

# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. X.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., JULY 17, 1879.

NO 39

JOHN CLARK, JR., & CO.'S



**BEST SIX CORD.**  
FOR  
Machine or Hand Use.  
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF  
All Numbers and Colors,  
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
BY **Klutz and Mendeman,**  
Salisbury N. C.

Matrimonial.

Little Miss Featherweight,  
Mingling along,  
Haughty and arrogant,  
Train a yard long;  
Too proud to notice  
Shop windows or wares,  
Rude and unlady-like,  
Putting on airs!

Young Mr. Nobody,  
Living quite fast,  
Boasting of pedigree,  
Rank in the past!  
Nursing with fondness  
A few silken hairs,  
Leaning on relatives,  
Putting on airs!

Little Miss Featherweight  
Meets Mr. N.  
"Angel in petticoats"  
"Sweetest of men!"  
Giggles and badinage,  
Love attacks!  
Each to the other one  
Putting on airs!

Young Mr. Nobody  
Marries the maid;  
She blushing tenderly,  
He half afraid.  
Now we've two Nobodies—  
Doves go in pairs—  
Spending the honeymoon  
Putting on airs.

One year has passed away;  
Masks are thrown down;  
She a virago proves,  
He but a clown!  
Strangers, the Nobodies  
Pass on the stairs;  
Void is the pedigree,  
Gone are the airs!

— N. Y. Star.

For the Watchman.

Ice Houses, Fish Ponds, &c.

Mr. Editor: During the month of August, when the farmer has his crops all laid by, and has comparatively little else to do, is the most suitable time to build ice houses and fish ponds.

It has long been a matter of surprise to me, why there are not more ice houses in the country; for, aside from the great luxury of having an abundant supply of ice during the warm summer months, taken as a sanitary measure alone, it is all important that every community should have a supply. In the township of Franklin there were fourteen houses filled last winter, all of which, so far as I know, has kept well, and the consequence is, that in case of sickness, ice can be readily procured, at short notice, and no sick person need suffer a moment for the want of it. Besides, we have it in such abundance, that it is a common habit for the field laborers to take a bucket of water, filled with ice, to the field in the morning, thus keeping it perfectly cool till noon. The same is done in the afternoon, by which means they always have a supply of good cool water at hand, thereby saving the time and trouble of making frequent trips for fresh water.

As I know of several more ice houses that will be built in this and other portions of the county, during the present summer, and having had some experience in the matter, I take the liberty to make a few suggestions, believing they may be of service to some. I have an ice house which I constructed during the summer of 1866, which has never failed to save ice every year since, except one, when there was no ice crop. My house was dug in the shape of a tumbler, 16 feet deep, 13 1/2 in diameter at the top and 8 1/2 at the bottom, with a vault or sink for receiving the waste water at the bottom, 3 feet square and 3 feet deep, over which were placed some poles. In order to give the sides the proper pitch so as to come out the desired width at the bottom, I made me a plumb-board, just two feet long, straight on one edge, and slanting on the other, 2 inches wide at one end and 5 1/2 inches at the other. I then struck a line, lengthwise the board, 1 inch from, and parallel with the straight edge, and attached thereto a string and plumb, so that it would hang directly on the marked line. In using the plumb-board, place the slanting edge against the side of the shaft or pit, and cut the wall so that the string hangs directly plumb, on the marked line, and your pit will be run out at the bottom so as to leave it just eight feet in diameter, and the sides will have exactly the proper inclination to cause the poles to lean against the sides, by the

force of their own weight. Having dug the pit, procure good post oak or white oak, or any other lasting poles, and, having cut them of a proper length, place them closely around the walls, with the small end downwards. Now, put a good roof over the pit, and your house is ready for the ice. The poles used in my house were post and white oak, and after a use of 13 years, they are as sound as ever.

