

The Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 8, 1878.

NO 42

VOL IX.—THIRD SERIES

THE SENATORIAL STRUGGLE.

Reasons Showing Why Governor Vance Should be Elected—Merrimon's Questionable Methods of Obtaining Promotion.

NEW BERNE, July 30.

As a man has seemingly seized upon every one, to ventilate through the press his opinions upon the Merrimon-Vance imbroglio, and as your correspondent has not escaped the malady, but has an itching to write, he will, with your permission indulge in a little ink-slinging, and give his reasons why all his preferences are for Vance.

REASON NUMBER ONE.

In 1861 when Northern venom, avarice, envy, spite, hate and all uncharitableness had culminated in a civil war; when the tread of armed men had echoed over the land when all of our dearest rights were threatened and imperiled; when the black forbidding war-cloud that hovered over us burst upon us with all its terrible consequences, Zebulon B. Vance, recognizing his duty, did not stand hesitating, but straightway donned the gray and went out to do battle in his country's cause; and right nobly did he bear himself, till called from the tented field by his countrymen to preside over the destinies of his State as her Chief Executive. This we put down as cause number one for our preference.

REASON NUMBER TWO.

It is a conceded fact, that the North Carolina troops in the army of Northern Virginia and elsewhere under the fostering care and love of Gov. Vance, and through his untiring labors in their behalf, were better, cared for and better equipped, than the soldiers of any other State. The writer being at that time a private soldier, a sharer in and recipient of his kindness, and gratified for and mindful of his care in those stormy days. We put this down as cause number two for our preference.

REASON NUMBER THREE.

After long weary months and even years of gallantry and heroism unsurpassed in the annals of war; after undergoing untold hardships and toils, the baleful spirit of desertion, instigated by traitors at home, seized upon some of our troops. Governor Vance alone of all the Southern Governors, appreciating the duty of the hour, left the Executive Mansion, visited the Army of Northern Virginia, and there around the camp fires, in the trenches and on the stump, he warned them of the evil consequences of desertion; you them from the error of their ways, and stented and strengthened them in the line of duty to die, and this we put down as cause number three for our preference.

REASON NUMBER FOUR.

When the war was over, and the fearful struggle had closed in a gloomy night of hope; when abolition, malice and feudish hate had accomplished its ends; when men spoke with hated breath, and an impenetrable pall of uncertainty and distrust hung over us, Gov. Vance alone of all the Southern Governors, on account of the great and mighty love he bore his Southern people, and for his unswerving fidelity to their interests in the prosecution of the war, was so objectionable to the leaders of the North, that he was incarcerated in the old capitol prison at Washington; and there behind his grated bars the grandeur, the nobleness and the true greatness of the man shone out in his patience and his heroic endurance. For this we love him, and desire to do him honor, and this we put down as cause number four for our preference.

REASON NUMBER FIVE.

He has never cut any dirt, and has never asked for pardon for an unaccomplished deed; needing no repentance, he has simulated none; but he is to-day the same glories, chivalrous, noble Zeb Vance, that he was in prison and in camp, in his official or his social sphere, and this we put down as cause number five for our preference.

REASON NUMBER SIX.

In 1872 Gov. Vance was almost the unanimous choice of the Democracy of the State for United States Senator, he was defrauded of his election by a combination of Democrats; that justice must be done and a merited rebuke meted out to his enemies, we desire his election now, and this we put down as cause number six for our preference.

REASON NUMBER SEVEN.

He is the most objectionable and distasteful man in the State to the Radical party, and as it is a safe criterion, to love those things and honor the men they dislike, he is therefore our first choice for Senator, and this we put down as cause number seven for our preference.

ANOTHER WHO WILL RECOGNIZE THOSE REASONS.

