

The Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 14, 1879.

NO. 43

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 **Kintz and Rendleman,**
Salisbury N. C.

IF.

If skies were bluer
And fogs were fewer,
And the storms on land and sea;
Were shiny Summers
Perpetual comers,
What a Utopia this would be!

If life were longer
And Faith were stronger,
If pleasure would bid—if Care would
If each were brother
To all the other—
What an Arcadia this would be!

Were Greed abolished
And Gain demolished
Were Slavery chained, and Freedom free;
If all earth's troubles
Collapsed like bubbles—
What an Elysium this would be!

THE IRONY OF FATE.

The death of the Bonaparte "prince" sets old folk to thinking about his *raison d'être*, and how completely the boldest and biggest individual man can be deceived in his calculations. Let us go back to 1819, or indeed the Fall of 1809. Then it was that Napoleon was in the very zenith of his power, when he was actually operating "throes, dominions, princedoms, virtues, powers," as the man behind the little watchbox of a stage operator Panth and Jody at a fair. He conceived the idea of founding an imperial house like Charlemagne's—his illustrious predecessor, as he called him—and finding that his old wife, Josephine, was not making him presents of children, he determined to repudiate her and marry a younger person in hopes of producing offspring. He could choose whom he liked on the Continent, for he had all Europe "under cover," as the saying is. He heard that Alexander of Russia had a sister about seventeen, so he simply told that Emperor he would take her, as he was "out" of a wife just then; but whether he gave the young lady to understand that he wanted her does not appear. Alexander "cast the gorgon" slightly at the distinguished honor at first, and delayed under pretence of consulting the young lady's mother; but Napoleon, while the offer was under consideration, happened to hear that the Emperor of Austria had a pretty daughter. The application to the Czar was made in about September, 1809, and the reference to the lady's mother, etc., took of course some weeks before a decided answer could be given. In December, however, Napoleon had heard of Maria Louisa of Austria, and made up his mind that he would have her, so he sent word to the Czar that he must have an answer by about January 10. He could not get the answer possibly by that time, for the express between Paris and St. Petersburg used to occupy weeks; but on the 10th or 11th of January he sent word to Austria that he would take that girl instead of the other. How the young ladies must have felt on the subject, they being both imperial princesses. How especially must the Russian princess have felt when she was told to "never mind"; the Emperor had gone to Austria for a wife! And how must Maria Louisa have felt when she was told that there was no love in the case at all, only policy; that Napoleon had been courting the Russian "gal" for several weeks, and only changed his mind in the mereest caprice; never having seen either of the young ladies. But so it was; the marriage was hurried up; Josephine having been only set aside in order that Napoleon should have heirs of his house for the imperial throne of France. But now comes the irony. Napoleon sought to fill the throne with Napoleonic blood, and what was the result? Why, in the course of time, it is perfectly certain that Josephine's blood was represented upon that throne, but not by any means certain that it was Napoleonic blood that filled it. Josephine's daughter was married to a brother of Napoleon, true, but was her son a Bonaparte? That is a question that is in the highest degree doubtful. So loose was Josephine's daughter in her life that it is questioned whether she herself could swear who the father of her child, Louis Napoleon, was. Louis Napoleon, the husband of Hortense, was a dreamer—a poet—the author

of a dreary epic in twelve books, but it is very questionable whether he was the author of Hortense's son's being. A certain Dutch Admiral was quite sufficiently attentive to Hortense to be shrewdly suspected of the honor of that paternity; and the life of Louis is much more like that of a phlegmatic Dutchman than of a sharp, mercurial Corsican. Josephine, then, has the honor of the grand maternity of Napoleon III, but Napoleon I, were he now alive, would bitterly have to acknowledge that there was no certainty as to his blood relationship to the second sitting Emperor of France. Napoleon's son became a bone of contention, like all pretenders, and was conspired against till he sank into a premature grave, while Josephine's grandson sat on the throne of France as Emperor for eighteen years.

