

The Greensboro Patriot

WEEKLY EDITOR... TERMS—One year \$1.50...

—Now for the yellow fever.

—Hurrah! for the Virginia Democracy.

—Baltimore, yesterday, was one vast funeral procession.

—Chandler's candidacy for the Senate is an ignominious failure.

—Postmaster General Greenham is in a fair way to get licked.

—To let: the chairmanship of the Republican party in North Carolina.

—There seems to be doubt about Capt. Webb's fate.

—Farnell's brother John has 125,000 peach trees on his farm at West Point, Ga.

—The Rapid Telegraph company had better change its name until this little unpleasantness is over.

—The Winston Sentinel thinks Greensboro is the place to hold the next Democratic State convention.

—Correct. We've got the hotels, the hall and saloons enough to run even a Republican convention.

—A few years ago, according to the general diagnosis, the trouble with the country was a lack of confidence.

—Now it is an excess of confidence that is making mischief.

—The telegraph companies are "confident"; the strikers are "confident"; and the public must continue to suffer till there is somewhere a break in confidence.

—The chairmanship of the Republican State Executive Committee, Dr. Mott says, nearly ruined Keogh, badly crippled Cooper, and is about to use him up.

—It is an "unpleasant and thankless position" and only the interests of the grand old party could induce him to make the sacrifice involved in the chairmanship.

—It is easy enough for Democratic statesmen to say what they will "insist on" in the Forty-eighth Congress, but it will take a vast amount of "insisting" to get a Democratic measure passed by a Republican Senate and signed by a Republican President.

—In the interest of the Democratic party it may not be deemed advisable to waste time and stir up strife by "insisting on" things that are probably impossible.

—Dr. J. J. Mott publishes a card in regard to his newspaper enterprise, mentioned in the New York Sun several days ago.

—He alleges that it is a square business transaction, and that no attempt has been made to assess anybody to sustain it.

—The cost of running the paper fifteen months is put at \$17,000, which sum it is proposed to raise by stock subscription, the shares being at \$100.

—Of this amount \$12,400 has been subscribed. From this showing it is a perfectly legitimate enterprise. Persons desiring to subscribe can apply to Dr. J. J. Mott, Raleigh, N. C.

—We will not take any stock just now.

THE INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.

Rev. Geo. E. Reed preached a sermon in Brooklyn last Sunday on the influence of newspapers.

In speaking of newspapers the preacher said that it was a form of literature that furnished the largest supply for the mental and moral cultivation of civilized man.

The newspaper, during the last century, had become a necessity, and there was scarcely a frontier town on this continent where it was not found.

A very large majority of men had no other form of reading. The question, then, that naturally rises in the mind of a thoughtful man is, What is the effect of a form of culture that is more influential than the pulpit or the Legislature? The answer is that it is a power that upon the whole works for righteousness; there is no question that, speaking generally, it is on the side of good morals.

There are, however, exceptions to its uniform working for good. Some papers are conducted by men who are merely soldiers of fortune, who write as they are paid.

All newspapers, the preacher said, give a place to sensational matter. It is said it is published to meet the demands of the readers, and that is, doubtless, true.

It depended upon the readers, therefore, whether a newspaper was morally clean or not. It was a very encouraging fact that the daily press was growing purer, and that year by year it was bringing itself more in a line with Christian intelligence and Christian truth.

No doubt Mr. Reed's exhortations are, in the main, correct.

It Won't Work.

(New York Times, Rep.)

The Star of Yesterday contained upon its editorial page the following truly melancholy reflections: "It is, indeed, a grave public misfortune that Mr. Tilden feels himself obliged to withdraw from the arena of active political life; but it is a misfortune that cannot be helped. The consolation about it is that his name will remain, and will grow brighter and brighter as the violence of antagonism is extinguished and the splendor of his services appreciated at its worth."

This calls to mind a little anecdote. There was once a spavined old trustee of an eastern fresh water college whose place was wanted for a young man. The old gentleman was somewhere in the eighties, but he declined to die, and the thought of resignation never crossed his mind.

One day he received a letter from the president of the college. The president wrote that it would be a grave misfortune for the college to have him withdraw from the board of trust.

He hoped that the report of his pending resignation was unfounded. But if he felt compelled by the cares of age to lay down his official burden it would be a source of unexpressed satisfaction to him to know that his great services to the college would be appreciated at their true worth, and there would be no harm in telling him, if he were determined on this step, that the Rev. Dr. would, at the next meeting, be elected to the vacancy.

