and in the United States is plotting to put the wealth of 50,000,000 of population into a few silken wallets. This brazen-faced, iron-fingued, vulture-hearted monopoly offers his hand for the

acceptance of this nation. He stretches it across the lakes and by the Pennsylvania, New York Central and Erie Railroads and over the poles of the American Union Telegraph Company and says: "Here is my hand and heart. Be mine forever." Let the millions of people, North, South, East and West, rise up vehemently to forbid the bans of this marriage. Forbid it at the ballot box, forbid it by the free printing-press, forbid it by the platform, forbid it by the great organizations, forbid it by the overwhelming sentiment of an outraged nation, forbid it by the protest of the Christian Church, forbid it by the prayer to high Heaven. Such a Herod shall not have such an Abigail. It is not to hard, and clenching and all-devouring monopoly this land shall be married.

Another suitor for the National bride is Nihilism. He is worth nothing and owns nothing save a knife for universal cut-throatery and nitro-glycerine bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no Government, no Heaven and no hell, except that which he hopes to make on earth. Demolition is the word. He slew the last Czar of Russia, makes the Emperor William of Germany a prisoner, killed Abraham Lincoln, would assassinate every King and President in all the earth, and if he had the power would drive the God of Heaven from His throne and take it himself—a universal butcher. In France he is called Communism, in the United States Socialism, and in Russia Nihilism; but the last word is more descriptive. It means complete and eternal smash-up. It makes the holding of property a crime, and if it had its way it would put a dagger through your heart, or a torch to your dwelling, and leave the world in possession of theft and lust and rapine and murder. Where does this monster live? In Brooklyn, and New York, and every city and every village of the land. This monster offers his red hand to this fair Republic, and says he will have her, if not by fair means then by foul. He says he will break up the ballot box, and the Legislative hall, and the Congressional Assembly. He will take this land and divide it up, or rather divide it down. The idler shall have as much as the worker, and the good as much as the bad. Nihilism? This painter, after prowling across all nations, has set his paw on our soil, and the time is not far distant when it will make a spring for its prey. It burnt the railroad property at Pittsburg in the great riot. It killed black people in our Northern cities during the war. It mailed to death a Chinese last week in New York. It glares out of the drinkeries at sober people going by. It would leave every church, chapel, cathedral, school and college in the United States in ashes. Nihilism! It is to-day the worst foe of the poor laboring man in all the country. It drowns out his honest cry for reform with vociferation for anger and blood. If the vagabonds and criminals ranging through these cities crying for their right, when their first right is the penitentiary, could be hushed up, the oppressed and down-trodden laborer would have more bread for his household. Riot and violence have never won higher wages or more prosperity. The best weapon in this country is not the brickbat or the shillalah, but the ballot. Let not the poor come under the banner of Nihilism. He will make your taxes higher, your wages smaller, your table scantier, your children hungrier, your suffering greater. Still, nihilism, with feet yet wet with carnage, comes forth and offers his hand as suitor of this republic. If we were asked where would the marriage be, and who the officiating priests, and what the music? The altar must be a white altar of bleached skulls. The officiating priest a dripping assassin. The music the smothered groan of multitudinous victims. The ring made from the chain of eternal captivity. The garland twisted out of nightshade. The vials apples of Sodom. The wine the blood of St. Bartholomew's massacre. Nay, nay! It is not to nihilism, the sanguineous monster, that the fair land shall be married. Let God and the angels and fifty millions of people forbid the bans!

