

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XV.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., JULY 3, 1884.

NO 38

For the Watchman. What of the Times?

The orb-political's ebb
Quadrant circle high complete
Another fierce election's throes
Approaching, freighted with fraud's woes;
Blood-stained at noon, peace-crowned at eve.

This presidential day takes leave
Of our "free" nation's wretched sight;
Now, "Watchman, tell us of the night!"

What are its signs of promise, pray?
Eye, who shall rule the coming day?
Seest thou not yet the victor's star
Ascending from horizon far
To northward? Count as worthless dross
The heroes near the Southern Cross;
Accursed the men, taboos and vile,
On whom dame Fortune failed to smile!

In vain did DAVIS, patriot steel,
Charge Cerro Gordo's lead-swept hill;
In vain for youths the heirs to be
Of patriot Lee's nobility;
Both he who thinks and he who fights,
And forfeits to the uncertain sword
Arbitration of that fell word!

In vain, on proud Centennial Day,
New meet and mingle blue and gray;
Hand-shaking brothers, held apart
By gulfs of prejudice at heart,
With mongrel share, not with each other,
The flag of their Columbian mother,
And heroes will not heroes trust,
But barter country's love for fast.

Great God! Shall not the truth be told?
Thy servant's pen the fact's path lead
Which justice, right and common sense
Dictate, in spite of vile pretense?
Is not the poet's heaven-born dower
Above the politician's hour?
Shall I with Yankee meanness, small
As popular ignominy caracole?

Shall sneers be all the eulogy
For DAVIS, JACKSON, FOREST, LEE?
Their epithets, like EXETER's rust,
No! Though the unpunished heaven's fall,
Let justice "er be done" to all!
Shout, Watchman, from your sentry
gate—
"To speak the truth 'tis ne'er too late!"

"Arch traitors!" How then do they stand
The purest men in all the land
To-day? That dictionary lies
Which calls them "traitors"—to the skies
Exalts the righteous Howards, Grants
And St. R. Hayes! If these are saints,
St. Judas, good Iscariot,
Upon the calendar hangot!

O, what a table-turning day!
Our good men in obscurity
Are safely buried. While they chant
Their praises and repeat
Of daring for themselves to think,
Of being too brave to duty shrink,
Rogue riot, robbers carnival
Supremely rules the Capitol!

Behold a Yankee or Tar-Heel,
An Asiatic or a Whale,
Yield ignorant, fool and knave
In he who don't respect the brave,
Consistent, honest gentleman,
Who hath the world's respect, I swan,
The Colonel, President and Sage,
JEFF. DAVIS, who rebukes this age!

The "thing" who "does" the Boston Globe,
So small you'd have to use a probe
To find him in his office corner,
That tried his little self to honor
By saying: "I was a difference
What DAVIS said—that 'thing' no sense
Has got above Darwinian ape?
Let monkeys wear for him the craze!

Now, every free-born citizen
Has got the right—the right is plain—
Just to select and nominate
Who'er he please as candidate
For this great nation's President;
And when his nomination's sent
To this choice man, he has the right
Just to decline or face the fight.

Well, here I nominate a man!
Beat his credentials, ye who can!
His stealings put your finger on!
His lies in boldest print set down!
Find but one flinch, show but one dodge,
Or hold fore'er your senseless grudge,
JEFF. DAVIS is my nominee—
Is yours a truer man than he?
E. P. H.
Mr. Vernon, N. C., May, 1884.

I AM WEARY.

I am weary of straying—oh! fair would
I rest
In that far distant land of the pure and
the blest,
Where sin can no longer her blandish-
ment spread,
And tears and temptations forever are
fed.

I am weary of hoping—where hope is
untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting as morning's
bright dew;
I long for that land whose blest promise
alone
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of
earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at
their birth—
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we
cannot assuage,
O'er blightings of youth and weakness of
age.

I am weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest, the dearest, alas! may not
stay!
I long for that land where those partings
are o'er
And death and the tomb can divide
hearts no more.

