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PLUCKED THROUGH RAIN, SNOW, ICE, AND SLEET
To the home of that Estelle.

I found her as I thought she would be.
Gentle, kind, good, loving, true,
She thought perhaps that I'd come to see,
Ah there find out what I'd do.

I a number of short visits paid,
Escorted her to a party.
During these something funny was said,
Causing a laughter very hearty.

We met again at other place. Exchange
glances and smiles.
Present were other pretty faces,
Some had come for many miles.
But all the faces very pretty,
I've seen or expect to see.
Sallie, Julia, May, or Bettie,
Estelle is the face for me.

N. S. DIANTH.

"SEND THE BILL TO MY HUSBAND."
Realize, my reader, the anguish of a lady
compelled to stand by another lady wear-
ing larger diamonds than her own, or more
point lace, or a longer train? What will
the world think, as under the chandelier
this painful contrast comes out? Such
moments of deep humiliation cause sleep-
less nights, and the next day result in
bills that become as crushing as criminal
indictments to poor over-worked men.—
Under the impulse of such trying scenes
as these, many a matron has gone forth
on Broadway with firm lips and eyes in
which glowed inexorable purpose, and
placed upon her arms or fingers that which
might have helped her husband forward,
the gems that would be mill-stones about
his neck. There are many phases of
heroism, but if you want your breath
taken away, go to Tiffany's and see some
large-sized woman, who will not even
count the cost or realize the dire conse-
quences, but like some martyr of the past
who will show to the world the object
of his faith though the heavens fall, she
marches to the counter, selects the cost-
liest, and says in tones of majesty, "Send
the bill to my husband!"—N. Y. Pa-
per.

THE LAST VICTIM OF THE WYOMING MASSACRE.—At the commencement of the war of 1812, an American crossed the River St. Lawrence to Canada in his canoe. As a blacksmith shop near the shore were assembled several persons.—Among them an old Tory was narrating adventures of his early manhood, one of which I give you. He (the Tory) was one of the party commanded by "Brandt" in that terrible Wyoming massacre. He said that after every one was supposed to have been slain, an Indian discovered, lying in a cradle, a boy about two years old, in sound sleep; he raised his tomahawk to strike the innocent sleeper. The boy opened his eyes and, seeing the painted warrior, smiled. The tomahawk fell powerless at his side. The Tory continued: "The Indian could not kill the child, but I did." "Did you kill him?" said the American. "Yes," replied the Tory, "Then," said the American, "I'll kill you," and, suiting the action to the word, he seized a bar of iron and with one blow broke the Tory's neck, and immediately made his escape to the American shore.—N. Y. Observer.

Francis, but notwithstanding the fact that it was offered for an \$2,000,000, nobody could be found willing to risk his life by taking up his abode on this ill-omened place. For this reason the Legislature petitioned the Legislature to accept the Lefevre estate on behalf of the Commonwealth, the bedeviled to any public use for the benefit of the county of Lawrence, on condition that the same will be known as "the Bloody Field, or by any other appropriate denomination reminded the actual generation of the impunity somewhat inexplicable of a double murder under more inexplicable circumstances at each year's interval." They also ask that sum of the taxes paid on the estate from 1845 to the present time may be reimbursed to them, and a bill drawn in the interest of the petitioner is now before the Indiana Senate for its action thereon.

Passing Away.
Three events have occurred within a week, in different parts of the country, indicating, we sincerely trust, the bitterness that has so long existed between the people of the North and the people of the South is rapidly passing away.

The Arkansas Troubles.
The following may be taken as the history of the present Arkansas imbroglio in a nut shell. As to the present status of the case our readers have been informed by telegraphic reports from Little Rock:

"One Joseph Brooks, Dem.," claims to have been elected Governor in 1872, and instituted a suit in a circuit court to gain possession of the office. In meantime the Attorney General of the State, who was in possession of the office, and the Supreme Court of the State decided that it had no jurisdiction over a contested election case of that character. The legislature in 1873 opened the returns and declared Baxter to be elected. Meanwhile in a demurrer to the jurisdiction of the higher court was entered in the circuit court, and a few days ago, in the absence of the counsel of Governor Baxter, the judge overruled the demurrer and issued a judgment of ouster. A writ was placed in the hands of the sheriff, and Brooks with an armed band forced his way into the Governor's office and ejected him.—The party also broke into the State Arsenal, whereupon Gov. Baxter telegraphed to President Grant, asking that the commander of the United States Arsenal be directed to sustain him, and Brooks telegraphed the President to give him possession of the Arsenal. To both of these appeals the President replies in the negative, and refuses to have anything to do in the controversy as it now stands, referring the parties to the proper action of the courts.