Your correspondent could enumerate causes for his preference ad infinitum, but the aforesaid are the chief causes by which he is swayed, and he is acquainted with one more besides himself who is actuated by the same reasons; he is a white man, was a confederate soldier, is ubiquitous and his name is legion. He can be found "nearer his God" on the bleak mountain tops of the "Cloud lands" of the West; on the rolling hills and smiling

dales of the center; in the swamps and on the Savannas of the East; on the barren sands of the coast, and his pilot boat far out on the waves of the Atlantic, he keeps his lonely vigils. He is omnipresent and in the coming contest he will be politically omnipotent.

OBJECTIONS TO MERRIMON.

That Judge Merrimon is the possessor of brilliant talents, and is a pure patriot; that he has made a splendid and enviable record, and has raised the standard of statesmanship high above any of his predecessors, none will be so silly as to even attempt to gainsay. Yet to attain his station, he lent himself as a willing tool to booters. We do not like the manner of Judge Merrimon's election, it defeated the expressed wishes of the party, and he and his supporters deserve rebuke.

VANCE THE CHOICE OF THE PARTY.

Governor Vance has always been equal to any emergency, his genius has cast a lustre over every position to which he has been called, and judging him by the light of the past, we have every reason to believe that, should he be elected Senator, he will fill the full measure of the requirements of the position with honor and credit to himself and the State. He possesses in an eminent degree all the qualifications of Judge Merrimon; he is his peer in every particular; and over and above all this, he is the unmistakable choice of a vast majority of the Democratic party, to those whose behests we should cheerfully bow; casting aside all personal preferences. Governor Vance has lost much of his popularity in this immediate vicinity, owing to his unfortunate selection of the railroad appointees, this, however, we think, was an error of the head and not of the heart, which error we hope, in time, to see remedied.

OLD-FASHIONED DEMOCRAT.

PIETY FOR COMPANY.

It is not unusual for people to keep their best household things—the best bed and china—for their guests; some keep for them their best looks, and words; some go still farther, and keep all their piety for them. Not a bit of it do they give for themselves or for their families; it is never seen on ordinary occasions, and so perhaps is all the nicer, and there is all the more of it for company. Enough of it there surely is, if not a surfeit. The visitor is treated to it with a liberality like that of the Western housewife who, on being told by her minister that she might put less molasses in his tea, insisted that if she made it all molasses it wouldn't be any too good for him.

It was Mrs. Simpkins' parlor—a nice, religious-looking parlor, very. A monstrous great Bible, bound in morocco and gold, with a purple ribbon book-mark, a yard long, dangling with crucifixes, lay alone in seeming sacredness on the centre table. Three certificates of life membership in religious societies hung in heavy gilt frames upon the wall. No idle ornaments or vain curiosities on the what-not, but divine songs and sacred hymns, Baxter's Saints' Rest, Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, How's Blessedness of the Righteous—books of exalted piety, that bear their readers like angel wings to the very gates of the beautiful city. Besides them were choice piles of magazines, labeled "Guide to Holiness."

The air of the place was still and solemn, almost holy. Deacon Wilson felt that it was while he waited there for Mrs. Simpkins. He took up a number of the "Guide to Holiness," and opened it. "Perfect Love," "Heaven Below," "Living Below Our Privileges," he read in the table of contents.

"What a goodly woman Sister Simpkins is!" he said to himself, and laid the magazine in place, feeling himself so far from holiness: that the very title of the articles were discouraging to him.

"I am glad there are some good people," he added, looking around the room at the "parlor Bible" and the life memberships. "Yes, Sister Simpkins is a very devoted woman."

Mrs. Simpkins entered with a sweet and placid countenance, and grave, subdued manner, like one just leaving chapel service or closet meditation, and in low, chastened tones welcomed the deacon, and assured him of her high estimate of the privilege of Christian communion, of the strength she derived from Christian association, the comfort from Christian sympathy.

The deacon had barely time to make a suitable response, when she inquired: "And what is the state of Zion, deacon? What say the watchmen on her walls?" The question was general, and the deacon was safe in the answer, "Few go in at the gates."