Another suitor for the national bride is infidelity. When midnight ruffians despoiled the grave of A. T. Stewart in Luke's Churchyard all the people were shocked with horror. But infidelity proposes to do something worse than that, namely, the robbing of all the graves of Christendom of the hope of resurrection. It would chisel out from the tombstone of your Christian dead the words, "Asleep in Jesus," and cut for substitute the words, "Dissemination and obliteration." It would take a letter of the world's Father, inviting all nations to virtue and happiness, and rear it up in pieces so small that not a word of it could be read. It would leave every broken heart without consolation, and every dying man without a soothing pillow. It would swear in the President of the United States and the Supreme Court and the Governors of the States and the witnesses of the Court Room, their right hand on Paine's "Age of Reason," or Voltaire's "Physiology of History." It would take from this country the book which has made the difference between this land and the kingdom of Dahomey; between American civilization and Boursian cannibalism. If infidelity

could succeed in the destruction of the Scriptures in 200 years all the civilized nations would be turned back into semi-barbarism, and from semi-barbarism into midnight savagery, where the morals of a menagerie of tigers, rattlesnakes and chimpanzees would be better than those of the shipwrecked human race. The only impulse in the right direction that the world has ever received has been the Bible. It was the mother of Roman law and all healthful jurisprudence, the mother of English Magna Charta and American Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin stood with it in his hand reading Habakkuk to the Infidel club in Paris, and not knowing what it was, they pronounced it the best poetry they had ever heard. It brought down Geo. Washington to his knees in the snow at Valley Forge, and made the dying Prince of Wales to ask some one to sing for him "Rock of Ages." The worst attempted crime of the century is to destroy that book, and yet infidelity that loathsome, stenchful, leprous, rotten and pestiferous monster, puts out his hand, ichorous with death, asking for this nation. He would take possession not only of the parts of this country fully occupied, but the two-thirds of this continent not yet fully settled. He puts out his hand through the seductive magazine, lyceum lecture and parlor caricature of religion. He says: "Give me all the land east of the Mississippi, with its church keys and its Christian printing presses; then give me Dakota, give me Montana, give me Wyoming, give me Arizona, give me Alaska, give me everything west of the Mississippi, that I may hold it by right of possession before the gospel shall get fully entrenched there." He presses his claim with an ardor and determination appalling. What say you? Shall the bans be proclaimed? "No!" say the home missionaries of the West—a band of martyrs amid malaria and fatigues and starvation—not if we can help it; by all the privation we and our children have suffered, we forbid the bans! "No," say the genuine patriots, "our institutions were bought at too great a price and have been defended at too dear a sacrifice to be thus cheaply surrendered." "No," says the God of Plymouth Rock and Independence Hall and Bunker Hill and Gettysburg, "I do not start this nation for such a farce." No! No! It is not to infidelity this land is to be married.

There is another suitor for this land. The verse following my text announces him: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." To win the world, Christ stops at no humiliation of simile. He compares His grace to spittle opening blind eyes, and Himself to a hen gathering her chickens, and here to a suitor begging a hand in marriage. He deserves this bride. To see what he has done to win her, behold Pilate's court room with its insulting expectations on His face, and Calvary with its awful hemorrhage. Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel, but Christ served thirty-three years in torture that He might win the heart of the world. Moreover, long ago, just as Princesses at birth are pledged in treaty to earthly rulers, so this nation at its birth was set apart for God. Before Columbus and the Pinta and the Nina on their eventful voyage, what did they do? Took the sacrament of our Lord Jesus Christ. Coming in sight of land, what song goes up from all three decks? "Gloria in Excelsis!" What did they first do, stepping from shipboard to solid ground? All knelt in prayer, consecrating the new world to God. What did the Huguenots do, landing in the Carolinas, and the Puritans, landing in New England? With bent knees and uplifted faces and heaven-beseeching prayers they took possession of this continent for God. How did they open the first American Congress? With prayer in the name of Christ. Pledged at the birth of this Divined marriage was America. Besides that, see what He has done for us. Open the map of our North American continent and see how the land was shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Behold the navigable rivers, greater and more than any other land, running down to the sea in all directions, prophecy of large manufactures and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains, timbered with wealth on the top and sides and metallized with wealth underneath; 150,000 square miles of coal; 150,000 square miles of iron. The land so contoured that extreme weather seldom lasts more than three days. For the most of the year the climate is bracing and favorable for brawn and brain. All fruits, all minerals, all harvests. Scenery which displays an autumnal pageantry which no other land pretends to rival. No South American earthquakes. No Scotch mists. No English fogs. No Egyptian plagues. No Germanic divisions. The happiest people on earth are the people of the United States. The poor man has more chance, the industrious man more opportunity. How good God is to us and our children! To Him, blessed be His mighty name! To Him of the cross and triumph, to Him who still remembers the prayers of the Pilgrim Fathers and Huguenots and Holland refugees, to him this land shall be married. O, ye patriots and Christians, by

your contributions and prayers hasten the day for this fulfillment.

