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Selected Poetry.

LIFE'S BLUNDER.

I have a neighbor, old and poor, who tells this tale to me,
In praise so quaint it almost seems to mock his misery:
"I was," says he, "when I was young, no dumber than the rest;
Perhaps as bright as most of those whom Nature favors best;
As quick to learn, as ready, too, the fleeting chance to seize,
And always loth to spend the hours in unproductive ease.
But I was like the sanguine man who through the cornfield passed,
And deemed each ear he plucked to be much heavier than the last;
And when he reached the further end, was mortified to find
He'd badly blundered, having left the harvest ear behind."
"I quit the dear old farm whereon I spent my happiest years,
And tried my fortune on the sea, despite my mother's tears;
Next sought for gold where men had found a wealth of precious ore,
But day by day I learned that I was poorer than before.
"Then for a time I dealt abroad in many a busy mart,
And fortune kindly furthered the ambition of my heart;
But I would hasten to grow rich—trade was too dull and slow—
From speculation's rapid stream would riches faster flow.
"Why need I tell the old, old tale you've heard so oft before?
I lost my all, with toil and pain I sought the homestead door,
Father, mother, both were dead; I was spurned with scorn;
For homeless strangers dwelt within the home where I was born.
"Now, he who would succeed in life must heed what wise men tell;
Give time and mind to one pursuit, attend to one thing well!
No one, however talented, hath cause for any hope
That he hath power in one short life with many arts to cope.
He who thus deludes himself will meet with certain loss;
It is the rolling stone always that gathereth no moss."

*"A cunning old farmer once said to a braggart who boasted of his quickness at determining sizes and weights, 'If you will walk through that row of corn and bring me the heaviest ear, you may have the whole product of the row. The only condition I impose is that you shall at no time have more than three ears in your hand. If you fail, you are to give me a week's work in cutting and husking time.' The braggart dropped an ear after ear as he advanced, thinking to better himself, but of course, he did not succeed."

In one of our Sunday schools, lately, a teacher was instructing a juvenile class about the word *glutton*.

"Suppose," said she, "a man should set down to his dinner and eat as much as four persons—then get up and go to a restaurant and eat a lot more—then fill his pockets with crackers and cheese and keep eating. What would you call such a person? The boy who can answer, please hold up his hand."

Up went the hand of a six year old boy.

"Well, what you call such a man?" asked the teacher.

"A durned hog," rang out with a clear and well italicized reply.

The man who borrows a newspaper instead of subscribing for one, is the man who will cry to crawl over the wall of heaven instead of passing through St. Peter's gate.—*St. Louis Journal.*

BREAD OR BLOOD.

The Committee in Richmond During the War.

Major John W. Daniel gives the following graphic account of the appearance and operations of communists in Richmond during the war, and how they were suppressed:
When Harper's Ferry was captured at the beginning of the war, all the available machinery for the manufacture of arms was taken to Richmond. Hundreds of workmen and their wives and daughters had been employed in the arsenals and machine shops, and they followed the machinery to the capital in search of employment. They got it. For a time they were regularly paid in good money, and everything moved smoothly. But as the currency depreciated they began to suffer. The money received by the workmen would not support their families. As the war progressed, Confederate notes became almost valueless. Grant had his hand on the throat of the Confederacy at Petersburg. The wages of the workmen would not purchase food for their families. They protested, but in vain. They were too patriotic to organize a revolution. Their women, however, formed a secret society based on communistic principles. They seem to have held that their husbands were working for the Confederacy and that the Confederacy was the only safety of the grocers and shopkeepers. Without clothing and provisions their husbands and sons must stop work. This would cut off necessary munitions and supplies, the government would fall, and all would be involved in one common ruin. To avoid this, a general division of food and clothing must be made. The wives and daughters of laborers and mechanics throughout the capital generally joined in the movement.

While standing in Main street one morning the Major witnessed an extraordinary scene. Hundreds of women suddenly appeared. The broad avenue was filled with them. They came filing in from the cross streets by platoons, and began to sack the stores. Hollow-eyed and gaunt with hunger, nobody dared resist them. A crowd of men hung upon the outskirts, offering no interference and expressing no sympathy for the shopkeepers. The women took the stores in line, one after the other. They proceeded systematically. The goods were piled upon wagons drawn by horses driven by female sympathizers. Not a word was spoken. The work was done with terrible earnestness. When the mob entered the grocery a certain percentage of them piled the goods upon the outstretched arms of the others, and they were borne to the streets and dumped into the wagons. The women had it all their own way. Neither soldiers nor police were in sight. Meanwhile the crowd increased. Other women heard what was going on, and flocked to Main street for a share of the plunder. Not a man joined them, and for a long time no one made an effort to stop them. At last Congressman Baldwin, of Virginia, jumped upon a dry goods box and made an impassioned appeal for law and order. He might as well have talked to the wind. No one paid the least attention to him. The women went on with their sacking, and the bystanders drowned Baldwin's voice with their whoops and cheers.

