

Carolina Watchman.

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CHEAP LIGHTS.—We have tried the Aurora Fluid, sold at Dr. Poulson & Co's drug store, and find it to make the cheapest light we have ever used. With one pint we kept a lamp burning for six nights. Until bed time, we used the parlor lamp, which makes a light equal to at least two candles. From that time until morning (we keep a light in our private room all night) we used the safety lamp, burning at half price, and equal to about one candle. Dr. P. & Co. sell the fluid at 60 cts. per gallon, so that it will be observed that our lights for one week cost us 75 cts. The fluid is not explosive and is, therefore, free from the serious objections to kerosene in this particular, and much less offensive to the smell.

TROUBLE BREWING.

From what we have heard there is to be some trouble, in the matter of registration. Several gentlemen have told us, that they have been refused the privilege of exercising the right, contrary to the explanation, often published, of the Act. We give the following translation, from the Wilmington Journal; and it strikes us as being correct:

All males twenty-one years of age, who have resided in this State one year, and who have not been convicted of felony, or who, previous to the war, did not hold any State or Federal office, are entitled to register and vote, whether or not they engaged in the war or gave aid and comfort to the South.

If they held office, and did not afterward engage in the war, or aid the South, they are entitled to register and vote.

If they held office during or since the war, although they may have engaged in the war, or given aid to the South, they are entitled to register and vote. Those who at any time before the war held any civil office created by law for the administration of any general law of a State, or for the administration of justice, or "taken an oath as an officer of the United States," and afterwards engaged in the war or gave aid to the South cannot register or vote. This does not include those who held military offices—militia officers, therefore, are not excluded among the disfranchised.

It must be recollected that "engaged in the rebellion, or giving aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States," does not of itself disfranchise any one. This must have preceded by the holding of a State or Federal office previous to the war.

RADICALS.

The "Esquire" of Saturday says: "The case with us of the South is a very simple one, and may be very simply stated. The purpose of the radicals is to put the Southern States under negro control. The prescription of whites, military rule and universal negro suffrage are the expedients. The scheme is now in process of execution. If successful, it envelops the South in the blackness of night. It puts the government in the hands of utterly incapable persons, led by depraved mercenaries. It puts the power of taxation in the hands of paupers, who would thus have the means of confiscating for their own advantage, the property of people under the forms of law. In short, vice, ignorance and rapacity, inflamed by the animosities of race and caste, would be enthroned; while intelligence and virtue would be doomed to retirement and prostration, and industry and property to spoliation."

That more stringent legislation towards the South will grow out of the suspension of Mr. Stanton is plain to all reflecting men.—Washington Star.

A Radical organ thus admits that its party is governed, not by principle, but by a spirit of petty revenge in its government of the Southern States. Because Mr. Johnson has suspended a Radical Secretary of War, the southern States are to be punished. Does history furnish any precedent for malignity so despicable towards an unoffending people?

Doctor Cumming has several times predicted the end of the world and fixed the day for it to come off, but his predictions have always been false—the world would, in spite of him, roll on in its accustomed course. The Doctor's now, however, is determined to atone for the past, and acknowledged that in his predictions he was mistaken. He says that in revising the calculations on which he based the announcement of the world's ending in 1867, he discovered that he had overlooked figures which had something like a quibbling of years to the race which this mundane sphere has to run. To see the real day of the end of the world, therefore, we must wait a short time longer.

A terrible earthquake occurred on the Island of Java on June 10th.—It was ve-

ry destructive throwing down many buildings and killing many people. The losses are said to be incalculable. The sugar crop which had just been brought into the barns, is totally lost. A large number of Europeans and natives perished—the report says as many as three hundred. It was feared also that other parts of Java might be visited with earthquakes. Even at Batavia shocks were felt on the day the mail started. The rinderpest is also making great ravages among the cattle of Java.

A Colored Prophet Foretells the Woes of his People.

THE WHITE MAN SHALL JOIN A STRANGE NATION.

A correspondent living in Rawamba county, Mississippi, has sent us a curious prophecy recently made by a colored preacher named Lewis Saxton De Costa, and causing, it is said, immediate sensation among the blacks in that part of Mississippi. De Costa is a very old man, who claims to be the son of African parents; his father, who was a prince, having been, with Saxton's mother, kidnapped some distance up the Niger, by a slave, who sold them to Pedro Bianco, the great trader, at the Gallinas. They subsequently belonged to the De Costa estate, in Florida, where Lewis was raised. After forty years of slavery, he got his freedom by saving from a burning building the children of his mistress. He is said to be a man of remarkable purity of life, and an army officer (Captain Van Vleet) who heard him in Georgia declares that he was the most eloquent man he ever heard in his life. During the war he could not be induced to give aid to either the Federal or Confederate side, his unvarying reply being that it was his mission to comfort the hearts of his people. Widely known and everywhere regarded with extreme veneration by the blacks it is not strange that they should be deeply moved by his words.

