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MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED AT THE CROSS ROADS.

I was in a hurry to reach home. No wonder, for it was the wildest night I had ever known in my life, and the country over which I took my way had become a road in general. Consequently I was walking at a great rate, with the collar of my rough coat over my ears, and a comforter tied over my soft hat and under my chin to keep it on and to protect my ears, when suddenly a man stood full in my path and caught me by the arm.

"Hallo!" said he, "you're just in time; you are wanted at the cross roads to-night!"

The voice was the voice of a ruffian. I fancied myself attacked by a highwayman. I stood quite still and strove to show him by my manner that I was able to protect myself.

"What the deuce am I wanted at the cross roads for?" said I. "Unless I choose it will be a very hard matter to get me there."

But instead of producing a pistol and demanding my money or my life, the man answered in an altered tone:

"Ben, pardon, I made a mistake. I thought it was my brother, and I wanted to shake him. Well, he's not here, but you don't know the time, sir," he said.

"It was seven when I left the train at L—," I said.

"Thank you, sir," said the man. "Good night."

"Good night," said I.

If his object had been robbery, probably he had decided from rough appearance that I was too poor a man to be worth the trouble. But after all, I thought probably he spoke the truth. A man may have such a voice without being a highwayman, no doubt. So I went onward, and soon found myself under shelter, and partaking of a warm and savory supper.

My mother was there and my brother Ben. Ben was a strapping fellow, who could beat any other boy of his age for miles around, if it came to wrestling or boxing, and as good humored a boy as ever lived; a boy always good to mother and I, though he had exercised his right to vote already at a Presidential election.

When supper was over, we shared our room together. The moment Ben's head touched the pillow he always went to sleep. That night I followed his example. But I did not sleep long without a dream—a dream in which I felt a rough grip on my arm and was aroused by a cry in my ears:

"Wake up! You are wanted at the cross roads!"

It was so real, so palpable, that when I started broad awake I actually believed that some one was in the room—the man who intended robbery or violence. But when I had arisen and lit my lamp, the room was empty, except myself and Ben, who lay snoring on his pillow.

I went to the door; it was locked. I went to the window; the rush of rain against the panes was all I heard. I even went across the passage to my mother's room. She was awake! There had been no unusual sound she was sure.

Only a dream born of my meeting the strange man in the road, I felt had awakened me. I went to bed and fell asleep again. Again I was awakened by the same words; this time shrieked in ears by an unearthly

"Wake up! wake up! You are wanted at the cross roads!"

"Nothing," said I. "Did you hear a voice?"

"Yours," said Ben; "your yelling woke me up; you fairly frightened me."

"Ben," said I, "wait till I light a lamp; I heard another voice. There must be some one in the house or outside."

So I again lit the lamp, but we searched in vain.

"Nightmare," said Ben, when I told him my story.

"Ben," said I, "what is there at the cross roads?"

"A house," said Ben. He had lived in the neighborhood a long while, and I not long.

"One little house beside two oak trees and a fence. An old man lives there—a rich man, and a bit of a miser, they say.

MR. BEECHER ON LYING.

In that number of the *Ledger* which is published to-day Henry Ward Beecher has an amusing article, in which he discusses the question whether men can remember what never happened. He shows that such a stretch of memory is possible by one or two instances. We extract a part of the article, the whole of which is in Mr. Beecher's happiest vein. I heard the following conversation between a young man and a young woman after coming to Brooklyn from New York. The story ran thus: "On a Sunday morning in August, Dr. Cox, rising to the sermon, without warning or prefix began, 'It is d—d hot.'" Looking around in a calm and pious way, he wiped his forehead, and again said 'It is d—d hot.' Waiting till he thought the words burnt in, he proceeded, 'These words, my brethren, I heard from the lips of a profane young man as I entered the doors of the church.' Thereupon, the story goes, he proceeded to give an edifying discourse on the sin and folly of profane swearing."

"When I first heard it I recognized the story. It was an old acquaintance. It had been doing service in England. It was told of Rev. Rowland Hill, who in his case the topic was not the weather, but the theatre, on which the young man's profanity was expended. But stock stories, like couriers, like to change horses. Before I knew it the saddle was shifted to my back, nor have I even been able to shake it off. I have denied it, twice in print, many times by letter, and a hundred times in conversation, all in vain. The saddle sticks, and every month we find a new fool riding it."

