LOCAL.

We regret to learn that our Lexington correspondent is very sick. Hope he may soon entirely recover.

The proceedings of the R. R. meeting held at Enochville, noticed by our correspondent at that place, came too late for this paper.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Elizabeth Lowery, aged about 77 years, of this vicinity, had a fall Wednesday night of last week, while in the act of going to bed, which has confined her to the bed ever since. She fell on her side, and was painfully bruised.

JUDGE DICK was at Meroneys' Hall last night, according to appointment, and delivered a very effective address on the prohibition of the liquor traffic. The hall was well filled, and the speaker was frequently applauded.

BIRDS DESTROYING WHEAT.—A farmer in town reports considerable damage to wheat by birds, which flock about the wheat fields. He killed over fifty of them at six shots. They light on the wheat and pick the grains out of the heads.

DR. HILL'S BIG HEN EGGS.—Dr. Thomas Hill prides himself, just a little, on his success in the poultry line; and passing his place in the country, a year or two ago, we saw flock after flock of young broods around his premises of great beauty. But he losses a little of his wind in this line by presenting to the *News* four hen eggs which weighed only 14½ ounces. Mr. Frank Graham also prides himself on chickens and the like, and lays on our table a hen egg from a Bramah and Mala cross weighing 4 ounces even.

The Mendelsshon Quintette Club gave one of their splendid entertainments at Meroneys' Hall, Saturday night. They had a good audience, comprising the larger part of lovers of music; and but for the inclemency of the evening the Hall would have been litterally packed. The reputation of this club has not been over drawn by the newspapers; for once they have fallen short in conveying an adequate idea of real merit. Indeed, the performance must be heard to appreciate its excellence.

COMMENCEMENTS:—We acknowledge tickets of inviation, to the commencement at Chapel Hill, June 4th and 5th; from Greensboro Female College, May 28th and 29th, Monroe High School, June 6th; and from Simonton Female College, May 30th.

The past year, notwithstanding the hard times, seems to have been a prosperous one for our schools and Colleges, and the annual Commencements are prepared for and looked forward to, with a greatly improved spirit of cheerful hope for the future. This is highly gratifying to the friends of education everywhere.

SUPERIOR COURT is in session this week, Judge Schenck on the bench; but owing to the illness of his Honor, it did not fairly commence business until yesterday morning. No cases of importance have been before the court up to the time of going to press. We were in the Court House yesterday, to hear the witnesses in the case of the State *vs.* Burgess Wood, for false swearing, in which the testimony was decidedly cross on questions in whied there should have been agreement, or a semblance of agreement at the least.

Franklin Zephyrs.

We have had several very rainy days, and "General Green" is rampant, causing a heavy demand on Mr. D. A. Atwell for those splendid double shovel plows sold by him.

The rains have caused corn, oats and "garden truck" to grow rapidly, but the effect upon cotton has been bad, as muchof it is dying.

Communion services were held at Franklin on last Sabbath, conducted by Rev. Mr. Boyd, assisted by Rev. J. Rumple, Friday and Saturday.

Mr. John Y. Rice, has the finest stock of hogs in these parts. They are fat, sleek, and will just fairly make your mouth water in anticipation of future sausages, to look at them. He keeps but few—usaually keeps them in a good pasture and and "tends" them well. What a contrast between those hogs and the remarkable breed of *noses*, with *small hogs* attached to one end of them, usually seen running at large in the commons.

When we get the "Stock Law" and keep our hogs in *good pastures*, and attend them, as Mr. Rice does, we can all have such as his. W. R. F.

Enochville Items.

MAY 19th, 1879.

Rev. John W. Rumple, of Philadelphia, preached here the second time on the 2d Sabbath of this month.

A. Yost and H. J. Overcash have just finished painting their dwellings, which adds much to the tidy appearance of that part of the village.

The frequent gentle showers during the past week has revived vegetation very much. Wheat crops looking very fine.

We had a railroad meeting here last Saturday, the 17th. The proceedings of the meeting are sent to the *Watchman* and other papers for publication. The people of this place and vicinity are fully awakened to the importance of this enterprise and will make a determined effort to secure the road. Two weeks hence another railroad meeting will be held here, and Mr. Moore, the engineer, of Mooresville, is expected to be in attendance and address the people.

At a logrolling about three miles west of this place, some white men and negroes got into a dispute as to which one could lift the most, and it ended in a fight. One white man knocked three negroes down with a handspike. S. M. Fur, Esq., has been investigating the matter, and it appears that the white man was only taking care of himself. W.

For the Watchman.

Per Contra---A Summing up of Nimrod.

