

THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGONAUT

"This Argonaut, on the People's Rights doth an Eternal Vigil Keep; No Soothing Strains of Music's Sweet Lull His Hundred Eyes to Sleep."

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1876.

A LOVE OF A BONNET.

(FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY.)

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Clipper, a Widow, Kitty, her Daughter, Aunt Jamina Hopkins, a laudible inquisitive, Mrs. Hortensia Fastone, very genteel, Dora, her Daughter, Katy Doolan, Irish Help, Enter Mrs. Clipper and KITTY, n.

Mrs. C. But really, Kitty, I cannot afford it.

Kitty. O, yes, you can, mother; just this once. It's a love of a bonnet; it's so becoming! and it only costs fifteen dollars.

Mrs. C. Fifteen dollars! Why, my child, you are crazy! We cannot afford to be so extravagant. The income derived from the property your dear father left will only allow you to dress in the most economical manner.

Kitty. But this bonnet is not extravagant. Dora Fastone wears a bonnet which cost twenty-five dollars, and her father has failed five or six times. I don't see why I can't have a new bonnet as well as that proud, stuck-up—

Mrs. C. Hush, my child! never speak ill of our neighbors because they dress better than we do. If they spend money foolishly, we should endeavor to use ours to better purpose. I am sure I should be glad to gratify you, but we have so many expenses. Your music lessons cost a great deal of money; and your brother Harry off at school, is really suffering for a new suit of clothes. I must send him some money to-day.

Kitty. Oh, he can wait; he's only a boy; and no one can know how he looks; but young ladies must dress, or they are thought nothing of. O, you must let me have the bonnet, mamma!

Mrs. C. If you have this bonnet, Kitty, Harry must go without his new suit.

Kitty. If you could just see it! It's just such a love of a bonnet! Do let me run down and ask Miss Thompson to send it up for me to look at.

Mrs. C. I've no objection to that; and if you think you need it more than Harry does his new suit, why—

Kitty. You'll let me have it! That's a good, dear mother. I know you would! I'll run to Miss Thompson's. I won't be gone long. I suppose I was selfish—but then, mother, it's such a love of a bonnet.

Mrs. C. (Sits in Rocking-chair.) Dear child, it is hard to refuse her! But one should be made of money to keep up with the extravagant fashions of the day.

Enter AUNT HOPKINS, n.

Aunt H. Angelina, what an air have them air Joneses got for dinner? I've not sat at that air front window till I've got a crick in my back a-tryin' to find out whether it's lamb or mutton. It's something roasted, anyhow.

Mrs. C. Aunt Hopkins, you are very inquisitive!

Aunt H. Inquisitive! Law sakes, do hear the child talk! Now, what harm kin there be in tryin' to find out what your neighbors have got for dinner? I mean to put on my bonnet and run acrost and see. I know they've got apple dumplin's, for I see the hired gal throw the parin's out into the yard.

Mrs. C. Run acrost! Don't dream of such a thing!

Aunt H. Well, I'm agoin' up stairs to get my specs and have another good look, anyhow; for I'm jest dyin' to know whether it's lamb or mutton. Law sakes! what's the use of fivin', if you can't know how other folks live? [Exit, n.]

Mrs. C. Aunt Hopkins!—Sn' a'goned! Dear me, she does worry me terribly!—What will our neighbors think of us?

Enter KATY DOOLAN, L.

Katy. If you please, ma'am, may I come in?

Mrs. C. Certainly, Katy. What's the matter?

Katy. If you please, ma'am, I have a letter; and would you please read it for me?

Mrs. C. (Takes letter.) Certainly, Katy. Is it your lover?

Katy. Indeed, ma'am, I have no lover.—It's my cousin, ma'am.

Mrs. C. O, your cousin! (Opens letter.) "Light on my soul!" Why, this cannot be your cousin.

Katy. Indeed, indeed, it be sure! It's only the insinivativ' way he has, ma'am.

Mrs. C. (Reads.) "Bewitchin' Katy! and how are ye's, anyhow? I take my pin in hand t' fill ye's I am yours, to good health and spirits; and it's hopin' ye's the same, truly! The pulsations of my heart are beatin' wid the love I bear ye's darlin' Katy! the fairest flower—never mind the blot—that ever bloomed on the family tree of Poul Doolan, or Tipperary, dead and gone this six'n years, blis his soul!—and how are ye's? An' by the same token that I loves ye's much, I send by the express, freight paid, a new bonnet, which my cousin Biddy Ryan, for my dear love, have made for ye's, charmin' Katy Doolan!—Wear it next ye's heart! And if ye's git it before this letter comes to hand, ye's may know it is from—

Your ever sighin'—
WIL love for ye's dyin',
CORNALIUS RYAN.