Denying one of these stories is like fighting Canada thistles. If you cut them up, ten more will sprout from each root, and if you let them alone, a million will spring from the seed. The only way to exterminate the Canada thistle is to plant it for a crop and propose to make money out of it. Then worms will gnaw it, birds will bite it, birds will peck it, heat will scorch it, rains will drown it, mildew and blight will ride it. All nature helps weeds and runs down crops. We are afraid to deny it. It would start off a walking like Weston. A new batch of fetters would come upon me, and I should be a withered limb, like the Wandering Jew, it would go tramping up and down creation till the last day. No, sir, safety's sake, we do not propose to deny it any more! It would be the ruin of innocent souls, as this narrative, which I now shall give will prove.

And the narration of the incident brings me back to the question whether one can remember what never happened. It will be seen that he can.

Sitting at a friend's table one evening, I was telling an incident that befel me in this wise:

"A young man from Buffalo called to see me to-day. He said that he heard a young lady, in a large company, relating the story of my beginning a sermon with the phrase, 'It is d—d hot.' He at once contradicted it. She affirmed it positively. He replied: 'I have lately read a published denial of the story from Mr. Beecher himself.' She answered: 'Why, I was present at his church, and heard it with my own ears.' Of course he could not say what he thought, but replied, 'I am going to New York, and I will myself call and ask Mr. Beecher.'"

The case seemed so flagrant that I said to him: "When you go back I wish you would take occasion, before witnesses, to say to this lady from me 'that she lies, and that she knows that she lies, and she knows that I know that she lies.'"

This was very improper language, but I was angry, and, besides, had been reading the *Tribune*.

When I had got thus far, a sweet young girl who sat opposite me, brought up under my eye almost from the cradle, and as incapable of knowingly telling a falsehood as a re-bird would be of committing burglary, this innocent and charming child of fifteen looked over at me and said:

"But you did say so, didn't you, Mr. Beecher? I heard you!"

For a moment there was silence. Then came a crash of laughter from the whole company. Confused and blushing scarlet, she said:

"Why, I always thought that I had heard you say it!"

For the first time I then believed that a person might distinctly remember what never took place. I took back the message to the Buffalo lady, and humbly apologize for supposing that one could not recall a thing which never happened.

The Secret of Success.—A plain man in the Second Baptist church of Chicago, a straightforward, unpretending mechanic, without even a good common school education, has gathered around him, every Lord's day, three hundred and fifty scholars in a Bible class, which he teaches with an interest and effect that are truly surprising; and he will go through the driest parts of the Scriptures, and invest them with a meaning, and draw from them practical lessons of instruction, that astonish all who hear. In 1866 there were one hundred and six conversions in his class. The secret of success is earnestness, and the skill that earnestness gives. The only true success must come from a thoroughly earnest soul, and without this the greatest teacher, the most careful teacher training will be of no avail.

TRUTH IS STRONGER THAN FICION.

It will be remembered by many of our citizens that at a certain point, which was solemnized near Russell, Georgia, some time in 1845, that the father was killed in a difficulty with the brother of her husband. To the acquaintance with the circumstances, I do not know that she was ever attempted to be reconciled. The wife, however, although he was dead, and to him was dead, she entered the army of the Confederate States, and followed the banners of Dick Taylor, Magruder and others of the noble chieftains who commanded the soldiers around the Gulf.

After the war the young man wandered about through the Gulf States and finally located in Texas, where his father's former wife lived. She had resumed her maiden name, and was the proprietress of a large and well-paying hotel, where she had accumulated an immense fortune.

Arriving at the village the young man stopped at the hotel, and was well provided for by the enterprising matron. Neither knew the relation of one to the other, and although there is a vast difference in their ages—he but a stripling youth and she a well preserved, comely woman of nearly forty—and intimacy sprang up between them, which ripened into affection and resulted in the proposition by the young man of marriage. He was accepted, and in a few days the quiet hotel was the scene of marriage revelry. Thus the solemn wedding ceremony united a man to the wife of his father—his mother, nearly—and to the would-be assassin of his father. Verily, truth is stronger than fiction, as man marries his mother.—*Athena (Ala.) Post.*

A MENAGERIE INCIDENT—FIGHT BETWEEN LEOPARDS.