The robust and matchless effrontery of "Nimrod" in his so-called "Summing up, &c," in the last *Watchman*, exalts him to fair rank among pettyfogging chicaners and entitles him to the premium chromo for "special pleading" and logomachy. His *finesse* is not up to the mark of Machiavelian diplomacy, to be sure—but as an expert subverter and repudiator of clear cut facts,—to gain scope for inverse deductions—he is a "success." He pays a sorry compliment to his own head, however, when he says that those opposed to *his* mode of promoting temperance have proved nothing except their ability to defend anything that is bad, when he *knows* that there is not a line in my articles other than denunciatory of evil. How *any* man can so stultify himself is inconceivable! But as he has "gone in to win," at all hazards, right or wrong, even to the extent of "stooping to conquer"—it is not surprising that he should *pretend* purblindness, to enable him to put scales on the eyes of others. His quotation on logic is, in *itself*, good; but wholly out of place and pointless, as used by him, except as a blind. One who depends wholly on autocratic assertion, should not tickle our risibilities overmuch by such allusions, and would show discretion, at least, by "giving us a rest," as it were, on logic. Reference to the "Blue Laws" is supererogation. The love of domination and arbitrary dictation exists now, as it always has, unchanged in essenee but modified in demonstration, by the advancement of general knowledge and liberty. Men of overbearing dispositions now, as in the past, will under like circumstances, show similar developments. Nimrod is, himself, a very fair, though rather impotent, illustration of this. After some mock heroics of "*daring*" any one to say some things that have already been said and proved, and others that no one *can* or would say, he proceeds with his bluster, in several "I dare to say" lashes of intimidation for the vacillating. Loud, positive, but unproved assertion from men of large mental calibre, fine culture and high position is, not only ineffective; but insulting to thinking and independent minds—what, then, can be said of the unsupported cant and rant of such a mental pigmy as Nimrod has proved himself to be?

No one has denied the evil of the liquor traffic, but rather proved the reverse: we merely claimed that a proper regulation of it was much better than none. But Nimrod ignores this issue, and aware of the efficacy of pretentious *dicta* with the ignorant, claims victory, and cackles lustily, before his *lusus natura* of an egg is half delivered.

What Nimrod "*dares* to say" can startle no one, knowing that he "dared to say" that "Progress" was hired by the liquor dealers! That he "dared to say" that his atrocious parody on a chapter of the Bible was a paraphrase! That he dared to say, with emphasis, that I am "*neutral;*" and, eager to shine, even in absurdity, he calls me "the *neutral* champion." The ground is not apparent from which he "dares to" fling the taunt of "*neutral*" at me. No one could be more in earnest for the promotion of sobriety than I have been in this discussion, least of all *he*, with his ostentatious flippancy, and entire lack of candor and fairness. The only shadow of a pretext for such a sneer, was in that I said, I care not, personally, how the question is decided. Must there be then, a personal interest, scheme or purpose to serve, "an ax to grind," before one can be actively interested in the common weal? I had the good of the youth, especially, at heart, to arouse me into active opposition to the oft exposed sham and curse of "surface prohibition."

Nimfod has ears (no doubt of it), but hears not; eyes, but sees not; and for the very obvious reason that he does not want to hear nor see anything but self-emanations, and shouts with reckless disregard of facts and reasoning, wholly enrapt in the ecstacy of self-worship. I also said in reply to the compliment of Miss Atwell, that I did not aspire to be a leader; and I would counsel Nimrod to be like unambitious, and to seek his fitting place among the baggage wagons, in the rear of the army of progession.

By an inadvertence of mental hallucination, he gets this description—"a vast shadowy and tangled maze of interminable wilderness," tacked on to my articles instead of his own first puerility,—the fox hunt. Nimrod knows *well* that he has been terribly used up, but he knows the value of check, and so "lets on" otherwise; in fact he is like unto Mozis Addums' injun rubber ball,—

"The harder you do throw him down,
The higher he do bounce!"

The title to a work is often difficult to select, and, without an index, is but slightly n licative of the contents. "The only route to sobriety," was clearly defined to those whose convictions were not sealed up by prejudice or ignorance; and, like "surface prohibition" could have been pointed out, literally, in a few sentences. I did not *make* the side issues, but simply met and repelled them, along the route. They were many, and foremost among them was the senseless assertion that drinking was the cause of nearly all crime: I denied this and *proved* that all *real* crimes, *against society*, were, in motive and execution, purely sober work. There is no need of a recapitulation of these and other co-relative issues.

I presented well defined and truthful illustrations, drawing conclusions as clear as sunbeams. As a full endorsement of this, there stands the significant fact, that *not one* attempt was made to contravene *any* of them. They were as unassailable and impregnable as is the rock of Gibralter to peashooters. And now he comes boldly out, in the face of utter discomfiture, to give a semblance of moral support and comfort to those guilty of the vile crimes and rascalities that I fearlessly uncovered, by tacit connivance, breaking the scent, and cloaking sober corruptions, by concentrating attention on his screen for an increase of drunkenness under "surface prohibition?"

What hope is there for the promotion of common honesty in the face of such studied, artful perversion? Well did Demosthenes depict the nature of such doings when he said,—"You need not wonder, my countrymen, that we have so many robberies, when we have thieves of brass, and walls of clay."

