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## The Greensboro Patriot

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GREENSBORO, DECEMBER 21, 1881.

### THE PROGRESS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

#### GRAPE CULTURE.

grape, only three years old. Col. Wharton Green, who has a vineyard of 130 acres near Fayetteville, told me that he had realized nearly \$4,000 last year from four acres of the older part of his vineyard. When such profits can be made, persons will wonder why more wine is not made. Our people, having been so much impoverished by the war, think they must plant cotton or corn, so as to get an immediate return of money. As it requires a few years to get vineyards in good condition, they fail to attempt grape culture. Of course, if each farmer would strive to get an acre in grapes during each year, in a short time he might realize a good profit. With proper effort, North Carolina might easily make more wine than the United States would consume.

The growing of fine tobacco in the upper counties of the State is making perhaps more progress than any other kind of agriculture. Large tracts of land can be purchased, cleared, cultivated, and the crop secured and put in market, for less than \$50, while the tobacco would command from \$100 to \$200. Putting its value at the low rate of only \$100, one acre of tobacco will be worth in its profit ten acres of the best cotton lands, and, according to the census reports, equal to twenty acres of portable cotton land. The lands suitable for the production of this tobacco have within the last three years risen from \$1 per acre to four or five in some localities, but not one acre in fifty of this kind of land in the mountain counties has as yet been cleared. In the sandy lands of the east the tobacco yields much more profit than even the fine tobacco does. Every part of North Carolina will produce grain and grasses. I may add that upland rice is found profitable in the eastern counties. I doubt if there can be found on the face of the globe 50,000 square miles in one body which, when all things are considered, is equal to the production of wealth for humanity to North Carolina. It also excels any other region of like extent in the variety of its vegetable and mineral productions. Prof. Shepard, to whom formerly I used to send many minerals, said that there was a greater variety of minerals in the State than in any other spot on the globe as far as he knew it.

The two counties of Mitchell and Yadon, in which, thirteen years ago, I had some mica taken out, now, it is confidentially asserted, furnish more than half the mica of the commercial world, while other counties furnish some at a paying rate. In the year 1847, the Government, in its annual report, reported that the mica in the State was worth \$250,000. It is now worth \$2,000,000. The mica of the State has been reduced to fifty cents per bushel (it is usually higher), the crop per acre will be worth \$30. This land, being level and light, is so easily cultivated that \$5 per acre will pay the expense, leaving a profit of \$25 per acre to the owner. This would be 50 per cent. per annum on the investment.

While every part of our State will produce some species of grapes abundantly, the light soil of the eastern part of the State is especially suited to the production of the Seppernong and several other kinds of grapes. These lands, being very generally underlaid with good marl, can be made productive in cotton and grain, but can probably be made more profitable when set in vineyards. A German, Frosch by name, to whom we gave the premium at Raleigh for the best Seppernong wine, told me that he could make 2,000 gallons to the acre of this wine as easily as he could 100 gallons in Germany, and that he could sell it for twenty-five cents a gallon at a profit. France had some years ago 8,000 square miles in vineyards. North Carolina could spare 20,000 square miles to the cultivation of grapes, and have remaining an ample portion of territory for all other needed productions.

One reason why our wines are not better is that those producing them can sell them when new at a price equal to that paid for European wines, and hence they have no inducement to keep them until they become good. I paid last summer at home \$1 per bottle for new, sweet wine, made of the Catawba grape in my county, Buncombe. You, perhaps, remember that this grape originated in that county. Had that wine been kept two or three years it would doubtless have been very good. At Raleigh, on October last, I bought of Mr. Mahler as good wine as I have tasted since the last twelve months, made from the Delaware

been treated with incivility. Many who have settled among us are doing well, and express themselves as well satisfied.

