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**LITTLE PEARL.**

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

I was bitterly discontented that morning and there was no denying it—discontented with my home, my husband, and my baby. I remember the morning well; it was gray and cloudy, with a low dragging mist that chilled one to the bones and hung the trees with weeping moisture. The black mud about the door of our western house was thick and deep; and the bare floor of our one room was badly stained and soiled by the careless feet of the rough-shod workmen. I had been cleaning up all the morning, but the more I cleaned the worse matters seemed to grow; soap and sand only served to render the black foot-marks more visible; and when a sudden puff of wind whirled the smoke and ashes down the pipe of my cooking stove, covering the books and tables I had just taken so much pains in dusting off, I threw myself in the rocking chair and burst into a passion of despairing tears.

We brought the rocking chair with us Ned and I, when we left the cottage, on the outskirts of the city, and journeyed westward. It was a pretty cottage; my eyes fill with tears even now at the thought of it, with its low, breezy windows, through which the odor of roses floated the livelong summer, and its clean well-ordered rooms, and adorned with charming, useless little toys that go so far towards making a home pleasant and attractive. It was my first home after my marriage—and a woman always loves that home better than any other. We were very happy, Ned and I; as cozy and comfortable as two robins in the heart of a summer apple tree. Ned was a clerk, but with a good salary and some little additions flowing in now and then from other sources. And when our baby came, "Little Pearl," as we called her, our happiness was complete.

But after a while this new rapture began to cool; and as Little Pearl's blue eyes deepened and expanded, Ned began to cast about him in a sage and fatherly manner. "We must do the best we can for Little Pearl's sake, Belle." That was the opening remark, a disclosure of his plans followed. He had caught the western fever; "Westward the star of empire makes his way," Ned quoted, with telling emphasis, adding, "we must follow Belle, and build up a name and a home for Little Pearl!"

I assented, as I always did, to Ned's plans; though in my secret soul, I felt that the movement was a bad one. We sold our pretty cottage and furniture at a considerable sacrifice; Ned left his clerkship; and the November after Little Pearl's birth found us in our western home. Ned had urged me to bring out my servants; but in a fit of high-strung heroism I determined to be maid of all work myself. Ned would have to sacrifice his ease and comfort—I would not be behind him. It was comparatively light in the beginning, when only Ned and myself were to provide for; but after awhile the hired men came; and baby required more attention every day. The fall rains set in converting the spongy soil into black adhering mud. I worked late and early, but found it impossible to take care of my babe and keep our rude home in anything like order. I bore up as long as I could; but at last my strength utterly failed, and sitting down into the rocking chair, I sobbed like a little child. I thought of my old home with its well ordered apartments; of the hours of pleasant leisure and social enjoyment to which I had been accustomed; and then, with a fresh gush of tears, I looked out at the low, trailing mist, and around the small untidy room in which I was imprisoned. It was wrong in Ned to bring me to such a place, and against my will, too, I thought, bitterly.

At that moment I heard the voice of the sick hired man calling for water, and catching up the pitcher, I brushed away my tears and ran up to the rude loft where he lay. As I reached the bed I saw by the sun that it was almost noon, and dinner was to be got for Ned and the hired men. Giving the invalid his water, I passed a moment to mix a draught of medicine, my thoughts full of the smoking stove and distasteful duties that awaited me below; and just then, shrill and clear, came Little Pearl's cry. I threw down the dose I was mixing, exclaiming almost angrily, "It is no use; I can't get along, no matter how hard I strive. What shall I do now? Oh, dear! I do wish I had no baby!" My very finger tips thrilled with terror the instant the unwomanly wish passed my lips; and, clearing the steps at two or three bounds, I rushed to the corner where her crib stood, eager to clasp her

to my bosom and pour out my remorse in tears and kisses. I snatched aside the curtain. The crib was there, so was the snowy pillow bearing the damp impress of her head; but Little Pearl was gone. For a moment I stood dumb and almost senseless, then a quick thought came to my relief.

"Ned had stolen her to frighten me," I cried, and rushing out, I searched everywhere to find him, but in vain. The mist was thickening into rain. I knew well enough that he was too careful of her to expose her in such a manner; yet I clung to the belief that he had stolen her as I clung to my life. There were fresh foot-prints in the black mud about the door leading out toward the wood-lot where Ned and the men were at work. I followed them, my head uncovered, mindful of the shrill wind and driving rain, plunging ankle deep into the yielding soil at every step. About half way I saw something in the path before me. It was a little crimson stocking! My heart leaped for joy. Ned had stolen her, and she had kicked it from her foot on the way; it was cruel to him to frighten me so. I wondered if he had heard that silly wish of mine!

