

The Carolina Watchman.

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Widder Greene's Last Words.

"I'm goin' to die," says the Widder Greene. "I'm goin' to quit this airthly scene: It ain't no place for me to stay. In such a world as 'tis to-day, Such works and ways is too much for me, Nobody can't let nobody be, The girls is founced from top to toe, And that's the hull of what they know. The men is mad on bonds and stocks, Swearin' an' shootin' and pickin' locks, I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf. There ain't a creter but knows to-day I never was lunatic any way, But since crazy folks all go free I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me! There's another thing that's pecky hard—I can't go in a neighbor's yard To say 'How be you?' or borry a pin, But what the paper'll have it in: 'We're pleased to say the Widder Greene Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene's Or, 'Our worthy friend Mrs. Greene's gone Down to Barkhamstead to see her son, Great Jerusalem! can't I stir without a-raisin' some feller's fur? There ain't no privacy, so to say, No more than if this was judgment day. And as for meetin'—I want to swear Every time I put my head in there; Why, even 'Old Hundreds' spilled and done, Like every thing else under the sun; It used to be so solemn and slow, 'Praise to the Lord from men below,' New it goes like a gallopin' steer, High diddle diddle: there and here. No respect to the Lord above. No more'n ef He was hand and glove With all the creturs he ever made, And all the jigs that was ever played, Preachin' too—but here I'm dumb— But I tell you what! I'd like it some If good old Parson Nathan Strong Out o' his grave would come along, An' give us a stirrin' taste o' fire— Judgment and justice is my desire. 'Tain't all love an' sickish sweet That makes this world or 'other complete, But law! I'm old! I'd better be dead When the world's a turnin' over my head; Spirits 'akin' like tarmal fools, Bibles kicked out o' desctrict schools, Crazy creturs a-murderin' round— Honest folks better be under the ground. So far-ye-well! this airthly scene No more'll be pestered by widder Greene."

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Watchman.

The Black Knight's Turn in the Temperance Tournament.

MR. EDITOR: Every inch of ground in the temperance discussion is already occupied by one or another of your several correspondents except that spot upon which stand the dealers and users of intoxicating liquors. As in courts of law any prisoner is entitled to an advocate, and as these men comprise some of the brightest intellects and most honest hearts in the State of North Carolina, I consider it but fair that I should take up the cudgel in their behalf. Of course I shall be called "an apologist for drunkards," but the true knight cares nothing for hard names, and it is of but little moment to the lawyer if in the discharge of duty he stirs up some thoughtless remark about his too active sympathy with the accused.—These men stand beside me, sir, charged with all the foulest crimes in the records of humanity; but popular clamor shall not convict them if I can help it. We should assume that they are innocent till they have a hearing at least. And can any one refuse it to them, especially after so much has been said against these, our silent but worthy fellow citizens?

In the first place, then, I enunciate the bold and broad proposition that the trade and consumption of ardent spirits are a necessity of man's nature, and that all of this so-called temperance outcry is merely sensational, temporary and transient. The whole history of our race proves it. All the fine-spun theories of would-be philanthropists to banish war, pestilence, famine, ignorance, slavery, intemperance and other kindred scions of depravity from this earth have proved utter failures in the past, and will continue to be fruitless of any permanent good in the future as surely as the sun shines. There is just as much bloodshed, sickness, hunger, destitution of knowledge, bondage, dram-drinking, &c., &c., now, as in the days of Noah—in fact, rather more. Have the Peace societies made one soldier less in the national armaments? Have the doctors saved a life in the Russian plague-districts? Are not people starving now in the valley of the Nile? Are not two-thirds of the adults in some of our States unable to write their own names? Are not the working classes in bondage to capital everywhere? Have not the revenue laws, passed by that sainted set of thieving hypocrites, the Radical Congress, caused more lies to be told and more money to be stolen, oppressed and murdered more of our poor, hard-working mountaineers, and created more devilment, deception and bad whiskey generally than all the distillers and grog-shops keepers ever thought of before? What have the Quakers, the Howard Associations, the Charitable Relief societies, the Lancasterian teachers, the Abolitionists, the Washingtonians, the Sons of Tem-

perances and the Local Optionists been able to do to stay the tide that sets toward us from the infinite ocean of the Eternal's will?

