

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XXI.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1890.

NO. 11.

Richmond & Danville Railroad.

CONDENSED SCHEDULES. IN EFFECT NOV. 24, 1889.

TRAINS RUN BY 75° MERIDIAN TIME

DAILY	
SOUTHBOUND	NORTHBOUND
At New York	12:15 A. M.
At Philadelphia	7:20 A. M.
At Baltimore	9:45 A. M.
At Washington	11:30 A. M.
At Richmond	1:30 P. M.
At Greensboro	3:30 P. M.
At Salisbury	5:30 P. M.
At Greensboro	7:30 P. M.
At Richmond	9:30 P. M.
At Washington	11:30 P. M.
At Baltimore	1:30 A. M.
At Philadelphia	3:30 A. M.
At New York	5:30 A. M.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvelous purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 Wall St., N. Y.

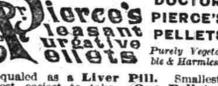
For sale by Bingham & Co., Young & Boston, and N. P. Murphy.



THE NEW PRIZE STORY

is eagerly sought for, read with pleasure or disappointment, is then tossed aside and forgotten. But ladies who read of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, read it again, for they discover in it something to prize—a messenger of joy to those suffering from functional disorders of the female system. It is the only medicine for women, sold by the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years. \$1.00 by druggists, or six bottles for \$5.00.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.



DOCTOR PIERCE'S PELLET'S

Small, cheap, easiest to take. One Pellet a Dose. Does not grip. Cures Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Indigestion, Flatulency, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. Gentle, laxative, or an active cathartic, according to size of dose. 25 cents, by druggists.



WADSWORTH PAINT OIL & GLASS CO.

DAVIDSON, N. C. PRESIDENT

OUR BEST PAINTS, OILS, AND GLASSES ARE SURFACE LIKE POLISHED MARBLE. A PERFECT COVERING FOR TWO AND THREE TIMES AS LONG AS ORDINARY PAINTS. RESISTING WEATHER AND CHANGES. FORMS A VALUABLE PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE.

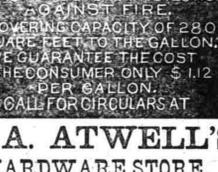
A COVERING CAPACITY OF 280 SQUARE FEET TO THE GALLON. WE GUARANTEE THE COST TO THE CONSUMER ONLY 5 CENTS PER GALLON.

CALL FOR CIRCULARS AT

D. A. ATWELL'S

HARDWARE STORE,

Where a full line of goods in his line, may always be found.



CLARK'S EYE-SAVER

25 CENTS

For sale by JNO. H. ENNISS, Druggist.

CRAIG & CLEMENT,

Attorneys at Law

SALISBURY, N. C.

Feb. 3rd, 1881

DR. J. C. McCUBBINS,

Surgeon Dentist,

SALISBURY, N. C.

DR. J. C. McCUBBINS,

Surgeon Dentist,

SALISBURY, N. C.

DR. J. C. McCUBBINS,

Surgeon Dentist,

SALISBURY, N. C.

DR. J. C. McCUBBINS,

Surgeon Dentist,

SALISBURY, N. C.

DR. J. C. McCUBBINS,

Surgeon Dentist,

SALISBURY, N. C.

DR. J. C. McCUBBINS,

Surgeon Dentist,

SALISBURY, N. C.

DR. J. C. McCUBBINS,

Surgeon Dentist,

SALISBURY, N. C.

DR. J. C. McCUBBINS,

Surgeon Dentist,

SALISBURY, N. C.

What Matters It?

What matters it, my curious friend, where lies Our heavenly harbor and our land of rest? Whether it be beyond the azure skies Or in some lower world, God knoweth best. It offers safety from our cares, and so What matters whether it be high or low, It offers rest; what more should mortals know?

Rest from the weariness of burdened days, Of bitter longings and of evil hours, Of duties leading us through darkened ways And into efforts far beyond our powers, Of dark temptations into secret sin, Of constant labor, earth's poor guards to win, Of spirits defenayed by the strife and din.

It matters nothing as to when or where We find the haven and the welcome home; Let curious doubt give place to trusting prayer, And no weak soul through speculation roam.

We seek for sealed up secrets, hidden things; Enough for us if on eternal wings We reach the country of those better things. Vex not thy spirit, O, aspiring man! But live thy days as earnest workers must;

Nor try to pierce through God's mysterious plan, Which obligates thee to a life of trust, Some day, somewhere, while countless ages roll, The hungry heart can comprehend the whole, The veil be parted for thy thankful soul.

