

# The Monroe Enquirer.

VOL. IV.

MONROE, N. C., MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1877.

NO. 46.

## Selected Poetry.

### A MOTHER'S DIARY.

Morning! Baby on the floor,  
Making for the fender;  
Sunlight seems to make it sneeze,  
Baby "on a bender!"  
All the spoons upset and gone,  
Chairs drawn in to file,  
Harnessed strings all strung across,  
Ought to make one smile.  
Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue,  
(How these charms will dwindle!)  
For I rather think don't you—  
Baby "is a swindle?"

Noon! A tangled, silken floss,  
(Getting in the blue eyes;  
Aprons that will not keep clean,  
If a baby tries!)  
One blue shoe untied, and one  
Underneath the table;  
Chairs gone mad, and blocks and toys,  
Well as they are able;  
Baby in a high chair, too,  
Yelling for his dinner.  
Spoon in mouth! I think—don't you—  
Baby "is a sinner?"

Night! Charlie all set back again,  
Blocks and spoons in order;  
One blue shoe beneath a mat,  
Tells of a marauder;  
Apron folded on the chair,  
Plaid dress torn and wrinkled,  
Two pink feet kicked pretty bare,  
Little fat knees crinkled;  
In his crib and conquered, too,  
By sleep, best evangel.  
Now I surely think—don't you—  
Baby is an angel?

## Selected Story.

### HOW SHE CAME TO HAVE HIM.

"So you won't have me, Nellie? You are sure you won't marry me?"  
Pretty little Mrs. Nellie Willard looked meditatively out of the window into the quiet village street, as if among the leafless trees and on the frost-bound landscapes she should find the answer to Horace Levison's question.

Then, after a moment, she turned her face toward him—a face as fresh and fair in its peachy bloom as many a young girl's ten years her junior.  
"I—I am—afraid I can't, Mr. Levison."

Mr. Levison looked her straight in her bright blue eyes—such lovely blue eyes, soft as velvet, and the color of a violet that has bloomed in the shade.

"You are—afraid—you can't, Mrs. Willard? Answer me another question—yes or no—do you love me?"  
She blushed and smiled, and looked bewitchingly.

"Why, Mr. Levison, I mean Harry, of course I do like you! I always did, ever since I first knew you, years and years ago."

Then Will Willard won the prize all we fellows were striving for! So you liked me then, Nellie, and you like me now! Then why won't you marry me? You have been a widow for three years now. Isn't that long enough to mourn the virtues of the departed?"

"You wicked man! As if three hundred years could ever teach me to forget poor dear Wilson?"

Her bright eyes reproved him very sharply, and he accepted with good grace.

"Granting the truth, Nellie, that your deceased husband was a good fellow and a loving partner, still I cannot see why you refuse me. That is the subject under consideration at present, Nellie! Why won't you marry me?"

Then Mrs. Willard's face grew a little paler, and her plump fair hands trembled.

"Because, Harry, because Wilson Willard made me promise never to marry again."

"Stuff and nonsense! What if he did? A bad promise is better broken than kept."

Mrs. Willard twisted her ring uneasily, and looked at the illuminated field of the stone.

"I know it is," she said, slowly,—"but—"

Mr. Levison looked very earnestly at her.

"Yes—but what, Nellie? In all respect I say it—poor Will is dead and gone, and you've been true to his memory all these long years, and what has he to do with you now?"

"I know," she said again, meditatively,—"but—but Harry, he made me solemnly promise never to marry again under penalty of his everlasting displeasure. And—don't be angry with me, Harry, will you? But I almost know he'd appear to me?"

The lovely blue eyes were lifted in such piteous appeal to his, and the pretty little widow made such a nervous little nestling nearer to him, that it was the most human thing in the world for Mr. Levison to put his arm protectingly around her and assure her he was not angry with her.

"So you believe he would haunt you, Nellie, if you broke your promise? A sensible little woman like you to veritably believe in such superstitious fol-de-rol! And after having waited for you ten years of your married life, and three years of your widowhood, you condemn me to hopelessness for the sake of such a chimera—for the sake of such a shadow of your husband's ghost!"

And Nellie looked imploringly at him again, and her lips quivered, and the tears stood in great crystals on her long lashes.

"Oh, Harry, how cruel you are!—You know I love you better than all the world, only—I dare not marry again! Don't be angry—please don't be angry with me!"

And Mr. Levison looked down at her lovely face, and assured her he never could be angry with her, and then went away, heaving silent maledictions on the head of the defunct husband who had been tyrant enough to burden his lovely young wife with such a promise.

The last sunset rays were flinging their golden and scarlet pennons on the pale, blue gray sky, when Mr. Levison opened the door of his cozy sitting-room, at home, to be met by the laughing face and gay welcome of a young gentleman, who had evidently been making himself at home while he waited.

"Heigho, Levison! Surprised to see me? How are you, old fellow—how are you?"

Mr. Levison stared a second, then greeted him warmly.

"Fred Willard! Where, in the name of good, did you spring from? Why, I thought you were not to sail from England for a good six months yet. Old boy, bless you, I'm glad to see you, although, on the instant, I confess I was startled—you are the living image of your brother Wilson. We have been discussing ghosts, you know."

Young Willard's eyes gleamed mischievously, as he interrupted irreverently.

"He is good, Lev. You mean my pretty little sister-in-law, of course? I know she religiously believes in 'em. I know I am impatient to see her—for the first time since Will's funeral."

Mr. Levison had been looking thoughtfully at the embers glowing, like melted rubies, behind the silver bars of the grate; now he turned suddenly to Fred and laid his hand persuasively on his shoulder.

"See here, Fred; you are a friend of mine, and I am about to put your friendship to the test. I want you to do me a great favor; will you?"

Fred laughed.

"Will I? Of course I will. What's up?"

And Mr. Levison turned the keys of the doors, and the consultation lasted until the housekeeper rang the dinner bell.