To this crafty letter the imperishable trustee replied by return mail. He informed the president that he had no notion of resigning. No; he would stick by the dear old college as long as he lived, and he fervently prayed that God would spare his life yet many years to enable him to serve it.

One of these days the Star will get a letter from Mr. Tilden.

A Case of Conscience.

(New York World.)

The Secretary of the Treasury has received from an unknown address in the West a draft for \$4,900, with a note from an "Unknown Debtor" directing that the sum be placed to the credit of the United States.

This at once raises the question, who can this unknown debtor be? He cannot be one of the star route thieves, for the Department of Justice has just succeeded in proving, at an expense of \$700,000, that they never do anything.

He cannot be one of the Whiskey Ring thieves, for the last ungathered rose on that blooming tree of rascality has just compromised a judgment of \$150,000 for \$1,000.

He cannot represent the land grant subsidy grabbers. When they begin paying in conscience money they will have to send in not forty-nine hundred but forty-nine million dollars.

He cannot be one of the Navy Ring, for in the long list of steals, peculations and frauds from the days of Robeson to the days of Chandler no one was allowed to disgrace himself by stopping at so pitiful a sum.

He cannot be one of the Credit Mobilier statesmen. They have all been whitewashed until they look like plaster angels around a church door.

He cannot be one of the carpet bag governors, for we sent the last of these gentlemen to jail a few weeks ago for stealing an overcoat.

He cannot be a granite contractor nor a friend of Hill's, for they are all lost money.

He cannot be a Senator who has saved up a million dollars out of his pay of \$5,000 a year, for those gentlemen made their money in outside deals.

It cannot be Howgate; we are sure it is not Howgate. Howgate is not that kind of a man.

It cannot be Ottman, nor Bliss, nor Crowley, nor Hesing, nor any one we think of that has Government money that does not belong to him.

The likeliest explanation is that it is some Republican statesman who expects to get an office, and who has the forethought to return a percentage of the money he proposes to steal.

This is the only possible explanation of the mystery. The certainty about it is that it comes from a member of the grand old party.

A Distinguished Colored Preacher.

(Biblical Recorder.)

Rev. Harry Cowan, a colored Baptist minister, who was for three years connected with the Confederate service. This remarkable man, who lives in Salisbury, N. C., and who has been the pastor of Steel's church for forty-seven years, is a living illustration of Christian character and faithfulness among his race, and is worthy of special notice.

Harry Cowan was born January 20th, 1810. He was converted when about twenty years old, and in 1830 was baptized by Rev. Lewis Steel in the fellowship of Steel's church. In December, 1832 he was ordained a deacon of the church and in 1834 was licensed to preach.

As a licensed preacher he labored with great success, and was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry in 1836, by the presbytery consisting of Rev. Lewis Steel, Rev. Harry Powers, and Rev. Abraham Steel. These three ministers belonged to General Steel, who at that time lived immediately after his ordination.

Immediately after his ordination Rev. Harry Cowan became the pastor of the church he still serves, and to which the best energies of his life have been given. During his ministry he has organized fifty-seven Baptist churches, among them some of the strongest in the State, and he has aided in the ordination of thirty-seven ministers.

Through him and the three ministers who ordained him the gospel was preached in churches established throughout the counties of

Dave, Davidson and Rowan.

(New York Times, Rep.)

One of them, the Rev. Harry Powers, was brought from Cedar Grove church, in Virginia. For three years Rev. Harry Cowan was connected with the Confederate service. While with the soldiers under the command of General Edney about two hundred and fifty persons were converted, and he preached to the colored men who were engaged in building fortifications under Major Grimes, Gen. Walter Gwynn, Gen. Johnson and others from 1862 till the close of the war.

He is now seventy-three years old, and in very feeble health, though still pastor of Steel's church. This church was built by Mrs. Gen. Steel for the benefit of her servants and in which regular services have been held at least two generations.

Brother Cowan was himself a slave and yet such was his character and gifts as a preacher of the gospel that he was allowed special privileges during the war and was sent to preach wherever his fellow servants were employed. He preached the funeral sermons of each of the ministers who aided in his ordination. While not an educated man he is well acquainted with the gospel of Christ and the doctrines of the Bible with force and power. He has not "just come to the New Testament for the first time."

Col. J. P. Addington, one of the largest cattle raisers of the South.