Half a mile from the house I met him and the men coming home to dinner. He started forward the moment he caught sight of me. "Oh, Belle! what's the matter? Is Little Pearl sick?" One glance at his white, startled face convinced me that my hope was vain; yet I cried out angrily, "you've got the child, Ned, and you know you have; don't torture me any longer." "Belle, what do you mean?" "She's gone—Little Pearl. You stole her, Ned, to frighten me?" "No, on my soul, Belle." "Then she's gone; God has granted me my wish. Oh, my baby! my baby!" I was rushing past him, but he caught and held me fast, commanding me to tell him all—and I did. And then his afterwards thrilled my very soul with horror. "The Indians! the Indians, boys!" he cried; "they passed us, you know. They must have stolen her. Come!"

They followed him without a word—and so did I. Over the spongy prairie mud, the chill wind and driving rain beating in our faces, through dense dripping woods, down to the shore of the river. But we were too late. The last canoe was moored on the opposite shore. God has granted me my wish. I had no baby. Little Pearl could not be found, although our efforts were ceaseless. Her crib remained in the corner, with an impress of her head on its pillow; but the little laughing face that looked up at us from the depth of the coverlets was gone forever. I had ample time to perform all my household labors then. No little, quivering cry to detain me when I was busy; no clinging hands holding mine, and keeping them idle. My wish was granted me; I had no baby!

The desolate, inconceivable sorrow of the days that followed no tongue can portray; the tender longing, the sharp, stinging remorse. But we lived, and worked, for life and labor must go on, no matter how sore and weary our hearts may be. At the end of five years, Ned looked around him on the ripe fruition of his most sanguine hopes. He had built him not only a home, but a name in this new country. We had pleasant rooms, and luxurious furniture, and birds and flowers, and all the attributes that go to make up a happy home. All, did I say? Not all—we were childless. Little Pearl had never come back, and God had given no other child to fill her place; but we desired no other; our grief for her loss being dearer and more sacred than any new love could ever have been.

Poor Ned! that unforgotten sorrow, together with his arduous duties, made him an old man before his time; the silver threads were thick on his temples, and the furrows on his forehead deeply cut; when we went back on a visit to our old house, the friends of his youth did not recognize him. His life had lost its impelling aim and motive. One night, in the great city, we were returning from the opera when a voice startled us. "Please, sir," it said, "a penny to buy a loaf." It was mid-winter; the pavements were glazed with ice; and the countless stars overhead glittered in the cold blue sky like so many points of steel. I was dreaming of my home in the far West, and longing for the hour of my return to come. A strange feeling of tenderness bound me to the spot where I had lost my Little Pearl. I could not bear to be away from it, because of a foolish fear that she might come back, and I not be there to welcome her.

The slender, pleading voice broke in upon my reverie, and glancing out at the carriage window, I saw a small, childish figure, and a tiny hand, blue and stiff with cold. "Stop the carriage, Ned; I shan't close my eyes to-night if we pass that child." My husband started up from his half doze and obeyed me. "What do you want?" he asked kindly, bending over and taking the child's hand in his.

"A penny, please, sir, to buy a loaf for granny; she's sick."

Ned took a silver piece from his pocket, but I caught his arm before he had dropped it into the little waiting hand. Something in the soft blue eyes, looking up so pleadingly in the winter starlight, thrilled my heart to its inmost core. I yearned to clasp the little shivering form to my breast, to stroke back the tangled golden hair from the pallid want-patched face.

"Take her up, Ned," I entreated; "she'll freeze if we leave her here." We can put her out wherever she lives. And good natured Ned, who never denied me a thing in his life, complied. Down dark and unlighted street into one of the lowest haunts of vice and poverty; then she guided us up a long flight of stairs into a cheerless attic. An old woman lay upon a heap of straw, her face wearing that cold, grayish hue which is the unmistakable precursor of death.

"Have you come?" she questioned eagerly, as we entered; "gi' me the loaf." The child ran to her side and began to stroke back her gray hair. "A good lady and gentleman's come," she lisped softly. "I'm glad ye've come," she said, addressing Ned. "I'm going, you see; and some one oughter look arter her," pointing to the child. "She's a good little thing. I've had her w' me six years, come next winter. She ain't mine, though I got her from a squad of Injuns when my old man run a flatboat down the Mississippi. They'd stole her from some one, and brung her by our cabin; and she was such a purty little thing that the old man an' me struck a trade for her. I allers kept her clothes, the one she had on, in case her friends might know her, if they ever turned up; but they didn't. Now I'm goin'." She'll be left to herself. You might look arter her ma'am, couldn't yer?"

