

The Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 26, 1879.

NO 36

VOL. X.—THIRD SERIES

JOHN CLARK, JR., & CO'S



BEST SIX CORD.

FOR Machine or Hand Use.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

All Numbers and Colors,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

By Plattz and Rendleman,

Salisbury N. C.

To a Baby.

Well, dear little mortal,

Set down on life's portal,

With never a question of choice or of will,

Small pilgrim, set out

On a journey of doubt,

With your shrine at the top of a trouble-

some hill.

Look about with those eyes

Full of grave, sweet surprise

And say what you think of the world, now

you're in it?

It is best worth your while

To meet life with a smile?

Or frown, that you ever were forced to

begin it?

Alas, "Life" is the name

Of a curious game!

And whether we smile, child, or whether

we frown,

We must each play in turn,

Though we scarcely may learn

The rules of the game till cards are thrown

down:

'Tis a queer hurry-scurry

Full of bluff and worry,

For each player comes in with some trick

of his own.

But the secret of winning

Lies all in beginning.

So be sure you are right, child, then—

"Play it alone!"

The Difference.

Advocate and opponent.

Two babies were born in the self-same

town,

On the very same day.

They laughed and cried in their mother's

arms

In the very self-same way;

And both were as pure and innocent

As falling flakes of snow,

But one of them lived in a terraced house

And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town

And the children both were fair,

But one had her curls brushed smooth and

round

The other had tangled hair,

Both the children grew apace,

As all our children grow,

But one of them lived in a terraced house

And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same

town,

And one was wedded and loved;

The other saw through the curtain's apart

The world where her sister moved.

And one was smiling, a happy bride,

The other wept and woe,

For one of them lived in a terraced house

And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same

town,

And one had tender care;

The other was left alone to die

On her pallet so thin and bare,

For one of them lived in a terraced house

And one in the street below.

IF JESUS, who died for rich and poor,

In wonderful, holy love,

Took both the sisters in His arms,

And carried them up above,

For all the difference vanished at last,

For all the heaven none would know

Which of them lived in the terraced

house,

And which in the street below.

The Greatest of all Grains.

Not over one person in a million could

correctly answer the query which of all

the grains is the most largely produced.

The response invariably would be,

"Wheat!" But this is not so. Rice carries

off the palm. The annual product of the

rice crop of the United States is grown in

the Carolinas and Louisiana mainly, and

is said to average eighty millions of

pounds. The vast populations of China,

the East Indies and the islands adjacent,

according to the latest estimates, exceed

eight hundred millions of souls. With

more than half this number rice consti-

tutes the only article of diet. The total

product of the east last year was a little

over two hundred and fifty billions (250,-

000,000,000) of pounds, which is over

three hundred times the quantity grown

in the United States. This amount is

nearly all consumed within their own ter-

ritories. The portions shipped to Europe

and South America, though large, is, as

compared to the huge product, but a small

thing, being less than one per cent.

Col. Julian Allen sent to our office a

sample of splendid wheat harvested June

2, on his farm known as "Allendale," a

few miles east of town. Col. Allen is an

excellent farmer, who takes great pride in

agriculture, stock raising, and other

kindred farm matters. His improved

breeds of stock is worth seeing.—Ameri-

can.

A good place to get a husband—by the

bar.

A Fire in China.

