

The Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY N. C., SEPTEMBER 17, 1874.

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Nearly all diseases originate from Indigestion and Torpidity of the Liver, and relief is always speedily sought after. If the Liver is regulated in its action, health is almost invariably secured. Want of action in the Liver causes Headache, Constipation, Jaundice, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Chills, Bloating, Sour Stomach, bad taste in the mouth, bilious attacks, palpitation of the heart, depression of spirits, or the blues, and a hundred other symptoms, for which SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR is the best remedy, effectually, and being a simple vegetable compound, can do no injury in any quantities that it may be taken. It is harmless in every way; it has been used for 40 years, and hundreds of the good and great from all parts of the country will vouch for it being the purest and best.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR
OR MEDICINE,
Is a non-drowsy, violent medicine,
It is pure and safe in every way,
It is a non-toxic beverage,
It is a faultless family medicine,
It is the cheapest medicine in the world,
It is given with safety to the youngest child,
It does not interfere with business,
Does not disarrange the system,
Takes the place for Quinine and Bitters of every kind,
Contains the simplest and best remedies.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TO THE Wholesale Trade.
Judging the future by the past, we enter with confidence upon this our new enterprise of separating our Wholesale from our Retail Trade, by having a separate and distinct House for each; and in doing so we flatter ourselves that it will not only meet the approval of our numerous customers, but that an "Exclusive Wholesale House" will bring us a large influx of new trade, and of a character not heretofore enjoyed.

It is desirable to every buyer that a strictly "Wholesale House" arranged and adapted for the trade, with a corps of carefully selected staff, with a Stock especially selected for that Trade only, and moreover, the avoidance of coming in contact with retail buyers, which we now do, have heretofore found to be so irksome, as it frequently happens that the retail buyer is your very neighbor, (perhaps your own customer). Such a house, we assert, must and will command itself to the Trade.

Four years ago we advertised that we intended to make Charlotte a wholesale mart and our "The Wholesale House." We now have the proud satisfaction of seeing it an accomplished fact.

Very truly yours,
WITTKOWSKY & RINTELS.

RETAIL.
Now a few words about that. We now occupy the superb house heretofore so favorably known as the Messrs. Bren, Brown & Co.'s Dry-goods House, and seventy acres of land business, and as "Exclusive" in, and has always been, our motto, we claim also in that line to excel in stock, to excel in lowness of prices, and to excel generally. We will, in that house, have a corps of thirty Salesmen and Saleswomen, all experienced, able, and obliging. We will make the Millinery branch a specialty.

SIMONTON FEMALE COLLEGE, Statesville, N. C.

Rev. S. TAYLOR MARTIN, PRESIDENT.

THE SITUATION is remarkably healthy. The building is an elegant brick structure, admirably arranged for health and comfort. Efficient teachers have been secured.

CERTIFICATES.
From the late Rev. W. H. McGUIFFEY, D.D., LL. D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia.

From the Hon. WALTER P. CALDWELL, GREENSBORO, June 17, 1874.

From the Rev. WALTER W. PHARR, MECKLENBURG CO., N. C., June 16, 1874.

From the Hon. WALTER W. PHARR, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 17, 1874.

From the Hon. MOSES D. HOGE, D. D., RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 20, 1873.

From the Hon. MOSES D. HOGE, D. D., RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 20, 1873.

December 31, 1874,
for the purpose of erecting an
ODD FELLOWS TEMPLE.
The Grand Gift is the
Benbow House,
WORTH, \$60,000.00
GRAND CASH GIFT
\$10,000.00.
Real Estate Gifts, \$81,500
Cash, \$88,500
Only 100,000 tickets to be issued.
Price of Tickets, \$250.
AGENTS WANTED.
For further particulars, address the
Manager, Box 8, Greensboro, N. C.
C. P. MENDENHALL, Manager.