"Where are the clothes she had on?" asked Ned and I, eagerly, and in the same breath. She looked into my face inquiringly, and then pointed to an old trunk. Ned broke it open. There they were, in a faded heap; the daintily embroidered slip, the tiny pinafore, and one crimson stocking. Its fellow lay in the bottom of the drawer in my western home. "Oh, Ned!" I cried, "she is Little Pearl." And so she was. We had found her at last, our darling.

**LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.**

Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch. Conservatives Hopeful—Plans of the Campaign—Radical Papers to be started all over the South—The Indian Troubles—Rejection of ex-Senator Stockton, etc.

WASHINGTON, April 10, 1867. Leading Conservatives here are more than ever hopeful within the past day or two of a decided reaction in the political affairs of the North, the cause for that feeling being contained in accounts received from public men at the North and West expressive of a great change in the feelings of the people, which has been brought about by the policy of Congress in its unlimited advancement. But for the fact that the South is now the great field of interest, and the public eye is turned almost entirely to that section for political movements, much more would be thought of the few recent elections in which the Conservatives have triumphed than really is at present. At the same time, the opponents of radicalism do not mean to be idle; but as there is a long time now before any elections of great moment are to occur, and the days are comparatively few before the whole South will be stirred, it is very plain to perceive, that the greater energies are to be exercised in that section. The Radicals express very great confidence in their ability to regulate matters in the States now under military law; but at the same time their leaders advocate action. They are now more certain of the South than of the North, but it is only because they have control of the former, and intend to legislate in every way to carry their points. One among the various schemes to insure safety is the establishment of first-class Radical newspapers in all the prominent cities, and in the proper time give them the Government patronage now bestowed upon the small concerns that have been advocating universal suffrage, social equality, etc., since the termination of the war, in the southern States. It is said that a Radical journal of prominence, or under the auspices of prominent members of the party, is to be established in Richmond shortly.

Not yet has the Government received in any quarter official information in regard to the reported massacre at Fort Buford, and owing to the fact that there is nothing positive and reliable on the subject, there is great uneasiness, much of which is shared by officers of the army and others who have friends on the frontier. It is the opinion of prominent army officers here that an extensive Indian war is inevitable. The rejection of ex-Senator Stockton as Minister to Austria was not unexpected.

It will be recollected that he was last season expelled on the ground of informality in his election. It appears, as heretofore stated, that it is the determination of the Senate not to allow the position of Mr. Motley to be filled by any of the President's friends.

The negroes in this district are making extensive preparations to celebrate the anniversary of their emancipation on the 16th instant. They will be joined by several colored associations from other cities. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Chandler still continues quite unwell. His illness is no doubt owing to severe application of the duties of his office. It was reported that he would resign on the first of this month; but it now appears that the Secretary is very unwilling or unable to do so at present, and should his health permit he will probably remain here until about the middle of next month. Some of his friends strongly favor him for the appointment as Minister to Austria. Tinox.

**OUR COLORED CITIZENS.**

A few months since, we were almost alone in our advocacy of equal rights for colored men. Now how changed. Now Wade Hampton, the rebel General, who fought so bravely to keep the cornerstone of the Confederacy in its proper place, addresses their meetings in a friendly spirit of political equality. Our exchanges of the Southern type, too, now speak in most respectful terms of "the freedmen," and had you been in that curiosity of a Convention, at Raleigh, you could have seen a sight that Barnum could not rival. That man—the pervading spirit of the whites in the Convention, whose landmark but recently was "unqualified opposition to what is called 'negro-suffrage,'" now smiling in his patronizing way, on those colored gentlemen who allowed themselves to be inveigled into that den. And there, too, was the redoubtable Seegien, C. L. Harris and W. D. Jones, who, but a few days since, voted to deny the colored men the right to testify in our Courts of justice; how lovingly they caress the "black man."

To the real, lifelong friend of the colored people, to the believer in equality, and to the lifelong abolitionist, this does not all look good for the colored voter. His vote is needed by those disloyal men; they cannot vote and they would reach their ends by his vote. He is a voter by the act of God and Congress, and let him stand upon his dignity and fear those who now begin to flatter and to caress. Watch these men, who vowed they would leave the State if the ballot were given you; who swore they never would vote again if the "nigger" voted. Such men once lived and rioted on the toll of the slave, and now they would use the vote of the freedmen to extricate themselves from the odium of treason. The colored man is not as keen as we credit him with, if he allows himself to become the dupe of such men; shrink from their caress!—Greensboro's Union Register, (Radical.)

