Carolina Watchman.

THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1884.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ALFRED M. SCALES,
OF GUILFORD.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
CHARLES M. STEDMAN,
OF NEW HANOVER.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
WILLIAM L. SAUNDERS,
OF ORANGE.

FOR TREASURER,
DONALD W. BAIN,
OF WAKE.

FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
THEODORE F. DAVIDSON,
OF BUNCOMBE.

FOR AUDITOR,
WILLIAM P. ROBERTS,
OF GATES.

FOR SUP'T OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
S. M. FINGER,
OF CATAWBA.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUSTICE SUPREME COURT,
AUGUSTUS S. MERRIMON,
OF WAKE.

FOR ELECTORS AT LARGE:
W. H. KITCHIN,
JOHN N. STAPLES.

CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION.

STATESVILLE, N. C., June 27, 1884.—The undersigned would respectfully notify the Democrats of the 7th congressional district of North Carolina, that the Democratic executive committe of said district has called a convention to meet in the town of Salisbury, N. C., on the 1st Thursday in August next, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress and also an elector for said district. The various townships and counties composing said district are requested to hold their conventions for the purpose of electing delegates to said district convention.

H. BINGHAM,
Chairman Ex. Com. 7th Dist.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.

AT SALISBURY, SATURDAY, AUG. 9TH, 1884.

The Democratic County Convention for Rowan, will be held at the Court House in Salisbury, *Saturday* August 9th, 1884, at 12 o'clock M., for the purpose of nominating candidates as follows, to wit: House of Representatives, Register of Deeds, County Treasurer, Sheriff, Coroner and County Surveyor.

The Democratic Township Conventions will be held respectively at the usual voting precints, on Saturday Aug. 2d, 1884, at 12 o'clock M., for the purpose of electing delegates to the County Convention, and also for electing Township Executive Committees, each committee to consist of five active Democrats.

Each Township may send as many delegates to the County Convention as it may see fit.

The Township Executive Committees will also meet in Salisbury Aug. 9th 1884 to elect the County Executive Committee,

J. W. MAUNEY, Ch'm.
Dem. Co. Ex-Com.

Salisbury, July 7th, 1884.

Has it come to the pass that the people of these United States are to be frightened into voting for Republican candidates by threats of civil war. This seems to be the programme of some of the Republican organs.

We note among our exchanges this week the *Naval Stores and Tobacco Reporter*, published by Mr. R. Dundas Chater, 187 Pearl St., New York, in which may by found weekly prices current of tobacco, cotton, naval stores, etc., in New York and other important markets of the country. Price $2.50 per year.

Let every voter remember, that the Republican party originated the present internal revenue system, and that every attempt to modify or repeal the odious measure has been defeated by this same party. Bosh!—who believes the internal revenue organs of the State, backed as they are by the money of the revenue officials, in their hypocritical cry for the abolition of this system? can it be they think the white voters of North Carolina are fools?

LOOK AT IT.—Liberal democracy dead. They have dug their own grave, and called in the Republicans to aid at the burial. They pretend that there were two wedges that split them off from Democracy, one is prohibition, and the other the present system of county government. The Republican National Convention at Chicago, and their State Convention at Raleigh, have added the finishing stroke by inscribing over the remains; A dose of Blaine and his Chicago platform, and the prohibition record of his State, and Tyre York, the father of the present county government system has killed "de chile." Peace to its ashes.

The "South Atlantic Presbyterian," the new religious journal just started at Charlotte, with Rev. Wm. R. Atkinson, editor, is large, handsomely gotten up, and filled with first class reading matter. It bids fair to become a popular family paper, especially with Presbyterians. The first number is certainly a most excellent one, and merits the patronage of the Presbyterian public.

Several weeks ago, the WATCHMAN published the fact that the Democratic House of Representatives of the National Congress had adopted an amendment to the legislative appropriation bill, modifying the present Internal Revenue System, which purged it, so far as our State is concerned, of one of its worst features. It provided that distilleries of a capacity of ten bushels and less per day be allowed to run without storekeepers, and that the storekeepers of those of 25 bushels capacity per day be paid $2 per day and no more. Also, an amendment providing that the number of collection districts in the country be reduced from 63 to 43. But when this bill came up in the Republican Senate a few days ago, the above amendments were killed; thus destroying the last hope of relief by this Congress. Notwithstanding the declarations made in Republican platforms to the contrary, just so long as they retain the power this blighting curse will burthen the land.