Man proposes and God disposes. But not only that, the blood of Josephine may, by a very remote possibility reach the throne of Russia itself yet. Inter-marriages have taken place that might eventually produce that result. And now the knives of a few straggling naked savages have let out the life-blood of the putative Napoleon's son, so that it is almost certain that by not the remotest possibility the blood of the Bonapartes again be found in connection with the sovereignty of France. Indeed, it may be said that never again will the hereditary principle be recognized in the creation of a ruler of that unfortunate though brilliant nation. The day is dawning in which she may create a republican government which will prove a model to be followed by the whole family of nations. France attains her ends by the *experimentum crucis*. Whatever she pursues she pursues, as she says herself, *a defusion* to the melting point, and when she reaches a final conclusion let us hope that she will "stick." She has the genius to comprehend to the utmost; may she have the common sense to hold to that which is salutary and right. By the way, has it ever occurred to our readers, in considering the First Napoleon, what an absolute counterpart he is of Shakespeare's Richard III? We will not pursue this idea, although it has often struck us; but let any student of history read Shakespeare's historical plays and see how often he is reminded, interchangeably, of the crook-backed Richard and the *petit corporal*.—*Forney's Washington Chronicle.*

Book-Marks, Geraniums, Etc., Etc.

Imagine John the Baptist in the wilderness of Judea, trying to rouse the Jewish nation by preaching to them about book-marks, altar-cloths, and geraniums and roses?

Imagine Peter in that Pentecostal sermon attended by an alto and soprano and a tenor—and the best pieces selected from the Italian opera?

Paul tells us of the Faith of Christ crucified, of a "world lying in wickedness;" what would we think of the great apostle to the Gentiles if he had written about book-marks, and floral decorations, and the color of vestments and table-covers, and tenors and contraltos and baritone?

Oh, of all the stuff that is in the world in this exuberant, artificial, affected age, this ritualistic stuff is the poorest.—*Central Presbyterian, Richmond, Va.*

It is estimated that when the well-to-do people get out of Memphis not more than 10,000 will be left for the fever to prey upon.

It is reported that Potters & Weightman of Philadelphia, made \$18,000,000 and Rosenberg & Co., of the same city, \$10,000,000, by the quinine monopoly. It is not an outrage upon the sick and poor people of the vast United States? An exchange says:

"Quinine hereafter will be as cheap here as in Europe, and the charity hospitals of the country alone will save from \$800,000 to \$1,000,000 a year by the removal of the duty. An idea of the enormous amount of quinine used is given by the fact that from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 ounces are used in the United States every year. This is said to have afforded the Philadelphia firms a clear profit over manufacturers' prices of \$500,000 per annum."

The Democratic Congress deserve well of the country for making quinine free of duty, and thus digging up by the roots a gigantic swindle.

The Brooklyn scare over the yellow fever case has had a good effect. The health authorities are much stirred, and nuisances generally are to be suppressed. The N. Y. letter to the Philadelphia Ledger says:

"The Board of Health have appointed an extra corps of sanitary inspectors, comprising eleven physicians, six civil engineers, and other gentlemen of scientific attainments, to investigate and report upon the condition of the tenement houses, the number of inmates, ventilation and other facts, with a view of preventing the spread of diseases during the hot weather. It is an excellent movement, but it might have been begun earlier in the season, and before the average weekly mortality had mounted up to between 800 and 900."

Mr. Potts, the walkist, is returning.—The *Penguin* gives her a send-off from the Crescent City after this style: "Potts is not a sensation. She may make a book, but her story will be old before she tells it, and the book will not sell. She has murdered no one, and therefore cannot lecture. Potts goes home saying she has been well treated in New Orleans, and that is something; but she is evidently disappointed because the people did not turn out to see her, or give promise of making an exhibition profitable. Good-bye, Potts. Come again."

Tracked by Blood Hounds—The Testimony of Three Pups.

