

# Carolina Watchman.

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Associate Editor.

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Buy a few dollars worth of books every year for your sons and hand out a good newspaper, they will work better and be more cheerful. Try it.

### A WORD TO FARMERS SONS.

You have something to be proud and to boast of. The farm is the keystone to every industrial pursuit. When it succeeds all prosper; when it fails, all flag. Don't think you can't be a great man because you are the son of a farmer. Washington, Webster and Clay were farmer's sons, but while they toiled they studied. So do you. Buy a good book, one at a time, read and digest it, and then another.

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### And Get a Good Picture.

We will give you a good picture or notlet you take it away; for we don't intend that any bad work shall go from this office to injure us and the business. Call and try. *Up Stairs between Parkers and Miss McMurray's.*

Call and examine my stock of Wall Paper, Window Shades, Writing paper, Inks &c. Mind I don't intend to be under sold.  
Feb. 27, '74.

### LINDSAY'S MIASMA ELIXIR.

THE GREAT POISON NEUTRALIZER. A Sure Preventive and certain cure for CHOLERA AND FEVER, and all species of Miasmatic diseases. Send for circular.

C. R. BARKER & CO.  
April 24, 1873. Guinea.

MT. VERNON, N. C. }  
Sept. 14th, 1873. }

DEAR WATCHMAN:—To day is Sunday. I could go to church and bear a sermon; but I have concluded to stay at home and write one.

I shall take my text in the twentieth chapter of Jeremiah, at the tenth verse, which reads thus:  
"For I heard the defaming of many, fear on every side. Report, say they, and we will report it. All my familiars watched for my halting, saying, Peradventure he will be enticed, and we shall take our revenge on him."

These words are even more applicable now than they were in the days of the prophet. Lying has come to take rank as one of the fine arts, employing the earnest industry of scores of our men of genius and the admiration and patronage of many hundreds of the common crowd. Louis Napoleon, Colfax and Baron Munchausen are fair specimens of the former or artistic class of professionals, and Mistress Carry the Bag-and-tell-the-News and Mister Make-a-Tale-and-Blow-it are every day on exhibition as trust representatives of neighborhood gossip for the other portion.

Now it is not within the limits of this discourse to deal with the great man aforesaid, who hang out their shingle and advertise the public frankly that such is their business, and that they can beat Satan himself at it. They get their deserts from the newspapers, which lash them one day and lay a wager to outlive them the next. There is jolly fun any way in this sort of folly—I'll just let them alone.

But, these nasty sneaking curs—these slimy cotton-mouthed vipers, that go creeping around the bush, spewing their venom upon the fair fame of their honest neighbors—exaggerating every thing you do or say—what language is adequate to describe the bitterness of scorn and contempt in which they should be held!

"Report, say they, and we will report it!" Yes, that's their trade exactly; and it is enough to make any of their victims curse the day he was born, as Jeremiah did, and call on the Lord for vengeance on them!

"Love your enemies!" O, my brethren, if it is not hard to love such cattle as these, then I am a liar too!  
The evil is not confined to the law and ignorant entirely, of whom we could expect no better, nor to any particular neighborhood—it is the "defaming of many, fear on every side." Given, a man with simple straightforwardness of manner enough to be called eccentric, ideas of duty lofty enough to surpass the common estimate, education or talent or independence enough to excite jealousy, and you have the neighborhood gossip's favorite prey—the Christmas feast of the slanderous ghouls and hyenas! This man they will follow through life, more assiduous and tireless than blood-hounds; and the taste of the red life-current from his heart of hearts will not satisfy them! If they could, they would dog his steps into the very courts of heaven, and try to make the angels believe there was some mistake and that he was not fit to be there!

"All my familiars watched for my halting." Just so. Not merely that low-down common-liar. Every higher circle of the community has its Judas, who by some means has insinuated himself into that place, and whose foul tongue nobody escapes. Beneath the surface of society everywhere is a smouldering fire kept alive by the "unruly member," which has its volcanic eruptions occasionally, and in the shape of murders, divorces, wars and tumults. Is it not so, brethren?

