

North

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[NO. 3]

The Old North State

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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THE FREEDMAN'S LAMENT.

1. Cheerless and sad de days go by,
Nor bring de Night relief;
I vote 'tis true, for everyting,
But votes ain't bread and beef.
2. "Old Grimes is dead," but lives in song,
Yet from de coast he wore;
I wonder if it looked like mine,
'Twas buttoned down before.
3. But 'ol' and buttons don't bring back,
De days dat used to be;
I'd rather see "Old Mass" now,
Dan spoons or cutlery.
4. And John's son died de oder day,
De cause I does not know;
He pined too long, a yankee said,
Upon de ole Buro.
5. De Buro falling suddenly,
'Twas rotten down below;
Precipitated him alas!
To rise agin no more.
6. We build "a notion" here last week,
For Moring, Long & Co;
And lected all ob'vin' to boot,
By sixty votes, or more.
7. De white man is de Mayor now,
Commissioners all are white;
And 'nary black policeman could,
Appointed be, last night.
8. He wrong 'tho' I, our claims to slight,
Qualifications pass;
But now, I know, "de reason why,"
We might obscure de gas.
9. De white man's got more sense dan us,
De white man's bound to rule;
So, darkest! better go to work,
Lay! Oh! where's your mule!
10. Den forty acres was a dream,
Just like de one last night;
I dreamed I was a shucking corn,
De moon was shinin' bright.
11. And "round up, round up, round up corn,"
We sang with joyous glee;
I smelt dem same big punkin pies,
Dat same old corn whiskey—
12. I pressed de stone jug to my lips,
My throat was very dry;
"Old Mass" takes his uigger home!
Before dis nigger die.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HEROIC GIRL.

EXPERIENCE OF A DETECTIVE.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]
In 1848 a circumstance occurred in this city, said Mr. P., which, at the time, created an excitement which affected the entire population. An old merchant, highly respected, wealthy and of distinguished social position, one night mysteriously disappeared. His family were in infinite distress, and his business in consequent disorder. He left his store at a late hour, ostensibly to go home; but before going, contrary to his usual practice, he put in his pocket a large sum of money. His way led along Peter's street, on the bank of the river, far down in the third district of the city. His life may have been sacrificed and his body thrown into the flood that rolled at his feet. Police regulations at this time were bad, and crimes of this description were not unfrequently perpetrated. A little way back from the street was a ruinous building, half tumbling to decay, and inhabited by a number of people, men and women, inured to vice and living by robbery.
Among the notes Mr. Conlay was known to possess was one for \$500, with the word "Canal" written on the back. The rest were of various denominations and without peculiar identity.
Mr. L. and myself visited the residence of the missing man, at the request of his wife, and by her we were charged with the duty of tracing out and bringing to justice his supposed murderers. She was a tall, elegant-looking lady, of commanding presence and great culture. The wealth of her rich beauty and fine mind

were inherited by her daughter, a young girl, scarcely twenty. The terrible bereavement had paralyzed the senses of the mother, but had aroused the energy and fire of the young girl's nature. More like a beautiful Nemesis than an ordinary woman, she appeared to us. As we entered the room, she was in the act of consoling her mother. The long black hair had escaped from its confinement and almost enveloped her person in a shaggy mass. Her eyes were dark and full of fire. The face was dark with the blood of her Spanish race, but the figure was queenly, slender and beautiful as a model. The glorious beauty of this young girl fascinated while it bewildered us. Bare in its exquisite loveliness, the eye delighted to rest on the willowy outline and graceful symmetry. Starting up as we entered the room, she inquired, hastily, almost fiercely, I thought:

"Are you the detectives?"

"We are," I mentioned our names.

"I must speak to you in private," she said, and led the way to an adjoining apartment.

"What do you think of the matter?" she asked when out of hearing of her mother.

"As yet an opinion would be mere guess work," I replied.

"Nevertheless, I have come to one. I have no doubt he has been murdered, and that the deed was committed somewhere near the old ruinous building near the river."

"Some such idea has crossed my mind, but there is no trace as yet which can lead to proof of it."