Yesterday morning about 8 o'clock, Miles Plummer, a negro man who lives on the northwestern outskirts of the city, came to Mr. Robt. L. Farrington, informing him that he had just discovered that his corn-patch had been robbed, and invoking the aid of the blood hounds belonging to himself and Mr. D. G. Maxwell to catch the thief. The dogs, which by the way are only seven months old, were taken to the field, where a track was discovered. The thief had taken the precaution to wrap his feet with rags so that it would have been impossible to identify him. The dogs were put on the track, but at first made little headway in the field. "One of them finally jumped the fence, and no sooner had he gotten among the bushes than he began to yelp. The others followed, and away they went up a branch, never faltering once until they came to the door of a cabin fully three quarters of a mile from the field, from which the green corn was stolen. They ran all around the house several times, but invariably came back to the door, where they bayed incessantly. Only a negro woman was in the house, and she refused to allow Mr. Farrington to enter. Not being supplied with the necessary papers he was unable to force an entrance and had to leave without searching the house. He hasn't the least doubt in the world that the thief entered the house, whether he is the owner or not. Besides the testimony of the dogs, he discovered within a few feet of the house, the same club-footed track he had seen in the field.

Mr. Farrington has been training these dogs steadily for the last several months. They never fail to follow the track of their victim to his hiding place, however devious may have been his course. Hereafter they will be attended with more danger about Charlotte than ever before. There's no dodging a well trained blood hound.—*Daily Charlotte Observer.*

Roots For Cattle Food.

Roots, properly managed, are the best crop a man can raise. More food can be produced by them on a given spot of ground than any other crop. Roots, more than anything else, are the backbone of English husbandry. They make the finest animals and the best meat at the least cost. Corn, the American staple for making meat, is a feverish food, and must have an effect on the flesh of animals fed on it, and this flesh doubtless has its effect on the constitutions of those who eat it. We want more of the coolness and healthful influence of roots in the various phases of our diet. The food of a nation has as much as, if not more, to do with the character of a people than any thing else. Roots make tender and juicy meat, and such meat is more easily digested. Corn makes firm and oily flesh, which lays the foundation for dyspepsia. English mutton is easier to digest, and more palatable than American. Tarnips make the difference. We need more succulent feed for our long trying winters. With more roots there would be less constipation, barrenness, less abortion, less disease of all kinds.

Sweden, a very productive and excellent root, may be put up in the middle of July and that turnips until the first of August. Swedes may be kept over until July. Fifteen and twenty tons can be raised on an acre. They can be put in after a crop of clover or early grain. The ground should be made mellow and rich with barn-yard manure. Three feet apart is a proper distance for the rows, or they may be closer. A pound of seed is ample for an acre, when put in with a drill, or one fourth of an pound when dropped by hand sixteen inches apart. Several seeds ought to be put into one place, to allow for flies and accident.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Good News from Our Orphans.

Monthly Statement of the Oxford Orphan Asylum.

During the month (July) there has been a revival of religion in the Methodist church. The orphans attended the meetings and three of the larger girls joined that church. Interesting services were also held at the asylum by ministers of the various denominations and many of the children seemed deeply concerned.

Work on the hospital is progressing rapidly, and we hope soon to have it completed.

There are one hundred and thirty-four children here and not one case of sickness.

Three of the teachers connected with the institution came here as children, and completed their education at Greensboro and Murfreesboro and St. Mary's.

We wish to extend the orphan work by educating as many as possible for teachers. Several very bright boys here now ought to receive collegiate education; they might with proper advantages, be an honor to the state and a credit to any generous persons who would defray their expenses at school. Receipts in cash and kind have not been as large as we had hoped.

The Reduced Tax Yields an Increased Revenue.

TREASURY PREVISIONS OF BIG LOSSES TO THE GOVERNMENT NOT VERIFIED BY THE FACTS.

Washington July 31.—The receipts of the bureau of internal revenue from the tax on tobacco do not as yet bear out the predictions of the officials of the treasury that a decrease of the tax from 24 to 16 cents per pound would result in a loss of \$10,000,000 per year to the government. On the contrary, the returns for May and June, the two months that have elapsed since the reduction was made by Congress, show an increase in the revenue over that collected during the corresponding period last year. The amount of tax collected in May and June, 1878, was \$7,524,817, and for the same months in 1879, \$10,121,731, showing an increase for 1879 of \$2,596,934. The high figures for May, 1879, result largely from the included special tax on license paid during the month, which brings into the treasury about \$1,000,000, making May always an exceptional month in this regard. Then the fact that the tax was to be lowered on May 1st interfered with the sales from the time of its agitation in Congress, which was in January last, the taxes for February, March and April aggregating only \$6,905,000, or slightly less than for May alone. This large increase immediately following the reduction of the tax, was natural, but the continued large revenues for June are less easy of explanation save on the basis of large consumption, due to the natural growth of population and to the greater cheapness of the article, making the collection of the tax much easier and more effective.

