The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. VII.—.THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., MARCH 16, 1876. NO 23

PUBLISHED WEEKLY:
J. J. BRUNER,
Proprietor and Editor.
THOS. K. BRUNER,
Associate Editor.

RATES OF SUBCRIPTION
WEEKLY WATCHMAN.

ONE YEAR, payable in advance.....$2.00
IX MONTHS, " " 1.25
Copies to any address..... 10.0

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NOON DISPATCHES.

The London Press on Belknap.

LONDON, March 4.—The London *Times* says editorially this morning of the Belknap scandal: 'This event is more grave because it is confirmatory of the suspicion which has lately prevailed among the American people. Even the Europeans can but be struck with the altered tones with which Americans speak, if not of their institutions, at least of the men who at present have direction of them.—The *News* says: American political life seems to be in anything but a healthy condition. The Emma Mine and Belknap scandals lift the vail from a class of society hitherto supposed to have escaped the impurities of social strata below and they lead one to fear that some of the worst vices of municipal government may yet be percolations into the federal administration. ——The *Telegraph* says the general effect of these scandals has been to bring the blush of shame and anxiety into the face of all honest Americans.

And it is perfectly natural that it should. How could it be otherwise! All the members of the family suffer when one goes astray working unrighteousness; and in proportion to the respective standing of that member the shame is less or greater. Belknap occupied a high and honorable position among the first officers of the government—in the Cabinet of the President, the great chief of the nation. And he falls like a fool into the vilest wickedness, plunging the honest people of the whole country into mortification and shame. How must it affect our representatives abroad in their intercourse with high minded and honorable men at the Courts of foreign countries? It turns their pride of country into confusion of face. If they are not themselves thieves we may well imagine they will cover their eyes, and groan in spirit.

THE ARMY OFFICIALS MIXED UP WITH BELKNAP.

Chicago, March 4.—It is reported here that the part which Geo. T. Robinson, of Baltimore, and Geo. A. Armes have taken in the Belknap disgrace has led to the examination of the army records which show that they both lost their places in the army through their own scandalous practices upon charges preferred by superior officers and after formal court marshal and not through the instrumentality of the late Secretary. Geo. T. Robinson was captain in the 10th cavalry and was arraigned before a legal court marshal at St. Louis, Oct. 23d 1874, on the charge of fraud against the government, which fraud consisted in drawing his pay repeatedly for the same month. The court shows a series of frauds extending over two years of time practiced not only upon the government at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Galveston and other points, but for false charges of goods and medical practice. Robinson also did not hesitate each time he drew his pay to commit perjury. The court found him guilty and passed the following sentence: "And the court does therefore sentence Capt. Geo. T. Robinson 10th cavalry, to be cashiered and to forfeit the regular pay and allwoance now due and to have his crime, name and place of abode published in and about St. Louis."

George Armes was also captain in the 10th cavalry and was tried by court marshal at Leavenworth, Ky, March 12th 1870 and was dismissed from the service by the command of General Sherman. The court found him guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer, the offence being the exhibition of obscene pictures to female servants at the post. Armes was also guilty of other offences such as lying.

THE DEY AND THE KNIGHT.—A Christian Knight was playing at draw poker with the Dey of Algiers for a monarch's ransom. The fearless Christain observed that the Grand Vizier was looking over his shoulder and telegraphing the quality of his hand to the Despot, but repressing indignation at the discovery of his perfidy he dealt his antagonist four kings and a jack and himself three aces and two small hearts; having previously taken the precaution to place the fourth ace on his knee. The Moslem ruler drew one card and the Christain warrior two, taking an early opportunity of replacing one of them with the card on his knee. The betting was long and arduous, but, finally, the Christian, not desiring to prolong the agony of his brave opponent, called him. What then, was his surprise when the Dey brought forth four Kings and an ace, the ace that he had so prudently placed on his own knee, while his own hand consisted of three aces, a Queen and the seven of diamonds. With the remark that he would not play in a game where cheating was going on, the disgusted Christian returned to his English mission and salted another silver mine.