A VISION.

Lo! my eyes are open and I see clearly. For many days I fasted and prayed; I put away from me all malice and sought to make my heart clear, my life before God. Also, the heart of man is prone to evil. Like the dumb ox, he learns wisdom slowly. I confessed my sins; I trust not in myself. Then wisdom came; my eyes saw the present and the future. The great books of time were opened. So profound was my astonishment that I hungered not, although I had fasted long. I asked the one who stood by me "what means these records?" The shining one said, "They are the lives of nations—mighty people that passed away and left no trace."

"Don't God always raise up those who have been debased," I asked. "No," he replied, "more often debasement goes before extinction; open their eyes and see the future of thy people. They are proud. They trust in themselves rather than in God. They have forgotten the gospel rule, 'bless your enemies, pray for those who wrong you.' They speak bitterly. They are led to hate. They are made to stand in hostile array. Look abroad now, and see the vision of the future."

Then I was lifted up and through the blue sky of a summer day, I saw all my people. I saw them working on plantations and in shops—I saw them in schools and churches. They were sometimes cheated, sometimes shamefully abused because they were black, but men wanted their labor, and they were slowly rising above wrong and prejudice.

Then there went forth two, bearing vials of wrath, and these they poured out upon the whole land. Then the sound of busy labor became hushed.—My people left the field and the workshop. Weeds choked up the cotton. The weeds smothered the corn. The workshops slept. Some lay all day under the shade trees in vain hope of some time taking all the property of the white man. Others crowded into liquor stores and spent their time in speaking bitterly of the bad past, and wishing for revenge.

The white people upon whom the vials of wrath were poured became bitter against the colored man. They said there are ten millions of us whites, while there are only five millions of these blacks. Why should we bear with them longer? They seek now to oppress us. They are our enemies. We will put such burden upon them that they will be driven out or blotted out as a people. We no longer need their labor. We can hire men from Asia. We can get these men who will work harder, and be glad to get for a year's work what we pay a black man for working one month.

Then I saw millions of people brought with exceeding swiftness from Asia; and they filled up the whole southern country, and they were everywhere preferred to colored men, and they settled in the land. Then hard laws were made against the blacks, and they became outcasts and vagabonds.

The angel brought me back to my own place and said, "They that seek strife and bitterness shall perish thereby," and I wept much for the calamities of my

people. A remnant may be saved if they seek peace with all men, and labor as God has appointed them.

LEWIS SAXTON DE COSTA.

A letter gives the following details of the assassination of Lopez, who betrayed Maximilian:

"I arrived here to-day, and learned the startling news of the assassination of the traitor Lopez. The particulars of the assassination are as follows: Lopez was stopping at a hotel in Puebla, where his wife spurned him from her presence. Early one morning a Mexican arrived, and familiarized himself with a hostler in a livery stable adjoining the hotel. Gen. Miguel Lopez was inquired for, but not being in, the stranger was told that the General would be at dinner. Before the dinner hour Lopez returned, and was pointed out to the stranger, who made special note of his man. When dinner was called, Lopez and his assassin occupied opposite seats at the table. After some minutes, during which time the stranger called for and drank a glass of wine, he deliberately rose, drew a concealed knife, and sprang upon Lopez and stabbed him nine times. The stranger then took his hat, and, as he started to leave, said: 'This is the way all traitors should be paid.' No one interfered, or prevented the assassin from leaving.—Thus was the blood of Maximilian, Miramoa, Mejia, yea and thousands of others, avenged."

This report is regarded as authentic.

SERVED THEM RIGHT.

Since the election of Tennessee, thousands of negroes have been discharged by their white employers because they voted for the infamous Brownlow. The radicals sympathize deeply with these unemployed laborers, but they give them not one cent to support them in their idleness. White men, neither in Tennessee nor elsewhere, can be expected to give employment to negroes who aid in destroying the material prosperity of the country and join a pack of adventurers and knaves in reducing them to beggary and in depriving them of all the privileges and rights of freemen. In New England, the cotton manufacturers are all radicals; and last spring the radical manufacturers of Connecticut discharged almost every white man employed by them who had voted the democratic ticket. They said they could not employ men who voted against their interests. Neither can Southern men give employment to those who vote for their disfranchisement and degradation.