Finally, what is to be done about it? It is easy enough to repeat the stereotyped phrase, "Let a lie alone, and it will kill itself." But, like many other old sayings, there is not much in it, when it comes to practice. You might as well tell me that you will let the thief alone, and that your purse will take legs unto itself and walk back to you. And if you would follow him to get what Shakespeare calls "trash," what should you do with him about your "good name"? Although he may not be able to injure sometimes, it is folly to say he does no harm, or that his life is not a series of crimes.

For my own part, I go in for more stringent legislation on the subject, or for each one aggrieved to defend himself, track the liar to his den, and extinguish him. Every one who spreads prejudice against you upon the minds of strangers wherever he meets them ought to be tried and convicted of a crime as heinous as murder or arson, and sentenced accordingly. Brethren, am I right or wrong?  
E. P. H.

New Jersey people don't say "liar" right out, but remark: "Sir, you remind me of my lamented brother, who could pervert truth with the greatest ease."

A "bridal car" is now run on the Pacific Railroad.

## The Railroad Problem.

[New York Graphic.]

Every new hearing before the Senate Commission on Transportation brings out in clearer lines the fact that the railroad question is the great problem of the time. The magnitude of the interests involved in it, the number of people of all classes concerned in its solution, the earnest necessity for immediate action upon it, all combine to give it a prominence and importance that no other topic assumes. Cheap transportation means a total change in our rail-road policy and management. Canals are out of the count. They are poor makeshifts at the best. They are too slow, cumbersome and costly to meet the present demands of our agriculture and commerce. They are closed one-quarter of the year by ice. It is pleasant to hear gentlemen of antediluvian instincts dilate on the possibilities of the canal system, and entertain themselves with fine-spun speculations on the results of an enlargement of Erie and the substitution of steam for donkey power. And how shall the railroads, now owned by private corporations and managed in their interest without regard to the interests of the community, be turned to public advantage? This is the point on which the whole discussion turns.

It is idle to think of keeping this question out of politics. All great questions of public interest naturally and inevitably find their way into politics. And at the present time, when no great practical issue divides the old parties, which are kept apart by names and traditions and the trades of leaders rather than by any essential difference of opinion, it is inevitable that a great question like this which concerns all classes and all sections of the whole country should be made a political issue. It is a political question. It relates to the whole theory of government. It concerns the principles and policy of legislation and administration. No amount of agitation or criticism will compel the railroad corporations to surrender their charters, or even reduce their rates of transportation. They have the power in their own hands, and will be likely to keep their advantage until forced to yield by legislative or judicial decree. And now that the free-trade question has been hampered so that it is impossible to tell whether it is on the anvil or not, and there is no topic of urgent and vital importance before the country, nothing can hinder this railroad question from becoming the real political issue of the next decade.

The movements of parties in Illinois, Iowa, California, and some other States, point conclusively to this result. And when it is seen that cheap transportation, which all classes are clamoring for, means the control, if not the ownership, of the railroads by the State, and is a matter that cannot be compassed by any number of secret societies and co-operative associations outside of the sphere of political action, there will be an immediate and general division of our parties.

It has been suggested that the whole difficulty can be obviated by preventing any combination or consolidation of railroad companies; that, so long as each corporation is kept entirely distinct from all others, monopoly is rendered impossible, and the law of competition will keep the rates of transportation at the lowest possible point. It is an attempt to bind a giant with a whip of straw. It is the inevitable tendency of corporations working on parallel lines, with interests that are practically identical, to co-operate, if not to combine. No legal or legislative barrier that can be raised will prevent a practical consolidation which will be just as injurious to all the material interests of the country as any that it is proposed to prohibit. Furthermore, it is safer and easier to deal with a single corporation, under a single responsible head, than with a score or hundred irresponsible companies managed by a mob of nobodies. One man can be held to an accountability, while a mob will go free. Moreover, there is another point of vast importance to be considered. It is a question of justice to the corporations. But there are scores of railroads, built through sparsely settled districts in advance of any real need, on purpose to induce emigration and develop the resources of the country, in the expectation of creating a paying business at some future time. They were built on speculation in part, for the interest of the sections they run through. These roads do not pay at the present high rates of transportation. How can the public rightfully require the owners of these roads to run them at a loss? What justice is there in demanding that they shall carry passengers and freight at a rate which would ruin them in six months? Every one can see the injustice of a claimer which proposes no practical remedy for the grievance of which it complains. That remedy lies in the absorption of the railroads by the State, making them the property of the public, and opening them up for the use of individuals and companies, under restrictions, for the greatest public benefit.