Braxton Bragg.
Gen. Braxton Bragg was interviewed by a St. Louis reporter the other day, and expressed himself on the subject of Jeff. Davis, secession, the Government, &c. We quote a portion of the account, as follows:
Reporter—I suppose you favored secession?
General—I did. I thought, and think now, that it was necessary for our honor. Our institutions were being encroached upon in a manner that demanded action. I would have favored fighting under the old flag. We were maintaining the true Constitution, and not the other side—they should have been called rebels, and not us.

Royal Marriage in Egypt.
The fête given by the Viceroy of Egypt on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter, the Princess Zobeida Hanoum, with Ibrahim Pasha, soon by account given of them in the *Turquie*, to have been of a most brilliant description. The fêtes commenced on Sunday, the 21st ult., when the Princess was conducted from the palace of the Viceroy to that of her grandmother, his Highness's mother. Her departure was announced by salvoes of artillery, and for three days following the festivities were carried on. The invitations to the fêtes were in accordance with the rank of each guest. The ulemas, or members of the priest-hood, received a special mark of honor by being invited on the first day.

Tragic Narrative of Facts.
The heirs of two brothers, named Jacques and Francois Lefevre, have, through their attorney, presented a memorial to the Indian a Senate, which reads more like a narrative of actual facts. Jacques Lefevre came to this country about the year 1830, and settled in Lawrence county, Indiana, near St. Francisville, on the banks of the Wabash. For fifteen years he toiled industriously on his farm, chopping wood and selling it for fuel to passing steamboats. In 1845 he was murdered—shot while standing near his wood-pile waiting for an approaching steamer. An inquest was held, but the mystery of the assassination was not solved, and the incident gradually dropped out of the recollection of the people in the neighborhood. Eight years later Francois Lefevre came over from France to collect what might be due the estate of his brother, and to live on the farm; but a few months after his arrival he, too, was shot on precisely the same spot where his brother fell, and his murderer was never apprehended, nor any clue obtained concerning his identity. The Lefevre estate consisted of seventy-three acres, and since Jacques was shot, although the farm has produced nothing, the taxes have been regularly paid by the heirs. They have repeatedly endeavored to sell the land since the murder of

Molly Maguires.
Every town in the coal regions has a branch of the "Molly Maguire" organization, which is controlled by the leaders in the Schuylkill, Wyoming and Schuylkill regions. When a big job is to be put up, delegations are sent from the principal headquarters to "make assurance doubly sure."

A man's leg, which had been nearly amputated by a locomotive at Newark, N. J., on last Monday, was carried by the engine to Bristol, Pa., (about 100 miles), and when the engineer discovered the limb on the cowcatcher, he kindly inquired by telegraph all along the line whether anybody had missed a leg. We were answered "Yes," and the leg was promptly returned. It was too late, however, to be of any service, for the former owner was dead. But, then, it was an exhibition of touching tenderness on the part of the engineer who took it off.

A Brave Iceland Girl.
Feminine Bare-Back Riding—The Parting Kiss in the River.

Mr. S. E. Waller started for a trip in Iceland in June, 1872. He gives an account of "Six Weeks in the Saddle," in a little volume from which we get an idea of the customs of the little people there. The Icelanders are almost inconveniently hospitable. It is difficult to get a farmer, who keeps you for a day or two, to accept pay. Our author seems to have done his best to requite his hosts by making himself amiable. Here we have an instance of native kindness and feminine courage.

In the morning I made a small study, and after a very tolerable meal and many good wishes, we rode off. All went well until we came to the river Markafjot, which happened to be very much flooded. Not liking to attempt to swim under the circumstances, we rode on down the bank for some miles, and fortunately found a house.