Having an ice house, it will perhaps be necessary to have a pond from which to procure the ice, and I would advise that that the pond be properly and substantially built, with a view to the raising of fish, which will afford an additional luxury. My fish ponds are not more than 100 yards from the ice house, and two teams always fill it in less than a day. I know of several fish ponds to be built soon, and it will be profitable also to build ice houses, as one is almost an indispensable accompaniment of the other, and this is the proper season for doing all such work.

For directions for building fish ponds, see my communication in the Watchman of May 15th, 1879. W. R. FRALEY.

For the Watchman.

DENTON, TEXAS, July 4th, 1879.

Mr. Editor: I break upon you after a silence of more than six months, very unexpectedly I know, but credit my words that my thoughts expatriate nowhere or fewer or with more pleasure than to Salisbury and its inhabitants. The only change since my last, is that where all was naked and barren, now is clothed in a beautiful green—a change much more pleasing to the eye and far more pleasant to the mind. I try to grow every day more attached to my present home, and endeavor to discover new beauties and attractions, and even attempt to mould comeliness out of deformities. Yet I am often forced to exclaim, "Happy they that can create a rose tree or erect a honeysuckle, and there twice and center their happiness." But fortunately or unfortunately for me, I neither claim for my God the honeysuckle nor the rose. And yet I know none admire more the green valley, or think the perfume more delightful than the air that is redolent with flowers. Yet with all the beautiful surroundings that nature or art can give, a void can still exist. And that anxious longing will detract much from one's happiness; and I don't think there is anything so conducive to earthly happiness as to be surrounded by those who will receive, appreciate and reciprocate our love and friendship. Denton could, with numerous and multiplied additions be made a very delightful place. One great acquisition lately made is the services of Rev. Mr. Burwell, of the O. S. Presbyterian. His time is equally given to the church here and one in the country. His style is neat, explicit, and decidedly pleasing to all, notwithstanding there are some who are very puritanical in their notions and ideas of faith and religion. And if you chance to vary from their limited standpoint, they at once doubt your religion, and regard you as an advocate of sin. Another feature that would contribute much to the interest of Denton, is the railroad. And I do believe there are some beside myself who would like to have it come. To see the cars once more would be very pleasant, I am sure; and the shrill piping sound of the engine would be soft and harmonious as the swells of Eolian harp. The hopes that have been entertained for the past 18 months are not ill-grounded, and the one disappointment has followed another, despair appears not. But just at this time hope whispers of better things; and from this piazza they view the ways and means clear, and the verdict given is that at or before the expiration of 4 months the cars will be running here. With feelings akin to Mrs. Cross' I hope; "for who would not rather contemplate the jeweled morning than a night of gathering clouds and disappointment."

Recently we were favored with three moonlight serenades; one was the string band, the other two vocal. The last was on one of those moonlight nights which are so grand and brilliant here—owing, I suppose to the absence of trees. Music is never so enchanting as during the still hours of night, when tired nature has succumbed to sweet sleep, the sweet restorer of many ills. When first aroused I thought the melody that of angels' voices, or the chantings of some spirits wandering from Eden's borders astray. So soft and sweet were the words of "Grandfather's Clock," gently reminding us by its "tick, tick" of the short span of life. This was succeeded by the beautiful quartette, "Come where my Love Lies Dreaming," with an accompaniment on the guitar. After this they sang the sweet old familiar air, "Swannanoa," and so sweetly did they sing that it stole my heart away, and I did long for the "Dear Old Folks at Home." And lastly, in sweeter song than all beside, the kind nightly visitants bid adieu to the silent listeners in tender, melting strains of "Home, Sweet Home"—so peculiarly touching that ere long, unintentionally and unconsciously, one of the enchanted listeners was in a flood of tears, feeling within that "Be it ever so humble there is no place like home."