The *Liverpool Courier* describes a terrible fight between two of the largest leopards in Mander's menagerie. It is usual before feeding to place large movable slides to separate the animals while feeding. While prepared to do this the keeper had difficulty from keeping the large lion from getting into the combat, and so the slides then there were back to bring the two had commenced to fight. The sight was fearful. Both boldly confronted each other; crouching down, lashing their sides with their tails and making a spring they fell heavily locked in each other's embrace. The struggle that followed was long and fierce. The eyes of the leopards flashed with fury as they struggled on the floor. Mr. Mander used every endeavor to separate the infuriated combatants, but all with no avail. He then procured a long scraper and dealt each a blow, which had the effect of separating them only to renew the fight with greater fierceness. Making a second spring they both fell with a fearful crash on the floor, the larger one seized the other by the shoulder, breaking the fore leg; the other laid hold of the fleshy part of the back. The struggle was still great, and the animals rolled together over and over. Mr. Mander had by this time the slide brought, and dealing one a blow with a large piece of iron, and causing it to release its hold and slouch to the other side, the slide was placed in its position. One was prostrated on the floor and badly hurt, the blood flowing freely and the fore leg being broken in several places and beyond recovery. Mr. Mander then procured some prussic acid and poisoned it. This leopard had received a compound fracture of the near fore leg and the scapula; in fact, all the bones were smashed, the largest piece being only two inches, and the flesh torn into ribbons, and one of the claws was torn off.

NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

Sin has made the world a "vale of tears," and all the methods which human philosophy and philanthropy have devised to change its character have proved unavailing. Ever since the apostasy, sorrow has been the lot of humanity. The divine goodness has bestowed immeasurable comforts that soften man's condition; but as man is a sinner, he is by inexorable law, a sufferer, and from suffering in the present life, he can in no way obtain exemption. Even Christianity, with her many and various and rich consolations, does not so change either the character or the condition of her disciples, while they are in this world, as to leave no occasion for weeping. She prepares them, indeed for a better world, where all causes for sorrow are forever absent, but never outside of that "better country" does she make them cease to weep. They reach their heavenly home, and they are there, as a tearful place. All who enter there "shall weep no more." Blessed world! How attractive! How desirable! Dear reader, that to be your home for eternity! Well, then, may you be patient under the trials and tribulations, and privations and bereavements of your temporary pilgrimage. They are only for a "little while," and they have an end where "sorrow and sighing shall flee away." As you think the various occasions for tears in the present state, you appreciate the comprehensiveness of the promise: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Yes, child of God, all, without exception.

ABOUT BURNING MOUNTAINS.

Geological theorists assert that the inequalities on the earth's surface arise from uplifting of volcanoes, earthquakes, etc., and to these they ascribe the inclination of strata, etc. But the geologists in the main are formationists; that is, they believe the effect of depositions and pre-oxidations, while in the submersions by the sea, and the advance and retreat during perihelion periods, we have the aqueous agency required for the precipitation of the various volcanic products. The islands, Sabal, the Azores, the Lipari, the Azores, etc., often produce total darkness from thirty to fifty miles around, and three hundred miles distant. Pieces of rocks are ejected with the force of a cannon ball. Cotopaxi once threw a piece of one hundred cubic yards eight miles. Fish ejected from volcanoes are those of neighboring waters.

Lava is a stony substance, like basalt, and may sometimes be seen at the bottom of a crater red hot like melted metal, bubbling as a fountain. When it overflows the crater, it is very fluid. At Vesuvius, a red hot current of it was from eight to ten yards deep, two or three hundred yards broad, and nearly a mile long. In Mexico, a plain was filled up by it to a mountain one thousand six hundred feet high, by an eruption in 1759. Its heat was so great that it continued to smolder for twenty years afterward, and a piece of wood took fire in lava three years and a half after it had been ejected at five miles from the crater. Stones of immense size to the height of seven thousand feet, and others darkening the air, fell one hundred miles distant.

