

State Library

The Patriot

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The Greensboro Patriot

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1872

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Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and corresponding prices.

Professional Cards. JNO. H. DILLARD, Attorney at Law, Greensboro, N. C.

MENDENHALL & STAPLES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, GREENSBORO, N. C.

W. S. BALL, THOR. B. KEOGH, U. S. Commissioner, Register in Bankruptcy, GREENSBORO, N. C.

RALPH GORRELL, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Greensboro, N. C.

W. B. FARRAR, WATCH MAKER, JEWELER & OPTICIAN, Greensboro, N. C.

N. H. D. WILSON, General Insurance Agent, GREENSBORO, N. C.

WILSON & SHOBBER, BANKERS, GREENSBORO, N. C.

Chas. G. Yates, MANUFACTURER OF TIN, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware, and other articles.

Mrs. C. F. Leo, Having received a new 7-voice Piano, is prepared to give satisfactory lessons in music.

Building Plans. DRAFTS OF PLANS for New Houses or the improvement of old ones.

From the New York World. NULLA VESTIGIA RETROBOMI. BY MARGARET J. PRINCE.

These noble lines, from the Southern Magazine for the current month, presenting eloquently the sublime heroism of peace, come with peculiar grace and effect from a member of the sex ever least to forget the strenuous heritage of war.

What the South says to her children. I have smoothed from my forehead its sand. The over, Thank Heaven therefore, would hide near with perimeters of glasses.

Not a word of the past! It has perished, Gone down in its beauty and bloom; Yet because it so proudly was cherished, Shall we sign out our years at its tomb?

By the duty and honor undimmed, Shall I defend and deem me as free? By the laurels a Jackson has planted, By the hopes that we buried with Lee—

Let us wrest from the future the germs that, Let no resolute purpose belong; Let us fling from our spirits their burdens, And quit us like men, and be strong!

Bring you, companions, brothers (As large ye dare not disdain, Like Nature's, that bountiful mother's), Savannahs as smooth as the main.

My valleys shall whiten all over With snows never born of the cold, And grain like a Midas shall cover Every slope that it touches with gold.

The clink of the artisan's hammer Shall cease from the forest its glooms, In the brake shall the water-fowl's clamor Be drowned by the clash of the looms.

Then up from your torpor, ye sleepers! The dream ye are dreaming deceives; Go forth to the fields with the reapers, And garner the prodigal sheaves.

With flocks gliding meadow and mountain, With tinkling herds speckle each hill, And blend with the splash of the fountain The rattle and roar of the mill.

Brave hearts that have wielded the sabre, Staunch spirits that stood by the gun, Take heed to the Gospel of Labor; The old dispensation is done!

Put hands to the plow of endeavor, Plant foot in the deep-furrowed track; Set face to the future, and never One wavering moment look back.

For none who despairing centre Their thoughts on the By-gone, and ban The Present, are fitted to enter The On-coming Kingdom of man!

sheltered from this storm for the night, and he offered her a five-dollar bill.

"Well, said the woman, avariciously clutching the money, if you think you can stay in the garret, may be you can stay, but hurry up, for I expect my husband home every minute, and it's as much as your life is worth if he should find you here, for he is a very devil incarnate, and he would think no more of murdering you than he would of shooting a grizzly!"

The woman produced a short ladder as she spoke and had the parson to get up in the garret.

There was a small "drop or a trap door in the ceiling, which raised it of its own accord on the parson's head pressing it upward, and not without some difficulty the man managed to squeeze himself through the aperture.

After he was up, the woman told him to shut the trap and not to make any noise for his life, and then taking the ladder away, the parson was left to his own reflections.

Being somewhat curious to know what sort of a man his unknown host was, he arose and peered through a small crack in the door into the room beneath.

He saw the woman open the door cautiously, and after admitting a short, thick-set man in a heavy cloak, look it again.

From the mysterious actions and whispering that ensued, our parson rightly concluded that the person who had just entered was not the woman's husband, but her paramour, who had taken advantage of the husband's absence to pay the woman a nocturnal visit.

After whispering together for a while the woman went to a cupboard and produced a bottle of whiskey and a plate of ham and bread, which she set on the table, and the twain were soon engaged in a loving repast.

While the parson was watching the guilty couple, there came a thundering knock at the door, which caused them both to jump to their feet in great consternation.

Without a moment's loss of time, the woman ran to the box of flax and emptied its contents upon the floor; she then bade the man, who was almost scared to death, to get into the box, which he was only too glad to do, and when he was in she rapidly covered him up with the flax.

