

# THE CAROLINA FARMER

MORNING AND STAR

A WEEKLY

FOR THE FARM & FIRESIDE

FARMERS, WRITE FOR YOUR PAPER.

VOL. 3.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1871.

NO. 31.

**The Carolina Farmer,**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WILMINGTON, N. C.,

\$3.00 a Year, in advance.  
CLUB RATES:  
Five copies, one year, \$15 00  
Ten copies, one year, \$24 00  
Twenty copies, one year, \$40 00

No commissions allowed Agents for subscribers taken at less than \$3.00 per year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.	
1 Square, per week	\$1 00
2 Weeks	\$2 00
3 Weeks	\$3 00
4 Weeks	\$4 00
5 Weeks	\$5 00
6 Weeks	\$6 00
7 Weeks	\$7 00
8 Weeks	\$8 00
9 Weeks	\$9 00
10 Weeks	\$10 00
11 Weeks	\$11 00
12 Weeks	\$12 00
13 Weeks	\$13 00
14 Weeks	\$14 00
15 Weeks	\$15 00
16 Weeks	\$16 00
17 Weeks	\$17 00
18 Weeks	\$18 00
19 Weeks	\$19 00
20 Weeks	\$20 00
21 Weeks	\$21 00
22 Weeks	\$22 00
23 Weeks	\$23 00
24 Weeks	\$24 00
25 Weeks	\$25 00
26 Weeks	\$26 00
27 Weeks	\$27 00
28 Weeks	\$28 00
29 Weeks	\$29 00
30 Weeks	\$30 00
31 Weeks	\$31 00
32 Weeks	\$32 00
33 Weeks	\$33 00
34 Weeks	\$34 00
35 Weeks	\$35 00
36 Weeks	\$36 00
37 Weeks	\$37 00
38 Weeks	\$38 00
39 Weeks	\$39 00
40 Weeks	\$40 00
41 Weeks	\$41 00
42 Weeks	\$42 00
43 Weeks	\$43 00
44 Weeks	\$44 00
45 Weeks	\$45 00
46 Weeks	\$46 00
47 Weeks	\$47 00
48 Weeks	\$48 00
49 Weeks	\$49 00
50 Weeks	\$50 00
51 Weeks	\$51 00
52 Weeks	\$52 00

Twelve lines solid Nonpareil type constitute a square. Four squares estimated as a quarter-column, eight squares as a half-column, and sixteen squares as a whole column.

The FARMER has a large and growing circulation among the best class of farmers and planters of the South, especially in the two Carolinas.

The Postage on the Farmer is only five cents per quarter, payable at the office where the paper is received.

Registered Letters, under the new system, which went into effect June 1st, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained.

## Miscellaneous.

### High-Heels—A Warning.

The Philadelphia Age, describing a visit to a hospital in that city, remarks that the wearing of high-heeled boots by ladies and children is openly condemned by learned surgeons, and adds:  
Dr. William H. Pancoast remarked the other day, after performing a painful operation on an interesting little girl whose feet had been ruined by wearing wrongly-constructed shoes, "This is the beginning of a large harvest of such cases." And what else can be expected? Mothers walk the streets with heels on their boots from two and a half to three inches high, and not more than an inch in diameter, and their daughter follow the same bad and barbarous practice. In many cases severe sprains of the ankle are suffered. But these are not the worst fruits of the high-heeled torture. The toes are forced against the fore part of the boot, and soon begin to assume unnatural positions. In many cases they are actually dislocated. In others the great toe passes under the foot, the tendons harden in that position, and lameness is contracted, for which there is no cure but the knife. When the injury does not take this form it assumes other aspects almost as horrible and distressing. There are thousands of young girls tip-toeing it

along our streets to-day, who, in a few years, will be cripples if their parents do not intercede and remove the cause. We will have a race of women almost as helpless, so far as walking is concerned, as those of China. We condemn the practice of confining the feet of Chinese children in wooden shoes, and yet that practice is no more injurious to the feet than forcing them into a small boot with an Alpine heel. This is a matter of a grave and serious import, and hence we press it upon the mothers and fathers of the land. If they would not feed the surgical hospitals, and have groups of maimed daughters in their homes, they must commence a crusade on high heels. No father should have high-heeled boots in his house any more than he would keep a vicious dog in the parlor. When skillful surgeons like Dr. Pancoast, from the operating room, raise their voices against high-heeled boots it is time for old and young ladies to pause and listen. At this period they can choose between high heels and the operating knife. In a short time it may be the latter or permanent lameness.