The Democratic Convention

is still in session, but have, as yet reached no definite conclusion. The committee on the platform reported to-day at eleven o'clock. Some discussion will probably take place, and amendments proposed, so that it is not unlikely that the nomination of candidates may not be made before to-morrow. Several names have been proposed to the convention but no ballot has been taken. Those put in nomination, thus far, are: Mr. Geo. Gray, of Delaware, presented the name of Thomas Francis Bayard. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Hendricks, of Indiana, put in nomination Joseph N. McDonald, of Indiana. (Cheers). John W. Breckenridge, of California, proposed the name of Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, which was also greeted with loud applause. Jas. A. McKenzie, of Kentucky, put in nomination John G. Carlisle, of his State. (Cheers). When New York was called, Mr. Lockwood, of that State, put in nomination his distinguished fellow citizen, Grover Cleveland. (Cheers).

John Kelley and Thos. F. Grady, of New York, seem to be the only disturbers of the harmony of the convention. The latter is constantly up with something in conflict with the rules or sentiments of the body; and the former is behaving with an insolence which should be sternly rebuked.

For the Watchman.

BON VOYAGE.

STEAM SHIP "CITY OF ROME," June 14th, 1884.

The hour is 8, A. M., Pier 41, foot of Houston street the scene, and the departure of the City of Rome the occasion. Pier and ship are crowded with passengers, visitors, sailors, porters, hackmen—a motly, noisy multitude. The first bell sounds and a voice is heard: It says, "visitors will pass out this way." A tide of humanity begins to flow back to the companion way, thence down to the pier. Presently the deep, tremulous growl of the whistle fills the mighty ship from quarter deck to hold, shaking loose the last idler from his hold and sending him precipitately to join the now turgid torrent which is exhausted with the inevitable "last one" who makes the flying leap. An inconsiderable, but very busy, little tug is engaged in hauling us stern first off shore, and an immense canvas is being hoisted at the bow in order to facilitate the going about which is necessary. This done, the ponderous machinery begins to throb and the Leviathan of the world's fleets glides down the Hudson and with accelerated speed pushes out into the bay while Battery, Bridge, spire and forest of masts rapidly recede. Sandy Hook reached our bow turns eastward and the pulsation of the mighty mechanism beneath ceases to be felt and we lie for a moment at rest upon the bosom of the broad Atlantic. A boat comes along side, and the pilot carries over the ship's side the last messages to dear ones behind. Again the water parts under our bow and barring an accident is not to cease until three thousand liquid miles lie astern. The swing of the ocean is now felt but since our vessel rides on three or more waves at once, the heaving is reduced to a minimum. Having secured my marine glass and steamer chair, I determined to remain on the promenade deck the remainder of the evening, where there is plenty of fresh air and the smallest provocation to discomfort. This promenade, or saloon deck, runs completely around the upper saloons. Eight times around it is said to make a mile, making nearly 100 yards in length. It surrounds, not only the upper saloons, but also the three mighty smoke stacks, each ten feet in diameter, and two gigantic masts, 2½ feet in diameter and 100 feet high. Before and behind this promenade deck, the prow and the stern of the vessel extend, making an extreme length of 564 feet from stem to stern. Her tonnage is set down at 8300 tons, several tons larger than any other vessel afloat, except the Great Eastern. On this trip her whole number of passengers and ship's company is said to be 1000. On a former occasion she carried 1500, equal to the white population of Salisbury. There is not a negro aboard, so for the next 8 days I shall not see their familiar faces, nor fear the application of the Civil Rights Bill. But we are now well out, and the Jersey shores are vanishing in the dim distance behind, while Coney Island and Far Rockaway are silently sinking under the horizon on the right. Over to the right the Germanic, the Furnessia and a Red star steamer, are, like us, making for the other side, but are gradually falling behind, while the "City of Rome" leads the way out into the pathless wilderness of the sea. We are all proud of her, all glad we are on her, though we have not yet explored her streets and alleys, nor become acquainted with the teeming population that dwells for a season within her halls and staterooms. All these will come later. The feeling of confidence begins to deepen, and as the evening wears away in absolute comfort we all begin to feel less dread of those tributes which the landsman is expected to pay to Neptune. It is cool, in fact cold, this evening. A trip to the bow, where the wind rushes up and over the deck is a somewhat perilous undertaking, and you hold on the with grip of a vise to any unattached article of clothing. But let us look up our acquaintances, and see what friends we can find, and make. First comes our stateroom associate, Rev. L. C. Vass, of Newbern, N. C. It is a privilege to have such a pleasant, genial, intelligent companion, somewhat accustomed to sea-going ways, and supplementing my experience by his intelligence, so that the new course of life moves on without embarrassment.

