

The Carolina Watchman.

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NO. 51

MISCELLANEOUS.

DANISH BARQUE RIALTO,

On Voyage from Wilmington, N. C., Towards Trieste, Austria.

Off Syracuse, Sicily.—After lying beneath the shadow of Stromboli and inhaling the fumes of the nether world until the Satanic influences seemed to pervade the Straits of Messina. About 8 p. m., on Saturday, we sighted Faro Point light, and soon after the reflection of the lights of Messina was visible in the southern sky.—“Barque ahoy!” sounded out of the darkness ahead. Soon a flashing of cars was heard, and a confused jabbering of tongues, and in a few moments a boat, some pleasure and a few passengers, were seen. Let us see if we can run this make every penny out of it. We were told that it was a safe and valuable vessel by its name. We did “carou” it, and it was, in fact, the entrance complicated. The night was very dark. We “caroued” to know his terms. “Carou” is a Spanish word, and means to know. Not much! oh, certainly not! I had heard of a boat for an hour’s work. I had heard of one point. He nearly “caroued,” but recovered sufficiently to call down the vengeance of the whole gang of saints upon us. Next he mentioned twenty pounds. Again we offered one, and again we were reviled. A third time he approached us, offering his services for five pounds. We stuck to our terms, and he accepted after informing the saints that he was a ruined man thenceforth and forever.

The night was intensely dark. On the horizon a star was a faint rose glow emitted by the far distant Stromboli. Forward, on our starboard bow was a pale gleam in the clouds which our pilot told us was the reflection of the lights of Messina. The atmosphere was close and heavy, not a breath of air stirred. The dark, indistinct form of land loomed up on all sides. We seemed hemmed in by mountains without the sign of an outlet. Had I not learned by previous experience that there was such a place as the Straits of Messina, and had not Imray’s charts, and the pilot persisted in maintaining that they still existed, I might have been excused for feeling a little shaky about venturing further into that mysterious gloom. However, as one is sometimes called upon to place one’s faith on things unseen even in matters maritime, and finally, as several huge steamers were plowing full speed into the darkness, I concluded to abandon all to the pilot and providence and went “below.” Our vessel was drifting along “a bell aggie” at a rate which the pilot said would not take us to Faro Point before 2 a. m. * * * Just here my thoughts turn to a July afternoon eight years ago, when I was steaming through these very straits. I can almost hear again the strains of “Home, Sweet Home,” as they were wafted to us that day from the band on the deck of the U. S. steam ship Franklin, steaming majestically by our side. Ah, where are ships and shipmates of those long gone days! The noble old “Franklin” having survived the excitement of a mutiny at Leghorn, and the honor of lugging the patriotic Tweed home from Vigo, was ignominiously converted into a school-ship for teaching Uncle Sam’s naval fledglings how to shoot big guns. The Castalia, my old home, is now ingloriously engaged in conveying cargoes of “red coats” to Egypt to add to the silent population of the desert, and cargoes of glorious and costly heroes home to add to the noisy population of the House of Lords. And her noble old commander, the thorough-bred, gallant, genial, jolly old sea-dog, with a broad smile for everybody, and a pocket full of nuts and oranges for the green horns! A little green kirk-yard on the banks of the bonnie Clyde contains all that was mortal of the gallant sailor who has gone to his long watch. No more will the howling tempests of the Bay of Biscay call him to his post—no more the turbulent billows of Lyons stormy gulf break upon his hard earned rest. The great wave of eternity has borne his barque of life upon its crest over the bar and into the haven of eternal rest. Where is Charley, the jolly Swede, the life of the mess? Where that peerless “chef de cuisine,” Chief Steward Dickson, the canny Scot whose “wee draps of limonade sors” at Gibraltar had such peculiar effects on his knees, but who, despite this little failing, could concoct a most marvellous “hare soup” out of the leanest stray cat that nocturnally perambulated the streets of Naples, or skirmined the most grub-forsaken town in Southern Europe with results that a less expert member of the profession would scarcely obtain from a visit to Fulton Market. Oh, Dickson, wert thou here, the “limonade” propensity should be forgiven and forgotten—