Thirty-one great eruptions of *Etna* have occurred within the records of history. In an eruption in the year 1693, the city of Catania was overturned in a moment, and eighteen thousand people perished in the ruins. The crater of *Etna* is a quarter of a mile high on a plain three miles across. The mouth is a mile in diameter, and shelves as an inverted cone, lined with salt and sulphur. The central fiery gulf varies in size, and notes arise from it with volleys of smoke. D'Orville descended by ropes near the gulf, but was annoyed by flame and sulphurous effluvia. Pompeii was destroyed by showers of ashes, but Herculaneum by hot mud, over which six steams of lava had been thrown. They had been rebuilding. In the barracks of Pompeii were found the skeletons of two soldiers fastened by chains; and in the vaults of a country house was a perfect cast of a woman with a child in her arms.

THE LIGHT-HEARTED PEOPLE.

There are people who habitually make the best of things, not from any shrinking from pain on their own account or for others, but simply from a natural and unquerable lightness of heart. These people supply the oxygen of the moral atmosphere, and should be maintained at the public expense to keep it sweet and pure. Even if instead of being, as they generally are, active and otherwise estimable members of society, they did nothing but enjoy life, they would still be worth cultivating for the sake of the light and heat which they kindle. The only difficulty is how to regulate them. They are so irresistibly impelled to sing songs, that in a world where heavy hearts are unfortunately common, it is difficult always to keep the vinegar and the nitre apart. It is unreasonable to expect any great consideration for the susceptibility of melancholy people from the constitutionally cheerful, because the very fact of their being so implies a certain degree of insensibility, which involves a corresponding amount of blindness to other people's sensibility. A genuinely cheerful person makes the best of your troubles, because they really do not appear to him very distressing, and it is for you to decide whether such a view will act on your mind as a tonic or an irritant.

THE CHURCHMAN'S GLOVES.

The *Churchman* thus turns General Grant's inauguration gloves to good account: "The correspondent of the *World* says, he wore colored kid gloves; the correspondent of the *Tribune* gives no information on the point. If the rules of historical criticism, which are frequently applied to the Gospels and their bearing on Christianity were applied here, we should be asked to believe that the President wore no gloves at all."

DEATH OF A FEMALE PRINTER.

Mrs. Lydia B. Bailey died in this city on the 21st ultimo, in the 91st year of her age. She carried on the printing business in Philadelphia for over fifty years. Her husband, Robert Bailey, died in 1808, and she continued the printing until 1861. Previous to the introduction of steam-power presses, she had one of the largest offices in the city. Mrs. Bailey was elected 'city printer' for a number of years by the old city council. Among those who served their apprenticeship with Mrs. Bailey were the late Robert P. King, the surviving partner, Mr. Alex. Baird, and Mr. Fagan, the stereotyper.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE NEW ISSUE OF GREENBACKS.

The ready for printing office has nearly issued the new emission of the fifty-dollar greenback notes, to take the place of the present issues, which have been largely counterfeited. The hundred-dollar notes will bear a likeness of Mr. Lincoln, with a vignette symbolical of reconstruction, and the fifty-dollar notes will bear a likeness of General Grant, with a vignette symbolical of the restoration of peace.

THE HOTEL CAR THAT IS DESIGNED TO ACCOMPANY THE FIRST THROUGH TRAIN FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO THE EAST HAS BEEN COMPLETED AT THE CENTRAL PACIFIC SHOPS.

It is divided into a large number of compartments—one lined with zinc for meat, several for groceries, vegetables, &c.; one with a wire door for live fowls, large tanks for fresh water—all arranged as neatly and compactly as can well be imagined. At one end of the car there are several berths for the car is strongly built, and having both rubber and steel springs, is probably one of the easiest riding in the State.

AN OLD LADY WHO WAS MAKING SOME JAM WAS CALLED UPON BY A NEIGHBOR.

"Sam, you rascal, you will be eating my jam when I am away," she said. Sam pointed to his eyes rolled hungrily toward the old lady, taking up a piece of chalk, "I'll chalk your lips, and then, on my return, I'll know if you have eaten any." So saying, she passed her forefinger over the thick lip of the darkey, holding the chalk in the palm of her hand, and not letting it touch him. When she came back, she did not need to ask any questions, for Sam's lips were chalked a queer color of an inch thick.

