

The Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, N. C., MARCH 26, 1885.

NO 23

XVI.—THIRD SERIES

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Prepared by
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Charlotte, N. C.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Nov. 29, 1884.

W. W. Gregory: I hereby certify
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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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in testifying to the value of your
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benefit and cheerfully recommend it to any one
suffering from dyspepsia, indigestion and a
weak condition of liver and bowels.

D. A. JENKINS,
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An Awful Heresy.

It seems to be the opinion of the curious new President that government employees cannot earn their salaries with their heels on their desks, and the introduction into Washington of the novel idea that a man must work in order to draw a salary will doubtless occasion much distress among the unfortunate idlers in the government departments.—*Chicago Times.*

A merchant's clerk or book-keeper is expected and required to do a fairly good day's work—many of them, working until nine o'clock at night. A farmer's hired man works from sun to sun, with an hour's interval at noon. If the new administration with these facts before them will require all clerks and hirelings in government offices to comply with similar clerk's rules, they will not have a chance to set their heels on tops of desks, lean back and smoke cigars. It may be out of fashion, but men drawing from one to two thousand dollars a year should render commensurate service.

Civil-Service Reform in the South.

Baltimore Sun.

That President Cleveland has a correct appreciation of the evils from which the people of many of the Southern States have been suffering for years, in the wholesale corruption of the civil service in the interest of mercenary place hunters and spoilsmen, is shown in his answer to the commissioners entrusted with the presentation of an engrossed copy of the South Carolina Legislature commending his civil service policy. The assertion of South Carolina's representative that the application of civil service principles in South Carolina would involve the dismissal of all, or nearly all of federal office holders in that State elicited from the President the declaration that he was fully aware of the abuses from which South Carolina, in company with other Southern States, had suffered, and that a remedy would be provided at an early day. This civil service reform of a practical kind, which will be highly appreciated in the South, but it is, not the sort of "reform" which federal office holders are anxious to have adopted by the new administration.

How Vilas is Besieged.

The worst besieged man in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet is Mr. Vilas. He is one of the newest in public life and he is thrown right into the thickest of the office seeking broil. From the time he rises in the morning until he goes to bed at night he is pursued. He is obliged to steal into the department after six o'clock to get time to sign his official mail. There are two ante-rooms to his main office. They are kept filled all day long. If Mr. Vilas were to receive everybody that came without cards his room would be packed to suffocation. The first room next to him is occupied by the chief clerk. The next room beyond this is the main ante-room, where two colored messengers are stationed to receive general visitors. In Mr. Vilas' room the Senators and members are permitted to go without any introduction or form. As a necessary consequence this room is also crowded with members of Congress, who are sitting around with anxious faces as the people in the most distant ante room. I sat beside the chief clerk this morning and watched him open his mail for several moments. Nearly six or seven hundred are received every day for office. Some of these applicants are very funny. Every now and then an applicant incloses his photograph as the proof positive of his virtues. Every one of these applications is "put on file." I asked the chief clerk his object in filing all these applications. He said: "We dare not put one of them in the waste-basket. We file every application under classified heads, so that when the question of deciding the appointment of a postmaster for a certain place comes up we take up every applicant who has put in a claim for that position. If we did not we would get into a great deal of trouble."—*Washington Cor. N. Y. World.*

Gen. Gordon did not fix his heart's affections upon earth and its fortunes. He looked beyond. On the 11th of September, 1877, when in the Sudan and on a perilous expedition, he wrote this: "God knows what my anxiety is! Not for my life, for I died years ago to all ties in this world and to all its comforts, honors and glories." "Noblo hero! A Christian of the highest type. A man of faith!—*Wil. Star.*

A South Carolina Presentation.

A Suggestion to Which the President Made a Response.

Washington, March 14.—T. Stobo Farrow, clerk of the South Carolina Senate, by special appointment called on President Cleveland this afternoon, and, in the name of Governor Thompson, presented to him an engrossed copy of the concurrent resolutions adopted by the General Assembly of South Carolina in favor of civil service reform. The President received Mr. Farrow in the library and extended to him a cordial welcome. He said he had already heard of the South Carolina civil service resolutions and was exceedingly gratified to receive them. He said they had particularly attracted his attention because they were adopted by the Legislature about the same time his civil service letter was given publicity. Continuing, he said he fully appreciated and would treasure them because he had already learned that South Carolinians are an active and progressive people, with ideas fully abreast of the times. Mr. Farrow ventured the remark that true civil service in South Carolina meant the removal of the incumbents of nearly all the Federal offices in the State. The President replied that he hoped to remedy the evil at the proper time. The interview was brief but very satisfactory to the bearer of these resolutions.