We cannot let the occasion thus offered pass without entering our own protest against this foolish and pernicious fashion. How sensible parents, at all careful of the health and comfort of their children, can permit them thus to sacrifice themselves, can only be accounted for by that fascination which fashion exerts. If ladies choose to disgrace themselves, destroy their comfort and injure their health by wearing high-heeled boots and tight lacing, there is no power in man to restrain them. They acknowledge but one dictator, one lord and master, and that is fashion. The united German armies could not coerce them to renounce a dear pernicious fashion. But surely something can be done to protect young children. Are fathers altogether powerless? Will not thoughtful mothers unite with them in discountenancing this pestilent fashion?

Since his death ignominy is heaped thick and fast upon the body and name of the unhappy Ruloff. Not only have the newspapers devoted themselves to the work of publishing all sorts of paragraphs concerning him, which probably have but a slight foundation in fact, but the doctors, as well, have been in pursuit of his head, to preserve it in spirits for a specimen of the head of a bold, bad man. It is stated in a newspaper that Ruloff confessed to his counsel that he drowned his two companions in the burglary; also, that he killed his wife many years ago, and that he proposed to his counsel the advisability of having Burrows, the fellow-clerk of Myrick, whom he killed, and who was the principal witness against him, put out of way—the job being feasible, he stated, if but the necessary amount were raised. As regards his head, the statement is also published that after the execution, as no one came to claim the body, it was given in charge of the physicians who were present at the jail. These cut the head off and delivered the headless body to the undertakers. Thus was Ruloff buried; but on the very night of burial a party of resurrectionists from St. Louis are said to have opened the grave, in order to obtain the coveted head. Finding the head gone, however, they tumbled the disboned remains back into the grave, disappointed at not finding the object of their search. The present possessors of the head will take a plaster cast thereof, and will preserve the original in spirits. Thus grows the wonder, and so do the horribly grotesque incidents collect about the murderer's memory and posthumous career.—Wash. Post.

A Wheeling editor was shown at the postoffice, on Wednesday last, a mail box of bees, that were on their way from Illinois to Christiansburg, Va. They were of some rare species, and seemed to be doing well, not a dead one being visible. A short time ago a "horned toad" passed through the office, hailing from San Francisco and bound for Washington, and a lizard also lately performed the same journey.

### Thrilling Balloon Adventure.

The balloon ascension yesterday afternoon, by Prof. Torrey, of Grady's circus, was a very exciting affair, and came near proving a terrible disaster. The balloon was inflated with hot air by means of a furnace set in the ground, the chimney or tube for insertion in the mouth of the balloon being a section of steam boiler. Just as the rising balloon cleared the tube, the flame flashed and set fire to it. The ropes were let go, when the immense canvas globe, inflated with the heated air, rose rapidly upward, the daring aeronaut clinging to a trapeze suspended from beneath with ropes, and performing a number of graceful feats as the air ship soared aloft, and was borne along by the wind, which was blowing almost a gale at the time. Meanwhile the fire, which had been communicated to the lower portion of the balloon at starting, continued to blaze around the edges, but the Professor, apparently oblivious to the dangerous position in which he was placed kept up his daring feats on the trapeze, hanging alternately by one foot or one hand, and performing sundry graceful evolutions while carried along at an elevation of about one thousand feet from the earth.