Then comes Rev. Dr. Moore, of Sherman, Texas, who married a Fayetteville lady and who is a leading man in his section. He looks through spectacles, is "bearded like the pard," and is full of energy and enterprise, nurtured, if not born, of the free and active habits of the Lone Star State. Next we have Dr. Dickson, of Arkansas, who received a telegram after getting aboard ship, informing him that he was a Doctor of Divinity, and that the weight of new honors would not sink the ship. Dr. Dickson is about the size of Mr. Lemly, of Salem, with hearty Western ways. He has been sick—not sea sick—for several days, but he does not succumb, or go to bed for all that. Dr. Hooper, of Selma, Ala. He has crossed the ocean before, and has the hang of the voyage. Then there is Rev. Mr. Richardson, of Alabama, a young man and as much of an Adonis as any one aboard. Then Rev. A. D. McLure, of Louisville, Ky., with nearly a dozen of interesting ladies, married, widows and fair young misses, who are exceeding affable and pleasant, speak the Southern language, and are ready for a cozy chat in the music room, or for a promenade on the saloon deck. Some of these ladies are from Rome, Ga., Marion, Ala., Oxford, Miss., but mostly from Kentucky. Some are going merely for a pleasure trip, while others are art students, going to study awhile in London, Paris and Germany. Brave young women, who have learned to help themselves, and needing not to make a business of getting married in order to secure a living. The Southern young woman is fast learning the art of self-help, and will soon be able to dictate terms before she capitulates to any knight of love laying seige to the citadel of her heart!

It is surprising what an interest these ladies lend to life on shipboard. And perhaps the home folks would be surprised could they see venerable Doctors of Divinity—I specify none in particular—recovering and brushing up the gallantry of early days, bowing and smiling, and bending their energies to accomplish a promenade on the quivering deck, just as if they had never endured the agonies of neuralgia in their jaws, or been drawn together with rheumatism or lumbago! O, this bracing sea breeze that comes dashing through the foam and spray, sifted, washed and salted, until not the millionth part of a grain of malaria remains, and not a taint of putrefaction lingers in a whole atmosphere. How it enlivens and rejuvenates the enfeebled frame, and fills the heart with joyful anticipations, that haunt the minds of most of us. That is, we have left behind us the dearest treasures of our hearts—wives and children—beloved friends and christian brethren. We are absolutely cut off from them, and cannot possibly hear until we have reached the other side. Dr. McCloskie, of Pinceton, says that a wife left behind is a nuisance, so he brought his along. There are several other families, and some beautiful children aboard, with one or two on their bridal tour. But most of us are all alone. I may enumerate some others with us: Dr. Pratt, of Ky., Dr. Cheek, of N. C., on his way to Siam. Dr. Hurd, President of Blackburn College, Ill., "Chaplain" McCabe, of Chicago, Rev. Messrs. Harris, Black, Goodnight and others of the Cumberland Church, Rev. Mr. Foggart, of the U. P. Church—in all 36 delegates to the Council. One of the loveliest of these men is Dr. Iwing, secretary of Foreign Missions of the Northern Pres. church.

STEAM SHIP "CITY OF ROME," June 15th, 1884.

When the Sabbath dawned upon us this morning we were about 250 miles out at sea, heading towards the Banks of Newfoundland. Yesterday it was cloudy and cold. This morning it is clear and a little warmer, and we are all glad to have so bright a day for our first Sabbath on the ocean. We had religious services yesterday evening, conducted by Rev. Mr. Black. This morning Dr. Pratt, of the Southern Pres. church, preached a most excellent, elegant, and impressive sermon, from the lifting up of the serpent in the wilderness. Dr. Pratt is a clean shaven, bald headed man, looking a little like Rev. G. M. Gibbs of North Carolina. He reads carefully and impressively, and has a strong and well cultivated voice. In the evening "Chaplain" McCabe of Chicago, who claimed to have once been an inmate of the "Libby," preached a discourse on "Seeing thing invisible." "The cloud of witnesses," and several other things. His ideas did not all stand in a logical row, each holding on to the others coat tail, but lay around promiscuously. Yet he said quite a number of good things, and appears to be familiar with personal religious work. He is agent or Secretary of Foreign Missions for the Northern Methodist church.

The sabbath was spent pleasantly and profitably, in social converse, and singing and reading. I notice however that there is not much reading, each preferring to learn by the use of his eyes and ears. There is, too, a wonderful propensity to make memoranda. There will probably be quite an addition to the current literature of the day in a few weeks.

Keeping my watch with Salisbury time I have been able to keep with the services at home, and meet in thought and heart with the worshippers at home. I shall do this till I reach Liverpool—then the Greenwich time and note the difference between. So I will still be able to know events, as they occur at home.

