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CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: The WEEKLY LEDGER is furnished to subscribers at one dollar and fifty cents per copy per annum, invariably in advance.

NEW GOODS!

D. MCCAULEY'S stock of Goods is now complete in every Department, and will be sold at BOTTOM PRICES FOR CASH, or to prompt paying customers.

FIGURED AND PLAIN LAWNS, Dress Goods in Every Style, LINEN FOR LADIES SUITES and TRAVELING DRESSES, HAMBURG EDGINGS, in every style from 5 cents up, LINEN TOWELS and CRASH.

MARSEILLES QUILTS, a large lot. -KEEPS SHIRTS and COLLARS, a full line. MILES AND ZIEGLER'S hand made Shoes in every Style, for Gentlemen, Ladies, Misses, and Children.

BACON, LARD and GROCE-RIES, CANVASSED & SUGAR CURED HAMS on hand all the time at Bottom Prices. N. C. HAMS and SIDES at 10cts. GOOD BROWN SUGAR at 10cts. CASH GRANULATED, CUT LOAF and best BROWN SUGAR at lowest prices.

GRITS and HOMINY always on hand. A FULL LINE OF FISH, N. C. CUT HERRING, MULLET, BLUE FISH, &c. BEST CUBA MOLASSES and PURE HONEY DRIP SYRUP. PURE CIDER VINEGAR and FRESH RICE.

A full Stock of Farmer's Friend Plows, Points and Bolts, always on hand. SWEEDS' Refined, Rod, Square and Round Iron on hand, of all the different sizes at the lowest cash price. COTTON HOES in all the latest and improved styles. HORSE and MULE SHOES and NAILS. CUT and FINISHING NAILS of every size. GRAIN and GRASS BLADES. In fact, everything in the Hardware Line. A beautiful line of LADIES', MISSES, and CHILDREN'S TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED HATS. RIBBONS, RUFFS, CUFFS and COLLARS in every Style. A full Line of Gentlemen and Ladies' NECKTIES. Gentlemen and Boys' FELT and STRAW HATS, in all the latest and newest Styles.

10 BUSHELS RED CLOVER. 15 Bushels Orchard Grass. 5 Bushels Herd Grass. 5 Bushels Kentucky Blue Grass. Just received at BARBEE'S DRUG STORE, at rock bottom prices.

THE WEEKLY LEDGER, CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

1879: Per annum, \$1 50. Six months, \$1 00.

All information concerning the State Normal School will be published in the LEDGER.

Advertisements appearing in the Ledger will reach the farmers of Alamance, Chatham, Wake, Orange and other counties, and is therefore a good advertising medium.

Advertisements will be inserted in these columns on as liberal terms as in any first class paper.

The LEDGER'S circulation is increasing rapidly, and bids fair to have as large circulation as any country newspaper in the State.

HORNER'S FERTILIZING SALTS, CHEMICALS, HOME FERTILIZERS. HORNER'S Pure Slaughter House BONE-DUST AND DISSOLVED BONE, GUARANTEED THE "Best in America." HORNER'S AMMONIATED Raw Bone Superphosphate AND CONCENTRATED SUPERPHOSPHATE FOR ALL CROPS. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. Joshua Horner, Jr., & Co., Cor. Bowly's Wharf and Wood St., BALTIMORE, MD.

NOTICE. S. MCK. BOWLES.

PLASTERER, BRICK-MASON and WHITE-WASHER, is now ready to do work at short notice. All of his work is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

W. D. CATES & SON. Will be pleased at all times to convey passengers to and from Durham at short notice, at any time of day or night. Orders for express and freight promptly attended to.

The LARGEST STOCK of Paints, Oils, &c., in the County, at Barbee's Drug Store.

SEED-WORDS. 'Twas nothing—a mere idle word, From careless lips that fell, Forgot, perhaps, as soon as said, And purposeless as well. But yet, as on the passing wind Is borne the little seed, Which blooms unheeded, as a flower, Or as a noisome weed— So often will a single word, Unknown, its end fulfill, And bear, in seed, the flower and fruit Of actions good or ill.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON. BY SOUTHERN.

On a beautiful sunny day in the Winter of '75, a small party of us embarked on the trim little steamer "Arrow" to visit the home of Washington. Mt. Vernon occupies a swell of ground on the right bank of the Potomac river, in Fairfax county, Virginia, 7 miles below Alexandria and 15 below Washington City. The mansion stands out in dignified grandeur, and as the steamers pass slowly tolling the bell, (a custom which they still keep up) the passenger almost unconsciously raises his hat in reverence. And now we were to set foot on this so sacred to every American!

Touching at the little landing the party eagerly rushed ashore and gayly chatting passed up the gravelled walk that winds gracefully up a little wooded dell. A turn in the walk suddenly brought the crowd directly in front of the tomb. This consists of a graceful arch way of brick leading into the vault in the side of the hill. An iron barred gateway closes this, and above is the inscription "I am the resurrection and the life." The laughter dies out, the crowd becomes silent as they slowly approach and look in through the bars. Within are seen two marble sarcophagi, the right hand one bearing in raised letters the words, "George Washington," the left, "Martha Washington." The model of simplicity; but the spirit of Washington pervades the scene, and off go the hats as we stand so near the ashes of that great man. No glittering mausoleum surrounds his dust, but Washington is embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen.

