

# Carolina



# Watchman.

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## RAILROAD RECORD.

This is the title of a small sheet sent to us from Cincinnati. In gleaning through its pages, we find the following comparative cost and advantages of Railroads and War. The reader will find it worthy of his attention.

## THE RAILROAD AGAINST WAR—OR, THE VICTORY OF PEACE.

At a time when Europe is just ending a bloody war, which has already cost five hundred millions of dollars, and two hundred thousand men, it will be profitable to compare the achievements of Europe with those of America—the glory of War with the triumphs of Peace. If, after making this comparison, any one shall rise from the study, with a taste of war, we shall leave him to the enjoyment of its pleasures. In the first place, let us examine what amount of force and money Europe has employed either in carrying on war, or preparing for it, and compare that with the construction of railroads, in the United States. In other words, let us set the railroad against war.

*Fifth, of war—glorious war!*

In the Year Book of Nations is an account of the Standing Armies of Europe, which we know to be nearly correct. It is as follows:

Russia,	700,000 men
France,	570,000 "
Austria,	406,000 "
Great Britain,	127,697 "
Prussia,	129,117 "
Turkey,	17,869 "
Spain and Portugal,	120,000 "
Sweden and Denmark,	80,000 "
Switzerland and Sardinia,	130,000 "
German States,	100,000 "
Aggregate,	2,541,774

Here is a grand aggregate of *two and a half millions of men*, employed for two objects; one, as a defense against each other; and the other, to keep down the people; in either case, for war.

In Great Britain, soldiers cost about 80 cents per day; in France 40 cents, and in Austria 30 cents—that for anything. On an average, the soldiers of Europe cost about 50 cents per day, each. The cost of this vast armament, then, is about *one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars per day*; or, more than *four hundred and fifty millions of dollars per annum*!

Now, it will be inquired, what has this vast expenditure of men and money accomplished? It has accomplished nothing—but debt, taxation, and destruction.

Nothing else! Some one may, perhaps, say—has not some one, or all these nations, gained by conquest? Not at all! Examining the map of Europe, you will see, that no one of these nations has really gained anything by conquest in Europe. Great Britain has gained a great deal by conquest on other continents.

Prussia has been consolidated out of smaller German provinces; and Poland was divided by fraud, not by conquest.

The Mori is a monster of ingenuity, in the way that it is, if you'll believe it, so defenseless. A grand tower-spring from the rock on which it stands, which the castle is built, and on which a brilliant light is night displayed, guides the monarch to one of the greatest bows in the world. It is a tissue of the best class, and is a glad sight to the sailors on the stormy gulf; I have often had good reason to feel and know.

After the reason we are to know.

Since the reign of Louis the 4th, the map of Europe has substantially remained unchanged.

In substance, nothing whatever has been gained, in all the wars of Europe, and by all its vast armies.

Now let us turn one moment to the United States. In about seven years, the United States have made 21,000 miles of Railroad, or very nearly that; for before 1848, there was but a small quantity.

Now divide this into the seven years, and we have in each year about the following result, which compares very nearly with the actual construction of 1855.

Annual miles of Railroad made, 3,000.  
Annual cost, \$100,000,000.  
Annual number of men, 100,000.

Now take again the Standing Armies of Europe, and compare the annual results:

Annual loss, 100,000 men.  
Annual force, 2,500,000 "  
Annual cost, \$120,000,000.

Take these two results, and compare them in parallel lines thus:

The Railroad—War.  
Work, 3000 miles made: 100,000 men lost.  
Force, 100,000 men: 2,500,000 men.  
Cost, \$100,000,000. \$120,000,000.

To obtain a high commercial prosperity, by railroads, costs not a fourth of what it costs to keep two millions and a half of men, either idle, or in the work of destruction. After this picture, who can desire the glories of war?

The United States have more miles of railroad than all Europe, and are continuing to make them with a rapidity of which Europe has no conception. These are increasing the growth and power of the country, at a rate which surpasses all the achievements of past civilization. The Military Army is almost nothing; but the Railroad Army is immense.

Soldiers, 12,000.  
Railroad men, 150,000.

The United States are employing twelve times as many men in making railroads as they have soldiers; while Europe is employing thirty times as many soldiers as railroad men! Where will Europe stand relatively to America fifty years hence, if it employs its strong laborers, as soldiers, while America employs hers in making railroads, building ships, and plowing the land? In fifty years, all of Europe (if it keeps its present policy) will not equal the U. S. States in strength and wealth. On the one hand, two and a half millions of able-bodied men are employed in either demolishing, or destroying the people; while these men, in the United States, are employed in some

useful work, or productive industry. The victories of Europe have only wasted human blood upon the earth. The victories of America have made the earth fruitful and multiplied men upon it. War has devastated the earth. The railroad has multiplied men upon it. They are the contrasted types of different civilizations. Or, rather, war is barbarism lingering in civilization; and Steam Locomotion is driving barbarism out. It is too late in the day for civilized countries to be guilty in regard to baggage and passports.

