

# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. X.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., JULY 31, 1879.

NO 41

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 Klattz and Rendleman,  
Salisbury, N. C.

For the Watchman.  
"Pearls Before Swine. Madam, Pearls Before Swine."  
"Parson McHenry, I can't understand most of your talk," said Old Kitty McShine;  
Then "was he answered, in pulpit-tones bland—  
"Pearls before swine, madam, pearls before swine."  
Cesar's dull critic was old Mistress Rome; Battered from the land of the vine—  
"Too swift I conquer for stoggers at home—  
"Pearls before swine, madam, pearls before swine."  
Nonsensical or fault-finder, grunter or sow Has but one thought, which is "dirt's very fine."  
When you talk sense to 'em, say, with how low—  
"Pearls before swine, madam, pearls before swine."  
E. P. H.

For the Watchman.  
**Pot-Neck.**  
Where is Pot-Neck? Do you seek it, Rambler over Rowan lauds?  
From the mouth of Second Creek it  
Up the Tadm's shore extends;  
And between these noted streams it  
Lies its winding, winding ridge,  
Till in pale tradition's dreams it  
Fades away near Neely's Bridge.

Properly no man can bound it;  
In geography it folk first found it  
Wing-side-out turned by Old Malt,  
In his powerful romancing;  
For he fiction's license had  
E'en to set the hills to dancing,  
And the trees to catching shade.  
Not the flute that Orpheus carried,  
Nor the song of Syrens sweet,  
Nor the verses Homer married  
To his heroes' deeds could beat  
Pot-Neck's famed old-time tongue-wizard  
Making anything skip round,  
Whether fee or frog or lizard,  
Swarms of folks or leagues of ground.

Grog-keeper, waggoner and liar  
Was Jeddiah Malt, Esquire;  
For whopping big tales more notorious,  
(That I despise to be censorious),  
Than Captain Kelly or Munchausen,  
Ignatius Lip or Billy Dawson;  
From Wilmington, Cheraw and Camden  
Supplied his dirty drap-den,  
Or from the peach-soaked Brushy Moun-  
tains,  
Or from the home-still's flowing foun-  
tains,  
Through mud so deep it beats my rhyme,  
To tell it. But this Jeddiah,  
This great grog-swill and precious liar,  
To him it was a bit of trouble  
To tell how they oft drove double—  
Some teams upon the miry batter  
Like Normans walking on the water,  
While others could be plainly seen, sir,  
Toop crust and bottom right between, sir,  
Like Israel in the Red Sea's new flood,  
When Pharaoh-thirsted for their blue  
Blood;  
And Malt declared, that by mere chance he  
Described the fact; as by a fence he  
Was driving close, his team below, sir,  
Another driver's hat did show, sir,  
So plain he stooped it to recover,  
Thinking it lost by some bold rover;  
Alack! What was Old Malt's surprise,  
To see beneath head, mouth and eyes,  
A "dillerin'" at them under horses,  
A "crackin'" whip and shoutin' cusses!

One moonlight night Old Malt was riding  
Down the Wilkes road, (a barrel sliding  
Along behind on his old sled, sir.)  
Thinking a little of the dead, sir,  
When he reached the sandy stretches  
Where Uddy graveyard often fetches  
Her ghostly grim and white battalions  
Out for inspection, drill and rallyin';  
He felt a something mount his sled, sir,  
And, scared and trembling, turned his  
Head, sir!  
One look, and but one gave Old Malt, sir,  
His white-robed passenger—no halt, sir,  
Made he, nor gvir looked behind him  
As Mr. Ghose should yawn and find him,  
And faithfully his "hairy sir," sir,  
"Will he heard his watch-dog baying  
Beside his door; when his fine sleighing  
Sir, almost resigned, and stepped aside, sir,  
To laugh about his jolly ride!  
"Ye whiskey folk, from this take warning,  
All ye liars, put on mourning;  
Or else, some moonlit night, like Malt,  
Won't dare to turn your head or halt you!"  
E. P. H.

The French Government recently paid the last instalment of its debt of 1,500,000,000 (\$300,000,000) to Bank of France, incurred at the time of the war with Germany.