"I did not think of it sure." "And why didn't you think of it? I've tried so hard to make a good girl of you, and I declare I'm most tired out."

"Well, I've thought of giving you a rest from me. There's no use in so much said, and being so tired all for a soap of broth."

"No words, Bridget; I never allow my girls to answer back. It is bad enough to have a thing burnt up without any impudence from you."

"You can look out for another girl to do your work. I can't suit you, and you've leave to find one that can."

"How foolish in you, Bridget, to get mad just for nothing! It was my place to get angry, and not yours. It was my money that was burnt in the soap."

"Ah, and there was no money burnt at all, and no loss of soap, either, for the children and me'll have it to ate, burnt or not burnt—as you yourself knows well."

"And it's not at all about the soap either; from morning until night, whenever yourself's in the house; and I'm running here and there for the children, and yourself, and me work to be done all the same, and ye never pleased, but always this is wrong and the other ain't right, and me working till I can't hold me two feet twunst to the floor, and thin I've never done the work half well enough."

"If you are dissatisfied, you had better go, Bridget; but first consider what it is to have a good steady place, with good religious people. You Irish girls never know when you are well off."

"And it's not well off any one is, that works in this house," answered Bridget. "I shan't listen to any more of your impudence, Bridget. I wish you to keep on with your work till I get another girl," said Mrs. Simpkins.

There was something indescribably galling and oppressing in her tone and manner, that roused the worst feelings the generous, good-natured Bridget was capable of, and she dashed the dipper from her floor before Mrs. Simpkins had turned her back.

Mr. Simpkins came home tired and worn with business, and the first thing that fell upon his ear was the dash of the dipper, and the next a complaint from his wife.

"What worthless things these servants are!" "What now?" he asked.

"Oh, Bridget has flared up." "What's the matter?" "She complains of her work."

"I don't much wonder. She's at it every morning at 5 o'clock, and I leave her hard at it when I go to bed, and yet I do not believe it is ever done."

"Well, whose fault is it, I should like to know?" asked Mrs. Simpkins. "It isn't mine, I know," answered her husband; "and it don't seem to be Bridget's."

"Then I suppose you'll have it that it's mine," responded his wife. "I didn't say so."

"You might as well." "Do you think so? Now, whose fault is it? All our girls complain of being over-worked, and scolded, and underpaid, and you have the whole management of things here. I have all house matters to you."

"And this is what I get for my management," interrupted Mrs. S. "But not all," responded her husband, "you get a great reputation for piety; a great deal of time to go to meetings, male and female, sewing societies, maternal associations, anniversaries, and every other religious meeting, far and near, that you can hear of. And you get money for 'Guides to Holiness,' and life memberships, and great expensive frames to hang their certificates in, thereby obeying the divine command, 'not to let your left hand know what your right hand doeth, all your good work done secretly that you may be rewarded openly.'"

"What has all this to do with Bridget?" interrupted Mrs. Simpkins, a little touched by the cutting irony.

"It has a great deal to do with her," answered her husband, "if it puts a part of your work on her, or tries you out so as to make you cross and unreasonable with her, or if it makes you pinch her in wages, or deny her in food, or wrong her in any way; you'll allow that, won't you?"

"Yes, if it does." "Well, don't it? I ask the question." "What! would you have me do more than I do now?"

"Perhaps not more, but I would have you do somewhat differently. You can make some equalization. Be as sweet and angelic with Bridget as you are with your deacons; as mild in the nursery, where only God and the children hear you, as you would be if the Maternal association were here. Show a little of your deadness to the world and heavenly-mindedness when the new fashions come. Stop taking the 'Guide to Holiness,' and give the money to Bridget as her rightful due. Don't furnish up the parlor with any more religious show till you have given her as good wages as you would think yourself deserving if you were in her place. Don't go to a single meeting when she will lose more by your going than you will gain. Don't say any more to the church about sanctification here below till you have made your own family think such a thing is possible. Learn to be just before you even aim at perfection; learn to be patient before you think you have reached it; and be sure and take the opinion of those who

