T. A. Allison

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The Intelligencer.

A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Manufactures, Domestic Economy, &c., &c.

VOL. II. STATESVILLE, N. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1873. NO. 44.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

T. S. Tucker,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STATESVILLE, N. C.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO CASES in Bankruptcy, which secures the Homestead and full exemption to the petition on old debts.

To be found at his office in rear of the Court House at all times. 17:tf

DR. T. J. CORPENING,
Graduate of the Baltimore Dental College,
WITH AN EXPERIENCE OF
FIFTEEN YEARS PRACTICE

Is now prepared to do work by the very best and most approved methods known in Dentistry. Those who wish to have their work done at home, have only to address him at STATESVILLE, N. C., stating as near as possible what they wish done, and their request will be promptly attended to.

Office over McKee & Co's. Store, Statesville, N. C., Jan'y 18, 1873. 3-1y

DR. W. M. CAMPBELL. DR. R. T. COWAN.

Drs. CAMPBELL & COWAN.

HAVE associated themselves in the practice of MEDICINE AND SURGERY, and may be found, when not professionally engaged, at their office, over the store of Irvin, Foard & Co., Statesville, N. C. ap 18 tf

H. KELLY, M. D.

OFFERS his services to the public, and may be found at his office when not professionally engaged. ap 18 tf

R. F. ARMFIELD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
STATESVILLE, N. C.,

WILL practice in the counties of Iredell, Wilkes, Catawba, Burke, Alexander and Lincoln, also in the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the District and Circuit Court of the United States. ap 18 tf

WM. M. ROBBINS,
Attorney at Law,
STATESVILLE, N. C.

OFFICE IN SHARPE'S BUILDING, Second Floor, adjoining INTELLIGENCER printing office. feb 1 5:tf

Dr. W. P. PARKS,
OLIN, N. C.

HAVING PERMANENTLY LOCATED at Olin, Iredell County, N. C., offers his professional services to the surrounding community. je 24 1y

J. M. CLEMENT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Mocksville, N. C.,

PRACTICES in the counties of Davie, Rowan, Davidson, Iredell, Wilkes, and in the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Also in the District and Circuit Courts of the United States. ap 18 tf

RUFUS BARRINGER,
ATTORNEY,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

ALSO NEGOTIATES LOANS, Lends Money (on long time and at lowest Banking rates), on Real Estate, and good Collaterals, such as Railroad Stocks, County Bonds, &c. may 10 1y

W. H. BAILEY. JOHN W. MAUNEY

BAILEY & MAUNEY,
BANKRUPT LAWYERS,
SALISBURY, N. C.

☞ One of the partners always in the office. may 10:19tf

J. A. STEPHENSON,
Attorney at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY,
YADKINVILLE, N. C.

Gives strict personal attention to all cases entrusted to him. may 17 tf

L. M. DAVIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
ROCK HILL, S. C.

SOLICITS shipments of Flour, Meal, Wheat, Corn and Oats, to be sold on commission. Those having products to sell should correspond with me and obtain market prices at Rock Hill, which can generally be done in 24 hours.

REFERENCE:—John L. Shaver, Esq., Mr. J. O. White, and Ed. Intelligencer. 7-tf

E. W. STUBBS & CO.,
Lincolnton, Lincoln County, N. C.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
MACHINERY, OF ALL KINDS.
Castings of Iron or Brass.

Heavy Forging and Blacksmithing generally. Agricultural work on hand and made to order.

Repairs of machinery promptly attended to and orders solicited. feb 6 1y

SIMONTON HOUSE,
T. A. PRICE, *Proprietor,*
Statesville, N. C.

HAVING taken charge of the above named House, I respectfully solicit the patronage of my former customers and the travelling public generally.

No pains will be spared in making this a first-class Hotel. ap 18 1:tf

ST. CHARLES HOTEL.
(Formerly the Elliott House.)
STATESVILLE, N. C.
J. D. ELLIOTT, Manager.

Board per Day..... $2 00

W. A. Daniels & Co.'s Livery Stables attached to this House. june 7 32:tf

STATESVILLE MALE ACADEMY.

