

MISCELLANEOUS.

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U. S. Marshal.

The



Era.

THE ERA.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1874.

What the Angel Brought Us.

In the early days of Autumn, In the bright Autumnal days, When the Indian-summer sunlight Slants its soft September rays; In my chamber I lay dreaming Of a sick one dear to me— Of her young maternal yearnings For a life, that was to be.

By her bedside I was dreaming In the curtained light of day, Till the purpling of the morning Brightened into streaks of gray— I was dreaming that an Angel, Hovering o'er the loved one's couch, Fanned her with a breath of Heaven— Healed her with his holy touch;

Seeming, too, to carry something— Something sheltered 'neath his wing; Then he laid it down and left it— Left the wee, but wondrous thing. And he scarcely pressed the carpet, Passing by me, where I lay— Touched me with his wing as lightly As an Aspen leaf at play.

Yet, that gentle touch awoke me, And the rosy flush of dawn, Falling on the lovely sufferer, Showed the Angel-form was gone; But I saw the Angel's burden Tightly to her bosom pressed— Baby fingers, as she slumbered, Toying with her marble breast.

And I kissed the dainty fingers, While two lips so sweetly smiled, Could I tell which was the sweetest— Mother pale or dimpled child? But I know, no Angel ever Sweeter boon or blessings bore; And no Father and no Mother Welcomed such a Babe before.

For her face is like the morning, Like the morning-star her eye, And her hair is like the sunlight Of the Indian-summer sky. Such the gift the Angel brought us— Baby with her winsome ways, In the early days of Autumn, In the bright Autumnal days.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Romance of a Glove. A lord was observed who wore, fastened to his doublet, a small glove such as women wear. It was fastened with golden hooks, and the seams were adorned with such a quantity of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, that the value of the glove was something extraordinary.

"I perceive, monsieur, that you are surprised I have so enriched this poor glove, but I will tell you the reason. I look upon you as a gallant man, and I am sure you know what love is. You must know that I have all my life loved a lady whom I still love, and shall love even after I am dead. As my heart was bolder to make a good choice than my tongue to declare it, I remained for seven years without even daring to show any signs of loving her, for fear if she perceived them, I should lose the opportunity I had of being frequently with her—a thought that terrified me more than death. But one day, being in a meadow and gazing upon her, I was seized with such a palpitation of the heart that I lost all color and countenance. She having noticed this and asked me what was the matter, I told her I was intolerably sick at heart. Thinking this sickness was one in which she had no share, she expressed her pity for it, and that made me entreat her to put her hand on my heart and see how it beat. She did so more from charity than affection, and as I held her gloved hand on my heart its motions became so violent that she perceived that I had spoken the truth. Then I pressed her hand on my bosom and said to her: 'Receive this heart, madame, which struggles to escape from my bosom and put itself in the hands of her from whom I hope for grace, life and pity. It is this heart, madame, which now constrains me to declare the love I have long cherished for you in secret; for neither my heart nor I, madame, can longer withstand so potent a god.' Surprised at so unexpected a declaration, she would have withdrawn her hand, but I held it so fast that her glove remained with me instead of that cruel hand. As I never had before, or have since, any other approach to near intimacy with her, I placed this glove over my heart as the fittest plaster I could apply to it. I have it enriched with all the finest jewels in my possession; but what is dearer to me than all of them is the glove itself, which I would not give for the realm of England. For there is nothing I prize in the world so much as to feel it on my bosom."

Such a love as this is declared by connoisseurs to be a perfect and ideal love.

The Science of Kissing.

People will kiss. Yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips, any more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal. And yet it is easy, at least for us. First know whom you are going to kiss. Don't make a mistake, although a mistake may be good. Don't jump up like a trout or fly, and smack a woman on her neck, or the ear, or the corner of her forehead, or on the end of her nose. The gentleman should be a little the taller. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, and a mouth full of expression. Don't kiss everybody. Don't sit down to it. Stand up. Need not be anxious about getting in a crowd. Two persons are plenty to corner, and catch a kiss; more persons would spoil the sport. Take the left hand of the lady in your right; let your hand go to any place out of the way; throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let it fall down the right side. Do not be in a hurry; draw her gently, lovingly, to your heart. Her head will fall gently on your shoulder, and a handsome shoulder strap it makes. Do not be in a hurry. Her left hand is in your right; let there be an impression to that, not like the gripe of a vice, but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, thought and respect. Do not be in a hurry. Her head lies carelessly on your shoulder. You are heart to heart. Look down into her half-closed eyes. Gently, but manfully, press her to your bosom. Stand firm. Be brave, but don't be in a hurry. Her lips are almost open. Lean slightly forward with your head, not the body. Take good aim; the lips meet; the eyes close; the heart opens; the soul rides the storms, troubles, and sorrows of life (don't be in a hurry); Heaven opens before you; the world shoots under your feet, as a meteor flashes across the evening sky (don't be afraid); the heart forgets its bitterness, and the art of kissing is learnt! No fuss, no noise, no fluttering and squirming like hook-impaired worms. Kissing don't hurt, nor does it require an act of Congress to make it legal.