Five hours later, the moon was just creeping over the tops of the trees, making a perfect flood of silver gold glory on the quiet scene, and Mrs. Willard, with a fleecy white zephyr shawl and her crepe brown hair, was standing at the kitchen door on her return from a tour of inspection to the snug little barn and carriage-house which she had personally seen was secure for the night ever since her husband's death.

Her cheeks were flushed to the tint of an oleander flower by the keen kiss of the frosty air, and her eyes were glowing like blue fires as she stood there one moment in the broad band of white moonlight that lay athwart the floor like a silent blessing. Then, with a little involuntary exclamation at the perfect beauty of the night, she went in, locked the door after her, for her three servants were all retired for the night, and she gave a little shriek, for, standing in the self-same accustomed place he was wont to occupy, and looking as natural as if it were himself in the flesh, was her husband.

She stifled her shriek, and tried bravely to feel brave, but her heart was tearing around very undisciplinedly as she realized that she was looking upon a bona-fide ghost—a veritable inhabitant of the land of eternal shadows.

"Will," she said, faintly, with her hand tight on the handle of the door. "Will, is it you?"

His voice was precisely as it had been in the old days—mellow, musical, and a little domineering—Will's, undeniably, unmistakably.

"Who should it be but I, Nellie, and come on purpose to communicate with you."

"Yes," she gasped; "but what for? I have tried—I have done everything that I thought you could wish. There is nothing wrong, Will?"

The pale moonlighted face, the speckless black suit, the spotless linen, the very same in which he had been buried, the low, familiar voice—it almost paralyzed Nellie; and yet, aided by the very material contact of the door knob, she stood her ground, and listened.

"Nothing is wrong with you, Nellie, but with me. I can't rest in my grave knowing the wrong I unintentionally did you in binding you to perpetual widowhood for my sake. I come to revoke my decision, to give you my full permission to marry again, and my advice to marry Harry Levison. Promise me you will do it, and I will rest peacefully forever."

"Oh, Will! if you say so—if you think it best—yes!—yes, I will!"

Her face was pale enough now to have passed for a ghost herself.

"Go look at the big clock in the dining-room, Nellie, and see if it is near the stroke of twelve."

She went dumbly, mechanically at his behest; and when she came back, he was gone, and the moonlight streamed in on an empty room.

Then the reaction followed, and Nellie flew up to her bedroom and locked the door, and covered her head and sobbed and cried hysterically, until her overwrought nerves found relief in sleep.

The next day Mr. Levison sent a little note over, apologizing for his seeming discourtesy in not coming to tell her good-bye on his sudden departure for an indefinite time, and telling her that her cruel decision never to marry again had been the cause of it, and that they might never meet again, etc., etc.

To which Nellie, all pale, alarmed and crimson with confusion, penciled an answer assuring him that she had changed her mind, and begging him to come over to lunch, to see her and meet her brother-in-law, who had only just arrived from Europe.

Of course Mr. Levison came, and it did not take two minutes to settle it, nor did he laugh at her when she solemnly related her experience of the night before.

"For it was his ghost, Harry, just as true as I am alive and speaking to you!"

"A jolly old—I mean a thoughtful, pains-taking spirit, Nellie! Bless his ghostship, will hold him in eternal remembrance."

Nor did his countenance change a feature, nor even when he and Nellie and Fred Willard discussed the marvelous obliging kindness of the departed.

Nor did he prevaricate, blushing Mrs. Nellie over for a moment during that her visitant was Fred himself, assisted by a wig and false whiskers—nor was there any need that she should know, for her happiness was secured, her conscience at ease.

Still Ahead.

Solemn-looking Detroit, dressed as a laborer, enters a grocery on Michigan avenue, carrying chest of tea in his arms, and as he puts it on the counter he says:

"Found it in a lumber pile near the Junction this morning. I see from the marks that it belongs to you. Had you missed it?"

"Well—ahem—well," coughs the grocer.

"It's your chest of tea, of course, and I want no reward for returning it. 'Tis right, and I try to do the fair thing by everything."

"Yes—ahem—needn't let this get into the papers—ahem—nor speak to the police—ahem—and take this dollar for your trouble."

The chest was hidden under the counter till a leisure moment arrived, and then the grocer opened it in search of fifty pounds of Oolong, Japan or best green. The contents consisted of saw-dust—nice, clean saw-dust of the highest workmanship. It was only a dollar swindle, and why did that grocer kick the chest across the store, slam the stove around, and yell to his meek-faced clerk:

"Boy, I'm a good mind to discharge you for this!"

## Miscellaneous.

### "Fried Cat."

Uncle Abner Smith used to be fond of telling the following story of his neighbor, Jabez Buckston:

Jabez Buckston was a builder by trade—properly a carpenter—but as he always employed several hands to work under him, he called himself a Builder. He was a self-sufficient, fault-finding man, never apparently so content as when he could pick up occasion to fret and scold. And yet Jabez was good at the bottom. He meant to deal justly. The unpleasant part of him was in the crust.

One day, as Jabez was going to his work, in passing his butcher's stall, he saw a fine quarter of veal exposed. He was very fond of veal, and he directed the butcher to take the quarter to his house and tell his wife that some of it should be prepared for dinner.

Now when the good wife received that quarter of veal, with injunctions to have some of it prepared for dinner, she knew what was to come. She knew, from bitter experience, that let her cook it as she would, her husband would find fault and scold because it had not been cooked in some other way. She meditated upon the subject and finally resolved to take the bull by the horns. She knew all her husband's idiosyncrasies—she knew just how he would talk, and just what form the vapors of his fuss would take. She had heard him too often to be mistaken.

"Samuel," she said, to her son, didn't you say that Mrs. Smith wanted you to kill her old tomat?"

"Yes—and she said I might have the skin if I'd kill it."

"Well, Samuel, if you'll go over and get that cat and kill it, and take off the skin, and bring me the carcass, you may keep the skin, and I'll give sixpence."

Sammy went away to his sanguinary work, and Mrs. Buckston turned her attention to the cooking of the veal.