"While I was gazing at the scene," said the Major, "I saw a captain of an Alabama regiment, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. We were both in uniform. We agreed that something ought to be done to restore order and stop the robbery. At his suggestion we stationed ourselves at the door of a store already overrun. In a few seconds a virago tried to pass us. I can see her now. Her cheeks and lips were red, but she had a pinched, starved look, and an eye like a hawk. She carried in her arms a half dozen bars of yellow soap, a piece of dress silk, a long box of stockings, and some raisins and herrings. I said:

"Madam, I beg your pardon; but you are forgetting yourself. These goods are not yours. You have not paid for them, and you will not be permitted to leave this store with them." "She looked at me," said the Major,

"in a mild way, as though endeavoring to comprehend what I said, and then went to the counter and threw down the goods. As she came she deliberately took me by the arm and slung me from her with such force that I went spinning around like a top, and struck the front of the building so hard that it took the breath out of me. Then she quietly gathered up her load from the counter and walked out. The Alabama captain looked at me and laughed, but kept his hands in his pockets and said nothing. I told him I thought we were out of place, and he nodded. We concluded after that to remain simple spectators.

Meanwhile the women were approaching the Jews' quarter. The Hebrews were credited with great wealth. It was said that they had made barrels of money out of the Confederacy, and the female communists went at them without a qualm of conscience. Moses and Isaac, however, had heard what was going on above and tried to protect themselves. They put up their shutters, barricaded their doors, rick up stairs and watched the proceedings from the second story windows. But the women were not dismayed; while some of them ran for axes, others found a long piece of scantling and used it as a battering ram. The first door flew open amid the cheers of the outsiders, followed by a hail of arrows from the Jews. "Oh! mine Kott! mine Kott! I ish ruined! I ish ruined!" was the cry. But they made no further defense. Indeed, it would have been dangerous for them to attempt it, for if one of the female robbers had been hurt, the crowd of husbands and brothers would surely have avenged it.

"And so," said the Major, "the spoliation continued: At last a rumor ran through the street, 'the Governor is coming.' It proved true. Down the hill came Governor Letcher, accompanied by his staff and a few friends. He ascended a cart and made a speech, which had as much effect as such speeches usually have. The mob of women kept steadily at work, and the Governor pumped himself dry without the least effect. The crowd on the outskirts opened respectfully for him to pass out, and the Jews mourned more pitifully than ever. The women pitched in with renewed vigor, and shawls, sugar, poplins, bottles of pickles, ribbons, washing soda, muslins and bags of hominy were pitched in the wagons over. Then a second rumor spread over the crowd. The President was coming. This also proved true. President Davis rode down from the capitol, followed by Captain Gay, with a hundred of the guards. He mounted a wagon, and everybody was silent. I had seen him several times, but had never heard him speak. So I forced my way within ten feet of him, and stood spellbound. It was the most eloquent speech I ever heard. Tall and slender, he swayed with emotion like the willow in the wind. His words were carefully chosen. He spoke of his experience in the Mexican war, and, while expressing his deepest sympathies with the sorrows and sufferings of the children of the Confederacy, sternly maintained the necessity for law and order."

The Major heard that many of the women stopped pillaging, and gathered at a distance listening to the words that they could catch. At the close of the speech the President took out his watch and gazed at it long and earnestly.

"Captain Gay," said he, "order your men to load with ball and cartridges."

The order was obeyed, and the ringing of ramrods was heard. The crowd began to give way.

"Captain Gay," said the President, still looking at his watch, "if this street is not cleared within five minutes, order your men to fire down Main street until it is cleared."

"Mr. Davis rode away. Within three minutes there was not a soul in sight but the guards. The mob fanned itself into the side streets. Those nearest the President gave the information to those in front, and they rushed against them with the force of a wave. "They are going to fire!" The words were heard by the pillagers in the stores. They knew the character of Jefferson Davis, and they knew the reputation of old Captain Gay. Where Davis would not flinch

from giving an order, Gay would not flinch from obeying it. The women dispersed as suddenly as they came, and that was the end of the female commune. They never held another meeting."