A little farther up on the right side of the walk is the old family vault in which Washington's body was first laid and remained till 1830. Approaching the south end of the mansion, which stands some 300 yards further upon the brow of the hill, we pass the spacious stables and stable yard on the left, for the stock in which Washington took so much pride. A near view shows the mansion to be a large 2 1/2 story building of wood, stuccoed. It was built by George's elder brother, Lawrence, and named in honor of Admiral Vernon. It was bequeathed to Bushrod Washington and from him passed to J. A. Washington, his nephew. With 200 acres of land it was sold by him to the "Ladies of the Mt. Vernon Association" for \$200,000, and by them presented to the United States government; and now it is kept up as a place of pilgrimage and resort for visitors. The building is 96 feet long with a spacious colonnade across the whole front. There is a beautiful view from this point. Doubtless here Gen. Washington used to promenade with military precision, night and morning, as his eye watched the sunlight on the broad expanse of waters that stretch far away on either hand and ripple almost at his feet, or caught on its waves the slimmer of the moonlight.

On the ground floor are six rooms. Entering we first visit the library, the room in which Washington died and his bed-room. The first and last named rooms are kept just as they were left at the time of his death.

In the wide hall is a register for visitors and hanging on the walls is a massive brass key, almost a foot in length and weighing several pounds. This is the key of the Bastille, the famous French prison, and was presented by LaFayette to Washington after that prison house was destroyed. From the hall we pass into the "east parlor," a large room taking up the whole width of the house. There is little furniture in this room, but how fraught with historic interest! In one corner stands a dilapidated harpsichord presented by Washington to Nellie Custis. Passing our fingers over the keys how the past wells up in the sounds! In imagination we see Nellie, in youthful freshness, thrumming gay airs, while General and Lady Washington sit by and listen with benignant approval. In this room we see thronged, in knee breeches and powdered wigs, the grandees of the time and all those who ever found a hospitable welcome at Mt. Vernon. In many parts of the house we see articles of interest—coats with immense cuffs and pocket flaps—vests that would reach nearly to the knees and breeches that would go scarcely below. How capricious is fashion!

The back door looks out upon a level lawn, very wide and stretching away for an 1/8 of a mile, with out-houses scattered along the left side. On the right is the spacious garden surrounded by a wall and with broad walks flanked by masses of stately box. But here we find the spirit of the age. In a large green house plants are raised and offered for sale in pots to visitors. Glancing through the house again we go to the trout yard. This consists of 5 or 6 acres of rolling ground covered with trees and falling away abruptly in front of the house to the river's edge. The best view is obtained from the little cupola which surmounts the house, from which many a white winged sail may be seen flitting to and fro, and beyond the river, the blue hills of Maryland stretching away in the distance. At the corner of the house is shown a tree under which Washington and Hancock mounted their horses on the 16th of April, 1789, to go to his inauguration in New York city. But the charm of the place affects us. We wander about listlessly. The spirit of Washington is everywhere. Perhaps he has stood here on this very spot. There we see him attentive to the calls of a planter's life, giving orders to his favorite servants. Now he walks out and with Virginia hospitality welcomes some guest, his dignified but gentle mien commanding the respect and love of all. In legislative halls and on battle fields we see Washington the statesman and general, but it is at Mt. Vernon we see Washington the husband, citizen and friend. Thus, in reverie, would we have dreamed the day away, but the shrill whistle of the boat recalls us to the present, and with many regrets we leave the home of "the father of his country."

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Judge to six-year-old boy on the stand—"Do you know the nature and solemnity of an oath?" Boy—"Yes, sir." Judge—"Well, what is it?" Boy—"I know that my father takes an oath to my mudder every Sunday mornin' that he'll never touch another drop of whiskey, but he comes home every Saturday night as drunk as a lord. That's an oath, aint it?" "You can step down," said the Judge.—New York Commercial.

Shout, Yell and Holler are the names of three Michigan families.

Mr. Stephenson was an employee in the house of A. T. Stewart & Co. On Christmas night he took the elevated railway with his arms full of bundles for his children. The gate was open, he walked through and came down on the pavement; the form of humanity was mashed out of him. Judge Hilton gave an order to the family to put themselves into complete mourning at his store without cost. Among the clerks is a company of young men who are excellent singers. They have a choir of their own and furnish music on festive occasions and for funerals. The choir proposed to furnish the music at the burial of their friend. One of the company had a voice very much like Mr. Stephenson's, singing tenor very purely. As his voice was heard in the stillness and solemnity of the church, the little boy cried out, as he couldn't see the singer: "Oh! mamma! that's my papa; he isn't dead; he'll go home with us to-night!" bathing the entire audience in tears.

The daughter of a Texan cattle-king, or bovine-monarch, the school-master has it, was married not long ago, and was presented by her father with a marriage gift consisting of "a bunch of cattle" numbering ten thousand head, and he didn't think he had done much for her, either.