The balloon was borne eastward for some distance by the current, when the heated air having cooled it commenced a rapid descent, landing on the commons east of the hydraulic, near Gary's flax mill, about half a mile from the starting point. While approaching the earth with considerable force the balloon came in contact with the willow tree, when the Professor, releasing his hold of the trapeze, took refuge in the branches, and broke his fall by seizing hold of a limb, which gave way and he came to the ground, ending his perilous journey, without serious injury, though his ankle was slightly sprained by the concussion. The ascension was witnessed by hundreds of people, who were thrilled with the spectacle of the daring aeronaut dangling in the air, and performing astonishing acrobatic feats while the flames threatened to consume the frail bark which bore him along. It was, altogether the most exciting exhibition of the kind ever witnessed here. The balloon was dragged for some distance after the Professor landed, and was gathered up considerably damaged by fire, and torn by coming in contact with a tree in its descent.—Dayton Journal, 24th.

### Sad Case of Insanity—A Crazy German in a Newark Church.

About 11 o'clock this morning a man named Warger, while at work in the basement of St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, on Belmont avenue, heard a loud noise on the floor above, and on proceeding thither, found a man, entirely naked, clinging to the altar about fifteen feet from the floor. The crazy individual (for such he proved to be) had already hurled the statues of St. John and St. Elizabeth from their positions on the sanctuary, and was then attempting to throw down the statue of St. Mary. That of St. John stood six feet high, and weighed over two hundred pounds, being of solid wood. It struck the altar floor, breaking the front railing and bounded ten or fifteen feet forward. It was cracked seriously. Before attempting to mount the sanctuary, which rises at least thirty feet from the platform, and is richly painted and decorated, he had removed his clothing, and, stepping on the lace drapery with his soiled feet ascended from one niche to another, evidently intent on reaching the bleeding form of Christ, which hung upon the cross directly over the statues of St. John and St. Mary. Mr. Warger called in George Nichols, Jr., and some of his workmen who were engaged on a building near by, and by raising a ladder on the altar, succeeded, after a desperate fight, in tying the hands of the maniac and getting his clothes upon him, when Officer Devine was called in and removed him to a cell in the Station House.

The name of the man is John Runk. He is a German, 32 years of age, and without a family. He is a trunkmaker, and, until recently, when his brother died,

he earned large wages in Cagawitz's factory, and formerly in ex Mayor Peddie's. His brother's death preyed on his mind so much that two nights ago he visited Rev. Godfried Prieth and desired to stay in his house all night, saying he dared not stay at home for fear of his dead brother. Last night the poor fellow attempted to set fire to the house of his landlord, Mr. Reclier, of 154 Barclay street. This morning he imagined he was Jesus Christ, and gained an entrance at the rear door of the church with the intention, as he said, of casting down all false dignities. The affair caused great excitement in the neighborhood. The damage occasioned will amount to nearly two hundred dollars.—Newark Journal, May 28th.

### Lafitte's Treasure.

Many unsuccessful searches have been made for the treasure supposed to have been buried by the pirate Lafitte on some one of the islands in the Gulf of Mexico, some eighty miles from New Orleans. One of the pirate's men, when dying, gave a family named Newell, who had befriended him, a diagram and written description of the exact spot where this hoard of wealth was buried. Mr. Newell made three attempts to reach the place, but on the first voyage was shipwrecked, on the second his partner was sun-struck, and on the third voyage Mr. Newell himself was taken suddenly ill, and also died. But Mr. Newell had a son, then a young man and a printer, working in the office of the New Orleans Picayune, who resolved to try to accomplish what his father could not. Therefore, some three years ago, young Newell fitted out a small vessel and made the voyage to within sight of the island, when a violent storm came on and his vessel was wrecked. One year after this he made another attempt to reach the island but was again wrecked. A month ago he fitted up another vessel, and made a third trial to obtain the golden treasure. A week ago his lifeless body was picked up near the Rigolets, floating in the muddy waters of Lake Pontchartrain, perforated by two bullet holes. There seems to be a singular fatality accompanying the spot where Lafitte buried his spoils. Every person who has yet attempted to approach that island with the object of unearthing his treasures has met a sudden death.