Rocky River Springs—Stanly County.

A pleasant drive of forty miles brought our party from Salisbury to this place yesterday evening, and we were fortunate enough to find comfortable quarters among the crowd of visitors now gathered here. These Springs have not been well known to our people in late years, though a generation or two ago they were very popular and annually thronged with seekers of health and pleasure from the neighboring counties, and especially from South Carolina. A half century ago the property belonged to a company of wealthy planters, mostly from South Carolina—the Williamses, McQueens, Steeles, etc.—who resided here several months each summer. It is stated that the beautiful but ill-starred daughter of Aaron Burr, "Theodosia," wife of Gov. Alston of S. C., sojourned in this place a season. In its palmy days there were five hotels and six stores on the grounds. But the buildings, one after another, were consumed by fire, and the deed by which the property was held was lost or burned. The dilapidated title deterred the proprietors from rebuilding. An interest in the property has of late fallen into the hands of D. N. Bennett, Esq., and Rev. C. C. Foreman, and they have erected buildings capable of lodging about seventy persons. The buildings are perfectly new, and under the management of the efficient and obliging host, Mr. Sam'l Wright, well known to some of our Salisbury people. The place is once more in good running order, popular and full of agreeable and pleasant company. About 250 visitors have already been here this season, and about 50 are here now. The attractions of the place are, first, the rare and varied combinations of healing waters. In the limits of one eighth of an acre there are three valuable springs. SPRING No. 1, is evidently chalybeate, and is said to contain also magnesia, and is calculated to benefit dyspeptics. It increases the appetite and aids digestion. They say, that after drinking its waters one can eat six hard-boiled eggs for supper with impunity. I know that a fresh visitor can eat two and sleep soundly all night. SPRING No. 2, is sulphur and iron. It is recommended for dropsical affections and kidney diseases. Constitutions impaired by dissipations are restored by its waters. Wonder if the constitution of the United States would not be benefited by a draught? Perhaps the "returning boards" of some of our sister States might be washed clean by a plentiful application. It is also recommended as an antidote to the whiskey thirst. Wouldn't it be well to have a "branch office" of this spring opened up in our towns and villages, where "Prohibition" is unpopular? It might take the place of a soda fountain or ice-cream saloon. SPRING No. 3 is called the "Arsenic Spring," though there are evident traces of iron in the sediment of this also. Tradition says that Indians, in old times used this water for cutaneous diseases. It has recently cured cases of tetter, scald-head, and old sores generally. It is recommended as good for neuralgia.

A second attraction of these Springs is the cool and bracing nights enjoyed here. The country is very broken and hilly, and forests cover a large part of the territory around. Rocky River sweeps around this region, like a huge half-moon, a mile and a half distant at the nearest point, and rushes rapidly and tumultuously over rocky shoals, and falls here and there in cataracts, so that the voice of the waters is heard in the still evening air, as the guests lounge in the cool porticoes, or wander in the grounds. This belt of country is designated by the State Geologist as the region of "Huronian Slates" lying between the granites of the Piedmont section and the sandstones of the lower Pee Dee. Unlike the red soils and sluggish streams of more fertile regions, this does not generate miasma, and chills are rare.

Another pleasant circumstance is that visitors to these Springs may come and return to their homes without change of climate, and do not need to "stay until frost," as they must do when going to the mountains. They are also removed from the favorite haunts of dissipation and luxuriant vice. Though not on the line of railroad, an easy drive of twenty-eight miles from Concord, or eighteen or twenty from Polkton or Wadesboro, on the Carolina Central, will set one down at the Springs. The rates of board also are extremely reasonable, and suited to the hardness of the times. Three dollars a week will procure accommodations for adults, and two for servants and larger children.

We have not looked around sufficiently, nor been here long enough to venture a matured opinion, but first impressions, and "the story as 'twas told to us," gives the hope of a pleasant sojourn in this place.  
R.  
July 22d, 1879.

GRETA GREEN.

MARRIED.—MORRIS, TAYLOR.—July 3, by John C. Morris, Esq., Mr. Asbury Morris and Miss Ella Taylor, daughter of ex-Military Governor Taylor of Fort Fisher notoriety.  
HAMILTON, HALL.—June 22d, by Jesse

Mullinix, Esq., Mr. Obed Hamilton to Miss Hannah Hall.

