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From New's Rural New Yorker.
A STORY FOR VERY LITTLE
FOLKS.

By JOHN V. STOWE.

Dot's Visit to Grandma's.

"Goodby, little Dot," grandma said, as she stooped to kiss the pink cheeks that were held up for a good by kiss. "Come and see grandma before long, won't you?"

"Eh?" answered Dot, in her bird-like way, "much the same as a robin would talk to its neighbor, on a cherry tree, if they were eating cherries together; robin Dot's cherries, this time, happened to be bread and milk. "Eh, I'll tump an' stay one, two, ever so many days."

"That's right! Don't forget now, will you?" and with another kiss, grandma started for home. Dot sat down and watched her until she was out of sight; then she turned her attention to the bowl of bread and milk which remained unfinished.

Dot loved her grandma very much. I am not sure but she would have been quite willing to take up her abode altogether with grandpa and grandma, although papa and mamma had a large share of her love.

The next afternoon Dot was out in the garden at play with Spot, her pet kitten. Spot was a very pretty creature, and Dot loved her dearly, I assure you. She would say, "I love mamma ever so much, and papa a bushel, and Spot—oh, I love Spot lots!" And I think Spot returned her little master's affection, for she followed her about all day and slept with her at night, and very often Dot allowed her to eat of her bread and milk.

I don't know what put the idea into Dot's head, but she determined to go to grandma's at that afternoon. She did not think that she could possibly lose the way, for hadn't she watched grandma ever so many times, and know just the way she went? So, calling Spot, Dot opened the garden gate and passed out into the road. She trudged off along the grassy highway, singing and talking to Spot who seemed to relish the walk fully as much as her little mistress.

Dot went along very slowly, for her eyes caught sight of too many strange things along the road, which she had to stop and examine, to allow her to get along very fast. Here she found a pretty little flower, and there an ominous old stone, all over moss, as soft and green as the velvet on the great oak chair of papa's in the library at home. Then she heard the bird's singing in the trees, and of course she had to stop and listen to them, and after they had finished their concert she thought it only fair that she should return the favor, and so she sang them one of her songs that was almost as birdlike and silvery as theirs.

By-and-by, Dot began to get tired, and wondered why she didn't come to grandma's. She sat down for a while on an old log, and then she saw some pretty red flowers growing a little way from the road, and went to get them to carry to grandma, or he loved flowers very much, Dot knew. And when she had, with a great deal of labor, broken the flowers from their stems, she saw some yellow lilies further on and so she went to those, too. They were great golden things, spotted all over with brown, and when Dot came to them she found that they grew higher than her head. She tried to reach them, but she could not, and tired out, at last, with her efforts, she sat down under them and laid her curly little head in the moss that carpeted the ground, spot crept up and nestled down close in Dot's arms, and began to purr, and in a little while the blue eyes of the little traveler closed; Dot was fast asleep.

FUNDAMENTAL CONDITIONS. Judge Trumbull on Saturday, speaking of that provision of the Arkansas bill which declares that the constitution shall not be altered in a certain way, said, "in regard to the fundamental condition, in thought it is, as being imperative, that Arkansas as well as Illinois could change Constitution according to the views of its people. That provision is practically inoperative, he could vote to admit Arkansas under no bill." Every man of any sense will say the same of a similar provision in our fugitive Constitution.

The Albany Argus says "the system at Washington is to govern the North by force and the South by force; and to do both sections."

THE WORD OF GOD ABIDETH FOREVER.

We find the following beautiful thought in the *North British Review*. "It is a matter of congratulation that the Bible has passed triumphantly through the ordeal of verbal criticism. English infidels of the last century raised a premature pan over the discovery and publication of so many various readings. They imagined that the popular mind would be easily and thoroughly shaken, that Christianity would be placed in imminent peril of extinction, and that the Church would be dispersed and ashamed at the sight of its Magna Charta. But the result has blasted all their hopes, and the oracles of God are found to have been preserved in immaculate integrity."

The storm which shakes the oak only loosens the earth around its roots, and its violence enables the tree to strike its roots deeper in the soil.