SPEECH OF HON. W. J. GREEN

On the Bill to Authorize Additional Appointments on the Retired List of the Army.

Mr. Speaker: At the risk of being thought churlish or ungracious, or of other imputation of motive, I am impelled by a sense of duty to raise my voice and enter protest against the passage of the bill under consideration. I but anticipate the charge of sectional hostility which such opposition is sure to engender. Full well I know that the motives of any hailing from my quarter of our common country, who dare oppose this and kindred measures, are liable to misconstruction and certain vituperation.

But, sir, no man is worthy to occupy a seat on this floor who permits himself to be tongue-tied by such puerile, personal considerations. God knows I am actuated by no latent sentiment of lingering hate in opposing this and kindred measures. Neither do I believe that others like situated are so actuated.

Brave men bear no malice after a fair fight, an honest hand shake, and a genuine make-up. The opposite is equally certain. The skulker and the deserter, the bounty jumper, and the contractor, the home guard, the back-guards and the demagogue—all of whom, like the war-horses in Holy Writ, snuffed the battle from afar—are implacable in hate, even twenty years after guns are grounded and sabers sheathed. Every side in every struggle turns out these valiant mouthers and strutters; harmless as doves in war, but mischievous as serpents in peace, or, as John Phœnix has it, "soldiers in peace, citizens in war." But take "the soldiers" in our terrific strife, and I venture to say that since the first recorded battle between brothers in the purlieus of Paradise, never was there such deadly hate in battle or such mutual rubbing of eyes and genuine forgiveness after the smoke of battle was dispelled.

It is an English attribute, and we are English. The sword-wearers and the gun-bearers on the victor side held out the right hand of fellowship and said, "Let us be brothers again." After such a pass at arms none but heroes could do it, and none but men imbued with the spirit of Freedom could say it. And may I not be pardoned for adding that none have ever accepted the dread arbitrament of battle with more composure and less complaint than the losing side, of which I was but a humble component, derided as rebels and belied as traitors, by heroic "implacables," of genius named?

They dared, endured, and for opinion suffered as no mailed host has ever done as long as the clash of arms continued. But when "grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front," they went back to their desolate hearth-stones bearing little of this world's gear, and leaving even their hate behind.

As one of that fold, realizing full well that the cherished convictions of earlier years are dead and buried, but as an American citizen, and as a lawmaker, too, still wedded to the free traditions of my forefathers, I venture to raise my voice, unattuned to eloquence, in honest and earnest protest against this unprecedented proposition. It is not done in the spirit of malediction of a confederate soldier, but of an American legislator. It is uttered in no carping spirit of reprisal or revenge for blasted hopes and dreams dispelled by the would-be beneficiary. So far from it, Mr. Speaker, that were I his bosom friend, regard for his fair fame and good name

would prompt even more strenuous hostility to this ill-advised step of his injudicious friends. For, sir, is it not an imputation upon the honor of the leading soldier of the victorious side to infer that he would take a service pension (and, say what you will, it is nothing more or less) while one is refused even to a meritorious drummer boy, whose rat-a-tat sounded charge or checked retreat in the great armies which he led? What better right the first man than the last man to a service pension? And I repeat, disguise it as you will, it is but such.

It were invidious to give to the first and withhold from the second, and so on to the last. Carried out to its legitimate conclusion, and so far from being cursed with a redundant revenue and over-plethoric treasury, as we now are, unless we curtailed our prohibitory tariff on many articles, there would soon be a lamentable deficiency. There is nothing like a fat pension-roll to make a lean treasury.

Good soldiers in war, synonym in time of peace for good citizens, are, I am sure, opposed to such a wholesale bankrupting spoliation bill as one for general service pensions imports.

Again, Mr. Speaker, the passage of this bill, ay, its introduction, subjects the recipient of its benefits to the imputation of avarice, the besetting sin of senility and littleness, from which true greatness has ever been supposed to be exempt. Of a surety, Mr. Speaker, it is not the soldier vice. "On the contrary, quite the reverse." For near two hundred years we read of no great English speaking soldier who has tarnished his epaulets or his escutcheon with greed of gain. Ay, Mr. Speaker, since the great Marlborough, "little Jack Churchill," bartered a sister's honor, not to speak of his own, for pounds, pence and promotion, a soldier, with "an itching palm" has been the scoff and scorn of soldiers. There has been, there may be, there will be, free lances and soldiers of fortune, who are willing to pit blood 'gainst bounty, and who demand equivalent after, whether the first was spilt or simply endangered. It is simply a question of "barter" with Capt. Dugald Dolgetty. But while barter may be pardonable in a Shillock, where even a pound of living human flesh is involved, it is sickening, it is nauseating in a nation's idol, where the consideration is but an atom of honor.