Recent rains have brightened the farmers' prospects much, and the wheat

which they thought entirely ruined by the early drought, gave a better yield than any anticipated. This is the season to visit Texas in her beauty, when she is under a fine state of cultivation. The country around is dotted with magnificent farms well tended; most of them with orchards, nice yards, fine gardens, intermixed with corn fields running up to the very door steps. And the apology offered is "That is my roasting-ear patch; thought I would make it convenient for my 'old woman.'" I will say no more of Texas for the present, but that I hope soon to see you all and talk face to face. By the way, before I forget, there is a home-sick girl here who says she wishes you would come for her. Adieu.

Your friend, A. B.

Old Records.

Sampson Cor. Goldsboro Messenger.

Apropos to the above, the writer while examining the earliest records of the county a few days ago, came across the following orders which were among the proceedings of the first court held in the county. The under-written is a true copy, *verbatim et literatim* of the original on file in the Register's office:

"Sampson Court, September Term, 1774.

Richard Clinton,

John Hay,

Richard Herring,

Fleet Cooper,

Esquires.

Ordered That the following be the rates allowed to be received by persons who have or shall obtain licence for the purpose of keeping tavern, to wit: For a Dinner with two or more dishes of good warm Victuals, two shilling, Supper One Shilling, Breakfast One Shilling. For every horse fed with Corn and Fodder or hay, and Stablage per night, One Shilling and four pence. For every quart of Corn three pence. For every quart of Oats three pence. Pasturage per night, four pence. Lodging per night with clean sheets and a good bed, Six pence. Good West India Rum per quart, four Shillings, and so in proportion for a smaller quantity. A quart of Toddy, made of good rum and loaf sugar, One Shilling and eight pence. A quart of Grog, made of good rum, One Shilling and four pence, and so in proportion for a smaller quantity. Good Peach Brandy per quart, two shillings and eight pence, and so in proportion for a less quantity. Northward Rum, per quart, two shillings and eight pence, and so in proportion for a smaller quantity. The same for Rum per quart one shilling and four pence, and so in proportion for a less quantity. Summer Syder per quart, four pence. Good Crab or Seeding Syder per quart, six pence.

A DELUDED PEOPLE.—Though the negro exodus has pretty nearly stopped, as the crops have come to demand the attention of everybody in the South, there are too many signs that the fever will not be allowed to die out if the agitators can keep it alive. Senator Lamar returns to Washington from Mississippi surprised at the feeling on the subject which he found prevailing. Stories of the land of milk and honey that exists in Kansas are diligently circulated, and the poor darkies are deceived in the most heartless fashion. In one case a white man marched through a section carrying a red flag and circulating the report that the government would furnish all who wanted to go free transportation by railroad on a certain day and give them farms when they got there. The deluded people swarmed along the line of the road by the hundreds on the day the train was to go, but whether they learned anything from their bitter disappointment remains to be seen.—Philadelphia Times.

THE SUN DANCE.—A letter received at the Interior Department, Washington, from Dr. T. Woodbridge, physician at Fort Peck agency, gives a minute description of the sun dance as given by the Sioux, near Poplar river, Montana Territory, a fortnight ago. About five thousand Indians were present, and the performance was kept up 26 consecutive hours, during which the Indians fasted on 40 dogs, large quantities of buffalo meat, and in fact, "all the delicacies of the season," while the participants in the dance subjected themselves to the most horrible varieties of torture, such as having buffalo heads suspended from slits cut in their flesh, the weight of which constantly increased the laceration. Some of the braves fainted under the torture, and many had from 50 to 200 pieces cut out of living flesh. Others again were held to stakes, about which they were forced to dance, by cords fastened to their backs. The performance lasted all night and was varied by occasional prayers to the Great Spirit, said with their faces on the buffalo robes, for success at the chase. The dance took place in a sort of a theatre or arena 150 feet in diameter, and enclosed by poplar and willow branches.

THE IMPROVED CONDITION OF MEMPHIS.—The Memphis Appeal invites everybody to visit that city, and declares that there is no more cause for fear of yellow fever than there is in Quebec. "Indeed," says the Appeal, "Memphis never was as healthy as now, never was so free of disease, never was so clean, and her people were never before so intent on reaching and maintaining the highest conditions of sanitation."