At noon Jabez came home, brusque and rampant. Signs of war were upon his brow.

"Well, wife," he said, "did you get the veal I sent home?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And how have you cooked it?"

He lifted the cover from a dish on the table as he spoke, and saw what was beneath.

"Bah! Fried it, upon my soul! I knew you'd spoil it for my eating. What do you suppose I sent home those capers for the other day? You know I told you I liked them with roast veal!"

"Certainly, my dear," replied the good wife, with a smile, "and I have roasted you a piece of the veal on purpose that you might enjoy your capers." And she placed upon the table a daintily browned and fragrant piece of the meat roasted.

"Phaw! Idiot!" cried the husband, exasperated, "do you suppose I want roasted meat every day? Didn't we have roast beef yesterday? You ought to know by this time that my favorite dish of veal is a stew, with onions."

"Certainly, my dear husband, I did know it; and I have prepared you one of the best stews that was in my power to make." And she set upon the table her best tureen and exposed the steaming stew.

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Buckston, driven to forgetfulness of all propriety by being thus repeatedly headed off. "Stewed veal from a hind-quarter! I thought you knew better. Good gracious! I'd rather have a piece of fried cat!"

"What?"

"I say, I'd rather have a piece of fried cat!"

Now this was a frequent expression with Jabez Buckston. If he ever wished to express supreme disgust at his wife's culinary efforts, he was sure to declare his preference for fried cat to the mess she had prepared.

"My dear husband," said Mrs. Buckston, with the most satisfied and placid of smiles, "I have not lived all these years with you without having learned your tastes, and I have resolved to please you if possible. Mrs. Smith has long wanted her old cat killed, and Sammy this morning did the deed; and here I have a piece of that cat fried as nicely as ever cat was fried. I now trust you will be able to make a dinner."

And thus speaking she placed upon the table a shallow dish upon which appeared the four quarters of an under-sized quadruped, with the claws garnishing the rim of the dish so that the feline character of the flesh might not be mistaken.

As I have said before, Jabez Buckston was good at the bottom, and this last shot completely disarmed him. Instead of becoming angry, he saw how unreasonable he had been; and he saw moreover, that his wife was up with him. He surrendered with good grace. He gulped a little, and his color came and went several times; but finally he said:

"Wife, I give in. You've got me on the hip, dead sure."

And from that time Jabez Buckston never found fault with his wife's cooking.

## Successful Men.

Who are they? They are those men who, when boys, were compelled to work, either to help themselves or their parents, and who, when a little older, were under the stern necessity of doing more than their legitimate share of labor; who, as young men, had their wits sharpened by having to devise ways and means of making their time more available than it would be under ordinary circumstances. Hence in reading the lives of eminent men who have greatly distinguished themselves, we find their youth spent in self-denials of food, sleep, rest and recreation. They sat up late, rose early to the performance of imperative duties; doing by daylight the work of one man, and by night that of another. Said a banker of high integrity the other day, and who started in life without a shilling: "For years I was in my place of business at sunrise, and often did not leave it for fifteen or eighteen hours."

Let not then any youth be discouraged if he has to make his own living, or even to support a widowed mother or sick sister, or unfortunate relatives; for this has been the road to eminence of many a proud name. This is the path which men have often trod—thorny enough at times, at others so beset with obstacles as to be almost impassable, but the way way cleared, sunshine came, success followed—then they are renowned.

## How it is Managed.

The history of a day in the Asylum may not be uninteresting to its friends. There are now 106 orphans in the institution, all in excellent health. They rise at 5 o'clock at this season of the year, and have 40 minutes for washing and dressing; the bell then summons them in chapel for prayers; 20 minutes for prayers and the bell rings for study-hour; at seven for breakfast, when the children form in line, girls in one row, boys in another, and file in to breakfast, where the teacher on duty receives them, asks the blessing and sees that the wants of each child is attended to. No talking is permitted; the children raise their hands when anything is wanted. At 20 minutes before 9 o'clock the bell rings for school, and the children repair to their respective form-rooms. The morning session is 3 hours and 20 minutes, including 20 minutes recess. At 12 o'clock school is out for the morning. At 12.20 the dinner bell rings, when the same order is observed as at breakfast. The evening session begins at 2 o'clock and continues to 5 o'clock, with 20 minutes recess. At 5.20 supper; from 7 to 8 singing; at 8 prayers, then they are off to bed, and silence at 9 closes the day.—Orphan's Friend.

An editor, puffing air-tight coffins, said: "No person having tried one of these will ever use any other."

It is said the disagreeable smell made by cabbage when cooking may be annihilated by putting a tiny piece of washing soda, not larger than the top of a lead pencil in the pot.

It has been discovered that you may cure toothache by dissolving half a drachm of bi-carbonate of soda in an ounce of water and holding the solution in your mouth.

"Illustrated with cuts!" said a mischievous urchin as he drew his knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts!" repeated the schoolmaster, as he laid his cane across the back of the mischievous urchin.

"That point is not well taken," as the country school-master observed when he sat down on a pin.

Billings says, "I spell it 'kaupphy' and Webster spells it 'coffee.' I can't tell which is right, Web or me."

"Mamma," said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, is it done when it is brown?"

"Sam, why don't you talk to your master, and tell him to lay up treasures in Heaven?" "What's de use of layin' treasures up dar? He never see um again."

"Piety," remarked an Arkansas preacher to his congregation the other day, "does not consist in noise. The Lord can see you give to the needy just as easily as he can hear you pray the roof off."

"It's nice to have slippers given to you," said the naughty boy who had just been corrected for lying, when he saw the fine pair his big brother received from his girl; "but it makes all the difference how you take them."

"Where was John Rogers burned to death?" asked a teacher in school. "Joshua knows," replied a little girl at the foot of the class. "Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell." "In the fire," said Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

"So there's another rupture of Mount Vociferous," said Mrs. Pertington, as she put the paper down and put up her spears. "The paper tells us about the burning rather running down the mountain, but it don't tell how it got on fire."