The woman then ran to the door and unbolted it, all the while rubbing her eyes as if just awakened out of her sleep.

"Why the devil don't you let a fellow stand outside all night?" exclaimed the new comer, a tall, powerful, villainous looking man clad in a hunter's garb, as he dealt her a ringing box on the ear.

"I was asleep and didn't hear you before," whispered the woman—"And don't, for God's sake, curse so much, for there's a Methodist minister up in the garret."

and the unearthly yell that issued from the poor devil in the box was truly appalling.

The man, who was himself not aware, he leaped out of the box, covered from head to foot with burning flax. With roars and howls of agony he made straight for the door, but he was not so quick as the owner of the premises, for with one look of terror at the burning figure he fled out of the house closely followed by his "Satanic majesty."

When they were both gone the parson gave his hostess a short, but effective lecture on conjugal duties, after which he seated himself comfortably before the fire.

When the woman's husband returned he treated the parson with the greatest respect, fully convinced that he had the power to raise the devil at will.

Matrimony Extraordinary. An entertaining article, entitled "Tony Weller's Widows," appears in the Pennsylvania Republican, from which the following is an extract:

Another very courtly widow was a young lady of Washington, Pa. She became engaged to a young man named Robert, in 1846.

Her father, however, objected to this match with one of his clerical duties, and when the young lady received a tempting proposal from a wealthy suitor, the paternal influence soon effected a marriage, despite the former engagement.

In less than three months her husband was killed by a kick from a horse—Robert was a second time then a suitor but delayed the important question until fifteen minutes had elapsed, when, to his horror, she informed that she was engaged.

In three months thereafter she was married. Two years elapsed, when the married couple removed to Syracuse, New York, where, among the victims of cholera, when the pestilence swept that city, was the second. Robert again sought her hand, and when a year had elapsed, was on the eve of a declaration, when lo! he received an invitation to her wedding.

Her late husband's business was found in such a state that to avoid immense losses she married the surviving partner. Shortly after, she removed with her third husband to Detroit, Michigan.

A few years elapsed, when herself and husband almost scared to death, he fled near Buffalo. The husband perished, and the wife escaped solely through the exertions of a friend who was on board. His gallantry inspired such sentiments in her breast that she married her brave preserver a few months after her third widowhood.

The happy pair removed to Pittsburgh, where her husband was engaged in mercantile business. Thither Robert, still cherishing his first love, followed them.

One day as he was passing the husband's store he saw a terrible commotion. Looking in, he beheld the mangled corpse of that gentleman on the floor.

A tierce of rice, in being hoisted to an upper story, had fallen through the traps, killing him instantly. Anxiously Robert inquired if any one had been sent to inform his wife, and was told that the book-keeper had just gone. Robert started for Allegheny City, where the deceased had resided, at the top of his speed.

Lake Tahoe in Nevada. The following, which is known as "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," was first published in 1688, and republished in 1641.

One of the most attractive portions of Mark Twain's recent lecture in Chicago was a description of "Lake Tahoe in Nevada." It is situated many thousand feet above the level of the sea, and yet it never freezes.

Not the thinnest film of ice is ever seen upon its surface. And yet Lake Donner, which is about the same altitude, and not far distant, is covered thickly with ice every winter.

Here is a nut for scientists to crack, said the humorist. The question is not why Lake Tahoe does not freeze, but why Lake Tahoe does not freeze.

Sliver missing from the speaker after wealth very steady employment in a large portion of the time is spent in a boat on this beautiful lake. It was so clear that the pebbles on its bottom were visible at a great depth.

The extreme depth of the water was about one-fourth of a mile. The audience was asked to imagine the number of church spires that could be placed one above the other before the surface was reached.

The entire properties of the water, and the atmosphere of this region, are most remarkable. Every consecutive "inhalation" was urged to throw physics to the dogs, and make their systems strong and perfect by a little canal life at Lake Tahoe.

"If it don't cure them, I will bury them," I should be glad to bury them—I shall be glad to do it. I will give them a funeral that will give them a comfort as long as they live.

"I met a man there—he had been a man once—now he was nothing but a shadow, and a very poor shadow at that—and that man had come deliberately to die, and was a sickly failure he made of it! He was in dead earnest. He had heard that this air was easy and soothing to breathe, as God knows it is; and he had simply come here to have what comfort he might while life ebbed away.

And he had brought along a plan of his private graveyard, and pictures and drawings of different kinds of coffins and hearses, and such things, and he never did anything but sit around and study that graveyard, and figure at coffins, and such things, trying to make up his mind which kind he liked best, or which kind which kind he liked best, or which kind which kind he liked best.