The officer charged with the examination of the passports had the grace to look as though he was ashamed of annoyng gentlemen with such stupid and utterly useless formality; he looked only at the spread eagles on the top of the document, and saying—

"Oh, American," returned it with a smile so low that he nearly lost his hat. The custom-house officer shut my valise again, almost before I had fairly opened it for his inspection, and saying—"Dat iss good," passed on to perform the same ceremony upon the next passenger. When he came to one track, however, his courtesy and his virtue were amazingly tried. The first thing that he saw was a bottle of brandy. Evidently the officer was a judge of liquor; and as evidently he was pleased with the specimen that he held in his hand. For a moment I could see the internal struggle that was going on; the temptation was great, and the officer trembled for his courage. Well he might; it was plain that if an officer was made to pay no payment of duty would resolve it, that it was a case of confession or nothing; and that if confiscated, the grand duke's exchequer would never be gainsay by the rigid enforcement of the law. But gradually justice triumphed in the honest German's face. Slowly and carefully, and with a longing and melancholy look, he placed the bottle back and closed the trunk. Not a word was said; but when we had taken our seats in the cars, the fellow passenger said, as if closing a long reflection—

I would willingly give him half of it."

## COURTESY TO AMERICAN TRAVELLERS.

The following incident, as well as tribute to a foreign potentate, is from the foreign correspondence of the Providence Journal:

The Grand Duke of Baden is a gentleman in his treatment of foreigners, whatever he may be towards his own unfortunate subjects. Three times I have crossed the frontier of his petty kingdom, and each time have met with great civility in regard to baggage and passports. The post was given to me surrounded by a host of admirers. Adores of all kinds were not wanting—rich and poor, noble and obscure, tender and passionate, grave and gay. It was a perpetual tournament, of which she was the queen and where the aspirants contended for her hand by exhibiting their address, grace and seductive qualities. When she entered her carriage, ten cavalry were in the saddle caroling around her *calleche*. At the ball, the most elegant damsels were devoted to her. They had neither ears, attentions nor sights, but for her; whereas many beautiful women—French, English and Russian—were particularly mortified. Among these pressing suitors Helen suited the most worthless. The Chevalier Gaetan M— was it true, a charming fellow, pale and delicate, with fine blue eyes, and black hair. In the place of true passion, he had eloquence of look and word; in short, he dressed with taste, danced merrily, and sang like Rubin. But, unfortunately, these advantages were contrasted by great vice. A dissipated gambler, and unprincipled, the Chevalier Gaetan had quitted Naples in consequence of some scandalous adventures in which he had been implicated. The Count after having informed himself of these facts desired, but too late, to put his daughter on her guard against the rascal. Helen listened neither to the advice, the prayers nor the orders of her father. The man for whom he endeavored to destroy her esteem was already master of her heart, and she obstinately refused to believe in the disgraceful antecedents of the young Italian. But the Count knew how to carry his point either by management or force. He was an old lion. He had preserved all the vigor of youth, and all the rude firmness of an indomitable character, which nothing but paternal tenderness had ever softened. Self-willed in his resolutions, stern in his execution of them, he cast about for means to put *hors de combat* this expert knight, who had dared to undertake to become his son-in-law in spite of him, when last thrown into his hands a letter which Gaetan had written to Helen. The Chevalier, impatient to attain the goal of his desires, prepared, in direct terms to the young Countess, an adiopment, and proposed a clandestine meeting, at the hour when the Count was in the habit of going to play whist with some gentlemen of his acquaintance at the Conversation House.

BALNUM IN COURT.

New York, March 15.

James T. Barnum appeared in court yesterday and narrated the origin and circumstances attending his recent pecuniary embarrassments. Previously to disappear for the Jerome Clock Company, Barnum believed himself to be worth \$10,000. He was in the habit of expending between a thousand and two thousand dollars annually for the support of his family, and did so, when a friendly loan was taken, with many expressions of mutual satisfaction, on the whole the conduct was of natural advantage in connecting the friendly relations which he had formed and spontaneous courtesy in visiting his neighbors.

The young girl had not read the adroitly intercepted note. "Put this flower in your belt," said the Count to her, offer a rose, "and come with me." Helen smiling obeyed, and took her father's arm. In the course of their walk they met Captain Barnum, who, seeing the rose was overjoyed.