Moral—Honesty is the best policy, and no man knows what a Dey may bring forth.—*New York World.*

In a moment of zealous enthusiasm a young lady at a fair now in progress, in soliciting chances, stated that she would raffle herself off at $1 a chance, five hundred chances to be taken, when a gentleman whipped out his wallet and announced that he would take the entire number. The fair one, surprised at such promptness stated that the prize would be withdrawn for private offers.—*Savannah News.*

NEXT.

And now, it's Pierrepont. Never did smitten ten-pins fall faster. All the president's intimate friends and counselors tumbling, scattering, trotting penitentiaryward. Delano, all the power of the government and partisan cloaks could not save. He walked out a branded criminal who, in any other land beneath the sun, would have had his head shaved and been set straddle of a prison rock-pile for life. Williams existed with the indelible stamp of felon on his brow. Schenck comes home a condemned criminal. Joyce and McDonald, boon companions and business partners of our chief magistrate, don the convict's zebra garb in the Missouri penitentiary. Babcock, confidential secretary and associate in many a thieving job, is saved from the doom of a convicted thief, by the direct interposition of the federal administration, president, cabinet and staff, and by lies, and perjuries enough to fill the bottomless pit topsfull and heaped-up. Belknap, secretary of war, is smashed beyond all human arm to save, though the successor of Washington and Jefferson promptly throws his villain-sheltering official arms about him to rescue him from impeachment. Evidence enough has been accumulated against Robeson, secretary of the navy, evidence of frauds, robberies, embezzlements, briberies and miscellaneous and assorted crimes enough to sink the biggest gun-boat in the navy a thousand nautical leagues in putrifying perdition. And now Pierrepont, attorney-general of the United States, stands revealed as by a lightning flash, as the paid pimp and spy of the whisky-ring thieves. He used his official position to extort from Col. Pat Dyer, the prosecuting attorney at St. Louis, his whole line of warfare on the scoundrels, all the main points of evidence and argument he intended to use; and then hastened to report every item to Babcock's sharp practice villain-savers, Storrs, Porter, and Williams. The evidence against him is conclusive. Down comes another of Ulysses' official household. Thieves, thieves and rascals all. Never since Babylon the lewd fell buried beneath the mighty mass of her own filth and wickedness, has any country, any government under heaven, been cursed with such a dynasty of rottenness and shame. The whole earth grows sick of the stench that goes forth from America under radical rule. Relief must come speedily, or we shall perish as a nation, suffocated by our reeking corruption.—*Sentinel.*

A GREAT MORAL IDEA.

It is becoming a settled rule in Administration circles at Washington that any person who opposes official corruption and labors to expose the corruptionists is an enemy to the Republican party. If the person who takes a stand against the plunderers is a Republican, he is at once charged with going over to the Democrats. It seems that an agent has been sent to South Carolina, ostensibly as Commissioner of the defunct Freedman's Bank, but really to see what Governor Chamberlain is trying to do. The statement of this Commissioner on the latter point is published in Grant's organ at Washington. It will be remembered that Governor Chamberlain has been opposing the appointment of men to the positions of judges whose record and character would disgrace any community, and has been trying to defeat some of the jobs of the corrupt carpet-baggers and scalawags of that State. The Freedman's Bank Commissioner declares the result to be, "That the entire strength of the Re-"publican party is arrayed against him;" furthermore, that "he believes that the "Governor has made a somersault over "to the opposition." The efforts of the Governor to stop some of the staling in that State appear to have enraged the party there, to the extent of endangering his life. This Commissioner says: "So "bitter is the feeling prevailing among "Republicans against Chamberlain that I "am actually apprehensive lest some en-"thusiast take his life for his treachery to "the party. All the leading Republicans "denounce him." This is the fate of a Republican official who tries to stop wholesale plundering by officials in his own party. This is only in keeping with the course of the prominent leaders in the Republican party in Washington, as is manifested by the opposition to Bristow and the efforts made even by Cabinet officers to embarrass the prosecuting officials at St. Louis. In this State the same becomes apparent in the Legislature in the bitter opposition to all measures of canal reform just as soon as reform began to unearth the rascalities of the Republicans. To attempt reform and the correction of abuses in the Republican party, is treachery to that party. If a Democrat shows up the rascalities of Republicans, he is at once charged with being a fraud and a humbug.

THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.—He was tall and awkward, she was short and bashful, but both wore a nervous aspect of exceeding great joy. They entered a hotel in Chicago, and after he had registered his name, and lady, he said to the clerk, "See here, mister me and my wife has just been spliced, and I am going to show Amanda Chicago, if it takes a mule a day.—Now give us one of them rooms like the Temple of Solomon, you know. The clerk called a row-boy, and said show this gentleman to the bridal chamber. At this direction the tall rustic became instantly excited. Not by a durned sight! Ye shiny haired, biled shirted, dollar breast pinned, grinning monkey, ye can't play that on me! If I am from the country, ye don't catch me and my wife sleeping in your old harness room. And they left the hotel.

CAROLINA CENTRAL AFFAIRS.

LETTER FROM A BONDHOLDER.

Manhasset, New York, Feb. 29.

MR. JOSIAH TURNER: The Carolina Central railway company having defaulted in paying its last July coupons on $143,000 of its bonds held by me, I last autumn sued on these coupons, and the supreme court issued an attachment against all the company's property in New York state. Notice of these proceedings appeared in New York and was copied in Carolina papers. Thereupon a Wilmington paper, doubtless prompted by the railroad managers, denied that the C. C. R. R. had ever defaulted in paying its coupons, and alledged that the treasurer of that company had a large claim against me, exceeding the amount of my coupons, and therefore "very properly refused to pay them, but claimed an offset." What this pretended offset was for, was not stated, for it was all humbug. That paragraph also was copied by many Carolina papers; but New Yorkers could not be thus deceived, and it was not attempted there.

The people of North Carolina, then and so often humbugged by their railroad managers, may now incline to know whether this "offset" story was true or false, a mere pretence to gain time and stave off the day of judgment, a continuation of the subterfuges so long resorted to by the charlatans who have at last brought the company face to face with ruin. I will therefore state that in his answer to my complaint the treasurer, Matthews, set up no such defence; made no pretence of having an offset, but rested on denying that my coupons had ever been presented for payment, and this he swore to. This sworn answer served to delay my obtaining judgment for several months, until next court sat. Then at the recent trial I proved the contrary of all this stuff, and Matthews dared not swear, in open court, that there was any "offset," or that payment of the coupons had not been demanded. Thereupon the supreme court quickly ordered judgment in my favor, for the entire amount claimed, with interest and cost; and also an extra allowance of 5 per cent. by way of punishment for improperly defending. Judgment for $5 579 37 was accordingly entered, and execution is just issued therefor, upon which the sheriff has just seized the company's books, but finds no other property.

I suppose it is no secret now, not even in North Carolina, that the managers of this company, after sacrificing its first mortgage bonds at 33, and its second mortgage bonds at 15 cents on the dollar, and somehow running through all the proceeds, have openly defaulted on its coupons; and moreover disclose a frightful floating debt of half a million besides, with interest accumulating at overshadowing rates. Now the deceived original bond and stockholders whose stock interest is wiped out at 15 cents on the dollar, are asked to postpone payment of, and ultimately to lose, several years' coupons of the small amount of bonds awarded them—in order that Matthews may apply the road earnings first to paying his private claims and floating debt. Legislative investigation fifteen monts ago, would have disclosed and prevented this rottenness. But that was throttled. And now behold the fulfillment of my predictions. Farewell, a long farewell, to all western extensions of this road.

H. G. ONDERDONK.

ECONOMY AND THE WOMAN.