"We will find it, rest assured," she said, "and to this end you must co-operate with me; and now listen to what I have to say: To-night, at 12 o'clock precisely, do you two visit the old building; I will be there. Ask for the young woman who applied at night-fall to them for shelter. Let your object be, apparently, to arrest her."

"But I do not understand."

"But you will. I am going there at dark, disguised as a beggar girl. By the time you come my information will have been collected." She rose to her feet as she spoke, and now, indeed, she wore the appearance of the Nemesis I had named her to at first. Beautiful, but rigid as fate, looked now that set, determined face. The beautiful eyes had lost their softened lustre, and shone now with a passionate light almost cruel. The lips were pale, but rigid as iron, and the beautiful nostril dilated with an expression of heart-consuming vengeance. "I will read the guilty secret," she said, "if the criminal is here; however deep in his heart he may bury it."

Strange as it may appear, I made no attempt to dissuade her from her purpose. I could not. I felt as if the beautiful creature exercised over me a magnetic control. And prepare for the night visit to the old house and its dangerous inhabitants.

Those acquainted with the city at that period, can form some idea of the danger of the plot we had formed. To us it was a matter of daily occurrence. But for the young girl, inexperienced and tenderly nurtured, to thrust herself into the very house of the unscrupulous and desperate wretches who were suspected of this crime, was simply appalling. It would not do, however, to go to the place before the hour appointed for our coming, for that would defeat the object in view. It was therefore, with many a misgiving, and an uneasiness that poorly concealed, we bided our time. But we determined to be there at the very moment, and the clock was on the stroke of midnight when we knocked at the door. The outside of the house gave no signs of life within. The shutters were securely fastened, and no ray of light penetrated the darkness; but the muffled sound of voices reached our ears, and our knock brushed them to a whisper. There was a momentary hesitation, as if counselling together, and the door was opened wide.

It was a long, low room, dusty and brown from age. About a dozen persons were seated around, but every eye was turned toward the door. Two men had risen to their feet and stood in an attitude which might mean defence, before the first place; but the object that attracted our attention most was a young girl sitting in the centre of the apartment. Her face was dark as a gipsy's, and the long hair hung loose on her shoulders—her dress was of poor material, ragged and unclean. Patches and rents had almost changed its face and disguised its texture. She seemed too thinly clad for that cold night, and her slender frame shivered, as if from cold as the chill air from the open door swept in.

"What do you want?" was the stern question addressed to us by one of the men at the fire.

Before I had time to reply, the girl sprung to her feet and spoke instead:—"Arrest these men!" Her voice was low, but the face, flashing in the light of the fire, was that of the Nemesis I had seen that day.

There was a short, fierce struggle, and the men were in our power. The girl then walked to a place in the floor, and touching a concealed spring, lifted a trap door. She bade Mr. L. lift the box that lay in the hiding place. The lid was

wrenched off, and in it were the old merchant's money, papers and pocket-book. With the money was found with the bill, and the word "Canal" written across it. It was not long before the men confessed their crime. The old man had been murdered and body thrown in the river. The daughter accomplished her mission. She had carried out her design and stood to her hiding place the proofs of the merchant's crime. It is useless to say since then, and the young Nemesis, among the living. Beautiful still, she is many hearts to grow glad at her smile and share with her the joys of the home she charms. But this strange incident in her life will never be effaced from her mind, or fade from the memory of those who saw her then.

STORY OF A SNAKE CHARMER—

FEARFUL RESULTS OF RECKLESSNESS.

DuChaila, in his last book about Africa, says:

One day I witnessed a fearful scene. A man, a native of Goree, an island on the coast of Senegambia, who had the reputation of being a snake charmer, and was then at the Gaboon, had succeeded in capturing one of these large naja. He was a bold man, and prided himself on never being afraid of any snake, however venomous the reptile might be; nay, not only was he not afraid of any of them, but he would fight with any of them, and get hold of them.

I had often seen him with snakes in his hands. He was careful, of course, to hold them just by the neck below the head, in such a manner that the head could not turn on itself and bite him.