HONDURAS—THE AMERICAN SETTLEMENTS.

A correspondent of the Nassau Guardian writes with much enthusiasm respecting the American settlements recently established in Honduras, as follows:

A glorious future seems to be arising for Honduras. An immense flow of immigrants from the Southern States of America have arrived with their wives and families and implements of industry, and are now buying large tracts of land to settle upon. Several gentlemen of influence among them have been to Belize on their behalf, to visit the surrounding country, and select township and locations. The Governor, Colonel Hunt, R. M. and Mr. Faber, the crown surveyor, have been on a journey with them, and the result of this has been that two township have been selected; the one is to be called Port Austin, the other Buena Vista. The former will make an excellent harbor on the bay—the other up the Belize river, on the western frontier, will be an excellent check on the encroachments of the Indians, who will find the Southerners rather more tough and decisive than the English settlers, with whom they have been in the habit of meeting. Each of these townships is to be populated with 500 persons within two years, and important considerations are held out to immigrants by way of encouragement; for instance, for opening up the river and clearing the bed for navigation, they are to have a five years' conclusive right to the navigation of it; if they put on a steamer they are to receive from the public treasury \$100 per trip (twice a week) as a sort of subsidy, and all their furniture, lumber, implements and chattels are to be landed in Belize free of all duty. It therefore appears to us that if the colonists will only be liberal and offer these immigrants solid advantages, Honduras will in a few years be one of the richest of the West India Colonies.

THE WHITE SULPHUR.

The Richmond Dispatch has a good correspondent in the mountains.—Listen at the following:

The best "Sally Lund" and richest widow are at the Alum. The meanest tenpin alley is at the Hot. The Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, is at the Sweet. He is a lineal descendant of the Dutchman who dug down their "dykes." The "old flag" did not scare him. Little curls in front are fashionable here. They are made by spitting on the hair and rolling over the little finger. The laundry uses washboards. The caterer at the

Alum is short and can't see his feet.—Gen. Joe Johnston came to the Hot one evening—fell back to Alum next day.—The latest style is for the ladies in the cabins, when it rains too much to attend the dance, to send the dresses they would have worn to be hung in the ball room. They bring them over in a covered spring-wagon kept for the purpose.—There's a "kitten" tiger at the Alum. The best fare and the smallest company are at the Healing. Blacking shoes is ten cents here. Short dresses are fashionable for ladies with small feet; trails for fat ankles. There is a real Bengal tiger here; he bit a youngster the other night "cause he kept foolin' wid him." Heard Hoge—he's a regular rified Parrott with patent sights—trees the fellows in front, and goes clean across after the stragglers and quartermasters. A Baltimore sample clerk thinks Lee the greatest captain of the age—the General had bowed to a crowd he was in. The Yankees didn't get all the jewelry. Woodward here is the same Monsieur Soyer that fixed up a venison steak out of a mutton for some rich old Southerners. They would have given him all their estates, but they invested everything in Confederate bonds.

Selecting Seed Corn.—An Illinois correspondent of the Independent writes: Last spring and early summer there was some discussion about selecting seed-corn. Some advised shelling the tips off and reserving the middle of the ear for planting. One man said one grain on the same cob is as good as another. Had been a raiser of corn he would have known better. Some ten years ago I planted an ear of corn to test the difference between the produce of the kernels of both ends and the middle of the same ear, and will give you the result. The soil was just alike, the cultivation the same, and the crop very different. I planted the first rows from the large end of the ear, the next two rows from the middle, and the last two rows from the tip or small end; and planted all the same morning. The large end produced fair sized ears, with irregular rows, such as you will find them at that end of the ear. The middle kernels produced large ears, mostly straight-rowed and fair. The which brought forth nubbins only; there was not a fair ear on the two rows of corn. This is an experimental fact which you may use as you please. I have raised corn more or less for forty years; and now plant only about half, or at most two-thirds, of the kernels on each ear of corn; and I generally raise good crops.

Sympathy.—If the image of my friend rises up spontaneously, as it were, in the mind, and dwells there like an actual presence, so that every lineament of the countenance, every glance of the eye, is represented as vividly as if they were indeed before me, and the sound of their voice is in my ear, I firmly believe that at the very moment that person is thinking of me. This is sympathy. Why, if this is not the case, does that phantom rise up uncalled for by any previous word, thought, or association? I pressed, with this delightful conviction, I hold sweet communion with the absent, and in the atmosphere of thought enjoy the purest sensation.

THE OLD GUARD FOR SEPTEMBER.