the keys of the provision locker should be invariably thine, and we would eat, drink and be merry. I do not know what we would have been in the event of Dickson’s assuming culinary control, for at that moment my reveries were interrupted by a series of most terrific yells from our pilot, then a peculiar quiver ran through the ship. Springing hastily on deck, I heard the pilot abusing the helmsman in broken English. The matter was then quite plain. The strong lunar current which probably gave rise to the legend of Scylla had set into the straits at turn of tide and was flowing at seven knots speed through the narrow channel, making a roaring noise like Niagara river below the falls. The ship suddenly caught while lying in a dead calm, was for the time unmanageable, refusing to answer her helm, while the astonished helmsman had been thrown into the state of confusion which brought upon him the anathemas of the old pilot. As soon as possible we eloped some after sail on her to shove her nose out from the land as she was threatening every moment to push the roof off Faro Point light house, with her jib-boom. Having cleared everything for immediate action in case of necessity, we let her glide. The current bore us directly towards Messina roads which soon loomed in sight. The city looked beautiful with its long avenues of twinkling lights. Its numerous giardini, parks, etc., were illuminated by colored lamps and electric lights. We passed close enough inshore to hear the tinkle of the street cars, the music of the band on the Piazza Centrale, and the choruses of some roisters probably out serenading their respective Zitelles. Half an hour after passing Messina we discharged the pilot.

[Concluded next week.]

Stop Awhile.

A Botanical Cure for Some of our Ethical Maladies.

Special Correspondent of the Watchman.

MT. VERNON, N. C., Sept. 30.—In a recently issued volume of travels through South Africa I see a description of a queer and unique sort of U. S. abounding in that outlandish country, significantly named *Stop Awhile*. Its branches are full of thorns exactly the shape of a fishing hook; so that if they catch hold of your clothes as you pass, you must stop awhile, sometimes a long while before you get clear of them. In clearing one arm from it another is caught and without the cautious assistance of a second person, there is no escaping from its hold but by main force, and losing part of your dress.

I have sent to the British officials at Cape Town for a peck of the seed of this constable and policeman of a plant. I want it to arrest diseases. There are social and moral maladies that do not come within the pale of “allopathy” or any other “pathy”; and it is for some of these that I now advertise all the seed gratis which is left after distributing personally among the following patients in my own practice, whom I know to be sorely in need:—

1st, Old Aunt Peggy Prattlepoke must have a bush of this sort on each side of her door to stop her when she starts out on a gossiping expedition. She is the greatest talker that ever was born; and can positively manufacture a discourse out of nothing. She dreams things which she relates as actual occurrences; tells stories till she believes them herself; traces everybody’s pedigree to the beginning of time; and, when she has said all that can be said, seems more full of talk than ever.

2d, For Mr. Timothy Trail I shall reserve one of the biggest bushes, when I get my nursery started, to stop him when he starts out to hunt up the originator and patentee of some one of a hundred neighborhood lies that has been put into circulation about him and has by chance come to his sensitive ears. “A great lie,” says the poet Crabbe, “is like a fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself.”

3d, A bush for Farmer Fancyman, to stand between him and the huge pile of lumber, fresh from the saw-mill, out of which he intends to build a house so large that the sheriff will turn him out of doors.

4th, A circular row of bushes to surround young Farmer Breakneck, who is about to sell a good plantation, turn merchant, break, and live on rented land the balance of his days or die either in the insane hospital or the poor house.

5th, A wagon load of bushes for Farmer Trotgood to arrest him and make him stay at home—he travels about so much there is nothing about the farm worth looking after.

6th, A brace of likely bushes for

Miss Jane Jump, who is about to marry a young man of dissolute habits, and repent of it as long as she lives. Something “had ought to” stop her.

7th, A bush to plant at Mr. Nero-Do-Well’s back, who is always pulling at the wrong end of the rope, while his prudent, industrious wife is retrieving the fortunes of a family by pulling at the other end.

8th, Several hundred bushes, to make a corral to hold a host of children that I know, who are bringing their parents to poverty and want, and themselves to disgrace.

9th, Bushes enough to corral Sam Spiteful, who seems never to have read of his disease in the Great Physician’s Book, which says of those who are ill of his complaint, “He that hateth his brother is a murderer.”

10th, A hedge-fence of bushes to eternally hold and make stay at home the Honorable Dick Dirty-mouth, who is just political demagogue enough to meet intelligent and decent opponents with no other argument but vulgar, filthy and contemptible personalities.

When the aforesaid ladies and gentlemen and a few others have been supplied, any of my readers, on application at the nursery, can have as many as they want—yes, as many as they want—if perchance they should be afflicted with diseases of a similar nature.

When all applicants have been satisfied, should there still be a large quantity left, as I am assured there will be, I intend to appropriate the whole remaining batch to the arrest of those who are too ignorant to know what a good newspaper is and are always passing fool judgments upon editors and sneering at those who write for them.