STEAM SHIP "CITY OF ROME," Monday June 16.

This morning Mr. Vass and I rose about 3 o'clock to see our first sun-rise at sea. Yesterday we noticed the sun setting. There was nothing peculiarly interesting about it, except the dipping of the disk into the trembling horizon, and the rapid approaches of darkness and appearance of the stars.

But early as we rose—by our watches—we arrived on deck too late to see the sun rise. He was already up some ten minutes in advance of us. But it was a very common looking sun after all, and his face looked no brighter after rising from "Tithonus bed," than when he retired to his saffron couch yesterday evening. So after a round or two to fill our lungs with the salubrious salt-sea air, we retired to state room 111, and were soon fast asleep again. Altogether the adventure did us good, and perhaps we may adopt it, for the balance of the voyage, as a rule. We shall see.

In the remainder of this journal I shall recount more briefly the chief incidents of each day. The chief incident of Monday was going

"DOWN INTO THE HOLD."

While sauntering slowly along, Bro. McLure, of Ky., announced that a party was ready to descend. The party included two ladies. Down, down, down, into the Vulcanic regions, glowing with heat, grimy with soot, and slippery with oil. This is the region of fire, where 63 furnaces generate the heat for the 13 boilers that produce the steam for the three Titanic engines that move the propellers. It is hot here, from 120 to 150 degrees, I should say from the sensation. We were willing to stop here, but our guide stooped and crept into a narrow low archway and bade us follow. We crouched and crept on and on till tired of the exercise, and then crept back again, surely we shall stop now! But after resting in a recess where a current of fresh air was poured down from above, we followed our guide towards the stern, and entering a low narrow door descended a stairway. It was pitch dark, and I was behind. So I shouted for help. A voice came back to come ahead, as the footing was good. So on I went, till the light gleamed ahead. We now found ourselves near the bottom of the ship, where the shelving sides come near together. Here I saw revolving with great rapidity, a tremendous steel cylinder. This communicates motion to the propellers that drive our 8300 tons at the rate of 20 miles an hour!!! Down here there are scores of men—coal heavers, stokers, engineers, who are willing to live in these grimy torrid regions, that they may win bread for their wives and children. It is not personal slavery, that is bondage to any man, that compels them to do this. And yet it is the inevitable bondage of circumstances that extort as severe a toil as was ever extracted by the whip of the overseer. The names are changed. The thing is the same.

BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND, June 17.

To-day at noon we are 1100 miles on our way—one third of the way across. "The coming events that cast their shadows before" are still in the shadowy future, and unless a storm arises, Neptune will not collect his tribute from us. Our table steward can testify that we have fully and faithfully performed our duty in the dining saloon.

To-day we have some new experiences. First we heard the cry of

"ICEBERG."

Hastily gathering up our glass we start for the deck, asking each friend on the route if he had seen as many icebergs as he wanted. Of course he hadn't, and at once rose and followed. Getting up we saw, on our right front the object that brought us up. It was not much of an iceberg after all, only about 40 or 50 feet high, and a hundred feet across, looking like a huge bank of snow, chasmed, caverned and seamed. It was an old fellow, having started from Greenland, or Iceland, or Spitzbergen, or somewhere else, more than a year ago. It was evidently in the last stages of consumption, as huge blocks, as large as flour barrels and tobacco hogsheads were floating around the ship's track for some distance.

After the iceberg came the cry of

"WHALES."

Though others of the passengers saw some whales or porpoises or something, I failed. When I came on deck the curtain was drawn and the exhibition closed. I consoled myself with the reflection that they were not much of whales after all. But next came something I did see, all saw and none of us wanted to see. It was a fog bank. It was not a very dark one, but it shut us in on three sides. We seemed to be plunging into a region of Cimmerian darkness, and we did not know how many iron ships, or icebergs there might be in that bank of fag. And to keep us in constant remembrance of our peril, the fog whistle began to growl and roar every two minutes. But we changed our course, veering off to the South East, and in an hour we were in clear atmosphere, with the fog-bank looming up far to the northward.

MID OCEAN Wednesday, June 18.