The September number of THE OLD GUARD has been received by the editor; "The Battles of Virginia" and "Jocelyn" are continued. The story of "Ailverley" is concluded. "The Mongrel Republics of America," by Dr. Van Evrie, is an important resume of the Mexican question. "The Catechism of the Constitution" is continued. The Book Table, the Editor's Table and some pieces of poetry complete a very readable number. Single copies sent, post paid, for 25 cents. For sale by all News Dealers. Van Evrie, Horton & Co., Publishers, No. 162 Nassau St., N. Y.

Early Rising.

Every circumstance contributes to render early rising advisable to those who are in the enjoyment of health. There is no time equal in beauty and freshness to the morning, when nature has just parted with the gloomy mantle which night had flung over her, and stands before us like a young bride, from whose aspect the veil which covered her loveliness has been withdrawn.

Two Irishmen were at work in a bog, when one of them fell on a piece of quicksand and began to sink. His companion, frightened, ran for assistance, and finding a farmer, begged him to bring a rope and come before it was too late. "He is already in up to his ankles," exclaimed the friend in despair. "Oh," said the farmer, reassured, "then there is plenty of time." "Not a moment, for you see he went in head foremost."

The Decay of Nature.—How dreadful that the fairest of created things bear, in their very loveliness, the seal and sign of their decay!

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Sheridan Orders an Election.

New Orleans, Aug. 18, P. M.—Sheridan's anticipated election order was issued yesterday. It provides two days for the election, Sept. 27 and 28.

The Convention is to be composed of ninety-eight members. The boards of registration are ordered to revise the rolls immediately. The registration will take place fourteen days before the election. The number of representatives in each Parish is designated.

Should violence or fraud be perpetrated at any of the voting precincts on the day of the election, the offenders will be punished in the severest manner and the election within such precincts will be held over again under the protection of United States Troops.

Foreign News.

London, Aug. 18.—Parliament will be prolonged on Wednesday next.

From Washington.

Washington, Aug. 18.—Commodore Kitty releases Rear Admiral Rowan, the Commander of the Norfolk Navy Yard, who will command the Atlantic Squadron.

Pope writes General Grant a letter making two solid eulogies. The letter of B. H. Hill, of Georgia furnishes the text.

The following paragraph occurs:

"It is my duty, however, to state that in my judgment, the condition of affairs in the Southern States, even should reconstruction be satisfactorily accomplished, will of a necessity, be a reproduction in a more or less modified degree, of what now exists in Tennessee, unless some measures are adopted to free the country of the turbulent and disloyal leaders of the reactionary party. Whilst these persons remain in the country to exercise the baleful influence they undoubtedly possess, there can be no peace."

Sixty clerks of whom one half were females, have been discharged from the Treasury Department for want of work.

The Indian Commissioners reached Omaha yesterday, held a secret session and proceeded up the river.

Proposed Meeting of Editors.

Augusta, Aug. 18, P. M.—The "Telegraph and Messenger" of Macon, requested the Conservative Editors in the third Military District to meet in Macon, on the 23d instant for the purpose of taking some action in reference to General Pope's Order No. 49. The "Intelligencer," at Atlanta, and the "Chronicle and Sentinel," of Augusta, approve the suggestion.

From Richmond.

Richmond, Aug. 18 1867.—The City Council last evening adopted a protest to General Schofield against the City having to support the pauper negroes who have immigrated to the City since the war.

The order suspending the Freedmen's Bureau rations throws this class of negroes on the Cities of the South where they chance to reside.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis arrived here last evening.

Removal of Sheridan—Thomas Assigned to the Fifth District.

Washington, Aug. 19.—The President has assigned Gen. Thomas to the command of the 5th. Gen. Hancock to the Department of Cumberland, and Sheridan to the Department of Missouri. It is understood that the orders will issue from the War Department to-day.

Mr. Plumb proceeds to Mexico as Charge d'affaires, relieving Otterburg.

Roger A. Pryor publishes an affidavit, denying any personal knowledge of Conover and his confederates. They were never at his office.

Nearly six inches of rain fell here during the recent storm.

By the Cable.

The Vienna "Gazette" says that an alliance will be effected between Austria and France, if Prussia and Russia become allies.

The Emperor and Empress of the French, the Emperor and Empress of Austria, and the King of Bavaria, met at Salzburg, on the 18th. The Emperor of Austria gave a grand State dinner.

From New York.

New York, Aug. 19.—A patch on the boiler of the steamer "Palisade" blew out to-day as she was leaving for Fort Lee. There were five hundred persons aboard. None were hurt.

Several vessels with sickness aboard were quarantined yesterday. They contained nothing contagious however, so far as known.