The following prices seem fabulous, and yet they were realized at a sale of short horn cattle near Utica, N. Y. Animals of the "Duchess" breed sold for \$12,000, \$30,000, \$19,000, \$25,000, and \$40,000. The strange thing is that two noblemen from England paid the last two sums, when that country is most famous for raising fine cattle, and this very "Duchess" stock first came from the "old country." A contemporary sagely remarks, when cows and bulls get so valuable, what wonder that human life is assumed to be a matter of trifling importance. We have seen it stated that some of the American cattle breeders had surpassed the English, and these astounding but genuine prices would seem to prove it.—Sentinel.

## Grant and His Fets.

[From the Wilmington Journal.]

Our military President does not like speech-making much, but he has a decided fondness for letter-writing. He likes his friends, too, and will never desert them, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, if he can save them by writing a letter and giving them a certificate of character.

When Tom Murphy was forced, by the pressure of public opinion, to resign the Collectorship of New York City, the President came square up to his relief with a letter endorsing him in the strongest terms. The people started in amazement, even Republicans, themselves, being astonished.

Later still, the President shocked the moral sense of the country by his endorsement of Vice-President Colfax upon his retirement from the office, seeking with the fumes of bribery and perjury.

But it is not by letter only that our President shows his appreciation of bad men. The recent appointment of Mr. A. R. Shepherd to be Governor of the District of Columbia, is a striking instance of his habitual disregard and defiance of public opinion.

## Sale of Blooded Cows.

We respectfully ask every subscriber to the STATE AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL, to read the article in another column on the sale of Hon. Samuel Campbell's cows, near Utica, N. Y., on the 10th inst. While we cannot in some years to come, expect to approximate these prices—still it is well for us all to know what others are doing in the raising of improved stock. We will have to give away at our coming Fair, some of our fine calves as those, and sheep equal to any in the world.

In this connection we would call especial attention to our coming State Fair, commencing Oct. 13th. Stock raisers of the North have presented our Society with some of the best blooded cows, pigs, and sheep, that can be produced in the world. Mr. M. Templeton, West Middle-town, Pa., has contributed a pair of lambs of his improved stock; the ram, grand sire of these lambs, he paid six thousand dollars for. And other stock, equally pure, will be on exhibition and disposed of, for the benefit of the Society.

## Nasby Joins the "Grangers."

Nasby has turned up in "Illinois," where with a set of broken down political hacks and office seekers, he is running the Grangers' struggle. He says: "We have assumed a costume in accordance with our new agricultural deparment. We have heavy gaiters, blue over-hauled trousers, and broad-brimmed chip hats. Each of us carry a black snake whip, instead of a cane, and sprinkle bird-seed in our hair every morning. Bathers is so inebriated that he daubs clay on his boots every morning, and Billius took a wet-sun and rubbed the inside of his hands three days industriously to get up a satisfactory callus. We address each other ex Farmer Billins, Farmer Blathers, Farmer Pettus, and Farmer Nasby, and our conversational is principally about agricultural matters. The other cusses have more zeal however than discretion in this direction. Billings was out in the country with us, and looking wisely ex wuz the best looking winter oats he had ever seen and he wandered if the farmers say that section planted corn yet in October; he had found it better to sub soil it in September, so ez to give 't a good start to prevent winter-killin."

