

THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

H. KNIGHT & SON, Proprietors.

"This Argus, o'er the People's Rights doth an Eternal Vigil Keep; No Soothing Strain of Meane's Shew can Lull his Hundred Eyes to Sleep."

\$2.00 PER ANNUM In Advance.

VOL. 33.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1876.

NO. 1.

Miscellaneous.

The Blue Laws.

A correspondent desires to know what were the blue laws of New England. In Kindall's "Travels in America in 1807," they are given substantially as we publish them. Those strange prohibitions have long since become obsolete, but as curious specimens of legislation in the early days of New England we reproduce them for the amusement of our readers:

No quaker or disserter from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates, or any other officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered to a quaker, adamite or other heretic.

If any person turns quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return, but upon pain of death.

No priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No one to cross a river, but with an authorized ferryman.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, or cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick a ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden, shall be deemed a theft.

A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by his oath.

When it appears that an accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

No person shall buy or sell lands without permission of the selectmen.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to deliver him from the liberty of buying and selling.

Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor, shall sit in the stocks, or be whipped fifteen stripes.

No minister shall keep a school.

Every ratable person, who refuses to pay his proportion to the support of the minister of the town or parish, shall be fined by the court \$2 and \$4 every quarter, until he or she shall pay the rate to the minister.

Men-stealers shall suffer death.

Whosoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace, above two shillings by the yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offenders at \$800 estate.

A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out and sold to make satisfaction.

Whoever sets a fire in the woods, and it burns a house, shall suffer death; and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned with out benefit or bail.

Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of \$5.

No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas, or saint's day, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and Jew-harp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage; the magistrates only shall join in marriage, as they may do with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrates shall determine the point.

The selectmen, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents and put them in better hands, at the expense of their parents.

A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £10; a woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

No man shall court maid in person

or by letter, without first obtaining the consent of her parents, £5 penalty for the first offence; £10 for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.

[The descendants of the people who enacted and enforced the above laws now claim to be the "saints" and salt of the earth.]

A Leap Year Story.

There is a young gentleman in this town who is looked upon as a sort of woman-hater, and who, it was believed until recently, would not marry the handsomest and best woman on earth if every hair on her head was a Koh-i-noor diamond. On a count of leap year some young ladies concluded to put up a job on this young man and arrange it for one of their number to propose marriage to him, while the others watched the fun through holes bored in a partition.

The gentleman was invited to call at the house of the young lady who was to do the proposing, and on the designated evening he was there, seated in the parlor, with the accessories to the plot were stationed at their eye holes. After a satisfactory conversation about the weather and the club party the young lady suddenly dropped on her knees before the gentleman and in exclaiming terms declared her passion:

"Darling," she said, "I long have loved thee, but the cruel conventionalities of society have forced me to conceal my passion. Leap year, which gives to oppressed woman one blessed privilege, is now here, and I take advantage of it to tell thee I adore thee. Look not thus coldly on me, dearest; spare me not from your presence. See me on my bended knees imploring that you will not say me nay. Grant me but one kiss from those ruby lips; fold me to thine arms and say that thou wilt be mine, only mine forever and for aye."

Contrary to expectation, the gentleman displayed not the least astonishment during the foregoing recital, and when it was concluded he went over to the stove, and his hat's under his coat tail, thus replied:

"I'm told your dad owns a hundred shares of North Carolina, and that you've got two brindle bull-dogs in your own right and without incumbrance; likewise I am informed that you are a good hand making slap-jacks and biscuits; that you don't chew gum, which, by the way, is powerful expensive these hard times. In view of these facts I consent, and leave it to you to name the day."

Horrified the lady tried to explain that it was all a joke, but the gentleman would not accept any such explanation, and threatened a breach of promise suit unless she fulfilled her promise in which event he will summon the peppers as witnesses.

The saddest and most distressing case yet recorded in the chapters of accidents from this section comes to us this week from Greene county.