The "Herald" special says that Grant has already assigned several of Stanton's favorite subordinates to active duty.

RUM'S DOINGS.

A woman went to a wood-yard on a very cold day and asked to see the head man. He came forward. "Sir," said she, "can you let me have a quarter of a cord of wood for that, handing him a piece of money: "my children are freezing."

The man looked closely at her. "Why, are you not Seth Blake's wife?" "Yes, sir, I am," said the woman. "How does it happen that you are in such low circumstances?" asked the man. "Sir," answered Mrs. Blake, "it was rum that did it."

"That's bad," said the man. "Yes, sir, it is bad. My children are starving, and rum did that. My children are ragged, and rum did that. My children are growing up outside of the Church, outside of the Sabbath School, outside of the day school; and rum does that. My husband, once kind and indu-

trious, is now a vagabond, and rum did it. My heart is broke, and rum did that." And the poor woman sank down on a log of wood, the picture of want and woe.

Nor did the rough woodman keep his eyes dry, for he remembered the time when Seth Blake was a promising young printer. He married a nice woman, and the young couple started in life with as fair a prospect of comfort and happiness as a young couple could well have. They had seats in the Methodist Church, too, and used to be seen listening to the word of God.

But Seth had a weak point. He would sometimes "drink." He did not quite believe in total abstinence.

The habit gained on him; it mastered him; it enervated him; and, what is worse, a drunkard's family has to share a drunkard's shame and degradation; and, worst of all, drunkenness ruins the soul.

PUT THESE IN YOUR HAT.

To believe a business impossible is the way to make it so.

The current coin of life is plain common sense.

He who depends upon another dines ill and supes worse.

A pilot is not chosen for his riches, but his knowledge.

If a man deceives you once shame on him. If a man deceives you twice, shame on you.

If you take the devil in your boat you must carry him over the sound.

The dog wags his tail not for you but the bread.

If you pay beforehand, your work will be poorly done.

He is your friend who speaks well behind your back.

The fish is soon caught that nibbles at every bait.

If you would be nothing, just wait to be something.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and always will be your best wealth.

ONE GLASS OF WINE.

The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, was inheritor of whatever rights the royal family could transmit. He was a noble young man—physically and intellectually a noble. One morning he invited a few companions with him as he was about to take his departure from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank too much wine. He did not become intoxicated; he was not in any respect a dissipated man. His character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he drank a glass too much. He lost the balance of his body and mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered the carriage. The horses ran away. But for that extra glass he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage. But for that extra glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet. His head struck the pavement. Senseless, bleeding, he was taken into a beer shop and died. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of one hundred millions of dollars, and sent the whole family into exile.

A young lady school teacher in Indiana was lately endeavoring to impress upon her scholars the terrible effects of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar. She told them that for seven years he ate grass just like a cow. Just then a small boy asked: "Did he give milk?"

A FOMER CITIZEN.

The Hon. Edward Stanley, formerly a Representative from North Carolina in the Federal Congress, and during the War, Military Governor of that portion of the State in Federal occupancy is making speeches against Gorham, the Republican nominee for Governor of California. Mr. Stanley opposes the reconstruction policy of Congress, but favors qualified negro suffrage.

When asked how he got out of prison, witty rouse replied: "I got out of my cell by ingenuity, ran up stairs with agility, crawled out of the back window in secret, slid down the lightning-rod with rapidity, and am now basking in the sunshine of liberty!"

A SINGLE SENTENCE.—It was only a single sentence that fell upon the ears of the servant in the family of Payson, as she brought to him a glass of water, during one of his days of illness. "May you never ask in vain for a drop of water to cool your tongue." It was but a word, a brief sentence, yet it proved a word of salvation to the person to whom it was addressed.

A dancer once said to Socrates: "You cannot stand on one leg so long as I can." "True," replied the Philosopher, "but a goose can."

The newspaper is a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor, and a blessing to every body. Lord Brougham called it "the public instructor."

Married, at the residence of the bride's father, in Sumner county, Tennessee, on the 2nd of July, Mr. Ebenezer Sweet to Miss Jane Lemon.

"How happily extremes do meet,
In Jane and Ebenezer,
She is no longer sour but sweet,
And he's a Lemon-squeezer."

Says Andrew J. to Edwin M.
"You'd just resign and I'll accept it,"
Says Edwin M. to Andrew J.
"I'll keep my place as I have kept it."

Boston Advertiser.

Says Andrew J. to Edwin M.
"If you don't leave you'll be supplanted."
Says Edwin M. to Andrew J.
"Here take the place—my leave is Grant-ed."