

SUMMARY OF THE NEWS.

E. A. Pollard the historian, is dead. The "Mansard" Bonnet is the latest femininity. Tennessee has 854,308 inhabitants who can neither read nor write. A young Louisville Priest speaks fluently twenty languages and reads twenty-five. The Legislature, after counting the popular vote, declares the Caldwell ticket duly elected. Now, what becomes of the alleged frauds that were on the lips of every one last summer? There was either fraud committed by the Radical party or there was not. Men who complained that there was fraud should have reported the facts to the Legislature. If they did not report the facts, knowing them to be such, they are culpable, and should thereafter hold their peace. If there were election frauds committed and the facts were reported to the Legislature, then that body has been guilty of striking a high duty by refusing to investigate and expose them, no matter by which party they were committed. Such moral cowardice is worse than taking the public printing away from a man who more than any other man made the "Conservative party." It is simply reprehensible, and it is about time the people were making notes that they may properly estimate the promises of their Representatives. They fully expected that the present Legislature would investigate the frauds which were alleged to have been perpetrated on the ballot; but they are doomed to disappointment, and we fear, to neglect. A little negro child was fatally burned at Winston last week. It had been locked up in the house and left by its mother. Persons hearing its screams forced an entrance and found its clothes burned off it. That mother ought to be sent to the penitentiary for causing murder by neglect. Robert M. and Stephen A. Douglas, sons of the late Senator Douglas, have prepared and will present to Congress a claim for \$250,000 for their private cotton and other property taken, used and appropriated in March, 1863, in Mississippi, by a portion of the army of the U. States. General Ambrose Ransom Wright, one of the editors of the Chronicle & Sentinel, and a member elected to Congress from the 8th district of Georgia, died on the 21st instant at Augusta, Ga., from nervous fever, after about three weeks illness. As a native Georgian of rare abilities, his death caused the most profound grief, and will be mourned throughout Georgia as a public calamity. He was one of the ablest men in the South and distinguished alike by his military record, legal attainments and political abilities. Aged 47. A hundred of the most prominent citizens of New Orleans, headed by Judge Campbell, erst associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, have arrived at Washington and had an interview with the President, with respect to the Louisiana troubles. Thus far they have effected nothing. The President is evidently not disposed to give them much satisfaction. While he denies any purpose to interfere with the local affairs of the State, he permits his military to ride roughshod over the rights of the people. It is said this committee of citizens will issue an address to the people of the United States, setting forth all the facts and the law in the case; and also that an appeal will be made to Congress, if the President refuses to take steps to restore order. Gov. Caldwell's official majority is 1,768. The remainder of the ticket does not fall much behind these numbers. Thos. D. Carter, Esq., will begin the issue of a Democratic paper at Asheville soon. It will be called the Western Expositor. Wm. H. Bailey, Esq., of this city, has rented a house in Raleigh, and will remove soon, as we learn from the Era. We are sorry to lose Mr. Bailey, indeed we regret to lose any of our citizens. The Sentinel has been reduced in size. A little child of Mr. Masten Bullen, of Stokes, sucked a grain of corn into its windpipe, which caused its death almost instantly. It is stated that the President will pardon any of the so-called Ku Klux, if application is made to him by their immediate friends. If this statement is true, why don't the friends of the unfortunate men who are languishing in prison, apply. We hope that there are none who feel too proud to make this appeal for the liberty of men who have been unjustly charged and illegally imprisoned. The Neiffer-Watchman embroglio, a notice of one incident of which was made in our last, has a back, or antecedent, history. It dates back about the middle of July last. It is one of the most interesting and stupendous affairs that has broken out during the present century. Mr. Neiffer has the honor of having commenced it. What it may grow to it is not possible for human wisdom to foresee. But we will now shut down on it till after the holidays, when, if we feel like it, we will begin at the beginning, and tell all about it, if it sets the ocean on fire. SHARP PRACTICE. Jay Gould, in a settlement with the Erie Railroad, the other day, paid that company nine million dollars in bonds, money and real estate, and was afterwards worth as much or more than before he paid the debt. In other words, he made a fortune by paying his debt of this large amount. It was brought about in this way: Mr. Gould had in his possession property to the amount of nine million dollars which belonged to the Erie Railroad Company for which he was sued; he also had some 200,000 shares of Erie stock in his own legal right. He made a proposition to the President of the Erie Company that he would pay the amount for which he was sued if he would stop the suit. This proposition was accepted, and the result was that the company being so largely reimbursed

with the nine million dollars, that the stock ran up sufficiently to indemnify Mr. Gould for the outlay. This is what may be called sharp practice.