"I don't believe," remarked a gentleman after passing through Washington street on a pleasant afternoon, "that the ladies know the times are dull and that their husbands are having a hard time to keep their heads above water." He was an unarmed man. The fact that ladies can dress as well as they did during the war at a discount of from forty to fifty per centum from prices then paid must be taken in account. But all husbands do not make their financial affairs a topic of conversation at home, and some better halves know less of their husband's affairs than of their neighbor's. Some weeks since a lady was first informed of her husband's suspension by reading an announcement in a paper which she accidentally took up in a store while waiting to have an order filled. Whether it was pride or fear that prompted the secrecy cannot be stated, but what can be expected from wives in the way of true economy if they are only silent partners in the matrimonial copartnership? In 1857 a large jewelry firm sold a costly set of jewelry to a lady. The firm knew her husband was in a failing condition, but the lady had been a long and profitable customer. When the partner ordered his clerk not to charge the set which had been delivered, but to make a memorandum on the blotter, he paid the lady's integrity a high compliment. When her husband failed the jewelry came back with a note couched in such terms that the dealer only regretted that a gift of the set would be construed as an insult.—*Boston Journal.*

A TROUBLED MAN.—The Burlington Hawkeye says: A Benton county man hid $600 in the room stove. The next day his wife's mother came down during his absence for three weeks' visit and that spare room was warmed up for the first time in three hundred years. And they say you can pick up shreds of that man's hair and clothes where he clubbed himself around the country when he heard of it, anywhere within ten miles of the house.

PERU.

A brother of Henry Meiggs, the American railroad king of Peru, has been interviewed by a reporter. Mr. Meiggs says that Peru is richer in the precious metals than any other country in the known world. Our engineers in building the railroad from the coast of Puno have come across a hundred silver mines, any one of which might be profitably worked if in the United States. If these mines are worked, the railroads we have built will be a blessing to the country. New discoveries of guano are being made, and it is estimated that there are about ten millions of tons remaining, worth about £6 10s. sterling per ton, net. The annual consumption is about 400,000 tons, so that Peru is sure of an ample income from guano for a quarter of a century. Taxes are very low, real estate being almost entirely free from taxation. Americans who are steady and enterprising get along well. Those who become demoralized and fall into loose habits, sink. But I do not know that there are any American paupers in Peru. There are two classes in Peru—the pure-blooded descendants of the old Spaniards, and mixed bloods, partly Spaniard, partly Indian, and some cases partly negro. The former are high-minded, energetic people. The latter are inferior, but make good laborers along with the Chinese. We employ them by stent, or piece work.

One of our roads crosses the mountains at 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. Some of the bridges, too, are very lofty, and built with skill that would do credit to any part of the world.

THE STINGING TREE.

One of the torments to which the traveler is subjected in the North Australian scrubs is a stinging tree (Utica gigas,) which is very abundant and ranges in size from a large shrub of thirty feet in height to a small plant measuring only a few inches. Its leaf is large and peculiar, from being covered with a short, silvery hair, which, when shaken, emits a fine pungent dust most irritating to the skin and nostrils. If touched it causes most acute pain which is felt for months afterwards—a dull, gnawing pain, accompanied by a burning sensation, particularly in the shoulders and under the arm, where small lumps often arise. Even when the sting has quite died away, the unwary bushman is forcibly reminded of his indiscretion each time that the affected part is brought into contact with water. The fruit is a pink, flesh color, hanging in clusters, so inviting that a stranger is irresitibly tempted to pluck it, but seldom more than once, for though the raspberry-like berries are harmless in themselves, some contact with the leaves is almost unavoidable.—The blacks are said to eat the fruit, but for this I can not vouch, though I have tasted one or two at odd times, and found them very pleasant. The worst of this nettle is a tendency to shoot up wherever clearing has been effected. In passing through the dray tracks cut through the scrub, great caution was necessary to avoid the young plants that cropped up even in a few weeks. I have never known a case of it being fatal to human beings, but I have seen people subjected by it to great suffering, notably a scientific gentleman, who plucked off a branch and carried it some distance as a curiosity, wondering the while what caused the pain and numbness in his arm. Horses I have seen die in agony from the sting, the wounded parts becoming paralyzed; but strange to say, it does not seem to injure cattle who dash through the scrubs full of it without receiving any damage. This curious anomaly is well known to all bushmen.—*Cassell's Illustrated Travels.*

MORE ABOUT FISH.—The following essay on "Fish" the Boston Herald attributes to a Cambridge boy: "Fish live in the Atlantic Ocean, Charles River, and some in Buzzard's Bay. When they are small they are called codfish and herrin, and sich; but when they grow up they are called whales. The fat of whales is cut up and biled and made inter kerosene oil for gas light; their bones is made inter whalebone for ivory pianer keys and dominoes; also for jack-knife handles and horn buttons. I wish a whale would swallow my school teacher, you bet. Fish is always eat Friday—darn a fish, I hate em; there's too many bones ter pick out; I'd ruther eat a paper of pins fried in lard, you bet.