I think this will wind up the business. Amen.

Respectfully,
Your ancient correspondent,
E. P. H.

The Business Outlook in the South.

The reports made by the *Manufacturers’ Record* as to the trade outlook in the South are rose colored. We do not see upon what basis of facts it is said that the promise of an active trade is very favorable. Cotton is down; prices have been too low for a long time; breadstuffs are cheaper than they have been in fifty years; the farmers are heavily in debt, and there is no indication of an immediate rise in prices. Whilst the South is well supplied with bread it has no surplus. Then pork and bacon and lard have to be brought from the Northwest. So a fair survey of the field does not authorize the warmly tinted picture the *Protection* paper above named gives of the condition of business affairs in the South. With a short cotton crop and failures abounding we can see but little grounds now for prophesying a very hopeful Winter outlook. At any rate, the people will have but little money for cash trading as they are in debt for what they consumed during the year.

The condition of most farmers is like that of the late venerable Dr. M. A. Wilcox, of Halifax. He said to us: “People complain that they are behind hand. I was never so in my life. I am always before hand. I am now working to pay for what I consumed last year.” In that sense the Southern people as a whole are before hand. There will be no genuine prosperity for the Southern people until they combine in their operations, and make less cotton—say 4,000,000 bales annually and not more for the next ten years—and raise home supplies, including food of all kinds, clothing after the old way, more domestic manufactures. In a word until they cease to keep their corn cribs and smoke houses in Ohio, Kentucky and Minnesota, and produce at home all that is required for consumption. With a two-thirds crop of cotton for five years the price would probably fall below 16 cents and would probably range at full 20 cents.

It is demonstrable that a two-thirds crop of cotton for five years will fetch more money than a large crop for five years would fetch. The time, labor, cost to make the extra one-third of cotton could be devoted to the production of food, fruits, &c. Then the result would be this:

1. A two-thirds crop of cotton actually fetching more money than a full crop fetched, thus saving one-third of expense, labor, time, wear and tear, &c.

2. A large and abundant crop of breadstuffs, dry food, roots, fruits, &c., including an ample supply of bacon, mutton, beef, &c., thus dispensing with Northern flour, Northern canned fruits, Northern bacon, Northern pork, Northern butter, Northern potatoes, apples, &c.

When the South becomes self-reliant and the farmers form associations and unions for their own pro-

tection, and will all work together wisely and judiciously, they will prosper and assert their real power as factors in commerce and politics.

Bear Fight in 1826.

A Bear Fight with Sixty Dogs on Christmas.

From the Shelby Aurora.

“Turn backward, turn backward, ho Time in your flight” and transport us to the time before the railroad and telegraph were known, before Andrew Jackson was elected President, and before a buggy was ever seen in this (then Rutherford) county.

It is pleasant to sit beside an old man, whose memories fondly linger with the past and hear old Mr. Martin Roberts describe so picturesquely a bear fight he witnessed on Christmas, 1826, at Mr. Dick Blanton’s, six miles south of Shelby and now owned by Joseph Austelle. Mr. Dick Blanton had a huge pet bear which he offered to barbecue on Christmas for the crowd if the dogs of Rutherford county could whip him in a fair fight.

This news created a sensation and that was a gala-day at Blanton’s, for far and near, from hill and dale, they came with many a canine of high and low degree to the bear combat and to eat bear meat for Christmas. Several hundred men and women were present on the muster ground at Blanton’s X Roads, where beer, ginger cake, and whisky were sold from the hind gate of wagons.

At the signal of a trumpet, the huge black and brown bear was unchained, the exultant crowd gave way for Brunin’s stately tread, while sixty men held sixty dogs eager for the fight. The bear with a growl surveyed the scene and trotted off fifty yards, then the dogs with many yells made the woods ring and gave chase. Many bets were made that the bear would be slain, and it was amusing to listen to each man tell about his dog’s strength and bravery. A huge greyhound caught the bear’s hind leg, whose fore paw, as heavy as Thor’s ponderous hammer, fell against the dog’s head, his tail was turned and the greyhound fled in disgrace. A dozen curs were soon put to flight by the bear standing erect on his hind legs.

One mountaineer who had imbibed the roughness of Ben’s Knob by association, bragged on his “Pete,” and said I’ll bet \$5 by Golly, that Pete can whip that “bar,” and Pete then tied to the combat. The huge mastiff, Pete, soon seized the “bar’s” tail, but the bear turned upon his assailant, one blow felled Pete, who uttered a groan and turned his tail to the forest in double quick time, home-ward bound.