## The Pathos of Poverty.

A Detroit newspaper tells the following story: A boy about ten years of age, leading a lively little dog, called at the central station and asked if that was the place where they shot dogs.—Being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Well please shoot my poor little Dan. He's an awful good dog, and he plays with the baby all day; but father's deaf, and mother's sick, and I can't raise money to get a license." Then, turning to the dog, he lifted him up tenderly and sroked him, saying, "Poor Dan! how Billy will cry when I tell him you are dead!" Great tears rolled down the boy's face, and in a little while those around him made up a purse sufficient to save his dog, and a person went with him after the license. The boy's eyes fairly sparkled at his unexpected luck, and speaking to the dog, he cried out, "You're save, Dan! you're saved; let's go right home to Billy!"

## The Suggestive Name of "Brandy."

The suggestive name of "Brandy" is given to one of the Nevada counties.

## The Arena of America.

[New York Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]

Cast a momentary glance over the surface of this broad continent. You will see at once that it is the most magnificent theatre upon which human power has ever had an opportunity to exert itself. Remember that upon it forty millions of beings are already placed, and that the future will doubtless contribute its annual millions in an ever-increasing ratio. You will also note that, flocking in from abroad, come the Celt, the Teuton, the African, the Aztec, and the native of far Cathay; all rushing in to form parts of one huge conglomerate mass of restless humanity, upon whose fate depends the realization of the highest hopes ever yet formed of approaching the image of a utopian commonwealth. Surely never in any preceding record of human history has there been a fairer opening for the full development of the noblest aspirations for good, which the Divine Being has been pleased to implant in the bosom of his creatures. Here is ample space and verge enough for the most far-seeing statesman, the most persevering orator, the most profound philosopher, the most exalted philanthropist. Here is a field the like of which Aristotle or Plato never trod; Here are problems on which Cicero never could have speculated, or Bacon exercise his wonderful sagacity. Answer me, if you can, I pray you, shall it indeed be that this marvelous scene will be occupied by actors worthy of their place, who will strain their utmost powers to rise to every great emergency, and do for their fellow-men, all that mortal power has been able to effect, since the forfeiture of paradise?—C. F. Adams.

## A California Cloud-Burst.

Those strange phenomena, the felicitously named cloud-bursts, that sometimes devastate the California valleys, are often terribly dramatic in their appearance and effects. In Yogo canon dwell William McGilling and his four daughters. On the 12th of Aug. a small cloud appeared in the sky, rapidly approaching the mountains, and increasing in volume and density until the sky was obscured, and in the canon it seemed as if night had come suddenly. Fearing danger, the family started to the high grounds, but the eldest persuaded the others to return and endeavor to save the dearly- prized article of a California girl's heart, the piano—an instrument, if once lost, difficult to replace in the interior. This delay was fatal, and involved the untimely death of the whole family.—We read:

"Scarcely had they reached the door of the cabin on their return when, with a noise like the discharge of a thousand pieces of artillery, the darkness suddenly parted in the centre, and simultaneously an immense sheet of water descended upon the doomed house like a shot from a gun. A prolonged wail, a few short shrieks, and the silence of death closed over the scene. When the water had subsided Yogo canon ceased to exist. Where the canon had been was only a part of the adjoining hills, the debris caused by the cloud-burst having filled it up to a level with their tops."

## Desperate Attempts at Highway Robbery—Assistance Arrives Flight of the Mobs, &c.—Another attempt at highway robbery was made near this city on Saturday night last. Mr. Abe Williamson, residing near the Onslow line, had been here in attendance upon the market and was returning home when, about 7 o'clock, just as he had reached a point about five miles from the city, near the residence of a man by the name of Spicer, three colored men suddenly sprang out of the bushes and made a furious assault upon Mr. Williamson. Fortunately for that gentleman, a Mr. Summerell was driving a short distance behind Mr. W. heard the struggle going on and hastened to the rescue. Upon perceiving this reinforcement of Mr. Williamson the robbers became alarmed, jumped Mr. Spicer's fence and made their escape. One of the villains, as he reached the fence, seized a rail and struck Mr. W. a severe blow on the arm with it, inflicting a very painful wound. But for the prompt arrival of Mr. Summerell on the ground there is no telling what might have been the result, as the robbers evidently were prepared to resort to the most desperate measures to carry out their purpose, believing Mr. Williamson to have had quite a sum of money in his possession as the result of his sales in the market.—Wil. Star.