THE FOURTH SESSION OF THE Statesville Male Academy will commence on Monday August 4th, 1873, and continue twenty weeks. For further particulars address the Principals.

J. B. CONNELLY, } Prin's.
W. G. WOODS, }

June 28, 1873. 23:tf

HUMPHREY HOUSE,
GOLDSBORO', N. C.
Dr. S. P. Wright, Proprietor.

Recently fitted up in the very best manner. Every delicacy in season.

All Rail Road Trains arrive at and start from this House. mar 17 tf

CHARLOTTE ADVERTS.

To Merchants Everywhere, the Wholesale House of Wittkowsky & Rinels Send Greeting:

Too well and favorably known in North and South Carolina, parts of Tennessee and Virginia, and too long established (since 1857) the proprietors deem it unnecessary in again coming before the public and soliciting their patronage to go into a long flourish as to their immense stock and commensurate Will and abillity to sell Goods Low.

We therefore content ourselves by simply announcing that our business having increased $200,000 in one year, and Charlotte having additional Railroad facilities warrants us in still more increasing our stock.

We shall have in store by the 10th of Sept., a stock of three hundred thousand dollars, ($300,000) consisting of full lines of every class of goods that go to make a complete assortment for a Store, which we offer to the trade at competing prices with any Jobbing House from New York to New Orleans. All we ask, come, and we will make good the above assertion.

Merchants in North Carolina have the additional advantage, that by buying in the State, they have no purchase Tax to pay.

We also have a retail department, where we keep everything from common to the very best. Also, have a Carpet and Milliner department.

WITTKOWSKY & RINELS.
Charlotte, N. C., Aug. 6, 1873. 6 tf

A. HALES,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
SPECTACLES, &c.,
Tryon Street, Next Door to Tebly & Bro's Book Store,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

☞ All work in the line neatly done and warranted. oct 18, 1873 42:tf

WANTED.

10,000 BUSHELS OF CORN,

500 SACKS OF FLOUR.

We are now prepared to receive on consignment the above quantity of Corn and Flour from planters or country merchants, to be sold for cash and prompt returns made.

☞ Sacks furnished on application.

J. T. COIT.

june 14 11:tf Charlotte, N. C.

WALTER BREM & CO.,
Charlotte, N. C.
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
HARDWARE,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

DESIRES to call the attention of up-country Merchants, and the public generally to his *Large and Well Selected*
STOCK OF GOODS,
IMPORTED
Expressly for this Market.
July 6th, 1872. 12-tf

General Hardware, Builders' Supplies, &c.

WE HAVE
Over 400 Dozen Door Locks, Latches, &c., in Stock. Merchants and parties building would do well to get our prices, as we are determined to sell Locks, &c., at LOW prices.
We bought largely and bought low.
ALSO,
A very large Stock of General Hardware, Builders' Supplies, &c., &c. Calls and orders solicited. Very respectfully,
BREM, BROWN & CO.,
Importers and Dealers in Hardware,
may 10-19tf Charlotte, N. C.

F. M. SHELTON,
Undertaker,
AND
Dealer in Furniture,
Near N. C. R. R., Trade Street,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

☞ Orders solicited and promptly filled at Prices Low—Terms Cash.
nov 16 31-1y

R. F. DAVIDSON,
FURNITURE ROOMS,
No. 4 West Trade Street, opposite Brem, Brown & Co.'s Dry Goods Store.
Charlotte, N. C.
Metalic Burial Cases, Caskets, Spring Beds and Mattresses, and a full assortment of Furniture always on hand.
Charlotte, June 21, 1873. 24-tf

W. H. H. HOUSTON & CO.,
Successors to W. J. Black & Co., and Gregory & Williamson.
Wholesale Grocers & Com'n Merchants,
DEALERS IN
Liquors, Tobacco, Flour, Grain &c
(At Gregory & Williamson's old stand, Trade St.)
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

AGENTS FOR
Sea Fowl Guano, and Houston Prolific Cotton Seed.

Strict personal attention to the purchase and sale of Cotton. A large and convenient Warehouse for the Storage of Cotton, Corn, Oats, &c. mar 15:11-tf

From the Southern Home.

A Sad Story.