He is in the city and is stopping at the Southern hotel. In conversation with a reporter this morning on the subject of the stock-raising business in Texas, he said: "Prices are a little down this year, but we never complain. Last year our beef cattle brought from \$33 to \$48 per head. Now we are selling at about an average of \$30."

"Where is your ranch, Colonel?" said the reporter.

"In talking about it we generally say that it is in the region about Gainesville, Texas, but it is not, because we keep our cattle just across the Red River in the Indian Territory.

The herd occupies a territory of about 775 square miles, partly in the Chickasaw nation and partly in the territory of the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache. It is lawful for white people to go over into the Indian Territory, but we have an understanding with the Indians and they never trouble us, and we are not molested by any other authority. Our headquarters is now about 60 miles Southeast of Fort Sill. There are ranches on all sides of us. My brother, Washington Addington, is located just west of me. He has 25,000 cattle. E. C. Saggus on the other side has 18,000 and Stones have a large herd in that locality also."

"How many have you on your ranch?"

"About 53,000. We are selling the steers all the time, but the herd continues to increase very rapidly, as the cows are never killed or driven away so long as they are young. The steers are best, and are ready for market, and are seldom kept any number of them over till another year. We can get about 34 cents a pound, live weight, for them at Gainesville, a drive of about 75 miles from the ranch. We sometimes drive to Hopewell, Kansas, a distance of about 160 miles."

"What breed of cattle are raised mostly in that country?"

"The long-horn Southern Texas cattle, mostly, but we are constantly introducing new blood and experimenting on different breeds. The Herefords and the Durhams have been introduced quite largely and with some success. The long-horn is the steer for that country, however. He can live through a hard winter and come out as fit as a young colt in the spring, and by the first of June he is as fat as butter, and ready for market. If he is highly they can't stand the winter well and they will come out too poor in the spring. The well-bred cattle are too tender and sometimes sicken on the drive. I find that from one-quarter to one-half Hereford with the long horn Southern Texas makes about the best suited to that climate. Those long-horns were introduced on the coast by the Spaniards 200 years ago. The climate suits them there, and they flourish down there."

"How does your Southwestern beef compare in the market with our Illinois and Missouri beef?"

"Last year we sold within a half a cent of it on the New York market; at present there is a greater difference. We might place it in three-quarters to a cent. We do not look at a trifling like that. It don't count much in our business. Our profits are quite satisfactory, anyhow."

"About what is the estimated cost of raising cattle in your locality?"

"All told, \$1 a head will pay all the expense. We have no fences to build or keep up, we have no barns, and we speak of our herdsmen, about twenty in number, are tented in different places about the herd, and they are about the only expense."

"Then the income of your ranch amounts to something annually?"

"Yes, there is some profit in the business. We clear from \$60,000 to \$100,000 every year, say nothing of the increase of stock. We are doing Chicago a better market, and this year all our cattle are going there."

"Have you been long in the business?"

"Yes, some time. I went down to Texas 15 years ago and went to work among the ranchers. In a short time I won the confidence of one of them to such an extent that he sold me 1,200 cows on a credit. He paid me in four years and had the herd clear. Now I have a pretty good herd of cattle, and I am doing pretty well."

A Dog's Suicide.

(Washington News.)

The eloquent believers in the reason of animals have been recently reinforced by Mr. Garrett Broadhead, of Delaware, who says that his dog, rather than work a churning machine had committed suicide. It is circumstantially declared that the animal deliberately hanged himself in the presence of witnesses with the rope attached to the tread. At any other time of year this remarkable occurrence would attract attention and comment, but just now it lacks the seasonal and bounding exaggeration which alone can give it prominence. Had the dog hanged Mr. Garrett Broadhead and family, now, there would be something worth talking about.

Origin of the Spotts System.

(Baltimore News.)

The antiquity of the Houston Age gives great weight to its utterances, particularly in questions of Bible history. It says: "The Fort Worth Gazette wants to quarrel with the Chicago Tribune about who first announced the doctrine that 'to the victors belong the spoils.' The Tribune says it was William L. Marey. Both are wrong. The doctrine was announced and carried into practical execution by Joshua, 3,333 years ago."

The Growth of Asheville.

(Raleigh Observer.)

Ten years ago, the taxable property of Asheville was assessed for taxation at about \$300,000; the next year at \$350,000, and so continued on the ascending scale until 1882, when it reached a million and more. Last year the increase was over a quarter of a million of dollars, and now the amount of taxable property is a million and a half. The increase of population has been equally as notable and the improvements are even more apparent. Fine buildings, splendid drives, macadamized roads and magnificent bridges, at once adorn the city and illustrate the public spirit and enterprise of the residents.