Miss Cobb, daughter of Deveroux Cobb, living near Pools Bridge, Snow Hill township, seventeen years of age, and a young lady of remarkable beauty and more than ordinary brilliancy of mind, was burned to death on Thursday of last week. The particulars of the heart-rending affair as reported to us by gentlemen from the neighborhood are as follows: Miss Cobb was on a temporary visit to her sister Mrs. William Elward, five miles from her father's residence. On the day above named she was playing with Mrs. E's infant in the kitchen when her dress took fire from the stove and was in a full blaze when discovered. Losing her presence of mind, Miss C., rushed from the building into the yard, pursued by Mrs. E., but not until her strength was exhausted could she be overtaken. It was then too late as her body was fatally burned. In her flight she threw the infant from her arms and thus the little innocent escaped from the same hapless fate. After a few hours of intense suffering, during which time all that human skill could devise was done for her relief, death interposed as a welcome messenger. Her funeral occurred on Sunday and was attended by a host of sorrowing and sympathizing friends.—Wilson Advance.

"Every one who comes from the South reports that the Southern Republicans, approach unanimity in their preference for the nomination of Morton," says Morton's organ's correspondent. The Moses of South Carolina are doubtless among the numerous Republicans of the South who "approach unanimity in their admiration of the vindictive statesman of Indiana, and he will have plenty more of such admirers as long as there is the slightest prospect that he may be placed in a position to protect them in their unanimous approach to the pockets of the people whom they hope to plunder some more. So far, only one journal of prominence—the Indianapolis Journal—is supporting Mr. Morton, and if he secures the nomination it will be due to the single jack-ass power of the press rather than the forty jack-ass power so pathetically described by Mr. Butler.—Louisville Journal.

The Colonel says: Mr. Henry Platt, of No. 9 Township, one of the greatest hunters in our county, has a tame turkey that accompanies him in all of his turkey hunts and as soon as he gets into the hunting region, he conceals himself and by a signal, the turkey struts off and gobbles until he is answered by the wild one. As soon as he is answered, he begins his retreat in the direction of his concealed mist—gobbling all the time. The wild bird by this, is drawn near enough the blind to receive the charge from Platt's trusty rifle, and as soon as the gun is fired and the wild turkey drops, the trained one exhibits his pleasure by exultating and gobbling around his betrayed friend.

"Pa, what is a Radical?"

"A Radical is a rampioner of the end of the genus homo; but is occasionally found in the Middle States. It is a satanic spawn of Puritan parentage conceived in sin, born in iniquity, nursed at the breast of jealousy, reared in the cradle of prejudice and self-esteem, and subsisted by public and private plunder! Now, my son I have explained Radical, can you parse it?"

"Radical is a compound, unconstitutional noun; black in person, declining in number, African gender and desperate case and governed by the nigger, according to the old Puritan rule—one ignominious governs another." "Now my son you catch your pony and take a ride."

SELF HELP.—A doctrine that a month too forcibly announced in these days was taught in his vigorous way by Horace Greeley, according to an incident going to the credit of the paper's concerning him. A young man's club wrote him asking for a free copy of the "Tribune" for its use.—The sensible old philosopher replied, declining and saying that one of the words for a young man to get in his head was that he could get something or nothing. They need it to remember that what was too easily got was no lottery, and there were no prizes but those that men worked for.

Horace's head was level on that. We hope people who depend on borrowing their neighbor's papers will take notice and act accordingly.

ASTONISHMENT IN A REVIVAL MEETING.—At the revival services in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Mount Holly, N. J., on Wednesday evening, a deaf mute presented himself for prayers. After united and earnest supplications had been offered in his behalf, he arose with a countenance radiant with joy, and, taking the brethren by the hand, shouted "Glory, Glory," to the astonishment of the audience.