AGRICULTURAL.

CULTIVATION OF THE PEANUT.

In accordance with your request, I give you my experience and observation as to the methods used in cultivating the pea-nut.

The first consideration being the adaptability of soils. With us the light land on which the oak, hickory and rosemary pine were the original growth, are those on which we succeed best; they produce a soil that is naturally rich in lime and the necessary fertilizers, any land properly drained may be made to produce them, whether profitable or not, experience will determine. Lime in some form seems to be requisite; when there is a deficiency of lime in the land, although the vine may flourish and make an innumerable quantity of forms, there will not probably be one in ten that will fill or make perfect peas.

The preparation of soils, and the minute of cultivating and harvesting cannot be given fully, in detail, without trespassing on your columns. Suffice it to say, the soil should be well broken during winter or early spring, and then broken immediately before planting. Like all other crops, it requires a well pulverized soil—then check off from twenty-seven to thirty inches each way, with an opener prepared for the purpose, so gauged that the rows are equi-distant. Plant in the check, two kernels in a hill, and cover about two inches deep.

The usual time of planting is from the 15th of April to the 15th of May. As soon as the peas are up, we plow them with a pea sweep, going once in a row, then cross plow, and follow with the hoe. This process is continuous, plowing them each way (and hoeing) every fifteen to eighteen days, until the vines meet, which with us is about the 15th of July. The object is to keep them free from weeds and grass, and to keep the soil well pulverized and in a condition ready to receive the peas. On stiff and damp lands some prefer planting in drills, say three feet between the rows and eighteen inches apart in the drills, then cultivate as cotton, only retaining a flat oval bed for the peas.

After the vines meet no further work is necessary until time of harvesting, or as we call it, digging. This is done with a row constructed for that purpose, which and so loosening the soil, that with the aid of a rake, they are easily raised out of the ground, then shaken and left to cure as other forage. It usually requires two or three days, in good weather, to cure them sufficiently for stacking. After remaining in the stack six to eight days, they may be removed and packed under shelter. Then comes the most tedious process, when done by hand, (which has been the usual way), picking them from the vines and preparing them for market. A machine has been gotten up which performs that work very well, and is now being generally used. The high prices obtained for pea-nuts, the last three years, seem to have awakened considerable interest throughout the country in their cultivation, but having gone down this season below two dollars, I think the general staple [cotton] will continue to be raised; the ardor of the growers in this section has cooled down considerably since the decline in price.

In former years when prices were low, I looked upon peanuts as one dollar per bushel, and cotton at ten cents per pound, as equal, the excess of that ratio, in either crop, indicating the one most profitable. From having some experience in both crops I am induced to draw the comparison. It is the truth of a peanut crop is more profitable in feeding stock, fattening pork, etc., than that of cotton, yet I doubt whether it will compensate for the damage to the land, peanuts being the most exhausting crop, [save flax] I know of, and more than one crop in four cannot be made without heavy manuring.

D. McMillan in *Carolina Farmer.*

ELOPMENT WITH A PRINCE.

The latest Paris journals announce the elopement from that city to Cologne of the Prince Louis of Bourbon with a Havana belle, Miss A. H., who is no less than Miss Amelia Isabel Hamel, a native of New Orleans, but whose family removed to Havana some fifteen years ago. Her father is Mr. John B. Hamel, a very worthy man, doing business as a shipbroker here, and well known to the commercial community and to all sea captains who have visited Havana during the past 20 years. Your correspondent has known Miss Hamel from childhood and can therefore say that the insinuations published in a certain journal regarding the elopement are false, she having always borne a very high reputation, while her talents have made her celebrated in the fashionable circles of Europe and the United States. Prince Louis has written a letter from Cologne to Mr. Hamel, explaining his reasons for eloping and asking her hand in marriage, which very natural request the old gentleman has granted, with a telegraphic post script for them to come to New York and be married in the land of liberty and greenbacks. It is very probable that the young folks, accompanied by Mme. Hamel, will soon arrive in New York, where the wedding is to be celebrated very privately, and Fifth Avenue will be spared the agony of witnessing the marriage of a Prince and a pretender to the Spanish Crown, he being the brother of Don Carlos and a grandson of Charles the Fifth.