I presume that Nimrod bases his insolent "summing up" on the hope that the issues of the *Watchman* containing the temperance discussion have "gone the way of all newspapers" and are so, *non est*. He is mistaken. To them I refer all who are in danger of being blinded by his "summing up" travesty.

As it is time to wind up my "summing up" of Nimrod, I will state that all the bitterness and asperity infused into this earnest discussion of a matter of common weal, is attributable to him: he has been the common mischief brewer. Therefore, it is not just toward the great body of "local option" advocates who, with grave dignity, rehash, warm and serve up the same old mutton—to take him as a fair exponent; for he and the like, exhibit a gross appetite for slander, whose craving needs a constant supply of garbage, from the usual source—"they say"—a shrewd creation,—seldom an entity. All that is necessary for their howling is a smattering of erroneous information, as much mental force as a second class soap-peddler, and the wit of an under waiter in a country tavern.

I do not know, nor care who Nimrod really is. His attitude and utterances make the man I have been "summing up;" and from these I would suggest that, here-after he should discard the Nimrod attire and adopt that of the Weasel as more consonant with his aim, and characteristic of his style of hunting. W. H. NEAVE.

For the Watchman.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

MR. EDITOR,—In your paper of the 24th April, More Anon seems to have closed his series of tame sermons on Prohibition in Salisbury Township. This last production of his is simply an appeal for law—for force—to trammel the rights and liberties of men, to crush evils, to stop sin. The pleas of More Anon are the same that have been used in all ages by the domineering, by the tyrannical, by the persecutors of the human race. Every serf, every slave, every war, every cruelty, every drop of blood that has been shed since the death of Abel to the present day, has felt the force of, and had for its justification, similar appeals; and those who have made them have sought to mitigate their crimes against humanity, religion, and liberty in the specious plea that the greatest good of the greatest numbers was the real object which controlled their actions, It boots nothing that the world has grown wiser and freer under the law of love, charity, and kindness. It availeth nothing that civilization, liberty of thought and conscience, derive all their impetus from this same law of love,—from the teachings and enunciations of the Saviour of the world. What is our boasted civilization stripped of the gospel of Christ? What is it worth if force must still take the place of the ennobling and softening influences of the gospel of peace? The Mosaic dispensation, the age of arbitrary measures, of law and force, was superseded when Jesus of Nazareth gave to the world the New Testament scriptures bearing the seal stamped with the crimson of his own heart's blood. Murdered by the Pharisees. Why? Ignorant of the fact that they were but carrying out the preordinations of Heaven, they crucified Him because His religion did not suit them—because He was, as they alleged, a glutton, a WINEBIBBER, a friend of publicans and sinners. But, says the Milford Bard: What a glorious, yet gloomy moment was that! The world was redeemed; the accumulated sins of man, which had been darkening his destiny from the Eden era to the Christian, were now washed away by the blood of Him, of whom an elegant writer observes, that with the very spear which they crucified Him, He crucified the world. The very implements of their vengeance became the trophies of his victory. At that moment the sting of death was obliterated and the triumph taken from the grave. At that moment the idol tumbled from the Pagan temple, and the genius of its superstitions vanished forever. The tongues of the heathen oracles, which for ages had held dominion over the intellect of man, became silent, and their inspiration was eclipsed in the glory of the gospel of God. While the last words yet quivered upon the lips of the dying Saviour, the mighty revelation was achieved, the *law* became void, the mysteries and mandates of Moses passed away, and the new dispensation commenced. That dispensation, that gospel, was not for the few, but the many; not for the virtous alone, but the vicious. The miser bowing before the golden god, the monarch seated in grandeur on his glittering throne, and the beggar bending beneath his woes, are alike the subjects of its denunciations, alike the objects of its offered mercy.

Yet for the last eighteen hundred years there have been Pharisees, bigots, and fools, who have been yearning, and pleading, and even fighting for a higher law. They have retarded progress, civilization, the Christian religion. They are blinded to everything but self. They can see no good in any measure, creed, or thought, that does not emanate from their own minds, or meet the approval of their fanatical clique. They ridicule even civilization itself sometimes. Now, civilization, says a write, considered by itself, pure and simple, is a beautiful, a glorious thing. The injustice, the oppression, and all the foul abominations that haunt modern society, are the result, not of a spirit of civilization, but of the lack of it. We may say that a little civilization is a dangerous thing, in the same sense that we say that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. It gives power to individuals and corporations which wielded by a savage spirit, produces enormous evil. The history of the world has thus far been simply that of the power of civilization on the one hand, invading and overcoming barbarism on the other. In the crash of the conflict we can form no just estimate of the glorious results that civilization is capable of when she shall have fairly conquered her heritage.

