

Milton Chronicle.

BY C. N. B. EVANS.

Power is always Stealing from the Many to the Few.

\$3 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES)

MILTON, CASWELL COUNTY, N. C. THURSDAY, SEPT. 9 1869.

CVOL. 2:—NO. XXIX.

UNDERTAKING.

THE undersigned has removed to his old stand above the post office, where he will carry on the

of any description, at short notice and on reasonable terms as can be had anywhere. Will attend in person with Hearse to all Burials in town or country. All kinds of Cabinet Work made to order. C. R. MARTIN. Successor to Martin & Covey. Feb 10, '69.



I. P. RAINES,
BAKER AND CONFECTIONER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FRUITS
Fancy Goods, Cigars, Toys, &c.
MAIN STREET,
Mrs. Harrington's Old Stand,
DANVILLE, V. A.
March, 1869.

Joy to the Afflicted!
Piles can now be Permanently CURED.

BY applying in person or by letter to Dr. J. J. TRAYTON, Milton, N. C. Give description of case with any constitutional disorder accompanying the disease, by enclosing \$5 and 3 cents postage stamp, and you will insure prompt attention. Any amount of certificates of cure can be furnished. Many cases have been cured of 25 years standing. Relief generally had in 35 hours. I have cured infants three weeks old. January 21, '69.

GRAVES' New Warehouse.

Price's Lot, Danville, Va. WE take pleasure in informing our friends that we have completed our New Warehouse, which for convenience of situation, construction and its Fine Sky-Light cannot be excelled in this market. We have an excellent Warehouse, where your stock will be perfectly secure. We have also a good house for our customers to sleep in. We have associated with us, Mr. W. M. T. LAW, so long and favorable known to the planters around Danville, as to need no recommendation. We take pleasure in returning our thanks to our friends for the very liberal support we have received, and hope by personal attention to our business, to continue to merit and receive the patronage of our friends and the public. W. M. P. GRAVES, THOS. P. McDEARMAN, W. M. T. LAW. Danville January, 1869.

MAT HARRALSON, J. D. PAYLOR, J. M. WINSTEAD
Late of
Yanceyville, Thomasville Roxborough
N. C. N. C. N. C.

HARRALSON, PAYLOR & CO., TOBACCO Commission Merchants

No. 10 Hollingsworth's Block, MACON, GA. April 16, 1869. 6m

MILLNER'S WAREHOUSE. DANVILLE VIRGINIA.

IS in good repair—Skylights—side windows and doors. On Main Street and in the most business part of town. We have good stables and troughs, fire and water furnished gratis to all persons visiting our house. Liberal advances made on all tobacco in the Warehouse. J. C. MILLNER—Auctioneer with an experience of thirty years, May 6, '69.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

We are now receiving a well selected stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which we offer for sale as cheap as cash as they can be bought at any establishment South, consisting in part of Staple and fancy dry Goods. Notions, and white Goods, BOOTS and SHOES, HATS and CAPS, Upper and sole Leather, Hardware and Crockery, Also Bases, and Lard. Sugar, Coffee, Molasses and everything usually found in a first class retail country store. N 20 '69 '69. HOLDER & HINES.

SALT!
70 Sacks of Marsh Salt, for sale in lots to suit purchasers. DAVID PATTERSON, Agent for Girard & Lieberger. August 17 '69.

THE MILTON CHRONICLE

MILTON, N. C. THURSDAY, SEPT. 9, 1869

Important to "our Colored Fellow Citizens."

From the Detroit Tribune we take the following rose-colored account of a negro colony in the State of Michigan, and commend it to the attention of the negroes in Virginia and North Carolina who want to "go off and do well." Perhaps "the league" might get a large company of negro emigrants to go to this colony, and it would be both a practical benefit and "political justice" for Wells to head the company and march back with them to his Michigan home. The Tribune says:

A colony of over several thousand negroes own many thousands of acres of the fairest land in Cass county, Michigan. In the township of Calvin they are possessed of nearly one half of the real estate, and pay little less than half the taxes. They have established a number of excellent schools, conducted by colored teachers. The building of two fine churches—Methodist and Baptist—is proof that they have not neglected moral and religious culture. They have good instructors in instrumental and vocal music, and support a fine brass band. There are several men of liberal culture from Oberlin and Hillsdale University. These young men are engaged in the practice of medicine, the mechanic arts and in the dry goods trade. The negroes own and run steam saw-mills, and steam threshing machines; they are manufacturing grain cradles and rakes, growing superior live stock, cultivating fruits, and producing hundreds of acres of the finest grain. They are not merely imitative people, but ingenious, self-reliant, positive and progressive, and will bear favorable comparison with their white neighbors in all the legitimate relations of life. Merchants and mechanics through all this region bear the highest testimony to their worth and promptness in business affairs. During a three weeks' visit in this part of the country a correspondent has failed to detect the first instance of idleness or loafing among them. They purchase lands, clear away dense forests, build homes and highways and churches, subscribe for newspapers, magazines and railroads; educate their children, sing sweet songs of labor, love and home; and worship God with an evident consciousness that these are as much the aims and purposes of their life as of their fair-haired Saxon neighbors.

A Strange Homicide Through Jealousy.

[From the Vicksburg [Miss] Herald 20th.] Dr. Lott, of Oakland, Miss., killed Captain F. D. Barnes, a young lawyer of that place, on the 9th instant. As we get the statement from the Grenada Sentinel, it appears that Dr. Lott was addressing a young lady of that place, and he had made a confident of his love affair to his roommate, Captain Barnes. Captain Barnes remarked that he intended soon to seek her acquaintance and call upon her, which he did. The next evening after his visit to her, Dr. Lott called upon her and was discarded. This incensed him to a very great extent, and he seemed to labor under the impression that Captain Barnes had prejudiced her against him in some manner. The next day, therefore, arming himself with a six shooter, he said to Captain Barnes, "Have you not betrayed my confidence? Answer me truly, for your life depends upon it." Captain Barnes attempted to explain, but before he could do so Lott fired, the ball passing through the heart of his victim, causing instant death. Notwithstanding this, he stood over the lifeless and prostrate man and fired the remaining five charges into him. And then mounted his horse and rode away.

Error is a misfortune to be lamented; but to know the truth, and not to render your action uniform with it, is a crime which both heaven and earth condemn.

[From the El Paso [Ill.] Journal] Susan's Sister in the Far West.

Horrible Onslaught on a Country Editor in Illinois—He has a prolonged Debate on the Woman Question—Let's Wife in an Editor's Chair.

I was sittin' in my office, speculatin' in my own mind whether or not the whole it wouldn't be best for me to give myself away for the benefit of my family, when there came a knock at the door.

There, says I, is some one anxious to subscribe for the El Paso Journal, so I uttered a loud voice, "Come in."

She was dressed in a pair of store boots and an iron gray set of spectacles, and she walked up to me with majesty in her mien. I knew who it was the minute I set my eyes on her.

It was a woman. I gracefully arose and said, "How are you, ma'am" was you wishing to subscribe to the El Paso Journal?" at the same time dippin' my pen in the ink and openin' my subscription book. This alwuz gits 'em. It looks like bizness.

It didn't git her. She fixed her glassy eyes on me and said: "Young man, are yew an advocate for the holy caws of woman's rights?"

"No, ma'am," said I, "I am a Presbyterian."

"Air you," she said, "prepared to embark with us over the sea of equal suffrage?" "Ma'am," said I, "I haint no objection to takin' a quiet sail with you, provided the boat ain't leaky and you'll do the rowin'."

A smile perused her features for a moment, and then she said, "I am willin' to suffer for the caws."

"Yes," said I, in a polite and softenin' manner, "it'll only cost two dollars, and we'll send it to any address for an entire year."

"Hev you a wife?" she asked. "I hev," said I, wonderin' what she was comin' at. "So that you see I couldn't marry you if I wanted to."

"I threw this in as a soother.

"Air you willin' that she should share with you the burdens and trials of life?" "I ain't no ways pertikiler," said I, "an' I'll let her shoulder the hole of 'em ef she has a hankerin' that way."

"Wood you consent that she should go to the poles?" said she.

