THE OLD North State.

VOL. VI. SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 16, 1871. NO. 24.

Administrator's Notice.

The undersigned having qualified as Administrator upon the estate of John M. Lowrance before the Probate Court of Rowan county, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to exhibit them to him before the first day of June, 1872, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

SAM'L S. LOWRANCE, Administrator.

ma26:6w-pd

Time Table—Western N. C. R. R.

TAKES EFFECT 5TH SEPT, 1870.

GOING WEST. Arrive.	Leave.		GOING EAST. Arrive.	Leave
	5 10 AM	Salisbury,	9 20 PM	
6 02 AM	6 07 "	Third Creek,	8 28 "	8 28 PM
6 55 "	7 10 "	Statesville,	7 20 "	7.25 "
8 02 "	8 07 "	Catawba Sta.	6 23 "	6 28 "
8.55 "	9 00 "	Newton,	5 30 "	5 35 "
9.40 "	9.45 "	Hickory,	4 40 "	4 50 "
10.25 "	10 30 "	Icard.	4 00 "	4 05 "
11 10 "	11 15 "	Morganton,	3 15 "	3 20 "
11.50 "	12.04 "	Bridgewater,	2 26 "	2.21 "
12.48 PM		Marion.		1 42 "
		Old Fort.		

☞ Breakfast and Supper at Statesville.

Sept. 23. 1870. 38-tf

The Old North State

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Editor and Proprietor.

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THE COURSE OF THE DEMOCRACY IN THE PRESENT CRISIS OF THE COUNTRY—THE CONSTITUTION AS IT IS—A LETTER FROM JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The following letter from John Quincy Adams, late the Democratic Governor of Massachusetts, to a citizen of Missouri, has been given to the world through the columns of the St. Louis Republican:

QUINCY, May 6, 1871.

A. Warren Kelsey, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from you enclosing two extracts from newspapers upon which you request my criticism; and I infer from your letter that you wish to learn my opinion upon the public questions discussed in those articles.

You are quite welcome to know them if you are willing to accept them as simply speculations of an individual. I represent nobody, and do not boast a follower in the world; nor do I know that my notions are shared by any considerable portion of any party.

The people of the United States feel instinctively that they are going wrong, but they are told that it will be dangerous to retrace their steps. They know that the path upon which they have entered is beset with pitfalls; but even a bad pass is better than the precipice. The sweep of reaction is stayed by the dread of revolution. The policy of shrewd Democrats and the duty of good citizens is to dispel this apprehension, no matter how foolish it may seem to them. Short of honor and good faith no sacrifices should be deemed severe which would suffice to lay that haunting spectre. For that reason I deplore the halting, hesitating step with which the Democracy is sneaking up to its inevitable position. For that reason I share your regret at the studious ambiguity which seems to search for a sally-port through which to dodge its destiny. And while I better like the spirit, I equally condemn the policy of those who only proclaimed their purpose of revolution. Such indications of sentiment annoy me, simply because they prolong a situation fraught with great danger to the dearest interests of us all. The dominant party can retain a power which has grown too great for the public welfare only by an indefinite extension of the moral conditions of the civil war. The Republican organization can rally to no cry but a slogan and conquer under no standard but a spear. That party needs strife to insure its success, but good feeling is necessary for good government.

Now, the hostility to the 15th amendment is the stock in trade of the fomenters of strife; is it worth gratifying at the risk of permanent subjection? The South is galled to-day not by the presence of that amendment to the Constitution, but by the utter absence of the Constitution itself. They feel a Congress which assaults them, but they find no Constitution to protect them. It is not silly, then, to squabble about an amendment which would cease to be obnoxious if it was not detached from its context.