I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy
love—
Oh when shall I rest in thy presence
above!
I am weary—but oh, never let me repine,
While the world, and thy love, and thy
promise are mine,
—Selected

DANISH BARQUE RIALTO,

On Voyage from Wilmington, N. C.,
Towards Trieste, Austria.

Bay of Tunis, Feb'y 11, 1884.—

After passing Gibraltar we lay becalmed for a day or two under the shadow of the snow-capped Sierra Morena. At the base of these mountains nestle countless charming towns and villages, among them, Malaga, famous for its raisins and bull-fights. It is the place, too, where the wretched Florida committed suicide. "Happy have been my hours, my days, my years, but I shall never, never see them again," exclaimed the unhappy girl, as she cast herself from the castle turret. The hard hearted Moors, who beheld the rash act, said coolly, "La esperanza de los impios perecera" (the expectation of the wicked shall perish). When snow-capped mountains had ceased to be a novelty and there came to be a wearying sameness about white-washed villages, which like old Volpones gold and treasures were only to be gazed at from a distance, an icy breath from the Sierras crept down the gorge, causing the vineyards and olive groves to shiver, and the citizen of Malaga to wrap his cloak closer around him, rippling the sleepy waters of the placid sea, and filling the idle sails of the Rialto. Two days' sailing on a S. E. course and the mountains of Algeria peered above the southern horizon, and in a few hours we were running along the coast at a distance of half a mile from land. In the days of the two Barbarossas there was a good deal of untamed excitement about coasting the Algerian shores. At that time the Dey of that country enjoyed a reputation for maritime malfeasances which yielded only to Capt. Kidd's. Unfortunately for themselves the bold sons of Horne and Hagrudin committed the irreparable blunder of laying violent hands on an honest Yankee skipper sailing unexpectedly along their coasts with his little cargo of hickory wood hams and pine bark "Durham." Then the insulted Eagle gave a terrific scream and Uncle Sam's "Boys in blue" soon knocked *Dey*-light out of the Algerine piratical institution. Some future Gibbon recording the "Decline and Fall of the United States," and deducing his conclusions from external manifestations, will pronounce the period of the Algerian war our "Age of Glory." It is the solitary instance in which our incomparable navy ever managed to get so far from home with belligerent proceedings in view. We hoped on Saturday night to be able the following day to pass the Castle of Casaba, commanding the entrance to the harbour of Algiers, but the spirit of old Sid Attica, the pious old Marabout, who, following the example of his illustrious predecessor, Xerxes, industriously thrashed the sea until the waves arose and engulfed the Christian fleet, seemed to have broken loose that night. About midnight a violent mistral sprang up a keen, piercing west wind—which alike receives the anathema maranatha of the eastward bound mariner and the English valetudinarian on the bleak terraces of Nice and Meutone. In the teeth of the gale we could do no more than hold our own. Several days of tedious beating between the Balearic isles and the coast of Algiers ensued. The weather was otherwise magnificent. The sky was a most delicate azure tinge, the water a deep mazarine hue, and the cosmic glories at morn and eve all that Byron and Shelley would have us believe.

I challenge any mortal not reared beneath the shadow of the North Pole to lose himself for ten minutes in poetic reverie "o'er descending Titon at day's departing hour" with the disagreeable fact in view that his nose is rapidly approaching a state of frigid petrification, and his ears long since complete wrecks. For several days we beheld the sun rise o'er the isle of Pithinos and saw him sink to rest behind the Algerian hills. Mid-day found us on the shores of Minorca, and "the noon of night" within the shadows of the grey old castle of Casaba. A very few repetitions of this sort of Sisyphus progress would satisfy any one not hopelessly soaked in poetic instincts,