When I first saw him, his clothes hung about him—yep, they did not fit in any more, but a circus tent fits the tent poles, but they cling to him like coat plaster. He could hardly breathe without starting a sea.

He weighed a ton—he weighed more than a ton. I throw in the odd ounces—eleven, I think it was. But I know what I am talking about, because I took him to the hay scales myself.

There was a lot of us stood on there with him. But, really that was a remarkable cure. I have exaggerated it a little. You might not have noticed it. But as it was a cure, and a very remarkable one, I wish you would not heed my nonsense, but simply take note of my earnest words. I think if I could only persuade one invalid to get there, I should feel as if I had done one thing worth having accomplished. I am really sincere about that."

Two Bricks to Begin With. In a city in Western New York, renowned for its crowded churches on Sundays, there was one called by way of eminence, the Brick church. It was the first church built of brick in the city.

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Why can't the cook eat her apron? Because it goes against her stomach.

Little Things. A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the best of men.

The greatest heroes are always persons of the smallest calibre. An oyster leads a placid life until it gets into a stew.

The first almanac was printed about 1460. The last one has not yet been published. To dream you are a pig, behoves you to guard well your tongue, lest you turn out a hog.

A dispatch lost from a carrier-pigeon in flight is not necessarily a dead letter, but only a drop letter. Cruelty—a well-to-do deal fisherman on his daughter's wedding day, lately, gave her a snack.

A Burlington young lady says the armless woman of Barnum's show writes a very good foot. Young women often keep their lovers by tears. "Yes," says Grimwig—"love, like beef, is preserved by brine."

Why is a pretty, well made, fashionable girl like a turkey, housekeeper? Because she has made a great bustle about a very small waist. "Steam," said Dr. Lardner, "is the great annihilator, it annihilates time and space." "Yes," said a listener, "and multitudes of passengers, too."

Dainty precision and freshness in dress is as essential to a woman as to a flower. A Country editor says that when he looks at woman's head he is puzzled to tell which is switch.

An Indiana editor announces: "We leave to-morrow for the country hog show, and hope to take the prize." "A young man who keeps a collection of locks of hair of his lady friends, calls them his hair-breath escapes."

"Rick" observes that the only remedy he ever took, upon the homoeopathic principle, was when he married his second wife to kill the ill-effects of the first. A young candidate for the legal profession was asked what he should first do when employed to bring an action. "Ask for money on account." He passed.

A negro philosopher, discussing the relations of races, said: "You know de turkey, he roost on de fence, an' de goose, he roost on de ground. You will pull de turkey off de fence and he get up again. You crap his wings, but some how or nuder he gwine to get back on de fence. Now, you put de goose on de fence, an' he fall off—he don't b'long der. De turkey an' de white man. Heeze down now, but he gwine to get up again. De nigger is de goose. He better stay whar he b'longs."

How Dick took the Turkey.—A story is told of Dick, a darkey in Kentucky, who was a notorious thief, so vicious in this respect that all the thefts in the neighborhood were charged to him. On one occasion, Mr. Jones, a neighbor of Dick's master, called and said that Dick must be sold out of that part of the country, for he had stolen all his (Jones') turkeys. Dick's master could not think so. The two, however, went into the field where Dick was at work, and accused him of the theft.

"You stole Mr. Jones' turkeys," said the master. "No I didn't, massa," responded Dick. The master persisted. "Well," at length said Dick, "I'll tell you, massa, I didn't steal dem turkeys, but last night I went across Mr. Jones' pasture, and saw one of your rails on de fence, so I brought home de rail, and confound it, when I come to look, dere was nine turkeys on de rail!"

A cynical old bachelor says that it is the privilege of hoops to surround the loveliest of all things, among which are girls and whiskey. "Johnny, where is your Pa?" "Gone fishing, sir."

"He was a fishing yesterday, was he not?" "Yes, sir." "What did he catch?" "One catfish, the rheumatism, two eels, the toothache, and some little ones. Ma says he will catch hell to-day; just wait till he gets home!"

There is a colored boy whose mouth isn't made to last forever—only from 15 to 20 years. Two little boys were one night blacking their shoes. One rubbing on blacken, and brushing till tired limbs ensued, the younger with a long breath, raised up and said: "I believe I'll black Jim and make him black the rest of our shoes."

Duty first and pleasure afterward, as the man said when he first kissed his own wife and then went out to make love to his neighbors.