But, as you have given your correspondents timely warning to be short, I will here close my present remarks, reserving the continuance of my epistolical discourse for future articles.

FAIR PLAY.

For the Watchman.

MR. EDITOR: My old grandfather, living about midway between two churches, said that he could always tell the individual members of each place by the peculiar twang of their swearing. But these scenes are now far removed. Many of those wavering Christians have gone to settle their accounts at an impartial tribunal. Still the world moves on.

Last Sunday, being invited by a young man who never drinks liquor, uses tobacco, swears profane oaths, nor intentionally breaks any of God's least commandments, I went to church. He drove two fine trotters, and soon we reached the place of our destination. There were some hundred and fifty people, more or less. The men gathered up in squads and talked politics. I could frequently hear the name "Wance." The women talked about babies and witches. Exactly at the appointed hour the preacher came up walking fast. He was a tall slender man, some where over the line of thirty. He had considerable beard on his face, low forehead, and thick set hair. The only intellectual faculty in his countenance showing development was memory. With artistic self-complacency he mounted the pulpit and rattled off a point-less sermon, with great rapidity and wind, just like a school boy coming over a hard-larnt lesson. As he advanced he became more and more boisterous, and now and then a fling at other preachers. Soon he closed the Book, and repeated as a flourish in English: *Pater noster qui in calce, &c.* My curiosity was stirred to know his creed. And having often heard it said that the "Hard Shell Baptist" always preached and sung all at the same time, and also run down other denominations, I thought this must be one of them. I interrogated an old lady sitting by as to the fact. No, was her reply; if there is anything in God's earth that we do all hate it is the Baptist. So I was left inferring.

I had seen or heard the proverb, Like priest, like people. And as I was at a strange place, a good opportunity was afforded for testing the matter. For this purpose I selected the most intelligent face in the congregation—a man tall, of dark complexion, with the bump of self-esteem prodigiously high. To one that seemed to know everything, I put the question: What is that man's moral influence in the community? The reply I received was: He has none. Some time ago in giving evidence for the State, in very suspicious circumstances, he fainted on the witness stand in the Court-house. My next inquiry was with regard to a pale old man, whose hair was perfectly white. He certainly was living on borrowed time. The reply was, That very old man is under indictment for selling damaged cotton. With regard to the women—but if I were a politician with a very dull axe to grind by the dear people of my native State, or a devotee of some religious ism, I would become lovingly subjective, and prove with mathematical certainty that this noble people were moving in the first ranks of civilized refinement, that they were even now bordering on the Elysian fields, and would soon be overwhelmed with inconceivable glory, resulting from their own worthy actions. JENNIE JONES.

CALCULATED TO WEAKEN OUR FAITH.—The revised Bible which the English scholars have been fixing up, it is said will show that our King James revision is full of interpolations and false constructions, and errors of all kinds. It is feared by many pious persons that this new revision will have a tendency to weaken the belief in the inspiration of all Scripture. The change from the old to the new Bible will be very marked indeed, so marked that many passages in our present Word of God will be omitted altogether. There is quite a difference of opinion among churchmen as to the advisability of issuing this new edition, now that it is completed. There is no dispute about its being much more accurate than King James', which it is intended to supplant.—*Exchange.*

A PROPOSITION TO ENDOW A PROFESSORSHIP.—At the next commencement of Davidson College, the second week in June, a strong effort will be made by the alumni of the institution to set on foot a plan to endow a professorship. The project has been discussed at the annual meetings of the association for several years, but no plan has been definitely agreed upon. At last meeting it was resolved that the alumni make a special effort to secure a large attendance at the approaching annual convocation in order that the project may receive the impetus necessary to carry it through. A special committee was appointed to write to each member of the association and to urge his attendance. These are being sent now all over the Southern States.—*Char. Ob.*

Thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars in State bonds were received at the State treasury Thursday from one party for exchange.