Tried.—There appeared a white woman and her daughter, about fifteen years of age, at the county clerk's office yesterday, who had come to ascertain if a certain marriage license had been returned to his office by one Rev. Walker, a colored minister, living some five miles from the city. The clerk told the mother it had. She seemed to regret it, as her daughter present was the bride of four days, and had become tired of married life, and thought if the license had not been returned that the whole affair would have been null and void. The clerk informed her that it made no difference in law. The uneducated woman seemed astonished at the announcement. She then wanted to know how they could be unmarried, averring that this honeymoon had been very brief, the bride not having lived with the groom one hour since the knot was tied. The clerk asked the mother of the bride if she did not give her consent, and she replied no; that she just told them to clear out and do as they pleased about it. The bride evidently was sick of the bargain; as she was very pale. "How can she be unmarried?" asked the distressed mother-in-law. The clerk replied that she would have to sue for a divorce, but a better plea than being tired would have to be made.—*Jacksonville Union.*

The number of prisoners in the jail was brought up to thirty-three yesterday.—*Char. Ob.*

Knoxville, Tenn., is going to arrest all persons who circulate false and sensational rumors about the existence of yellow fever in that city.

There is no longer room to doubt now that the tobacco crop will be short in quantity and will fall below the average in quality.—*Winston Sentinel.*

Dr. W. H. Wheeler has presented a handsome wheeler service to St. Paul's Episcopal Church in this place, as a memorial to his brother, Capt. H. B. Wheeler.—*Winston Sentinel.*

Living and sleeping in a room in which the sun never enters is a slow form of suicide. A sun bath is the most refreshing and invigorating bath that can possibly be taken.

This is a world of curious contradictions, ruminates the Boston Herald. The gossiping village dame, who, upon the slightest provocation, would blast your life by the breath of slander, would also stand and minister to you at your sick bed like a sister of mercy.

The Senate of Georgia, by a vote of nearly two to one, has repealed the act making jury recommendations to mercy in murder trials insure a sentence of imprisonment for life, and it is believed the House will concur. The present law virtually removes the death penalty.

The next Legislature of Texas will elect a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Maxey, whose term expires in March, 1881. Among the aspirants for the honor is Ex-Governor Hubbard, Congressman Reagan, Ex-Congressman Hancock and Governor Roberts.

A PREACHER EDITOR BROKE.—Boston August 4.—Rev. W. H. H. Murray, a well-known divine of this city and editor of the *Golden Rule*, has become insolvent and his property has been attached for debt. He left the city some days ago for Chicago. The failure causes much comment.

ALABAMA'S FIRST BALE.—HER CROP REPORTS.—Mobile, August 5.—The first bale of new cotton was received to-day from Wilcox county, Ala. It was classed low middling and sold for 12 cents to E. V. George & Bros., for shipment to Havana.

The crop accounts are generally good, but damage from continuous rains is apprehended.

MORE FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, M. P.

In the present election there are still some "Radical" candidates, and some Independent ones; the result of the election remains to be seen. In this State, also, the blacks have two or three militia companies, but they are deterred from forming more by the expense. In the present Congress there is only one Republican from the State, a white man. He was formerly Governor of the State, and was well liked, but I understand that he is not to be re-elected. The blacks have put up candidates of their own, and are likely to elect a black man if they do not lose the seat by a division among themselves, for two blacks are opposing one another; one of them is said to have been a West Indian. In the mountain regions the white people seem now to be generally Democrats. General Vance, the Governor's brother, is not opposed there. * * The roads are very bad; apparently there are no metalled roads in all the State, only the common earth roads made by the labor of the people themselves, and very indifferently made. The town of Raleigh is, as usual, very scattered with broad streets quite unpaved, and a good deal of ornamental ground about the houses. The population of the place is about 12,000.

The Capitol is a fine building, in a commanding situation. I noticed a very large lunatic Asylum, and there seemed to be a good many other institutions. There are many whisky shops, and a good many churches. The cotton market is very busy, the general market seems well supplied.