Roy Goes to Church.

[From the Knoxville Chronicle.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19, 1878.

Mr. Editor: This has been a lovely day—a sunny Sabbath—just such a day as I have been waiting for to visit the town of Alexandria, in Virginia, where General Washington attended church during his lifetime. At twenty minutes past ten I demanded of the mail boat ticket agent what the round trip to Alexandria would cost. Twenty-five cents, sir; take you down there, eight miles, in thirty minutes.

"It's how full late for church," I observed.

"Don't be alarmed, sir, church is about commencing, but you can make the eight miles by the time they are done praying." Being a stranger I enquired of a colored man whom I met on the wharf, if he could point out Washington's Church to me.

"No sah! Da ain't no Washington Church heah, but I can show you Christ's Church."

"I accept the amendment, that's where I want to go—to Christ's Church."

The church is a building of brick, of moderate size and old fashioned architecture. A rotten plank fence surrounds the church and an acre or more of baring ground. Everything about the place wore an antiquated look (except a group of boys pitching ball among the tomb-stones). The walls are weather-worn and the door facing bear many scars. The names of ill-mannered visitors are written in different places.

The pews are square, box-made seats, with doors. The pew in which Washington sat during his connection with the church, remains as it was originally. On the pulpit's right is written the inscription, "In memory of George Washington," and on the left another, "In memory of Robert Edward Lee." Near these are inscribed the "Lord's Prayer," the "Ten Commandments," etc., in quaint old English, such as we find in books of old date. The only material point of difference is the letter "s," which is made like "f." The inscriptions were read, I suppose, by Washington.

When one sits in this old church with Washington's image before his face and the sepulchral tones of a very old preacher's voice ringing in his ears, 'tis enough to make the moss grow in a man's imagination.

It was in this town where Col. Ellsworth, of the Zouaves, was shot, at the beginning of the war, by a rebel citizen named Jackson, because he pulled down a Confederate flag. The house where this deed was committed was pointed out to me by a man who saw the affair. An account of it is found in Schmeucker's History of the War, many copies of which are owned in East Tennessee.

On our return trip we had an exciting boat race between our boat, the "City of Washington," and an ocean steamer, "John M. Thompson." We started out some lengths in advance and "pulled for the shore" the best we could, but the large steamer was a powerful runner and gradually gained on us. She literally split the river in two, and sent each half foaming to the land. For two or three miles we ran almost side by side, but before we reached the home base, our adversary was anchored at the landing.

ROY.

From the Cradle to the Grave.

The collection of English vital statistics for the last ten years is singularly thorough and comprehensive. For thirty-eight years there has been in existence in that country the office of "Registrar-General of Births, Deaths and Marriages." This length of time and intelligent management have given the officials command of a mass of materials such as is to be found in no other country. Our purpose in this article, drawn from the sources mentioned, is to give a short summary of the march of an English generation through life. Taking a million children as a basis of estimate, we find that one-fourth of these die before reaching the age of five years. Between five and ten years one-seventh part of the remaining number die. The deaths between ten and fifteen years are fewer than at any other period of life. "It is," says the reviewer, "as if the destroying angel looked compassionately for a few moments on the weakened numbers of that mighty host from which he had already exacted so heavy a tribute." From fifteen to twenty the mortality increases again. "There is little variation in the death rate in the next ten years as compared with ten previous years, and it is not until between the age of forty and forty-five that the mortality increases again. At forty-five the new generation which is to succeed the one that is passing away has been born; and at fifty the million with which we started has dwindled down to less than one-half, or, as given in the statistics of the Registrar-General, to four hundred and twenty thousand. At this period, too, the number of the sexes surviving is about equal, but from the age of fifty onward the women exceed the men in longevity. Between sixty five and seventy-five a majority of the grand children of the generation with which we started have been born, and the second great landmark has been passed. It is at the age of seventy-two that, proportionally, the greatest number of men die, and of the one million of children forming the original basis of estimate but one hundred and sixty thousand men and women reach the age of from seventy-five to eighty. This number, however, is reduced a few years later to thirty-eight thousand, and of the survivors only two hundred and twenty attain to the neighborhood of a hundred years.