A person who was present at the late fire in Hong Kong, China, says: "I trust never to see such a sight again. The long road shaded with trees leading from our part of the town to the populous part, was alive with Chinese carrying their goods, women huddled together over their beds, baskets, stools, clothes, crockery—anything and everything in the way of personal goods. Small-footed women tottered along, held up by their children; while others bore some good bit of bronze or some family treasure. Several sewing machines lay on the road, and I met a superb American piano carried along. Sick people borne along in blankets told us that the hospital was on fire. Still we made our way to the front, through the smoke, up a street of small houses, mostly those of small Parsee merchants, who were huddling out bales of cotton, silks, embroideries, framed pictures, etc., while so great was the mass of broken looking glasses that walking became difficult. At last we reached the cordon of soldiers, and beyond it a blazing mass was all that remained of the civil hospital and eight other large houses. The governor and general stood there; and the governor said to me, 'I had to blow it up to save the jail;' and then he whispered, 'God knows what we may have to do; there are nearly one thousand prisoners.' Now came the shrill blast of the bugle. 'Stand back all.' Out came from the smoke the engineer officers, having just laid the charges to blow up the rear of the hospital, which adjoined the jail-yard. Another explosion of bricks, blazing bits of rafter, a shower of sparks and blinding smoke and a gorgeous cloud of colored flame showed the drugs stored in the hospital were afloat. Then came a commotion which I did not understand. Soldiers marched up, fresh eyes were raised, and a stranger coming up said, 'You had better stand up on the rise of the hill, for they are about to bring out the prisoners.' It was like the riot scene in 'Barnaby Rudge.' I could hear the order, 'Fix bayonets,' and then down through the crowd and dust tramped the soldiers, with about one hundred handcuffed creatures in their midst. When X and I returned we followed the governor through the back entrance in the jail, passing through the central police station, where the inspectors, who are married men, have large quarters. Here English furniture, books, ornaments, dresses lay about drenched with water. The governor of the jail told me that the jail was saved by the blowing up of the civil hospital, but that the danger then was from the police station stables. Very soon they were gallantly broken open, principally by sailors, and huge piles of hay handed from man to man and thrown down the steep streets; and that night many homeless Chinese were coddled under the hay. Now the block of buildings in front of the Oriental bank was to be blown up. I hastened thither, through a never-ending scene of distress, to find the bank hunder with the handsome carpets soaked with water. Within doors papers were being packed in safes, bank notes in fire-proof boxes, and so sent down to the harbor escorted by soldiers and placed in steam launches. I watched the blowing up of Ross' tailoring establishment, a fine block of buildings. Several fifty-pound charges of powder were laid, the bugle sounded again, and Ross ceased to exist. This, however, saved our end of the town. Words cannot tell the scene in Queen's road, one of the sights of the city, for here, or rather where, the curiosity or bird shops, the place was deeply littered with broken glass and shattered vases, burning silk and gauzes, smashed ivory, lovely lacquer cabinets in fragments. I stumbled over a lot of hares, ducks, geese, pheasants, etc., the whole of a poulturer's stock. The fire brigade, mostly volunteers, were still working, looking thoroughly exhausted. Before one shop an Irish lad declared he could not let the birds be burned alive; and though he was warned that a fifty-pound charge was in the house, he dashed in, broke open the bird cages with his axe, and a flock of little canaries was all over Queen's road in less than five minutes. By six o'clock in the evening all was over, smouldering ruins and falling walls only were left.

Newspaper Quarreling.

We don't know that we say them in exactly the same way, but our esteemed contemporary, the *Macon Messenger*, says some things very well worth the saying in some way. Few things are so silly as quarreling; nothing so silly as quarreling in the newspapers. Yet, as the *Messenger* says, "we frequently find in the newspapers flagrant attacks or diatribes against unoffending individuals, usually emanating from third or fourth class editors of obscure prints, or weak and disgruntled persons, who hope thus to provoke controversy and thereby be dragged forth prominently before the public. But any journalist who respects himself and is conscious of seeking to do his duty only, seems to notice these little fire-like attacks, and besides, can spare neither time nor space to advertise such Lilliputian assailants. The proper plan is to pursue the even tenor of your way without turning aside, either to the right or left, to notice these petty flings, unless they assume the grave proportions of personal calumny and falsehood, and can be traced to a respectable source. Then, by all means still keep out of print, and hold the party to summary and severe personal account for gratuitous and unmerited insults. 'The best way to settle difficulties and put down slanders, is to meet their authors face to face and amicably settle, if possible, any differences that may exist. What does the public care for the personal affairs and quarrels of an editor? It is an insult to your readers to foist private matters and grievances upon their attention in lieu of news and more interesting information. These remarks are intended for all who are guilty of this solecism, and without mentioning names, we leave to the parties themselves, whoever they may be, the task of applying the moral. Of course, the innocent have no cause to heed the admonition.

The Littlefield Operations.

It has already been announced that the authorities of the State of Florida refused to deliver up Gen. Littlefield on the demand of the Governor of North Carolina. Richard C. Badger, Esq., of Raleigh, was in Jacksonville, Fla., at the time the matter was investigated, and on his return had a conversation with a reporter of the *Raleigh News*, in which the following colloquy occurred: "A wrong impression is sought to be created," said Mr. Badger, "that the man (Littlefield) is the only criminal in North Carolina, and other and larger men are to be concealed thereby. 'I have heard this before, Major; you think it is so?' said the reporter. 'There is no doubt of it. If they will only bring him to North Carolina, armed with papers which he showed me in Jacksonville, there will be a howl from Dan to Beersheba. Littlefield never paid money. He always gave order checks. I saw the signature of certain gentlemen that I recognized at once; the others can be proven. It would astonish you to see them.' 'All right, Major, Barkis is willing—now then, astonish me.' 'Oh! no; not yet. The time is not come yet. But it will come; mark my words.' 'It will be remembered that Littlefield is charged with swindling the State, and bribing members of the Legislature of 1868-'9 to vote for issuing what is known as the special tax State Railroad bonds. And no doubt he bribed others who were not members of the Legislature. Honest men have no objection to the whole truth being told: Let it come out and let the public see who got money from Littlefield.'—*Charlotte Democrat*.

Culture of Celery.