BULL-DOZING DEFINED.—"Do you know what bull-dozing is?" asked a man of an old farmer. "I thought I did," said the granger, "but the bull wasn't doing. He was only making believe, and being in the middle of a forty-acre lot, I naturally had to make pretty quick time to reach the fence ahead of him."

At a prayer meeting in a Providence church recently Deacon — arose and expressed himself as follows: "My friends, with great sorrow and regret I have just learned of the decease of our beloved Brother —. Let us now sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessing flow.'"

Do you really believe, Mr. Podkins, that anybody could make a head from butter?" asked the landlady. "Well, yes, ma'am, I should think they might," said Podkins, as he pushed back his individual butter-plate; "somebody has got as far as the hair with this."

A St. Louis school boy gave his teacher this excellent definition of "responsibility": "Boys have two buttons for their s'penders so's to keep their pants up. When one button comes off, why there's a good deal of responsibility on the other button."

A clothier in Danbury, Conn., excited public curiosity by having a large apple painted on his sign. When asked for an explanation he quietly inquired: "If it hadn't been for an apple where would the ready-made clothing stores be to-day?"

Rowland Hill was once requested to preach a sermon to the elect. He promptly replied: "Have the goodness to mark the elect with a piece of chalk, that I may know them, and I will preach to them." The request was not insisted on.

Lady (to shopman, after making him turn over all the stock):—"There, that's exactly the quality I want, but it is green, and I wanted plum color." Insinuating shopman—"You can't do better than take this. Besides, ma'am, it is plum color. Lady—"What? Plum color?" Shopman—"Certainly. Ohly the plums are not ripe."

The following story is told in illustration of the present confused style of dressing boys and girls, especially in regard to hats: An old man, shocked by seeing a boy, as he thought, with his hat on in church, addressed him thus: "You bad and wicked boy, why don't you take off your hat in the church?" To which he received the reply: "If you please, s'r, I'm a little girl."



# The Monroe Enquirer

W. C. WOLFE, Editor and Proprietor.

MONROE, N. C., APRIL 23, 1877.

## LOUISIANA MATTERS

THE TROOPS TO BE REMOVED.

WASHINGTON, April 20.

The Herald's special says: Packard still maintains a bold front, and claims he has abundance of rations, means and friends to hold his ditch until the President is compelled to flood it. His Legislators, he thinks, will come to him after the Nicholls Legislature adjourns. He expects to re-establish his quorum, elect a short term Senator and transfer the case to Washington. The dispatch continues: The Packard Legislature caucus to-night sent a proposition to Nicholls' people, offering to dissolve, provided, the seventeen now unrecognized returning board members be paid their mileage and per diem. The Democrats assented to the proposition, and it said by one of the members of the Commission, that Varnum and McMillan, and their friends will take seats in the Nicholls Legislature to-morrow. The bullying faction will still hold out a long with Packard.

The President telegraphed to the Commission to day, that, in response to the request contained in Gov. Nicholls' letter the order for the withdrawal of the troops to their barracks would be issued forthwith.

## The Quo Warranto.

A New York dispatch says that gentlemen fully in the confidence of Governor Tilden, and fresh from an interview with him, aver that the institution of legal proceedings to oust President Hayes has been strongly advocated by David Dudley Field, and strongly discussed by friends of Mr. Tilden, but that Mr. Tilden himself has never seriously thought of such a thing. Mr. Tilden said that he had never directly or indirectly advised such a proceeding or encouraged it. Mr. Field urged that evidence is certainly attainable by the overthrow of the Chamberlain and Packard governments which would establish Tilden's claim beyond doubt, before any judicial tribunal. Mr. Tilden, however, steadily discountenances the idea, and of course nothing will be done against his protest. He says in so many words that any attempt to question Mr. Hayes' right in view of the present situation would be an assault upon the tranquility of the country.

## A New Convert.

The following letter from Hon. O. H. Dockery would seem to explain itself, only some might not understand why a man who could write it at all, did not write it long ago. But what a shameful state of affairs that must be which brought forth from so devoted an adherent of Radicalism such strong denunciations of the conduct of its exponents!

It is evident that "my son Oliver" sees which way the wind is blowing, and that he knows the supremacy of the Stat. Courts is about to be vindicated, and the reign of Federal officeholders about to come to an end, and knowing this he desires to unload as much as possible of the infamy that will cling to it. But Mr. Dockery speaks a trifle too late. He has held his peace all these years, when a word from him might have brought relief to an outraged people, and now only when help from him is not needed does he find his voice.

The people of North Carolina will feel no more gratitude to Mr. Dockery for his late conversion than they do to Mr. Hayes. They know that the Radical party and Mr. Hayes and Mr. Dockery along with it no longer dare to use Federal troops in the Southern States, for the simple reason that they can get none to use there. We have no confidence in the indignation of men at Federal outrages, who have until now held their tongues.

But for all that, we give "my son Oliver" the benefit of his conversion. His views are embodied in a letter to the Secretary of War, which we find in the Asheville Pioneer, as follows:

Hon Sec. of War—Sir: From a joint service in the United States Congress, in addition to an interview the other day in your office, you will pardon a few lines. I am a native (with my father before me) of North Carolina; was a Henry Clay Whig, and have been since the war a prominent Republican of my State, and as a warm supporter of the administration, actively employed in advocating its policy of conciliation and kindness, let me speak a word in behalf of my people.

In the first place, that people is by nature and habit law-abiding and Union-loving to the core. Many of them even enlisting during the late war under the Federal flag, and now instinctively Union men and zealous

Republicans, yet under the circumstances, are fast alienating that unsophisticated people from earlier views and preconceived ideas. Malfiance in office by both principals and deputies is rapidly doing mischief. Inhuman and brutal misconduct oftentimes disgracing official conduct and mercenary considerations alone guiding action. The peace and well-being of that people, to say nothing of their allegiance to our party demands a change of regime. Kindness and common courtesy should denote official acts and inspire confidence and good will. Then, my dear sir, instead of yielding to the pressure for more troops thereby not only engendering bad blood, but so directly antagonizing the pacific views of your administration so wisely inaugurated by our illustrious President, let me suggest a thorough investigation and see if the people have not grievances worthy your consideration and entitled to some regard beyond that of periodical calls of tax collectors and unfeeling government agents.