and as there is not to my knowledge, on board our ship a single individual who ever aspired to combine even love and dove with rhythmic intent these constantly recurring beauties of nature began to be shamefully execrated. On Wednesday night the mistral's breath became exhausted, and a gentle westerly breeze wafted us through the straits between Tunis and the lad of the far-famed fish of tin box notoriety. On Saturday night we made the light on Canis or Dog rock; then the inevitable mistral burst forth again and drove us into the Bay of Tunis. Daylight found us off the ruins of the city of "infelix Dido" with the Tunisian mountains "towering dark with aspect like despair" above the site of the haughty metropolis which held all Iberia in abeyance, whose all-conquering army laughed at Alpine barriers, and caused even Imperial Rome to tremble. It is hard to realize as one looks upon the bleak and barren mountains and upon the deserted valleys over which brood silence and desolation that these solitudes once resounded to the clash and clamor of mighty armies, or echoed the busy hum of a city of 700,000 inhabitants. Yet it is even so. Here stood a city which had a language when Attica was a howling wilderness, and the Greeks a horde of barbarians. Here dwelt the sprightly widow Dido who committed the immense mistake of getting "mashed" on a 'tramp' who employed the fact to his advantage by beating her out of his board and lodging and then skipping quietly off, leaving his unpaid bills to his duped landlady. It is related that Carthage burned seventeen days. If a person could collect enough fuel on the spot now to singe a medium sized cat he would exceed my estimate. In its palmy days twenty-three miles was the circumference of the city's walls, but a circus tent could conceal all that time and the vandals have spared of Adrianapolis. All traces have disappeared of the immense population whose stentorian cheers nerved Hamilar, setting out for Spain, to deeds of valor, and the gods would need to skirmish over a good deal of territory before they found a mortal with enough fat on his bones to make a sacrificial blaze. The only evidence of life that I saw on the site of Carthage was a dilapidated and dejected looking specimen of the porcine tribe too deeply buried in musing on the mutability of magnificence and the prospects of a square meal to pay any attention to the presence of strangers. I wonder how old Cato who for so long dinned "Carthage delenda est" into the ears of the easy going Senate, would feel if he could stand here to-day. The only relic of that great nation existing is their "Pannica fides," and even that has emigrated and taken up quarters in the more congenial atmosphere of Tunis ten miles distant. In my opinion the Bay of Tunis will compare favorably with that of Naples, but with regard to the towns comparisons become odious, or ought, to the Tunisians.

The Neapolitans call their city "Un pezzo de cielo caduto in terra," (a piece of heaven dropped on earth.) The Tunisians might claim that their burgh was a portion of the other place shoved up to the surface, but they do not, which shows that they are a modest people not given to boasting. Tunis is governed by a Bey (no relation to the one we have been speaking of). He employs himself in trying to count his wife, (there is numerous of her) and in frantically endeavoring to annihilate parties who speak of not *oh-beying* him.

There is generally a flotilla of felucos on the bay engaged in red coral fishing. Here too may be seen the adventurous sponger diving into the depths and contending with shark and sword fish for his treasure. There are quite a number of spongers in the city too. Their dives are chiefly in the Jew's quarter, and their contentions are with the sharks in their immediate neighborhoods.

(To be Continued.)

It is said that the Cuban element in Florida is strong for Blaine, under the impression that his foreign policy would lead to war with Spain resulting in Cuban independence.

John Sheppard. D. A. Swink. J. M. Monroe.

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For the Sale of Leaf Tobacco
Salisbury, North Carolina.

FARMER'S REMEMBER KLUTTZ'S WAREHOUSE has sold THREE FOURTHS of all the Tobacco sold on this market this season, and can show the highest averages for crops and a general average second to none in the State for the same grades of Tobacco.

Kluttz's Warehouse

Is the BEST LIGHTED, BEST ARRANGED and the only house in the place that has STORAGE ROOM FOR PLANTER'S TOBACCO.
If you want the HIGHEST PRICES for your Tobacco sell at

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HIGHEST PRICES GUARANTEED.

Your friends truly,
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Salisbury, N. C., June 4th, 1884.

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And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them for the cure of LIVER and KIDNEY diseases. Sold every where, or sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

DIPHTHERIA

Comp. Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use) will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Preparation is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES

Diphtheria, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Catarrhs, Injuries, Cholera Morus, Kidney Troubles, and Diseases of the Spine. Sold everywhere. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY

It is a well-known fact that most of the Hens and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolute pure and verifiable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure CHICKEN CHOLERA.