know you best before you come to a settled opinion on the subject. Don't think I'm persecuting you, wife, or anything of the sort. I am glad you are a pious woman, and that is the reason why I married you. Every man likes to have a good wife; I want a little of your piety myself; and the children wouldn't be the worse for some, nor Bridget neither. We are not deacons, nor ministers, nor saluts, but we should like to be treated in a sweet, heavenly way sometimes, and perhaps 'twould make us better. I am sure it would make us happier, and you, too. Suppose you try to give us a little more family piety. This is my first sermon, and I hope it will be productive of good. There is no company here, so I won't pretend that it has been preached from a sense of duty, but because I feel out of patience and just like speaking my whole mind."

Well, what did Mrs. Simpkins say in answer? This only, that she was glad there was one in her own family to hear him; that she was glad there were some people who had a good opinion of her; that the Rev. Dr. Smoothtongue had told some of the church that very week, he wished there were a few more women just like her.

POLISHING CALF-SKIN.

Two years ago John L. Garthman, of Lewiston, Me., graduated with honors at Yale. As during his years in college he had, in addition to his regular studies, read law with an attorney of New Haven it only required a year in a law office at Kokome, Ind., to fit him for admission to the bar, after which he immediately came to New York, and tried to get into practice. Unfortunately for Mr. Garthman, he discovered that there were already 6,000 lawyers in this city, all trying to get into practice, and there was about as much chance for him as being elected to the presidency. Office rent and board bills soon consumed the little means he had and he was at the end of his string. As he was a month in arrears, his landlady commenced to regard him with looks not altogether pleasant, and the prompt landlord who owned the office he occupied notified him to pay or get out. Mr. Garthman discovered that while there was plenty of room on the upper shelves, it would require a great many years of climbing, and that he would probably starve to death a great many times before he could reach even the lowest of the said upper shelves. So he determined to quit law and try something else. He was a sensible young man, and so he did not—

Ask for the management of a manufacturing corporation. Apply for the position of actuary in a life insurance company.

Ask for the presidency of the board of education.

Ask for the managing editorship of a daily paper.

Apply for the cashiership of a bank, or anything of the kind.

But he did find something he could do. Down in the streets close to Wall, under the sidewalk of a popular restaurant, he noticed a light, clean open space that was unoccupied. He went to the proprietor of the restaurant and took that place at a nominal rent, and, promptly pawing his ulster to produce stock, opened business there as a bootblack!

As a matter of course he did not wish to be known as a polisher of boots up town, for he was living in a rather exclusive boarding-house, to which only the most respectable were admitted. It was no trouble to conceal his identity. Some old clothes, smutched black artistically, palmed on his pantaloons in his boots, and no human being could recognize in Garthman, bootblack, the fashionable and elegant Mr. Garthman, of the Twenty-first street.

His venture was entirely successful. He was something of a wit in his way, and entertained his patrons judiciously, while he polished their boots. And then there was something about him which attracted the young brokers who frequented the restaurant, and he entered upon a career of prosperity that was delightful.

His earnings frequently ran as high as six dollars a day, and his business in two weeks increased so that he had to employ an assistant.

His changed condition attracted attention at his boarding-house. It had become well known that he had been impudent, and now the fact that he had better clothes and was again carrying his watch, and paid all his bills promptly, led to much comment.

Had he abandoned law? Yes, and gone into business. What business? Polishing calf-skin. And he was congratulated at his success, and became a very popular young man, and was received into the very best boarding-house society.

Was it possible that a young man like John L. Garthman should go through life without love? Never! In the same house resided an old gentleman, a merchant who knew just when to quit, who with his daughter occupied the best apartments in this house. Lillie Pickham, the daughter, was a delightful girl, and Garthman and she became very much attached to each other, and there was a decent prospect that in time they would make up their minds to go through life together. But Garthman had, as who has not had, a hated rival. A broker named Bathurst, who lived at the same house, had cast his

eyes upon the girl, and inflamed by her excellencies as well as the comfortable fortune she was sure to possess, determined to possess her. Lillie favored Garthman, and the father favored Bathurst and so it was about an even race between them.

