

WESTERN SENTINEL.

GEO. M. MATHES, Proprietor.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT.

\$1.50 per Year in Advance.

Vol. XXIV.

WINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1880.

No. 29.

The Winston Sentinel.

GEO. M. MATHES, Editor.

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THE EDEN OF THE DEAD.

This fairest spot of hill and glade,
Where blooms the flower and waves the tree,
And silver streams drizzle the shade,
And consecrate, O Death! to thee.
Here all the months the year may know
Shall watch this "Eden of the dead."
To wreath with flowers or crown with snow
The dreamlike sleeper's narrow bed.
And when, above its graves we kneel,
Bespeaking to the mouldering urn
The friend whose silent heart shall feel
No balmier balm than thy return.
Each marble shaft our hands may rear,
To mark where dust to dust is given,
Shall lift its chieftain column here,
To point our tearful eyes to Heaven.

He Took Him by the Horns.

The other morning, just before daylight, Mrs. Winkler, who lives in West Baker street, was awakened by the tramping of some animal in the front yard. She shook Mr. Winkler violently, when that gentleman at once ceased snoring, turned over and, after a prolonged yawn, said:

"What's the matter, wife; what's the matter?"

"That cow, Mike; she's just eating up all my rose bushes—the front yard—hear her—get up and run her out of the yard quick, man—now please do go at once."

Winkler sat rubbing his eyes for a moment on the bedside, and then slipping on his slippers, passed into the hall, and having unbolted the street door, walked out into the front yard. He had just gotten to the corner of the front porch, and was in the act of stooping for a rock, when he heard a prolonged sniffling a few feet off, and before he had time to grasp the stone the dam outlines of a large white male goat arose, as if out of the ground, and in an erect position advanced threateningly upon him. Winkler's first thought was to turn and rush back to the house, but so quick and fierce was the movements of the goat that his only chance to save himself from a severe beating was to seize the animal firmly by the horns, as he made his plunge forward, and hold him fast. The goat pulled back, rushed forward, threw his body into the air, and began a series of jerks which shook the frame of Mr. Winkler so violently that his very bones rattled. But that gentleman gripped him firmly, knowing full well that if he got away in his then angry state, he would most certainly catch him before he could make the front door, and perhaps hurt him seriously in the back. So Mr. Winkler wisely clutched him, and although his rough horns burned his hands nearly off, he was determined to swing round the circle with him until help should arrive.

At times the goat would become comparatively quiet and then he would suddenly pull and push and jerk and rear up and jump around in such a rough and reckless way that Mr. Winkler felt as if he would almost rather die than hold on any longer. But he still held him.

To make matters worse, Mr. Winkler, in being dragged about had kicked off his slippers and was stepping around the yard in his bare feet without the power to choose the soft places. Day was breaking, too, and his wife was calling him.

"Why, man, haven't you driven that cow out yet?"

"Cow, the very devil! it's no cow—it's an infernal goat, and we're havin' the hell of a time, but I'll conquer him yet."

"Conquer him—why don't you run him into the street?"

"Run him into the street! Shucks, woman, you must be wild! Just come to the window and look at us! Run him out into the street, the devil!"

Just here Mrs. Winkler, who had been standing in the hall during the conversation, poked her head half way out of the front door and seeing the dilemma, both horns of which her lord had taken, laughingly said:

"Well, if that don't beat—why, why don't you let him go and drive him out?"

"I say it—do you think I want to be murdered in my own yard?"

"But you can outrun him."

"I tell you woman, I can't, I wouldn't risk it for a million dollars. Dress quick and come out here and put something over me—people will be passing here soon."

His wife had hardly darted into her room when a man on a mule rode up to the fence and looked over.

"My friend," said Winkler, "you see my position?"

"Yes, Position, old man, is everything, you know. Good morning," and the stranger rode off.

After awhile a tall man with a gun walked up to the fence and stopped.

"Mister, you observe my situation? can't you help me?"

"I'm a temperance man and cannot take a horn. Besides, it's the duty of every good citizen to accept the situation. Good-bye." And he passed on.

Three boys now drove up in a wagon, and looking into the yard, got out and went up to the fence.

"B-ys," said Mr. Winkler, "how am I to get away without getting hurt?"

Boy No. 1 said: "Go into the house and get a gun and kill the white-bearded rascal."

Boy No. 2 said: "Take a chew of tobacco and cut it square, chew it up and spit the juice in his eyes."