KISER, MARKS.—July 20th, 3 o'clock, A. M., by A. S. Harris, Esq., David Kiser to Miss Mary E. Marks.  
Poor Davy was an orphan boy, Grim death had marr'd his joy; Friendless and poor as one of yore, He lay at the widow's door.

"My Mary was a buxom lass, And mamma thought she'd pass With lads both richer and wiser Than poor honest Davy Kiser.

"My Mary" was a girl of fashion, With heart full of love and compassion, And though she could marry richer and wiser, She chose her first love, poor honest Dave Kiser.

Sunday morning at sunrise, the happy pair took the gravel train for Locust Level, Cabarrus county. Many wishes for their happy future.

KELLY, TUCKER.—July 17th, by P. C. Saunders, Esq., James Kelly to Miss Lavina Tucker.

Lavina was a maiden bold— Full fifty years had all been told; Though many suitors she had had, She ay refused to make one glad, Till Jimmy Kelly came along— Being of bone and muscle strong,

She reasoned thus:— My raven tresses are silver'd o'er, My youthful days will come no more; My breath is stale, my feet are shelly, If Jimmy's willing, I'll be a Kelly.

Says Jimmy:— Before the lamp begins to flicker, I'll get the license and the "licker," And from your name I'll take the Tucker.

Dry weather and hot winds prevail, and crops are being cut short. Wheat and oats crops below average in quantity— quality excellent.

Mellous just beginning to come in. Grapes just beginning to show color: Rebecca rotting as usual; Catawbas unusually fine; Concord show a disposition to rot; Lincoln continue to "set;" Ives and Clinton doing well, and are our earliest grapes.

Platagon expects to be awaked by the shrill sound of four whistles ere long. The wise ones say we are to have an unusually hard winter, and the cereals will be unusually scarce next year. Cause—the frequent raids of "Dan Cupid."

NEMO.

Do not Mow Too Close.

There was true economy in the advice of the farmer who recommended that the lower joint grass be left in the field for the old brindle cow rather than be cut and cured for her. It was one of the numerous army mowers who had learned there is nothing gained by cutting too close.

The testimony with respect to the height from the ground at which it is best to cut grass is conflicting and tends to confuse and oftentimes mislead a novice in the hay-field. Cultivators vary in practice from one-half inch, or as close as possible, to four inches. The general tendency is, however, to cut close, and many fine meadows have been injured therefrom.

Close observation has taught that timothy cannot be cut low, in dry weather especially, without inflicting injury. All attempts at close shaving the sword should be avoided. Many of our most successful farmers cut timothy nearly or quite four inches from the ground. Others in gauging mowing machines for this grass take care to run them high that it will not be cut below the second joint above the tuber.

Close mowing of upland meadows ought also to be avoided, as the action of the hot sun and dry weather following the harvest affects the roots of the grass unfavorably when left without some protection. On the other hand low, wet mowing grounds will bear cutting close as possible; these are benefited by the influences which would dry and burn up an upland meadow. Again, where the practice is followed of top-dressing the meadow immediately after taking off the grass, the mowing may be done low and a smooth surface left to cut over the next time.

Generally speaking, grasses cut two inches high will start much quicker and thrive better than when shaved close to the ground; the fine grasses, as a rule, when the season is not a very dry one, can be cut lower with safety than the coarser sorts.—N. Y. World.

Statistics printed in the American Ship show that since 1833 one hundred and forty-three vessels have been lost at sea and with them two hundred and two lives.

Mr. John Payne, on Sandy Creek, Pennsylvania county, Va., caught a female opossum which had twenty-two young ones hanging to her. Eleven were her own and were in her pocket, and eleven, belonging to some other 'possum, doubtless, were sticking on to her outside.

A Roman Catholic priest in the Indian Territory has recently renounced Romanism and joined the Baptists.—He was baptized by Bro. J. S. Murrow.

"Sa-Luting the Bride."

From the Detroit Free Press.