Croup may be cured in a minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the cure is to take a knife or grater and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum, then mix it with about twice its quantity of sugar, to make palatable and administer it as quick as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

The new (wrote a school-boy) is a larger bird than the guse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, and 2 more to kick with; and it wears its wings on the side of its head. It is stubbornly backward about going forward.

How easy and economical it is to have a good kitchen garden. For the small sum of \$2.50 or \$3.00, you can buy seed enough of all kinds, including potatoes, onion sets, beans and peas, to plant a large garden. An industrious man can cultivate a medium sized garden spot, (planting all kinds of seeds), by working at odd times, before breakfast and late in the evening, after leaving his place of business, without any aid; and supply his family with every variety of vegetables for at least seven months in the year.—Ex.

Adelbert Ames, Governor of Mississippi, "has gone and done it," that is, resigned—and under fire, too. That irascible Democratic Legislature of Mississippi had just impeached Davis, the negro Lieutenant-Governor, for high crimes and misdemeanors in office, and were unlimbering their guns to open fire on Ames when he concluded to come down without it, as he knew they had him any way. Ames is a Radie Carpet-bagger and a son-in-law of Beas Butler. By his resignation a high-talent gentleman and fire-tried Democrat, J. M. Stone, President of the Senate, becomes Gov. now.

The Galvanic Gleaser says: Mrs. Lydia Friddle, of this county, retired to her bed on the night of the 22d inst., in her usual health. She was taken ill soon thereafter and died before three o'clock the same night. She was sixty-two years old. She leaves a husband, Jacob Friddle, who is one hundred and four years of age.

It is generally understood that the first choice of New Hampshire as to a Republican ticket for president and vice-president is Belknap and Babcock, provided they are not rendered ineligible by the Rebel Congress between this and the election.—Courier Journal.

THE NEXT ECLIPSE.—The next eclipse of the sun in the United States will be the south return of the magnificent eclipse at Boston on June 16, 1896, when the center of the moon's shadow passed very nearly in a line from Albany to Boston, and produced a total obscuration for five minutes. It will take place in the afternoon of Monday, June 22, 1878.

M. G. Parkers, Catbert, Georgia, writes to the Governor that he has under his control some of the colonial scrips of this state, bearing date of 1771, and wants to know if there is any law providing for its redemption. About one hundred years ago some somebody will probably make the same enquiry in regard to what we know now as special tax bonds.

The Farm.



Removing the Blossoms from Irish Potatoes.

Editors American Farmer: Your readers doubtless remember the article printed in your columns last summer, translated from *La Reuss Agricole*, by Cadet W. W. Briggs: "Increasing the yield of Irish potatoes by removing the blossoms." At my suggestion a subscriber of your Mr. John Baunier, of this county, sowed 12 rows in the field of his seed and early crop and yesterday gave me his report. He carefully compared the yield and size of the tubers from the rows of which he had the blossoms cut as soon as they appeared, with the rows on either side, and is thoroughly satisfied that he was well repaid for the slight care and labor required in the pruning. The rows sowed were in the middle of the patch and had no advantage in manuring or natural strength of the soil over the others, and he can attribute the result in the harvest—greater yield in size and quantity—to no other cause than the removal of the blossoms.

It is not uncommon to hear our potato growers say that when the Early Rose first came out, they yielded much better than they do now, and we "had very few blossoms"; now some time before we commence harvesting, the major part are, or have been, in full bloom. The experiment does not cost much; suppose we try it.

If pruning the blossoms are an effort at seed formation, which it assuredly does, counteracts the strength of the plant for the legitimate development of its tubers, we can readily apprehend that art may here, as elsewhere, apply the principles of pruning with profit.

NANSEBOND.

From the Southern Cultivator. Thoughts For The Month.

THE NEXT COTTON CROP.

