

The Carolina Watchman.

XVI--THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., APRIL 9, 1885.

NO 25

GREGORY'S
Dyspeptic Mixture.
FOR
Dyspepsia and Indigestion.
Prepared by Dr. W. W. GREGORY,
Charlotte, N. C.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Nov. 29, 1884.
I hereby certify
that I have recently used your
Dyspeptic Mixture with very
great benefit to myself
and recommend it to others.
R. P. WARRING,
Member N. C. Legislature.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.
I take great pleasure
in testifying to the value of your
Dyspeptic Mixture. I have used it with
great benefit to myself and
recommend it to others.
D. A. JENKINS,
N. C. State Treasurer.

By J. H. McAden and T. C. Smith &
Charles N. C., and J. H. Ennis, Salis-
bury, N. C.

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HOME-RAISED CLOVER SEED.
This seed is usually kept in First Class
Stores and Implements Stores. I have on hand
a large stock of the above, and offer them for the next
crop for less money than they have ever
sold in this country.
W. SMITHDEAL.

W. SMITHDEAL.
1884.

THOUGHTS While Among "the Lands of the Skies."

BY J. M. WEATHERLY.

The distinctive characteristics of man are not alone in his endowments with the ability to perceive and reflect. There are higher attributes of human nature, ever acting as innate forces, through which he alone can come into intimate relation with his Creator, by which he may trace a kinship to the Mighty Jehovah of the Universe. In the sweeps of his imagination, man may explore the great mysterious realm of infinity, and course the boundless universe between the material and the immaterial until he reaches the very throne of Omnipotence and stands amid the glories of celestial worlds.

The moral nature of man, though very nearly allied to his reasoning faculties, is yet a very distinctive part of his being, and a nobler attribute, making him as a creature of the highest rank in the scale of created intelligence. Through his perceptive faculties man is only brought in relation with and sensibly realizes the existence of an outside world—while through these higher, innate moral forces, he lifts his nature above the sordid materialism of the actual, and is inspired with thoughts and experiences emotions far beyond the powers of animal instincts or mere human reasoning. Here do we find the very foundation—the basis upon which rests the argument for an immortal spirit whose hungerings are not fed with the sapless food of the material world, and whose thirstings are satisfied only at the perennial springs of a life that knows no ending.

An appreciation of the grand idea of creation; of God, as the mighty, author of heaven and earth, the Omnipotent architect of the universe, can be had only by knowing Him in the manifestations of his works, and by reading his presence in all the marvels of creation, meeting us at every step of the way from the cradle to the grave. There is no veiled mysticism, no shadowy vestments of the supernatural, but in all his works, a beneficent Creator reveals his presence to the inquiring creature. A thousand voices fall upon the spirit proclaiming his presence, rejoicing in his praise and attesting his majesty. These come to the senses in every stage of existence, at every step we make in the pilgrimage of life: It may be in the gentle whispering of a zephyr's breath, or in the tempest of a sweeping whirlwind, the sparkle of a dew-drop or the heaving billows of an ocean, the soft beams of a summer's sun or the shivering bolt of an electric flash, the sweet murmur of æolian music or the deep-toned thunder peals of the convulsed heavens; all, all are but a "thousand oracles divine," proclaiming to man's higher nature the majesty and glory of the omniscient Creator. The highest of these innate endowments of our humanity is that faculty through which we are enabled to realize the sublime in nature; the highest, because through these all the senses of our being are aroused and brought into full realization of the grandeur and glory of nature's wondrous works. In the soft breath of a May morning whose dancing sunbeams gently kiss away the dew-drops from myriads of flowers, we are led to the gentle slope of a woodland hill, where, embowered in a canopy of new-born leaves, a thousand feathered songsters lay their gay plumage in the genial sunshine, and send up a continued anthem of praise in the sweetest melody of music. A hundred sporting denizens of the forest leap from bough to bough of stately trees, joyous in this glad some day, while above and around them the rich garments of spring give to the scene the charmed expressions of an actual paradise. Beyond, a meadow richly carpeted in green, has coursing on its bosom the rippling waters of a clear brook, whose reflected flashes of sunlight make an ornament for the vernal goddess more beautiful than all the fabled diadems of Arabian princes.

We rest in this scene upon the velvet robe of an ancient rock, whose grave and worn features seem to have harmonized with the charming reality about us. From the modest daisy, whose tiny petals blush in the embrace of the sunbeams, to the rich garniture of the forest, all is enrapturing to our senses. The delights of such a scene and of such surroundings steal almost imperceptibly upon our senses, and as one after another of these charming pictures of the landscape meet the vision, we become enraptured with the scene.