LARGE GRAPE VINE.—Some of the papers are claiming that the largest vine in the world is in California, being one foot in diameter. But we learn that in Ramoth congregation in Mecklenburg county, there is a vine one foot three inches in diameter, clasping tightly a mighty oak. It is on the farm of Mr. M. E. Caldwell. California will have to try again, before she beats North Carolina.—*Southern Home.*

We have heard (or read) of a grape vine on Roanoke Island, a scuppernon, whose branches are said to cover three acres of land, and the fruit to yield 3,000 gallons of Wine. Will some one fully informed on the subject publish the facts in the case.

Some three or four years ago a correspondent of one of the Norfolk, Va., papers, we think, published an account of vineyards visited by him in the Eastern part of the State, in which he announced the rather startling fact (if it be a fact) that North Carolina had the largest vineyard in the world. Who can throw any light on this subject?

Grape culture is a growing subject in this State, some few gentlemen in this section having already found it profitable. The practical question of profit may not yet be as fairly settled as it should be. We know of at least one very intelligent gentleman in an adjoining county who has been experimenting with Grapes and wine making for a number of years on a small scale, who holds the opinion, that Western North Carolina at least, is not, and never can be, a good wine producing country.

We are not prepared to give in full his reasons for so believing, and will not therefore attempt to state them. Meanwhile, Messrs. King and Hege of Lexington, Geo. W. Johnson, Esq., of Davis; Mickey, of Salem; and some two or three others in Guilford; and others in Mecklenburg and Cabarrus, are extending their vineyards, and making wines which already sell more readily than any foreign products in the market. Some of them are shipping their wines to the great commercial centers, where, we learn, they find ready and remunerative sales.

This is practice against theory, and we respectfully suggest to our old and highly esteemed friend in Stanly, that they are pretty strong against him; and that at this rate, ten years will hardly go by before he will be compelled to yield his theory to irresistible demonstration.

Since the foregoing was put in type we have the Raleigh News of the 13th, from which we extract the following para, rapas on the subject of the grape culture of Raleigh.

Dear News:—I write you a line to record the very pleasant visit of the committee on the part of the State Agricultural Society, appointed to inspect the vineyard of Mons. J. L. Labiaux, near Ridgeway, and report the progress thus far obtained, in the cultivation of French vines, to the Society at the approaching Fair.

In the afternoon, a thorough inspection and examination of the three vineyards of Mons. Labiaux followed, in company with Mons. Lombard, his very energetic and accomplished Superintendent, sent to this country by Mons. Planchon. It would not be proper in this article, to anticipate the report of the advantages and disadvantages whatever they may be, of this experiment in the cultivation of the vitis vinifera. The vineyards cover thirty-five acres.

Confession of weakness.
Aside from the contradiction between the idea of a matter as self-sufficient to evolve every form and quality of life, and that of an unknown power which evolves from that matter perceptible phenomena, it is worthy of remark how confidently Prof. Tyndall pronounces this latter power "inscrutable," "insoluble," and "unsearchable." There is in these epithets a revelation of great significance. It is a confession of the impotency of Prof. Tyndall and his school to fairly grapple with the subject they profess to discuss, and of their unwillingness to concede that any one else can do what they fail to do.—*They know all about it that can be known and therefore those who pretend to know more are impostors. It is this secret arrogance more than their attacks on accredited opinions that renders modern scientists so hateful to the public at large. Men will listen to argument when it is candidly and fairly submitted to their judgments, but they will not hear dogmatism, which, in advance brands dissent as folly.*—N Y Sun

A Vermont Tragedy.
The Green Mountain State has lately contributed very fully to the tragic annals of the period. Three or four frightful murders have occurred within its borders during the last month. A special dispatch from Rutland to the Troy Times of Saturday, gives the facts, very briefly, of another mysterious and ghastly affair—a case of suicide—which is lacking in no element of horror. A man who registered himself as C. V. Rutland, was found in his room with his throat cut from ear to ear. It was evident that he committed the desperate deed with the greatest coolness and deliberation. He had seated himself in a chair and permitted the life current to flow into his arteries, and the floor before him. One extraordinary feature of this horrible tragedy is found in the fact that he left an incoherent statement, written in his own blood, denying complicity in some murder of which nothing appears to be known. Numerous small scraps of paper written over in the same way were found scattered around the room. It was plain that the man had permitted himself to bleed to death slowly, and occupied his last moments in writing these notes. At last accounts the affair remained a mystery, and certainly not even the morbid imagination of a foe could conjure up anything more ghastly.