Peter Henderson says in "Gardening for Profit": "I know of no vegetable on the cultivation of which there is so much unnecessary labor expended with such unsatisfactory results as celery," but Mr. Henderson gives a method which is at once so simple and practical that no one need fail. I had never seen celery growing when I read "Gardening for Profit," but by carefully observing Mr. Henderson's rules I succeeded in obtaining celery that took the premium at our last State Fair. I planted the seed in the open ground as soon as the soil was dry enough to work well, and began to cultivate as soon as the plants could be seen, keeping the ground loose and free from weeds. "Twice, before transplanting, I sheared the tops of the plants off to induce a stalky growth, and about the 20th June they were ready for transplanting, which was done, not in trenches as most writers direct, but on the level surface. In rows about three feet and a half apart. Cultivate often and keep the ground loose and free from weeds, and about the middle of August the process of 'earthing up' should begin; the soil should be drawn up to the plants with enough to keep the leaves upright, and when cool weather comes the blanching may be finished by digging the soil from between the rows and banking up to the tops of the plants on each side of the row. The soil should be moist and well manured.—*Cor. Indiana Farmer*.

Real distinction is to be obtained not by doing everything different from what your neighbor does, but by doing everything better than he does.

A low girl—Mini-mum.

Americans eat more potatoes than any other nation, and the Murphy movement is blooming.—*N. Y. Com. Adc.*

Why Some People are Poor.

Pork spoons are used to scrape kettles. Coffee, tea, pepper, and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength. Potatoes in the cellar grow, and sprouts are not removed until the potatoes become worthless. Brooms are never hung up and are soon spoiled. Nice-handled knives are thrown into hot water. The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread-pan is left with the dough sticking to it. Clothes are left on the line to whip pieces in the wind. Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart. Dried fruits are not taken care of in season, and become wormy. Rags, strings, and paper are thrown into the fire. Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants salting. Bits of meat, vegetables, bread, and cold puddings are thrown away, when they might be warmed, steamed, and served as good as new.

The enforcement of the laws against miscegenation, both in Virginia and Indiana, has caused much hostile comment in the Radical press of the country. They overlook the fact that their own strongholds of Maine, Michigan and Vermont have just such laws, and no efforts have been made to remove them from the statute books. The Michigan law says simply that 'no white person shall intermarry with a negro,' while the Maine statute is even more sweeping, providing that 'no white person shall intermarry with a negro, Indian or mulatto.'—*Charlotte Observer*.

The Statesville *American*, in summing up the work of the Court in that county, just ended, says:

On Wednesday afternoon Judge Graves passed the following sentences: Alexander Bradwell, white, and Thos. Rosboro, col., to be hung 8th of August, 1879, for burglary. Sewell Gillespie, col., larceny, nine months in county jail; Moses Murchison, col., larceny, 2 years in penitentiary; Wm. Barber, col., larceny, 4 months in jail; Eli Clark, col., larceny, 1 year in penitentiary.

Farmer and Mechanic: Some people forget to give the State, in addition to the name of the town, in the address of their letters. Perhaps they will be less careless when they learn that there are in the United States 30 Washingtons, 13 Wilmingtons, 7 Weldons, 22 Richmonds, 17 Charlottes, 14 Nashvilles, 15 Louisvilles, 18 Brooklyns, 12 Bostons, etc.

Last Monday, says the *Winston Sentinel*, the two year old child of Sheriff Estes, of Stokes county, was found drowned in a tub of water. The water was left in the rear yard of the Sheriff's residence, and it is thought that the babe, being unattended, was attracted to it; and while amusing itself, lost its balance and fell in.

BREAKING THE SILENCE.

Bill Arp's First Interview with Josh Billings.

Bill acts as a Cashier for a Balloon Voyager and still Holds the Money for Him.

Mr. Carlton introduced us at his store, under the avenue. Josh was a settin' there about half asleep. I thought he was a Methodist ex'orter. Mr. Carlton, says he to me; "Arp—Major Arp—allow me to introduce you to Colonel Billing—Josh Billings. Colonel Billing, Major Arp from Georgia."

Seating myself, I looked at Josh and Josh looked at me. He never said nothin' and I never said nothin', for I still took him for an ex'orter. After a good long minute he opened his mouth solemnly and said: "Say something?" "Somethin'?" said I; for I had just spotted him and was looking as solemn as possible.

"When you fled from the foul invader you had a steer with a knot in tail," said he. "Yes," said I. "Is he well?" said he. "As well as could be expected, considering," said I. "Considerin' what?" said he. "He is dead," said I. Billings sighed, and wiping his eye, said, with much feeling: "Hence these steers."