Boy No. 3 said: "Send for a policeman to arrest you for appearing in public in your night costume." And then the three boys said that they made no charge for their advice; that whenever he wanted any more, just send for them, and then get in the wagon and drove off. Before they had gotten out of sight a negro man with a long fishing pole came whistling by. When he saw Mr. Winkler, he leaned over the fence and said:

"Dar he is now."

"My man do you mean me or the goat?"

"I mean dat goat—he's mine—what business you got wid him?"

"Oh nothing at all, He just come into the yard and I thought I'd have some fun with him. I'm through with him now though, and you can take him along if you'll promise to bring him back some time and let me play with him some more."

"I wants him, an' more'n dat I want him, but you'll never see him no more. White folks got no rite to collard folk's things, no how. Run here, Billy, poor Billy, Willy, B-ly," and with this the negro reached over the fence and tapped the goat gently on the tail with the tip of his fishing pole. The animal gave a sudden jerk which twisted Mr. Winkler's hands nearly off. He then rushed forward between that gentleman's legs, wrenching his horns loose, jumping entirely over the fence, and followed the happy darkey down the street. An hour and a half had passed since Mrs. W. appeared at the door. She was now dressed, and came out with a wrapper to throw over her husband.

She met him at the steps, but he didn't need it, for Billy, Willy, B-ly, had gone, and so they passed in together, Mrs. Winkler begging him to tell her how he got away from the goat, and Mr. Winkler vowing that he wouldn't gratify her curiosity for two hundred thousand dollars in gold.

What a Woman Can Do.

As a wife and mother she can make or mar the fortune and happiness of her husband and children. By her thrift, prudence and good management, she can secure to her partner and herself a competency.

By her tender care she can often restore him to good health. By her counsel and her love she can win him from bad company, if temptation, in an evil hour, has led him astray. She can do as much as man, perhaps even more, to degrade him, if she chooses to it. As a wife, she can ruin her husband by extravagance and folly; by want of affection she can make an outcast of a man who might otherwise have become a good member of society. She can bring bickerings and strife into what has been a happy household. She can become an instrument of evil instead of an angel of good.

As a mother, her words and her ways should be kind, loving and good. If she reproves, her language should be choice and refined. The true mother rules by the laws of kindness; and to her children the word "mother" is synonymous with everything pure, sweet and beautiful.

Of the late Henry S. Footo a friend writes that in spite of his reputation as a duelist and desperado, he was one of the most kind-hearted, genial and gentle of men—refined and courtly in manners, a perfect chevalier. He never touched wine nor cards, and he never indulged in ribaldry or blasphemy.

Ober-Ammergau.

The Passion Play—Its Origin and History—Its "Theatrical" Stage Business—Actors, Etc., &c.

WILMINGTON, N. C., June 11, 1880.
Editor Observer: SIR—A friend, an eye witness of the acting of the "Passion Play" of Ober-Ammergau, kindly allows the writer to place at the disposal of the "Observer" his notes and observations upon this famous drama, which is now attracting—as for two centuries past it has attracted—the interest and attention of all Europe.

The account will include a sketch of the origin and history of the play, with the method and manner of its representation; will endeavor to explain its purpose and meaning, and describe the impressions it produces upon a large and mixed audience; and will give a *seriatim*, as nearly in their entirety as may be, the acts and scenes that go to make up this offshoot of the dramatic literature of the middle ages.

Ober-Ammergau, where, upon every Sunday, until the 26th of September next, the famous "Passion Play" will be performed, is a little Alpine village perched up in the Bavarian Highlands, about sixty miles south-west of Munich. It is far removed from the ordinary route of travelers, the nearest railway station being Murnau, fifteen miles distant, shut off from the world and the rest of this nineteenth century world, uninhabited by a race of simple-minded peasants and rude wood carvers; yet its name has become a household word throughout the world, the fame of its peasant artists has extended to every corner where the drama is loved and honored.

In 1633 this district was ravaged by a pestilence—a result of the wars of Gustavus Adolphus—the villagers fled to the altars of the Holy Virgin, and vowed that if she would stay the plague and their children would forever celebrate their deliverance by a dramatic representation of the Passion of Christ. Strange that the sword of the great Protestant champion should thus indirectly have been the means of preserving for us this characteristic type of mediæval catholicism.