P. S. If ye's don't receive this letter, send me word by mouth by the man who fetches the bunnet." That's a very long epistle.

Kitty. Plaso, is it? Faith, I thought it was a letter.

Mrs. C. And so it is; and a very loving one! Your cousin has sent you a new bonnet.

Katy. Is it in the letter, ma'am?

Mrs. C. It is coming by express.

Katy. Sure, he might air it in the letter, and save express. What will I do?

Mrs. C. Wait patiently until the bonnet arrives.

Katy. Will Cornalius come with it?

Mrs. C. I think not. The expressman will bring it.

Katy. Sure, I don't want the expressman. I'd like Cornalius to bring it.

Mrs. C. This cost of yours seems very affectionate. Are you going to carry him some day?

Katy. Som' day?—ye's, ma'am. He'd love to go with me. I'd like to see what will I do with the letter, ma'am?

Mrs. C. K. K. with your tea-table. It shall be pre-arranged.

Katy. Faith, this I'll put it in the savings bank with my money. I'm obliged to ye's, Mrs. Clipper, ma'am. If you please, what was that last in the letter?

Mrs. C. "Ye's ever sighin'."

Katy. O, don't, ma'am! Ye's make me blush with the shame I feel. Oh, it's a square larlin', will all his sighin', is Cornalius Ryan! Q. u. m. u. s. h. a! it's an illegit' lad he is, on chow! [Exit, n.]

Mrs. C. So we are to have an air new bonnet in the future! Well, Katy is a good girl, and I hope will get a good husband as well as a new bonnet. [Exit, n.]

Enter AUNT HOPKINS, n., with a basket.

Aunt H. It's a dander! I was determin' to find out, and I have! I saw that air Jones boy a playin' in the street, and I a-keer him what his folks had got for dinner, and he said mutton; and now I'm sat here on that air pin! I wonder what's in this 'ere handbox! I saw that express cart stop here, and the man said it was for Miss Kitty's bonnet; of course, Aunt Jamina's datter. I do wonder what it is! (Opens box.) Well, I declare! A spacious new bonnet! (Takes out a very large, gaudily trimmed bonnet.) And such a bonnet! Ribbons and lace, flowers and feathers! Now, that's just what I call a tast' bonnet! I mean to try it on. I'll just suit my complexion. Law sakes! here comes Kitty! 'Tisn't do to let her know I've been at her things! (Puts bonnet back into box, and places it behind the table.)

Enter KITTY, L.

Kitty. O, aunt Hopkins! where's the bonnet?

Aunt H. Law sakes! I don't know no more than the child unborn!

Kitty. Dear me! Here are Mrs. Fastone and Dora coming up the steps! What shall I do?

Aunt H. Why, let 'em in, of course!

Kitty. Has my new bonnet come yet?

Aunt H. Indeed it has! And such a beauty!

Kitty. O, I'm so glad! But where is it?

Aunt H. Down there behind the table. I didn't tech it; I only jest took a peep.

Kitty. I'll let Miss Dora see that some people can dress as well as some other people.

Aunt H. Attention, you must manage to draw attention to my new bonnet while the visitors are here, to give me an opportunity to show it.

Aunt H. Why, I'll take it right out the first thing.

Kitty. No, no! that would be too abrupt. Manage to speak of it; but do not show it until they ask to see it.

Aunt H. Well, I guess I know how to do it gently.

Enter KATY, L.

Katy. Two ladies to see you, miss. (Crosses to K.)

Kitty. Where's mother, Katy?

Katy. Gone to the butcher's, miss. [Exit, n.]

Aunt H. But here? Wal, I do hope she'll git some mutton, for the Jones has it; and we ought to be as genteel as our neighbors.

Enter Mrs. FASTONE and DORA, L., very elegantly attired.

Mrs. F. My dear child, how do you do?

Kitty. (Shaking hands with her, and afterwards with Dora.) I'm delighted to see you! Hope you are quite well, and Dora.

Mrs. F. Quite well—aren't you Dora?

Dora. Quite, mamma.

Kitty. Pray be seated, ladies. (Thy sit on lounge.) Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Fastone.

Aunt H. (Steps over and shakes hands.) Hop, you are pretty well, ma'am, and you too, miss, though you do look awful delicate! And how's your husband? He's a broker, ain't he? (Sits in rocking-chair, and keeps it in motion.)

Mrs. F. Yes, Mrs. Hopkins, Mr. Fastone is a broker, engaged day after day in the busy vortex of fluctuating enterprizes.