Such is the beautiful in nature awakening only the gentler emotions of the human breast, a id moving us intuitively to join the swelling chorus of joyous praise to God the Creator. Gladly would we linger here and rest our souls in this prototype of Eden's changeless beauties. The back ground of this scene in which we have been reveling is skirted with a mountain chain, whose azure hues in the distance have only added to its beauty. There let us go, and from the beautiful, reach a yet higher manifestation of the glories of nature. The nearer we approach what but a short while since seemed the drape of a lovely landscape scene, the more sharply defined its character becomes over hill-tops and through miles of forest we wind our way, until at last there is before us the mighty form of an upheaval so great, so majestic, that in its presence we feel at once the awe of a supernatural existence. On, we

wind our way, over rocks, whose gray moss coverings make of them the bearded indices of centuries. By the brink of a yawning chasm, whose unknown depths have echoed the rumbling thunders of ages—on and on, through the mist and spray of forming clouds, we wind our way until we reach the summit of the tallest cliff, whose awful form lifts itself far above the haunts of beasts or the flight of birds. Alone in its solitary grandeur it stands out against the sky as a tablet upon which time has registered the flight of periods, the passage of epochs and the death of worlds. Here view the scene around you. Far below the clouds which we passed through, and felt only as a morning mist, have formed themselves into rolling masses, and give the majestic movement of a boundless ocean. Above, the glorious orb of day lights a burnished sky with dazzling splendors, and gives to the ocean of clouds below the browned tint of an aerial sea. Silence reigns in the hush of an awful stillness. Majesty, grandeur, power and glory are all about us: Now the rumbling echoes of a noise far below breaks upon the stillness, as it warns the valley cottagers of a coming storm. The vast reach from mountain to horizon is covered with thickening clouds whose dark masses roll high upon each other, like mighty billows of the sea. From one to another of these the zigzag lightnings play, and luridly light their grotesque forms as phantoms from a spirit world. Darker and denser the mass of clouds becomes, and with a roaring rumbling sound the hoars bellowing of a mighty wind are carried through mountain gaps and echo with demonic screams among the chasms below. Nature now is in wild commotion. The everlasting hills tremble to their foundations, with peal on peal of bursting thunders, and everything seems to be passing away in the wreck of universal ruin. So passes this hour. Presently from the western limit of the dread scene, the black and broken clouds begin to roll away as a mighty scroll, and from their hideous grandeur reveal to our vision a scene of glory no language can portray. The imperial god of day is passing to another hemisphere, robed in all the pomp and grandeur of an autumn sky. Behind he leaves a gilded crown of splendor on the brow of mountains and hills, while in his train a hundred fleecy clouds hold the gorgeous rainbow hues of his own creation. The dark and lengthening shadows of the valley far below, seem the drapery of mourning, as if they had felt the last warm embrace of the sunlight. This spreads from the valley to the hills, until near where we stand the dark funeral curtain seems to rest its folds, and our tall cliff has lost the glories of the day and is robed in the sable vestments of a coming night. For the first time in hours we become conscious of our own existence, and our thoughts turning to our own utter nothingness amid these surroundings of grandeur, we are led involuntarily to exclaim "How marvelous are Thy works, Oh Lord, God omnipotent!"

Soon another scene of the sublime engages our attention. In the east the full orb of moon is brightening into a soft and silvery light, while planets and stars are fast appearing to adorn the canopy of night. While all is hushed below, and all the earth seems to have settled into a quiet repose, the firmament above is spangled with myriads of starry worlds, that give to us a grand realization of the sublime. Contemplating such a scene, his whole being lost in its grand realization, the sweet singer of Israel and the mighty monarch of God's chosen people, losing sight of his own power and the glory of his imperial rank, could but exclaim, "When I consider thy heavens and the earth, the work of Thy fingers, and the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou shouldst visit him!" This exclamation of King David is a full expression of the emotions we realize in the presence of a sublime manifestation of nature. Man must come in contact with some object in nature, some creation of the Supreme Being, superior in the vastness of its structure, before he can be lost to his own self-importance, and lose sight of his own existence. It is by comparisons that our senses are impressed, that we experience pleasure or pain, or admire the superior excellence of a work or an achievement.

Canute, the flattered sovereign of a mighty kingdom, surrounded only by such pleasing objects as obsequious courtiers and boundless wealth could provide, excelling in his pride and fancied omnipotence, must challenge the sublime in nature before his imperial vanity is rebuked, and he is made to realize the superior power and glory of God in nature. The challenged ocean derides the mandate of this proud monarch, and its waters rush and roar and sport with his imperial throne as with the sands on its fretted shore. Overwhelmed with the power he could not resist, the mighty monarch drops his sceptre in the sea, and declares to his subjects that "the God of the ocean is the Lord of Canute. The mighty emperor of France, while the tread of his legions was sounding the death-knell of principalities and kingdoms, would stand uncovered in the stormblast, and with each lurid blaze of lightning add his voice to the deep-toned thunder in adulation of a power he could not realize among the myriad furies of Malmaison, or the quiet shades of St. Helena. Such is the beautiful, such the

Evolution.

Dr. James Woodrow Wants to know Whether he is a Heretic or Not, and Demands a Trial by the Presbytery.