The full name of the play, which is descriptive of the events sought to be portrayed, is "The Great Expiatory Sacrifice of Golgotha, or the Narrative of the Passion and Death of Jesus, According to the Four Evangelists, with Tableau Vivants Taken from the Old Testament."

The "Passionspiel," in its present revised and expurgated form, is in great measure the work of an aged clergyman, who was for many years the beloved parish priest of Ober-Ammergau, and whose quite distinguished as a writer of dramatic literature, most of his works being founded upon, or representations of, scenes in Biblical history. He may also still be called the director or "stage manager" of the piece, and is held in great reverence by his flock or "cast."

This year the first representation of the play was given on Whitson-Monday, which was also the favorite season of yore for Chester and Coventry "Mysteries." Its beginning is announced by the firing of a cannon, and its rendition occupies from eight o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, with an interval at mid-day of one hour "for refreshments." Yet in spite of its great length no one seems to be fatigued, nor does the interest flag, though many of the audience stand throughout the whole performance.

The "Passion Play" is of kindred nature to, and, as it were, a connecting link with the "Mystery" plays and "Moralities" of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, many of which have been preserved in the Townley and other series, and which no doubt furnished part of the "pageants" provided for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester, as described in Kenilworth.

The first play was given in 1634, and for a century past it has been performed every decade; as it is a religious duty in fulfillment of a solemn vow, no change of time or circumstance can relieve the people of the obligation. In the early days, there was all the grossness and revolting realism which characterize the ancient "Mysteries," but these have been gradually pruned away, and the drama in its present form, as well as the music which accompanies it, dates from the beginning of this century. The devil has been banished from the stage, though he was so prominent a character in the old "Mysteries"—and here, for instance, was wont to dance about Judas during his temptation, and when the traitor hanged himself the infernal imps would rush upon him, and apparently tear him open and feed upon his entrails.

Until 1830 the performance took place in the church yard in the open air, and then was erected the present building. It is a rough wooden theatre without galleries or boxes, capable of holding an audience of six or seven thousand; and without a roof, except over the hinder rows of seats and the central stage, where are represented all the tableaux and some of the dramatic scenes; such, especially, as must be given in a building. Here is the curtain, and above is a Greek pediment ornamented with the figures, faith, hope and charity.

This stage is very wide and deep, and

is but a part of a great platform, which is placed as in a modern theatre, and between it and the curtain the space is very broad, as this is the scene of action for the chorus. On either side of the curtain is a scenic representation of two houses with balconies, the one belonging to Annas, the High Priest, the other to Pilate. The appearance of these you can readily picture to yourself by imagining our proscenium boxes turned back so as to face the audience on a line with the curtain. Beyond these houses again, to the right and left are two openings leading up to the back of the stage, representing streets of Jerusalem, so that the general effect is as though in a semi-circular building the whole length of the diameter which subtends the arc were converted into a stage. On the curtain is painted a street, so that when it is down the whole background represents the Holy City.

As one sits there under the open sky, the sighing of the trees, the warbling of the birds, the tinkling bells of distant herds fall upon the ear, the morning sun is streaming in golden floods through the streets of Jerusalem, beyond which the eye wanders over the smiling meadows and pine clad hills to the far-off mountains with their snowy peaks kissing the sky. Nature herself thus lends her aid to the artist's plan, furnishing a noble background to the picture, and she seems to whisper to us wondrously on this lonely morning, attuning our souls to harmony with the touching story that is to pass before us, and awaking in our hearts all the tenderness of religious sentiment.

Each scene in the drama consists of three parts, tableau, choral song and dramatic acting; and the whole number of persons engaged in these different roles is five or six hundred.

The chorus of guardian angels (speaking angels), as they have happily been called, consists of eight men and twelve women, with a leader, and, filling the part of the Greek classical chorus, forms the poetical exponents of the drama. The corymbous chants in monotone or recitative; the choral songs are in harmony.

All, both men and women, wear long loose robes of red or blue; over these white muslin tunics reaching to the knee, with a leader, and, filling the part of the Greek classical chorus, forms the poetical exponents of the drama. The corymbous chants in monotone or recitative; the choral songs are in harmony.

A word of explanation as to the handling of the choral songs. It will not be attempted to render them in their fullness, because time would not serve, and they would then occupy too great a space in the sketch which is to be given of the drama as a whole. At times, therefore, the chorus will be quite passed over, at others only its leading thought will be suggested.