At an early hour on the morning of the 4th of July, 1873—"the Glorious Fourth!"—the writer of these lines sat by the bedside of a dying convict in the hospital of Albany Penitentiary. The occupant of the cot was a tall, emaciated young man, prematurely grey haired, and bearing upon his countenance an ineffaceable expression of deep-seated melancholy. For several days he had lain in a comatose, unconscious state—his physical powers no longer obeying the dictates of his mind: and now it was apparent to all the [illegible] of Death lay close upon him. At five o'clock, a tremendous explosion shook the buildings, announcing the dawn of another anniversary of Independence, and a few minutes later, amid the roar of cannon and the clangor of hundreds of bells in the city, the soul of my weary patient winged its flight to the Great Unknown—to the realms of impenetrable mystery. The contrast between the quiet death bed in the penitentiary and the noisy uproar of the world outside the walls, was very striking; but the thunders of artillery were not inappropriate, for it was the corpse of a gallant Southern soldier that lay before me. How came he to die thus friendless and alone in a hospital for felons? The answer may be found in the following sketch:

SAMUEL OSCAR BERRY was born in Liberty, Clay county, Missouri, in the Spring of 1840; but, having lost his mother at an early age, he was taken by his father to a small town not far from Lexington, Kentucky, where he lived at the beginning of the Southern struggle for independence. He was not yet of age when he left his home and friends to cast his fortunes with the Confederacy, becoming a member of Col. Grigsby's Kentucky cavalry, and having plenty of hard fighting under the famous Gen. John Morgan. Young Oscar had but a single arm, but he made such good use of it, that he soon became known to the enemy as the "one armed devil." In 1864, when the Confederates evacuated the southwestern borders of Kentucky, he was commissioned a captain, with special orders to remain within the Federal lines for the purpose of enlisting recruits, collecting [illegible] and destroying any and all possible damage on the enemy's lines of communication. The State at that time was full of absentees from the Southern army, who were unwilling to submit to the rigors and discipline of the regular forces, but were ever ready to engage in any partizan enterprise that promised active work and liberal pay. Consequently, Berry found no difficulty in collecting a band of brave fellows, as reckless as himself, whose dashing exploits and wonderful rapidity of movement added new terror to the name of the "one-armed devil." Many thrilling incidents of this partizan warfare might be narrated; but for the present it must suffice to say, that Berry and his men carried consternation and dismay throughout the whole country around Lexington, and even to the gates of Louisville itself. Never was the "Dark and Bloody Ground" more prolific of terrible scenes than during the last six months of the war.

When the great surrender occurred, Berry's friends urged him to fly from the country to avoid the wrath of the triumphant Unionists, who would certainly pursue him with vindictive cruelty to the grave. He, however, relying on his Confederate commission to exempt him from charges of bushwhacking, quietly remained at home, and was (May 30th, 1865,) regularly admitted to parole, like all other Southern officers, by Gen. Palmer, the commandant at Louisville, who assured him he should not be molested so long as he should submit to the laws and attend to his own business. Yet, on the night of December 7th, 1865, a troop of cavalry, by a forced march of over forty miles, surprised Berry in his bed and carried him off with every insult and indignity to be arraigned before a military court-martial on seventeen different charges, including highway robbery, arson, rape, and murder! The Radical papers, meanwhile, teemed with accusations asserting that he was guilty of every crime in the decalogue. When the trial came on, it was found that the testimony on behalf of the prosecutor was of the most abominable and unreliable character; whereas, several Union men of prominence in the State, and a colonel of a negro regiment, who had been captured by Berry, all bore witness that he had repeatedly shown mercy to prisoners at the risk of his own life. But the Court (as is the case with nearly all military commissions organized to try political cases) was convened, not to decide justly and impartially, but *to convict;* and the proceedings were marked by such manifest injustice that the counsel for the prisoner were ready to abandon the case in disgust. On the first day of February, 1866, a verdict of "guilty" of bush-whacking and the murder of unarmed captives was delivered, and Berry was sentenced to be hanged! And with an indecent cruelty that shows the spirit of his Yankee custodians, they caused the gallows to be erected full three weeks before the day set for his execution, directly in front of his windows! They were, however, cheated of their prey; President Johnson commuted the sentence to ten years at hard labor in Albany Penitentiary.