The most common fish in these parts are what are called sea-trout, but I do not think they are our sea-trout, they do not seem very good. I am told that in the streams in the hill-country there is very abundant trout fishing.

In the evening I went out to take tea with old Mr. D., who has a very pretty place, with a very nice house, beautiful grounds and a most pleasant family. All the arrangements seemed simple and unpretending, but very nice and comfortable. * * Mr. D., kindly arranged for me a little trip into the country to see the farmers. The land generally seemed to be the light red soil which I have before mentioned, undulating with much wood about. Cotton is by far the principal cultivation. I thought it certainly not so highly cultivated a crop as the cotton I had seen in Egypt, but in many fields there are this year very good crops, from three-quarters to one bale per acre. We met many men with carts bringing in produce, some white and some black; they seem very much on an equality. On the roads of the town I saw white and black men working together. I noticed that the favorite amusement with the negro boys seems to be to drill as mock soldiers, with sticks and flags and wooden muskets.

I visited Mr. T., head of the Shaw Institute, a college maintained by Northern subscription to educate black teachers. The buildings are good and it seems a successful institute.

Mr. T. says his pupils turn out well. He is a Bostonian, served in the war, and is now rather bitter in his political talk. He takes a gloomy view of the prospects of the blacks, and is much in favor of their going to Liberia. He has a bad opinion of the present State government, but a worse opinion of the carpet-bag and negro politicians. He says the negro members of the present Assembly are racials, as are also their candidates for Congress. He would rather vote for a Democrat than for any of them. He has some building work going on; the master mason is a black, and two white men are among the workmen; but this is an exceptional case, and could not ordinarily occur. He thinks the blacks are rather slow in intellect and deficient in enterprise, but they are otherwise good—many of them are very religious, but many others have little idea of the Christian religion. * * I spent the Sunday here. In the morning I went to a black church,

but was very unfortunate, as there had been some division among the congregation, and the place was thinly attended. In the evening I found a better congregation at another church. The preacher was very loud, emphatic, and earnest, but there was not very much cohesion in what he said—the singing was good.

I went out with Mr. B.—to see a large vineyard that he has started. He makes very fair wine, but only the native American vines succeed—the French vines have quite failed—blight greatly affects them and other fruit trees.

This does not seem to be much of a fruit country. I am surprised to see how little excitement there is in regard to the contested election, which is to take place the day after to-morrow. There are no placards and few signs of a struggle going on.

Next day I started for Salisbury, a place in this State, considerably to the west. The country is still undulating with a mixture of wood and cultivation. We came to the district where tobacco is largely grown, and stopped some time at Durham, the centre of the tobacco manufacture. I had an opportunity of going over one of the factories—in fact, one of the largest manufactories in the United States. They also manufacture what is called snuff, but it is not really taken as snuff; it is chewed. They tell me that a fine quality of this snuff is very much used by American ladies, who put it in their mouth on the pretext of its being good for the teeth, but they really chew it, and so consume large quantities. I never could get any one to admit this practice, but so said the manufacturers. Here, also, almost all the work is done by blacks, but certain departments, namely: the weighing and finishing of the packages, are exclusively in the hands of white men. Employers never can trust the blacks with anything which requires careful attention and accuracy.

I stopped at Haw River to see the cotton mills there. They carry out the whole process of manufacture, from cleaning the cotton as it comes, loose from the fields, to the manufacture of the cloth and the dyeing of it, in the same, not very large establishment. The mills are worked by water power, as is always the case in this part of the country. They claim that they have a better climate in the South, with less extremes of heat and cold, and they have great advantages, they say, not only in the saving of the carriage of the cotton, but also in that they are saved the serious expense of packing it. Their labor, too, is cheaper than that in the North.

Here I went out to see the farm of Mr. B., a New Jersey man, who has established a farm of six hundred acres, principally with the object of breeding horses. The road, as usual, I find detestable, but Mr. B. says the New Jersey roads are good; they have a good gravel soil there. Pastures and cattle-breeding have been somewhat neglected in these Southern States, and he hopes to show them the way to improve. He is strong on the excellence of the climate here, about 800 feet above the sea. The thermometer does not usually rise above 80 degrees, and the winters are mild and good.—There seems to be no doubt that there is a great change in the winter climate as one passes South through Virginia into the Carolinas and Georgia.