Fancy him to whom you proud pile was but yesterday completed, standing like suppliant or mendicant in yonder aisle, either in person or by proxy, hat in hand and begging recognition for service rendered. Had the abject picture ever been presented to a country's scorn the shaft had never been erected. Such was the claim of Scylla, "the man slayer," who would throttle country and silence conscience to gain that which he most desired.

Aurelius, the grandest figure in ancient story, did not, he could not have done it. Aristides was a citizen of Athens, and had rendered some service to the State. He died the purse-bearer of the State. He lived in penury and died a pauper, and was buried by charity, and yet no prince of recorded time has had his epitaph, and but few deserved it—the briefest, proudest, grandest ever inscribed by stone-worker.

Apposite to the bill, Mr. Speaker, candor compels the confession that I last session did tax my constitutional conscience to its utmost tension to vote for a kindred but I think much more meritorious measure.

To give its claims in brief: Some forty years ago a President called for an army to uphold the honor of his country. The call was answered, honor was upheld, and more than an empire added. The roll of heroes who did it had dwindled down to a fraction. Borne down, with wounds, and poverty, and age, this band of superannuated heroes did venture ask an obolus of their country. I tried to say "No," but it was not in me to do it.

A Democratic House with singular unanimity accorded it. A Republican Senate thought proper to kill it with a rider. Now, sir, if these old veterans who had given us a foothold on the Pacific and extended our sway from ocean to ocean, worn down with years, and tottering on the brink of the grave, are not entitled to the poor pittance asked for, upon what principle of equity or propriety can younger soldiers in later wars expect a recognition of their service in the manner suggested in this bill? Judged on the successful standpoint, no man can overrate the magnitude of the work he accomplished.

But, I repeat, let us not for his own sake as well as ours insult him with a pecuniary recompense. Ay, let us not measure his merit by the metallic standard. Merit so measured is apt to dwindle in public esteem; to grow dim instead of brighter with advancing years. 'Tis an old saying: "Republicans are ungrateful;" but of all men who have lived or died, none has less right to complain of the ingratitude of republics than he.

Perhaps had my lot been cast on this side of the Potomac instead of the other I might add that few have illustrated in their own person the force of the antithetical aphorism, "Gratitude is the danger, the curse of republics."

Better the Ostra of Athens or the Tarpeia of Rome to curb the undue and dangerous popularity of a favorite than the gratitude which would prompt a free state to establish a pernicious precedent in his behalf.

Mr. Speaker, I believe I am within bounds in saying that with the exception of two or three of his retiring Presidential predecessors, so far from their being men of wealth, there was not one of them that could be called moderately well off. The list includes the Sage of Monticello, author of the Declaration of Independence, and coadjutor of the bill of rights, and by common consent the wisest political thinker of the New World, if not of the world. He died almost in penury and left his family destitute.

And there was his neighbor, Madison, deep, learned, didactic, and abstruse, whose counsels had almost contributed to shape that inspired instrument, revered by our sires next to the Bible, the Constitution of our country. He, too, died a poor man. They both had a neighbor, who was called to the same exalted post which they had filled. He it was who dared to flaunt in the faces of the potentates of the Old World his "doctrine," which, considering the time, would be thought impudent if it were not sublime, and made by force of public sentiment the recognized "doctrine" of all his successors. He died among strangers, and there too he was buried, for reason why, he left not the where-with to pay hearse-hire back to his loved Virginia. Virginia brought him home and gave him a cubit of earth.

And after a pause, stalks on and off the Presidential stage that sturdy, self-poised, self-reliant, and unbending nature, most aptly called "Old Hickory," who left his impress on his age and the age succeeding and the ages to succeed as few have done in the (Concluded on 2nd page.)

By permission of Bishop Baltes, of Alton, Ill., the old bell belonging to the Catholic church at Kaskaskia, Ill., cast in France in 1741 has been sent to the New Orleans Exposition. It was the first bell west of the Alleghany mountains, and has been in use in the parish of Kaskaskia for the past 140 years.

Col. Wharton J. Green did a proper and manly thing when he opposed by speech and vote the retiring of Grant upon a big salary. His constituents ought to remember that Col. Bennett, our able Representative, also did his duty and voted no.—*Morning Star.*

Little drops of printer's ink,
And little type "displayed,"
Make our merchants princes,
With all their big parade.

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Discarding printer's ink—
"Busts" the man of business,
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—*Stanny Observer.*

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