CHARITY.
Fair Charity, be thou my guest,
And be thy constant couch, my breast.—*Cotton.*

This golden chain, that reaches from heaven to earth, is more admired than used—more preached about than practiced. It has been remarked by some writer, "Did universal charity prevail, there would be Heaven, and Hell a fable." It is another name for disinterested, lofty, unadulterated love—the attribute of Deity, that moved Him to provide a city of refuge for our fallen, ruined race, when exposed to the vengeance and penalty, imposed by the holy law of God, violated by our federal head. It is placed at the head of all the Christian virtues by St. Paul, the ablest divine that ever graced a pulpit or wielded a pen. It is the substratum of philanthropy, the brightest star in the Christian's diadem. It sprays the scrofula of green-eyed jealousy, the canker of tormenting envy, the tortures of burning malice, the typhoid of foaming revenge. It is an impartial mirror, set in the frame of love, resting on equity and justice. It is the foundation and capstone of the Christian's grace—without it, religion is like a body without a soul—our friendships, shadows of a shadow—our aims, the offspring of pride, or, what is more detestable, the offerings of hypocrisy—our humanity, a mere iceberg on the ocean of time—we are unfit to discharge the duties of life, and derange the design of our creation. Was this Heaven-born, soul-cheering principle, the mainspring of human action, the all pervading motive power, that impelled mankind in their onward course to eternity, the polar star to guide them through their world of sin and woe—the ills that flesh is heir to, would be softened in its melting sun beams, a new and blissful era would dawn auspiciously upon our race, and Satan would become a bankrupt for want of business. Wars and rumors of wars would cease—envy, jealousy, and revenge would bid their diminished heads—falsehood, slander, and persecution would be unknown—sectarianisms, in matters of religion, would crumble in dust—the household of faith would become what it should be—one united, harmonious family in Christ—infidelity, vice, and immorality would recede, and happiness, before unknown, would become the crowning glory of man. Pure and undefiled religion would then be honored and glorified—primitive Christianity would stand forth, divested of the inventions of men, in all the majesty of its native loveliness—the victories of the cross would be rapidly achieved—and the bright day be ushered in, when Jesus shall rule, King of nations, as he now does King of saints.

The Granges.
The number of subordinate granges now in operation is but a few score less than twenty thousand. Iowa had the largest number on the first of June, the date of the last report, being 1,994. Indiana was 1,968, and Missouri had 1,929, while the Kansas granges numbered 1,329. Illinois had 1,481 and Kentucky 1,101. The cotton and Gulf States alone had 4,065 granges. There are granges in all the States, but Connecticut and Delaware are without State granges, not having the necessary number. There are now about thirty granges in Canada and the Patrons there propose organizing separately hereafter. There are no granges in New Mexico or Arizona, while in the other Territories there are 180.

Ludicrous Scene in a Pulpit.
(New York Times.)
A South German paper relates the following:
In a Bavarian town of the most pronounced Catholic orthodoxy, the priest preached lately against the Old Catholics, and related such horrible things about them that his pious hearers were literally horror-stricken at Old Catholic impieties. At last the preacher cried out, "The Old Catholics are so vile that they will all be cast into the pit, and if what I tell you is not true may the devil take me now on the spot!" His excitement was terrible, and he strook the cushion that the book fell from it. Not far from the pulpit there sat an American, who had a negro servant with him, to whom he beckoned to take the book up to the priest, who perhaps, had never seen one of those sons of Ham in his life. The negro at once obeyed, and as he mounted the lowest of the pulpit steps, the clergyman repeated his wish that the Devil might come and take him if what he had said against the old Catholics was not true. Although the negro went softly the preacher heard his footsteps, and turning round, saw a black object solemnly, steadily and surely approaching him. He looked at him with terror, and believing that he would be the next instant collared by his Satanic Majesty he cried out with trembling voice: "It is, after all, possible that there may be good people among the old Catholics." Turning then round to see if the object had disappeared he saw it still steadily approaching. The perspiration burst out on his brow, and full of despair he called out, "There are even many good people among the old Catholics!" Thinking that this would suffice he turned around, but what was his horror to find that the object was close at hand. Imagining himself in the very grasp of Beelzebub, turning partly to the negro and partly to the congregation, he cried out, "May the devil come and take me if all the old Catholics are not better than we are!" The terrified preacher fainted from fright and it was only after sometime that he recovered.

