

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XIV.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., JANUARY 11, 1883.

NO. 13

The Carolina Watchman,
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1832.
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JOHN B. HUTCHINSON, Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 1, 1881.

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The Countersign.

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded whip-poor-will;
I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound;
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the springs bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rays mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The footman form with bending back.
I think I saw him crouching low;
I stop and list, I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hilllocks gray
To groups of warriors far and near.

With ready pace I wait and watch,
Until my eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each haruspex earthen notch,
And turn guerrilla into stone;
And then, among the lonely gloom,
Beneath the weird old tall trees,
My silent marches, I resume,
And think on other times than these.

Sweet visions through the silent night,
The deep bay window fringed with
The room within in softened light,
The tender milk-white hand in mine,
The tender pressure and the pause
That oftentimes overcame our speech—
That time when, by mysterious laws,
We each felt all in all to each.

And then that bitter, bitter day
When came the final hour to part,
When, clad in soldier's honest gray,
I pressed her weeping to my heart;
Too proud of me to bid me stay,
Too fond of me to let me go,
I had to tear myself away,
I left her staid in her woe.

So rose the dream, so passed the night,
When, distant in the darkness gleam,
Approaching up the awful height,
I heard the solid march of men,
Till over stables, over award,
And fields where lay the golden sheaf,
I saw the lantern of the guard
Advancing with the night relief.

"Halt! Who goes there?" my challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line.
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply.
"Advance, and give the countersign!"
With bayonet at the charge, I wait;
The corporal gives the mystic spell;
With arms at port, I charge my mate,
And onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night, awake,
I think, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
Where the angelic sentries call!
And pray the heavens may so ordain
That when I near the camp divine,
Whether in travail or in pain,
I too may have the countersign.
—Fritz James O'Brien.

Killing Rats by Electricity.

Ralph Carbit, an ingenious 12-year old boy of Honeybrook, Chester county, Pa., has devised a novel plan of getting rid of the rats which infest his father's cellar. He has constructed out of old fruit jars a battery of Leyden jars, which he connects and places upon a large iron plate which touches the tinfoil on the outside. The battery is so arranged that when the rat steps upon the plate and seizes the bait he at once makes the connection between the outside and inside of the jars, and they are discharged through his body, killing him literally as quick as lightning. He charges the jars by means of an electrical machine, also constructed by himself. He ran a couple of wires through the floor to the cellar from the room above, and as soon as he would hear a rat squeak he would immediately recharge the battery. The first time he put the machine in operation he slaughtered twenty five rats in a space of three hours, and in two days the cellar was entirely cleared of the pests.—West Chester Local.

Tomsy.

He was just a little colored boy, but the announcement of his death will make many hearts sad.

For six years his bright black face had been familiar to all callers at Trinity Rectory, and to all friends of the family. He was a courteous, gentlemanlike little fellow, and looked on himself, as indeed everybody did, as one of the family. He believed his great mission in life was to "take care of the Doctor."

A short, sharp attack of tetanus, following the most trifling hurt from one of those murderous toy pistols, carried him off in three days, notwithstanding the utmost power of science and skill.

We know here, as none can know but those who live with them, how close those dark faced servants weave themselves into our lives. And when, one is so bright and truthful, so honest and faithful and trusty as this poor boy was, the family attachment is very strong.

There is great grief at the Rectory and among the large circle who have known "Tomsy" for so long.

He was "only a little colored boy," but he had the qualities that make the true gentleman, and he did his day's work well, and many loved him.—N. O. Times Democrat.

The Medical Journal wants to know "What is life without health?" Pshaw, man, that's nothing. What is health without life? Answer that and go up head.

Modern Social Life.

The Changes of a Century—Conversation a Lost Art.

In the rush of modern life the old elaborate forms of social etiquette are rapidly dying out says an English writer. Visiting is carried on through the penny post, correspondence by telegraph, and conversation by the telephone. Science is killing all the stately grace of life, and flings so many treasures to society that the beautiful, like Tarpela, is crushed to death under the weight of the offerings. Machinery, railroads, telegraphs and cheap literature have destroyed beauty, grace, style, dignity and the art of conversation. Aristotles high-bred gentleman, with his stately manners, slow movements and measured speech would soon be hustled aside at a railway station, and probably lose his place and his ticket. Neither has society any longer the time to listen, as it did half a century ago, to the learned disquisition of Macaulay, the inspired monologues of Coleridge, or the force-rolling iconoclastic thunders of Carlyle. The art of conversation has been gradually falling into decadence, and now barely exists; though manner, or the mode of saying things well, still helps to keep it alive and even to give to commonplace the semblance of gold. In Shakespeare's time conversation was perhaps at its best in England. The court set the example; Queen Elizabeth had wit and learning, and round her circled some of the most remarkable men that England ever produced. Culture had reached a high level and every one aimed at being clever and brilliant, and, above all, learned. It was the golden age of England when the national intellect reached the supreme height in philosophy, poetry, the drama and the splendor and depth of thought in social life.