WHAT SENATOR VANCE IS TO DO.

Peace to be Made by the Making of Fun.

A born humorist is a comparatively rare American production. The spirit of our institutions is earnest, eager, matter-of-fact—somewhat tinged with sublimity. We worship facts. Only a small proportion of us appreciate fun. To an average crowd it is needful to explain even the most pointed witicism, so that it may be seen when the laugh comes in. What humor is current among us is usually of a grim and solemn sort. Our jokes are mainly satirical. They lack the genial element which distinguishes genuine wit from unkindly sarcasms. We understand vituperation and can hold our own in the employment of denunciatory epithets, but we have little conception of the uses of that tactful delicate and good-natured ridicule which is so effective an instrument in the disparagement and discomfiture of an opponent. Our legislative bodies are humdrum enough to suit a conclave of rufel-visaged owls. In our courts there are occasional flashes of the jocular, but when they occur it is like lightning from a clear sky and about as rarely. Of them, the bench and bar of the Southern States present, perhaps, the most conspicuous examples. The ordinary State legislatures, however, are a very dry affair.

THE COMING HUMORIST.

We have had tragedy enough of late years in our politics. We need a revival of the comic. Who is the coming man to answer this great national want by inaugurating a regime of wholesome hearty fun in high places? The era of good feeling, so long fondly hoped for and so often foreseen just at hand only to leave us disappointed in the sad Genesis of new animosities, can never be brought about by sober companions and concessions. The resources of statesmanship have failed to initiate the required solid and permanent reconciliation.

There is a man from North Carolina in the Senate of the Republic who can fill the bill. His name is Zebulon B. Vance. He is a wag of the first water. His brain secretes jokes as other men's drains do ideas of a mere rationalistic kind. He can make up funny tales all day long, and still it all comes as easy to him as terra-cotta falling off a log into the water to get out of the rain. His wit never smacks of the cloister. It is not studied and elaborate and odorous of the lamp. The fascination of his fun is in its spontaneity, its originality and the inexhaustible fecundity of the imagination which generates it. His mind is a vast reservoir of humor, fed by perennial springs, ever full and always running over. The readiness of his inventive faculty in this direction is as marvelous as its fertility. His quickness at repartee is utterly unmatched. You can never catch him unprepared. Go to him with a funny story and he will tell you, on the moment, a better one and a new one too. His manner, moreover, is irresistible.

This rich store of genuine humor is the basis of Senator Vance's remarkable popularity at home and the foundation of his political fortunes. It is this that made him thrice Governor of his native State, on two occasions against immense odds. And now he has joked his way into the American Senate.

Vance has a great deal of bonhomie—that fine element of popular leadership which attracts men more than what is called personal magnetism does. There is no bitterness about him. His humor is always tempered by good nature—that is, it is good natured humor. When he arraigns Republicans, for instance, it is as something way off yonder, and the present company is always courteously excepted.

When the country hears from Vance as it will doubtless before long, all sections will fraternize in one general grin, and a unanimous laugh will go with the clarity of an electric flash from one end of the Union to the other.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Dark Day in 1780.

Be so kind as to answer the following questions in regard to what is commonly known as the "dark day" in 1780:

1. How large an area was it noticeable in?
2. Does science give any positive reason or explanation as to the cause of the darkness?
3. How dark was it at the darkest, and how long did the darkness last?
4. Where can the fullest history of it be found?

A. A. Reply.—1. "The darkness was greatest in Essex county, Mass., lower New Hampshire, and in the old province of Maine; in Rhode Island and Connecticut it was not so great, and was less in New York." (Letter of Samuel Tenney, M. D.) In New Jersey the lower cloud stratum was observed, but was not so thick, and in lower Pennsylvania it was scarcely observed. It therefore extended all over New England, being most intense in the Northern portions, and was noticed, in a less degree, in New York and New Jersey.