Mr. Davis' Reminiscences.

HE WAS IN THE SENATE WITH WEBSTER, CLAY AND CALHOUN,—HIS ESTIMATE OF LEE, JACKSON AND JOHNSTON.

"I had peculiarly intimate relations with Clay, Calhoun and Webster. I went to school in Lexington, Ky., Mr. Clay's town. His favorite son, who was named Henry, was killed while with me in Mexico, and he always associated me with that boy. Mr. Calhoun gave me my first warrant to West Point, and by a singular coincidence, when I went to the Senate my seat was by his side, and he always seemed to take a fatherly supervision over me. While in the House I had been upon a committee charged with investigating the State Department under Mr. Webster's administration. He had been charged with misappropriating some of the Secret Service funds, but the investigation showed that he had simply used it to prevent the introduction of the Ashburton Treaty into the politics of the State of Maine. I drew and championed the report which exonerated him. Mr. Webster never forgot that act. He was the most grateful man for any act of kindness or interest in him that I ever saw. He was a great orator, but not in the sense in which Mr. Clay was. Mr. Clay possessed the grace of oratory to a greater extent than any man that ever lived in this country. His gestures, his manners and his speech were perfect. Mr. Calhoun had none of the graces of oratory, but did have a perfect contempt for them, and his pronunciation was wretched. But no orator of the present day could influence the people or have the position that these men had in those days. The newspapers have taken the place of the speaker, and a greater engine than the newspapers has superseded the orator—that is, the telegraph. People want news and information, and want it in paragraphs. They will hardly stand much more than a paragraph of editorial, and rebel at anything like an essay.

Speaking of the men and measures just before the war, he said: "My Buchanan was an able man, but a very timid one. If he had had the nerve to deal with the situation as its gravity demanded, I doubt exceedingly whether any other State South would have followed South Carolina into secession. Had he withdrawn the troops from Sumter, it would have been such a conspicuous act of conciliation that the other States would not, I believe, have called conventions to consider the question of secession, or if they had the ordinances would not have been passed. I was not one of those who believed that there could ever be a peaceful separation of the States, but could not convince our people of it. I had years before become convinced by my association with public men, and especially with Mr. Webster, that the North would never consent to it. I knew that secession meant war, and therefore did my utmost to prevent it. When the war came however, it had to be met with spirit. The chance for a peaceful separation of the States was lost years before the war. It could have succeeded when the North wanted to go, and again when Texas was annexed, but not after."

Speaking of his Generals, he said: "Albert Sidney Johnston was the most perfect man I ever knew. He divided his life between military and civil pursuits, and showed wonderful capacity in both. He had such a grand character, such perfect self poise, such an analytical mind, such ready concep-

tion of men, marvellous quickness of perceptions and ability to deal with events. I never before saw a single individual having so many sterling qualities. I had known him intimately many years. Gen. Lee and myself were cadets at West Point together, but Albert Sidney Johnston and I had been much together in active life, in the field, in bivouac, and in private intercourse. Early in our association I was struck with his marvellous quickness of perception and perfect command of himself.

AT THE SURRENDER OF MONTEREY.

"We were together in Mexico one morning when both thought we lived not worth a fig. I was the officer selected to arrange the terms for the surrender of Monterey, and had spent several hours with General Ampudia, the Mexican Commanding General, arranging the terms. It was getting quite late and there was suspicious delay in signing the papers. I said to General Ampudia, 'Have the articles signed and I will call for them in the morning.' I arose early the next day, had my horse saddled, took a cup of coffee and started for the headquarters of the Mexican General, in the city of Monterey. As I passed the headquarters of General Taylor, who always got up with the chickens, he stuck his head out of the tent to see who was passing, and seeing me, said: 'Hullo, Davis! Where are you going?'

"I am going to General Ampudia to receive the terms of surrender, which he was to have signed and ready for me this morning."

"Not by yourself."

"One man is as good as twenty. If they mean foul play, they would destroy twenty as well as one, and if they are danger nothing but an army will do."

"Get down and have a cup of coffee, and wait a few moments."

"I alighted and went in, and while we were talking, Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, who was then acting Inspector General, came along. He asked me where I was going, and I gave him the same reply that I gave General Taylor."

"Let me go with you."

"Certainly; I shall be glad to have you."