**DESCRIPTIVE AND POINTED.**

The Richmond Examiner speaks of the military reconstruction laws as the late acts of Congress for the establishment of the republican party in the Southern States. The Richmond Whig, recognizing that negro suffrage is now a fact in the Southern States, says: "It matters not to us, therefore, how soon or by what means—whether by the vote of the people or by another congressional military bill, it becomes a fact in the other States. Upon the principle that misery loves company, we would, perhaps, rather see it introduced at the North—and by another military bill."

Mr. Barnum's "unrivaled" collection of curiosities is soon to receive an interesting addition. By way of inflicting a permanent and pleasing retaliation, he has ordered a series of wax figures illustrating "striking incidents" in the life of the editor of the Herald, who thus takes a place among the "moral monsters" of the Museum, and becomes a companion to the learned seal and boa constrictor. Capture of Owens.—Dr. L. J. Sloan, residing 12 miles from here, near the Steele Creek settlement, getting track of Owens, pursued him and induced him to surrender. Owens was brought here by Dr. Sloan, Mr. C. L. Torrance and Mr. Price. Charlotte Times.

Our readers will remember that this man Owens was charged with the murder of Mr. Withers. He is in jail waiting his trial. Night came brooding over the broad face of nature—the stars began to sparkle in the blue sky—and the holy calm seemed to give to repose, when I beheld scalded forth on the dark purposes of death. Many a raccoon that night met an untimely death. A writer declares that under the present system of female education, "daughters are becoming elegant ephians." A figure of speech.

**INTERESTING DISCOVERIES IN BELGIUM.**

A report to the Belgian Minister of the Interior by Messrs. Van Beneden and Dupont furnishes additional information regarding the curious researches in the primeval history of the human family that now occupy so large a portion of the attention of the scientific world. These gentlemen, who have long been engaged in the pursuit, have been rewarded by the discovery of what may be considered a model cave dwelling on the banks of the river Leuse. It is described as well lighted, traversed by a spring, easy to access, and its situation most picturesque—in short, possessing every requisite of a desirable family mansion for our troglodyte ancestors.

The evidences of occupation presented by the cavern are most numerous and important. The materials of the various stone implements found in immense numbers, fragments of minerals, flints, jet, shark's teeth, &c., show that the inhabitants must have enjoyed extended commercial relations with portions of Europe. Judging from the quantity of bones found in the cavern, the principal food of the cave dwellers, must have been horse flesh, as the teeth of more than forty horses were found. The bones of the water rat, badger, hare, boar, &c. &c. variety in diet was studied. The forearm of an elephant or mammoth found in the same dwelling is regarded by the discoverer, rather as a fetish or idolatrous charm placed in the hearth in the same manner as still practiced by some African nations. The worked flints, in various stages of manufacture, collected any more than 30,000. The cave appears to have been abandoned so suddenly that the inhabitants left behind them their tools, ornaments, and the remains of their meals. According to Mr. Dupont's theory, this must have arisen from the approach of the sudden inundation which covered the whole of Belgium and northern France, and swept away the generation of the cave people. Immediately after they left it, the roof and sides of the cave fell in, the pieces detached covering the floor, and thus preserving the remains from the action of the water undisturbed to this day. The writer reconstructs from the materials at hand, whose evidence seems incontrovertible, a striking picture of the condition and habits of the early race of men in Belgium—a state that seems to have prevailed over a greater part of Europe. The remaining unsettled point of investigation is the ancestral relation held by these primitive populations to the present race of man. It will need more extensive discoveries than have yet been made for its final settlement.—Nation.

**A Northern Woman's Experience in Alabama—The Negroes won't Live with Her.**

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Press. Alabama, March, 1867.—I have lived one year in the south, and no words can tell the contemptuous manner in which a southern female treats a northern lady when she meets her. Although we live in a thickly populated district, yet all my family have been seriously ill at one time, and not one white person has come near us, although the whole neighborhood were aware of our helpless condition. Taken altogether, they (the negroes) are a happy race; but they detest "poor white folks." Our superintendent's wife required the services of a young negro; while there are many here with nothing to do to keep them at home, yet she could not get the permission of the parents of any of them to take one simply because their child could not live with poor white folks. I would, if possible, relieve the minds of the people of the north with regard to the miserable condition of the negroes. I know none such; all who will can get work; it is only the idle and those who will not leave the cities and their attractions, but prefer standing on the sidewalks in groups with nothing to do and little more to eat, who suffer. There is work for all on plantations, where they will be comfortably housed and fed.