More Anon says it is the imperative duty of society to protect itself from bad habits, &c. So thought the Puritans when they were burning witches and scourging men for walking too fast from church, and for various other imaginary crimes. I admit that society has a right to protect itself; but there are many methods of protection: Against certain evils, law and force may be resorted to. Against others, kindness and charity are all that is necessary.

And now, says More Anon, to show that the moral sense of the whole community regards the traffic in ardent spirits as an evil, we have only to remember that it requires a *license* to sell it." *Mirabile dictu!* Is not this oleaginous? Amounting almost to the real essence of that scorbutic and scrofulous quadruped that was filled with the spirit of the devil and sent plunging into the waters? The Legislature of North Carolina before the last, passed a law requiring a tax, a *license*, from every tradesman, every drummer, &c., and until within a few years the State has required a special license tax on all luxuries, silver ware, pianos and carriages. Did the moral sense regard merchants and tradesmen as evils? or was it opposed to men's having luxuries, if they could afford them? After this startling information, he goes off into ecstatics, and gloats over the fact that a supple Legislature, at the instance of Puritans, bigots, busybodies, has prevented the sale of ardent spirits on election days, around churches, school houses, &c. This is denominated public sentiment. Sentiment, indeed! It is a vile travesty on liberty,—a mockery of right and justice, for a few men to combine, in the legislature or out of it, to force presumptuous measures upon a constituency whom they have not first consulted,—to draw imaginary lines to bind the privileges of men, all, too, in obedience to the whims of the selfrighteous. Even the garrulous and sapient Nimrod Jr., referring to this substitution of unauthorized force to prevent men from doing deeds at places where the teachings of the Saviour under proper ministration could be used to better effect, flops his wings and chuckles. * * * * * * These so-called sacred precincts of teetotalers, are spots of exclusion, blots upon the statute books, an outrage upon public sentiment, upon Christian liberty and intelligence, in this the enlightened nineteenth century, and agrees to a dot with the domineering and exclusive spirit of meddling Puritanism.

Within my recollection ardent spirits were not only sold on election days, but given away, not from bar-rooms merely, but from barrels with their heads knocked out, on the corners of the streets, and there was not more real drunkenness then than is to be witressed now on such occasions; and elections were purer and freer than they are in these times. This meddling with private rights makes matters worse every time. It has always been so, and always will be while human nature is the same. It is said that for nearly five hundred years there were no divorces in Rome. The people thought the family hearth too sacred for public tribunals. Under this arrangement, Rome swallowed upone nation after another, until they began to adopt Greek law for the government of the family, when her marriage system entirely broke down, and Rome soon ceased to be the mistress of the world. In the days of our fathers, if old people will be accepted as authority by the whiskey crusaders, it was customery for nearly every family to keep spirits sitting on the sideboard. Every member of the family partook of it when he desired, and there was less drunkenness than now.