8. Many scientists have attempted to account for it. Noah Webster, in his "History of Pestilence Diseases," supposes the atmosphere on this occasion to have been charged with foreign matters emanating from the bowels of the earth, sublimed by intense heat. These condensed and formed a thick cloud, which shut out the sun. The statement of other eye-witnesses, however, shows that the darkness was caused by two strata of clouds. "The darkness was preceded by common clouds, with a slight sprinkling of rain. Between these (the common clouds) and the earth, there intervened another stratum, to appearance of great thickness. As the stratum advanced the darkness commenced and increased with its progress till it came to its height, which did not take place the atmosphere was a second time over-spread. The uncommon thickness of this second stratum was probably occasioned by two strong currents of wind from the southward and westward, condensing the vapors and drawing them in a northeast direction." The explanation is that there were two distinct currents of wind one above the other, making two cloudy canopies, the lower one near the earth and very dense.

3. The darkness was noticed early in the day. In northern Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine the people dined by candle light, and although there was a little light out of doors of a peculiar brassy hue, in the house no one could see more than in a moonless night. In Connecticut, where it was less intense, it seemed like late twilight. The Legislature was in session at Hartford. The House of Representatives adjourned, the opinion being openly expressed that the day of judgment had come. A proposal was made to adjourn the Council, when Col. Abraham Davenport remarked, "I am against an adjournment. The day of judgment is coming or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought." This is the incident which suggested the beautiful version of Whittier in "The Tent on the Beach." The darkness in northern New England lasted all day, and was quite as noticeable after nightfall as before. In the evening it seemed palpable, like that described in the plagues of Egypt. "A sheet of white paper held within a few inches of the eyes was equally invisible with the blackest velvet."

4. J. W. Barber, in his His. Col. of Connecticut, gives the date May 19, 1780, and in his notice of Stamford alludes to Davenport, and records the incident above narrated. Webster's account is not descriptive. The Massachusetts Historical Society has the best collection of facts concerning it, the letter of Dr. Tenney being by far the most interesting contribution.

We have answered this more at length than usual on account of the question, and from the fact that the best accounts of the phenomenon are not generally accessible.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

The Pistol Again.

A Fatal Shooting in Union County—A Horse race ends in a Tragedy.

Tuesday afternoon about sundown, when on their way home from Monroe, and when about three miles from the town, a difficulty sprang up between Leander Stack and Robert Parker, in the progress of which the latter shot the former, the ball entering about three inches above the left nipple and ranging down towards and probably entering the heart, producing death in a very short time. After the shot was fired Stack staggered along the road for about twenty steps and fell forward on his face. In the meantime his slayer, being already on his horse, left at full speed and has, no doubt, taken refuge in South Carolina.

Parker and his victim were neighbors and lived within twelve miles south of Monroe.

The only witness of the terrible affair was Harvey Mangrum, who says the two men ran a short race (on horseback) about a half a mile back from where the killing occurred; that the deceased claimed the best of the race; that both were half playfully punching each other in the side with their elbows as they rode along, and finally Parker struck Stack across his hat with a short riding switch, quite a light blow; whereupon Stack immediately dismounted and started towards Parker, when the latter, drawing a pistol quickly fired, no words having passed between the two after the blow with the switch was given.

Stack, it is said, did not have even a pocket knife and why Parker should have thus shot him down is quite a mystery, as their companion states he had no idea that either of the parties was angry.

Both the men were about the same age—24 years. Stack leaves a wife and one child. Parker has a wife and two children. Stack was considerably intoxicated, and Parker had also been drinking. The parties had been good friends.

On his way home Parker passed several friends to whom he remarked: "I have killed Lee Stack and am a ruined man."