MESSRS. LOVE AND MUMPHREY.

These gentlemen, members of the Legislature, and the self-styled leaders of the faction opposed to Gov. Vance, if the fact that they only signed the card of "defence" of their political party to the Conservative party may be regarded as evidence of their leadership—have made a scurrilous attack upon Vance with the hope, we suppose, of cementing the discordant elements of the Conservative party. Their three columns and a half card of defence must and will be regarded by the public in the light of an attempt to justify bolting and the action of bolters, for it is nothing more nor less, if our judgment is not defective. It is simply an effort to elevate and justify treason to party organization, and if they will scorn to stoop to such contemptible practices as social ostracism or political proscription. It will correct these evils and teach the world a lesson in magnanimity and charity. It will not resort to such low and undignified methods of persecution. Surely it will be true, if it is the party of the Era represents it to be. If it is indeed made up of low, contemptible, narrow-minded bigots and corruptians, it will follow the advice of the Era and spend its short lease of power and office by making war upon a large proportion of the American people for opinion's sake. THE PUBLIC PRINTING has been given by the General Assembly to the Raleigh News. The Sentinel is indignant at this, and cries "Ingratitude!" The News pacifically responds, "Let us be just." Harmony is the thing, Mr. Sentinel—"There is a false which fits this case to a dot." Though the News is entirely worthy this special mark of the State's favor, we think it would have been perhaps more in accordance with the "eternal fitness of things" if the Sentinel had received this reward for past services to the Conservative party.—Charlotte Observer. We have not a word to say against the proprietors of the News; they are gentlemen and have done good service for the party, and they are especially worthy of this favor. But Mr. Turner, by all odds, was entitled to the refusal of this work. It should have been given to him on account of his past untiring services to the Conservative party, if for nothing else. No man in the State had labored more earnestly and at a greater sacrifice than he; yet he has been snubbed in the house of his friends—by men who are indebted to him and a few other brave spirits for the success of the Conservative party which had elevated them to their present positions. It seems that those who labor hardest and do most for the party are the men to be kept out of position, held back, ignored, and denied favors. But this game had as well stop on first as last, for it must play out. A few so-called leaders cannot long manipulate things to suit themselves in defiance of the people.—This act of the Legislature will not be approved by them. They know that Mr. Turner has done good service; and they will be indignant when they learn that while he has been doing the public printing at a very low figure the price has been increased 33 per cent and the work given to another—all through mere spite or thoughtlessness, we hardly know which. His charge is that Mr. Turner did not advocate the claims of Governor Vance to a seat in the U. S. Senate. Mr. Turner had a right to advocate his claims or not as he chose. We take it for granted that Mr. Turner was, for good reasons, opposed to the election of Gov. Vance. If this is true, we think he showed much forbearance in keeping quiet and not openly opposing him. But suppose he had come out and strenuously advocated the claims of Mr. Vance, would not these legislative dignitaries have regarded it as distasteful in Mr. Turner? What right had he to advise this Assembly of wisdom, all of whom can read and write, no doubt, and have graduated in political economy and statecraft? It would be presumption in any newspaper to undertake to advise such a body. But let us admit that the grounds of opposition to Mr. Turner were well taken, would it not have been more prudent and charitable in a grave legislative body to have overlooked his shortcomings—his failure to advocate Gov. Vance's claims—rather than hazard the safety of the party. The gentlemen who opposed Mr. Turner's claims to the public printing have no right to complain of the action of Judge Merrimon's friends; for the action of both factions has the same tendency and will accomplish the same result, and destruction of the party. The Merrimon faction were reckless as to consequences and really seemed to desire the ruin of the party; the News men, or those who favored taking the printing from Mr. Turner, are no less excusable so far as we can see. Now, what will the people think of these harmonious actions of their Conservative members? Will they not hold all equally guilty as a legislative body? Assuredly they will. If the matter we have heard news any thing, we can tell that body that it has shown the seed of disintegration; and that each and every member will be held to a strict accountability. If the present Conservative organization perish, the legislature will be held responsible, and whether it perish or not, the political decapitation of a large majority of its members has already been assured. For the Watchman. YADKIN RAIL ROAD COMPANY. STOCKHOLDERS MEETING. Pursuant to previous notice given by the President, Mr. V. Mauney, a few of the Stockholders met in Albemarle on the 15th instant. Col. W. G. Smith of Ansonville, N. C., was called to the Chair and James D. Hearne requested to act as Secretary. The President made a short and very appropriate speech, saying that from various causes the enterprise had been retarded, but that his motto was, (and he believed it to be the motto of all the friends of the Road) never to give up—that there was a brighter day ahead of us; and that he had a written report, ready to submit to the Stockholders, as soon as a majority of the Stock was ascertained to be present. After considerable consultation and discussion, as to the prospects of the Road, and what was the best course to pursue, it was resolved and voted unanimously that, in consequence of the small number of Stockholders and the extreme inclemency of the weather, to postpone the meeting until the 1st Thursday in June next, unless the President deemed it advisable, after consultation with the Directors and Stockholders to call it at an earlier date. JAS. D. HEARNE, Sec'y. A negro, on being examined was asked if his master was a Christian, "No, sir; he's a member of Congress."