THE SWEEPSTON CASE.—The decision of Judge Buxton in this case is reversed by the Supreme Court and the case is adjudged to be in Franklin where it will stand for trial at the next term.—Raleigh Observer.

Gov. Roberts, of Texas, has been presented by one of the grand juries of the State as unfit for the position he occupies and is countenancing crime by his acts.

About Rothschilds.

From the N. Y. Times.

Since the death of Baron Lionel De Rothschild, the head of the London house, many of the European newspapers have been speculating on the amount of capital, profits, and general business relations of the great financial family. Nobody outside of its members and their confidential employes has, we suppose, any actual knowledge of their affairs, although many persons claimed to be informed as to their resources and operations. A writer in a Paris journal claims to be in a position to know that the present capital of the different Rothschild houses is at least \$500,000,000, and that they can control as much more, which may be considered a pretty penny. Stories of the Rothschilds will always be told, as they will be about any and everybody thought to be enormously rich. After the interest a man has in his own money, he seems to be much interested in some other man's money. More idle tales are told of the celebrated Jewish bankers, (they, by the by, call themselves merchants, which they really are,) than of any other bankers probably because they are the wealthiest of their class. One of these tales is that the Rothschilds almost never lose anything, which is absurd on its face, considering the prodigious extent of their operations. They lose a good deal, of necessity, because they make a great deal; but their profits are doubtless always in advance of their losses. There seems to be authority for the statement, often made, that their losses from depreciation in the funds and securities which followed the disturbances brought about in various European capitals by the French revolution of 1848 reached some \$40,000,000. They afterward made up the loss, it is asserted, which they would be very likely to do. A great advantage of horses have in their colossal capital. If they have been led into a mistake, and it has cost them dearly, they can usually repair their mistake by getting on the other side of the market. The interests of the Rothschilds are well-nigh universal, and their secrecy, save in open transactions, is invariably profound. Nathan Rothschild is reputed to have said: "One great reason of our success is that we know how to hold our tongues." They are as reticent as the grave touching their business. After Baron Lionel had been dead a week, a London wag remarked: "The old Baron is just as communicative as ever." The time has passed, if it ever was, when Kings had to consult the Rothschilds before they could go to war, but they are still a stupendous power, and likely to be for generations. The recollection that the founder of the house, Meyer Anselm, (he took the name Rothschild from the sign of a red shield placed over his small shop in Frankfurt), entered Hanover in 1763, barefoot with a bundle of rags on his back, is enough to prevent any poor devil from despair. But it is not every man who has the brain of Meyer Anselm.

Rather Thin.

A ludicrous incident occurred, one season, at "Woodlawn," on the Bloomingdale road. Jones' hotel, of that place, is ornamented with a hostler whose fun is as fearless as his face is ugly. One day in July, while twenty or thirty fast gentlemen were standing in the front balcony of the hotel, an individual rode up the path on the thinnest horse mortal eyes ever looked upon. Leaping from his phantom steed, the equestrian said turning to the hostler:

"Here, John, give my horse some water."

"Sir!" said John, with a look of astonishment.

"Give my horse some water!" thundered the stranger.

"Your horse?" ejaculated John, still more surprised.

"Yes, your fool's horse!" and the stranger looked savagely at him, and commenced drawing the lash of his whip through his hand.

John walked toward him as though he would demand an explanation, and had taken about six steps, when he suddenly stopped as one surprised beyond expression:

"Bless my soul!" says he, "I ax your pardon, sir; but your animal was a standin' on a line with that ere hitching post, and I didn't see him."

The owner of the spectral beast tried to frown, but a roar from the balcony made him change his mind.

HE AGREED.—A lady who wanted a dozen of eggs fresh from the country was among the farmers' wagons at the market, and the sight of a small bundle of grass in one of the vehicles, at once aroused all the sentiment in her nature. Snuffing at a handful of it she said to the farmer:

"The country must be beautiful these spring mornings."