Queen Anne, though the dullest of good women herself, was fortunate also in having her reign illustrated by a great race of intellectual celebrities, all of them eminently distinguished for conversational power, as Swift, Pope, Bolingbroke, Lady Mary Wortley Montague and others. And there were great and brilliant talkers even in the heavy Georgian era, whose wit and wisdom are preserved to us in the bright pages of Horace, Walpole, like dried rose leaves with the perfume still fragrant as in life. Dr. Johnson is the high priest of the last century and we fling a wreath to the memory of the fascinating Thrale and "little Burney" and the wonderful Delaney and the stately Hannah More, and others who proved a woman's right to be a social queen. After them comes a whirlwind of intellect, male and female, rushing down the dark unknown of the opening nineteenth century. Immortal names of immortal men illustrate this great era, and a whole host of brilliant women light it with the radiance of their intellect, their wit, their beauty and the sparkling splendor of their conversational gifts. Maria Edgeworth held the sceptre of intellect, Lady Morgan ruled London by her wit, and Lady Blessington reigned at the Gore House by her grace and brilliancy, while Lady Duffkin and Mrs. Norton (of that wondrous Sheridan race) claimed and gained the world's homage by the right of wit, beauty and genius all combined. Mrs. Jameson, also, and the Brontes held their place right sovereignly, and Mrs. S. C. Hall was a social power both in Ireland and England. Here was a splendid band of gifted women (all Irish, by the way) who were as brilliant and interesting in conversation as they were powerful with the pen. Later on we find the female intellect supremely illustrated only by the name of one woman, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. She stands alone without a rival in the century, but then she stands alone amid the women of all centuries.

After the death of the great poetess of England, the royal race of women who reign by the right divine of intellect disappears and the professional beauty seized the vacant throne as a social power. The women of genius retreated into solitude, and are now never heard of but on a title page. They no longer cast their influence on society as brilliant thinkers and talkers; and a literary salon ruled over by some dazling queen of intellect, some splendid woman of wit and learning, exists in London no more; for, while the rush of life is tending to destroy all the forms of social etiquette, the diffusion of knowledge is sapping the foundations of the conversational art, which former generations almost raised to the perfection of a science.

There is nothing now left in the outer world to talk about. Penny newspapers and shilling e-rans satiate all curiosity, and the professional reviewers kindly crumble up for us all the current poems and novels to save society the trouble of selection or reprobation.

We are all fed on the same food, and have no new and strange interests to impart to each other. There are no more mysteries left. The whole world lies on our breakfast table, with all its follies and by 10 o'clock in the morning every one knows everything that has happened throughout the universe, from the last spot on the sun to the last scandal and the latest crime. And then we glance over the society papers, and there the whole

Bees as Weapons.

A small privateer, manned by fifty men, but having on board some hives of bees, was pursued by a Turkish galley manned by five hundred seamen and soldiers. When the latter came alongside, the crew of the privateer mounted the rigging with their hives, and threw them upon their foes, who, astonished at this novel mode of warfare, hastened to escape from the fury of the enraged bees. Another instance occurred, when a rabble in Hohnstein, in Thungaria, attempted to pillage the house of the parish minister. He caused some bee-hives to be thrown among the mob, who in consequence soon dispersed. Vauban relates how bees played an important part at the siege of Chatre, in Lorraine. After a siege the town was being stormed, and during the assault the besieged threw a few hives of bees upon the heads of the storming party. The little creatures stung the besiegers so dreadfully that they had to retire; and the historian tells that "the bees were not the least cause of the siege being abandoned."

There is no place any more for brilliant individuality or the small amateur accomplishments. Trained talent has seized the commerce and transmuted all they touch to gold.

Society is frozen into a more aggregate of passive recipients and listeners, much depressed by the consciousness of their own insignificance and inferiority; while the professionals receive the plaudits and pay and exult with justifiable pride, in triumph fairly won by genius, talent and earnest study.

A Wonderful Invention.

The Patented Owned by the New Postal Telegraph Company.