But, Mr. Editor, anterior to, and at the advent of the Saviour, there existed a sect among the Jews known as Pharisees, whose religion consisted in a strict observence of rites and ceremonies, ritual law, and of the traditions of the elders. They assumed to be wiser, holier and worthier than other men—than other Jews. This sect was denounced by the Saviour as loud praying hypocrites, busybodies. That this denunciation was just, coming from that prophetic soul and most illustrious incarnation, divinity's self, no one who is not an ignorant infidel or a blind atheist, will doubt: Yet this ungodly sect has existed and continued to ply its vile avocation of intermeddling, disturbing and persecuting others, under various heads until this day. For several centuries it was known as Pharisees. It passed under other heads and grew in numbers until the "Middle Ages," when we see it swelled into a great army of Crusaders, and the world was crucified anew and deluged with strife, and blood, and plagues, by their wild excesses. Later, they were known as Plantagenets and Tudors, and, as has been remarked by an able writer, "it appears that they had never felt a sentiment of pity, humanity or love. Their hearts, to use an expression of Horace, seemed to be surrounded with tripple brass. Nothing could move or make them relent. This race had never loved, never wept. Henry VIII. caused the heads of the beautiful women he had married to fall beneath the axe of the headsman. Elizabeth condemned her lovers to death. It was she who used the terrible phrase, "God may pardon, but I never will." Nothing found favor with them; neither love, youth, beauty, strength, virtue, science, or rank. Anne Boleyn, Jane Grey, Mary Stuart, Sir Thomas Moore, Buckingham, Susex, Essex, the most noble, graceful, charming, adorable women, and the bravest, and greatest men, the mos worthy of respect and admiration, all alike placed their heads on the fatal block to gratify the malice of the demons. Next they are known as witch burners, Puritans, and still they curse the world as Puritans, miscalled philanthropists, so-called Temperance reformers, local optionists, intermeddlers, busybodies—sticklers for law, for force—to correct evils—to make men Christians: Thus ignoring the gentle influences of the gospel of peace—the teachings of the Saviour. Even ministers of the gospel step out of the holy sanctuaries of God and take up the sword, placing themselves in antagonism to, and treating with contempt the words of Him who said that he that taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword. They go out on the hustings and, with grimace and much babbling, attempt to substitute law for religion, force for kindness and charity, war for peace, and engender hate where love should reign. Yet Love is the chief, the ruling, the only sustaining pillar in the glorious and ever blessed plan of redemption conceived and executed by the Almighty in His infinite mercy for the poor, benighted gentile race. Under Christ, love took the place of law, of force, and charity and kindness the place of hate and persecution. How a Christian can thus ignore the spirit of the gospel whose essence is peace and toleratiang, and disreard the precepts and example of the founder of that gospel, is to my mind, irreconcilable with consistency and true devotion. If leaders, teachers, elders, preachers, would impress their example upon the listless masses, and beget for the Christian religion that respect and veneration to which it is entitled, consistency is not only absolutely necessary, but it must be coupled with ceaseless devotion to the fundamental principles and doctrines laid down by the Saviour for the temporal government of man, and his ultimate salvation. This is the more necessary now, since they can only speak as men, there being no longer such a thing as inspiration or the gift of prophecy Yet the truly good man wields an influence in the elevation of his fellows and the toning up of society that is almost incalculabla. It is only the faithless, the hypocrite, the babbling, domineering Puritan, that brings reproach upon the Christian religion and prevents its progress. Hayward, in his Book of Religions, estimates the followers of Mohammed at one hundred and forty millions. It appears, says Foote, from statislics that the spread of Mohammedanism has been greater proportionately than that of Christianity; for in the seventh century there were only about forty thousand accepting the religion of the Arabian prophet, while there were twenty-five millions accepting that of our Saviour." In the eighteenth century, according to M. Laffon de Ladebat, there were two hundred millions of Christians, by which it appears that the followers of Mohammed have been more active in proselyting than those of Jesus of Nazareth. Hayward attributes this to the bitter dissensions and cruel animosities that reigned among the Christian sects—dissensions that filled a greater part of the East with carnage, assassinations, and such detestable enormities that rendered the very name of Christianity odious to many." Who doubts that the domineering, Puritan spirit that is to be witnessed to-day everywhere, in the pulpit, in the State-house, on the hustings, is the real cause of the slow progress the Christian religion has made? Who doubts that this same spirit is the controling power that moves the whisky crusaders and is struggling to make men eat and drink, think and act, in obedience to its mandates? These Puritans are as insatiable as death. Look at their pleas in this local option contest. The whole of More Anon's last article was pleading for law, for force, to put down drinking. Why not put down dressing as well, and why not ask for a law to make everybody go to church on Sunday and pay a certain stipend to boot? Such a law would be no more improper than the one he asks for. He admits that there is law now to prevent the bar-keeper from selling drinks to the minor, to prevent the selling of ardent spirits on the Sabbath, on election days, on days of public speaking, and yet he is not satisfied. He wants a law to prevent the sale entirely, and to prevent men from drinking. Is not this insatiable, domineering Puritanism? and can any one tell where their demands will end? But the world moves in spite of them, and I believe the day will come when these whisky howlers will be looked upon by all good Christian, as misguided philanthropists, if not enemies to the true teachings of our religions

They make a big ado about drunkards' orphans. There are ten bastard orphans to one left by a drunkard. Let them search the orphan asylums, the towns and villages, and see if this statement is not correct. Let them look over the list of burials of poor little orphans paid for by the public in this town for the last fifteen or twenty years and perhaps they will learn something.

Again, as a general thing, the toper's children are not so liable to turn out drunkards as those raised by strict tectotalers. I have a great number in my mind's eye whom I could name, were it proper, to prove this assertion. Further, there are more children left to be taken care of by public charity, whose parents were teetotalers than those whose parents were drunkards. Look over the town and compare the condition of the families of the much abused and sneered at topers with those who are so good that they are good for nothing, and see which predominates and which is the worse off. You will be surprised!

Some men can't drink whisky. It is no credit to them to abstain. What credit is it to a woman to be virtuous, if she is never tempted? What credit is it to a tectotaler if he has no desire for drink? It is only those who are tempted that deserve credit for withstanding the temptation: And none but the unfortunate, the sorely tried and tempted, can fully realize, appreciate, and admire, the gracious clause in the inimitable prayer of the glorious Saviour who said, "lead us not into temptation!"

It is not Christianity that brow-beats, sneers at, and endeavors to throttle men by force in order to make them better. It is not Christianity that tries to crush out the desires, the habits, and appetites of men, though they be evil in their tendency, by law. Man as a reasonable being, a Christian freeman, can only be controlled by an appeal to his higher faculties. Those who see the temperance question in this light, and use the gentle and all powerful means given them through the Christian religion, are, indeed, the good Samaritans. And I believe, when the last of Adam's race shall put on immortality; when the sun shall pass behind the Pacific slope to rise no more;

"When all the sister planets have decayed;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,"

there will be a loud enjoyable reclaim of welcome in heaven that will eclipse everything else and that will echo throughout the grand corriders of space, to the good Samaritans whose watch words have been charity, love and kindness, and who, ignoring force, have never ceased to minister to the unfortunate; and lead and guide them in the spirit of Him who rendered up His life for the salvation of sinners. PROGRESS.