"After our coffee, Johnston and I started. When we reached the streets we found them stockaded, and only room for one horse to pass between the stockade and the buildings. Artillery was guarding the entrance and the men stood at their guns with port-fires open. The tops of the houses, which were flat, were also covered with infantrymen standing at their guns. The whole scene had an ominous look, and as we approached, Johnston called my attention to it, and said: 'Have you a white handkerchief? If so, you had better show it.'

"I pulled one out and rode up to the stockade, and summoning the officer in command, said: 'I am here by appointment to meet with Ampudia. Please notify him of my presence.'

The officer turned his back to us and gave some orders, which I did not understand, and we waited some time, and things began to look still more suspicious. I then called the officer's attention again to the importance of our mission, and another man was sent, and then another delay, and a third was dispatched. While waiting we saw Ampudia's Adjutant-General coming down the street. We knew that he spoke English. Johnston, in a very low tone of voice, said: 'This man cannot affect not to understand us.'

"As he came up we saluted, and explained to him that I was there in obedience to an understanding with his commanding officer, and there appeared some delay, and I expressed a wish that he would have us conducted to General Ampudia's presence."

"Oh, certainly," said he, and he called an orderly to show us the way. Johnston in an undertone said: 'He had better do the conducting.'

"I would be obliged if you would accompany us to the General's presence yourself," said I.

"Oh, with pleasure, with pleasure," he replied, and led the way.

"As we turned and passed through the stockade, Johnston took one side of the Adjutant-General, and I the other, and we were soon with the Mexican general, and had the papers relating to the capitulation in our hands."

"On our return, in jumping the ditch the flap to my holster flew up and I was informed that my pistol had been stolen by his orderly while I was with the Mexican General. It was a very valuable one, although a very plain one. It had been given to me by Colonel Johnson, my companion during the Black Hawk War, and I prized it highly."

COMPLIMENTING EX-CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.

"Albert Sidney Johnston was doubtless the best soldier of the war on either side. The battle of Shiloh was the only battle of which I have any knowledge that was fought just as it was planned. He sent me a dispatch, which has been lost or destroyed, giving the plan of his battle, and if it had not been for a delay in some of his troops coming up, every incident of his plan would have been carried out and

each movement would have fitted in like clockwork.

"Stonewall Jackson was the greatest executive officer of the Confederacy. General Lee uttered a great truth, and from his heart, when he said, upon hearing of Jackson's death: 'I have lost my right arm.' Lee was a great soldier and a great man. Most people mistake his character. He had the reputation of being a slow, careful, cautious man, but he was one of the most combative men I ever knew. He was always willing to fight. At times he was even impetuous, especially in the face of disaster. He would often rush into places and dangers where he did not belong, and many times showed his disposition to be an executive leader, rather than the controlling mind of a great army. He was one of the purest men I ever knew—a man incapable of subterfuge, evasion, deceit or indirection. He won and held deservedly a high place as a man and a soldier at home and abroad. When Jackson lived he was Lee's dependence. He recognized Jackson's ability as an executive officer, and trusted him implicitly when he gave him his plans. Jackson never waited for orders a second time, nor sent back for instructions. After the battle of Gettysburg, Lee wrote to me that he had met with a reverse, and asked me to find some younger and abler man to take his place. I replied that if I could find a 'younger and abler man' I might desire to make the change, but as I had so much more confidence in him than in any other man I knew, I would not consider it. We had many other strong Generals, but these were our great leaders."

THE CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

Mr. Davis once talked to me long and earnestly on the condition of the South. Among many other things, he said:

"If the South can establish a system of tenantry or get immigration to occupy and till its lands, there is no question but that it has a great future. Whether the colored people will ever reach that point is a question yet to be settled. Man is now in a struggle with nature upon these problems. There is no question but that the whites are better off for the abolition of slavery. It is an equally patent fact that the colored people are not. It is an arithmetical proposition easily determined that it is more profitable to proceed with free labor, where only the hand employed is to be paid, than where the whole family is to be supported to get the labor of those competent to work. Then there is also a saving in capital. Before the war, when a colored man died, the owner lost from \$1,000 to \$1,500. Now, he loses nothing, except, perhaps, the cost of burial. If the colored people shall develop a proper degree of thrift, and get a degree of education to keep pace with any advancement they may make, they may become a tenantry which will enable the South to rebuild the waste places and become immensely wealthy."