It is quibbling upon a technicality of law and relinquishing the substance of liberty. The Constitution was struck down by the assault upon Sumter, as all constitutions must fall before the face of the supreme arbitrament of war. It can never be lifted up while war is flagrant. The people will never resign the attitude of hostile vigilance, which is the real significance of the present administration, until they know that no one of their war trophies is longer disputed. Then they will gladly resume the habits which they love and the good nature which they repress. What then is the meaning of the grotesque contortions of those who profess a fondness for camels and yet strain so fantastically at this gnat? For the essence of all Democracy is equality—nothing but the equality of all men before the law. Equal and exact justice to every man, and each to share in the government of all. This is the only genuine democratic doctrine. But who dares face an intelligent people with that testimony upon his lips, and denounce a measure which is too democratic for Democrats only because the enfranchised are black? Surely the Northern Democracy should not be forced into such stupidities by the conscientious scruples of their Southern brethren. Deference is doubtless due to their constitutional qualms, and yet some lenity towards revolutionary processes of amendment might be reasonably expected from supporters of secession. If we can condone the fault, is it too much to ask paroled prisoners of war to pardon it?

No! You have given our cry, "universal amnesty and universal suffrage." I would only add the constitutional Union of the States. For the old Constitution is just as good as ever it was, for South as well as North, in spite of the marks of the mailed hand which must remain upon it for a warning to those that come after us. There is nothing in it now which is not perfectly compatible with the happiness, welfare and liberty of all the people of all the States. It is only the administration that is at fault, it is the interpretation which is violent. Do you imagine that Thomas Jefferson, do you think that James Madison would say their old organic frame permits a protective tariff or paper money; authorizes national banks or presidential diplomacy; countenances military tribunals; centralization, and the crowning and perfect infamy of the Ku Klux bill?

It never was the Constitution which invaded or conquered a State; it is not the Constitution which oppresses the States It was war—civil war. Close the war, and you restore self government to the people of the States. If they cannot secure their own peace and happiness, let us look around next year, not for the first President, but for the first dictator

Now, if you or any other man doubt the soundness of my judgment in this matter, all I ask is a true Democratic administration and you shall see it for yourself.

Yours, very respectfully,

JOHN Q. ADAMS.

VALUE OF RE-PLANTED CORN.

The practice of re-planting corn is common enough, being usual on every farm and plantation where the stand is not perfect in the first instance. According to the suggestion of an intelligent planter, the replanted corn is of essential value in the crop, more than is apparent, and he himself makes it a rule to replant, whether the first stand is good or not.—If the first stand is perfect, as rarely occurs, he still replants in about every fifteenth or twentieth hill in every tenth or fifteenth row, either cutting out the plant already growing, or putting in an extra hill, if the space will admit. The purpose of the replanted, or late stalks, is to furnish pollen, in case a dry spell should wilt the tassels of the first planting before the grains are filled. One stalk in two hundred will shed pollen in abundance.

If the weather turns very dry in the filling time, both the silks and tassels wilt. When rain falls, if it comes in time, the silks recover and become fresh again, but the tassel once dry does not revive.

The replanted corn being younger, will when the tassel blooms furnish pollen for all the older stalks around Deficient or unfilled ears are caused by want of pollen on the silk.

Such is the suggestion of an observant planter and we submit it for the benefit of our readers.

THE BARBARISM OF WAR.—King Louis, the father of the Emperor Napoleon, thus wrote in one of his letters: "I have been as enthusiastic and joyful as any after a victory, but I confess that even the sight of a field of battle has not only struck me with horror, but even turned me sick; and now that I am advanced in life I cannot understand, any more than I could at fifteen years, how beings that call themselves reasonable, and who have so much foresight, can employ this short existence, not in loving and aiding each other, and passing through it as gently as possible, but on the contrary, in endeavoring to destroy each other, as if time did not do it with sufficient rapidity. What I thought at fifteen years, I still think; war, which society draws upon itself, is but an organized barbarism, and an inheritance of the savage state, however disguised or ornamented.