This proposition, sir, is made in good faith, for I have no "axe to grind," but simply for my people I desire to enter my protest against the present status in North Carolina. The experiment is worthy a trial, and underlies the final success of the policy of conciliation. As at present administered alienation and distrust ensue, whereas, as proposed, good will may follow. Our people are honest—so treat them and your confidence will not be misplaced. Give us good men with honest officials, and North Carolina, with her unbounded resources will wheel in to lines as the grandest of the old thirteen. With high regards,

Yours truly,  
O. H. DOCKERY.

Boss Teed.

HE MAKES A FULL CONFESSION—A REGULAR RING OF THIEVES—OAKLEY HALL FIGURES PROMINENTLY THROUGHOUT AND IN FULL COLLUSION.

NEW YORK, April 17.

Tweed has made a confession going back to 1867. Oakley Hall's name figures in the narrative many times, and the corrupt expenditure of such money is mentioned. The names include Senators Winston, Woodin, Frost, Ellwood, Brand, Winslow, Wood, Blood and Morgan, all members of the State Senate. It gives the circumstances of the division of the spoils between himself, Sweeney, Hall, Connelly and Woodway. It implicates Garvey, Ingersoll, Davidson, Wilson, and a majority of the Board of Supervisors, among them John Fox, Jos. Hayes, Henry Smith and Isaac J. Oliver. Mayor Hall's proportion was ten per cent. He shared throughout in all the profits, was in full collusion with the various details of fraud, and was fully aware of the fraudulent nature of the contracts presented for his signature.

Tweed, in his confession, says he gave Hugh Hastings a check for \$20,000, and for smaller sums. Mr. Hugh Hastings brought Mr. Jay Gould to him, continues Mr. Tweed. The circumstances of the arrangement between himself, Gould and Fisk, by which the Erie Classification bill was passed, which practically enabled the Gould directory of the road to continue indefinitely in power until the bill was repealed, are well known. In return for this the Erie influence, through Gould and Fisk, was used in behalf of Tweed and his associates. The confession concludes with the promise that the writer will be a witness for the city, in any suit brought by the city for the recovery of moneys from any of the persons named. He does not ask that the suits against him be quashed, but that he be released from confinement without bail.

Great excitement prevails among politicians and others over Tweed's confession, as published. Hugh Hastings says, in reference to his receiving \$20,000 by check in 1870 from Tweed to pay to Senator Woodin, that he received the check as stated, but Woodin had nothing whatever to do with it. It was purely a business transaction between Tweed and himself in the stock broking line. He admitted bringing Jay Gould and Tweed together. At that time Tweed was considered highly respectable.

Justice Bixby denies that his brother, Senator Bixby, ever proposed immunity to Tweed in 1871, provided he would have \$150,000 of Jas. O'Brien's claims against the city audited and paid. It is a falsehood from beginning to end, said the Judge.

The "Express" says of the Tweed statement: "The tale told is but a partial revelation, and the full confession will add an amount of detail which will even more sicken the public conscience."

ALBANY, April 17.

The Tweed statement, published this morning, creates considerable

amusement about the capital and is pronounced a sensational canard. The Attorney General has received a paper in connection with Tweed's case, but says he has not time to read it. Until he can become acquainted with its contents he will not make it public.

Recorder Hackitt declined to say anything about the statement that his house paintings and book cases were paid for by city money. Wheeler Peckham, of the counsel for the people in the Tweed case, to-day said that it was true that Tweed had made a statement which he called a full confession, and that it was taken to Albany last night by Mr. Townsend. The synopsis in the "World" was, he supposed, substantially correct; it contained some things at least which he knew were correct.

## Bankrupt Court.

Before His Honor, Judge Dick: Montgomery & Dowd, of Concord, adjudged bankrupts, on petition of their creditors. Jones & Johnston, attorneys for creditors. Referred to Register Keogh.

Hampton & Clark, of Rutherford county, adjudged bankrupts on petition of their creditors. Jones & Johnston attorneys for creditors. Referred to Register Broadfield.

In the matter of Wm. J. Black, of Charlotte, Register Keogh reported that the requisite number and amount of creditors had petitioned for Black's adjudication in bankruptcy. Thirty days given Mr. Bailey to file exceptions to the report. Mr. Black's indebtedness reaches \$50,000.

On an appeal from a decision of Register Keogh, Judge Dick sustained him by holding that where a creditor or the assignee files a petition for the re-amination of a proof, the proving creditor must appear and submit to an examination by the Register before other proof is taken.

Before Register Keogh: The matter of Wm. P. Reynolds was up on the 13th, for final accounting and settlement of estate and also for final discharge of the bankrupt. Final settlement of the estate was postponed to Saturday, May 5th. Creditors gave notice of objections to final discharge of the bankrupt, and the final hearing on the petition was continued to Saturday, May 5th, 1877.

A hearing in same case will be had before the Register Thursday, May 3rd, to adjust priorities.

The following petitions in bankruptcy have been filed with the past week:

## VOLUNTARY.

April 13.—C. L. Vandegrift, Charlotte, N. C.

April 14.—H. M. Price, Ruffin, N. C.

Meeting to elect the assignee of Montgomery & Dowd, will be held before Register Keogh at his office in the Central Hotel, Charlotte, May 8th, 1877. In C. L. Vandegrift, May 9th, at same place.

Judge Bond has decided that John L. Brown, trustee, can hold and distribute money in his hands belonging to McMurray & Davis—but that property belonging to the individual members must be transferred to the assignee to be by him disposed of. R. Y. McAden, of Charlotte, is the assignee in bankruptcy in the case of McMurray & Davis.—New North State.