Knocking at the door, we asked: "Is the river very deep?" "Very," said a voice from the inside.
"Is there a man who will show us a ford?" we asked again.
"No," was the reply, "both John and Oliver are up in the mountains, but one of the girls will do quite as well. Here, Thor, go and show the Englishman the way."

RE-REGISTRATION IN NORTH CAROLINA.
—Much doubt seems to exist as to whether in the coming State elections the people shall be required to re-register. A gentleman from Goldsboro writes to the Private Secretary of the Governor for information on the subject. He says that some advice to use the same old register book and others think the whole registration should be commenced afresh. In conversation with Hon. W. N. H. Smith, he showed us a late act of the Legislature providing for the elections this year to be held in the same manner as in 1872, and adopting the same enactment that applied to that year. This enactment clearly provides that the registration list shall be revised so as to give new electors the opportunity to be registered without requiring electors to be registered anew.—Raleigh Crescent.

Terrorism and Wholesale Assassination in Pennsylvania—The Carbonari of the Coal Regions.
COLD-BLOODED MURDERS.

A correspondent of a western journal writing from Scranton, Pa., gives a startling picture of the state of affairs in the coal regions of that State. He says that probably no State in the country is so over-run with robbers and desperadoes as Pennsylvania. Almost every largely populated city or town has within its precincts a regularly organized band of outlaws, who hold the citizens in terror by their frequent and terrible depredations on persons and property. The acts of these semi-educated vandals are in many instances those that are attributed to the border ruffians or the desperadoes of the Far West. The cause of all this terrorism, in what is generally supposed to be a civilized State, is attributed to the manner in which the criminal cases are managed. The legislators who make the laws, and the lawyers who handle them are, as a rule, shysters; and if a criminal has money, a job is very easily arranged by which he is allowed to go scot-free. While thousands and burglars walk the streets of the principal cities unpunished, honest men are dying in the State penitentiaries. Unless some radical change is effected soon, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania will have such a reputation for outlawry that strangers will avoid it with shudders.

Scranton is situated at the upper end of the renowned Wyoming coal region. Near here, and in the same corporation, is Hyde Park, a place of some ten thousand population.—This place has, of recent years, been

perpetrated by the "Mollie Maguires," a band of desperadoes who infest the coal country. It is said that the "Mollies" originated from a secret organization which existed for many years in Ireland. The band, which is between fifteen hundred and two thousand strong, is led by Tim O'Donoghue, a headstrong man in a lonesome, mountainous spot on Keyster's Mountain. In Hyde Park and this city, no less than twelve persons have disappeared mysteriously, and are said to have been "put away" by the "Mollies" this year. It is said that the entire administration of Scranton, and it is a matter of common belief that two of the leading city officials are members of the band.

Their plan of operations is said to be as follows: When the "Mollies" have determined upon the death of any one who has incurred their vengeance, lots are drawn, and the one to whose duty it falls to dispatch the victim does his bloody work silently but surely.

A man named Jones, a "Mollie," warned a friend of his of a few days afterwards Jones himself was found dead upon the highway. Upon examination it was found that he had been stabbed to the heart. Near where he laid was the emblem of the "Mollies."

CHARCOAL FOR POULTRY.—Fowls of all kinds are very fond of charcoal, and will eat it with great relish if properly prepared. Pounded charcoal is not in the shape in which fowls usually find their food, and consequently is not very enticing to them. To please their palate the charcoal should be in pieces of about the size of grains of corn, and if these are strewn around their quarters, they will readily eat thereof. Corn burnt on the outside of the grain, and reduced to charcoal, and still retaining their perfect shape) placed before them, makes a marked improvement in their health, as is shown by the brighter color of their combs, and their sooner producing a greater number of eggs to the flock than before.

TREATMENT OF HORSE DISTEMPER.—Stewart's American Farmers Home-Book says: "The treatment in its general features resembles that for glanders. Blood in the neck vein, taking about three pints of blood; then take an emetic consisting of one tablespoonful of gunpowder, one of lard, one of soft soap, two of tar, and one of pulverized gum myrrh; put a spoonful of this down the horse's throat as far as you can with a paddle or spoon. Do this twice a day. At the same time make a strong decoction of tobacco as hot as the horse can bear it, with which wash his neck two or three times a day. In connection with the above give the animal as much sulphur and resin as he can be induced to eat—a quarter of a pound each day at least—proprietor two parts sulphur, such as matches, boiled oats and cut feed, or, if in season, green better. No corn till after recovery. No work while suffering. Keep stable well fumigated."