Then the Count conducted his daughter to the residence of one of their acquaintances, and requested her to wait until he came for her. That done, he returned to the little house in which he lived, at the outskirts of Baden, on the Lichtenfels road. He had sent away his servants, and was alone. At the appointed hour Gaetan arrived at the rendezvous, leaped lightly over the wall of the garden, and finding the door shut, entered the house through one of the low windows. Then mounting the stairs, filled with pleasing emotions, he directed his steps towards the apartment of Helen. There, instead of the daughter, he found the father, armed with a brace of pistols. The Count closed the door, and said to the wretched Gaetan, trembling with terror:

"I could kill you; I have the right to do so. You have entered my house at night. You have broken into me. I could treat you as a felon; nothing could be more natural."

"But, sir," replied Gaetan, almost inaudibly, "I am not a robber."

"And what are you then? You have come to steal my daughter—to steal her to me. Here is your letter, which unfolded to my criminal intentions. I shall show you no mercy! But to take your life, I had no need of this trap. You know the skill of my right arm; a duel would have long ago rid me of you. To avoid scandal I did not wish a duel, and now I will stay with you at the last extremity, if you refuse to obey me."

"What is your will, sir?"

"You must leave Baden not in a few days, not to-morrow, but this very instant. You must put two hundred leagues between it and you, and never again come into the presence of my daughter or myself. As the price of your obedience, and to pay your travelling expenses, I will give you twenty thousand francs."

The Chevalier wished to speak.

"Not a word!" cried the Count, in a voice of thunder. "You know me, understand! I hold your life at my mercy, a moment's hesitation will be punished with death."

"I obey," stammered the Chevalier.

"Good time! Your twenty thousand francs are in that secretary, take them."

"Permit me to decline your offer."

An impious gesture over the false modesty

which the Chevalier expressed feebly, and like a man who declines for form's sake.

"But," said he "the secretary is locked."

"Open it!"

"There is no key in it."

"Break the lock, then."

"What you wish me to——"

"Break the lock, or I'll shoot you."

The pistol was again presented, as an argument which admitted no reply. Gaetan obeyed.

"It is well," said the Count. "Take that package of bank notes; they are yours. Have

you a pocket book?"

"Yes."

"What does it contain?"

"Some papers—letters addressed to me."

"Let your pocket book fall in front of the secretary you have broken open."

"What?"

"I must have proof which will convict you."

"But——"

"But, sir, I mean to have all the evidences of a burglary. I mean that the robber shall be known. Robber, or death? Choose! At your choice is made. I was sure you would be reasonable. Now you are about to fly. You will go before me. I do not quit you until you are a fugitive from Baden. For the rest make yourself easy. I will return late, and will enter no complaint until to-morrow. You may easily escape pursuit, and if my protection becomes necessary run on me. Begone!"

After this adventure, which made a great noise, Helen could no longer doubt. Gaetan was banished from her heart, and she married one of her cousins, captain in a regiment of cavalry in the service of the Emperor of Austria.

*Sleeping in "Merton."*—We have frequently heard of a fact that was forcibly called to our mind, yesterday, in the House-hall—viz.: that Horace Greeley almost invariably falls asleep when in church. Parson Trafton of Mass., was addressing the House upon the Kansas election, and in the course of his style of oratory became extremely palpable; more so than that of any other member we ever heard in the chamber. Horace went into a heavy slumber shortly after the reverend gentleman commenced his effort, and sat fast asleep in one of the reporter's elevated seats, in full view of and facing the House, until the conclusion of Mr. T's hour. *Evening Star.*

*Birth Extrication.*—The last number of the Herald, published at Camden, Arkansas, contains the following:

"A few days since a negro woman, belonging to Col. John Dickey, the worthy President of our railroad, was delivered of four children at one birth—three girls and one boy; their average weight is seven pounds each. When last heard from, from the mother and her little darlings were doing well. The Colonel has named the children after his favorite enterprises, Mississippi, Ouachita and Red River Railroad, giving the girls the names of the three rivers and calling the boy the railroad. The woman and her husband are both at work on the railroad during the past year. This occurrence is regarded as a favorable omen of our road, and it is thought that the stock of the company ought to command a premium, and that upon this *nigra basis* they will be able to negotiate a loan. Hurrah! for the Mississippi, Ouachita and Red River Rail Road."

A rose placed in Helen's belt was to be the signal of consent.

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"Come in, see I take a cheer."

"No, Lizzie," said he, "I've come of an errand, and I was du my arrants fast."

"But you had better come in, take a cheer, Mr. W—."

"Now, can't I?" The fact is, Lizzie, I've come on this ere courtin' business."

"I've been dead these three weeks, and everything's gone to rack and ruin right."

"Oh, I can't tell I know," said my arrant. "And I can't set down till my arrant's done."

"I should like to think on't a day or two."

"Now, you needn't Lizzie."