JUST SENTIMENTS.

We copy with pleasure the following passages from an instructive and able letter from Col. W. L. Saunders, to his paper, the Wilmington Journal. It is dated, Raleigh, Dec. 13th. He says:

The committee on the State debt and liabilities have as yet made no report. It seems to be generally conceded that no tax will be levied to meet any part of the interest and it may be that no attempt will be made to compromise with our creditors. Indeed, the only project that seems to meet with favor is one looking to an assumption of our indebtedness by the Federal Government. It will be remembered by the readers of the Journal that this project was foreshadowed in its columns some weeks ago. Northern men may well say they have done their best; the colored man, a doubtful good, if they have made him a citizen only to load him with a ruinous debt. The amount of cotton tax money unlawfully collected from the South, if refunded, would pay near half the whole Southern debt at one dash. Another and a more potent cause for the assumption, if ever it shall be found in the enormous profits of the job. It would certainly be a great relief to have our debts paid; so great that no man in this day, at least, would listen to another who hinted that the power it would give the Federal Government over the States would be a dangerous one—Centralization and consolidation are the order of the day. When the debts of the Southern States shall have been assumed by the Federal Government the change in the character of our institutions will have been perfected. The spectacle we witness to-day leaves scarcely a shadow of a hope of preserving a vestige even of our old landmarks. No European monarch is more completely master of the situation than is President Grant to-day. If affairs are not being conducted to suit him, all that he has to do is to cause a few individuals to organize a new government and to direct his Attorney General to recognize it by telegraph, and to support it with the army and navy, and the thing is done! Can the Czar of the Russias arrange matters more to his satisfaction or more speedily? And can any man who knows the condition of affairs in Alabama and Louisiana pretend that Grant cannot exercise this power?