When Berry reached his new prison, some time in March, 1866, he found that evil report had preceded him, and that he was counted one of the most wicked and desperate men in the institution. Galled by a sense of unjust treatment, and irritated by the domineering tone of a [illegible] turnkey, he lost his temper and made replies which caused him to be severely punished. He was locked in a narrow closet, called the "shower bath," and several buckets of ice-cold water were allowed to trickle slowly upon the top of his closely shorn head! To the credit of the institution, it must be added that this method of punishment has [illegible] no longer abolished in Albany Penitentiary. [illegible] going the rounds [illegible] cell, and left in solitary confinement. In this hole, which is about six feet long and four broad, he passed *six years of his life!* For a time he remained cheerful, buoyed by hopes of pardon; but after spending several thousand dollars, of his own and his brother's money, he became satisfied of the futility of his hopes, and soon began to droop. His friends repeatedly brought his case to the attention of the authorities, but always unsuccessfully, although his application was strongly endorsed by such men as Gov. Stevenson, of Ky., Gov. Palmer, of Illinois, Major-General Rousseau, Ex-Gov. Bramlette, Gen. Ward, Hon. J. J. Guthrie, George D. Prentice and Senator Clayton, who married a cousin of Berry, and others of similar celebrity. Unhappily for the miserable prisoner, the petition was ever at the disposal of vindictive Joe Holt, Judge Advocate General, and through his influence the door of mercy was closed. When this became a settled conviction with Berry's friends, his young wife died of a broken heart, leaving him an infant son whom he never saw. Not long afterwards he received intelligence of the death of his father also. It was but natural that such a succession of calamities should crush him to the earth. Disappointment, grief and close confinement had their effect on his health and spirits. His appetite failed, his memory became impaired, and his hair turned as gray as that of a man of eighty, though he was still under thirty years of age! The physician examined him, but could discover no disease; and yet it was plain he was failing fast.

About the first of June, 1873, [illegible] him from his depression and melancholy was done, but all in vain. He sank visibly from day to day. At times he talked freely—narrated the events of his life—and showed the numerous scars he had received during the war. He was also fond of talking on religious topics, and seemed to have an abiding faith that his spirit would soon be with his wife's and his friend's in the regions of the Blest. But it was evident from the restless lustre of his eye, and the incoherent mutterings into which he sometimes fell, that Reason tottered on its throne. When in the talking mood he repeatedly assured the writer that he was innocent of the charges against him—that he had never slain nor ill-used a prisoner—that he had never to his own knowledge killed more than one man, and *him* he killed in self-defence, after [illegible] himself shot through the thigh. He declared in the most solemn terms that he had been greatly wronged; he considered himself not more guilty than any other Confederate officer who had operated in an irregular manner within the enemy's lines; as for instance Mosby, or Stringfellow, or even John Morgan.

Now, as a matter of course, the statement of a convict undergoing punishment is to be taken with a great many grains of caution; for we rarely find a criminal who does not profess to be a "wronged and injured man." But what gives weight to Berry's asseverations is the fact that he was on the point of death, and was fully conscious of his condition; and he showed the writer many letters corroborating the statements he made. In one letter from General Palmer, (afterwards Governor of Illinois,) who was President of the Court which sentenced Berry, occurs this passage: "I am satisfied that you did not mistreat your prisoners, but on the contrary that you interposed to save the lives of Union soldiers who had fallen into the hands of other bushwhackers."

It now only remains to tell of the death of this unfortunate youth. About the middle of June he came to the writer, and in a melancholy tone, asked whether it was likely he would be living on the Fourth of July. "Certainly, Berry; but you ought to give up your habit of moping about and brooding over your troubles. Pick up a little resolution, and make up your mind to be cheerful until your release, which will take place in less than a year now." He shook his head sadly. "Remember that you have a boy to live for, and your name to vindicate."

"Yes," said he, "those two objects sometimes make me desirous of living longer. But I am utterly crushed; I have lost all interest in worldly matters; you will have to lay me out in the box before another month."