The Legge patent sends as many words over a single wire in a minute as the most skillful Morse operator can send in an hour, delivers at the receiving station a fac simile of the copy furnished, and does it all without the help of a skillful operator. Anybody who can turn a crank can send a message, in his own handwriting with any private marks or other devices he pleases, simply by first writing his message on a chemically prepared piece of paper furnished by the company. Practical trials of this apparatus have shown a speed of 2,500 words a minute, but it can be enlarged so as to do even better. A Morse operator who can send or receive 2000 or 2500 words an hour can command the highest salary, and even then there is nothing to guarantee him against making a mistake—a thing which by the Legge process is impossible. Pictures can be transmitted in this way, and an enterprising reporter can send not only the words, but the music of the new opera by wire; but the great advantage the company claims for it is the transmission of correspondence. It is expected that the energetic business man who has an important letter to send to a distance will no longer drop it in the post-office—unless, indeed, an arrangement can be effected by which the postoffices will be made receiving and delivering stations for the postal telegraph—but will bring it to the company's office, place it with his own hands in the machine, and send it humming to a moment to its destination.—Philadelphia Times.

A Boy's Prayer.

Little Willie L., aged three years, had the misfortune to lose his father a few weeks ago. The other evening about twilight, he saw his widowed mother weeping over her great bereavement. Little Willie ran out into the front yard and climbed up on the gate post, and turned his cherub face up to the stars, just beginning to peep out:

"God! God!" he cried, all his little earnest soul in his words and in his eyes, "send my papa back from heaven! Send him right away! We want him now! Send him right quick, for mamma is crying!"

But, alas! for that widow and that cherub boy, although the prayer came from as sinless a heart as ever beat on earth, it can never be answered.—Memphis Weekly.

The leading papers are agree that the condition of the drama in the United States and in England is at a very low ebb. The plays, with but few exceptions, are said to be despicable. Dramatic writers have no capabilities for strong original work, so they are prone to fall back on French plays and it is acknowledged that the Parisian dramatic genius is not of a high order at this time although there are wit and invention enough to give constant surprises and to feed an appetite that craves the emotional and the intense. The plays that are put on the boards in New York and thence radiate the country are too contemptible for serious criticism. Rev. Dr. Mallory, owner of the Madison Square Theatre, New York, has done something for play goers in "Hazel Kirke," "Esmeralda," and "Young Mrs. Winthrop." These plays are free from the vicious taint of the French dramas, and are strong and original enough to furnish some intellectual entertainment.—Will. Star.

We think very likely, although Vermont is not a case in point. No Southern State of 350,000 inhabitants can show an annual record of crime as black and monstrous as that of Vermont. The Messenger devotes column after column to "lawlessness in the South." It had better look nearer home.—Boston Post.

THE GREAT GOLD FIELD.

California is the best gold field yet discovered in this country. It is expected that the yield this year will be at least \$15,000,000. It once reached as high as \$40,000,000 to 50,000,000 per annum. Some authorities claim that the gold product in this State from 1851 to 1857 was \$35,000,000 to \$60,000,000 per annum, and that in 1863 it reached \$65,000,000. Since 1848 the gold yield of this State has probably been \$1,455,000,000. Some claim \$100,000,000 more but the inside \$200 is supposed to be the nearest to the actual fact.—N. Y. Stock Report.

Dr. Mott has given his ideas touching the result of the recent election in North Carolina to the Washington Republican. He says the State was lost to the "Liberal" party in consequence of the lukewarmness of the old-time Republicans, particularly those in the Greensboro district, and professes to believe that the Republicans will carry the State in 1884. Dr. Mott praises Capt. Charles Price highly and endorses him for United States District Attorney for the Western District.

Is this the "Price" Charles is to obtain for becoming a Liberal?—Charlotte Home-Democrat.

Gen. Sherman's Hell on Earth.

From Gath's Report of a Chat.

"Now, about that," said Gen. Sherman, "you see I cannot be fool enough to decline what is not offered to me; but what do I want to turn from the prospect of rest and peace, at last for a period of years, to the delusion of four years in an office that is just hell! That's what it is," continued the general emphatically; "it is hell! What did Gen. Harrison get out of it? Nothing but a month of misery. What did General Taylor get out of it? Twelve months of misery. What did Grant get out of it? Do I want to resign this competence Congress has bestowed on me for four years of hell? What did Hayes get out of the Presidency? What did Garfield get?—Take them all within your memory. Nothing but worry, trouble, misunderstanding."

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The Latest News!