It is a great year for the old man. Grandfathers who have been neglected and made to feel that they were in the way, and wished they were dead, who have long been thrust away in the kitchen and left to mumble to themselves in the chimney corner, are astonished by being brushed up of an evening and brought into the parlor, where they are shown off to the company as Centennial relics. "Grandfather, you knew Washington, didn't you?" screams a grand-daughter in his ear, for he is very deaf. "Yes, yes," says grandfather, "the Gin'rel borer'd a chaw terbaccer of me many and many a time!" The old man is going to Philadelphia, sure.

DRIFTING.

Years ago two men launched out in the maelstrom on the coast of Norway. It was merely for sport. Round and round they drifted. Their friends advised them to return, but they joyfully laughed and said there was no danger. Round and round they drifted, till at length, when they attempted to return, it was too late. They had ventured too far within the vortex. In vain they reached out their hands for help, but there was no help, and they went down beneath the circling waves.

A man fell asleep in his boat on the Niagara river. During his slumber she broke loose from her moorings, and he awoke to find himself shooting down the rapids. He tried to row against the current, but he drifted on and on till he disappeared forever.

A ship was wrecked at sea. The passengers and crew took refuge on the boats without oar or sail. For days and days they drifted and drifted on the ocean. What few provisions they had soon gave out. They looked about vainly for a sail or for a sight of land. Destitute of provisions they had either to starve or cast lots for one as a victim. A vessel was seen afar off on the horizon. Hope sprung up. She drew nearer and nearer.—They shouted and shouted and raised a flag of their clothing, but the lookout saw them not. The vessel tacked and receded away. In one wild shout they joined, but the vessel disappeared entirely out of sight, and the boat drifted and drifted in another direction.

So it is in life. A young man takes his drink morning, noon and night. He thinks at least he will never die a drunkard; no matter who has. He has confidence in his own strength and skill. An occasional glass, he contends, although warned, harms not. Then he drinks oftener. Ah! young man, strong drink is raging. Habit is like a river. It grows broader and broader and swifter as it moves along. Yet he drinks oftener, and after a while the river grows to be a wide roaring torrent. The young man who indulges drifts along on the ocean of life secure in his own safety, and wakes up some day to find himself drifting down the rapid, roaring stream, and all hope gone. The sensualist, who lives mainly to gratify his own passions, drifts into an emasculated old age to be tortured with pains, and dies at last a miserable death. Such men as have never learned to control themselves or their passions drift about the sea of life, the prey of every wind and current, and finally ship-wreck themselves in darkness and death.

Take care young man how you drift. Take care young woman how you drift. Keep fast hold on the helm and your eye on the compass. Hear you not the howl of the tempest and the roar of the breakers! See you not the flashing lightning! Hear you not the Captain's voice rising over the din of the storm:—"Sound! breakers ahead! Pilot, stand by the wheel!—hold it firmly!" If you give way but one moment, now; if you falter you are hopelessly gone. Young man, take care! As contemptuously as you may consider this, it is ten to one, if you persist in your wayward course, that you will ever reach port triumphantly, but surely drift to ruin.

[From Early Days.]

"I WILL NOT FAIL THEE."

This is what the Lord said to Joshua, who took the place of Moses as the leader of the Israelites. The servant of God felt his inability to do the work to which he had been called, and therefore God encouraged him by His precious promise. It is a promise which belongs to every one who is trying, by God's help, to do right; and we are never to forget that it is only by His help that we can do right.