An Awful Fate.
The Story of the Man Who Was Tied on a Railroad Track by Robbers.
Near Henryville, Indiana, on Saturday night last, August Gardner, was robbed and afterward bound to the track of the Jeffersonville, Madison and Indianapolis railroad. He lived long enough after being taken to Jefferson to tell the story of this unexampled atrocity. It is as follows:
"My name is August Gardner. I was born in France, and have been from that country but a short time.—I am but twenty-three years old.—I have no relatives or friends in this country. My father is dead, I was going down to Louisville in search of employment, and as I had but little money I thought I would walk. It could not have been more than ten o'clock last night, when three men came up to me while I was walking along the track. One of them demanded my money. I told them that I was poor, having only a few dollars. This did not do any good, for they seized me, two holding me and the other one searching my pockets and taking my pocket-book and everything else I had. They then threw me down on the track. I thought that they were going to kill me, and I begged them to spare my life. They said nothing, but one of them produced a long piece of rope from his pocket, and they commenced to tie me to the track, over a cattle-guard. I was badly frightened, and begged them hard not to do that. I told them that I never knew them, and had never done them any harm, and if they would let me go I would say nothing of what occurred. While I was talking and pleading with them they still kept on tying me to the track over the cattle-guard. They tied me lengthways to the rail. The rope was tightly fastened around my body, legs and arms. When they got through I could not move my arms and legs. While I was begging them not to leave me there, they went off. I knew that the cars would be along soon, and I tried my utmost to free myself and loosen the ropes that bound me. At first I did not think I would be able to move at all, but after repeated efforts I succeeded in working my arms and body off the track, it swinging down. I tried to get my left leg off, but could not. I yelled with all my might hoping that somebody would come and save me, but no one came. It was raining hard at the time and very dark. I had been lying there about half an hour when I heard the cars whistle. I cannot tell you my feelings. [A perceptible shudder here passed through the frame of the dying man.] In a few seconds the cars were nearly up to where I was lying. I gave a wild shriek and closed my eyes. The cars passed over me, the wheels cutting ropes loose that bound me. I suffered as if my leg and arm were being dragged off a few feet from the track. I lay there, and when I came to was very thirsty. It was still raining, and I dug a hole in the ground by my face with my fingers. By doing this I managed to get a little water. I was so weak that I could not move, and I hallooed frequently during the night for help, but no one came until morning, when I was found.

An Example Worth Considering.
The Charlotte Southern Home, under the caption, "What Energy will Do," has the following which can be read with profit by many of the young men of the present age:
"At the outbreak of the war, a German who could hardly speak English volunteered in a Southern Battery. He was as true as steel throughout the desperate struggle. At its close, without a dollar in his pocket, he married a real help-met and began life on a rented farm of rather poor land. He made excellent crops every year and now has an excellent farm of his own with every comfort around it. He has more conveniences and labor-saving appliances than many wealthy farmers have, and is ready to help with hand and purse, in every good enterprise.
"This is no fancy picture, but the sober truth, as the people of Gaston, who know Mr. A. Farley can testify.
"What a different country we would have, if all our young men would show the pluck and energy shown by this man. How many idle-aways their time about stores and cross-roads complaining that the freedmen will not work, instead of taking hold themselves. How many are running to town to get into little piddling, unmanly employments, instead of battling manfully on their farms. If the Grange does no other good than to make farmers respect their calling, it will accomplish a mighty work. The success of a man without means on rented land shows what might be done by the owners of the soil with the right pluck and spirit."