For the Watchman.

Witches.

MR. EDITOR: This is my nrst attempt to write. I do it not for the purpose of getting into print; but in self-defence. I am called, very unjustly as I think, a witch man. Some of the late issue of king Solomon, in the neighborhood of Hellig's Mill, have been for years trying to hit me with the but end of their learning. Their vanity of late has led them to seek aid of the "Watchman." One light soul even dared the chariot of the "Sun" in Concord, in order to empty his vial of wrath on my devoted head. It seems that they do not give their names to the editor. Well, perhaps they have forgotten them. If so they ought to be christened over again. But there may be other reasons for not giving them, of a strictly personal nature; for the value of many literary productions is lost the moment the writer's name is known.

The sin charged against me is that of having my sick horse doctored and cured by what is called the practice of "using for." And certainly a man has a right to defend his own property, even at the expense of an ugly snarling witch.

As to witches I would not say positively that I ever saw one. The Bible, however, says a great deal about them in old times. And most of the preachers about here say that they *think* the Bible is true, so far as they have read it. I don't suppose any man ever read it all through.

But some people try to tell me that the witches have all been killed since the Bible was made. I can recollect hearing old folks say, that one Dr. Cotton Mather used to burn them over somewhere about Salem. But the other day a man went down the road with razors to sell. He was as sharp as a brier, having been fed on razor soup all his life. And he said that they burnt such only as did not have sense enough to repeat the Lord's prayer; that all the worst in that way escaped under a cloak of religion; and some of them were now living, mean enough to steal the wool off a dead sheep.

Well, now, I want to show exactly how the matter stands with me in contrast with others. So that, if I am a witch man, it may be clearly seen, that there are many others of the same sort. I believe in the doctrine of "using for," call it witchery or what you may. And I can show it up beyond all reasonable doubt, that this is the belief and practice of this surrounding country.

A few weeks ago, on Sunday, according to previous engagement, I went to the Lower Stone church. This is, I believe, the largest and strongest church of that denomination, and all ecclesiastically on the square. There I had promised to meet the man who had doctored my horse, and to pay him for it. Hence I went expressly for that purpose. And so it came to pass, after I had paid him and we were sitting together on the steps, one of the Elders of the church came up in great trouble, and said one of his horses, just out there a few yards from the door of the church, was possessed of some kind of demon, grievously tormented, and desired him to go and cast it out. So he arose up immediately and went out with the Elder. In a few minutes he came back and said the horse was perfectly well and eating grass. This was all right and proper, a Pharisee behind judges. But, then, here is the point. My horse was cured exactly in the same way. The man "using for" lays his hand on the horse's nose, and rubs it gently to the last spinal joint, three times in succession. And during each manipulation he repeats just loud enough for the devil to hear: "Jerusalem, thou place of skulls, where the Lord Jesus Christ was crucified, where His side was pierced, from which issued water and blood, may this be good for all worms and cholic. In the name, &c." After this he strikes the horse three times lightly in the flank with his fist, and unless the sickness is unto death, the cure is immediate and complete.

GREEN ELLER.

Statesville Letter.

MAY 15th, 1879.

Dear Mr. Editor: After such a long spell of dry weather we are having real refreshing showers to gladden the hearts of all who are interested in the culinary department: for to tell the truth we have been having mighty poor living up this way for some time, and were beginning to have serious apprehensions that it was going to continue, but are much revived in spirits now, with a hope that ere long we can regale our appetite on something better than "pot luck."

Our "little city" is quite lively now. Picnics in anticipation, excursions planned, college commencement and concert near at hand

Last Saturday, the 10th, was observed here as "Memorial Day." At the appropriate hour the Court-house was crowded to overflowing. Maj. Robbins delivered the memorial address in an appropriate and happy style. The "Roll of Honor" was then read, after which the procession was formed, and marched to the cemetery, headed by the band. The choir sang very beautifully "Cover them over with flowers." The decorating committee of young ladies proceeded to deck the graves of the fallen heroes, literally covering them with flowers, whilst the band played a solemn dirge. The exercises were closed by the singing of the Long Metre Doxology, and the benediction by Rev. W. A. Wood. Glad such days do not come often; they bring up too many sad reminiscences of the saddest and gloomiest days of our lives.

Well, did you know I was mighty "stuck up" with the poor "Widder Green's" lament in one of your late papers? She expressed my sentiments exactly, only I have not arrived at her awful condition—ready to "shuffle off this mortal coil," because of the wonders under the sun and of gossippers in particular. But it is just so; true as preaching. Everybody knows more about you than you do yourself, and the way they have of meddling with other people's affairs is a caution. In my opinion it is one of the crying sins of the day, and I have been racking my brain to see if something can't be done to remedy the evil. Suppose we have an indignation meeting and have all mothers, school teachers, editors and busybodies generally to attend and "devise ways and means" by which the young and rising generation can be trained to have some higher and nobler aims in life. But I don't believe it would do a bit of good; do you?