IMPROVEMENT OF MORALITY. "One of the ancients, standing at Cæsar's tomb, where is now the flourishing beauty of Cæsar? What is become of his magnificence? Where are the armies now?—Where are now the victories, the triumphs and trophies, of Cæsar?"—*Caryl on Job*

REPENTANCE.—You might pound a lump of ice with a pestle into a thousand fragments, but it would still continue ice. But bring it in beside your own bright and blazing Ore, and soon, in that genial glow the living waters flow. A man may try to make himself contrite. He may search out his sins, and dwell on their enormity, and still feel no true repentance. But come to Jesus with His words of grace and truth. Let that flinty, frozen spirit bask in the beams of the Sun of Righteousness—then will it melt.

It has just been decided by a Maine debating society that no woman should talk about "rights" until she can show a clean, healthy baby.

PECULIAR NORWEGIAN CUSTOMS.

I shall never forget the friendliness and cordiality with which, upon a recent visit to Norway, I was received and entertained in every household throughout the country where, for a longer or shorter period I was a guest and an inmate. Nor can I easily forget the many awkward blunders I committed before I became initiated into the fashions and manners of my kind hosts—small sins, through ignorance, against the established and time honored national code of ceremony and behavior.

"Do in Rome as Romans do" is a very wise receipt, but somewhat difficult to follow when you don't know how the Romans do, but have to wait and learn that first. I had, for instance, no idea that it was the custom in Norway—as also in Denmark and Sweden—to go around after dinner and shake hands with every one present, ladies and gentlemen, finishing off with the host and hostess, and saying to each the Norwegian word velbekemme, which is about equivalent to—May the meal agree with you.

At a large dinner party of some two or three hundred guests this handshaking becomes a serious business that it takes some time and muscle to go through with, and one almost gets hungry and thirsty again by the time it is customary in every Norwegian family in the cities as well as in the country, to say take for coffee after breakfast or lunch, and take for the after supper, at which tea is always served.

All children, even grown up ones with children of their own, always say to their parents tak for mad (think for meal) at every meal under the parental roof, or even in their own home, if the parents are present. In few countries is filial affection carried to such an extent as in Norway; father and mother names there only second to and held in less reverence than that of God.

Illinois has strange ways, even of committing suicide. In Warrensburg recently Mrs. Alice Day discovered her husband had another wife, and shot herself dead. The husband, who was in prison for bigamy at the time, when he heard of the self-murder of his consort, was so overcome by sorrow and remorse that, having nothing else within reach, he swallowed a box of hooks and eyes, a bottle of hair dye, a brass breastpin, several pieces of glass, six vest buttons and a small penknife. These miscellaneous articles did not prove fatal, but at last accounts Day complained of indigestion.

An Indiana man demanded of a druggist some "tinker's violin," the other day, and the druggist found, after a vast amount of questioning and cogitation that he wanted some tincture of iodine.

The Catholic hero of "Lothair," the young Marquis of Bute, although admitted to be the greatest "catch" matrimonially speaking, in Great Britain, and one of the largest land-owners in the realm, has never yet made his respects to the Queen at court. This singular circumstance is now accounted for by the Court Journal, which states that the young Marquis promised his mother on her death-bed never to permit himself to be presented to Queen Victoria. The reason of this extraordinary promise, which the Marquis has religiously kept, is to be found in the implacable hostility of the Marchioness to the queen. The late Marchioness of Bute was the sister of Lady Flora Hastings, the young and beautiful maid of honor, whom Queen Victoria, then a girl of 18, suffered soon after her accession to the throne to be driven from her presence and hunted to death by slanders long since disapproved. The cold and cruel conduct of the young sovereign at that time the family of the victim have never forgotten or forgiven.—When the queen some years ago visited Rothesay Bay in her yacht, and lay for several days in sight of the superb residence of the Marchioness of Bute, Mount Stuart House, the Marchioness not only refrained from attempting to pay her court to the Queen, but actually ordered all the blinds of the windows in Mount Stuart House to be kept closed so long as the royal yacht lay within sight of them Time has not softened in the son the bitter sense of injustice which hardened the mother's heart. It is even said that horror at the notion of being obliged to consider Queen Victoria the head of his church plays no small part in inducing the Marquis of Bute to abandon that church for the communion of Rome.