His words were prophetic:—two weeks later he went to his bed, and fell into a deep sleep—a sleep from which he never awoke. Finally on the morning of the Fourth of July the end came, as was stated in the beginning of this article. We lifted his emaciated corpse from the bed, and laid it in a rough, unplaned box, with no shroud, no wrappings, no pillow but a handful of shavings; and then four stout convicts took it upon their shoulders, and bore it away to a felon's grave—the Potter's field!

Thus passed away Samuel Oscar Berry, in the 32nd year of his age, after seven years of close confinement in the Penitentiary. This sketch is written in fulfillment of a promise made to the dying man by the writer, who, without any personal knowledge of the facts except Berry's own assevenations, believes them in the main to be true.

R. A. S.

WASTED, WORK.

Letter from a Hard Working Woman.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 19, 1873.

EDITOR MORNING CALL:—In the *Chronicle* of this date there appears a communication from "A Hard working Man," the editorial comments upon which are so gross and unfair that I venture to protest against them, hoping you will accord me space in your columns. The hard working man complains that labor is almost impossible to be found in this State or city at living prices for the white man. He gives the reasons why. He says:—"According to the population, I expect we have more here wanting the support of life than there are in Paris."—He is right, because in Paris there are so many occupations which are unknown here that men can hardly be without work; and the wages paid, though small, enable them to live well because living is infinitely cheaper in Paris than here. I mean, of course, for the working classes.

Altogether, it is a straightforward, sensible letter, offering proof of every statement put forward, and the *Chronicle* replies in a sophistical manner, which would be worthy Michiavello, had it the first trace of his refinement of language or grasp of intellect. It does not even meet, much less answer, the "Hard-working Man's arguments, but reiterates the same old howl about the advantages California presents to the man who has energy, but offers no word of advice to benefit the sort of man its correspondent is—one who has no money, no work, and cannot obtain it. He meets this case with a few generalities, which are, we will charitably suppose, intended to be impressive; but he is simply insulting when he says, "It [illegible] employment [illegible] support; and if any industrious, sober, decent working man cannot find employment in this State—in mines, farms or forests—he lacks enterprise or common sense." And again, "If a man has no money, he ought [illegible] able to find employment upon [illegible]—that is, provided he is a sober, industrious and competent laborer." And so he ought, [illegible] then? The editor wanders [illegible] wide of the question when he says: "The money spent in San Francisco for whiskey alone would start half the working people upon farms." Is that the fault of the working men? He surely cannot mean that they drink it all, and that is the reason they can find no employment. He caps the climax of weak, absurd and false reasoning when, in treating the case of men who have not a dollar but what they earn [illegible] day to day, and who, owing to [illegible] low living, can never live but from [illegible] month, he says, "A man can in two months [illegible] $500, and with $250 he can buy 160 acres of reclaimed tule land, or twenty five acres of irrigated mountain land, or fifty acres of good fair valley, or 160 acres of Government land. With the remaining $250 he can obtain such equipments as are indispensable; and if he has no taste for whisky, and no inclination for politics, and no extravagances, he can make a good living, and when he can do this he is independent for life. * * * Ten acres of reclaimed tule land will produce more than ten families can consume. Patience for a year or two—deprivation of necessaries—strict economy and industry, cannot fail of success." Now if the Chronicle man will find a man who is [illegible] industrious laborer, who has no taste for politics (breathes there an American who has no taste for politics?) and no extravagances, who can be patient for a *year or two*, who can live during a "deprivation of necessaries," (necessaries I understand to mean the wherewithal to eat, drink and sleep) strictly economical and industrious—why I myself, woman as I am, will undertake to make my fortune and his by exhibiting him as the model man so long sought and never found. Finally the editor says: "The skilled laborers of Belgium get two francs per day, or about forty cents. Living is more expensive in Belgium than in California. The laborer there lives upon black bread and beer. Meat is a luxury not often indulged in. The climate is severe, and there is scarce a possibility of a mechanic or artisan rising from the level of a day laborer."