The condition of the negro race has been materially improved. They are in the main orderly, and do generally work enough to support themselves, while a few are acquiring property. The percentage of crime in North Carolina will, I think, compare favorably with that of the States generally, and life and property are as safe as they are anywhere else. The climate of North Carolina has many varieties in its 600 miles of length; but probably for health, comfort, and the number of its productions it has no equal. Its fruits—apples, peaches, melons, grapes, &c.—cannot be excelled. Its eastern portion is noted for its immense pines, cypress, juniper, and many other trees, while its middle and western sections cannot be surpassed for the variety and size of its trees. Whatever is grown in any of the States, except, perhaps, sugar from the cane, can be profitably produced in some portions of the State. No country in the world offers greater advantages, both to the laborer and the capitalist, for agricultural and manufacturing operations. Its railroads are being rapidly extended. It has twenty-six mountain peaks higher than Mount Washington, with elevated plateaus and valleys. A few of its springs have buildings for the accommodation of visitors, while some of the most remarkable are waiting for suitable edifices. At the Warm Springs in Madison county they claim to be able to accommodate 1,000 visitors. The situation of these springs is a most remarkable and beautiful one, resembling in its surroundings, but even excelling them, the famous springs of Enns in Germany. A gentleman of my acquaintance assured me that he had assisted in examining and counting more than 200 mineral springs situated in a space of five or six hundred yards in extent, but not more than eight miles from Asheville. The spot is so handsome that if accommodations were provided there many would resort to it. The number of visitors in Asheville during the past summer was stated to have amounted to twelve thousand. With its increased facilities in its great fishing waters along its eastern coast, and it would seem that this branch of its industries can be immensely increased.

I fear, however, that if I pursue the subject further I shall trespass too much on your generosity.

D. L. CLINGMAN,  
New York, December 2, 1881.

On a search—the hen which has escaped confinement and wanders in the garden.

The first successful trial of a reaper took place in 1833.

If you want to get whipped, ask a thoroughly bald-headed man what hair dye he uses.

The Book of Widest Circulation.

John Wickliffe's translation is the earliest English version of the Bible. It was made about 1384, but was never printed, although several manuscript copies exist. Tyndale's translation, published in 1526-32, was the first English version printed. Tyndale was burned for heresy in Flanders while engaged on a second edition of the Bible. On his death Miles Coverdale and John Rogers completed the Bible in England in 1534. It was printed at Lambeth in 1537 under the borrowed name of John Matthews, and is called the Matthews Bible. This version was revised by Cramer, who wrote a preface, from which it received the name of the Cramer Bible. This was the first Bible printed by authority in England. It was printed in large folio in 1539. The Geneva Bible was brought by a band of English refugees in 1557, and about thirty editions were issued. This work is much prized by collectors. It is ornamented in many copies with the pen, the head and foot and column rules being put in this way. This translation is known as the "breaches" Bible. King James' version of the Bible was issued in 1611, and was prepared by a syndicate of forty-seven scholars.

Statisticians have expended a great deal of labor on the Bible. The fruits of their labor appear in the following dissection:

Old Test.	New Test.	Total
Books.....	27	68
Chapters.....	2,199	3,125
Verse.....	147,213	3,172,692
Words.....	6,928,429	14,191,719
Letters.....	27,741,103	33,939,522

APC CHRISTIAN.

Chapters, 183; verses, 6,051; words, 124,198.

The word "and" is found 45,227 times in the Bible, and the word "Jehovah" 6,855 times. Fifteen books of the Bible are mentioned that are now lost or unknown.

the lecture platform. One would think that after five or ten or fifteen years of dead failure they would take the hint, not being able to earn a livelihood by toil of brain, go back to earn a livelihood by respectable—toil of hand and foot. No; they will not do that. They do they do! Borrow. They stay in a place until his patience or capacity is exhausted and then they move on to pastures new. The assiduous now on trial borrowed all he could in Boston, then borrowed all he could in Chicago, then borrowed all he could in Washington. He borrowed the money to purchase the pistol. He borrowed the cloths he has on his back. He is borrowing the time and the talent of his counsel. He is borrowing hundreds of thousands of dollars from the United States government in the expense to which this trial is putting us, and in all the expense that attended the last sickness of our beloved President. You and I, if we are taxpayers, are helping to pay his board to-day in prison. My friends, it seems to me that it is high time that we men and women who in our occupations and professions are toiling until we cannot draw another ounce, ceased being taxed to support the lazy scoundrels of America. (Applause.)

CROWS BACK ON THEIR ROOSTS.