Aunt H. Well, I never heard tell of that business afore; but I s'pose it's profitable, or you could n't afford to dress so. Is that a silk or a p'plin you've got on?

Kitty. (Blings her chair; sits, c.)—Aunt Hopkins! Mother has stepped out to make a call.

Aunt H. No, she hain't; she's only gone to the butcher's.

Kitty. Aunt Hopkins! Mrs. Fastone, what is the news?

Mrs. F. Well, really nothing. I am

dyin' of ennuil, the world is so quiet; excitement to move the placid waters of fashionable society—is there, Dora?

Dora. Nothing, mamma.

Mrs. F. Nothing to see, nothing to hear, nothing to wear—is there, Dora?

Dora. Nothing, mamma.

Aunt H. Nothing to wear! Yes, there's bonnets.

Kitty. Aunt Hopkins! Mrs. Fastone, you are quite correct.

Mrs. F. Mrs. H. plinks a-ke of bonnets. I have been so disappointed! Thompson had a perfect love of a bonnet that I had quite so my heart open for Dora; but it is gone, and the poor child is almost broken-hearted—ain't you, Dora?

Dora. O, yes, mamma.

Kitty. I am very sorry for bonnets are so hard to find. I have been very much perplexed about them myself. There are so very few in places; no air of refinement about them.

Mrs. F. Never, whatever—is that, Dora?

Dora. No, mamma.

Kitty. I've just had a new one sent me, but it doesn't suit me.

Aunt H. Way, Kitty, how you talk!—It's a regular treat!

Kitty. Aunt Hopkins! It is not what I want, but Thompson said it was the most stylish she had.

Mrs. F. Thompson! Did you get it of Thompson?

Kitty. Yes, all my bonnets come from Thompson's.

Mrs. F. D. Let me see it!

Aunt H. (Jumps up.) I'll show it to you right off. It's an elegant bonnet.—(G to handbox.)

Kitty. Aunt Hopkins!

Aunt H. Never, don't you! Hopkins me! for I'm going to show 'em just how it looks on yer; set still; for if there's anything I write myself on, it's showin' off a bonnet. (Stands behind Kitty, puts the bonnet on her head, and ties it.) There! ain't that a beauty?

Mrs. F. Why! what a hor—n hand-some bonnet! Did you ever see anything like it, Dora?

Dora. No, never, mamma.

Aunt H. That's the style, m'erm.

Mrs. F. Really! I want to know! And this is Thompson's most stylish bonnet! Really, how the fashions do change! Did you ever, Dora?

Dora. Never, mamma.

Kitty. (Aside.) I do believe they are beautiful! Aunt Hopkins, I don't get it off! Y'ave tied it in a har! knot!

Mrs. F. It's very becoming—isn't it, Dora?

Dora. O, very, mamma.

Mrs. F. (Aside to Dora.) What a horrid sight!

Dora. Frightful, mamma!

Mrs. F. I believe we must be moving, for I must hurry to Thompson's and order just such a bonnet for Dora. Good day. You have such a charming taste—hasn't she, Dora?

Dora. Charming, mamma! (They bow, and exit, l., with their handkerchiefs to their mouths, endeavoring to conceal their laughter.)

Kitty. Good day. Call again.—The hateful things! They are laughing at me. What ails this bonnet. (Goes to glass.)—Goodness gracious! what a fright! This is not my bonnet! Aunt Hopkins, you've ruined me! I shall be the laughing stock of the whole neighborhood. (Tears off the bonnet.)

Enter Mrs. CLIPPER, R.

Mrs. C. Have the Fastones gone?

Kitty. I hope so, O, mother, and aunt Hopkins home; she's made me look ridiculous!

Aunt H. Well, I declare! this comes of tryin' to please folks!

Mrs. C. Is that your love of a bonnet, Kitty?

Kitty. No, indeed! Aunt Hopkins, where did you get that hateful thing?

Aunt H. Out of that handbox.

Kitty. (Takes up the cover.) It's a regular "Miss Katy Doolan." You've made a pretty mess of it!

Aunt H. Sakes alive! It's the hired gal's! Well, I never!

Mrs. C. But where's the bonnet you sent from Thompson's?

Kitty. (Outside.) O, mother! that ver I shall say this day!

Enter KATY, R., holding in her hand an elegant bonnet.

The name's stinky blackgul! has sent me this whisp of a bonnet, that I'll never give my head to all, at all!

Kitty. That's my net!

Katy. Is it, indeed? and perhaps ye's be a-ther claimin' the let her Cornalius Ryan sit with it!

Mrs. C. No, no, Katy; there's a little mistake here. This is your bonnet.