"Negroes become greatly attached to localities, and most of them love to remain where they were raised. Almost all of our old servants are yet on the plantation near Vicksburg. The colored people have many good traits, and many of them are religious. Indeed, the 4,000,000 in the South when the war began were Christianized from barbarism. In that respect the South has been a greater practical missionary than all the society missionaries in the world. I had an old man, who, for the colored people in our section, was as complete a ruler as was ever born. He was as free from guile and as truthful a man as I ever knew. The Federal forces treated the old man with great indignity. He was a very superior servant, and his quarters where he lived were fitted up with taste, some people might say with luxury. He had everything about him for his comfort, and when the soldiers came and looked into his neat and well-furnished cabin they asked him who those things belonged to. 'To me,' he answered. They denounced him as untruthful, and said that he had taken those things to keep for his master, and they took them away from him."

"Nothing that was ever done to me," said Mr. Davis, "made me so indignant as the treatment of this old colored man."

"War was not necessary to the abolition of slavery," continued Mr. Davis. "Years before the agitation began at the North and the menacing acts to the institution there was a growing feeling all over the South for its abolition. But the abolitionists of the North, both in publications and in speech, cemented the South and crushed the feeling in favor of emancipation. Slavery could have been blotted out without the sacrifice of brave men and without the strain which revolution always makes upon established forms of government. I see it stated that I uttered the sentiment, or indorsed it that 'Slavery is the cornerstone of the Confederacy.' That is not my utterance."

His day is done, and his discussion of the mighty problem of this republic are over. His estimate of men is interesting, as it fixes his relations with those who played in the mighty game with him.—Central Express.

If matters cannot be better, let us be glad they are no worse.

The Boston Banquet.

On Thursday night there was a notable banquet in Boston. Mr. Cleveland was the bright star particular of the occasion. His address began with pleasant words for the Boston merchants of old, and their successors of to-day. He then passed to the tariff, saying:

"Equal rights and impartial justice and stipulation of the compact we have entered into with each other as American citizens, and so nicely adjusted is this plan of our political association that favoritism for the sole advantage of any section of our membership inevitably results in an encroachment upon the benefits justly due to others. But these things sit so lightly upon the consciences of many that a spirit of selfishness is abroad in the land which has bred the habit of clamorous importunity for government aid in behalf of special interests imperfectly disguised under the cloak of solicitude for the public good."

Can we see no contrast between the sturdy-reliance of the Boston merchant in the days that are past and the attitude you are invited to assume as dependent upon the favor of the government and beneficiaries under its taxing power? Is there not a difference between the ideas that formerly prevailed concerning the just and wholesome relations which should exist between the government and the business of the country and the present tendency toward a government partnership in trade? And was there a hint in former days that special advantages thus once secured, constituted a vested right which in no event should in the least be disturbed?

From the tariff he passed to corruption at elections and warmly advocated ballot reform, and also civil service reform.

Henry Grady then made a much longer and more eloquent speech. He did not weigh his words, but spoke out the faith that is in him.

If this does not invite your patient hearing to-night, hear one thing more. My people, your brothers in the South—brothers in blood, in destiny, in all that is best in our past and future—are so beset with this problem that their very existence depends on right solution. Nor are they wholly to blame for its presence. The slave ships of the republic sailed from your ports; the slaves worked in our fields. You will not defend the traffic, nor I the institution. But I do here declare that in its use and humane administration, in lifting the slave to heights of which he had not dreamed in his savage home and giving him a happiness he has not here found in freedom our fathers left their sons a saving and excellent heritage. In the storm of war this institution was lost. I thank God as heartily as you do that human slavery is gone forever from American soil. But the free man remains; with him a problem without precedent or parallel. Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil—with equal political and civil rights—almost equal numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence, responsibility, each pledged against fusion; one of the century is servitude to the other and freed at last by a desolating war; the experiment sought by neither, but approached by both with doubt—these are the conditions. Under these adverse at every point, we are required to carry these two races in peace and honor to the end. And again he said: The white people of the South are banded. Mr. President, not in prejudice against the blacks, not in sectional estrangement, not in the hope of political domination, but in a deep and abiding necessity.

The negro vote can never control in the South, and it would be well if partisans at the North would understand this. I have seen the white people of a State set about by the black hosts until their fate seemed sealed. But, sir, some brave man, banding them together, would rise, as Eliaha rose in beleaguered Samaria, and touching their eyes with faith, bid them look abroad to see the very air filled with the chariots of Israel and the horse-man thereof. It there is any human force that cannot be withstood, it is the power of the banded intelligence and responsibility of a free community. Against it numbers an corruption cannot prevail. It cannot be forbidden in the law or divorced in force. It is the inalienable right of every free community—the just and righteous safeguard against the ignorant or corrupt suffrage. It is on this, sir, that we rely in the South. Not the cowardly menace of mask or shotgun, but the peaceful majesty of intelligence and responsibility, massed and united for the protection of its homes and the preservation of its liberty. That sir, is our reliance and our hope, and against it all the powers of earth shall not prevail.