We are turning just now a great leaf in the ponderous tome of our Nation's history. At the different gates of this continent last year over 500,000 emigrants arrived, and at the different gates this year over 600,000 will come. Who are they? They are not paupers of Europe. I was told at Kansas City last summer that a vast multitude of them passed through averaging \$800 each. A large number who came through Castle Garden averaged \$1,000 each. Recently twenty families arrived with \$25,000 among them. Mind you, families—not tramps. Additions to the wealth of your country, not subtraction. Some of them I saw last Tuesday at Castle Garden reading their Bibles and hymn books. They had Christ with them in the steerage and they have Christ with them on the emigrant rail train which every afternoon at 5 o'clock bears them westward. Our Commissioners of Emigration take them off the vessel, and in the name of humanity and God forward them to the place of destination. And soon they will turn the Territories into States and the wilderness into gardens if we build for them Churches and establish for them schools and send them Christian missionaries. Are you afraid that this country will be overcrowded on account of this emigration? A fishing-smack on Lake Ontario might as well to-morrow morning fear being crowded as the next ten generations of our people fear being crowded in America. Do not tell me these foreigners bring either preferences for other Governments. They are sick of the Governments under which they were oppressed and they want free America. Give them a mighty gospel of welcome. Throw around them the hospitalities of the Christian religion. They will add their industry and their hard-earned wages to our National prosperity, and then we will all go to Christ and this land shall be married. Where do you think the marriage altar shall be lifted? Let it be on the Rocky Mountains, when through artificial and mighty irrigations its tops shall be covered with vineyards and orchards and green fields. The Boston and New Yorks and Charlesowns of the Pacific Coast shall come to the altar from one side and the Boston and New Yorks and Charlesowns of the Atlantic coast will come from the other side, and there amidst them let the Bride of all Nations kneel. And through the organ of the tondest founders that ever shak the Sierra Nevada on the one side, or, more the foundations of the Alleghanies on the other side, should open full diapason of weird march, it would not drown the pledge of the betrothal when Christ the King takes the land of this Bride of Nations, saying, "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee." At that marriage banquet the platters shall be of Nevada silver and the chalices of California gold, and the fruits from Northern orchards and the spices from Southern groves, and the tapestry from New England looms, and the congratulations from all free Nations of earth and all triumphant armies of Heaven. "And so thy land shall be married."

### The Lawyers on Prohibition.

Hon. R. P. Dick will leave the city for Concord this afternoon, where he has an appointment to deliver a speech on prohibition. The Republican executive committee will be opposed by the Judge throughout the campaign, as occasion may offer.

An Observer reporter approached Judge Merrimon with a view of learning his intended movements during the campaign, and was informed that it was this gentleman's purpose to be heard throughout the State on every occasion when not at a sacrifice of his legal interests. The Judge will deliver an address on prohibition at Gastonia on the 25th inst., and one at High Point on the same subject on the 4th day of July.

In reply to the question whether in his opinion the leaders of the Republican party throughout the State generally would enter the campaign on the anti-prohibition platform, Judge Merrimon said that they would not—that the Republican executive committee had no authority to force the issue upon the party, and mentioned as among the most able men of that party who are opposing the measure, the names of ex-Judges Albertson, Henry, Reade and Buxton, the former of whom will enter the canvass for prohibition; also that W. S. Ball, Esq., a prominent Republican of Greensboro, would be found on the side of prohibition in the coming contest. The name of Hon. D. A. Jenkins, of Gaston, was also mentioned in connection with the above, which leads to the belief that the executive committee in shouldering the anti-prohibition cause assumed a responsibility for its party which a large majority of the better members of that party will not support.—Char. Observer.