"She can go where she pleases," said I. "She ginnerly duz."

"Yew air a hole sold man," said she, and throwin' her arms around my neck, laft wildly.

"Git out," said I, "what are ye up to? I aint one of them men. Stop."

After much labor I succeeded in unloosening her hold and sit her down in a chair. I judged from her conduct that she stood in need of a few moral observations.

"Yoo air an impulsive femail," said I. "Yoor nature is at once spontaneous and outbreakin'. Yoo need a pair of martin-galls. Consider what would be your state ef a man's wife was to catch yoo a hug-gin' of him in this style."

She wiped her face with her dress. She had on a dress. I forgot to mention this fact in speakin' of her spectacles.

"I am a worker in the caws of Women's Rights."

"Yes," said I, "yoo air. Yoo ought to be ashamed of yourself. I should judge yoo was one of them lobby women that the Chicago Tribune correspondents tells of. But yoo can't come yoor nefarious airs over me. I'm steald against 'em."

"I should be pleased," she said, "to go arm in arm with yoo to the poles."

"No yoo don't," said I, in alarm, "not ef I have anything to say in the matter. I won't go with yoo—not a single darned pole."

"Young man," said she, "bast thou children?"

"I hev," said I, "seven of 'em. Can yoo show as good a record?"

"Wood yoo," said she, "hev your girls grow up and be married to base, sordid men, who would take away their political rites and allow 'em no franchises?"

"Darn the franchises," says I in a rage; "they are the things that women put on behind to give 'em the Grecian bend. Ef my daughters ever go to wearin' 'em—"

"No, no," said she, "they are panniers."

"Well," said I, "panniers or franchises, or whatever yoo call 'em, I am opposed to 'em. They are onnateral and humpty. They degrade the human form into the likeness of a camel, and lovely women down on all fours like a cat."

"Then," said she, "come with me, and we will emancipate women from the slavery of dress."

"No," said I, with severity, "I hev no wish to take the close away from any woman. Wimmen without close would be a sad spectacle, particularly in winter, when the howling blasts prevail. Who are you, any way?" I asked of my visitor.

"I am a pilgrim," she said, "I belong to the Agitator, a newspaper devoted to the caws of femail suffrage in Chicago."

"Well," said I calmly, "the wimmin in Chicago need something of this sort. Where them that air married never no goin' to bed at night but what air wakin' up in mornin' they may be divorced, and them that aint married spend their time in bettin' how many times they can be married and divorced within a month. The wimmen of Chicago need agitatin' powerfully. Keep a stirrin' on 'em up, if you please. The more you agitate, the best for 'em."

With these words I arose, and telling her to set still until my return, I stole softly down stairs. I have not been back since. What will be the effect of leaving a femail agitator sittin' in my seat the whole of this time I no not, but if she waits until I go back her patience will be cast iron.

RELIGION THAT WILL WEAR.—There is not much solidity in a religion that will not stand the test of every day experience. "There are a good many pious people," says Douglas Jerrold, "who are as careful of their religion as of their best service of china, only using it only holiday occasions, for fear it should get chipped or flawed in working-day wear."

That species of religion may do for a show, but there's little substance in it. It is not the kind to last. It is too fine for use.

It is too much of the gilt gingerbread sort for the more general service of mankind. It can do little good in the eyes of one who judges us not by the exterior, but by the interior evidence of excellence. Religion, to be servicable must not only be substantial, but active. It must not be drowsy. It must be wide awake, vigilant and sturdy.

Nothing leaves us as it Found us.—If a sheet of paper, on which a key has been laid, be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for months, where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will again appear. This is equally true of our minds. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, leaves its image on the brain. These traces, which under ordinary circumstances are invisible, never fade, but in the intense light of cerebral excitement start into prominence just as the spectre image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influences to which we are subjected.

THE TOBACCO CROP.—About seventy-five per cent. of the tobacco crop is produced in five States. Unlike the crops of wheat and corn, which are grown throughout the country, particularly in the West where the yield is enormous, a failure of the tobacco crop in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Maryland, would affect the price of this staple very materially in the commercial centres.