Bills have been scattered by Stack's brother, offering a "liberal reward" for the apprehension of Parker.—*Char. Ob.*

A BLOCKADER NABBED.—The raiders captured a mule team and wagon, loaded with 19 boxes of tobacco, un-stamped, near Cool Springs, this county, last Monday night, the property of D. C. Bailey, of Davie county. The raiders had camped for the night, and about 9 o'clock Mr. Bailey came riding ahead of his team, and fell into the trap before he was aware of danger, and all except himself was nabbed, he making his escape. The team and spoils were brought to this place Tuesday morning in charge of that intrepid raider, Millen Walker, and one or two others of the service. Is blockading profitable? It would so appear, or people would desist. Perhaps it is engaged in for the fun of the thing.—*Statesville American.*

BOILED HAMS.—Boiled hams, says Arthur's, are nicer for standing in the water in which they were boiled, until cold. The outside does not then turn black and dry up, as when they are removed from the water to cool. But remember to remove the lid off the kettle, that the steam may escape. This should always be done in boiling anything.

JUMBLES.—Mix one pound of flour, one pound of powdered sugar, and the grated outer rind of a lemon; add the well beaten yolks of four eggs, the whisked whites of three, and beat up the whole with four ounces of dissolved butter, and two or three tablespoonfuls of cream. Drop the batter in baking tins, and put the jumbles in a slow oven for twenty minutes.

A Miss Barrett, an actress, shot Washington Nathan in New York. Now let the papers of the North moralize about home affairs and carrying concealed weapons.—*Wil. Star.*

The Wilmington Sun says Robert Bolden, colored, died in that city Thursday, at the verified age of 99 years.

For Husbands.

Don't think when you have won a wife that you have also won a slave. Don't think that your wife has less feeling than your sweetheart. Her relation to you is changed, not her nature.

Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities of life after marrying. She appreciates these things quite as much as other women.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of a fellow before your marriage, the probabilities are that you would be sowing on your own buttons still.

Don't make your wife feel that she is an incubation on you by giving her grudgingly. What else needs give as cheerfully as if it were a pleasure so to do. She will feel better, and so will you.

Don't meddle in the affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employees.

Don't find fault with her extravagance in ribbon, etc., until you have shut down on cigars, tobacco, beer, etc.

Don't leave your wife at home to nurse the children on the score of economy, while you bolt down town at nights, to see the show, or spend a dollar on billiards.

Don't bolt your supper, and hurry off to spend evenings, lounging around away from your wife. Before marriage you couldn't spend your evenings enough with her.

Don't prowl in the loafing resorts till midnight, wasting your time in untillable idleness, leaving your wife lonely at home to brood over your neglect and her disappointment.

Don't think that board and clothes are sufficient for all your wife does for you.

Don't career your wife in public and snarl and growl at her in private.

Don't wonder that your wife is not as cheerful as she used to be, when she labors from early morn till late at night to pander to the comfort and caprice of a selfish man, who has not soul enough to appreciate her.

GLASS CLOTHING.—It may seem a transparent falsehood to state that people wear glass clothing, but this sort of apparel may yet come into use. Glass would seem to be about the last thing to think of as clothing, but it is nevertheless, true that glass cloth is being made in Germany. If people who live in glass houses should not throw stones, it is to be hoped that bad boys clothed in glass may give up their stone-throwing propensities, not to mention snow-balling, and, if so, the era of glass clothing will be hailed with pleasure. The following particulars for the process are translated from the Detroit Free Press from a German paper by Herman Frueauff, of that city:

At Guadenfrei the artist and glass-spinner, A. Prengel, of Vienna, has established his glass business, offering carpets, cuffs, collars, veils, etc., of glass. He not only spins, but weaves glass before the eyes of the people. The otherwise brittle glass he changes into pliable threads and uses them for making good, warm clothing. It sounds like a myth, but Mr. Prengel introduces certain ingredients, which his art secret, and thereby changes the entire nature of the glass. He has just finished a white, curly glass muff for a lady in St. Petersburg; he charges forty thalers (thirty dollars) for them. Also, ladies hats of glass, with glass feathers. Wool made of glass cannot be distinguished from the genuine article. Mr. Prengel's glass inventions are something so extraordinary and useful as clothing, etc., as glass is a non-conductor, that it will probably cause an entire revolution in dress material.