That day he brought into a large open space, perfectly bare of grass, one of these wild naja, that he had just captured, and was amusing himself by teasing the horrible and loathsome creature when I arrived. It was a huge one!

Most of the people of the village had fled, and those natives who, like myself, were looking on, kept a long way off. Not a Mpongwe man, not a single inhabitant of the whole region I have explored, was there.

Goree man said:

Two or three times, as the snake crawled on the ground, we made off in the opposite direction, with the utmost speed, myself, I am afraid, leading off in the general stampede; though I had provided myself with a gun.

It was perfectly fearful, perfectly horrid and appalling, to see that man making a play-thing of this monster; laughing, we may say, at death, for it could be nothing else, I thought.

At first when I saw him he had the snake around his body, but he held it firmly just below the neck, and I could see by the muscles of his arm that he had to use great strength. As long as this part of the body is held firmly the snake loses much of its great power of crushing to death, as the box constrictor python does with larger animals, and as small snakes do with smaller game; but with this naja the danger would have been the venomous bite.

Then with his other hand he took the tail of the snake and gave it a swing and gradually unfolded the reptile from his black body, which was warm and shining with excitement, but always holding the head. On a sudden he threw the snake on the ground. Then the creature began to crawl away, when suddenly the Goree man came in front of it with a light stick, and instantly the monster erected itself almost to half of its full length, gave a tremendous whistle, which we all heard, looked glaringly and fiercely in the man's face with its sharp, pointed tongue out, and then stood still, as if it could not move. The Goree man, with his little stick in his left hand, touched it lightly, as though to tease it. It was a fatal sight, and if he had been near enough the snake would no doubt have sprung upon its antagonist. The man, as he teased and infuriated the snake with the red stick held in his left hand, drew the attention of the reptile toward the stick; then suddenly and in the wink of an eye, almost as quick as lightning, with his right hand he got hold of the creature just under its head.

The same thing that I have just described again took place. The snake folded itself around his body; then he unfolded the snake, which was once more let loose, and now, this horrid serpent got so infuriated that as soon as he was thrown upon the ground he erected himself, and the glare of his eyes was something terrible. It was, indeed, an appalling scene; the air around seemed to be filled with the whistling sound of the creature.

Alas! a more terrible scene soon took place. The man became bolder and bolder, more and more careless, and the snake probably more and more accustomed to the mode of warfare of his antagonist, and just as the monster stood erect, the man attempted to seize its neck, as he had done many and many a time before, but grasped the body too low, and before he had time to let it go, the head turned on itself and the man was bitten! I was perfectly speechless, the scene had frozen my blood, and the wild shriek of all those around rent the air. The serpent was loose and crawling on the ground, but before it had time to crawl far, it was

scolded in Huxell thus: After baking the horse's and bullock's liver, it is ground in to a powder and sold to low price coffee shop dealers. The best way to detect the adulteration is to get a small infusion of the suspected coffee, and if animal matter be present, in a few days the liquid will emit an offensive smell. An English gentleman, who was in the process of adulterating the coffee, was informed that the old man had been ground up in London and mixed with coffee, to give it a powerful and much affected flavor. We have not yet been able to ascertain if the practice is in vogue here, though we fear our poisoners of food are none too good for such an atrocity.

Dreadful Accident in the Bay—Four Men Killed by the Explosion of a Boiler.

On Sunday afternoon, four men, engaged in blowing up the wreck of the steamer Scotland, off Sandy Hook, were instantly killed by the explosion of a torpedo. The facts of the case, so far as reported, are as follows:

The day (Sunday) being calm and favorable for working, the men connected with the Neptune Submarine Company's steamer Truston, proceeded to their work upon the Scotland as usual. For this purpose two boats left the Truston, which lay near the wreck, and went to the vicinity of the sunken steamer. One boat contained the captain, Mr. W. L. Churchill, one diver and three seamen, and in the other boat were divers and sailors, six in number. The captain's boat carried two torpedoes. These are put up in strong iron bound casks, and weigh 87½ lbs. apiece. In connection with them were the galvanic battery and wires for discharging the torpedoes.