"So it is that Scripture has gloriously surmounted every trial. These gather around the Bible a dense cloud of witnesses, from the ruins of Nineveh and the valley of the Nile; from the slabs and bas reliefs of Senenmut, and tombs and mountains of Pharaoh; from rolls of Chaldean paraphrase, and Syrian versionists; from the cells and libraries of monastic scribes, and the dry and dusty laboratories of scholars and antiquarians.

"Our present Bibles are undivided by the lapse of ages. Her oracles written amid such strange diversity of time, place and condition—among the sands and cliffs of Arabia, the fields and hills of Palestine—in the palaces of Babylon, and in the dungeons of Rome—have come to us in such unimpaired fullness and accuracy, that we are placed as advantageously toward them as the generation which hung on the lips of Jesus, as He recited a parable on the shores of the Galilean lake, on those churches which received from Paul or Peter one of their epistles of warning exhortation.

"Yes! the river of life, which issues out from beneath the throne of God and the Lamb, as it flows through so many countries, sometimes bears with it the earthly evidences of its conquests, but the great volume of its waters has neither been diminished, nor dimmed in its transparency, nor bereft of its healing virtue."

TUE COMIC CHICAGO PLAT FORM.

Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett made very nice things out of the Comic Blackstone, Comic Mythology, &c. But as we said last week, the London *Times* never imagined anything as funny as the Chicago Convention and its platform. As we also said last week, it won't do to exhaust the comic platform at a single go. The curios Anthony might swallow the solid pearls of the seductive Cleopatra at one intemperate draught; but Anthony was, after all, a kind of imperial pig, and the dainty Queen of the Nile no better than she should be. But the comic pearls of the Chicago platform must be kept carefully away from cider vinegar, or any other solvent, taken up one by one, polished on the cuffs of the people's sleeves, and passed from hand to hand, so that everybody may have their fair share of honest laughter over them.

Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, we will have the great "pigeon trick," or Section No. 2. Here it is:

"The guarantee by Congress of equal suffrage to all loyal men at the South, was demanded by every consideration of public safety, of gratitude and of justice, and must be maintained, while the question of suffrage in all the loyal States properly belongs to the people of these States."

So, you see, we cut off the heads of the two pigeons. We don't pluck them now. "A word in your ear: We postpone that until after the election. But we cut off their heads—Then we put them in this bag, and shake them so, and out they fly—the white pigeon with the black pigeon's head on, and the black pigeon with the white pigeon's head on. You don't see through the trick, eh? Very likely. (Stop, it may be as well to explain that Mr. H. Greeley is supposed to be delivering this lecture.)

So ladies and gentlemen, you see the explanation—"Equal suffrage to all loyal men at the South"—is what I call a very pretty conundrum. We might have said, "South Pole," but I told the Committee on Resolutions that I considered that as carrying the joke a little too far. For, you see when we make a conundrum, we like something definite. We can't bear to be equivocal. Now, that Section No. 2 is what I call exact; for, since no man can give a definition of it, no man understand it, there isn't the slightest danger of anybody's being misled by it. And as soon as the lecture's over, ladies and gentlemen,

we will rub the chalk off the black pigeon's head, the lamp black off the white pigeon's head, and then we'll pluck 'em both, and have them for supper. Which nobody can deny. Myself, or somebody else can deny. Myself, or somebody else can deny.

Written for the Watchman & Old North State.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 25, 1868.

To Messrs. Thomas, Childs and Gibbs,

Diplomatic Sons of S. G. Chivaley,

Washington City.

Gentlemen: As a friend of the family,

it hath become my painful duty to inform you of the demise of your poor widowed mother, South Carolina Chivaley. She departed this life surrounded by her numerous friends, about 44 o'clock this morning, after very acute suffering, from *Mental Rheumatism*, which terminated in quick death.