## A Lively Timepiece.—A clock peddler was tramping along hot, dusty and tired, when he came to a meeting house wherein sundry friends were engaged in silent devotion. The peripatetic tradesman thought he would walk in and rest himself. He took a seat upon a bench, doffed his hat, and placed his clock on the floor. There was a painful stillness in the meeting house, which was broken by one of the clocks which commenced striking furiously. The peddler was in agony, but he hoped every minute the clock would stop. Instead of that it struck four hundred and thirty times, by the actual count of every friend in the meeting; for even the best disciplined of them couldn't help numbering the strokes. Then up rose one of the elder friends, at the end of the four hundred and thirtieth stroke, and said: "Friend, as it is very late, perhaps thee had better proceed on thy journey, or thee will not reach thy destination, unless thee is as energetic as thy vehement timepiece."

## A National Debauchee.—There is a terrible story, or rather series of stories, about Senator Matt. Carpenter in the Chicago Times of Sunday last. If it is not true, the author must have an imagination "as foul as Vulcan's stithy," and any respectable senator, could make the Times pay a cool hundred thousand for printing his character so black. If it is true, or even the half of it, the Senate will not knowingly retain such a member which would not deserve to rank higher than a brothel.

## A Cruel Joke was Played on Rambeau, the forger, in Bridgeport jail the other day. One of the jail officers offered him some powdered chalk as arsenic, and advised him to poison himself. The poor fellow eagerly swallowed it, schooled himself for resignation and fortitude, repented of his sins, and forgave all his enemies, only to find himself sold. His subsequent language to that officer, says a local paper, indicates a slight falling from grace.

## Philadelphia buried eighteen persons last week, whose ages were all about ninety.

## Who is Daniel Pratt?

Almost the only fool honored by occasional mention is Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveler, and hardly anybody knows who he is. He was formerly a printer, I understand, and never having possessed much good sense, was made a universal butt of by his fellow-craftsmen, until he lost the little sense Nature had provided him with. He went to Liverpool once in a sailing-vessel, staid three or four weeks in England, returned home, and talked so copiously of what he had seen abroad that his brother-compositors dubbed him the Great American Traveler. They ran all sorts of saws on him, put stories into his mouth of his wanderings in Asia Minor, Greenland, Australia, and Ethiopia; and so bewildered the poor devil that he came to believe not only what he had told them, but he had actually been in those countries. Since that time he has never been more than 300 miles from New York; and yet he is a positive monomaniac on the subject of travel. His acquaintances, aware of this, kept out of his way for fear of the fate of Narcissus. They frequently send him to certain persons by telling him that those persons are deeply interested in foreign lands, and would be delighted to hear his account thereof. This is a standing joke among typos, and is put off upon any one they can think of.

## How Young Men Should Drink.

Stand up straight like a man, your left side to the bar, take the glass nearly and firmly between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, letting the little finger drop down to near the bottom of the glass, swing the glass in a plane exactly corresponding with the top of the bar, until it is precisely before you. Just then throw the head back a little, push the chin forward, so as to leave the throat in a full, open, easy position. Compress lips tightly, draw a full breath through the nostrils, and with a graceful curve raise the glass until the rim is within about three inches of your chin. Now is the supreme moment. Just here, turn your eyes upwards, think of your mother, and open your hand instead of your mouth! If any one laughs it will be an insult which you should resent by not going there again.