Guiteauism is able bodied beggary. Many of these men live on their wits. They try to see what they can pick up. They hover about the headquarters of political parties just before elections and hurrh for the money they think they will be elected. They are hearty republicans or rousing democrats, according as it pays. Washington is full of them to-day. All the trees around the White House were filled with these crows when Garfield was shot. That shot frightened them off their roosts, but they are all back there again as thick as ever. They are as enthusiastic for Arthur (laughter)—now as they were for Garfield then. Oh! they are a precious group and their chief apostle is Guiteau. The vast majority of them of course, will be disappointed, and they will be mad enough to shoot anything from a President down to a sapling. After a while they will start for home without an official appointment and without a cent in their pocket. What will they do when they get home? Borrow, of course, borrow. It is only we vulgar people who beggary. Guiteauism is able-bodied beggary. The curse of this country is the genius of those men who think themselves as geniuses, not because they have any of their talent, but because they have his vices and his big shirt collar. The only kind of genius that is worth anything is the genius for hard, practical, useful work. If God has given you two hands and two feet and good health you have magnificent equipment.

Dr. Talbot emphasized this great truth by reciting the names of the men who began life in obscurity and became distinguished by their own exertions, among them Michael Faraday, Shakespeare, Burns, George Peabody, who endowed a library in the village in which he once sawed wood; William Carey, Kirk White, Alexander Cary, Volsey, Adams, Columbus and Taylor. He said—Out of every hard position in life there are fifty doors which at the tap of the hard knuckle of toil swing wide open. Do not my hearers, join the great army of able-bodied beggars led on by Guiteau. When the time comes that you feel like putting your hands on your hips and saying, "the world owes me a living," it owes you a halter.

THE PREACHER'S NEXT DESCRIBED THE SCENE IN THE COURT ROOM, IN WHICH THE ASSASSIN SEEMS TO DEFAME HIS OWN FAMILY, BEGINNING AT HIS FATHER'S GRAVE—A GHOU IN A CEMETERY—AND THEN HE CONSOLE HIS HEARERS TO BANISH FROM THEIR MINDS ANY FEELING OF REVENGE. REVEREND HE WENT ON TO SAY: "THE DOMINANT CHARACTERISTIC OF THE MAN ALL THROUGH AND UP TO LAST NIGHT. HE WOULD HAVE KILLED HIS CROSS-EXAMINER IF THERE HAD BEEN A WEAPON AT HAND. WHEN THE PRISONER STOOD IN THE BOX AS HIS OWN WITNESS, AND WHEN THE POTENT FINGER OF JOHN K. PORTER WAS THRUST INTO THE VESTIBLES OF THE MURDERER, RIPPING OPEN THE BELL OF INQUIRY, CONFINED UPON HIS COLE, HOW THE TIGER, TRAPPED IN THE JUNGLE GLARED ON HIS CAPTOR. REVEAL! Othello's dagger was a spoon compared with it.

The drift of the preacher's next proposition was that it would be cruelty to society to liberate Guiteau. He sketched the assassin's course as a professor of religion, and in closing urged his hearers to take for their guide the gentle Prince of Peace, under whom the humblest of them might be the agent of great results.

Calling a red-headed man a liar is experimenting with explosives. Why is the letter S like a sewing machine? It makes needles needless. No room was ever made large enough to hold both a fir man and a mosquito. Everything has to pay up some-thing; even the little chickens have to shell out.

AN AFRICAN TORNADO. In a motionless leaden sky a sort of dark dome, a strange "celestial sign" begins to rise from the horizon. It rises and rises and rises, assuming extraordinary, unheard-of, terrific shapes. At first one would take it to be the eruption of some gigantic volcano, the explosion of a whole world! Vast arches form in the sky and rise higher and higher, and become superimposed with startling sharpness of contour, in opaque heavy masses—it looks as though it were about to crumble down upon the face of the earth—and then suddenly it becomes illuminated weirdly from below, with metallic gleams—wan, greenish, or copper-colored—and rises, and rises still.

The artists who have painted the Deluge, the Day of the Last Judgment, the cataclysms of the primitive world, never imagined sights so fantastic, skies so terrible. And still there is not a breath of air, not one trembling movement in that weary nature.