Shall it be large or small, is a question of great moment to Southern farmers. If large, with corresponding low price, not exceeding cost of production, the prospect is exceeding dark and gloomy. We trust that they will provide against such a contingency by raising an ample supply of provisions, so that if without money, they may at least have bread. As far as appearances can indicate, they point to the planting of a large crop of cotton. Cotton brings rarely money—money is very scarce—therefore plant a plenty of cotton. Such seems to be the unconscious reasoning of the farmer; and it would be very sound if the supply of cotton was not so large that production is already treading sharply on the heels of consumption; or, to be plain and brief, if the cotton market was not glutted. But it is, and so it happens, that the more cotton we make, the less (not the more) money we get.

What a pity it is that man will abuse the beneficent gifts of providence. As a money crop, nothing exceeds, perhaps no other equis, cotton. With proper rotations, it enriches instead of impoverishing the land—cleanses it from foul growth—through its debris and seed, is the foundation for splendid crops of grain—is not perishable—is light of transportation to market, and always finds ready sale. And just because it is so good—to use a homely phrase—we "ride a free horse to death." We allude to the matter now, because it is not yet too late to diminish the acreage of cotton and increase that of provision crops. Corn, peas, potatoes, ground-peas, clover, &c., may still be planted. Nor is it too late, even yet, to avoid credit and reduce the operations of the farm? This, in our judgment, opens the true road to prosperity. Credit more than anything else has pushed cotton production beyond its legitimate bounds—credit has created the immense individual indebtedness which hangs like millstones around the neck of our farmers—credit has banished the hog from our borders—credit has swelled the business of merchants and middlemen into unnatural proportions, and drawn thereby into cities and villages, in shape of clerks and drummers, thousands of young men, who ought to have been producers, and the noblesse of the land. But we must stop—our business now is to deal with the actual, every-day operations of the farm, rather than its policy.

COTTON PLANTING.

Late planted cotton grows off better than early planted, but in localities where the seasons are short, it is important to plant early, to secure maturing of the crop. In such cases the plant may be pushed off by supplying it with easily assimilated food, immediately within reach, as by soaking seed in stable manure water and rolling in plaster, or rolling in ammoniated fertilizers, or applying small quantities of these (say 50 lbs.) in the drill with the seed. The non-ammoniated dissolved bones or acid phosphates must not be used for this purpose, as they will injure the seed. Cotton should be planted very shallow—one inch is ample depth. But dry weather prevails light, it may not come up if the seed are so near the surface. The old-fashioned plan of opening furrow with scouter and covering with two furrows of the same, and then knocking off with a board just as the cotton is ready to come up, is the surest, but it is slow and tedious. A planter with wheel running in bottom of furrow, and pressing the earth in a narrow drill into which the seed fall, and covering with a board pressed down by a spring, or by a block, will, under ordinary circumstances, give a good stand. If the beds are rough and cloudy, it is best to precede the planter with a harrow, which has been several times described by us heretofore, and which we will briefly describe again, for the benefit of new subscribers. It is simply an ordinary triangular harrow, from 24 to 3 feet in width behind, and with teeth set a little sloping backward to prevent its fouling. The front teeth should be about 6 inches long in the clear and the rear set 10 inches, the intervening ones increasing gradually in length from front to rear. Such a harrow will hug a bed, clean it off and still leave it elevated, and with a uniform rounded surface. We find it exceedingly useful in our own practice for smoothing and freshening the surface of beds. It is a great point gained in cotton culture to have the young plants in a straight narrow line, on a smooth, gently rounded bed—the first working can then so easily be given it.

BWET POTATOES.

Be sure to have slips ready by the first of May, watering the beds freely if necessary, and covering them during cold nights.

From the Southern Cultivator. Experience of a Young Farmer.

EDITOR SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.—You ask subscribers to give their experience.—My object in writing is not to enlighten the experienced, but to warn the young from the many disappointments which have befallen me for the past few years.—I was born and reared upon a farm, and have been farming on my own responsibility for the last six years. When I left the homestead (whose owner was a thrifty

farmer, and whose business moved on like clock-work.) I thought it would be no trouble to get rich in a few years; but, Mr. Editor, whilst I had learned to do farm work successfully, I was totally ignorant of farm finance and farm economy.