The notorious California robber, Vasquez, has been overtaken near Los Angeles and has been compelled to take to the mountains, closely pursued. This Vasquez is one of the most romantic of bandits, an old-time highwayman, polite at times and at times ferocious; a man who robs with a grace that deprives robbery of half its disgraceable features, and murders with a calmness and promptness which secures admiration. It is to be hoped he will be caught and when caught, hanged.

Practical Cremationists.
The discussion of cremation has brought up the case of Shelly, and the burning of his body when cast up by the sea, as told by Telawney and others. A writer in the New York World, brings to notice the burning of the body of Henry Laurens on his plantation in South Carolina, on December 11, 1792. Laurens succeeded Hancock, as President of Congress, and was afterwards Minister to Holland. The story of cremation in the Tower of London is well known. The following clause was found in his will: "I solemnly enjoin it on my son as an indispensable duty, that as soon as he conveniently can after my decease to cause my body to be wrapped in twelve yards of new cloth, and buried under it to be entirely consumed, and then collecting my bones deposit them wherever he may think proper." Laurens was seventy years of age at the time of his death. His body was buried by his son on the plantation, and the coffin was wrapped in twelve yards of silver cloth, and buried under it to be entirely consumed, and then collecting my bones deposit them wherever he may think proper." Laurens was seventy years of age at the time of his death. His body was buried by his son on the plantation, and the coffin was wrapped in twelve yards of silver cloth, and buried under it to be entirely consumed, and then collecting my bones deposit them wherever he may think proper." Laurens was seventy years of age at the time of his death. His body was buried by his son on the plantation, and the coffin was wrapped in twelve yards of silver cloth, and buried under it to be entirely consumed, and then collecting my bones deposit them wherever he may think proper.—*Christian News.*

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY.

This unrivaled Medicine is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance, but is PURELY VEGETABLE.

Containing those Southern Roots and Herbs, which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail. It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver and Bowels.

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Is eminently a Family Medicine; and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many a hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctors' bills.

After over Forty Years' trial it still receives the most unqualified testimonials to its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent physicians commend it as the most EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC For Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

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Price, \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

OLD LETTERS.

How we prize them, how we love them.
Letters old and faded now,
Softly unfold and slowly read them
Once we read them, thus we know.

Once they came so gladly welcome
And so hastily we broke the seal
Wondering—"now what precious secret"
Hath this messenger to reveal.

Ah! the roses gently scattered
Along our way by those we love,
And the gems of untold value,
Affection, truth, and constancy to prove.

Tokens of their deep devotion,
Those old letters to us came
Beaming with those fond professions!
Sacred 'er to friendships name.

Each faded page is but a whisper
From some fond heart to ours,
Round each word sweet memories cluster
Of other days and by-gone hours.

Every leaf so richly teeming
With beautiful hopes and promise fair,
And many a sketch of girlish dreaming
So trustfully confided to our care.

For we are all but idle dreamers
In youths bright gay morning time,
Weaving scores of fairy garlands
Around our future to unwind.

What if time hath made its impress,
And should writing once so plain
As we read we almost fancy
Absent loved ones back again.

Take them, hold them, in our fingers
While we read them o'er and o'er,
Love and truth still in their linger
As they did so long ago.

Salisbury, N. C. April the 20th 1874.

EULA.

For the "Watchman"
TO E. E. C.

One winter eve, I was walking out.
I viewed a cousin far,
With her, a girl somewhat more stout,
Than cousins generally are,
I was by destiny led to visit,
The dear old home of my birth,
Where I met a young girl exquisite,
What I did dream was on earth.

Tall, graceful, young, beautiful and fair,
Not rich in diamonds and gold,
But with manners, form, features, and hair,
Wealth enough to win the soul,
An introduction given on the street,
Although formal, answered well,