There was a marriage at the upper end of the Detroit, Lansing and Northern road the other day. A great big chap almost able to throw a car load of lumber off the track, fell in love with a widow, who was cooking for the hands at a saw mill, and after a week's acquaintance they were married. The boys around the mill lent William three calico shirts, a dress coat, and a pair of white pants, and chipped in a purse of about \$20, and the couple started for Detroit on a bridal tour within an hour after being married.

"This 'ere lady," explained William, as the conductor came along for tickets, "are my bride. Just apliced fifty-six minnits ago. Cost \$2, but darn the cost! She's a lily of the valley, and I'm the right bower in a new deck of keards. Conductor, sa-lute the bride!"

The conductor hesitated. The widow had freckles and wrinkles and a turned-up nose, and kissing the bride was no gratification.

"Conductor, sa-lute the bride or look out for tornadoes," continued William, as he rose up and shed his coat.

The conductor sa-luted. It was the best thing he could do just then.

"I never did try to put on style before," muttered William, "but I'm bound to see this thing through if I have to fight all Michigan. These 'ere passengers has got to come up to the chalk, they has."

The car was full. William walked down the aisle, waved his hand to command attention and said:

"I've just been married, and over that sa-lute the bride kin now do so. Anybody who don't want to, will hev cause to believe that a tree fell on him!"

One by one the men walked up and kissed the widow, until only one was left. He was asleep. William reached over and lifted him into a sitting position at one moment and commanded:

"Ar'ye goin' to dust over thar' an' kiss the bride?"

"Blast your bride, and you too!" growled the passenger.

William drew him over the back of the seat, laid him down in the aisle, tied his legs in a knot and was making a bundle of him just of a size to go through the window, when the man caved and went over and sa-luted.

"Now, then," said William, as he put on his coat, "this bride tower will be resumed."

The Use Of Kerosene.

We are again called upon to indite a paragraph upon the proper use of kerosene oil about the fowl-house premises. This is a valuable article in its way, but when judiciously handled and applied sensibly to the cleansing of nest-boxes, the roosts of fowls, and for removal of scurvy upon the legs of these birds.

But kerosene is a powerfully pungent substance, and should always be used with care. For washing the fowl roosts occasionally nothing is so certain to keep the perches free from lice. For the bottoms and sides of box-nests, used either for your layers or sitters, there is no article so good or so sure to disperse vermin and keep it away from those frequented by the hens.

But kerosene should be applied beneath the nests, upon the wood-work only. It is too strong and penetrating to be placed where it will come in contact with the eggs that are being set on, or to touch the bodies of the fowls. And where it is carelessly scattered—so that the hen sits upon it or her eggs may be touched with this liquid—it does more harm than good, often permeating the shells and destroying the embryo chicks, as we have known the instance to occur.

We therefore suggest caution in the use of this article, as we have done before on repeated occasions. We know of no agent more beneficial, when rightly used, than this is. But if it be not properly applied to the purpose we have mentioned it had far better be dispensed with altogether. If eggs are smeared with it at any time—when first laid, or while being set on by the hens—their vitality is as surely destroyed as they would be if punctured or crushed in the shells.—Poultry World.

A JOURNALISTIC QUARTET.—The Raleigh News, which has been vastly improved of late, the Raleigh Observer, Wilmington Star and Charlotte Observer form a quartet of dailies that do credit to this State and would pass anywhere.—Greensboro Patriot.

TALKS ABOUT HEALTH.

I have studied the subject of exercise for twenty years. I have invented a system of gymnastics, which has been introduced into nearly all the schools in America, into most of the English gymnasias, and was introduced into the schools of Berlin a few years ago, with public ceremonies.

I have been the recipient of honorable testimonials from American colleges, many important educational bodies, and from many sources in England and Germany.

Please excuse this parade. My object in making these statements is to give a just emphasis to an opinion which I wish now to express. It is this—that walking, when properly managed, is the best of all exercises. None of the artificial exercise can be compared with it. Every important muscle works actively in walking. Notice an active walker. See how every part works—legs, hips, arms, shoulders—the man works all over. Brisk walking gives even the upper half of the body fine play. Then walking costs nothing. You are not obliged to join a class and employ a teacher. Again, walking takes you into the open air and sunshine, while in gymnastics you are in the dusty atmosphere of a hall; and it is not a small advantage that in walking you enjoy a succession of changing scenes, suggestions of new thought. And walking with a friend the conversation may be interesting and instructive. All this may be found in natural and active walking.