You know she married early in life to your grandfather Chivaley, by whom she had four sons and two daughters, James H. Chivaley, Robert R. R. Chivaley, George McDuff, Chivaley, and F. W. P. Chivaley. The elder brother, James H., embarked in the sugar trade in 1831; his cargo was captured on the high seas by Commodore Jackson, who swore "by the Eternal" it was his, he therefore lost his entire investment and died from salivation. Robert R. largely engaged in nullification and secession speculation; he was of sanguine temperament, and shipped his produce and sailed upon the steamship Enterprise. On her voyage, however, crossing the political Gulf Stream, was wrecked in a storm, during which time she was struck by Federal lightning; the ship went down and the entire cargo was lost upon which there was no insurance. In the meantime being under the influence of Mercury he was seized with a cold that followed salivation, and died from salivation. Robert R. R. largely engaged in nullification and secession speculation; he was of sanguine temperament, and shipped his produce and sailed upon the steamship Enterprise. On her voyage, however, crossing the political Gulf Stream, was wrecked in a storm, during which time she was struck by Federal lightning; the ship went down and the entire cargo was lost upon which there was no insurance. In the meantime being under the influence of Mercury he was seized with a cold that followed salivation, and died from salivation.

He orders are, that her remains be placed in a cart drawn by a white horse, driven by a colored gentleman, and deposited in Potter's field, conveyed there through the back streets.

At instant an alarm of "mad dog" was given, and rumor had it that the brute had not only survived his master, but had also eaten him.

In a shop connected with the public bath, not far from the forum, were also found

two skeletons of persons who had died in each other's embrace. They were both

in the freshness of youth, and of different sex.

The affecting spectacle excited an

awful effusion of sentiment in the an-

quisitive bosom, and the boy twins were

christened "The Lovers."

On the 14th of June, of the same year, eight skeletons

were found under the ruins of a wall, and

in May 1818, another skeleton was dis-

covered near the Temple of Jupiter, crushed by a marble column; thus pro-

vining conclusively that the eruption was

accompanied by an earthquake.

In the Temple of Isis also were discovered

the remains of several priests, with chicken

bones, egg shells, wine goblets and other

indications of a banquet, on a table near

them. One of them had seized a sacrificial axe with which to effect his escape,

but sank down exhausted, or probably suffocated by the nephrite vapor before

accomplishing this purpose.

The statement made by several writers, and reiterated by M. Mourier and Dr. Dyer, that the said priest actually cut his way thro'

the walls, is entirely erroneous; the walls,

do not exhibit any traces of such operations.

Tradition tells of another priest

who lay in the centre of the adjacent *Forum Triangulaire*.

This man, whom Buller calls Calenus, was said to have been carrying off some of the rich silver furniture of the temple when death overtook him.

As the author makes no mention of

the circumstances, the reader will receive the account *cum grano salis*.—*North American Review*.

HUMAN SKELETONS IN POMPEII.—

Some of the details of these discoveries contained in the journal of the excavations are extremely curious and interesting.

Thus, we read that on the 30th of Au-

gust, 1787, a human skeleton was found

in the corridor of a house which the vol-

canic matter had not penetrated, but had

so completely closed up by obstructing the

doors that escape was impossible. Here

the wretched man lived in utter darkness

we know not how long. It is a signif-

icant circumstance, that his bones, instead

of lying in one place, were scattered about

the apartment, and showed marks of hav-

ing been gnawed. Near them lay the un-

disturbed skeleton of a dog. It is evident

therefore, that the brute had not only sur-

vived his master, but had also eaten him.

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not far from the forum, were also found

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COLUMBIA.

P. S.—Charleston is terribly infested

with Federal ticks, the inhabitants are se-

riously annoyed by them; they have en-

deavored to destroy them by Mercurial

ointment, but without the slightest effect;

the sting is almost equal to that of a Tar-

ant; they are a filthy vermin. The

Post physician, however, is trying to pu-

rify the city by spreading charcoal over it;

indeed, he is erecting coal kilns all over

the State, from the smoke that is to be

seen.

IMPORTANT.

The following is important, if true:

A Telegram in the *Herald*, profes-

sing to originate with a person enjoy-

ing intimate relations with Judge

Chase, represents that he would only

accept a nomination when the nation

was in its utmost peril, and not then

at a sacrifice of his honest convictions.

He admits that the Radical

party and himself differ widely, and

as parties are now organized, he is

with the Democratic party. He dif-

fers from them only on one point—

that of universal manhood suffrage.

He agrees with them on all other

great issues, and, if elected by that

party, he would certainly carry out

their