To a man starving in San Francisco what does it matter what the skilled laborer gets in Belgium? Does it satisfy the pangs of the hungry man here that the working man lives on black bread there? The *Chronicle* asserts that the living in Belgium is more expensive than in California. I deny it. I have lived in Belgium; not merely travelled through, but *lived* there long enough to know what I speak.—So I have in france, Italy, Switzerland and many other European countries; and I state that living is dearer in San Fancisco than in any capital of the old World. I mean generally, not comparing article by article—for instance the best meat is higher priced in London than in San Francisco or N. York, but clothing—a much greater item of expense in a family than meat—is almost incredibly cheaper, and so on through the whole list of expenses of living. The black bread of Belgium is not to be despised, and the beef is famous for its excellence. As for climate, Belgium is cold in Winter, but what then? Can the working man live here on the climate, consume the air, like the chameleon? Out upon Belgium and upon the climate!

Thus much have I said on behalf of the working man. Let me picture the condition of a working woman. [illegible] ly, my own Laurel by the representation of a lovely climate, cheap living and want of skilled labor, I invested the little savings of years to reach San Francisco. In the East I earned my living as a governess, and was never without employment; although I have been here for some months, I have been unable to obtain any of any kind. I found the climate of this city so trying as to throw me into a lingering sickness, which has exhausted my means, and brought me to a frame of mind where I would almost be glad of any work, even of a menial nature.—But no, women are not wanted, even in San Francisco kitchens. Delicacy forbids my saying more than that if California is a hard place for working men, it is still harder for working women. In the East, necessitous women have been given access to every shop and manufactory, and prejudice against female labor has become there an error of the past. Truly California offers no temptation for female immigration. At the intelligence offices the same faces reappear day after day for months; so do the advertisements of those wanting situations as housekeepers, servants, seamstresses, governesses, and such like. Now the Chronicle can hardly attribute my want of success to whisky or want of enterprise, though a deprivation of the necessaries of life may be the cause of it—of them I have had a "plentiful lack." He advises the hard-working man to "push out!" Glorious advice! But where? how? with what? I am in as bad a condition as any working man. will the editor of the Chronicle oblige me by shaking up his modicum of [illegible] parel to the population, have committed suicide within the last three months from destitution, to say nothing of those who steal to get into the shelter of a prison, or of a man who actually accuses himself of a murder to get back to New York. Will the editor of the Chronicle give me a little of his sapient advice, or, to be more direct about it, point out in his unerring finger to the precise spot on his own or where I am to push to?—and oblige

A HARD WORKING WOMAN.

From the Greensboro Patriot.

Letter From Indiana.

Thinking many of our readers would like to hear from Indiana and the West generally, and as I have been [illegible] for some years, I think that I can give them some information on points not generally taken into consideration by people living West, and especially to Indiana.

As a general thing those who come here are greatly mistaken in their calculations in making a start to live. Millions in making a start to live—to North [illegible] high of course, compared more to live upon, but it takes much long, and boots and clothing [illegible] cost not less than fifty dollars, [illegible] much of the time a man cannot work at all, if he does so at the risk of his life, as colds and coughs contracted here are not easily gotten rid of, but cling to one and soon change into consumption of the lungs which disease is fearfully prevalent in this State. A physician in a conversation with the writer the past spring told him that there was hardly a family but there was one or more persons afflicted with the disease, and that is steadily on the increase, and to such an extent as to threaten the entire population in a few years, and that all modes of treatment were utterly hopeless, though the cities are full of quacks who pretended to cure consuption, but they never did it, and the poor patient takes the medicines and pays heavy bills, but they linger on to certain death at last. The winters are long and changable. Many old settlers would leave could they sell their farms and move west, and land though high can be bought any where and every where. The wheat crop was not any better than on the average in North Carolina. Corn is sorry and is worth from fifty to sixty cents a bushel, many of the poor class are in debt and behind and cannot catch up if they pay high rents, say half of all they make, and it takes all they can make to keep their families, pay doctor bills, taxes on what little property they have accumulated, they barely live by practicing the closest economy and by working almost day and night, thus the poor North Carolinians have worked and toiled on through hot and cold, through rain and snow, and the black wintery blasts in hopes of seeing their own, but overtaken with disease bro't on by over work and the inclemencies of the climate, now in bad health they fail and but linger on to die. Broke in heart and spirit they tumble into the grave, among strangers, in a strange land and their little ones go to the poor farm or even a worse place.