As the dogs surrounded the huge bear, panting with anger and fatigue, shouts of men mingled with the barking of dogs for an hour. The bear, ready for battle, mounted like one of Scott’s heroes on a knoll, stood on his hind legs and seemed to say to the dogs, like Scott:

“Come one, come all,
This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.”

The other dogs soon gave up and left the bear the victor. After one hour’s persuasion and plenty of food, the bear’s wrath was appeased by his keeper and was led by his chain to his lair. As the dogs were whipped, the bear did not furnish the barbecue for that Christmas crowd in 1826. Mr. Roberts said on that day I first saw a double-barrel shot gun (now so common) and I then thought “ah maitye, he can shoot twice at one pop, I’m afraid of him.” Some of our aged readers have not forgotten that bear fight and how they lost the barbecue because the dogs could not whip the bear.

The Teacher to the Front.

Any man’s work if it be done well enough becomes an easy leverage to move the world with. If anybody had predicted ten years ago that a North Carolina teacher would have any great influence outside his school room, the politicians would have smiled and the people been incredulous.

Yet already the profession of teaching has been so magnified and the influence and labor of the teacher so broadened in the South (and in no other State more than in North Carolina) that it has fallen to the lot of a teacher to formulate with more force, aptness, and propriety the condition and necessities of our society than any other person has before explained them and he has explained them before the largest audience in person and in print that a Southern private citizen has addressed these twenty years.

MAJ. ROBERT BINGHAM’s address before the National Convention of School Superintendents at Washington last spring and before the National Educational Association at Madison, Wisconsin, this summer—a plain practical “stump-speech,” which he

happily called “The New South”—contains the most manly and frank expression of the whole Southern situation that has ever been made before an audience of Northern people.—*State Chronicle*.

POLITICAL.

LIKE JEFFERSON, MADISON, JACKSON.—Mr. Grover Cleveland is Governor of New York, and the duties of his office occupy his time. The people who elected him and pay him salary for attending to the Governorship would hardly be satisfied if he were to imitate General Butler and Mr. Blaine in running around the country. Besides, it is a very safe precedent for Mr. Cleveland to follow if his self-respect leads him to do as Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson and other great men have done who have heretofore been called to the Presidency of this country.—*Phil. Record*.

Consider the spectacle—Mr. Blaine traveling through the country on a special train in a special car which has a special platform specially built to speak from, making such a stumping tour as the mind of American never conceived of. But he will not go to Indianapolis, neither will he be likely to discuss the marriage laws of Kentucky. Meanwhile Mr. Cleveland is quietly and diligently doing his routine work as Governor of the greatest State in the Union, preparatory to becoming the President of the United States.

Blaine’s Wedding No. 2.

N. Y. World.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—“Yes, I witnessed Blaine’s marriage in Pittsburg in March, 1851,” said ex-Congressman John V. Lemoyne to-day in answer to a reporter’s inquiry.

“Did you know at that time that Mr. Blaine and his wife had been married previously in Kentucky?”

“No, were they?” inquiringly answered Mr. Lemoyne with some surprise. “Well, I cannot say how that was. It may have been so, but I heard nothing said by Mr. Blaine or any one else at the time of the Pittsburg marriage which not even led me to suppose that there had been a previous marriage. He says that the Pittsburg marriage was had simply to satisfy all possible doubts regarding the legality of the one which he claims occurred previously in Kentucky. He made no explanation of that sort to those who witnessed the Pittsburg marriage.”

“Do you believe that he was married in Kentucky at all?”

“Oh, he must have been,” replied Mr. Lemoyne, laughing; “doesn’t he say he was? It makes me think of what the man said about the patent medicine: ‘If you don’t believe it’s good, just read the printed advertisement and see what that says.’”

“But,” continued Mr. Lemoyne seriously, “it seems most remarkable to me that if this Kentucky marriage did occur, Blaine should have kept it secret so long. Now, in that life of Blaine, written a few years ago by a Maine man named Conwell, I think, the one for which Robie, just elected Governor, wrote the preface, the story was concealed. Blaine acted unaccountably, it seems to me, in allowing the date of his marriage to be published in that book as March 29, 1851.”

STANDS AT THE HEAD!



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Notice To Creditors!

All persons having claims against the estate of J. N. Dobbins, dec’d, are notified to exhibit the same to the undersigned on or before the 10th day of July 1885, or their notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.
J. F. Romo, Adm’r of J. N. Dobbins, dec’d.
July 7th, 1884.