LEGISLATIVE CONTROL OF RAILROAD CORPORATIONS. [From the Philadelphia Legal Gazette.] We publish to-day in full, the decision of the Circuit Court of MeLean County, Ill., in the case of The People vs. The Chicago and Alton Railroad Company. Owing to its great length, we are compelled to omit in this issue the "Argument for the People," which we had intended to publish with it, but which, if we can spare the space in our next issue, we will present to our readers, as a valuable adjunct to the proper understanding of the case. The question involved, viz: The power of a State Legislature to grant irrevocable franchises of regulating tolls and charges for the transportation of goods and passengers upon railroads, we consider to be one of the most important that has ever engaged the attention of a court of justice in this country. The immense power now exercised by railroad and other companies, under acts of incorporation, obtained in many instances surreptitiously and by means of corrupt purchase of State Legislatures, are enough to alarm every serious minded citizen. The creation of an "imperialism in commerce," a power which, if not yet greater than the State itself, is fast becoming so, is an evil, the magnitude of which can only be fully realized when the details of the Republic will be under its complete control. The decision of Judge Tipton, that the Legislature of Illinois had a right to pass an act preventing unjust discrimination in tolls and charges on railroads, and that said act did not impair the obligation of the contract between the Legislature and the railroad company as set forth in the latter's charter, and was therefore not in violation of the Constitution of the United States, is of the greatest value to the masses of the people in his own and other States. If the case is carried to a higher court, as we hope that it will speedily be, and the decision is affirmed, some check will be placed upon the gigantic corporations, which to-day are so dangerous to the liberties of American citizens, and the right of the people to control and regulate by means of their representatives the powers and actions of such corporations, will be to some extent guaranteed. We trust that the Commissioners, at whose instance the suit was commenced, will use every means in their power to hurry the case on to its final conclusion in the Supreme Court of the United States, for we suppose that the railroad company will not let the matter rest as at present, and that before many months we may have a decision from that Court, settling the law upon the subject.

A FIRST-CLASS GHOST STORY.

I was seated in a comfortable compartment in a first-class railway carriage at London Bridge railway station, on 24th December. The weather was horribly cold, and the wind was very high. I had my evening paper already cut by my side, and my Bradshaw was in my hand; but they were at present both unheeded, for my thoughts were far away down the line, forty miles down, to Nettleton, where I was going to spend my Christmas holidays with my uncle, Arthur Blucher, a few cousins, and Bessie. When I say that my uncle and cousins were second and third in my thoughts, I need hardly explain that Bessie was my sweetheart—rather an old word, but I like to use it. I had won her after a courtship of twelve months; and I thought myself the happiest of young fellows and the luckiest of mankind. I will not attempt to describe Bessie, for that can only be done by photography. She was very pretty, very sensible, and beloved by everybody, and adored by me. I had parted with her in the autumn; although every week brought me a kind, gentle letter from her, we had not met since saying good-bye at the Barmouth station, North Wales, when she went to stop at Nettleton, and I returned to grim old law in my chambers, New-in, Lincoln's Inn. How slowly the time dragged on, to be sure! There never could have been a winder or a more cheerless October than in that year, nor a duller or darker November. I could find no charm in the London theatres, in spite of the novelties produced. The newspapers were stupid, and the magazines barely readable. My friends too, somehow or other, became wearisome. Johnson's puns fell flat; Robinson's practical jokes lost their charms; and Smith and Jones's parties bored me. I wanted Christmas to come as quickly as possible, and yet Old Time would not get on any quicker, in spite of my fretting. But at last the day arrived for my departure. I had packed my portmanteau two days before it was necessary. I had studied my route until I knew the stations by heart, and I found myself at London Bridge station a good half hour before the train was advertised to start. Immediately my train—I had known this 5.55 for so many weeks that I looked upon it in the light of personal property—I backed into its position. I insisted on taking my seat, although the guard assured me we should be off for a quarter of an hour, if not less. Never mind, I felt happier and less restless in the carriage, knowing that it was something somewhat connected with Nettleton and my visit. Our train, according to the time tables, did not stop anywhere after passing Croydon, but ran right into Nettleton Junction, ignoring Reigate, Little Hingston, and Ruxley. So, giving a shilling to the guard, I requested him to lock the door, and my Bradshaw, and my Bessie. The station was thronged with holiday-makers of all grades of society, pushing, squeezing, laughing, shouting, but all but one on my object—to get good places in their various trains. Four guards, how I pitied them! and how I admired their coolness and clear-headedness in the midst of such a babel of tongues! Should we never start, I asked myself, as I leaned out of the window for the twentieth time. Yes, surely those are "iron" doors being slammed to; that is our guard whistling and holding up his hand; and that brick, determined whistle belongs to our engine—we were off! As we slowly glided out of the station I was somewhat surprised to see a tall, lank white-headed gentleman walk up to my carriage door—which I had paid the guard to lock—open it, step in, and take his seat opposite me. He was a most peculiar-looking individual. His face was very long and painfully white; his eyes were bright and restless; his hands, encased in black kid gloves, had the appearance of possessing a good deal of bone, his legs were awkwardly long; and to add to his eccentricity, his head was quite bald, and shone like a plain white billiard ball. On entering the carriage he bowed to me, and after carefully gazing around him, smiled—such a smile!—and taking out a black-covered book, coiled himself up in a corner and burled himself in his contents. This strange being puzzled me considerably. What could he be? Perhaps a Doctor. No, his appearance would testify any nervous patient. A lawyer—possibly an escaped inmate of lunatic hospital. I determined to speak to him; for, though I was not a coward, I did not like the man. There was something uncouthly about him; for now and then he would put down his book, gaze at the landscape with a blank, goggle-eyed expression, and laugh quietly, then fixing his eyes on me for a second, would relapse into a smile and continue his reading. "Do you object to smoking?" I asked—I own with an effort. He took no notice of me. I repeated the question; but in lieu of replying he twisted himself into an easier position, and went on with the black-bound book. "I shall not be at all sorry when we get to Nettleton." I thought to myself, as I threw my cigar away and took up the paper. "I don't relish this superhumanly low passenger at all. Well as there's no chance of release for two good hours, I may as well make the best of it." I tried to read, but could not fix my thoughts on any subject; so I soon gave it up, and tried to lose myself in dreamland. But at first I could not sleep; for whenever I happened to look up, I found my horrible companion's eyes fixed on mine. A cold perspiration came over me every time I looked on him; so I summoned up courage and said somewhat sharply, "sir, you are very rude to stare at me so, sir; if you have anything to say to me, be good enough to speak." He smiled, and looked out of the window for a moment, sighed, and changed his seat. I must have soon fallen into a doze, but how long I slept I have little idea. When I awoke, I felt the carriage oscillating violently, and to my horror and surprise, my companion had gone! Yes, I was alone in the carriage! In another moment the air was filled with the shrieks of agony and yells of despair, the escape of steam and the crashing of wood. My carriage shook and groaned, and then tottered over on its side down an embankment; but luckily for me, I was, with the exception of a few bruises, unhurt. O, what a sight was before me! The 5.55 from London had run into a goods train, and lay before me a wreck.