Dec. 20, 1883-1871

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FINE WALNUT SUITS, - - - \$50
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ACTIVE AND INTELLIGENT AGENTS in every town BILLS, Mutual Teachers and others, whose time is not fully occupied, will find it to their interest to correspond with us. To farmers' sons and other young men just coming on the field of action, this business offers many advantages, both as a means of making money and of self culture. Write for special terms to R. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1013 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

RICHMOND, VA. PRES. W. C. COART, SEC. Total Assets, \$710,745.12. A Home Company, Seeking Home Patronage. STRONG, PROMPT, RELIABLE, LIBERAL. Term Policies written on Dwellings. Premiums payable One half cash and balance in twelve months. J. ALLEN BROWN, Agt., 23-Gu. Salisbury, N. C.

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FOR THE LIVER

And all Bilious Complaints

Save Your Fruit!

Scarr's Fruit Preservative!

Without the use of Sealed Cans. The CHEAPEST AND ONLY SURE KIND KNOWN. PERFECTLY HARMLESS. Call and try it. At ENNIS' DRUG STORE.

NOTICE!

There will be a meeting of the Stockholder of the Western N. C. Railroad Company in Salisbury, N. C., on Tuesday the 23th June, 1884. By order of the President, GEO. F. EDWIN, Sec'y & Treasr. Salisbury, N. C., May 21, 1884.

God Chooseth.

There are men who have strong and laudable desires to serve the Lord, and who fervently pray to be used for his glory; but he does not always seem to hear their prayers. There are various reasons for this. Sometimes men are unfit for the Lord's service. They are not purged from their sins; they are not vessels unto honor, fitted for the Master's use; and so he sets them aside as not adapted to his work. Sometimes men wish to do great things, but find themselves straightened, hindered, limited and circumscribed; sometimes they are reserved for still greater work; in other cases they are rejected of the Lord, for reasons well known to him.

Doubtless Moses longed to lead Israel into Canaan, but he was not permitted to enter the promised land. So David would gladly have built the temple at Jerusalem but the Lord would not accept that service at his hands. Paul was forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the gospel in Asia, and though he essayed to go into Bithyna, the Spirit suffered him not. So also he would have come to his brethren at Thessalonica once again, but Satan hindered him. In like manner we may have desires and aspirations for usefulness which will never be gratified. The Lord may see that we could not bear the exaltation and the honor which we seek. He knows far better than we do what is for our good, and so he would have us rest ourselves contented in his providence, not idle, but diligent; not careless, but watchful; not indifferent, but full of intense, earnest longing to do the will of God; yet patient under restraint, and content to be neglected and forgotten, remembering that "they also serve who only stand and wait," and that the Lord in his own well chosen hour can lead us forth to fulfil his purposes of grace.

—Words of Faith.

Against Anxiety.

It is distrust of God which lies at the root of unlawful anxiety. A feeble apprehension of God as the agent who overrules everything and determines those causes which lie outside of our reach, and those events which escape our foresight—this it is which shakes the soul with vague uncertainty, and fills with causeless alarms the darkness of to-morrow. The doubt whether God, who counts for so much in the contingencies of life, be One whose attitude to us may be wholly trusted, or the suspicion that we may have really as much to dread as to hope for from His superintendence—this it is which cannot but unsettle a man's steadfast outlook into the coming days, and toss his spirit to and fro in the restlessness of distraction. Because we are "of little faith," therefore are we not content to plan and work, and having planned and wrought, to sit and wait; but must fidget ourselves about that which may be, until impatience gnaws us like a worm, and our imagination, picturing disasters in the dark, burns us like fire. Why is it that popular proverbs attest how much worse are fancied ills than real ones, and how the evils which we most dread never overtake us; but just because this distrustful human heart of ours is so prone to prophesy, and so lively to exaggerate, misfortune? Like a soothing, cooling breath from a serene world, there comes down upon the feverish, self-tormenting spirits of men this word of One who was the messenger of Him whom we distrust: "Be not anxious about your life; be not anxious about to-morrow."—Rev. J. Oswald Dykes.