Then all of a sudden comes a frightful gust; the trees, the plants, the birds lie down as if prostrated by the blows of a prodigious whip; the earth, with everything in its path, is hurled and shaken; nature writhes under the frightful power of the meteoric force that passes by. For about twenty minutes all the cataracts of heaven are let loose upon the earth; a diluvian rain refreshes the thirsty soil of Africa; the fury of the wind strews the earth with leaves, branches and debris.

And then everything calms down. It is all over. The last gusts chase away the last of the copper-tinted clouds, sweep off the last fragments of the ruins left by the cataclysm—the meteor is past—the sky becomes once more spotless and pure, motionless and blue. PIERRE LOTI.

When winter winds are piping chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn foot I tread the hill,  
That overflows the lonely vale.  
O'er the bare upland and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden those deep solitudes.  
Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer winds in beauty cling,  
And summer winds the silence broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

When, from their frozen snow, mute springs  
Pour out their river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the wooded side.  
Alas! how changed from the fair scene  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day.  
But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods within your crowd;  
And gathering winds in hoarse accord  
Amid the wood road's pipe loud.  
Chill airs, and wintry winds my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song:  
Bear off the opening yearling  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

In his message President Arthur seriously discusses civil service reform as a practical question. He evinces a thorough study of the question, illuminated by a varied experience in the public service of the evils of the present system. This discussion will be a very great aid in advancing the solution of the problem. Hitherto it has been the custom to profess in official documents great admiration for a reform of the civil service in the abstract. Every politician is in favor of a reform of the civil service which would put out his enemies and put in his friends. The country is interested in no such reform. We look for no immediate reform. There are difficulties in the way of a speedy solution of the problem, which are plainly pointed out by the President. But as all parties and all factions are now committed to civil service reform, it should not be very difficult to strike out a working plan for effecting the end for which all parties are united in thinking should be sought.

ODD NAMES OF POSTOFFICES.

We have so often been amused at the odd names given to towns we thought the readers of your paper might like to hear what we found in our extensive travels over the United States (Pa.). Arizona is certainly ahead in patriotism, for she boasts of a new town called "American Flag." We found a poor little "Barefoot" in Kentucky, and there is only one "Shoemaker" in the country, and he has settled way up in Monroe county, Pennsylvania. "Money" is in Mississippi, "White" in Georgia, "Glorious" in Texas, the poor people of Tennessee have "Grief" with "Gas," we know what it is to have grief without.

"Othello" is up in Minnesota cooling his jealousy by "Desdemona" left him long ago and settled in Texas. Poor, sentimental "Romeo" has been in Tennessee, Mississippi and Michigan, and can find no Juliet; he has at least been told there is "Nonesuch" in Michigan.

If Secretary Hunt wants a "Steamboat" to help build up his broken-down State, he will find one in Nevada without any help from government.

New York State has towns named for all the presidents excepting Hayes and Buchanan. We could only find two politicians in the land, a "Republican" and "Democrat."

"Imagine a 'dead beat' staying long in either of the towns 'Pay Up' or 'Pay Down,' that is, if the people in that vicinity live up to those rules.

It is aggravating to see how the bachelors have been provided for. They have "Bachelors' Hall," "Bachelors' Rest" (from "Rest" and "Bachelors"), the only one in the whole United States, is doomed to live in North Carolina, "Waterfall" has been left in Virginia, her "Gum" in South Carolina, "Mirror" in Kentucky, and the most lamentable part of all, her Bangs are in the same State with "Bachelors' Hall," consequently it is no comfort to know she can see "Pinafore," "Sarotoga," "Broadway," and her "Grandfather," without leaving the State. She probably would prefer to go to those places in full dress, however.

We were told that there was "Bliss" in Virginia, with "Bachelors' Hall," but that can hardly be, for their coats way to the neck, but they can't conceal the fact from us that something is wanting in their outfit, for the only "Vest" in the country is way up in Missouri.