How happy the Christian when he dies! He goes to live with Christ. He rises above the world, to perfect, unfading honor and happiness. O Christian, seek those honors and treasures which are to be found in Christ and in the pursuit and practice of true godliness! Thy dwelling on earth may be mean and thy grave unnoticed; but thou shalt have a mansion in the skies, while, in the most important and pleasing sense, thy name shall be had in remembrance.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, in her new story, says: "Men need wives who are in love with them. Simple tolerance is not enough to stand the strain of married life, and to marry when you do not truly love is to commit an act of dishonesty and injustice."

Relative beauty—A pretty cousin.

THE FAT SHEEP.

Some twenty-five years ago, when I was pastor of a church in ——, I took occasion one evening to attend a social meeting at the church in that place. As is their custom on such occasions, one after another rose and give in his or her experience. After a time, a man in humble circumstances, small in stature, and with a very effeminate, squeaking voice, rose to give in a piece of his experience which was done in the following manner:

"Brethren, I have been a member of this church for many years. I have seen hard times; my family has been much afflicted; but I have for the first time in my life to see my pastor or any of the trustees, of this church cross the threshold of my door."

No sooner had he uttered this part of his experience than he was suddenly interrupted by one of the trustees, an aged man, who rose up and said in a firm, loud voice:

"My dear brother, you must put the devil behind you."

On his taking his seat, the pastor in charge quickly rose, and also replied to the little man as follows:

"My dear brother, you must remember that we shepherds are sent to the LOST sheep of the house of Israel."

Whereupon the little man rose again, and, in answer, said, in a very loud tone of voice:

"Yes, and if I'd been a FAT one, you would have found me long ago."

The effect upon the audience can be better imagined than described.

HOW DRUNKENNESS IS PRODUCED.

A sudden mental emotion can send too much blood to the brain; or too great mental excitement does the same thing. It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain.

The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol is to send the blood there faster than common; hence it quickens the circulation; that gives a red face; it increases the activity of the brain, and it works faster, so does the tongue. But as the blood then goes to the brain faster than common, it returns faster, and no special permanent harm results. But supposing a man keeps on drinking, the blood is sent to the brain so much faster than common, in such larger quantities, that in order to make room for it the arteries have to enlarge themselves; they increase in size, and in doing so press against the more yielding flaccid veins, which carry blood from the brain, and thus diminish their size, their pores; the result being the blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual; hence a double set of causes of death are set in operation. Hence a man may drink enough brandy or other spirit in a few hours or even minutes to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy; this is literally being dead drunk.

CAPACITY OF THE HUMAN MIND.

I find this problem stated and differently answered by different philosophers, and apparently without the knowledge of each other. By Charles Bonnet the mind is allowed to have a distinct notion of six subjects at once; by Abraham Tucker the number is limited to four; while Destnett Tracy again amplifies it to six. The opinion of the first and last of these philosophers appears to me correct. You can easily make the experiment for yourselves, but you must beware of grouping the objects into classes. If you throw a handful of marbles on the floor, you will find it difficult to view at once more than six, or seven at the most, without confusion; but if you group them in twos, or threes, or fives, you can comprehend as many groups as you can units, because the mind considers the groups only as units; it views them as wholes, and throws their parts out of consideration.—You may perform the experiment also by an act of imagination

SIR WM. HAMILTON.

"FOR THE SAKE OF MY MOTHER.—Hooker used to say, "If I had no other motive for being religious, I would most earnestly strive to be so *for the sake of my mother*, that I might require her care of me, and cause her widow's heart to sing for joy."

"I forget a great many things which happened last year," said a little girl, the tears running down her cheeks; "but I can't forget the angry words I spoke to my dear mother who is now dead."

"What fo dey call dis sort o' wool mohair, I'se like to know." Dat itn't wool, honey; dat dar kim off a goat and d'y calls it mohair caze a goat have mo hair dan a sheep."

A Vermonter, who was lifted over a fence by the horns of a neighbor's bull, has recoved three dollars damages, the jury taking the ground that the fellow was going that way anyhow, and as his torn corduroys were already well worn, three dollars was enough.