## Will a European War Hurt Us?

In view of the present general expectation that there will be a great war in Europe, says the Raleigh "Observer," it becomes very important to understand how it will effect us in America.

As usual the indications are that it will benefit the industries of the North and injure those of the South. If the South raised bread and meat to sell and had no feeling, it might look with some complacency upon the prospect of a European war, but the South raises cotton to sell.

The New York Herald commenting upon the approaching war and its effect in America, says:

This impending event, the moment it happens, will touch all the nerves of American trade and industry. It will open a vast and profitable market for everything we can produce, and set all the wheels of business in active motion. Our banks will find employment for all their idle money; our railroads will be burdened with freights; a mighty stimulus will be given to the raising of grain and pork, to the manufacture of arms, clothing and military supplies, and we shall recover within the ensuing two years more than we have lost since the great panic.

It is absurd to indulge in sentimental misgivings about thriving on the calamities of other nations. We are not responsible for those calamities. The effect of our great business activity will be to alleviate them. We shall supply food to those who would otherwise famish, clothing to those who would otherwise go naked, arms

to those who would otherwise be without adequate means of defence. Our advantage will be like that of the producers of Peruvian bark, for which the great military hospitals will create an excessive demand. It is mercy to the sufferers that the stimulus of profit will insure means of alleviation.

## Indian News.

New York, April 18.—A Red Cloud agency dispatch of April 17th, says: Five hundred Cheyennes under Chiefs Standing Elk and Dull Knife, now within 40 miles of here, are coming in to surrender. This cuts off one of Crazy Horse's most important allies, and makes over 2,000 hostile Indians who have given themselves up at the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies within the past six weeks.

At the Spotted Tail agency yesterday the carbines taken at the Custer massacre were surrendered by Roman Nose's band. During the council this morning he said it was his proportion of the arms captured. These Indians said they were tired of making war, and only desired to be allowed to live here as Spotted Tail's people live. Spotted Tail himself made an eloquent appeal for them, and for his own people, desiring General Crook to ask the Great Father to provide schools and farming implements for them, and not move them out of the country. Since the military authorities took charge of the agency, he said his people looked fat—their hearts were good towards the white men. He desires that this management may be continued, and that Catholic teachers be sent to teach their children.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR.—LONDON, April 15th.—The coming European war is the all-absorbing topic of conversation here, and the possibilities of the future are discussed with a keenness that shows the intensity of the public feeling. The fate of Turkey is a matter of deep interest to a large number of people in England, as on the success or failure of the Turkish armies in the field depend whether the holders of Turkish bonds will lose their money, or at least jeopardize their chances of receiving their interest for many years. Then those who have commercial interests at stake in the countries likely to suffer from the ravages of war are naturally in a state of great anxiety, and clutch with eager grasp at every fleeting chance of a peaceful settlement. The feeling seems to be universal that if war does break out—which is now almost beyond the possibility of a doubt—it will be on a gigantic scale, and that England must sooner or later become involved. This prospect is not very encouraging, and the most gloomy forebodings prevail. The only necessary to carry on a war on a scale greater than that of the late Franco-German struggle is enough to appeal those who are already grumbling about excessive taxation, and the possibilities that may follow defeat include, in the opinion of many, the loss of some of the best possessions of the British Empire.—Herald Special.

DIG TREES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—We have all heard so much of the "big trees of California" that when this subject is mentioned one's mind naturally flies off west of the Rocky Mountains. At the Centennial we saw sections of bark from a single tree so immense that one hundred men could stand within the circle, made by the bark, as it stood enclosing a space just the size of the trunk of the tree. This came from California, and was, perhaps, the largest tree in the world. There have, however, recently been discovered some trees in North Carolina that are "no sardines."

In surveying the route of the Spartanburg and Asheville Railroad the engineers encountered some chestnuts that seemed to nestle their burrs in the upper firmament. A contractor had to eradicate one of these, as it stood directly in the way of the track of the road, and it measured ten feet three inches across the stump, and was solid to the centre.

This information was received from the President of the Spartanburg and Asheville Railroad, who induced a party of friends to visit the route to enjoy the magnificent climate and scenery of the hitherto unexplored section of Western North Carolina.—Charlotte News and Courier.

Raleigh "News": His Honor Judge Buxton, hit the Raleigh lawyer a back-handed slap, yesterday morning, in court. He told them they were more discourteous to the court and to each other than any set of lawyers who had ever practiced before him any where in the State. The occasion of this complaint was the intimation made by one counsel that a certain other one, who was engaged on the other side of the case, was trying to make an ass of His Honor.

BANANAS, oranges, lemons, figs, coconuts, apples and candies, at Townsend & Hanford's.

RESIGNING BY THE WHOLESALE.—The resignations of Messrs. R. D. Jones, Chas. R. Cole, Andrew Williams and J. B. Hobgood, as Commissioners of Granville county, were received at the Governor's office yesterday. Our Oxford Correspondent throws some light on this extraordinary proceeding. He says:

"Four of the five county commissioners tendered their resignation to the Governor on Monday. The fifth, a colored gent, said he couldn't see it. This said that they did so to keep from taking Moore's bond as sheriff, and to keep Sneed the present sheriff, in office. It is also said that Manly B. Jones, Treasurer, is behind \$3,750 on the school fund, and has been sued, he and his bondsmen, for the amount."—Raleigh Observer.

REFUSAL OF THE CHAMBERLAIN CLAIMANTS.—As was expected, the Chamberlain contestants for the State offices have refused either to vacate the offices in the State House or deliver up the State records. Gov. Hampton says that he cannot recognize them because he has commissioned others and cannot have two separate sets of officers discharging the same duty at the same time; and a while he tells them that he does not wish to pre-judge their titles, yet it is his duty as the Governor to see that the property of the State is properly protected. During the contest he will place the seal upon the records which will be left undisturbed until the case is decided by the Supreme Court, and steps will also be taken to prevent all access to the offices by either of the claimants.—Charlotte Observer.