No doubt there are some among our young readers who often feel their need of some great help. All ought to feel this, but some feel it more than others. Even the young are severely tried. They have temptations and sorrows, and, alas for them! bereavements. Many a young heart is bowed with a weight of sorrow which would be heavy even for an old person. But these gracious words ought surely to bring comfort to every troubled mind.

We have read an interesting incident in the life of Stilling, which is a good illustration of this text. Stilling was a celebrated German writer who died over fifty years ago. In early life he was poor. He wished to study medicine, but knew not where to go, nor had he money to take him anyhere. But, young as he was, he had a firm faith in God. He reasoned thus: "God begins nothing without terminating it gloriously. He alone has ordered my present circumstances, and everything regarding me; He will bring about in His own way."

His friends were as poor as himself and wondered how he would get the money he needed for his education. After raising all he could for his long journey to Strasburg, where he was to spend the winter, he started on his way, but when he reached Frankfort, which was three days ride from Strasburg, he had only one dollar left. He said nothing, but prayed much. While walking the the streets he met a merchant belonging to his native place, who said:—

"Stilling what brought you here?"

"I am going to Strasburg to study medicine."

"Where do you get money to study medicine?"

"I have a father in heaven."

"How much money have you on hand?"

"One dollar," said Stilling.

"Well," said the merchant, "I'm one of your Father's stewards," and he handed him thirty-three dollars.

He had not been long in Strasburg when his thirty-three dollars were reduced to one. One morning his roommate said to him, "Stilling, I believe you did not bring much money with you," and gave him thirty dollars in gold.

In a few months after this he had to pay his college dues. The lecturer's fees must be paid by six o'clock every Thursday evening or he would be obliged to leave the college. Five o'clock came, and still he had no money. Then, while in great grief, and praying to God for help, a gentleman came in and gave him forty dollars in gold.

Thus it is that God never fails those who trust in Him. Some of the boys and girls who read this article may be poor, and trying to get an education. Do not be discouraged. Do all you can, and do the best you can, and God will help you. He may not send people with gold or bank notes just at the very time you need them, but He will find some way to keep his promise, "I will not fail thee."

A simple, loving trust in God, all the way through life, will give you great happiness even in the midst of many cares.

GLEANINGS.

"What is the interior of Africa principally used for?" asked a teacher of a pupil. "For purposes of expulsion," was the reply.

"Marriage," said an unfortunate husband, "is the church-yard of love." "And you men," replied his wife, "are the grave diggers."

It is the wife who has the making of a man's home, says an exchange. True, and now and then she makes his wig wam too.

"If death makes all things even," as the paragraphers say, how will it be with Mr. Odd, who died the other day?

"Hard times—forty-eight hearts that beat as twenty-four!" That's the way the Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Gazette heads a list of two dozen marriage licenses.

Twenty-five years ago a Rochester woman stuck a pin into her foot. The other day she pulled a beautiful needle out of her knee. That's the town for transformations.

She asked him if her new dress wasn't as sweet as a spring rose, and the brute said it was, even to the minor attaction of still having a little due on it.—Washington *Chronicle.*

The lady who fell back on her dignity came near breaking it; and the man who couldn't stand it has taken a seat, and is now quite comfortable.

At the marriage of an Alabama widower one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridal tour. "Dunno, sah; when old missus's alive he took a paddle to her; dunno if he take a bridal to de new one or not."

There seem to be a terrible state of affairs in St. Louis. An awful editorial in the Republican says: "We must shiver the secret assassin's dagger before the rising generation take it up as a national weapon." Good gracious!

"Charles," said a young wife to her husband, as they sat at the window watching the fashionables on their way to church, "when you die and I get hold of the insurance money I intend to have a fur cape and muff just like that lady has on over there."

A profane young person describing the looks of a newly arrived M. C. from the far West as he appeared at the Washington depot, says: "He looked as if he had come all the way across the continent on the hurrican deck of a mule."

A doctor was discovered holding a young lady in his lap the other evening, but he stated that he was examining her for an affection of the heart, and she remarked that there was nothing wrong in laying her head on her pillow.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

A young gentleman having made some progress in acquiring a knowledge of Italian, addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in his purest accent, but was astonished at receiving the following response: "I no speak Inglis."