And now it is said that Logan made a harangue in 1861 on the line of Bayard's Dover speech. Black Jack thought then that coercion was an outrage. He jumped on the strong side afterwards as he joined the powerful political Northern church by telegraph.—Ex.

Two thousand houses were destroyed in the district in India known as Akayab by a cyclone. There were twenty-five lives lost.

Paper in Japan.

Paper is an article of great utility to our sisters in Japan. Not only do they use paper fans, pouches and lanterns, but also paper pocket handkerchiefs, umbrellas, waterproof coats, walls, windows and strings. The Japanese obtain it from a different source from our own. Instead of old rags being converted into clean paper, they make use of the bark of the broussonetia papyera, stripped, dried and then steeped in water till the outer green layer comes off. It is cheap; four sheets of the ordinary quality being worth about one farthing. It is a paper that does not tear evenly; some kinds are tough—more like cloth. When it is required for a string it is deftly twisted into a strong twine, which in some cases is made of part of the paper forming the wrapper. When oiled, it is made into waterproof clothing, or stretched on a neatly constructed bamboo frame and used as an umbrella. One kind is manufactured to assume the appearance of leather, and is made into tobacco pouches, pipe and fan cases. The conjurers use a kind of white tissue paper in the famous butterfly trick, when a scrap, artistically twisted, hovers over a paper fan with all the fluttering movements of the living insect.

MEXICO.—There is not a chimney anywhere in Mexico, and their absence gives an odd aspect to the architecture, like that of Arabian towns. No house has a fire-place or a stove, for it is never cold, but the kitchen is equipped with a sort of ungainly brick or stone range, ten or fifteen feet long, having holes for pots and kettles, and in which charcoal is burned. The fumes escape by the open doors and windows. Charcoal is almost the only fuel in Mexico, except in the Northern states.

The wealth of the United States is estimated at \$50,000,000,000, that of Great Britain at \$40,000,000,000. The wealth per inhabitant in the United States is \$800, and in Great Britain it is \$1,000. In the United States 72 parts of the wealth go to labor, 23 to capital and 5 to the government. In Great Britain 41 parts go to labor, 36 to capital, and 23 to government.

One of the professors of the University of Texas was engaged in explaining the Darwinian theory to his class when he observed that they were not paying attention. "Gentlemen," said the professor, when I am endeavoring to explain to you the peculiarities of the monkey, I wish you would look right at me."—Texas Siftings.

The delegates to Chicago from North Carolina will be charged with a high duty. It will devolve on them to weigh with care the influences that will make for or against possible candidates during the campaign. They should not be men easily moved by plausible arguments; they should not be men who succumb readily to booms and the pressure of a dangerous enthusiasm; they should not be men attached to the candidacy of any particular man because of a hope of personal reward. They should be earnest, sensible men, who know how to keep cool heads and maintain their judgment. We have plenty of such men within our ranks, men who show their interest, and zeal for the benefit of the party by liberal donations in time of need, and who never ask for political office. The claims of such men should be considered when honorable places are being disposed of. Each district is entitled to two delegates to Chicago and two alternates. The State at large is entitled to four delegates at large and four alternates.—News and Observer.

BELFAST, June 24.—The third general council of the reformed churches throughout the world, known in Ecclesiastical circles as the Presbyterian Alliance or Pan Presbyterian Council, convened this morning at eleven o'clock in St. Euoch's church. The church was thronged with a vast assembly of people and delegates were present from every quarter of the globe. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Watts, chairman of the general committee.

AUGUSTA, GA., June 23.—John C. Robertson, son of ex-Senator Robertson, of S. C., was arrested and placed under bonds to day for shooting at Jas. A. Luffin, of the firm of Fleming & Luffin, grocers. Robertson demanded an apology because of language used by Luffin, while asking him to pay a due bill. Luffin declined to apologize, whereupon Robertson fired at him, but fortunately missed him.