But if the ankles were shackled, so that the feet could be moved but a few inches, the great value of the exercise would be lost.

I asked you to note the arms and shoulders of an active walker. How they swing, and wiggle, and wiggle—how thoroughly alive even the upper half of the body is! The physiology of that part of the body in walking is this: the shoulder is a sort of centre for the muscles of the chest. They start from the shoulder and spread out in every direction like a fan. These muscles, which run in every direction over the chest, around, about, up, down, crosswise, and interlocking with each other in a wonderful net; these muscles which determine whether the chest shall be full, strong, and active, or thin, weak, and inactive; these muscles, about the chest, which determine whether the vital organs within the chest shall be large, active, and strong, or small, slow, and weak—these muscles which may contribute more than any others in the body to the strength and activity of life; these muscles, I say, depend for their activity, for their development and strength, upon a free and vigorous motion of the shoulders. Brisk walking, with a swinging of the arms, gives the required movements of shoulders. Now we understand how it is that active walking contributes so much to the fullness and strength of the chest, and the organs within the chest.

Please put your finger down there, and look out of this front window with me. It is a bright day, and the ladies are out in force.

Now, let us notice how they walk. Why, they don't swing their arms at all! Their arms must be laced down upon their sides! No, they are holding their arms stiff, and see, they have tucked their hands into those large fur rollers which they carry on their stomachs. Their arms look, for all the world, like the wings of a Christmas turkey, all tied down and ready to be put in the oven.

It must be hard work to walk in that way! It is very hard indeed, and you see they have to walk very slowly, and wiggle their hips.

What a funny motion that wiggle is. I should think fastidious people might call it vulgar and immodest.

Oh, well, that depends upon the fashion. That wiggle-waggle is all the go now.

I should think it would lame them across the back.

It does; there is not a lady in twenty who is not lame across the mall of the back. Let a man wear a shawl and hold it together in front with his hands, and he will not walk

far before his back will ache. It is a hard strain upon the spine, to walk without swinging the arms.

American ladies have muscular legs and hips; but look at their arms (candle-dips No. 8), their angular shoulders, and their flat, thin chests.

A large part of this ugliness and weakness come of carrying their hands in muffs, folded in front, or under shawls—in brief, from not swinging their arms in walking. Ah, when those beautiful fur mittens and gloves which are now becoming fashionable, shall be generally introduced, and our girls are able to walk off in that brisk, bright way which we all so admire, not only will their cheeks take a warmer hue, but their arms, shoulders, and chests will become plumper and finer, but better fitted to perform the duties and enter into the pastimes and pleasures of life.—DIO LEWIS, M. D.

N. C. Darkeys on the Way.  
Washington Post, 19th.

The first batch of colored emigrants which has left North Carolina for Kansas, passed through this city yesterday. The party consisted of Lovelace Brown, Turner Scott, Doc Brown, Miles Scott and Wm. Scott. Brown is a Baptist minister, and hails from Halifax county, while the rest are from an adjoining county of Warren, and are farm hands. The Browns are both jet black, while the Scotts are light mulattoes. The former are not relations, but the two last named are boys of sixteen and eighteen, sons of Turner Scott. Their first act on arriving here was to make for the City Hall, where they expected they would find "Mr. Fred Douglass." On hearing their story he gave them five dollars and sent them to see the Kansas Immigration Aid Committee, lately formed here. Mr. Douglass has placed himself on record over and over again as opposed to the movement, but said he could not see members of his race go hungry and destitute.