GOOD JOKE ON THE RUSTY MASON.

There are two classes of Masons we do not like—the "parrots" and the "rusts." The former is one who thinks that the ritual is all of Masonry, who thinks that the ritual is all of Masonry, who will spend days and weeks even in finding out if such a word be "or" or "and," yet who will not devote a minutes to the study of Masonic history and principles. The latter is one who would never have joined the institution if he had not expected to be pecuniarily benefitted thereby, and being disappointed in that, cares no more for it. Give us the bright Mason, who reads and studies, and consequently understands—the grandest in existence. The "rusty Mason" is charmingly depicted by the "wag" of the New York *Democrat*, as follows:

One of our active and zealous Masons found himself in a railroad car just about leaving for Albany, *vis a vis* with one whom he remembered several years since to have met in a Lodge in this city. After this interchange of the usual compliments, the former, A, asked the latter, B, to what Lodge he now belonged.

B—"Oh, I don't belong to any Lodge now. Masonry did me no good. I never made by it."

A—"Well, I did not join Masonry to make anything out of it. Quite the contrary: and yet I unexpectedly made some thing out of it this very day."

B—"Indeed; how is that?"

A—"When I went to buy my ticket, I made a sign and the brother give me a first class ticket for a second class price."

B—"I'm quite rusty; I forgot the sign. What one did you make?"

A—"I placed the forefinger of my left hand on my left cheek, and middle finger of the same on my right cheek, forming a triangle. I then pointed the index finger of the right hand through the triangle, and wagged it at him. He recognized it, and you know the result."

Albany was reached, and a few days afterward B was returning. He went to the ticket office, and did exactly as A had described, at the same time handing the price of a second class ticket, and demanded one of the first class. The ticket agent demanded $1 00 more. The sign was repeated.

"What in the devil are you making faces at me for?" "Why, it is the sign," B., "don't you recognize it? I want a first class ticket for a second class price." The agent felt insulted, and said if he did not pay $100 more he could not have a ticket; and if he made any more signs at him he would kick him out. B paid the fare, and in the car met A. He told what had occurred, and said he was more convinced than ever that Masonry was a humbug.

A laughed outright and said, "Well you must be very rusty indeed. The sign I gave you was upward trip. If you wanted a deduction made you should have reversed hands, and made the wagging with the index finger of the left hand.—That was the sign *return ticket*. One sign would not do for both ways of course."

He opened his eyes, acknowledged he was rusty, and had no one to blame but himself for not making money out of Masonry.

A PLEA FOR THOSE WHO SLEEP IN THE MORNING.—The fact is, that as life becomes more concentrated, and its pursuits more eager, shorrt sleep and early rising become impossible.

We take more sleep than our ancestors, and we take more because want more. Six hours sleep will do very well for a plowman or bricklayer, or any man who has no other exhaustion than that produced from manual labor, and the sooner he takes it after his labor is over the better; but for a man whose labors is mental, the stress of work is on his brain and nervous system, and who is tired in the evening with a day of mental application, neither early to bed nor early to rise is wholesome. He needs letting down to the level of repose The longer interval between the active use of the brain and his retirement to bed, the better his chance of sleep and retirement. To him an hour after midnight is probaly as good as two hours before it, and even then his sleep will not so completely and quickly restore him as it will his neighbor who is physically tired. He must not only go to bed later but lie longer. His best sleep probably lies in the early morning hours, when all the nervous excitement has passed away and, he is in absolute rest.

How poor and narrow a heart that must that Christian have who confines his love to things present, sweating and toiling for a small part of the goods of this world, which itself is so little! Why doth he content himself with some part of the earth, when he may be lord of the whole heavens? Let us not, therefore, who are to die to-morrow, afflict ourselves for that which may perish sooner than we. Let us not enjoy that which we are shortly to leave; but let us lay up our treasures in heaven, that kingdom of the blessed, where the riches, joys, and comforts are eternal, and can never be taken from us. I will therefore study to use this world with indifferency, and shall not be puffed up when things succeed happily, nor dejected when they fall out crossly but shall bless God in all conditions Whether rich or poor, I will bless the Lord at all times. His praises shall be ever in my mouth; I shall never complain of the necessities of life, since, though all things fail me, the means of my salvation will not fail me; for even that want may be a means to obtain it.