If you have rheumatism, eat celery, it is said to be a right-down sure cure—if you eat enough of it. But even if you haven't rheumatism, we advise you to eat it all the same. It is a delicious vegetable when properly grown and blanched and farmers ought to raise one hundred bunches where now they raise one.

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth.

BALTIMORE, April 4.—Madame Elizabeth Paterson Bonaparte died this afternoon.

Three thousand dollars worth of fish were shipped from Washington last week, over the railroad.

Raleigh Farmer & Mechanic: "Poor Caleb Hoyle! The best friend that grapes and turkeys had in North Carolina, died last week."

CONFECTIONER'S PAST.—The way to make this paste, is mix half a pound of butter, adding four eggs, a little cinnamon, to pounds of flour, and just milk enough to form a smooth paste.

The Patriot says the work of grading the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad will be begun by 100 convicts at the Greensboro end of the road the 1st of May.

To DYE STRAW.—When you wish to color straws for frames red, boil ground Brazil wood in a lye of potash, and boil your straw in it. For blue take enough potash lye, one pound of litmus or laemus, ground; make a decoction, and then put the straws in and boil them.

SUPREME COURT DECISIONS.—The following opinions, among others, were filed by the Supreme Court Wednesday:

E. Mauney & Son vs W. H. Coit, from Rowan; reversed.

A. H. Boyden vs Joseph Williams, from Cabarras; affirmed.

Raleigh Farmer and Mechanic: Governor Graham, of noble memory, was a seventh son, and left seven sons, all of whom are living and full grown men. So much for right habits and upright character.

A colored man residing in Winston professes to have discovered what many have striven for and ultimately failed in—perpetual motion. He has a machine of some kind that has been on the go for six weeks without stopping.

The North Star says Mayor Dodson, of Greensboro, has received a letter from Dr. Ledoux, in which he states that it is probable that after April 12th analyses of the water of public wells can be made free of charge requiring only the sanction of the secretary of the board of health.

Raleigh Observer: Ex-Congressman Deweese is in trouble. The police are after him. Since he left off carpet bagging he has spent his wife's estate, deserted her, taken up with another woman, obtained a bogus divorce from Utah, &c., &c. His wife No. 1 is now pursuing him to recover jewelry which she alleges he has stolen from her to adorn Madame No. 2 with.

THE BONNETS OF '31.—Women's bonnets have always been considered a legitimate subject for ridicule by the opposite sex. In an old copy of the *Miners' and Farmers Journal*, published in Charlotte, of date of November 2, 1831, we find the following in a local communication signed "Argus":

"Ladies need no longer be afraid of being stared out of countenance; it is the bonnet that attracts the eye, as naturalists admire the beauty of a shell without noticing the freeholding fish that occupies it. Many years ago bonnets were in the form of a long tube, or steamboat funnel, placed horizontally, at the farther extremity of which the face of the fair wearer might, in a clear day, be discovered like a bumble-bee in a pumpkin-blossom, or rather like a cat at the bottom of a well. In those days a gentleman could not take a kiss, if it was offered him, without crawling into the tube, as Gen. Putnam did into the wolf's den, with a rope round his leg. Some wicked-wit said it was this *occulatory inconvenience* that caused the anterior extremity of the bonnet to expand and assume the form of a coal-shuttle, or an inverted wheelbarrow with the arm sawed off. Amateurs no longer need go into the woods in search of curious and rare plants; the proper place for botanizing is on the bonnets of the ladies, which afford floral specimens that would make the heart of Linnaeus dance for joy."