Bathurst did not believe in Mr. Garthman's business, for there was something mysterious about it. Garthman, when asked where his place of business was had always replied vaguely, "Down town," with a sweep of the city. Bathurst had searched all the directories for information in vain. No such name appeared and no such business either. And so he plied the old gentleman with suspicions, intimating that probably the young man was a dealer in a faro bank, a smuggler, a policy dealer, and all that, till both he and Lillie were nearly crazy. Finally the following conversation ensued:

"Mr. Garthman, I insist, before you are seen with my daughter any more, upon knowing who you are, and what you are doing and where you are doing it?"

"Mr. Pickham, I am John L. Garthman. I earn money enough to support your daughter properly, and for the rest must decline to answer."

"You decline, do you? No man who has anything to conceal shall have anything to do with a daughter of mine."

And in consequence a strict injunction was laid upon the girl to see him no more which she violated just as often as she could get out of the house.

One day Mr. Bathurst entered the restaurant in which Mr. Garthman plied his brush, and sat down in the chair to have his boots cleaned. Mr. Garthman kept his face averted as much as possible, but Mr. Bathurst observed him intently. He shined and paid his ten cents and went out. In an hour he came back, and though his boots were yet clean he sat down again. At the conclusion of the operation, he remarked:

"Ha! ha! Mr. Garthman; this is the polishing of calf-skins you do! Ha! ha!"

And taking a coupe he hastened up town full of the discovery. He had his rival in his power. Now Miss Lillie would throw Garthman over; now the elder Pickham would insist that all connection between them cease, for, of course, he would never permit his daughter to marry a bootblack. And he lost no time in getting at the old man and telling him his discovery.

"Do you pretend to say that John Garthman is blacking boots in a basement?"

"Certainly I do! He has an old suit of clothes, which he wears during the day, and when his work is done he puts on his good clothes and comes up here, imposing himself upon us as a gentleman. He's an impostor."

"He was a lawyer, wasn't he?"

"Yes." "Lillie!" yelled the old gentleman, somewhat red in the face, "come here. You may take John Garthman as soon as you please. I like the fellow. Bathurst if you had been fixed as he was, you would have borrowed of your friends, and thence glided gently into dead-end, and ended finally as a dealer of faro. John didn't do anything of the kind. He set about earning a living honestly, and has succeeded. That young fellow will go on. Good-bye, Bathurst, you have done us a favor. Garthman won't black your boots a great while."

And so the troubled John was pleasantly received, and all restrictions were taken off the meeting of the young ones, and Mr. Bathurst quit the house in disgust, and the twain are to be made one very soon. Mr. Garthman has resumed the practice of the law, and as Mr. Pickham has influence, it is probable that he will get on very well.

This little romance ended properly. We would not, however, advise all young lawyers to go to bootblacking, for then that profession would be everdone, and besides, all old gentlemen might not be as sensible as Mr. Pickham. However, a few of them might try it to the advantage not only of themselves, but the world.—[N. Y. Evening Mail.]

The following is the official vote of the gubernatorial and Congressional election in the 7th District, for 1876:

	Robbins	Dula	Vance	Settle
Alexander,	807	337	805	332
Alleghany,	516	138	513	154
Ashe,	1081	811	1007	875
Davie,	1490	1446	1454	1540
Forsyth,	2351	1207	2356	1229
Iredell,	2163	1201	2163	1250
Rowan,	1320	979	1246	1042
Surry,	689	236	676	391
Watauga,	1325	144	1254	1426
Wilkes,	990	1073	849	1112
Yadkin,	13724	9649	13167	10072
Vance,	13467			
Robbins' maj,	257			

Printers' ink will keep the hinges of the store doors loose.