Not one man in fifty who comes here

Rates of Advertising

[illegible]

owns a foot of land or ever will, and there are more people here without land than in any of the Southern States, many of the poor men own small farms of forty or sixty acres in the swamps which they have paid for with the timber, but to such expense that acreage of any of the farmers sooner or [illegible] [illegible] and they will [illegible] them away this summer and still [illegible] gers among them.

Of the old settlers who are small [illegible] rich, a majority of them own land, but lack much of what Southern people call being rich, they hardly [illegible] [illegible] cash at the close of the year, and can lay up nothing for a rainy day, and many would go back South but they have joined hands with the people who hate the South and those who delight in traducing the land of their birth.

Now a few words to those who contemplate coming to this State; in the first place you will leave true friends and kind hearts forever. Money, money is the cry and you can live as long as you are able to pay, when you are no able to work or without the cash to pay down you are cut, you have no claim on any one, not all will starve you, thinking you wish something of them if you get sick you will learn the value of money, the price of board and doctor's bill.

Board in the poorest shanty in the county three and a half or four dollars per week, besides washing. All with a few exceptions shun the poor, weak and the lowly and the wanderer is often turned away empty from the door of the rich. All is rush, fast, fast, and the devil take the hindmost. The fashions ruin the poor, for it takes all a young man can earn at good wages to keep him in the style. The people dress beyond their income and if not in the style they are "trash" and "barbools" or "North Carolinians," which here is the sum of all reproaches cast by men whose fathers came from that State. Then if you want to go West, go to Texas, Arkansas, among our own people.

Negroes are flocking to this State and wages are rapidly falling. Good hands last season on the farm received from fourteen to eighteen [illegible] half in two years. Then the negroes associate with the whites in a style not pleasant to us of the South. The best negroes go to balls and parties and dance with the white ladies, take their sleigh riding and to church, and the poor white man stands and looks on; you can see elegant dressed ladies escorted by negroes promenading the streets of Indianapolis, the capital of the State. Then my advice is to stay away from here, go South or stay at home, plant peach trees, vineyards, and if you live poor bring up your children honest and teach them to love, so when [illegible] gain them in the right way of a disgrace as [illegible] they will be a large and town is filled [illegible] instead gamblers and harlots, and [illegible] more crimes in this State than any Southern State.

Talk of Chicago being covered with [illegible] are in debt [illegible] millions, and the villages and towns are filled with men on a borrowed capital, not one man in a thousand can pay his debts and continue business one day, and the [illegible] ty people are in the same predicament. Not one in a hundred to-day could pay his debts and continue farming operations for another year.

The [illegible] smash up [illegible] is one to come that will make this region tremble to its center and cause a wailtering of the natives.

Bo[illegible]

For the Intelligencer.

A Narrow Escape.

MR. EDITOR: On the evening of the 15th of Oct., 1873, about sundown, Mr. Ned Montgomery, who was working for me at my residence near Cool Springs, Iredell county, after having helped me to haul some coal to the tobacco barn, took the mules with gears on, to water, riding one and leading the other. Just as the mules were lowering their heads at the branch to drink, a tame pigeon flew up from behind a large poplar near by, and the mules being frightened, whirled around and the one which he was leading pulled him off and he caught hold of a tree and tried to extricate himself from the tangled gear, but his left foot was fastened, and the mule under the excitement, pulled him loose from the tree and dragged him at full speed over a very stumpy new ground and through a rough, rocky cornfield, a distance of two hundred and twenty-five yards. A spectator would scarcely expect to see a man survive such treatment—too far off to render the man any assistance, and any attempt, if I had been closer, might have been worse. The man did survive it all, and is likely now to get well, no bones broken, and though bruised and scratched nearly all over, yet he has no very serious wound.

This and other similar cases, which we have heard of, should warn men against putting boys on horses with gear on, and from getting on them themselves.

The trail of this man can be seen very distinctly and notwithstanding the great multitude of stumps it does not seem that he struck a single one. One stump in his road then might have killed him.

J. C. S.