But to the results. The first year I commenced upon a 200-acre farm, hired two hands for standing wages, and as the old saying goes, "took the bit-out and firmed my own." The result was I made money. But not satisfied with every day hard work, and a small farm, I purchased 200 acres more land, and commenced the co-partnership system, viz: gave each man and wife a mule and 25 acres of land, to farm themselves; followed this plan for two years, but no revenue was received. Why! In the first place, no man can look after half-a-dozen or more families, in as many different fields as much as is necessary. Secondly it requires all of the hand's time and attention—when he is only half interested. Or to be brief, the croppers, as a rule, have to be watched night and day, or farming is a losing business.

Some may ask, what about the renting plan? I simply enquire, if you ever saw white renters before the war improve the plantation? Well, can we expect the better skelter negro to do it. I have read this plan, and in the end came out lower. I make the assertion, that if the Planter will estimate the expenses, such as house rent, fire wood, wear and tear of the land, taxes, keeping up fences and ditches, (for these are against the renter's religion,) to say nothing of risk of losing the rent or provisions furnished, not a dollar has been made by the investment.—And any farmer, who will continue this for a series of years, will have to go "west" (or as the darkies in this section say, "migrate") to make a living.

The writers upon the labor question recommend the wage plan—but this has its objections. My individual experience is, that the supply of labor is not sufficient for the demand to run a large farm successfully with hired labor. I undertook to run my farm one year in this way; got along smoothly during the winter months when the days were short and the work not pressing; but when the grass began to out grow the cotton, and day laborers were in demand at fancy prices, I awoke one morning and found 4 of my hands missing. Learned afterwards that they had gone over to help one of my neighbors at \$1.00, three meals, and three drinks per day. As a matter of course I had to give these outrageous prices, as was the custom or turn my crop out to grass, need not say how the balance sheet stood.

My experience with the whites as well as blacks, is like the school-boy's conjugation, "bad, worse, worser." But the negroes are among us, and we must give them employment. I am at present giving them part of the crop, dividing the land according to the force employed by each family, requiring each one to work me one acre to the hand for my time and attention, and compelling all hands to work together.—By this means, I can give my personal attention to all at the same time—besides they are not so liable to quit in the summer as wages hands—and I take no risk of droughts.

GRANGER.

Cowetts county, Ga., March 1st, 1876.

Pickling Beef.

[To the Editor of the Courier-Journal]

In your issue of March 1 I notice a request, signed H. D., wishing to know how to pickle beef. I will tell him and all others one of the best and cheapest plans in the world. Cut up the beef in pieces about four inches thick, bone and all if desired, casing out the large joints. Procure a good molasses barrel that will hold brine. Get a tub or box and put in it one gallon of salt, one pint of brown sugar, and one tablespoonful of saltpeter, well pulverized; stir the salt, sugar and saltpeter up thoroughly, sprinkle brine on the bottom of the barrel, then take each piece of beef and rub it well in the salt and sugar, as if salting down pork; then place it in the barrel. On each layer of meat sprinkle well the sugar, salt and saltpeter. Continue to do so until all of the meat is thoroughly treated. When the barrel becomes nearly full, put a large weight on the meat. Next morning it will be covered with brine made from the juice from the meat.—Keep the meat under the brine, and let it remain for years if you wish. It will never spoil, and being preserved in its own juice, retains all its original sweetness and flavor. Never pour water into the barrel or molest it in any way after you salt it down, only when you wish to use a piece.

I killed a beef last July that weighed 800 pounds, pickled it in this way, and never lost a pound. This being a very warm climate, of course beef will keep anywhere if it keeps here.

GRANGER.

LEXINGTON, TEXAS, March 8, 1876.