STORM.—Galveston, June 14.—A special from Montague says: A cyclone passed over the neighborhood of Queen's Peak, in the western part of this county, carrying away houses, fences, etc. Among the houses destroyed are those of Lee R. Willets, Mr. Carson and Mr. Scsum. The crops were badly damaged.

### Significant, Very!

"General order No. 1" First series. Rooms REP. EX. COM., RALEIGH, N. C., June 10, 1881.

Dear Sir: The Republican party through its State executive committee, takes ground against what is known as the "Prohibition" movement in this State, because of the legislation it contains against citizen rights, and in favor of rank and classes.

As a party, we cannot stand with folded arms and see the liberties of people subverted, and one class of citizens preferred above another. The paid emissaries of fanatical error and political trickery combined, are about to be sent abroad in the State, to help fasten upon our people this dangerous enactment of a Democratic Legislature this wolf in Sheep's clothing—"Prohibition." We must meet these emissaries with the overwhelming arguments that can be used against this strike at Liberty and Progress.

If you feel disposed to assist the party in this effort, send your contribution to me at Raleigh, at once.

J. J. MOTT,  
Chm'n Rep. Ex. Com.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Messrs. Fagg and Corpening have gone to work in earnest on the big cut this side of Pigeon river. Messrs. Coleman and Rice are putting in good liicks this side. This work has been entrusted to very capable hands and we are sure the 15th October will find their parts well performed. The Railroad authorities are pushing the balance of the work.—Asheville Citizen.

REFUSED TO GRANT LICENSE.—The county Commissioners of this county refused to grant license for the retail of liquor in the county, pending the consideration of the prohibition question to be voted on in August. As a consequence all the bar rooms here are closed except as wholesale houses, as under the general revenue laws they can sell liquor in quantities not less than a gallon.—Asheville Citizen.

CLEANLINESS AND REST.—Dr. Hall says the best medicines in the world, more efficient than all the potations of the materia medica, are warmth, rest, cleanliness and pure air. Some persons make it a virtue to have disease, "to keep up" as long as they can move a foot or wiggle a finger, and it sometimes succeeds; but in others the powers are thereby so completely exhausted that the system has lost all ability to recuperate, and slow typhoid fever sets in and carries the patient to a premature grave. A good bed and cool room are the very first indispensables to a sure and speedy recovery. Instinct leads all beasts and birds to quietude and rest the very moment that disease or wounds assail the system.

It is a very pretty fight which is going on in the New Hampshire Legislature, where, by gerrymandering and otherwise, the Republicans have a large majority. The term of Senator Rollins expires in March, 1883. There is to be an election of the Legislature in 1882, but that body will not convene under the law until the summer of 1883, three months after Rollins will cease to be a Senator. The Supreme Court has, therefore, given its opinion that the election should be held at the present session, which seems reasonable. Rollins favors this because he thinks he can be elected by the members of the present Assembly. William E. Chandler, the political tramp, whose appointment to Mr. Sam. Phillips' place the Senate recently rejected, and who is so justly odious for his conduct in Florida in the Presidential swindle of 1876, has put in his claims, and thinks that if the Senatorial election were to be postponed until after the next election, he could manipulate the State as he did Florida and get a majority of members pledged to him. He therefore opposes a present election, and as he controls the lower house, he has so far prevented its taking a ballot.

He and his friends are now termed the "bolters," and they propose to stand out against an election. On the whole it looks like the Radicals have fallen on bad times. When such a fellow as Chandler can aspire to a Senatorship, even from a State where the Radicals are as mean as in New Hampshire, it argues badly for that party. With the Republican leaders charging each other with bribery and corruption at Albany, and the New Hampshire Assembly refusing to act on the opinion of their own Supreme Court, it would seem that there is a pretty kettle of fish for somebody. We hope the Dem crats may enjoy it.—New-Observer.