A shocking accident occurred lately on the Vermont Central railroad. A single woman by the name of Parkhurst was walking on the track of the railroad in Sharon, Vermont, a dozen miles above White River Junction, accompanied by her mother, a quite old lady. The daughter was taken with a fit, and dropped down upon the rail in a curve of the road, and the mother, being unable to remove her, started for a house at a considerable distance off to procure assistance. Before reaching the house, however, she heard the down express train coming, and started back to where her daughter was, and arrived near at hand to witness the train pass over her, killing her instantly, and mangling her in a frightful manner. Both feet were cut off, and part of the head. When the engineer discovered her, she seemed to be sitting in a stooping posture on the rail, and wearing a light-colored shawl, he mistook her for a sheep, and did not reverse in season to stop the train until it had passed several rods beyond the spot where she was lying.

### Knights of Pythias.

It is stated that at the next meeting of the Supreme Grand Lodge of the world of the Knights of Pythias, in July, the differences which have caused New Jersey and other States to branch off will be healed, and the order will again be united in one grand body, with a membership of near 500,000.

Saturday night about 10 o'clock a stable situate on Pine street, Petersburg, was struck by lightning, and in a few minutes completely enveloped in flames, totally destroying it.

### A Man Blown to Pieces—The Fearful Effects of Driving a Load of Nitro-Glycerine on a Rough Road.

A Titusville paper gives full details of the awful death of Charles Clark, by nitro glycerine. It says:  
He left Titusville for Tidouate, having in his wagon about 400 pounds of nitro-glycerine, which he was conveying across the country to fill orders for torpedoes in his district.

He was descending a hill and was passing a sluice in the road, over which were laid some logs and a plank, in such a manner as to be uneven, and his horses being on the last trot, the jar as he passed over the rough bridge caused an explosion of the glycerine in his wagon, and he was hurled into eternity in an instant.

The shock was terrific, and his body was blown to atoms, parts of it being scattered over the fields and in the road for sixty rods around. The explosion was heard in Tidouate, 12 miles away, and at Enterprise the people were severely stunned by the concussion. All the wigwags for some distance around were broken.

The house of Daniel Arnawine, which was further down on the opposite side of the road, was also greatly damaged by having the windows knocked out, and Mrs. Arnawine received a blow from the butt of the whip, which was blown from Clark's wagon through the window into her house, striking her in the breast.

The body was blown to shreds, and men soon after commenced looking in the vicinity for pieces of the same, and were successful in finding portions of it, but the largest portion must have been blown to atoms, and can never be traced. The face was found in the road near the old Reed well, about forty rods below where the explosion occurred.

Strange as it may seem, he could be identified by it, although it was the mere outside, but the mouth, nose and eyes were preserved, also the moustache and a portion of his front hair; the eyes were open, the mouth wore a pleasant look, and the features presented an air of dignity as if absorbed in a deep study.

### Napoleon in Exile.

A London reporter caught two members of the ex-Emperor Napoleon's household while they were dining in a restaurant in that city, and, between the soup and the *potage a la creme*, corkscrewed out of them some interesting items regarding the mode of life in vogue at Chiselhurst. In the first place, he learned that the belief among the Imperialists is, that the Bonaparte regime will be resumed, with the Young Prince Imperial and a regency in power. Then, in the family circle at Camden House, things look a little blue. The Empress has become very peevish and discontented, giving much trouble to all around her, besides which her health is not so good. The "court circle" consists of six persons, of whom M. Conti is chief of the Emperor's cabinet; M. Pietri, his private secretary; Colonel Lepic, his aide-de-camp; Count Davilliers, his equerry; M. Dupere (captain in the navy), aide-de-camp to the Prince Imperial, and M. Conneau, the Emperor's surgeon. The servants' department includes only eight persons, namely, a gate-keeper (English), a *valet de chambre* of the Emperor, a lady's maid for the Empress, two footmen, a female cook, and a couple of female scullions. The *mot d'ordre* of Camden House is strict economy, the Emperor dines quite *en famille* with the Empress and the Prince, and the Imperial couple, always superstitious, pass their dull evenings in consulting their fortunes in the cards.

### Veto.

The Governor of New York has vetoed upward of one hundred bills since the Legislature adjourned. The *World* learns from Albany that he would send these bills to the office of the Secretary of State with his objections in brief. It is reported that among the number is the bill making amendments to the code, by which the liberty of counsel as well as the press was to be restricted by the revival of obsolete "contempts" of court.