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consecrated grounds. Though so much as Salisbury, I never visited Dunn's Mountain till this year. The mountain is named for (if not by) Col. John Dunn of Revolutionary notoriety. Not improbably he was one of the first who owned the land. One of these days I want to give Mr. Bruner the story of the much-abused Attorney for the Crown, believing that I can at least modify the verdict of history upon his character and conduct. Besides his family was truly heroic in the great struggle, and the name of his daughter, Eleanor Faust, deserves a place in our history quite as high as (if not higher than) that of Mrs. Steele with her offering of money. Well, from Dunn's Mountain we had a most most charming view, embracing the Ellet, the Greensboro, the Blue Ridge, the Catawba, the wild Potomac, full laden chestnut trees and the stupendous rocks vindicate the name of mountain. It is worth the ride from Salisbury to get the views on and from the mountain.

Between this mountain and town is the lately-discovered gold mine of Roark and Crowel. I visited it, went into the galleries, examined the vein, watched the working and grinding and washing, saw considerable of the precious metal, and brought home some beautiful specimens.
A. W. M.

A Self-Confessed Murderer of Eleven Illegitimate Children.
The Lebanon (Pa.) News contains the following startling information:
"We are credibly informed by a gentleman that the family of Mr. Isaac Wagner, a well-known distiller of whiskey in East Hanover district, this county, some few years ago returned home from near Springfield, Ohio, about three weeks since. In a conversation he had with them yesterday they stated that after going from this county they went on a farm purchased by Mr. Wagner, within six miles of Springfield. The cause for their return is, as they stated, because Mr. Wagner was to be hanged to-day for the murder of an infant child of which he was the father. Rumors of his being the father of several children by women in his employ while residing here, were prevalent at the time, but their disappearance was never accounted for. Since his residence in the west he is alleged to have been guilty of the same thing, and his last attempt at destroying the life of an infant was detected by his sons who brought him to justice. The excitement incident to the occasion brought out an alleged attempted elopement with his wife, which was avoided by his confessing to having destroyed the lives of eleven illegitimate children, of which he was the father, at various times. Upon this confession he was sentenced to be hung, and the day of execution is to-day. These are the facts as they have been given to us, and we publish them for what they are worth."

Let us Help one Another.
This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway, and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow creature. A helping hand or an encouraging word, is no more lost to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not needed the aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on his shoulder and to hear a kind voice whispering: "Do not feel discouraged; I see your trouble, let me help you." What strength is inspired, what hope created, what sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak and lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and by whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as 'bread cast upon the waters to return after many days,' if not to us, those we love.

Superior Court.
The Fall Term of the Superior Court will be held in the counties named as follows:
FIFTH DISTRICT—JUDGE BYRON.
Stanly, Sept. 21st
Union, Oct. 5th
Anson, " 19th

EIGHTH DISTRICT—WILSON OR CLOUD
Surry, Sept. 7th
Yadkin, " 21st
Davie, Oct. 5th
Rowan, " 19th
Davidson, Nov. 2d
Forsythe, " 16th
Stokes, " 30th

NINTH DISTRICT—JUDGE SCHENCK
Polk, Sept. 14th
Rutherford, " 28th
Cleveland, Oct. 12th
Lincoln, " 26th
Gaston, Nov. 9th
Mecklenburg, " 23d
Cabarrus, Dec. 7th

TENTH DISTRICT—JUDGE MITCHELL
Catawba, Sept. 7th
Alexander, " 21st
Caldwell, Oct. 5th
Alleghany, " 19th
Ashe, Nov. 2d
Wilkes, " 16th
Iredell, " 30th

We arrange the Courts in the Tenth District according to the time fixed by special Act of the Legislature. The Salem Annals has the time wrong. Democrat.