KLUTTZ & RENDLEMAN,
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New Stock of Clothing AND FURNISHING GOODS.

Large Assortment of Ladies' Cloaks and Shawls. LADIES' HATS AND TRIMMINGS.—MEN'S HATS AND CAPS. BOOTS AND SHOES A SPECIALTY. We keep the best made. AGENTS FOR COATS' SPOOL-COTTON. New supply of 5 cent Tin Ware.

Full stock of Glass and Table Ware. Best Flour, Meats, Sugar, Coffee, TEAS, Rice, Potatoes, Canned Fruits, Pure Lard, Corn, Bran, Meal, New Orleans Molasses and Syrups, &c. Full assortment of Family Medicines including Quinine. One and three-fourth lbs. Cotton Sacking at 9 Cents. New Ties at \$1.75 per bundle. Three lb. Cans Tomatoes at 15 cents. OVER-COATS at \$2.50. Best 10 cts. Sugar, try it. Be sure to see our Goods before you buy. We mean to sell you good Goods at the very lowest prices. We buy and sell all kinds of Country Produce. W. W. TAYLOR, H. F. ATKINS, and D. J. BOSTIAN. Nov. 1, 1882.

Executors Sale BLACKMER & TAYLOR

OF PERSONAL PROPERTY. HAVING qualified as Executor of the estate of Mary Hall, dec'd., I will sell at public sale, at her late residence, On Thursday, the 21st of December, Wheat, Corn, two head of Cattle, 10 HOGS, Household & Kitchen Furniture, and other articles not mentioned. Terms of sale Cash.

All persons having claims against the said Mary Hall, dec'd., are hereby notified to exhibit the same to the undersigned on or before the 30th of November, 1883, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make prompt payment. A. L. HALL, Ex'r. Nov. 30, 1882. 7:15

THE NEW SOUTH.

The Representative Industrial Paper of North Carolina is a 28 column illustrated weekly. Every Mine Owner, Farmer, Manufacturer, Merchant and Industrial man in the South should have it. Pays special attention to North Carolina's Mineral Resources and does full justice to every department of our State's handicraft. PRICE \$1.50 per year. POSITIVELY IN ADVANCE. ADDRESS at once, EDWARD A. OLDEMAN, Editor and Proprietor. Wilmington, N. C. ex.

CASH!

Cash is my Motto. Having determined to adopt the Cash System from the 1st of December, I would respectfully request all those who are indebted to me on account or otherwise and for Guano to call in and settle, as I am greatly in need of money and Must Have It. I shall in future sell strictly for CASH or BARKER, as by this means I will be better able to give my friends and customers More Goods For Their Money! I am now receiving a nice and fresh lot of Country Produce for the Christmas Holidays. Call and see my stock before you make your purchases. I have a fine lot of FLORIDA ORANGES COCOANUTS AND APPLES ON HAND. All Kinds of Country Produce Taken in Exchange for Goods.

WANTED,

FURS, SKINS, WAX, RAGS, BEEF HIDES, SHEEPS, SKINS, BUTTER, EGGS, CHICKENS, TURKEYS, GEESSE, AND DUCKS, ETC., ETC. J. D. MCNEELY. 7:1m

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE!

Having determined to make our home in Winston, N. C., we have concluded to sell our House and Lot in the great West Ward of Salisbury, N. C. House has 8 rooms, a good kitchen with 3 rooms; well of good water in the yard. A good garden and stable on the lot. In the best neighborhood in the city, on the corner of Monroe and Church streets, adjoining J. M. Horn and others. For further particulars see Messrs. D. A. Goodman, S. W. Cole or B. F. Fraley, R. F. & M. C. GRAHAM. 10:3m.

W.A. EAGLE BOOT & SHOE MAKERS

W.A. EAGLE BOOT & SHOE MAKERS. GENTS' FINE WORK A SPECIALTY. BOOTS, SHOES & GAITERS. Made and repaired. All material of the best grade and done in the latest style. Ready made work always on hand—Repairs prompt and promptly done. Orders by mail promptly filled. Wm. A. Eagle.



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OF WM. SMITHDEAL AS WELL AS THE INTEREST OF R. R. Crawford, of the firm of R. R. CRAWFORD & CO., We are now prepared to supply our customers with all kinds of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

In addition to the Best Selected Stock of HARDWARE in the STATE. We also handle Rifle and Blasting Powder FUSE and a full line of Mining Supplies. We will Duplicate Any Prices in the State. CALL AND SEE US. W. S. BLACKMER, SALISBURY, N. C. Oct. 5, 1882. 50:1y