The delegates from this city to the meeting of the Augusta Presbytery at Union Point returned yesterday. A full attendance of the churches was had. Rev. Donald McQueen, of Mill-edgeville, was moderator, and Rev. J. B. Morton, of Sparta, clerk of the Presbytery. The usual statistical reports from the different churches were read, and gratifying accounts of progress and growth came from nearly every one. The principal matter of business before the meeting was the consideration of a communication from Dr. James Woodrow, late professor in the Columbia Seminary. It was to the effect that rumors in the public journals and elsewhere were abroad charging him with heresy. That as this is a grave offense in the Presbyterian church, he asked his brethren of the Presbytery to inquire into the matter and if they found the rumors were well founded to prepare charges against him and try him for the offense.

sublime in nature, and such the avenues through which they reach our senses and impress their distinctive features upon our minds.

Leaving these outward expressions of nature, let us pass a few moments in the contemplation of those laws and the wondrous machinery of their expression and execution provided in the great laboratory of nature. The philosopher, following the uniform action of molecular attraction beholds the wondrous evolutions of the material universe. From the minutest particles of matter the grain of sand is formed in obedience to a force so subtle and ethereal that finite minds can never know its character, save, and only in its expressions. The same law, moving on with ever increasing force, builds from grains of sand the smiling valleys, the rolling plains, the swelling hills, and piles up grand mountain chains to bind continents together, and stand out as signal stations of a world in the great universe of creation. Following on from solid to fluid formations, he finds this law of attraction uniting by affinities the subtle gases and thin vapors of the earth into sparkling dew-drops and then gathering up these myriad gems from of them the storm cloud whose bursting fountains water the thirsty plains with fruitful showers. Reaching out into the infinitude of space, he draws from the heavens the great impulse of these laws and finds in a lightning's flash the energized expression of the law of all existence. Through this force more subtle than a spirit's form, more ethereal than the air we breathe, comes the pulsation of his heart, beating in rhythmic measure the funeral march of a human life. Through this force the bounding pulse of nature is moved, and thence comes the animation of all living creatures. By it the world is peopled with active intelligences, the sea is filled with countless forms, the firmament on high receives its thousand glories, and the earth its garniture of beauties. Through these laws come the regular development of form, the growth of trees, grasses and flowers, the movements of all the fluids that course a thousand avenues of our bodies. By it, as by the breath of the great Jehovah, man walks the earth, and lives and has his being. No circumstances or situation in life can separate us from the marvelous expressions of nature's wonderful works. No thick darkness of a dungeon, no close cell can take us from the ever present power of God in nature. It meets us in every breath, in the pulsations of the heart, the complete and perfect adaptation of every limb and every organ of the body to the necessities of life. Nature's works are perfect works, when the play of her matchless affinities are unrestrained, and the rules of her actions are not modified by the intervention of art. But why limit our thoughts to this single earth? The boundless infinitude of universe upon universe through the unmeasured and immeasurable expanse of eternity, where time has never registered existence and never known duration—all, all is the grand expanse of nature's mighty domain. Worn and wearied our imagination rests where only suns and systems begin to fill the great infinitude of space, and coming back to this earth is followed by the echoing music of the spheres, amid the scenes of glory that fill the earth, and waits a time, when disembodied it shall find companionship with higher intelligences and explore throughout infinitude the marvelous works of the God of nature.

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as a professor of the Theological Seminary, to be interpreting the teaching of the Scriptures upon the question of evolution, not in accordance with their ideas. Accordingly they instructed the directors of the Seminary to take steps to prevent this teaching. The measure adopted to secure this end was the removal of Dr. Woodrow from the professor's chair.

The ground that Dr. Woodrow now takes is that this action implied that he was guilty of heresy. This, however, it is said, does not necessarily follow, for the book of church order draws a distinction between heresy and error, and by many leading clergymen it is maintained that Dr. Woodrow's offense does not amount to heresy, but is simply error in his interpretation of the Scriptures upon the subject of the creation. Believing his teaching to be error, however, they were justified in insisting that it should not be continued in the Seminary.

Whether it was error or heresy is the question to be tried, and the subject before the committee for investigation. The intelligence, prudence and Christian character of the committee give assurance that the most ample justice will be done both Dr. Woodrow and the Synods. They have this predicament to contend with. If they sustain Dr. Woodrow they condemn the action of the Synods.

In declaring Dr. Woodrow a heretic they have his reputation, intelligence, learning and Christian character to bear in mind. The committee will enter upon the work at once and will strive to arrive at a just conclusion.

An adjourned meeting of the Presbytery will be held in this city at an early day to receive the report of the committee and try the charges against Dr. Woodrow. The session will be full of interest, and will attract much attention not only from members of the denomination, but the public generally.—Augusta Chronicle of Sunday.

KISSING PETS.—The habit of kissing pets, or of handling and surely breathing their exhalations, is frequently the cause of epidemics that destroy whole families. It is a filthy habit at best, but if mothers will understand that the pet cat or poodle communicates its diseases of throat and mouth to the child who carries the beast in her arms, we would have less of that class so fatal to children. A writer in the British Medical Journal says "it is a source of danger that should be widely known and prevented."

A German paper states that eggs may be kept perfectly fresh for a year by rubbing them with vaseline, which has been melted with three-tenths per cent, of salicylic acid. The application should be made twice at an interval of a month.

A. C. HARRIS.
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