Improving Crop Prospects.

(Chicago Tribune publishes a summary of crop prospects in Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin, Dakota and Illinois. The winter wheat harvest in Nebraska is declared to be better than was ever before known, and the corn crop never promised better. Throughout Iowa the prospective yield of corn has grown more encouraging as the season has advanced, with an expectation of a yield that will exceed that of last year. Throughout Wisconsin there is depression among farmers owing to the heavy rains, which have badly lodged the small grains. Favorable reports come from Dakota for all kinds of grain, and there is also an improvement throughout Illinois.

Greensboro Place.

(Western Sentinel.)

The Mesquite urges Goldsboro as the place to hold the next State Democratic Nominating Convention. What can you be thinking of, brother Bonitz? Would you expect a very large attendance from the counties as far west as Haywood, Buncombe, Madison, etc? Raleigh isn't sufficiently central, much less going further east. We suggested Greensboro some time ago, and still think it is the best place for all concerned. Its hotel accommodations are more ample than those of any other place in the State and the town is certainly nearer the centre of North Carolina than any other we could meet in. What does the press say?

The Fate of Geniuses.

A company out in Arkansas were telling of the brilliant boys they had worshipped as heroes, and how badly they had ended in life. Here is one of the affecting anecdotes: "I used to worship a hero at school. He was a brilliant operator, and wrote papers for the village newspaper that challenged the admiration of the most prominent citizen in the town. Everyone supposed he would be a great editor or statesman. Well, recently I visited the neighborhood, and I, like you, could not help but muse over his brilliant prospects and take a sadder view of life. 'What was he doing? Cleaning out wells for a living?' "No. 'Conductor of a hotel?' "No. 'What was he doing then?' "He was not doing anything. He was dead."

Bennett's Offer to Charley Voorhees.

(New York letter in Raleigh Observer.)

The other day I happened to be going down Broadway when I suddenly attracted attention to a crowd of people in front of the Herald. I soon discovered that an extra had been issued containing the account of an interview that a reporter had had with Charley Voorhees, the hero of Morehead City, N. C. It was stated in the paper that James Gordon Bennett had offered Mr. Voorhees an offer of \$75,000 to come to Wilmington and help the American team beat the British. "No," said Mr. Voorhees, "I do not shoot for money; I prefer to sling ink and travel about for the Southern Express Company." But what a pity it is that Charley did not accept Jim's offer. Our team at Wilmington could not have beaten it if he had been there or if he had been as good as shot at the targets from this side of the Atlantic.

A Dreadful Blow.

A worthless sort of a fellow was recently jostled out of house and home, and came around to see a sympathetic friend on the situation. "I understand you have been burned out," said the friend. "Yes, my dwelling was burned yesterday."

"Did you save anything?"

"Only a few articles. A half dozen chairs, two beds, carpets, a table or two, a stove, our wearing apparel, and some other household goods. It is a dreadful blow. I don't know what to do."

"Don't talk that way. Why, you've saved twice as much as I ever had any idea you had in your whole house. All the neighbors believe there is one of us who will not be glad to hear you are in such a good fix."

The Earth More Right than Steel.

(Prof. Sir W. Thomson in his new treatise on natural philosophy is led, by a consideration of the necessary order of cooling and consolidation of the earth, to infer that the interior of our world is not, as commonly supposed, all liquid, with a thin solid crust of from 30 to 100 miles thick, but that it is on the whole more rigid than a continuous solid globe of glass of the same diameter, and probably more rigid than such a globe of steel.

A Huge Lumber Business.

(Raleigh Observer.)

In Gates county there is one of the greatest private enterprises in the State. One firm owns thirty miles of narrow-gauge railway, connecting five of its saw mills. These mills are of great capacity, two of them particularly. Each of these cuts 50,000 feet of lumber a day. The machinery is of the latest and finest patterns. This is the largest lumber business in the State, without doubt, as the mills are constantly running to their fullest capacity.

Hard Spelling.

(Raleigh Observer.)