"Yes, so she is," slowly replied, "forming in this morning I two wagons stuck in a mud-hole, a dead horse and mor'n fifty crows."

"These surprises must be beautiful out there," she continued.

"Yes, they are. At sunrise this morning me'an Jim were gettin' a hog from under the hen-house. Partiest sunrise I ever saw, but that hog won't never do no more good in this world."

"I suppose the grass looks very beautiful," she said as the last egg was counted.

"Oh, I s'pose so but I've bin so rushed getting that big ditch finished that I haven't hardly noticed. Do your folks want to buy any dried pumpkins?"

TARBORO, June 25.—Robert Jones, the negro who murdered Radolph Eaton (white) in the village of Rocky Mount on the night of December 25, 1877, was to-day publicly hanged at Beaver Dam, on the suburbs of this place.

The warrior determined that a life must tell for the loss of each arrow.

Two arrows were sent whirling from the bow carrying destruction with them; but just as he was drawing the bow for the last time a shot from a musket carried away his thumb. The warrior betook himself to flight, bounding over the rugged crags, crossing and recrossing the mountain torrent to mislead his pursuers, and finally rejoined his wife at the entrance of a cavern, where she sunk down in utter exhaustion, pressing her babe to her bosom. Soon, however, voices were heard, and looking down they discovered a party of three led by a renegade scout, pressing forward in the direction of their rocky fastness. The chief grasped his remaining arrow with his bleeding fingers, and aimed it at the leading one of the pursuing party. It struck the steel cuirass of the officer and glanced off harmlessly, but transfixed the heart of the scout, who, in his dying fall, grasped the sword chain of the chevalier, and the two went rolling down the glen together. The third man abandoned the pursuit. Kiodago and his beautiful wife escaped, and many of their descendants are still living to tell the tale of THE LAST ARROW.

Jerry Black's Story.

Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, tells a comical story of a trial in which a German doctor appeared for the defense in a case for damages brought against a client of his by the object of his assault: The eminent jurist soon recognized in his witness, who was produced as a medical expert, a laboring man whose some years past and in another part of the country had been engaged by him as a builder of post-and-rail fences. With this clue he opened his cross-examination. "You say, Doctor," he began with great diffidence and suavity, "that you operated upon Mr. ———'s head after it was cut by Mr. ———?"

"Oh, yaw," replied the ex-fence-builder; "me do dat; yaw, yaw."

"Was the wound a severe one, Doctor?"

"Enough to kill him if I did not save his life."

"Well, Doctor, what did you do for him?"

"Everything."

"Did you perform the Caesarian operation?"

"Oh, yaw, yaw! if me not do dat he die."

"Did you decapitate him?"

"Yaw, yaw; me do dat too."

"Did you hold a post-mortem examination?"

"Oh, to be schure, Schudge; me always do dat."

"Well, now, Doctor," and here the Judge bent over in a friendly and familiar way, "tell us whether you submitted your patient to the process known among professional men as post-and-rail-fencing?"

The mock doctor drew himself up indignantly. "Scherry Plack!" says he, "I always knowd' you was a tam jayhawk lawyer, an' now I know you for a tam mean man."

A Singular Bird.

A strange bird which lives in China, called the fork-tailed parus, is quite an acrobat. He is about as big as a robin, and he has a red beak, orange colored throat, green back, yellow legs, black tail and red-and-yellow wings. Nearly all the colors are in his dress, you see, and he is a gay fellow. But this bird has a trick known by no other birds that ever I heard of. He turns somersals! Not only does he do this in free life on the trees, but also after he is caught and put into a cage. He just throws his head far back, and over he goes, touching the bars of the cage, and alighting upon his feet on the floor or on the perch. He will do it over and over a number of times without stopping, as though he thought it great fun. All his family have the same trick, and they are called tumblers. The people of China are fond of keeping them in cages and seeing them tumble. Travelers often have tried to bring them to our country, but a sea voyage is not good for them and they are almost sure to die on the way.