As the ocean is roughly estimated at 3000 miles in width, we may consider ourselves in the middle of it, at mid-day of the middle day of the week. By this time the ship's company has become quite sociable. You may freely address any gentleman you meet, and most of the ladies accord a smile of recognition when you meet them. We engage in our daily labors with continued interest. These labors consist in superintending the pulling in of the "log" every two hours. True the sailors do the pulling, but a large self-constituted committee of passengers is always on hand to see it well done. We generally make about 18 to 20 miles an hour. At noon each day we have to inspect the record of the ship's run for the last 24 hours. That ranges from 370 to 210 miles, and our hopes rise and fall according to the distance run. We have had delightful weather all the way, but as we burn two hundred tons of coal each day, in four days we have consumed 800 tons. This has lightened us considerably, and hence we do not ride as steadily as when we started. We bend to the swell of the sea, and roll from side to side. But by this time we have become accustomed to it, and are well on our sea legs. Unconsciously we put out one foot, and walk at various angles too numerous to mention.

Besides these daily employments, the passengers extemporize amusements for themselves. Some are pushing shuffle board, others throwing rings over iron pins, while others smoke, play chess or cards. In the smoking room those inclined to gamble are engaged in pool selling. To-day a number have been pulling a rope, England against America. The ship has also a library of good books which old voyagers read and new ones pretend to. Personally I have not pretended to read a book, having my time fully employed otherwise. Books will save, while the sights and sounds of ocean travel will soon vanish. I must catch and record them before they take their flight.

THURSDAY, June 19, 1884.

The record at noon to-day shows us to be 1885 miles out, or 965 miles from Queenstown—⅜ of the way across. Our first glance of the sea shows a smoother surface than any we have yet seen. It is not like the surface of a mirror, but is dimpled and corrugated and unstable. As very little variety appears to-day, we interest ourselves in studying the table of English money, and getting familiar with the equivalents of pounds, shillings and pence in Federal currency. It is very easy. We have only to remember that a penny is two cents, a shilling 25 cents and a sovereign or pound is five dollars, and a guinea 21 shillings or $5.25. That is all. We passed one steamer to day, and met another; but they were far out on the horizon. This evening an entertainment is extemporized for the benefit of orphans of sailors. There were instrumental pieces, songs, and recitations—the songs and recitations quite fair—the instrumental pieces rather poor. However the piano is not a very good one. The collection realized about 18 pounds, or $90. Beautiful young ladies served as collectors, and he must have been an unsentimental curmudgeon who refused. It is reported that one old fellow in the smoking room, reading without looking up said, "I have nothing for you." A sweet voice said, "Please give me something for the sailor's orphans." Looking up his eyes met a vision of youth and beauty. He surrendered at once, and it is said gave a pound.

FRIDAY, June 20, 1884.

We are now 2275 miles from New York and only between four and five hundred miles from the coast of Ireland. We shall get there, Providence favoring, to morrow afternoon. Only a few seem specially anxious to see land. Though rather monotonous outside, there is all the social life we need within. Somebody is always ready to walk or talk with you. Outside we seem to be sailing up the same everlasting watery ravines, between the same watery hillsides, towards the same dim horizon. For six days the machinery has not ceased revolving, nor the swish of the water to sound in our ears. This morning a sailing vessel, named Mary Frazier, came within 100 yards of us. Her crew shouted and waved hats and handkerchiefs at us, and we at them. It was said to be a whaling vessel off for the polar fishing grounds. We shall never see each other again.

This evening a mock Court was organized, for the trial of a breach of promise case, presided over by the Hon. Richard Amminadib Dickson, K. C. B., D. C. L. Two lawyers performed the part of counsel for plaintiff and defendant, while the fair young lady, with lacerated feelings was a New York lady, on a bridal trip. The trial was drawn out interminably, then submitted to the jury without argument. The jury failing to agree, the judge ordered the sheriff to lock up the jury till they did agree, and in the meantime to pay the costs himself.

SATURDAY, June 21, 1884.

Our reckoning at noon to day shows 390 miles, and by the chart we are within 25 or 30 miles of the Irish Coast. As I must see that this journal must come to an abrupt close. I have just been to the stern of our vessel and watched the long wake stretching out, and on towards America, 2800 miles distant. I thought of home and the dear ones there. Adieu.

LAND, HO!

Saturday evening, six o'clock. As we came from dinner on deck the cry of land was heard—the mountains in the south west corner of Ireland. Thus we have sailed 2800 miles and reached the point we were aiming at, in 7 days and 4 hours.

Now I mail this letter. It is 25 miles to Queenstown yet.

J. R.

Senators Present at Chicago.

Among the United State Senators present, either as delegates, alternates or simple spectators, were Hampton, Vance, Beck, Williams, McPherson, Gorman, Farley, Voorhees, Pendleton, Jones, of Florida, Ransom, Lamar, Jones, Call and Harris.

Soon afterward, when the band struck up "Dixie," there was another great shout proceeding from the Southern delegation originally, and as the import of the applause was understood, it was taken up by the audience.