Kitty. Faith, now, isn't that a darling! just I'll wear it to church to-morrow, sure.

Katy. Put it on now, Katy; and then take this wisp of a bonnet, as you call it, to Miss Thompson, with my compliments, and tell her I have decided not to keep it.

Mrs. C. Why, Kitty, I thought your heart was set upon having it.

Kitty. So it was, mother; but I shall never dare to wear it, after the ridiculous appearance I have just made. It's too fine for me. My conscience gave me a little twinge as I was coming home. Send Harry the money for his new suit. My old bonnet is quite good enough for me.

Aunt H. Now that's what I call a self-denyin' gal. I'll fix it up for you; or if there's any thing I pride myself on, it's fixin' up old bits.

Kitty. And tryin' on new ones! No, I thank you, aunt Hopkins. Hereafter

I'll look after my bonnets myself. I think our acquaintance with Mrs. Fastone will be broken off by this adventure; and so I will make a merit of necessity, abandon fashionable society, and be more humble in my dress than any and in my dress.

Mrs. C. Ah, my child, you will be better satisfied with your decision, as you grow older, and see how frivolous are the demands of fashion, and how little happiness can be obtained by lavish display.—And I think this little adventure, though a severe lesson, will be far more profitable than the possession of that love of a bonnet.

Easter.

TRINITY COLLEGE, April 4, 1876.

Mr. Editor:

DEAR SIR:—At last I send my answer about Easter. I have prepared it for the press. I want it published with my name to it. It required much research and calculation to prove my position. I am right, and I know it. The Prayer Book is wrong. Your Almanac is the only correct one in the country.

Yours truly,

B. CRAVEN.

EASTER.

The conflict of opinion as to the true time of Easter for 1876, has elicited various explanations, none of which seem to be satisfactory. In my opinion, the designation of April 16th, according to the English Book of Common Prayer, is erroneous, and April 9th is the true day.

Differences of opinion as to the true time arose during the first century, and so serious was the contest, that it was deemed essential for the Council of Nice A. D. 325, to settle the matter decisively. That Council passed the following resolutions:

1. Easter shall everywhere be begun to be observed on the first day of the week, that is, Sunday.

2. Easter shall be on the Sunday, that shall next follow, immediately after the fourteenth of the moon, that shall follow next after the vernal equinox.

3. It shall be referred to the Bishop of Alexandria to calculate every year according to these rules, when the festival shall begin.

Previous to this time the Eastern Churches kept Easter on the 14th of the month Nisan, corresponding to the Jewish Passover; the Western Churches waited till the Sunday following. By defect in various cycles used to determine the time, hatred of every thing Jewish, haughtiness of the priests, and obstinate sectionalism, there were numerous discrepancies and contests during the following three hundred years. Finally Victorinus, a Presbyter of Limoges, compounded some of the existing cycles, to form a new and better one. This was improved by Dionysius a Roman abbot, A. D. 527, and was finally adopted in England, at a council held at Whitby in Yorkshire A. D. 664.—Those who claimed the 14th Nisan, irrespective of the day of the week, cited as authority the usage of St. John; the supporter of the Nicene decision, quoted St. Peter as infallible authority. Osweg, King of the Northumbrians, who presided, asked if it was certain that St. Peter held the keys of heaven. Being answered in the affirmative, he said: "I decide for the Nicene rule lest when I come to the gates of heaven, Peter should shut them against me."

By this decision the Dionysian cycle and the Nicene rule were established in England, and are the basis of the calculations in the book of Common Prayer.

By the Nicene decree, and in accord therewith the fifth rule of the Council of Whitby, the first Sunday after the 14th of Nisan is Easter, which is the same as the first Sunday after the first full moon after the Vernal Equinox. The Council of Whitby added, contrary to the Council of Nice, that if the 14th Nisan was on Sunday, then Easter should be the Sunday following. This year the month Nisan began March 23; April 8th is the 14th, and the following Sunday, which is the next day, is Easter;

hence the designation of April 9th (Easter) accords with the Nicene decree, and also with the bigoted sixth rule of Whitby. In 1717, a scheme was published according to those rules, to determine the church days forever in England, this scheme puts Easter on April 9th in 1876. See Griceaux's Connexion, vol. 2, page 163.

I am aware of the pretended rule that says: "If the full moon falls after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, it is to be considered as Sunday, and Easter is to come on the Sunday following." This rule is absurd and without authority; it is not supported by any calendar, nor any other rule of calculation.