Women, children, and men were buried under the debris, whilst some, like me, had escaped without a scratch. We rendered all the assistance that lay in our power to the poor creatures, and it was not until the sun had risen on Christmas morning that we got sufficient hands together to clear the line. Twenty-five people were killed in this awful accident, and over thirty severely wounded. The few days' leisure that I had allowed myself went quickly enough; and my Nettleton visit was soon a thing of the past, and I was once again hard at work in the Inn. At times my thoughts would turn to the events of Christmas-eve; and though I strove to erase the recollection from my mind, I could not forget my fellow-traveller. I read books on spiritualism; and in spite of arguments with friends, and several serious conversations with my relatives, I became a believer in ghosts. I kept the truth from Bessie; for I knew that she would be broken-hearted if she knew that I had become a disciple of the spiritualists. I was very unhappy and very unsettled; my health was more of the best; my spirits were low, and my energy flagged considerably. So the long year passed away, and Christmas came again. I was, as usual, to spend my Christmas holiday at Nettleton, and I found myself once more in a first-class by myself at 5.55 on the 24th of December. The door opened, and I entered the carriage, seated in the same death-like manner as he had twelve months ago, and read to silence. I do not think I was very much surprised at seeing him; he had been in my "minds-eye" all the year; but a cold perspiration came over me; I felt a sinking at my heart, and an aching throbbing pain flow to my head. "Ma'am, if you please—" I said, fixing my eyes on the figure, "if you have come to warn me of any coming danger, speak to me now. I am brave enough to hear the worst." He lifted his eyes from his book, yawned, closed the volume, and settled himself to sleep. "No," I cried, "you shall not evade my question. You must answer me. What will happen? Why are you here?" He roused himself and looked at me with a smile upon his hard lips; he then took out a small pocket-book, and wrote on a page, which he tore out and handed me, these words, "We shall meet to-night."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Administrator's Notice. All persons having claims against the estate of Theophilus Alphonso Allison, deceased, are hereby notified to exhibit the same to the undersigned on or before the 14th day of November, A. D. 1873.