The indications in Virginia, which raised thirty per cent. of the crop in 1867, and in North Carolina are that the yield will be reduced one half.

In Tennessee and Kentucky we believe the season has not been as favorable as usual. So that, as we have said, a material reduction of the crop in these largely tobacco producing States will tend to elevate prices, and that this will be the result in the reference to the tobacco crop we think it reasonable to conclude.

The tobacco is now active. During the past week in New York, Kentucky leaf was held for an advance, and manufactured tobacco was in brisk demand and buoyant.—Petersburg Ex.

BAD news weakens the action of the heart, then oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. Eminent public speakers have died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it

suddenly subsided. Largrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.

Chrome Twilights

Wonderful Meteorological Appearances in the Rocky Mountains Since the Eclipse. To the Ed. of the Omaha [Nebraska Herald.]

Your paper having recently taken quite an interest in all that pertains to the growth of the agricultural and mineral resources of Wyoming, will not, I presume, refuse a little space to feeble description of a meteorological phenomena that is now transpiring each evening in the skies above the Rocky in that romantic territory.

Since the recent solar eclipse, they have, upon the summit of the Rocky Mountain chain, what the inhabitants call a "second twilight," so brilliant with colors of mist, shade and fire lights as to pain the eye in its steady gaze upon them, and to leave an impression on the mind that will never be obliterated.

Just as the sun is about to set, a heavy mist gathers on the mountain, and growing dense and denser it shuts entirely the last expiring rays of that ominous body, then all is darkness, or barely so, for almost thirty minutes; when all at once the heavens become lit up from the horizon all around, far up to a small circle in the center, with a vivid glare of the most dazzling chromatic colors, seeming as though a tremendous bonfire were ablaze below, throwing its glare in clear and steady flame above. This gorgeous and fearfully beautiful scene lasts for nearly an hour, then dimmed by its fiery luster regains its ascendancy and lights up the balance of the night in pale shadows as it is wont to do in every other elime.

Now, what causes the chromatic twilights? They were never before witnessed by any of the oldest mountaineers. I was in that section at this season last year, and I have never seen so grand and so thrilling twilights, and never have any occurred since the great solar eclipse of the 7th inst. What does it mean? What does it pretend? How does it originate?

Old Sarshay—the learned Ute Chief—stands in silence each night gazing at this wonderful phenomenon, and when asked what he thinks about it, replies slowly and sadly: "Ugh! the Great Spirit is mad! He blows fire! His wigwam is in trouble! White man and red man better feel afraid, for the Great Spirit is mad—he is heap angry!"

French Pete, the old trapper and miser, says: "It is now twenty-three years since I have seen the State. I have been eleven years in these mountains, and I have never seen such fiery night. The winds are damper; they blow milder and the air grows heavier. I don't know how to account for it. It all has happened since the eclipse of the sun. There will be a big fire some of these days that all the waters of the world will never drown out, and those days are coming rapidly."

If it be true, as one of the Professors of the Cincinnati Observatory says, that immense volumes of hydrogen gas were thrown out from the center of the sun to the surface, during the recent solar eclipse how long will be before the oxygen will be thrown out, and the carbon become the ruling and destroying element?

I give these particulars by request, and there are numbers of people in this city who, on last Sabbath and Monday nights, witnessed, with me, this wonderful phenomenon on the summit of the Rocky Mountain chain, 8,262 feet above the level of the sea. The Cheyenne and Laramie papers will endorse this description.

QUEER WHIM.—There is a lady at the White Sulphur Springs of whom it is said that in the days of girlhood she resolved to wed the hundredth man who courted her and to reject the ninety-and-nine who preceded; and, it is said, the vow was religiously kept, and that she actually married the hundredth woer!

"Hallo! ejaculated an anxious guardian to his pretty niece, as he entered the parlor and saw her on the sofa in the arms of a swain who had just popped the question and sealed it with a kiss, "what's the time of day now?" "I should think it was about half past twelve," was the cool reply of the joyful damsel you see we are almost one."

Governor Holden is very much like Henry Clay. He says himself he "knows no North, no South," the Newbern Times says he knows no East, and the Rutherford Star says he knows no West.

Wil. Star.