A STRANGE WAGER.—G. Hussey, of San Francisco, argued that he could stand any amount of repetition; it was with him only a question of wages. The contestant, to prove his theory, offered him \$2.50 a day for a year to carry a brick from his store on Clay street, to a store over the way and back, ten hours a day, Sundays excepted. Hussey faced the monotony gayly, and at eve chuckled over the \$2.50 received. The second day was all right, only a yawn now and then and an increase of tobacco squirts, till the fifth day, he petered out and caved in. "Never in my life did I do work so exhausting. I'd rather starve than go on another day," said the disgusted individual.

If we would have powerful minds we must think; If we would have faithful hearts, we must love; If we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.

If you have talents, industry will improve them; if you have moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever obtained without it.

How HOT IT WAS YESTERDAY.—

Washington, July 10.—The weather to-day throughout the country has been extremely hot. The following are the temperatures, at 4.30 p. m., reported to the signal officer. The figures given are the number of degrees above 90, unless otherwise specified: Atlanta 2, Augusta 101, Baltimore 2, Cairo 6, Charleston 103, Charlotte 4, Chattanooga 5, Cincinnati 90, Corsicana, Texas, 7, Davenport 1, Des Moines 4, Dodge City, Kansas, 4, Fort Gibson, Indian, 100, Indianapolis 4, Indianola, Texas, 1, Jacksonville 101, Keokuk 7, Knoxville 5, Loerass 90, Leavenworth 3, Louisville 6, Lynchburg 1, Madison Wis., 90, Memphis 7, Milwaukee 90, Mobile 6, Montgomery 5, Nashville 9, New Orleans 90, Norfolk 90, North Platte, Neb., 6, Omaha 6, Fa remento 90, Savannah 101, Shreveport 5, St. Louis 7, St. Marks, Fla., 5, Vicksburg 6, Wilmington 4, Yankton D. T., 7.

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.—"The love that survives the tomb," says Irving "is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it hath woes, it has also its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, then the sudden anguish, convulsed agony over the present ruin of all that we most loved, are softened away by pensive meditations on all that it was in its day of loveliness. Who would root such sorrow from the heart! Though it sometimes throws a passing cloud over the hour of gaiety, or spreads deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living."

He Got It.

"For the sake of humanity give me just one mouthful to eat," he said, as he halted before one of the eating-stands on the Central market.

"I've nothing for tramps," replied the woman.

"I'll take anything—even them 'tatter parings," he continued, "for I haven't tasted food in three days. If I can't get food I shall become desperate."

"I can't spare anything but this prep—"

"I Don't care what it is," he interrupted, "only don't be stingy with it. There—that's it—give me a heaping spoonful and I'll always remember you with gratitude."

It was a bottle of grated horse-radish, strong as the grip of a paving ring on a city, and the woman lifted out a big spoonful and deposited it in his open mouth. The tramp must have taken it for some sort of prepared infant's food, for his mouth closed with a yum, yum! It opened again, however, and when he started to run upset a dozen flower-pots, two boys, and a barrel of charcoal. Much of the dose was blown into the eyes of a horse hitched to a vegetable wagon, and after the man had run twice around the market with his mouth wide open he got a slant for Randolph street fountain, and never took his chin out of the basin for forty straight minutes.

The Quinine Duty Question.

A Washington despatch says the Secretary of the Treasury has instructed the Collector at New York that the act exempting quinine from duty, which took effect July 1st, did not effect the importations made before that date. Three previous tariff acts contained provisions that duties therein specified were to be imposed on all goods covered thereby, which were in public or store, or bonded ware-houses when such act took effect. There was, however, no such provision in the new law about quinine, and hence it is held not to effect importations made before July 1st. This will occasion embarrassment to many holders of quinine in bonded ware-house July 1st. Numerous inquiries have been made at the Treasury department by parties so situated, but no power exists there to give relief.