## The Raleigh News says: We learn from a gentleman that just reached this city from Western Carolina that on Sunday the 7th instant, a Mr. Bohjick, a highly respectable and useful citizen of Stokes county, attended church in his community to hold a class meeting. He left the church for his home without company and was found dead sometime afterwards in the road, the bridge and one stirrup lying near him. The probability is that he was thrown from his saddle, hung his foot in the stirrup and was killed by the fall and the violent action of the animal he was riding. There was an uncredited rumor that he was known to have a considerable sum of money on his person, which was missing when he was found. This suggests the idea of foul play.

## Mrs. R. A. Palmer has been doing the break-neck business from a balloon at Beloit, Wis. His balloon had no basket; he simply sat on a bar, and when an elevation of 1,000 feet had been reached, he performed all kinds of monkey antics, once hanging by his toes to the bar, and then dropping about eight feet and catching some rings suspended beneath. His descent was safely effected, and he will probably continue such foolery till he gets a tumble.

## Mrs. Don Carlos.—The wife of Don Carlos is described as "a very majestic and beautiful woman." She is only 26 years old; her countenance is very pleasing; but at the same time indicates great courage; she is tall, and her bearing is noble; her eyes at times seem to be black, but they are really of a very dark blue, and her hair is golden. She is the daughter of the late Duke Ferdinand Charles II., and is the niece of the Count de Chambord.

## A strange fatality has attended the family of David Sublett, of Indiana. In 1857 a daughter was murdered by her husband, for which the son-in-law was hung. Two years ago a son, George, was killed by the cars while lying drunk on the track. Shortly afterward a son-in-law was killed in the same way. A year ago another son-in-law was shot and killed; and now, last of all, a few days ago a son was found murdered a short distance from the family residence.

## It is reported that Senator Sumner will begin to lecture on a new subject in about five weeks, and will deliver four or five times a week until the opening of Congress, if his health permits, as he believes it will. On the first day of the session he will introduce again his civil rights bill. He expects to give full attention to his Senatorial duties.

## HARTFORD, Sept. 19.—Wm. M. Ewart, in arguing the unconstitutionality of the Mobilier trial, said this suit is brought under the authority of the fourth section of an appropriation act, and passed by its own reputation. It has no precedent, no attendant and will have no successor.

## "In 1865, W. H. Seward delivered a speech at Annapolis, prophetic of that which is now being accomplished by the Farmers' Granges of the West. He predicted that the next conflict of sections would be between the West and the capitalists of the East, and appealed to the Atlantic States to unite to counterbalance the power of the West."

## The First Gun in the War.

A Philadelphia paper says: It has been generally thought that the first gun of the great civil war, was that fired on Fort Sumter, while other accounts have given the doubtful honor to a battery in Pensacola harbor, in Florida, where Admiral Porter, then but a lieutenant, distinguished himself by reinforcing the United States garrison with extraordinary vigor and promptitude before the actual outbreak of the war. But the war department at Washington has ascertained on clear evidence that the original act of hostility was committed at Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, where an attempt was made, some days before the Charleston and Pensacola affairs, to stop a steamer passing down the stream with stores on board belonging to the federal government. As the armament of the place at that time consisted of but one four pounder, the property of the city, and intended for salutes, it is not surprising that the steamer went by unhurt; and the circumstances had been almost forgotten in the greater events of which Vicksburg was the scene, until late inquiries revived the memory of the gun. The gun was brought away when the works of Pemberton were dismantled after his surrender to Grant in 1863, and was lately found in the ordnance stores at Washington, whence the President has directed it should be sent to West Point, and presented to the academy as a public memorial of the triumph of the cause against which it was used for the first act of defiance.

## North Carolina Ahead.—It appears that of 317 Senators and Representatives only about 87 are graduates of Colleges. As to States, says the Nation, "the most notable is North Carolina, for six of her nine members are college men, which is the highest proportion to be found in Congress, and all of them are graduates of her State University. New York has nine out of thirty-three; Pennsylvania, six out of twenty-six; Ohio five out of twenty-one; New England is not much better having less than half; and ten States, extending in age from Maryland and Delaware to Texas and Nevada, have not a single graduate. As between the North and South and the East and West, not much can be said, for North Carolina and Nebraska are the only States which come up to the proportion of two-thirds."

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