SNOW IN THE MOUNTAINS.—The heaviest snow storm of the winter visited Monroton on Friday last, the 13th, inst. A gentleman who left that place yesterday informs us that the mountains are covered with snow, something very unusual for this season. He says the snow was much heavier than that of January 1st, but it only remained on the ground, except on the mountains, a few hours. The peaches and fruit crop generally were uninjured.

COMMITTED FOR MURDER.—Fred Batron, from the Indian Land township, was committed to jail on Monday last, by Trail Justice J. F. Steele, charged with the murder of his own son, a boy about fourteen years of age. It is charged in the testimony before the jury of inquest that the prisoner beat his son inhumanly, inflicting wounds upon the back part of his head which caused his death. Drs. Kell and Watt made a post mortem examination of the body and gave it as their opinion that the deceased came to his death from violence.—Lancaster Ledger.

IMPROVING.—We are glad to hear that Mr. S. Lambeth, who was called to his door and shot down by an unknown party about three weeks ago, the particulars of which was given in our columns at the time, is improving and is considered out of all danger.—Lancaster Ledger.

Mr. Hayes is preparing a message in which he will urge Congress to make an appropriation for the Paris exposition which is to take place next year.

## DISSOLUTION.

THE FIRM OF W. H. SMITH & CO., Druggists, was dissolved on the 26th of last October, by the death of Col. S. H. Walkup. The business will be continued at our new store, (Stewart's new brick corner) by Dr. W. H. Smith, Dr. T. W. Bickett, and J. W. Griffin, surviving partners, under the name and style of W. H. Smith & Co.

## POSITIVE NOTICE.

All accounts due the late firm of W. H. SMITH & CO., must be settled up at once. Owing to the death of our much esteemed partner, Col. Walkup, we cannot give longer indulgence. Come forward, and settle NOW, while there is money, and don't force us to the unpleasantness of collecting by law. We are now receiving a full stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES, Paints, Oils, Dye-Staffs.

Also, the Finest Stock of PERFUMERY

—AND— TOILET ARTICLES

EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET, to which we cordially invite an examination, and will sell on our usual favorable terms.

Very Respectfully,  
W. H. SMITH & CO.,  
Monroe, N. C., Dec. 4, 1876. 27-ft.

THE MONROE ENQUIRER  
JOB OFFICE  
IS THE PLACE TO GET JOB WORK DONE NEAT AND CHEAP

B. D. HEATH & CO.  
DEALERS IN  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,  
FERTILIZER AGENTS  
AND  
COTTON BUYERS.

Are now offering to the trade of Union and adjoining counties, the largest stock of  
GROCERIES,

ever offered in this market, viz: 500 Sacks and Bbls Flour, 100 packages Mackerel and Mullet, 100 Boxes Bacon, 50 Sacks Coffee, 100 Sacks Salt, 100 1/2 and Barrels New Orleans and all Grades Molasses. 100 Tons Zells Celebrated Ammoniated and Acid Phosphate and Chesapeake Guano, all at low prices. We sell Fertilizers, on time with approved security, either payable in money or cotton, at fifteen cents per pound in the fall. We are also selling ingredients for making your own Guano, at about one half the usual cost. We sold a good deal last season, from which we have had flattering and encouraging reports. We furnish a formula, with each ton giving directions as to preparations. Try it and be convinced that you will save money, we also have on hand a large and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, SHOES, FARMING UTENSILS, HARDWARE.

In fact everything usually kept in a GENERAL STOCK.

Our motto is as heretofore, large sales and small profits. We return thanks, to our many customers for past favors and hope by honest and fair dealing to merit the same in the future.

Mr. W. C. Ogburn, late of the firm of W. C. Ogburn & Co., is with us, and respectfully invites his many friends to give him a call.

B. D. HEATH & CO.

Feb. 12th-1877-36-ft.

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, AND Ornamental Woodwork OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

GOODS ARE ALL MADE IN OUR FACTORY at this place, and under our own supervision.

We Defy Competition, either in workmanship or low prices, and solicited trial.

ALTAFFER & HILL,  
Wilmington, N. C.

NOTICE.  
UNITED STATES  
INTERNAL REVENUE  
Special Taxes.  
May 1, 1877, to April 30, 1878.

The Revised Statutes of the United States, Sections 3232, 3237, 3238, and 3239, requires every person engaged in any business, avocation, or employment which renders him liable to a SPECIAL TAX, to procure and place conspicuously in his establishment or place of business a STAMP denoting the payment of said Special Tax for the Special Tax Year beginning May 1, 1877, before commencing or continuing business after April 30, 1877.

A return, as prescribed on Form 11, is also required by law of every person liable to Special Tax, as above.

The Taxes Embraced Within the Provisions of the Law Above Quoted are the following:

Recruiters.....	\$200 00
Dealers, retail liquor.....	25 00
Dealers, wholesale liquor.....	100 00
Dealers in malt liquors, who cannot.....	50 00
Dealers in malt liquors, retail.....	20 00
Dealers in leaf tobacco.....	25 00
Retail dealers in leaf tobacco.....	50 00
On sales of over \$1,000, fifty cents for every dollar in excess of \$1,000.....	5 00
Dealers in manufactured tobacco.....	50 00
Manufacturers of stills.....	50 00
And for each still manufactured.....	20 00
And for each worn manure spreader.....	10 00
Manufacturers of cigars.....	10 00
Peddlers of tobacco, first class (more than two horses or other animals).....	60 00
Peddlers of tobacco, second class (two horses or other animals).....	25 00
Peddlers of tobacco, third class (one horse or other animal).....	15 00
Peddlers of tobacco, fourth class (on foot or public conveyance).....	10 00
Brewers of less than 500 barrels.....	50 00
Brewers of 501 barrels or more.....	100 00

Any person so liable, who shall fail to comply with the foregoing requirements will be subject to severe penalties.