It was just as certain that Virginia would come back to the unchallenged control of her white race—that before the moral and material power of her people, once more unified, opposition would crumble until its last desperate leader was left alone, vainly striving to rally his disordered hosts, as that night should fade in the kindling glory of the sun. You may pass force bills, but they will not avail. You may surrender your own liberties to federal election law, you may submit, in fear

of necessity that may not exist, that the very form of the government may be changed, that this old State, which holds its charter the boast that it is a free and independent Commonwealth, it may deliver its election machinery into the hands of the government it helped to create, but never, sir, will a single State of this Union, North or South, be delivered again to the control of an ignorant and inferior race. We wrested our State governments from negro supremacy when the federal drum beat rolled close to the ballot box and federal bayonets heged it deeper about than will ever again be permitted in this free government. But, sir, though the cannon of this republic thundered in every voting district of the South we still should find in the mercy of God the means and the courage to prevent its re-establishment.

They Should Begin at Home.

Wilmington Star.

There are a half dozen or more Republican Statesmen, so called, who seem to be very much disturbed in spirit over the suffrage question in the South, and have drawn upon their inventive genius to devise plans by which it may be fixed up satisfactory, at least, to them. It is not the suffrage question on general principles that they are so much concerned in as the suffrage of the "brother in black," which does not pan out satisfactorily to these aforesaid statesmen. That's what they are taxing their colossal brains now to fix up.

If they were in earnest and were really intent upon correcting abuses in the matter of the ballot, and of bringing about a healthy reform we would suggest that they begin at home, for they would find a fine field for missionary labors of this kind, or even force bills, which they seem to prefer.

Is it not a matter of fact that the gentlemen are so solicitous about the suffrage question in the South are shining lights, never goes into the political campaign these days without a grand fund for the purpose of investment in doubtful States and districts "where it will do the most good?"

Is it not a matter of fact that they levy contributions on Government officials and employes who hold office through the vote, or appointing powers of that party, to swell this fund?

Is it not a fact that these contributions are forced from those on whom they are levied at the peril of having their party loyalty questioned in case of refusal, and of losing the places which they hold?

Is it not a fact that such contributions were levied in the last State campaign to help out Billy Malone in Virginia, Foraker in Ohio and other Republican candidates, in violation of the civil service laws, of which these same gentlemen pretend to be advocates and supporters?

Is it not a fact that this was done with the full knowledge and silent acquiescence of a Republican President who also professes to be a supporter of the civil service laws?

Is it not a fact that assessments were levied upon manufacturers who reaped the benefits of the high protective tariff, and when they failed to respond cheerfully or liberally that the "fat was fried" out of them?

Is it not also a well known fact that in some States votes were bought openly and above board with the money thus contributed?

Is it not a matter of fact that Dudley, with money from this fund, organized his blocks of five system in Indiana, and had men bought like cattle, marched to the polls and voted, according to the terms of the sale?

Is it not a matter of fact that in many of the manufacturing districts of the North workmen were coerced into voting for the candidates whom their employers supported, through fear of losing the work by which they fed, housed and clothed their wives and children?

Is it not a fact that all this was deemed perfectly legitimate from the standard of Republican ethics, that they rejoiced in the victories thus won and enjoyed and now enjoy the fruits of these victories?

Grover Cleveland, in bold and manly language, at the merchants' banquet in Boston last Thursday, referred to this intimidation and corruption of the dependent voters which has been carried to such a notoriously scandalous extent in some of the Northern States, and incidentally asked how much better was the briber who enjoyed the fruits of the bribery than the poor vendor of his vote whose necessities, rather than his cupidity, induced him to sell it. The man who sells his vote may be pitied or despised, but the man that buys it is infamous. And yet there is no Republican code of ethics which teaches that it is wrong to corrupt the voter, and no Republican code of prominence who hasyet had the honesty or the manhood to denounce it. And they never will, because without purchased votes their tenure of office would soon terminate.

In view of these facts, and they are facts, we would suggest that these Republican suffrage reformers who are now turning their attention to the South had better start out consistently, begin at home, and clean up their own premises first.