1. It is absurd. When the moon falls April 8, the time is different at different places. It is 10 o'clock 11 minutes, P. M., at Jerusalem; 7:30 P. M., at London; 2:30 P. M., at Washington; 9 A. M., at the Sandwich Islands. Hence by this rule there would be two Easters, except in Idaho and Eastern Nevada where there would be none at all.

2. There is no computation of time that makes the day begin at noon, except Astronomical. Astronomical Sunday does not begin till 12 at noon of our Sunday; and hence by this the moon is full at Jerusalem itself thirteen hours and forty-nine minutes before Sunday begins.

For hundreds of years after the Nicene Council, the calculations were made at Alexandria and Rome by Roman time; and by this the moon was full at Rome March 8, three hours and thirty-two minutes before Sunday began. By every known rule of calculation April 16th is erroneous.

The whole matter is explained by this: the tables in the Prayer Book are incorrect. The Julian year by which the prayer book is calculated exceeds the solar year by which almanacs are made, nearly one day in one hundred years, and at the expiration of this century the golden number in the prayer book must be moved forward one day to repair the error. Assuming the prayer book correct or nearly so, at beginning of this century, it is now wrong by at least twelve hours, and the full moon falling nearer than usual to the dividing line, the prayer book missed the canonical Easter by one week.

According to Toimard and others, Christ was crucified on the 3rd of April at or near 9 o'clock a. m.; darkness was over the land from 12 to 3 o'clock; he died a little after three and was taken from the cross before 5 o'clock; he lay in the tomb during 4th of April, and arose on the morning of the 5th. Hence, Easter on the 9th is four days beyond the true anniversary, and the 16th is still worse.

B. CRAVEN.

THE GRANGE—In the community at large, and even among men of great intellect, there seems to be a serious misconception of the Grange movement. Many suppose that it is the ordinary duty of the Patrons of Husbandry, men and women, to wage war on the merchant and small tradesman.—Nothing can be more erroneous. Members of the Grange are neither hater nor uncharitable fools. The Grange organization has developed the fact that the very highest order of talent, the profoundest learning and the most solid statesmanship is among the Patrons. Men of every calling and profession, when they have gathered wisdom or grown weary in their own peculiar business, seek repose and recreation in the delights of a farm. In every Grange, therefore, will be found men well versed in the laws of political economy, and no one is so ignorant as not to know that human society is made up of necessary trades and callings, and all are so interwoven that each is a necessity.—*Courier Journal.*

LOVE OF ADVENTURE.—The love of adventure is often as strong in girls as boys, and there is no doubt it is fostered by the sensational literature provided for youths by story papers, etc. A young girl in Christian county, Kentucky, with more romance than common sense in her composition, cut off her pretty brown curls, dressed in a suit of her brother's clothes and started, clandestinely, on foot, for the Black Hills. She was brave to encounter whatever hardships she might have to undergo in her journey, but her cheerfulness was not unbroken. She had not reckoned on that Indiana toad which on the very first night of her journey came up with her on a very muddy road, took her in its embrace, and bit her hand and round, over and over, for something less than half a mile. She returned home next day, a ladder, sore, and with grief.

A Few Reasons Why Land Should Be Improved.

More can be cultivated with the same hands because they will be less hard labor.

Grains and shrubs disappear, ground appears.

Cattle damage the land and grow less, because they do not have to tramp so great a space to fill themselves.

Less land required.

Less fencing.

Less trotting after cows and horses.

Less work at the smith's shop.

Fewer whips worn out.

Stronger teams.

More manure and less need for it.

A stimulus to action.

A protection against winter's frosts and summer's heats.

A good example to children and neighbors.

Keeps off sheriffs and buzzards.

Stops emigration.

Produces money for books, and time for reading.

Also, school houses and churches.

Produces time for travel, to lecture on economy, and preach the Gospel.

Produces sociability and hospitality.

Makes a paradise of a barren, plenty out of poverty, and a blessing out of a curse.

The barn is filled, the dairy is filled, the purse is filled, and the soul is filled with gratitude.

If the reader will reflect, he will discover that the number of good reasons why the farmer should improve his land is almost innumerable.—*From an old paper of 1801.*

A MODEL WIFE.—A popular essayist writes as follows:

"As I went up the new Massa road the other day I met a ragged, stout and rather dirty woman, with a large shallow basket on her head. In it lay her husband, a little abbreviated as to his legs. The woman asked aims." Talk of Diogenes in his tub! How must the world look to a man in a basket, riding about on his wife's head?—she put him down beside the road, in the sun, and almost in danger of passing vehicles. I suppose the affectionate creature thought if he got a few injury in this way his value in the leggar-market would be increased.

"This custom of carrying one's husband on the head in a basket has something to recommend it, and is an exhibition of faith