A county superintendent, who was examining a certain school sometime ago, gave this piece of doggerel for dictation. It is so hard to read, so difficult to understand and so full of puzzling words to spell that most scholars would say "it wasn't fair." Try your pupils with it:

While looking over Hugh lost his eye,
And put his eye in the "Hoe and Cry."
To make his eye look like
The effort he made to get
You brought the eye back by-and-by,
And he began to
Your hands to wash in water pure,
The non-sensational, not a
Shouldn't on coming back to "H" "H" "H" "H"

The Pear James Did Not Take.

(Raleigh Observer.)

"James?"

"Yes, pa."

"There were seven California pears in that cupboard. Six of them are gone. Do you know anything about it?"

"I never took one of them."

"Sure?"

"Certain, pa. I wish I may die if—"

"You wicked, bad boy; how often have I told you never to use such an expression! Here comes ma; let us see if she knows anything about it."

Mamma says she saw James take at least five of them. How dare you tell me you never took one, and here is only this little one with the grub-eaten side left?"

"Oh, pa, don't hit me. I said I didn't take one of them—and—and—that's the one I didn't take."

A House Less than Six Feet Wide

(Raleigh Observer.)

In all probability the smallest brick house in New York is that at 24th William street. It is four stories high and five and a half feet wide. It looks like a chimney with windows in it. A barrel barricades the basement area. On the first floor a cobbler has his shop. He has a three-foot show window and a two-foot doorway, and as he sits on his bench no one can pass him unless he draws his elbows in. He says that he rents two floors, meaning two rooms, and that the second floor is now to let. There is a staircase at the back of this singular house, but the upper floors are reached by doorways in the wall leading from an adjacent lodging house. An artist might hunt through London and Paris without finding anything more picturesque in its way than the immediate neighborhood of this queer building. There are behind it on Chambers street one-story shanty, two-story shanties, tall city tenements, and a house with a curious hanging addition on the end of it high in air, and everywhere every foot of room is made the most of.

Durham Gets a Cotton Factory.

(Raleigh Observer.)

For several years we have persistently urged upon our people the importance of establishing a cotton factory in Durham, and we are proud to see a movement in that direction taking tangible shape. Mr. James H. Ruffin, a son of Col. Thomas Ruffin, since his graduation at Chapel Hill some years ago, has been in a cotton factory north and west of here, and has been conversant with all the minutia. He was in Durham last week talking cotton factory to our people. The agitation of the question met with a favorable response. A subscription was started and quite a large amount realized. One gentleman took \$10,000 worth of stock. Enough stock has already been taken to guarantee a successful prosecution of the work. This is what we have long needed. Besides being of vast benefit to the town, it is bound to prove a paying investment to the stockholders.

Republicans Exchanging Compliments.

(Washington, July 25.—Col. Jack Brown, of Georgia, is one of the most prominent of the Southern Republicans in this city. Yesterday he had occasion in looking after the interest of a client, to call upon the Postmaster-general. He was horrified upon being told by Mr. Gresham that he regarded Southern Republicans as "d—d scoundrels." To-day Col. Brown sent Mr. Gresham the following letter:

"Sir: Since your remark of yesterday that 'Southern Republicans were the d—dest set of scoundrels who had come in my (your) way since your advent into your present position,' self-respect will prevent my calling in person. You are certainly a type of the human species from whence the subjugation of 'Hoosier' has been given by the 'Africanian,' for in every jaw there is a centinelle and that of Europe I have seen no man who could boast of fewer accomplishments in civility and politeness than yourself. Grant made a great mistake in having you appointed Postmaster-general, for all men of sense and honor would have sooner contact agree that you are a sane and sane person, and I should be gathered up and destroyed. The steel beetle known as the grape flea beetle feeds the vine in the bud; the larva feed on the leaves in the summer. The beetles are jarred off the vines in the early morning, over an inverted umbrella, or lime is used; for the larva, alone, water. One ounce of alum to a gallon of water, used as the fruit sets, and jar the tree three times a week for a month. This shakes off the curculio bitten fruit, and it should be gathered up and destroyed. The steel beetle known as the grape flea beetle feeds the vine in the bud; the larva feed on the leaves in the summer. The beetles are jarred off the vines in the early morning, over an inverted umbrella, or lime is used; for the larva, alone, water. One ounce of alum to a gallon of water, used as the fruit sets, and jar the tree three times a week for a month. This shakes off the curculio bitten fruit, and it should be gathered up and destroyed. The steel beetle known as the grape flea beetle feeds the vine in the bud; the larva feed on the leaves in the summer. The beetles are jarred off the vines in the early morning, over an inverted umbrella, or lime is used; for the larva, alone, water. 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