Am glad to see the temperance question so largely discussed in your paper; hope it may do great good.

Wishing you much success and prosperity, I am A CONSTANT READER.

Death of Rev. Williamson Harris.

Wilmington Sun Correspondence.

Allow me the space in the *Sun* to announce the death of a good man. Rev. Williamson Harris died in Carthage, Mo., April 10, 1879.

Mr. Harris was born in Montgomery county N. C., May 25th 1823. He professed religion in early life. was for a number of years a useful member of the N. C. Conference, M. E. Church South. In 1864 or 1865 he located removing from North Carolina to Norfolk, Va. In 1867 or 1868 he went to Cumberland City, in Maryland, and establish a Methodist Church. He then joined the Baltimore Conference, his congregation going with him in the M. E. Church South, and was stationed at Blacksburg, Virginia, where he remained four years. In 1875 he was transferred from Balti-Conference to the far West, and stationed at Helena Montana, by Bishop Marvin. When he was appointed to Denver, Colorado, and from there he was transferred to South-west Missouri Conference and stationed at Carthage, where he remained until the 10th of April 1879, where he was passed by the great head of the Church to rest and reward. The editor of the Carthage *Banner* says: "Thus it will be seen that here is a life truly illustrated of the trials of the man who surrendered everything for the noble work of the Methodist ministry. Books have been written of such men, but here is an example that will stand recorded upon the Recording Angel's book far grander than hundreds of those to whom man's pen has done honor. His life-walk is over, and he has not lived in vain; he has done his duty, made good use of the talent God gave him and has now "entered into the joys of the Lord." During Mr. Harris' residence in this city he has made personal friends of every one with whom he and his excellent family came in contact. Of this we need not speak for the grief that is expressed by all to-day, on the streets, in business houses, in family circles only too plainly tell in what estimation this good man was held by our people. He leaves a wife and two married daughters—Mrs. Freeman of Colorado, and Mrs. Smith of Fayetteville, N. C. He was buried with Masonic honors in "Cedar Hill Cemetery," after his Presiding Elder, Rev. J. B Landreth preached his funeral in the Methodist church. Brother Harris had many friends in North Carolina who will deeply sympathize with his wife and daughters, who are so sadly bereaved. May we be ready when the Master calls.

L. S. BURKHEAD,

APRIL, 28TH.

Commissioners' Meeting.

May 19th 1879.

Present The Mayor. Comissioners Richwine, Smithdeal, Wiley, Kluttz, Murphy, McCorkle & Horah.

The Board proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year.

R. F. Rogers was elected Clerk.

W. L. Rankin	"	"	Treasurer
M. L. Arey	"	"	Tax collector
T. H. Vanderford	"	"	Hay weigher
M J Crawfurd	"	"	Cotton weigher.
J J Bell	"	"	Sexton
J M McCorkle	"	"	Attorney.

Jno A Murphy & R W Price were elected Policemen.

Messrs. Wiley, Smithdeal and Murphy were appointed to make a contract with the Gas company for the ensuing year.

N W Yopp was granted permission to erect a fruit stand at the corner of Main & Innis Streets on paying the usual privilege tax of 5 dollars.

Ordered that the operation of the peddler's tax be suspended on the 30th of May for that day only.

Ordered that all questions pertaining to Salaries &c be considered at the next regular meeting.

Ordered that Messrs Smithdeal & Richwine be appointed a committee to contract for and purchase 12 good 4-gallon well buckets for the town.

Ordered that the Clerk purchase for the use of the town a book in which to keep a list of audited and approved accounts.

Ordered that the Mayor be given the entire supervision of the work on the streets and the Commissioners on each Ward be an advisory Committee.

The Mayor announced the following standing Committees:

On Finance, Messrs. Wiley, Kluttz and Smithdeal.

On Cemeteries Messrs Murphy and Horah.

Ordered that the Clerk procure a book in which he shall record and arrange all the ordinances of the town.

Ordinance XLVIII was amended to read as follows:

Be it Ordained, That the owners of all Boars, *one month* old and upward, shall be subjected to a fine of $5, if said Boars are permitted to run at large on the streets.

Adjourned till Friday June 6th 1879.

B F ROGERS.
C. B. C.

DIED.

On the tenth day of May 1879, at the residence of Mr. W. F. Lackey, near Back Creek Church Rowan County N. C., Mrs. Barbara Barr, in the 68th year of her age. She has been a constant member of Back Creek Church, about forty-seven years. She leaves one daughter out of six daughters and one son. Also many grand children and friends to mourn their loss, but their loss is her etetnal gain. W. F. L.