**CROCODILE SYLLOGISM.**

Amongst other famous ancient dialectic problems is the following dilemma, which is framed with wonderful ingenuity, the acuteness displayed in its construction being probably unsurpassed. It is called Syllogismus Crocodilius, and may be thus stated: An infant while playing on the bank of a river, was seized by a crocodile. The mother, bearing its cries, rushed to its assistance, and by her tearful entreaties obtained promise from the crocodile (who was obviously of the highest intelligence) that he would give it her back if she would tell him truly what would happen to it. On this, the mother (perhaps rashly) asserted: "You will not give it back!" The crocodile answers to this, "If you have spoken truly, I cannot give back the child without destroying the truth of your assertion; if you have spoken falsely, I cannot give back the child, because you have not fulfilled the agreement; therefore I cannot give it back whether you have spoken truly or falsely."

The mother retorted: "If I have spoken truly, you must give back the child, by virtue of your agreement; if I have spoken falsely, that can only be when you have given back the child; so that, whether I have spoken truly or falsely, the child must be given back." This remark is silent as to the issue of this remarkable dispute.

PURJURY.—In reply to the argument that a man who had sworn to support the Constitution could not vote under an unconstitutional act of Congress without committing perjury, the New York Times says:

We cannot see that their taking an oath to support the Constitution has anything whatever to do with this question, that oath does not forbid their obeying an unconstitutional law—though it might forbid their making one. They find a certain law in force—they are in no wise responsible for it—they had nothing to do with making it—they are merely the parties upon whom it is to take effect.—They avail themselves of power which it puts in their hands for their own protection against others whom it clothes with the same power. It requires very sharp optics to detect in this anything like "perjury."

**THE LINCOLN LEAGUE—IMPORTANT DISCLOSURE.**

We have but recently received information that the Union League of this section held a meeting prior to the 27th March, for the purpose of appointing a Delegate to represent the League in the Raleigh Convention.

It was suggested, we learn, that Mr. Holden would no doubt represent them faithfully if appointed, as their representative Delegate, but the League determined that they could not repose confidence in him, for when the question was put, only two voted for Mr. Holden. So that, it seems the colored men of Lincoln County are much more intelligent than some may have supposed they were; evidenced, by their prompt rejection of the name of the gentleman proposed. But, we must not close this brief notice without mentioning the fact as stated to us, that the chairman of the meeting delivered a sound and appropriate address as well as touching address to the League, which, if he has no objection and will place in our hands for publication we will insert in the Courier, free of charge.

"If, as it has been represented to us, the Speaker, (Mr. H.) really entertains the views he expressed, he is a reliable man and deserves the 'well done' of the entire community. We hope his influence will have a happy effect upon the newly franchised class.—Lincoln Courier.

**DECIDEDLY RICH.**

The New York Times, referring to the Mongrel assemblage recently convened at Raleigh, remarks: "Information has been received here from North Carolina that the recent so-called Union meeting held at Raleigh was sold out to the rebels. Of the ten white men selected as Committee on Resolutions, nine could not take the oath required by law. It was not a Delegate Convention, and only fifty-three of the eighty-nine counties in the State were represented. The members were selected by Governor Holden, and a few of his friends, without regard to political qualifications, other than that they were willing to endorse the policy of the Holdens. A convention of the unconditional white and black Unionists will soon be called, and there will be two tickets for delegates to the Constitutional Convention to be organized under the Reconstruction Bill, one of the Holdens and the other of the Unionists."

It may not be generally known by our fellow-citizens, especially by the colored population, that a number of the men who figured on the Committee, in the Convention referred to above, were (we have been credibly informed,) before and during the War, regular NEGRO TRADERS and NO-FEELERS. The former were always busy in buying likely young men and women, and regardless of parental ties or marital relations would drag their victims from every family tie, and in hand cuffs, frequently, hurry them off to Mississippi, Louisiana or elsewhere, to sell again on speculation. These are the persons, who after speculating and gambling in the flesh, muscle and bones of your Mother, Father, husband, wife, brother, or sister, now declare to you they are entitled to be your representative men.—Lincoln Courier.

PRESIDENT.—The Radicals care nothing for the negro. In Illinois and Ohio, during the recent session of the Legislatures of those States, composed of three-fourths Radical and one-fourth Democrats, a proposition to amend the Constitution of the respective States, so as to permit negroes to vote, was defeated, less than half the Radicals voting for it. They do not want the negro to vote, and they submit to the Southern States to let negroes vote because they believe the proposition will be rejected.—Cairo Democrat.