Persons or firms liable to pay any of the Special Taxes named above must apply to J. J. MOTT, Collector of Internal Revenue at Asheville, and pay for and procure the Special Tax Stamp or Stamps they are prior to May 1, 1877, and WITHOUT FURTHER NOTICE.

Special Tax Stamps will be transmitted by mail only on receipt from the person or firm ordering the same of specific directions so to do, together with the necessary postage stamps or the amount required to pay the postage. The postage on one stamp is three cents and on two stamps six cents. If it is desired that they be transmitted by registered mail, ten cents additional should accompany the application.

GREEN B. BAUM,

Commissioner of Internal Revenue,

Office of Internal Revenue,

Washington, D. C., January 23, 1877.

23-ft.

KINGSFORD'S

OSWEGO STARCH

Is the Best and Most Economical in the World.

Is perfectly Pure—free from acids and other foreign substances that injure Linen.

Is Stronger than any other—requiring much less quantity in using.

Is Uniform—stiffens and finishes work always the same.

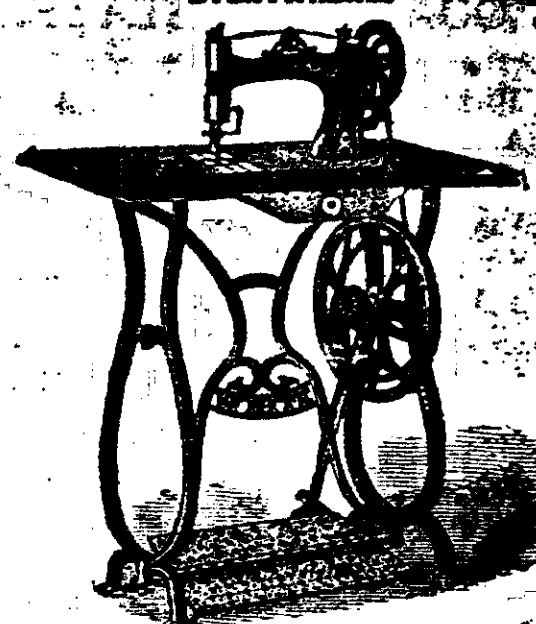
KINGSFORD'S

Oswego Corn Starch

Is the most delicious of all preparations for

PUDDINGS, BLANC-MANGE, CAKE, &c.

PERFECTION  
ATTAINED AT LAST!  
A TRIAL WITHOUT RISK  
EVERYWHERE.



WHITE SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE.

When once used will retain its place forever.

WE EXCHANGE MACHINES.

Send year old-fashioned, cumbersome, heavy-running, worn-out machines to us, and we will allow you \$5 for it, as part payment for one of ours.

IT IS CELEBRATED FOR ITS ADVANTAGES.

IN THAT IT IS ONE OF THE LARGEST SEWING MACHINES MANUFACTURED—ADAPTED FOR THE USE OF THE FAMILY OR WORK-SHOP.

IT HAS THE LARGEST SHUTTLE, WITH 2000 INCHES OF STITCHES IN A SPIN OF A THREAD.

THE SHUTTLE TENSION IS ADJUSTABLE WITHOUT REMOVING THE SHUTTLE FROM THE MACHINE.

THIS MACHINE IS SO CONSTRUCTED THAT THE POWER IS APPLIED DIRECTLY OVER THE NEEDLE, THUS ENABLING IT TO SEW THE HEAVIEST MATERIALS, WITH UN-EQUALLED EASE. IT IS VERY SIMPLE IN ITS CONSTRUCTION, AND EASY TO LEARN TO USE. STEEL CAN MAKE IT, ALL ITS WEARING PARTS CASE-HARDENED OR STEEL, AND INGENUOUSLY DESIGNED FOR TAKING UP LAST MOTION, SO WE ARE JUSTIFIED IN SAYING IT IS THE BEST.

Warranting Every Machine for 3 Years.

IT IS THE LIGHTEST AND EASIEST-RUNNING MACHINE IN THE MARKET. IT IS ALSO, THE MOST LABOR-AND TIME-SAVING, AND THE MOST PERFECT MACHINE EVER PRODUCED.

WITH ALL THESE ADVANTAGES, IT IS SOLD FROM \$15 TO \$25, LESS WITH FIRST CLASS MACHINES.

EXCLUSIVE CONTROL OF TERRITORY GIVEN TO AGENTS.

EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS OFFERED FOR CASH ORDERS.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS AND TERMS TO

White Sewing Machine Co.,

358 Euclid Avenue,

CLEVELAND, O.

AGENTS WANTED.

J. R. ENGLISH. H. C. ASHCRAFT

THE PEOPLE'S

DRUG STORE.

The subscribers beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally that they have purchased the Stock and Furniture of the above house, and that they are

NOW RECEIVING

AT THE OLD STAND,

A LARGE STOCK OF

PURE DRUGS,

MEDICINES,

and other articles usually kept in a

First Class Drug Store.

Quick Sales, at Short Profits!

WILL BE OUR MOTTO.

Hoping to receive a continuance of the large patronage hitherto extended to this house, we will endeavor to sell

PURE ARTICLES

at such low figures for cash that everybody will ascertain that "The People's Drug Store" is the place to buy their drugs.

ENGLISH & ASHCRAFT.

Monroe, N. C., Oct. 9 19-M.

ORIGINAL

GOODYEAR'S RUBBER GOODS.

Vulcanized Rubber in Every Conceivable Form, Adapted to Universal Use.

ANY ARTICLE UNDER FOUR POUNDS WEIGHT CAN BE SENT BY MAIL.

Wind and Water Proof

garments a specialty. Our Cloth surface Coat combines two garments in one. For stormy weather, it is a PERFECT WATER PROOF, and in dry weather, a

Neat and Tidy Overcoat.

By a peculiar process, the rubber is put between the two cloth surfaces, with pressure, preventing it sticking, even in the hottest climates. They are made in three colors—Blue, Black and Brown.

Are Light, Portable, Strong and Durable.

We are now offering them at the