Just then Mr. Carlton called us to the door to see a balloon sailing away with a balloonist in it. We looked at it as long as we could see it. After awhile it drifted clear out of sight and we sat down to ruminate. Billings sighed again and the corners of his mouth dropped very low. Said he: "The like of that makes me very sad. Thirty years ago I embarked upon life's uncertain sea—not the wet sea shore end, but the dry land. I started west with \$4 and a good carter—which is to say there were no in-

Tallulah, The Terrible.

From the Greenville Southern. To attempt a description of the diversity and grandeur of the falls in less than a book would be utter folly, but we will give a brief outline of them, beginning with Tallulah mountain, at the rear of the Hotel, with an altitude of 3,182 feet above the sea, the hotel being 2,382 feet. In front of the hotel begins the fearful descent of the waters, with the falls of Ladore, 46 feet. At the foot of these is Hawthorn pool, 45 feet deep, in which the post-preacher was drowned a few years ago. A little below this tumbles off the falls of Tempesta, 81½ feet. A little further on goes roaring, seething Hurricane, 91½ feet. Then in a few steps comes the beautiful Oceana, 46 feet. Hard by is the Bridal Veil, 25 feet. All this makes an aggregate, rapids and all, of 460 feet. Then for a few paces the troubled and tossed waters flow along in comparative quiet until they pass Lover's Leap, 500 feet perpendicular. Near by is the Devil's Pulpit, a huge mass of rocks striking out from the wall side of the cut, 450 feet above the river, with standing room for the devil and at least one hundred of his imps. Close by is the Student's Rostrum, a level-bottomed cove in the mountain's side, 600 feet from the rushing stream below. Next, and seeming to fill the mind full of amazement and wonder at the works of the Great Creator, comes the grand chasm, a narrow gorge, through which the waters rush, with a perpendicular wall on one side 800 feet high, and on the other, a little sloping, two or three hundred feet higher. If the explorer has not already been filled with terrors of Tallulah, let him grasp a tree or bush and look over this awful precipice, and he will be filled to the chin immediately.

Taken all in all, no traveler, whether of Europe or America, ought to be content until he or she spends a month with Mr. Trammell, looking at the wonders of fearful, rollicking, rolling, tumbling, foaming Tallulah!

Another attraction is the Sinking Mountain, four miles distant from the hotel, where the very mountain top for forty or fifty acres has dropped down from ten to thirty feet, and trees are actually sticking out of the ground roots upward. How did they get there?—that's the question; and when we find out we intend to write it to the public, which we hope will be very soon.

A NEW THEORY OF DEW.—Professor Stockbridge, of the Amherst Agricultural College, has been making some experiments as to the origin of dew, and has arrived at conclusions somewhat different from those generally accepted. It is usually held that dew is the moisture of the air condensed through contact with objects of a lower temperature, and that it does not form until radiation has reduced the temperature of the earth. Professor Stockbridge asserts, however, that dew is the result of condensation by the air of warm vapor which rises from the soil, and he embodies the result of his experiments in these propositions: 1. The vapor of the soil is much warmer at night than the air, and would be condensed by it. 2. Vapor from the soil is soon diffused and equalized in the whole atmosphere, but in the largest proportion when evaporation is taking place near the surface of the soil; and, other things being equal, plants nearest the earth have the most dew. 3. Dew under hay-cocks, boards, and like objects on the ground, could receive it from no other source.

Dr. B. F. Arrington, of Goldsboro, is going in the cultivation of the silk worm on a large scale, and this fall will plant an orchard of 50 or 75 acres in mulberry trees upon which he will rear the worms. The *Messenger* says that from all the information Dr. Arrington has on the subject—and he has given it a thorough investigation—he is impressed with the idea that there is no better climate or soil in the United States for the successful culture of silk than his section affords, especially the sand hills section on the south side of the Nense in Wayne county, where the mulberry grows most vigorously.

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An Ancient Ship Canal.

Anterior to the time of the occupancy of Florida by the people whom Ponce de Leon found when he was conducting his romantic search for the fountain of perpetual youth, a race of men had partially constructed a canal across the southern end of the great cape. The work must be very old, for in the bed of the excavation are live oaks which have been growing fully a thousand years, as the ages of trees are determined. It is claimed that this old excavation can yet be used in the construction of a ship canal, and that additional openings of fourteen or fifteen miles will unite the waters of the Atlantic and the Gulf, and afford a passage-way for vessels by a much shorter route and free from the perils of the reefs and keys along both coasts. The saving of life and property by means of this transit would soon compensate for its construction and it cannot too soon receive attention from those interested in navigation.

During the occupancy of this territory by the English from 1763 to 1783, rice plantations were established along the creek to which this grain gives its name, Palatka. The remains of flood-gates constructed of cedar, now a hundred years old, are still found in a good degree of preservation, and the lines of the sluiceways are plainly discernible.

On the northern shore of Lake Okeechobee General Taylor had his battle with the Seminoles in 1837. A remnant of this tribe, about 150 in number, who refused to go with the