The tale they told him was, that becoming dissatisfied with the life they were leading in North Carolina, they and their friends had decided that they should push along until they got to Kansas, do the best they could for themselves there, and write home the state of affairs. This last was especially delegated to the minister, whose congregations (he has three) paid his expenses. A colored man named West Harris had advised them to call at this city on their way. They left home on Tuesday last, taking the turnpike at first and intending to go to Portsmouth, Va., and so husband completely used up, and the rest were very willing to take the cars, though the fare took all their money. Mr. Milton M. Holland, the treasurer of the relief committee here, conferred with Mr. Douglass and the travellers, and it was decided that the route should be changed, and Athens, Ohio, made the objective point. Tickets for that place were procured and given them, they left on the 11 o'clock train last night.

A box 24 by 16 inches, 22 deep, contains one barrel; a box 16 by 16 inches, 8 deep contains one bushel; a box 8 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches, 8 deep, contains one peck; a box 4 by 4 inches, 4 1/2 deep, contains a half peck. The standard bushel of the United States contains 2155.4 inches. Any box or measure, the contents of which are equal to 2155.4 cubic inches, will hold a bushel of grain. In measuring fruit, coal, and other substances, one fifth must be added. In other words, a peck measure five times even full makes one bushel. The usual practice is to "heap" the measure.

How many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardor, to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her.

If you were as willing to be as pleasant, and as anxious to please in your own house, as you are in the company of your neighbors, you would have the happiest home in the world.

There is Room in the Upper Story.  
A young lawyer of our acquaintance who had been brought up on a farm, and who had studied for his profession in an out-of-the-way county seat several years ago, surprised his friends one day by declaring that he had decided to leave the old sleepy town where he had always lived, and locate at the capital of the State. His friends remonstrated, and assured him that the profession in that city was already crowded with aspiring and able lawyers, well established in business, and that there was no room for a young man like him in such a place. He listened patiently to their arguments, and then coolly replied that he had never yet seen a hotel or a profession in which there was not room in the upper story. He would go to this capital and he would occupy the upper story among lawyers—a place that was never crowded; the lower and mediocre ranks were always crowded everywhere. He acted upon this resolution, and he had the ability to do it as he had said he would. He soon took his place in the upper story, not only among the lawyers of that city but of the State, and he has always found room enough for the exercise of his talents, no matter how much competition he may have come in contact with.

In recalling this incident to mind, it has suggested a maxim that is especially true in all kinds of stock-breeding: *The best always pays.* The man who raises the best trotter or race-horse, or draft-horse, or carriage-horse, or the best cow or steer; or who makes the best butter or cheese, or produces the finest wool, or the best mutton, or the best pork; or who brings his produce to market in the best condition, can always bid defiance to competition, and command his own price for what he has to sell.

There is room in the upper story, always and everywhere. In all the various breeds of all kinds of livestock, the man who approximates the upper story in the quality of his stock and in his methods of feeding and management, will always find plenty of room, while those who are on or near the ground floor are being starved out by ruinous competition.—Nat. Live-Stock Journal.

SICKNESS AT A DANCE.—A ludicrous affair happened at the town of Wells, ten miles from Sparta, last Friday night. There was a dance given in a large barn, and over a hundred persons were present. During the evening lemonade was served, and in a short time all who partook of it were seized with vomiting. They rushed out doors, into the bushes, leaned against barrels, lay across wagon tongues, got into baggies, and held their heads over the boxes. Young fellows held their girls' heads one way, and their own heads the other, and it was a concert of "Ye-up" till 5 o'clock in the morning, when a doctor arrived from Sparta, and stopped it. Tartar emetic had been put in the lemonade by mistake, instead of tartaric acid.—Milwaukee Sun.

American women are the prettiest in the world, and the Southern women the prettiest of them all. American girls always make a sensation in Europe by their beauty; and except in complexion, the effect of a moist climate, English girls cannot compare with them. We'll warrant Mrs. Langtry wears a number six shoe, and there the Southern girls have the advantage. Show us one that goes above number three, and you show a curiosity.—Durham Recorder.

Sixteen little girls in Minneapolis were recently rendered deadly sick by eating some castor oil beans which they had been engaged in stringing. Twelve of the children, by timely antidotes, are out of danger, but the others are so badly poisoned that their lives are despaired of.

CHILDREN.—Children should not sleep with people advanced in years. For reasons which will naturally suggest themselves, such a domestic arrangement should be carefully avoided. The older system draws vitality from the more youthful one always.