The action of the play covers all the incidents of week from Palm Sunday to Easter, with an epilogue which represents the Ascension.

Each scene is preceded by one or more tableaux—the subjects taken from the Old Testament, supposed types of the events which then follow in dramatic action; the chorus in each instance explaining the significance of the picture.

Vasco Da Gama, whose remains have just been removed across the Tagus at Lisbon to the Monastery of Belem, is the greatest and most famous of the Portuguese explorers. He is generally credited with the discovery of the maritime route to India, only second in importance to the discovery of the Western World by Columbus. Dr. Periz, Director of the Royal Library at Berlin, announced some years ago that certain documents had been brought to light tending to show that the route to the East via the Cape of Good Hope had been known 200 years before Gama's day. The explorer was descended from an ancient family, and supposed to have been tainted with royal, though illegitimate, blood. He early gained the reputation of a dantless sailor, and after the return of Bartolommeo Diaz (1487) from doubling the Cape, King Joao fixed on him as the man most likely to find a southern passage to India. Joao's purposes were balked by death; but Manuel the Fortunate, his successor, fired out four vessels with 180 men, and put Gama in command, furnishing him with letters to all the sovereigns, including the mythical Prestor John, whom he might have occasion to visit. The little fleet sailed from Lisbon July 8, 1497, but was so beset by storms as not to reach what is now Table Bay until Nov. 16. Three days later, in the teeth of furious gales and mutinous sailors, he rounded the Cape, and touched at various places on the hitherto unknown eastern coast of Africa. Having found the people of Melinda far more civilized than he had anticipated, he engaged a very intelligent Indian pilot, a native of Guzerat, and putting boldly out to sea under his guidance, crossed the Indian Ocean, and arrived at Calcut, Hindustan, May 30, 1498. His reception by the Prince of the coast was not cordial. The Arab merchants residing there were jealous of

the strangers, thinking that they might interfere with their trade, and incited the Hindus against them. Gama was obliged to fight his way out of the harbor, after which he sailed homeward, reaching Lisbon September, 1499, and was welcomed with every honor.

Manuel immediately sent a squadron to India, under Pedro Cabral, to establish Portuguese settlements, in which he was but partially prosperous. At Calicut a number of the adventurers were murdered by the natives, whereupon the King equipped another and larger squadron, under the direction of Gama who arrived safely at the east African coast, founded the Colonies of Mozambique and Sofala, and sailed to Travancore. He afterward bombarded Calicut, destroyed the enemy's fleet, and compelled the Prince to conclude a treaty of peace, with heavy indemnifications. Before that he had captured a richly-laden vessel full of Mohammedans, from various parts of Asia, on their way to Mecca, and believing them to be African Moors, the traditional foe of his nation, he slew all of them except 20 women and children. Returning to Portugal, Gama was unemployed for 20 years; but he was re-engaged by the new King, and reached as Viceroy the scene of his former triumphs. He redeemed the misfortunes of his predecessors, causing the power of Portugal to be once more respected in India. While in the midst of success, he was overtaken (1524) by death at Cochin. His remains were taken to Lisbon, and buried with great pomp, and have never been disturbed until now. Personally, Gama was short and stout, dark-eyed, dark-haired, prominent of feature, and florid of complexion. He was intrepid, persevering, fertile in resources, but violent in temper, and capable of cruelty, though he was, on the whole, far juster, more considerate and humane, than most of the navigators and warriors of his own nation.

An amusing story is told of Mr. Gough, when he went to Oxford to address the student on temperance. A few evenings before an eminent man was to have delivered a lecture at Oxford on "The Evils of Tobacco." The boys got into the hall an hour beforehand, each with what Dr. Carroll drolly emphasized as a "college pipe" in his mouth. The time for the lecture arrived, but if the lecturer did, it was never discovered—he was not visible through the fog. The students sent word to Gough when he came, that they wouldn't have any temperance, and advised him not to persist in lecturing. But he went to the hall. For twenty minutes he spoke in pantomime amid the deafening catcalls of the boys. Finally he stepped forward, demanded British fair play and offered to whip every one of the 500 singly. This offer was loudly cheered and promptly accepted, and a big six foot athlete was sent up on the stage. Gough, who is a little man, backed off as the big fellow approached him, and explained, "My friends you evidently misunderstand me. This is to be an intellectual contest, not a prize fight." The students cheered again at this evidence of the American's shrewdness and ordered debate to proceed. The college had was therefore, obliged to tackle the temperance champion. He was at a disadvantage, but he quoted Scripture and reminded the plucky lecturer that it was one of the apostles who wrote to Timothy—a young man, too, like themselves—to take a little wine for his stomach's sake and for his other infirmities. The lady shouted vociferously at this, and wanted to know how Gough could get around it.