MARRIED.

At the Episcopal Manse, May 7th, Woodleaf, this county, by Rev. R. William Wetmore, J. A. Bailey, Esq., and Miss A. S. Wetmore, daughter of Rev. Geo. B. Wetmore, D. D.

BUSINESS LOCAL COLUMN.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!! I have a *large assortment of DOLL BABIES and Toys that I am offering at and* **below N. Y. Cost.** *Secure these now and save a heavy per ct. Also FAMILY GROCERIES, a new and fresh stock, and Confections—all cheaper than the cheapest. Low prices and first class goods is my motto. Give me a trial, and be satisfied.* **A. C. HARRIS.**
Price's old stand, next door to National Hotel.

PRESIDENT HAYES cannot veto the fact that **THEO. BUERBAUM** keeps the The Best Stock of Fancy Groceries, Champagne Cider, French Candies (fresh every week), Fruits in season; Finest line of Havanna and Domestic Cigars in town.—Call and see him.

Important to the Farmers.

The "SEA FOWL" GUANO reduced in price to 450 lbs of Middling Cotton per ton. Farmers desiring a first class article can now procure the well known "Sea Fowl of J. D. Gaskill, Agent, Salisbury, N. C.

PARSON'S SNUFF, Still increasing in favor. Try it. It is mild and pure. For sale by J. D. GASKILL.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Call and examine my work. All pictures are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Children should be brought to the Gallery in the morning. Picture Frames.

16:3m C. W. C. WOOLWINE.

PRICE CURRENT.

[Corrected by J. M. KNOX & Co.]
May 22 1879.

COTTON—firm Middlings,	11
low do	10
stains	9
BACON, county, hog round	7½
BUTTER—	15@20
EGGS	8
CHICKENS —per dozen	$1.50@2.00
CORN—	60
MEAL—moderate demand at	60
WHEAT—good demand at	1.00@1.10
FLOUR—best fam.	$3.00
super.	2.75
POTATOES, IRISH	75
ONIONS—no demand	75
LARD—	8@10
HAY—	30
OATS—	40
BEESWAX—	20
TALLOW—	6@7
BLACKBERRIES—	
APPLES, dried	3½@4
SUGAR—	10@1[illegible]

Millinery! Millinery!!

My Stock of Goods in this Line is complete for the Spring Trade. Having secured the services of an *Artiste* from Baltimore, in my

TRIMMING DEPARTMENT,

I feel justified in saying that I can suit the most fastidious taste; and will guarantee satisfaction in all orders intrusted to me. To Ladies, in the City and Country, I would say, call and examine my Stock before buying elsewhere. MRS. S. A. GREENFIELD.
28:2m

NORTH CAROLINA, DAVIDSON COUNTY, } SUPERIOR COURT, Fall Term, 1879.

T. C. INGRAM, *Pltf.*
vs.
John C. Rausson, Wm. Stockham and N. S. Higgins, The Christian Gold Mining Company, operating under the name and style of Rausson, Stockham & Higgins, *Dfts.* } Attachment.

In this case it appearing by affidavit, that the defendants, John C. Rausson, William Stockham and N. S Higgins, are non-residents of this State, or keep themslves so concealed therein as to avoid the ordinary process of law upon them, it is therefore ordered that a publication be made for six consecutive weeks in the "Carolina Watchman," a newspaper published in the town of Salisbury, N.C., notifying said defendants to appear at the next Superior Court to be held for the County of Davidson, at the Court House in Lexington, on 1st Monday in September, 1879, and plead answer or demurr in an action commenced by attachment by said plaintiff against said defendants for the recovery of Six Hundred and Seventy-four Dollars and six cents for lumber, provisions and merchadise furnished said Company during the years 1878 and 1879, or judgment will be taken as confessed.

C. F. LOWE, C. S. C.
By E. HENLEY, Att'y for Pl'ff.
27:6w:pr.f$7

NORTH CAROLINA, *Rowan County.* } IN SUPERIOR COURT, April 30th, 1879.

Eben W. Hovey
vs.
W. F. Buckley, E, L. Abel, Jr., H. E. Spadone and L. B. Carly.

In this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that W. F. Buckley, E. L. Abel, Jr., and H. E. Spadone are non residents of this State, it is Ordered that publication be made in the *Carolina Watchman*, a newspaper published in Salisbury, for six consecutive weeks, commanding them, the said W. F. Buckley, E. L. Abel, Jr., and H. E. Spadone, to appear at the term of said Court to be held at the Court-house in Salisbury on the 9th Monday after the 4th Monday in September, 1879, and answer the complaint that will be filed during the first three days of said term, or in default thereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in his complaint. J. M. HORAH,
Clerk Superior Court Rowan County
29to34

The Mexican Dollar.

What is the difference between the Mexican dollar and Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment? One does what it promises and the other does not. The Mexican dollar says, "I am one hundred cents;" but when you come to invest it you find it is