The aspirant for office who, when asked, by some stately government official, where he had been, might reply, "I have been humiliated in an 'Felt'." Never mind, young man, if your former residence savors of the kitchen, and the dimensions are small, you may occupy the White House yet, although you now live in (a) "Felt."

The girl who resides in "You Bet," California, must find it hard to avoid using slang.

Among other queer names, we find a "Yankee," "Quaker," "Left Hand," "Bob," "Sweet Lips," "Dismal," "Why Not," "Pumpkin" and "Peculiar." FOSSELL.

QUEER THINGS IN WORDS.

I see that writers in our public journals are now busily engaged in a task over which Othello tortured his brain as a boy—the number of transpositions that can be made out of Gray's line:

"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way."

I cannot see why this line should have been always selected from many other lines of English verse that are capable of just as many transpositions. The sentence, "John lies buried here," contains but four words, yet it is capable of twenty-four transpositions, all making good sense and good English. If the seven words comprising Gray's line were capable, like the four words in the sentence I have here given, of making good sense and good English in whatever position you might arrange them they would be capable of five thousand and forty transpositions.

Here are a few remarkable illustrations of a change of meaning that can be effected in certain sentences by a change of accent and pause:

In the 13th chapter of I. Kings occurs this passage: "Saddle me the ass; so they saddled him the ass." A young clergyman read it thus: "Saddle me the ass; and they saddled him the ass." Again, let the reader observe how many various meanings can be given the following question by a change of accent from one word to another, beginning by accenting the first: "Will you ride to town to-morrow?"

Now, as regards pause: A certain humorist gives us the following reading of a familiar passage in Solomon's Proverbs: "The wicked feed (flea), when no man purseth but the righteous, is bold as a lion." A strange announcement this to entomologists!

A distinguished English actor, engaged at an unappreciative audience, hissed out the word "fools." Having been imperiously called upon to apologize, he delivered the following apology, rapidly and without pause: "I have called this audience fools it is true and I am sorry for it." On being thanked afterward for the objectness of his apology, he denied having apologized at all, declaring that he had only reiterated his accusation, and giving his language as follows: "I have called this audience fools; it is true and I am sorry for it."

In the olden time it was the custom with inn-keepers to have a legend or rhyme on their sign-boards. Bayard Taylor took notice of such a custom in Sweden to-day. He tells us that those who desire to attract religious persons to their houses have some text from the Bible on their sign-boards; yet, alas, he tells us that whatever he saw such outward signs of devotion he had to take peculiar care against being cheated after he entered the house.

In rural portions of England it is now the custom, or has been recently, for innkeepers to have some sort of proverb, maxim, legend or rhyme on their sign-boards. In an old English book of jokes and anecdotes there is found an account of a jolly fellow, somewhere in the west of England, that kept a barber shop and a taphouse in his house, and who had the following rhyme on his sign-board:

My name is Tom Doodum and what do you think  
I'll show you for a price and throw in a drink.

There was no punctuation. The rhyme was intended for a spider's web to catch unwary flies. One day two men entered the spider's cell, as others had done before them. On finding themselves charged with the drinks as well as the shave, they accused Tom Doodum of having cheated them by the inscription on his sign-board. In the midst of the quarrel, he asked them in the same manner as they had done before, when their best declaration that the mistake was owing to their inability to read correctly, after which he himself read the couplet in this wise:

My name is Tom Doodum and what do you think  
I'll show you for a price and throw in a drink!

Cathartes Per Cattus.

The best cow in my stable for the past two winters a day or two after calving will be taken by staggers and fall down. Last spring I thought she would die, and sent to my neighbors to find out what to try to give her. One old farmer sent me word that she had lost her cud, and that I would be obliged to make her another. He sent me the names of different herbs, &c., to make that luxury, the cud. This was too much for me, for I had just been reading Prof. Geiler's paper when I saw all and other exploded ideas. I went into the house and asked my wife for a box of our family doctor's cathartic pills, which I knew were good, and I gave her three times the quantity that came near killing me. The next morning the old cow was up and eating; I think from what I have read in your paper this summer that it was milk fever. What is good for her is taken again. G. M.

Senator David Davis has received a vast number of letters and telegrams complimenting him upon the patriotic sentiment and faultless diction of his recent address.