YOUTHFUL AMBITION.

Every one should be willing to creep before he walks. There is hardly a young man who goes out from his fathers house who does not want money before he earns it. There is hardly a young man that goes out into life that does not want the reputation of being smart before he is smart. There is hardly a single circle in which you see half a dozen young men, that you do do not see them aping something; making believe; "putting on airs." They wish to have the appearance of a bravery, a disposition or something else, which they have not attained They are not willing to creep before they walk.—The very beginning of life develops a tendency in men to false appearances; insincerity, to an estimation which is radically unmanly; to a desire to have what does not belong to them—what they have no right to claim by reason of anything that they are, or that they have been.—To be without pretence; to desire to have only that which you can legitimately claim of praise, of sympathy, or reputation, of means—to have a manly pride, by which you shall be the factor of that which is in your possession—that is thoroughly salutary. An honest manhood scorns pretense and appearances.

TWENTY-SEVEN CENTS' WORTH OF MARRIAGE.—In Virginia, where the law fixes the marriage fee at one dollar, there is a reminiscence of a couple who many years ago called on a parson and requested him to marry them.

"Where is my fee?" said the functionary.

The parties who were to unite their fortunes did so at once, and found the joint amount to be twenty seven cents

"Can't marry you for that sum," said the irate old gentleman.

"A little bit of service will go a long way," suggested the male applicant.

"Oh no," said the parson: "you don't pay for the size of the bill, but for the good you hope it will do you."

The lass, intent on marriage, began to weep, but the parson was inexorable, and the couple turned sadly to depart. Just then a happy thought seemed to strike the forlorn maiden, she turned and cried through her tears:

"Please, sir, if you can't marry us full up, won't you marry us twenty-seven cents worth? We can come for the rest some other time."

This was too much for the parson. He married them 'full up,' and they went on their way rejoicing.

HOW TO GET RID OF CARE.

Life is full cares, beset with difficulties. What heart is there that has not some secret bitterness, some painful solicuitude, of which it would be gladly relieved?—It leis down with the man at night it rises with him in the morning; it is a weight upon his spirit to subdue, if not consume it, day by day. But beloved, however it may be with others, it ought not to be so with you, that are Christ's. You have a refuge which others have not; you may take all to One who says, I care for you: One that bids you come to Him, and let Him care instead of you. Oh! be persuaded to Him whether He will be as good as His word. Trust Him with this day's anxieties; and, if it be for once only, see if He fail your hope, though it be ever so faint and feeble. Oh, no; He has never failed them that seek Him. He has said, and He does as He says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

GRATITUDE.

As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root from whence it arose, as a river pours its streams to the sea whence its streams was supplied, so the heart of a grateful man delights in returning a benefit received He acknowledges his obligation with cheerfulness; he looks on his benefactor with love and esteem.—And if to return it be not in his power, he will nourish the memory of it in his breast with kindness—he will not forget it all the days of his life. The hand of the generous man is like the rains of heaven, which drop upon the earth fruits and flowers. But the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swallows with greediness the showers that fall—burying them in his bosom to bring forth nothing.

Envy not thy benefactor, nor strive to conceal the benefit he has conferred. For though to oblige is better than to be obliged, though the act of generosity commands admiration; yet the humility of gratitude touches the heart, and is commendable in sight of God and man. But receive no favors from the hands of the proud; to the selfish and avarice will never be satisfied.

BELIEF.—The real test of belief is action It a man tells us he believes a certain course to be the right one to adopt, but in his own case acts as if he believed the contrary, we justly consider him destitute of the belief he professes.

"Boy," said an ill tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollerin' for when I am going by?" "Humph," returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am hollerin'?"

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself and leaves an animal in his room.