Why is an editor a moral man? Because he always does write.

Charles Reade claims to have forgotten even the names of some of his early books.

"Paper, sir!" asked the newsboy. "No, I never read," was the blunt answer. "Hi, boys, come here," called out the gamin, "here's a man as is practisin' for the jury!"

DRINKING ICE-WATER.

There is no more doubt that drinking ice-water arrests digestion than there is that a refrigerator would arrest perspiration. It drives from the stomach its natural heat, suspends the flow of gastric juice, and shocks and weakens the delicate organs with which it comes in contact. An able writer on human diseases says: "Habitual ice-water drinkers are usually very flabby about the region of the stomach. They complain that their food lies heavy on that patient organ. They taste their dinner for hours after it is boiled. They cultivate the use of stimulants to aid digestion. If they are intelligent they read upon food and what the physician has to say about it—how long it takes cabbage and pork and beef and potatoes and other meats and essences to go through the process of assimilation. They roar at new bread, hot cake, fried meat, imagining these to have been the cause of maladies. But the ice-water goes down all the same, and finally friends are called in to take a farewell look at one whose mysterious Providence has called to a clime where, as far as is known, ice-water is not used. The number of immortal beings who go hence to return no more, on account of an injudicious use of ice-water, can hardly be estimated."

The Spurs of the Liberator.

Gov. Hampton, of South Carolina, has been sent by a Newport admirer, Mr. W. W. Woolsey, a splendid pair of silver spurs with the following note: "These spurs were made by the Bogatano silversmiths after Bolivar struck the shackles from their limbs and made them free. They may well be worn by one who has made equal rights before the law a blessing and a reality to so many thousand freedmen."

How a Southerner Met His Death.

A well dressed man, who gave his name as Wm. Holt, of Caswell county, N. C., and who had been run over by a train, was taken to Trenton, N. J., on Wednesday morning by the eastward bound train on the Pennsylvania Railroad. He died at 7 A. M., and his body was placed in the morgue.

The New Haven (Conn.) Register says: "If this sort of summer is going to be the usual thing in this latitude, somebody will have to get up summer excursions to the tropics. No nearer the line than New Orleans they are comparatively cool."

With undue and inelegant familiarity, the Chicago Alliance calls the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens a "slight bundle of unlimited energy," and describes his voice as "so feeble that it sounds like the phonograph copy of somebody else's."

The fate of a recent religious newspaper enterprise in Chicago induces its proprietor to remark, with some acerbity: "Now let the devil foreclose on this town as soon as he wants to."

The Turner's Falls Reporter remarks: "If Edison would now only invent a country editor who could, with a headache attachment, write three or four columns of brilliancy in seventeen minutes, for a paper that didn't begin to pay, he would improve on the prevailing animal we fancy."

Somebody in the Louisville Courier-Journal wildly suggests that since most of the writing in newspaper offices is done with lead pencils, it would be well to reconstruct Richelieu's aphorism thus: "The pencil called the Faber's more potent than the sabre."

"Is there an opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills, "a considerable carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you; turn the knob to the right!"

An English medical authority says that the man who blows the big horn in a band rarely lives beyond a period of three years. This is about two years, eleven months and twenty-nine days longer than his next door neighbor wants him to live.—[Medical Review.]

The servant girl stays in the kitchen for two dollars a week, while the master's daughter remains in the parlor and spends fifty dollars a week in adorning her person. Which will make the better wife?

Every once in a while we hear of a California woman killing a bear. That is all right. But we challenge the world to ransack the pages of history and show where a woman has ever got away with a mouse.

A brave man is one who is not afraid to wear old clothes until he can afford to buy new. All editors are heroes.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

A smoker in Portsmouth, N. H., finding that his cigar wouldn't draw, cut it open, and discovered a cartridge, with the bullet toward the mouth end.

An observer states that about three-fifths of the jury trials in this county include at least one man on the jury who ought to have been born a mule.