THE RAILROAD. CHAPEL HILL, N. C., March 26, 1879.

MR. EDITOR:—We may hope that before long our community will be stirred by discussions about our railroad. Shall it take us to "University Station"—nine and a half miles—or to Durham—twelve and a half miles? Which of the two routes is the levellest? Which will furnish the most custom? Which will afford the quickest and widest access to the world outside of us? On which route can we get the most help in building the road? Which will, at first, as well as at last, be the cheapest? These and many other such questions will be asked and ought to be decided before we go to work.

To the solution of another difficulty, viz: Shall a wide gauge—four feet, eight and a half inches—or one still wider—be laid down? Or shall we adopt a narrow gauge—three feet or less?—I offer the following extracts from a popular magazine of high authority:

The narrow gauged roads, i. e., the three feet, or less, roads have cost in this country, from \$10,000 to \$14,000 a mile when ready for the cars. So that the road to Durham may be expected to cost between \$125,000 and \$175,000,—while that to University Station will cost between \$95,000 and \$133,000—besides the cost of cars, &c. A wide-gauged road to Durham will have cost, when the rails are laid, at least \$300,000, while the other will cost \$228,000. Of course these numbers are only rough approximations to the true ones. These may be greater, or they may be less.

After an exhaustive comparison of the wide-gauge and narrow-gauge roads—as to "construction," "equipment," "dead weight" in engines, cars, &c., "power to transport passengers and freight"; "wear and tear"; "running expenses," "capacity for freight," &c.—the conclusion is that a three foot railroad will cost forty per cent less than one whose width is four feet, eight and a half inches—and that it can be run at an expense one-third less—so that the cost of carrying freight can be reduced from thirteen mills a ton, to four mills,—while the speed and comfort with which passengers are transported will not be materially lessened.

You can count my vote, Mr. Editor, as one for a narrow-gauge road on the best route. X.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

Mr. Stephenson was an employee in the house of A. T. Stewart & Co. On Christmas night he took the elevated railway with his arms full of bundles for his children. The gate was open, he walked through and came down on the pavement; the form of humanity was mashed out of him. Judge Hilton gave an order to the family to put themselves into complete mourning at his store without cost. Among the clerks is a company of young men who are excellent singers. They have a choir of their own and furnish music on festive occasions and for funerals. The choir proposed to furnish the music at the burial of their friend. One of the company had a voice very much like Mr. Stephenson's, singing tenor very purely. As his voice was heard in the stillness and solemnity of the church, the little boy cried out, as he couldn't see the singer: "Oh! mamma! that's my papa; he isn't dead; he'll go home with us to-night!" bathing the entire audience in tears.

The following announcement lately appeared in a paper: "Edward Eden, painter, is requested to communicate with his brother, when he will hear of something to his advantage—his wife is dead."

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., March 25th, 1879.

We may thank our "loyal" Northern friend for expressing so openly his holy horror and indignation at the idea of "Calhoun on Government" being used as a text-book in the University of Georgia, when the discussion elicited thereby has educed from the glowing and incisive pen of Prof. J. L. M. Curry, of Richmond College, such a well-timed and vigorous exposition of the true principles of all Republican Government, and such an unflinching testimony to the honored dead, crowning with undying laurels the brow of the grandest intellect of modern times.

"A mind which of itself would immortalize any country."

We quote from the "Religious Herald," Feb. 27th (Richmond) only the last paragraph of this brilliant essay and advise all Collegians to read the whole.

Dr. Curry says—"As to the use of Mr. Calhoun's work on Government as a text-book in Colleges, that is a matter of professional taste and expediency. Few teachers use books which command their entire approval. Mr. Calhoun's volume on Government was written and published prior to the war. It consists of a Disquisition on Government and a Treatise on the Constitution of the United States. The former is a masterly essay, unsurpassed by any work of like character in ancient or modern times. It is the condensed result of the study and thinking of the most acute and logical intellect of ten centuries. * * The latter, while advocating the right of State veto, or interposition, treats that only as an incident of our federative system. The exposition of the instrument in other respects, has the characteristics of Mr. Calhoun's most marvellous mind,—lucidity, condensation, logic, clear analysis, broad generalization. The student of the science of government or of American politics, whose prejudice prevents his thorough study of this work, foolishly cuts himself off from communion with a mind which of itself would immortalize any country."

*Not in italics originally. †Not in italics originally.

IN SEVEN DAYS.

In seven days a dove was sent. Every seven days the land rested. Jacob served seven years for Rachel. Jacob mourned seven years for Joseph. On the seventh day God ended his work. Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom. The golden candlestick had seven branches. Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan. Jacob was pursued a seven days' journey by Laban. Every seventh year the law was read to the people. On the seventh day Noah's ark touched the ground. Solomon was seven years building the temple and fasted seven days at its dedication. On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days in their tents. Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams as an atonement.

THE DIFFERENCE.—"After staying eighteen years in this country," said Prof. Agassiz, "I have repeatedly asked myself what was the difference between the institutions of the Old World and those of America; and I have found the answer in a few words. In Europe everything is done to preserve and maintain the rights of the few; in America, everything is done to make a man of him who has any of the elements of manhood in him."

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