Gough slowly examined the six-footer from top to toe and then said, "My friends, look at this athlete, this fellow with muscles like steel, who can wield the club of Hercules, who can bend an English yeoman's bow, who could knock down an ox with the blow of a hammer. He is the personification of health and strength, but he thinks he needs a little wine for his stomach's sake."

Gough's inimitable manner of saying this had a tremendous effect. The students fairly yelled with delight and their deafening champion retreated. Another was sent up. He was the intellectual giant of his class, in contradistinction to the six footer. He, with much self-confidence, made a finished argument for liquor drinking based on Christ's changing the water into wine at the wedding feast. His comrades cheered him to the echo and thought his argument una-derable, and Gough was chaffed for his defeat. "Young men," said he, solemnly, "I admit that your champion has forestalled me. He has said for me just what I came here to charge you to do. Drink all the wine you can find that is made entirely out of water.

The Gulf Stream.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Anstrian Civil Engineers, Mr. Carl Englehardt gave an interesting account of the natural supply of heat on the continent of Europe. He showed that certain European countries are favored over other parts of the world by natural influences of the upper Etesian winds, the desert of Sahara and particularly the Gulf Stream. When the Sahara was still a sea, the climate of Southern Europe and Northern Africa was many degrees colder than at present. Many thousand years ago, before the Isthmus of Panama had been raised above the level of the sea, the Gulf stream flowed between North and South America. That was the glacial period in Northern Europe. Scandinavia and Finland were covered with ice, moose and reindeer abounded in Italy and Spain, and the South of Europe was inhabited by a race similar to the Laplanders. The Vosges and the Black forest were covered by glaciers. Through the rising of the Central American Isthmus, the Gulf stream was turned eastward, and Europe emerged from the ice period.

In how comparatively short time the climate of a country can change, is proved by Greenland, which was discovered 892 years ago, and owes its name to the verdant valleys and blooming meadows which greeted the eyes of the first settlers. Even 450 years ago Greenland had over two hundred towns and villages, and was a bishop's see. Through the elongation of the coral reefs of Florida, the Gulf stream has turned more towards the west coast of Europe, and Labrador and Greenland have now the climate of the Arctic circle. The mean temperature of the most southern point of Greenland is the same as that of Norway, six hundred miles further northward.

The deflection of the Gulf stream will probably increase, as the Florida banks advance to finally join the Bahama and Tortugas Islands, and the influence of the Gulf stream will at last be lost to North-western Europe. The consequence will be a decrease in the area of cereals in Europe, a considerable lowering of temperature, and a general reaction in the march of civilization on the Eastern continent. Some thousands of years will, however, elapse before this can be accomplished.

Not Pleasant.

A Raleigh correspondent of the New York Times, (Rep.) under date of the 8th, writes as follows:

"Garfield's nomination meets no favor among the Republicans of this city. The disappointment over Grant's defeat is intensely mortifying. All hope of carrying North Carolina is utterly gone, and the party is dismayed, disorganized and confounded. Republicans consider the sectional conflict renewed, that the South will be solidly Democratic, and that the Republicans of the Southern States are lauded over to the Democrats for an indefinite period. It is not believed that the party can be rallied for State officers or members of Congress. The election will probably go by default. The resentment against the false position of the Republicans of the State, as set forth by the votes of the delegation at Chicago, is at white heat, and cannot be allayed. The attitude of the Republicans when the news of the nomination came was as if news had been received of some great and appalling public calamity. Not a cheer was heard. The crowd which surrounded the telegraph office for two days dispersed as from a plague-stricken spot. Denunciations were loud, and declarations that they will not support him were freely indulged in by the Republicans present. Any other man mentioned would have been more acceptable than Garfield. He is regarded as the lineal descendant of Hayes and John Sherman, and North Carolina Republicans have had enough of it."

The impression general among politicians is that Garfield is strongest where his strength is less needed, and weakest where strength would do him most good. In strong Republican States he is very popular, and in doubtful States he has no strength.

Grace: "I am going to see Clara to-day. Have you any message?" Charlotte: "I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl, Give her my love."