WILLIAM A. LUCKEY, Admin'r of Theo. F. Kluttz's Personal Estate.

Attention Everybody! All those having claims against W. F. Watson or T. C. Watson, either as principal or as security will present the same to Burton Craig on or before the 25th day of December, 1872. By so doing they will benefit themselves, and oblige the undersigned.

W. F. WATSON, T. C. WATSON.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1873.

The GUIDE is now published QUARTERLY, 25 cents per copy for the year. Four numbers, which contain half the amount of the old Guide, and cost only \$1.00 for the year. The new Guide contains more money to the amount of One Dollar or more for Seeds may also order Twenty-five Cents worth extra—the price paid for the Guide.

The January Number is beautiful, giving plans for making Rural Homes. Designs for Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and containing a large amount of information invaluable to the lover of flowers. One Hundred and Fifty pages, on fine tinted paper, cost a Five Hundred Engravings and a superb Colored Plate and Chromo Case.—The First Edition of Two Hundred Thousand—has just been issued in English and German, and ready to send.

JAMES VICK, ROCHESTER, N. Y. December 5—12:11.

SETTLE UP.

All those indebted to me for subscription to the Enterprise, for advertising, or job work, are respectfully requested to come forward and settle up without further delay. Corn, Wheat, Flour, Peas, or any country produce taken in exchange for claims and the market price allowed. J. J. STEWART, Sept. 5, 51st

SALISBURY, N. C. } November 1872. } The Firm of Theo. F. Kluttz & Co., is this day dissolved by the withdrawal of Dr. C. A. Henderson. The business will be conducted as heretofore by Theo. F. Kluttz.

We are grateful to our friends and the public for their generous patronage, given us, and trust it may be continued to the succeeding member of the firm. Our accounts are all made out, and will be presented at once for payment. Our friends will oblige us by settling promptly. THEO. F. KLUTTZ, (Sole.) C. A. HENDERSON.

THEO. F. KLUTTZ (SUCCESSOR TO THEO. F. KLUTTZ & CO.) Druggist & Pharmacist, SALISBURY, N. C.

Encouraged by past success I shall continue the Drug business in all its branches with renewed energy, and unflinching personal attention to all the details of business. No effort shall be spared to supply my customers with all the best quality of Medicines, at the lowest possible prices. Physicians' orders and Prescriptions shall always have prompt and careful personal attention. The necessities of the times compel me to adopt as nearly as possible the cash system. All accounts will be presented at the expiration of 30 days, if not paid or satisfactorily arranged Credit will be stopped at once. I trust that my friends will remember me when needing anything in the Drug line. THEO. F. KLUTTZ, (Sole.)

A CARD.

Dr. HENDERSON retires from the Drug business with the intention of resuming the Practice of Medicine at an early day, and desires to return much thanks for the liberal patronage given the firm of Kluttz & Co., and trusts that the same may be continued to his friend and successor, Theo. F. Kluttz, who will be pleased to receive all orders and communications. Nov. 7, 72. J. H.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ASTHMA—Any medicine which will relieve the Asthma, and cure the chronic disease, will be found useful by thousands of sufferers. The medicine which occupies a prominent position in the treatment of Asthma is the "Cure for Asthma" prepared by Dr. J. H. Stearns, of New York. It is the best and most reliable medicine ever prepared for the cure of Asthma. Sold by all Druggists and Apothecaries.

TRIPLE ADVERTISING—From family to family, from city to city, from State to State, from Nation to Nation, the benefits of advertising are felt. It is the best and most reliable method of advertising. It is the best and most reliable method of advertising. It is the best and most reliable method of advertising. It is the best and most reliable method of advertising.

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