PRIESTER'S TRIAL.—Priester, the paricide, having once been a resident of Charlotte, the subject of his recent trial for the murder of his father is interesting matter to Charlotte readers. The trial was concluded at Barnwell Court House, last Saturday. Judge Maskey was on the bench. Mr. Henderson, of Aiken, was prosecuting attorney, and Mr. Robert Aldrich represented the defendant. All the evidence was in by six o'clock Friday afternoon. The jury Saturday morning returned a verdict of not guilty on account of insanity. Priester was sentenced to the asylum for life. It is said the citizens are very much disatisfied with the sentence, and think he should be sent to the penitentiary, if not hung.

A flea will eat ten times its own weight of provisions in a day, and will drag after it a chair a hundred times heavier than itself. It leaps a distance of at least two hundred times its own length.

### Bitter Experience of Trusting Woman.

A case of wife desertion in Northwest Baltimore last week has excited comment and indignation. A gentleman drove up to the Western Temperance Hotel, corner Saratoga and Howard streets and engaged rooms for himself and wife. His wife, with her trunks, was put out at the hotel while he drove on down the street for reasons assigned which were satisfactory to his wife. He never returned, and as it became evident that he did not intend to return, his wife told her painful story. She had married him in Cincinnati five months ago. They came to Baltimore to live and with the money she had opened a grocery store on Pennsylvania avenue. Business being dull, he obtained her consent to sell out the stock, which he did, and finally sold the horse and wagon after driving her to the hotel. They were to go according to his programme, to Richmond, Va., and open a store there. The wife was left without even money to buy a postage stamp. Mr. Wm. Delphey, proprietor of the hotel, telegraphed to her family in Cincinnati and they immediately sent her a telegraphic money order on the receipt of which she at once started for her former home. A gentleman boarding at the hotel went to Richmond a few days afterward on business and made inquiries about the party who deserted his wife. It was told him that the same game had been played in Richmond about a year ago by the same party. He married a respectable lady, got hold of the money she possessed, and deserted her, leaving her waiting on a street corner for him since which time nothing had been heard from him until the present inquiries were made. A letter has been received in Baltimore from the wronged woman announcing her safe arrival home and the joy of her family at her being once more restored to them after such an experience.—Baltimore Sun 30th.

### Electricity for Carriages.

It is not improbable that electric power will soon be used to drive carriages in our avenues and Central Park, so great are the possibilities of the M. Faure system of storage of electric energy. Already a tricycle, weighing 400 pounds, with its occupant, has been driven through the streets of Paris by electricity at the speed of a cab, and it is expected that the same motive power will give such vehicles a speed of fifteen miles an hour. If tricycles and bicycles can be driven so satisfactorily by the use of M. Faure's boxed electric energy, why not ordinary carriages? There is no reason why they cannot be so driven. In fact, it is already announced that an omnibus is to be run by electricity at Berlin, its route being from Zehlendorf to Teltow. Inventors have toiled in vain to produce a steam wagon that could be safely and economically used on common roadways, but by taking electricity instead of steam for motive power, they can succeed in giving us a substitute for horses to draw our carriages.

When people can order a box of electricity from the manufacturer in place of a horse from an extortionate liverman, riding in Central Park, need no longer be a luxury confined to the rich, and an income of \$10,000 a year will not be essential to keeping your own carriage. Sir William Thompson has pronounced the little box sent to Glasgow University by M. Faure, of Paris, and containing a million foot pounds of electric energy, a very important discovery. It is with satisfaction that the Evening Mail reminds the public that the very day the news of M. Faure's discovery reached America, and before any of our contemporaries had suggested any thing of the kind, we pointed out that it would be of vast utility in solving the problem of electric illumination and of the propulsion of vehicles by electric energy.

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