I had met in the train an old Scotchman, Mr. M., who had been upwards of forty years in this State. Mr. M. very kindly insisted on taking me to his house at Salisbury, where I was most comfortably accommodated. In the morning we walked about the town, which seemed a nice, rural place. Mr. M.'s wife is also a New Englander, but they are all now thoroughly Southern in feeling, both as to the war and as to the question of slavery. According to Mr. M.—the Northerners were the first slave-holders, and when they found that slaves were not profitable property in the North they sold them South and went in for abolition. In the North Carolina people did not go heartily with the South till their feelings got embittered by the great destruction of property and other ill usages to which they were subjected by the Northern armies. A sister of his own was burnt out by the Federal soldiers and died from exposure.

He and his son-in-law, who is also a contractor for public works, told me a good deal about the blacks, whom they have much employed.—They decidedly like them as laborers. In the North the white men get higher wages and do more work. There they will not allow the competition of the negro, especially the foreigners—Irishmen being the most prominent—will not, but the Southern climate is too hot for the Irish, they do not care to come South, while the Southern whites not being anxious to work as hired laborers, do not object to the negroes performing that function.—Thus the blacks are not bulldozed on labor questions, and altogether get on very well. Wages in the South are certainly a good deal lower than in the North, and the negroes can live on much cheaper and poorer food than the Northern whites.

This is the day of the general election. I went to see the voting. There is a contest between two white candidates, but one of them is an independent and seems to be supported by the blacks. There is little sign of excitement; the ballot-box is kept in an open window, and the proceedings are conducted in a loose sort of way; half a dozen people, officials and others, are in the room behind the box.—There is no pretence of secrecy in regard to the ballot papers; papers with the names of the candidates are lying about. Each voter takes one and gives it to be put into the box. I understand they generally pride themselves on voting openly. The blacks seem to be voting freely; there is no sign of intimidation. After breakfast I started for South Carolina.

The Pee Dee Country.

On the 16th of August the cornerstone of the Main Exhibition Building of the Dixie Agricultural and Mechanical Association will be laid with appropriate ceremonies. Colonel L. L. Polk, our worthy Commissioner of Agriculture of North Carolina will deliver an Agricultural address, Judge Fowle, Senator Vance, Governor Jarvis and others are invited, and will, no doubt, be present and enliven the occasion by addresses. The military companies of this and adjoining counties will be present, in full uniform. The gentlemen of the Wadesboro Cornet Band will give the people the chance of hearing some very fine music. The ladies will have plenty to eat on hand, which will be sold very cheap, and the proceeds will go towards paying the expenses of the buildings. From what we can see and learn from the managers, it will be a lively time in old Wadesboro on the 16th day of August next. We hope to see the good honest working men and the fair ladies of Union, Stanley, Montgomery, Richmond and Anson counties, N. C., and Chesterfield, S. C., (and in fact, from other counties,) assembled on the beautiful grounds of the Dixie Association on Saturday, August 16th, for we can assure them that they will have a day of rare enjoyment.

For the information of those who are in doubt upon the subject we would state that there will be no election of Constables this year as the present officers will hold over until the Fall of 1880, after having, we believe, renewed their official bonds. The law upon the subject reads: "On the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty, and on said day every two years thereafter, an election shall be held in each township for the office of Constable."

A FORTUNE FOR A COLORED WOMAN.—Joseph Martin Shuford, colored, left Lincolnton with Col. Wheeler's regiment of Federal infantry in 1865. He went to Detroit, Michigan, where he lived until his death, which occurred on the 7th of this month. He had acquired about \$4,000 worth of property and money, which goes to his mother, who is the wife of Benjamin Hoke, known as "Factory Ben."

COMPETITION THE LIFE OF TRADE.—London, July 27.—In view of the approaching completion of the new French cable the Anglo-American Cable Company has decided to lay a new cable next year to facilitate transmission of the increased number of messages which will result from a lower tariff.