One of the divers went down to the wreck and adjusted a torpedo. After he had regained the boat the two boats rowed away to a distance of about 150 feet from the wreck (not more than one-half the usual distance). Captain Churchill then gave orders to fire the torpedo, which was done. Simultaneously with its discharge, the second torpedo in the Captain's boat exploded, blowing the men and boats to pieces.

This is a terrible tragedy; for the victims of the explosion were a fragment of the boat has been found at this hour of writing. The inmates of the second boat were blown into the water, but were rescued by boats which at once put out from the Truston.

The killed are as follows: Captain W. L. Churchill, (Superintendent of the operations on the Scotland) Lewis Jager, diver, and George Moor and James O'Shane, seamen. The third seamen in the boat was blown into the water, but strange to say, escaped with no other injury than a broken rib.

The cause of the explosion is unknown. The theory is that the connection of the exploding torpedo jarred the torpedo in the boat and thus effected its discharge.

It is said that torpedoes which are made to be fired by electricity have been exploded by the vital warmth of the hand holding a wire with which they were connected. The subject should receive an immediate investigation.

Captain Churchill was an ex-Lieutenant of our navy, and an excellent and most capable man. — N. Y. Jour. of Com.

STARTLING AND DISGUSTING DISCLOSURES.

The New York World is making startling disclosures of frauds and adulterations practiced by the New York dealers in family supplies. From a late article we select the following, which we commend to the attention of housekeepers:

Spices.—Fresh ones have been communicated to us in relation to the adulterations of spices. The powdered ginger is a very badly adulterated. As the ginger is a root of a fibrous texture, the genuine powder is known by the traces of the fiber. In order to imitate this and give the true appearance to the stuff put up in paper, the adulterator chaps up and throws in old rope, junk and bagging. A fibre is therefore always to be found in pulverized ginger, but had to relate it may be of old junk; cinnamon is largely adulterated with cassia. This is supposed by the unsophisticated to be the same thing, but it is not. The cassia bark is much stenter, more pungent and leaves a bitter taste. It is sold everywhere for genuine cinnamon. Nutmegs are frequently deprived of a portion of their essential oil by distillation, and after being well covered and rubbed with fat, are again sent to market. Thus in want of their most valuable properties, they feel light, and are dry and brittle. If on the surface small punctures appear, it is certain that a great portion of the essential oil has been extracted. In France, damaged or worm-eaten nutmegs are detected thus: The small aperture, covered by a kind of cement formed of oil, flour, and powder of refuse nutmegs. These fraudulent nuts are shipped in large quantities to America.

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The truth that matter passes from the animal back to the vegetable, and from the vegetable to the animal kingdom again, received a curious illustration not long since.

For the purpose of erecting a suitable monument in memory of Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, his private burying ground was searched for the graves of himself and wife. It was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shape of the coffin could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter.

The resting hinges and nails, and a round wooden knot, alone remained in one grave, while a single lock of braided hair was found in the other. Near the grave stood an apple tree. This had sent down two main roots into the very presence of the coffin. The larger root, pushing its way to the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams, had made a turn, as if passing around it, and followed the direction of the back-bone to the hips.

Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heels, when both turned upward to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which made the whole bear a striking resemblance to the human form. There were the graves, but their occupants had disappeared; the bones were vanished. There stood the thief—the guilty apple tree—caught in the very act of robbery. The spoliation was complete.

The organic matter, the flesh, the bones of Roger Williams, had passed into an apple tree. The elements had been absorbed by the roots, transmuted into woody fiber, which could now be burned as fuel, or carved into ornaments; had bloomed into fragrant blossoms, which delighted the eye of the passer-by, and scattered the sweetest perfume of spring; more than that—had been converted into luscious fruit, which, from year to year, had been gathered and eaten. How pertinent, then, is the question, "Who ate Roger Williams?" — Steel's Fourteen Weeks in Chemistry.

THE CHIEF SOLD.

A few days since a rather seedy looking individual appeared at the City Hall and inquired if he could be honored with the Chief of Police; and being replied to in the affirmative, was shown into the private office.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the official.