We find this gradual extinction of a generation caused by various diseases, some general and many most fatal at particular epochs. From the age of fifteen consumption hangs upon the flanks of the mighty host, but it is most destructive between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. At thirty-five the strain of time on the body consequent upon what Darwin calls the struggle for existence, begins to tell severely, and many—men especially—succumb to disease of the principal organs. Thence, up to fifty-five, diseases of the brain and heart indicate by the number of their victims the effect of wear and tear, whilst between fifty-five and sixty-five affections of the lungs, heart and brain are, in proportion to the persons surviving, especially fatal. Strange to say, the records show that the greatest number of deaths by suicide occur at this period. From sixty-five onward the effect of the weather upon the health becomes most marked.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

How She Managed It.

Mr. Marooney is foreman in a foundry, and gets \$30 a week. With this salary the family ought to get along well and save money, but they do not. Mr. Marooney has a cousin, a shoemaker, who gets only \$15 a week, yet who sails right along in lightning express, while Marooney comes lagging along in a freight with a hat-box.

"How do you manage it, Jack?" he would frequently ask, "to get along the way you do? Here you actually keep your family and save money on \$15 a week, while it takes every cent I make to live, and I get double the pay!"

"Oh! I don't manage it at all," says Jack; "I just take my money home to the old woman on Saturday night, and she takes \$5 to run the house with, and puts the rest careful-

ly away!"

"Do you give her all the money?" asks Mr. Marooney, musing.

"Oh! no, not quite; I keep out a little for tobacco during the week, and a trifle to keep me from feeling lonesome. If I kept it all in my pocket I would spend it sure, but Mary keeps it tight and safe."

Mr. Marooney talked it over with his wife that night, and they concluded to try Jack's plan. The following Saturday night, he brought home his \$30, and keeping back one, put the rest in her keeping, and she promised to do her level best to set the table on but \$5. The first week she squeezed through somehow, and got along with \$6.50 Mr. Marooney was quite pleased, and began laying awake at night, thinking about what kind of a house he would build. He thought a plain rustic cottage with a bay window would be about right. The next week her expense account footed up \$5.80 and Mr. Marooney changed his design for a future residence from frame to brick. The next week she brought it down thirty cents more, and he added a wing, with a wash-house. Then she made a superhuman struggle, quit buying milk, and came within two shillings of the goal for which she had been striving. Mr. Marooney decided on an iron fence in front of his premises. The next week she lost ground, slipped, and came out at the \$6 post. Mr. Marooney thought a neat railing fence was good enough for anybody, but when the ensuing week she came in with flying colors, and struck the \$5 mark in both eyes, Mr. Marooney had the iron railing reinstated, and granite steps running up to the door.

The next week she took the money she had saved, and went and bought her a love of a hat, too cute for anything, a black silk dress, and a cherub of a cloak, that made the woman next door cry with envy till her nose got sore, and Mr. Marooney came to the conclusion that it didn't pay to live in one's own property. Keeping up repairs, insurance, etc., and the worry and stew in dread of fire and earthquakes more than counterbalanced any trifling disadvantages there might be.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

Are We Getting Better or Worse?

"Walkin' round de back streets this unawin' to commune wid natur' an' hunt for catnip," began Brother Gardner, of the Lime-Kiln Club, as he looked down upon the assembled multitude nicely balanced on stools and benches—"walkin' round in dat manner, I war suddenly struck wid de reflexun, 'Am dis wicked wrould growin' gooder or lader?'"

When it an so easy to be good, why will so many folks be bad? What are de matter wid de human race, emyhow?"

He seemed to look mostly at Sir Isaac Walpole, and that good old black skeleton rose up and answered: "When dis old man looks back ober de weary yers o' life an' remembers de days when he could sot a plate ob fride oysters on de gate-post' at sundown an' fo' de hull collekshun dar at daylight, an' fresh, it kinder makes de heart go down. De wrould an' wicked from heel to shin, an' I is prepared to believe dat de climax hezn't been shot off yet. Still, dat nuffin to me. Ise got my bee-line marked out. One end ob dat line is in dis town an' de other, I hope, comes \$5 near Hebbin's gate dat I shell at least 'far de tones ob de harps as dey strike in on de chorus ob 'De Sweet By an' By.' Dats all, Mister President."

"An' you rounded dat speech up like de keefal farmer rounds up a bill ob corn," replied the President. "It an sunshine to bear an ole man's feet echein, on de path to de better lan,' but Ise gwine to argy dis matter ober in my own heart an' see what means dis wickedness an' what am de medicine to better de pashents."—*Free Press.*

A five-year-old daughter stood watching her baby brother who was making a great fuss over having his face washed. The little miss at length lost her patience, and stamping her tiny foot, said: "You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know anything about it. Wait till you're big enough to get a lickin', and then you'll see—won't be, mamma!"