"Are you the Chief?"

"Yes—speak out!"

"Will no one hear us?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, listen: as I was crossing the Common last night, about 12 o'clock, I saw a woman approach the pond with a baby in her arms, looking carefully around all the while to see if she was followed, and then when right at the edge, stooped and—

"Threw the child into the Frog Pond."

"No," replied his visitor, "washed his face!"

"See here, my friend," quietly remarked the Chief, "I'm not the person you want to see; the fool killer is outside; and the man who had sold the Chief left the office." — Milton Chronicle.

ADVICE TO THE MARRIED.

Zehokke, in one of his tales, gives the following excellent advice:

In the first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him and give him a vow in return. Promise each other, sacredly, never, not even in jest, to wrangle with each other—never to banter words or to indulge in the least ill-humor merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that! Next, promise each other sincerely and solemnly, never to keep a secret from each other, under whatever pretext, and whatever excuse it might be. You must continually, and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it. And as you keep nothing from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacy of your house, marriage state, and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world. Every third or fourth one you draw into it with you will form a party and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Remember the vow at each temptation. You will find your account into it. Your souls will grow as it were, to each other, and at last will become as one. Ah, if many a pair had, on their marriage day, known this secret, how many a marriage were happier than alas, they are!

THE CAPITOL DOME.

The dome of the Capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is 109 feet higher than the Washington Monument at Baltimore, 68 feet higher than that of Bunker Hill, and 25 feet higher than the Trinity Church spire in New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It is a vast hollow sphere of iron, weighing 8,200,000 tons. How much is that? More than 4,000 tons, or about the weight of 70,000 full grown people; or about equal to 1,000 laden coal cars, which, holding four tons apiece, would reach two miles and a half. Directly over your head, is a figure in bronze, "America," weighing 14,985 pounds. The pressure of the iron dome upon its piers and pillars is 13,442 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter's presses nearly 23,000 pounds more to the square foot, and St. Genevieve, at Paris, 66,000 pounds more. It would require to crush the supports of our dome, a pressure of 775,286 pounds to the square foot. The cost was about \$1,100,000. The new wings cost about \$6,500,000. The architect has a plan for rebuilding the old central part of the Capitol, and enlarging the park, which will cost about 3,200,000.—Cin. Com.

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ADVICE TO THE MARRIED.

Zehokke, in one of his tales, gives the following excellent advice:

In the first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him and give him a vow in return. Promise each other, sacredly, never, not even in jest, to wrangle with each other—never to banter words or to indulge in the least ill-humor merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that! Next, promise each other sincerely and solemnly, never to keep a secret from each other, under whatever pretext, and whatever excuse it might be. You must continually, and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it. And as you keep nothing from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacy of your house, marriage state, and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world. Every third or fourth one you draw into it with you will form a party and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Remember the vow at each temptation. You will find your account into it. Your souls will grow as it were, to each other, and at last will become as one. Ah, if many a pair had, on their marriage day, known this secret, how many a marriage were happier than alas, they are!

THE CAPITOL DOME.

The dome of the Capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is 109 feet higher than the Washington Monument at Baltimore, 68 feet higher than that of Bunker Hill, and 25 feet higher than the Trinity Church spire in New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It is a vast hollow sphere of iron, weighing 8,200,000 tons. How much is that? More than 4,000 tons, or about the weight of 70,000 full grown people; or about equal to 1,000 laden coal cars, which, holding four tons apiece, would reach two miles and a half. Directly over your head, is a figure in bronze, "America," weighing 14,985 pounds. The pressure of the iron dome upon its piers and pillars is 13,442 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter's presses nearly 23,000 pounds more to the square foot, and St. Genevieve, at Paris, 66,000 pounds more. It would require to crush the supports of our dome, a pressure of 775,286 pounds to the square foot. The cost was about \$1,100,000. The new wings cost about \$6,500,000. The architect has a plan for rebuilding the old central part of the Capitol, and enlarging the park, which will cost about 3,200,000.—Cin. Com.

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