The Beverages of the Day. Through a recent convert to the temperance cause, the ingredients of which some of the spirituous and malt liquors, so-called, are composed, are given to the public, to wit: Bourbon or rye whisky is manufactured from high wines, commonly called fusel oil whisky, made today and drank three days after. It also contains vinegar, syrup, oil of bourbon, French coloring, blue-stone, and other poisonous chemicals. It costs 80 cents to \$1 a gallon, and retails for \$5a\$6 a gallon.

Cognac brandy is made from French or Cologne spirits, burnt sugar, oil of cognac, vinegar, blue-stone, Jamaica rum, honey, and aloes. It costs \$2 a gallon, and retails from \$6 to \$10 a gallon.

Irish or Scotch whisky is made from Canada highwines, or new distilled whisky, one week old, salt-petre, fine salt, essence of oil or Scotch or Irish whisky, fusel oil, syrup, blue-stone, St. Croix rum, some imported Irish or Scotch whisky for flavor. It costs \$1.50 and retails for \$6 a gallon.

What sells for the best Holland gin is made from French spirits, water, oil of juniper, syrup, white wine vinegar, blue-stone, New England rum, peach pits, with some imported gin for flavor.

Old Tom gin is made from the same ingredients, but double syrup is added to make it sweeter. It costs \$1.25 a gallon, and retails for \$5. It is also bottled as a medicine, and sold for the kidney disease.

Jamaica and St. Croix rum is made of double refined highwines, French coloring, oil of rum, fusel oil, vinegar, blue-stone, burnt sugar, molasses syrup, with some imported Jamaica, Cuba, or St. Croix rum for flavor, alum, aloes, and prune juice.

Stock ale or porter is diluted with oil of vitriol, strychnine, and aqua fortis to make it keep. New ale is diluted with oil of vitriol and damaged molasses. Lager beer contains a little malt, plenty of water, some iron hops, rosin, tar, saleratus, soda, with four different chemicals to make it keep after brewing.

"I tell you what," said a Troy widower, as he spit out of the window, "it seems awful when I think Sary's down in the ground instead of being around fixing to dry apples."

Cotton Prospect.

The cotton crop for the year ending the 1st inst., is 4,170,000 bales, which has been exceeded only three times in the history of cotton culture in this country. This large crop follows the large crop of 1872-73, which was 3,980,000 bales. The natural result is that manufacturers are now provided with larger stocks than usual and that prices are tending downward. The aggregate amount in dollars and cents realized by the planters in 1873-74 has been considerably less than the sum obtained for the crop of the preceding year, which was 240,000 bales smaller.

In spite of the circumstances we have mentioned, which will generally be considered adverse to the interest of the planters, we are still of the opinion we expressed last year, that the prospects of those engaged in the cultivation and manufacture of cotton in the United States were never better, taking a broad view of the future. The heavy crop of breadstuffs throughout the world, and the consequent low prices of food, insure for the coming twelve months a larger consumption of cotton goods than has ever yet been reached. The consumption will further be stimulated by the low prices now ruling, cotton goods having reached a lower value than they have touched since 1861. We need not dwell longer on these facts, since they will be acknowledged by every one to be the most powerful of stimulants to increase consumption. Only a little time is needed to bring them into effective operation.

We observed a year ago that the export trade of the United States with China and South America in cotton goods of our own manufacture, which had obtained considerable dimensions previous to 1871, would probably soon be regained and extended. The official returns of the Custom House show that great progress has been made in this direction, and the exports of the current calendar year from the ports of New York and Boston are greater for the first eight months than for the corresponding period of and preceding year since 1860.

The quantity of raw cotton worked up in the United States last year, after allowing 100,000 bales for the increase of manufacturer's stocks is 1,220,000 bales against 1,200,000 bales for the two years 1869 and 1868. The European manufacturers fully recognize the superiority of American cotton over the East Indian and other varieties, and if our planters feel the pressure of low prices they may find some solace in the fact that their rivals suffer even more keenly from the same cause. The truth is that American cotton is steadily regaining from its foreign competitors the supreme position it occupied before the war. The only formidable obstacle to the permanent prosperity of the planting interest is the misgovernment of the Southern States. In Georgia, Texas, North Carolina, and some other States this obstacle has been removed, and with ordinary prudence and vigilance we hope to see it removed everywhere else.—N. Y. Tribune.

Character is Capital. What you can effect depends on what you are. You put your whole self into what you do. If that self be small, and lean, and mean, your entire life-work is paltry, your words have no force, your influence has no weight. If that self be true and high, pure and kind, vigorous and forceful, your strokes are blows, your notes staccatos, your work massive, your influence cogent; you can do what you will. Whatever your position, you are a power, you are felt as a kindly spirit, you are as one having authority. Too many think of character chiefly in its relation to the life beyond the grave. I certainly would not have less thought of it with reference to that unknown future, on the margin of which some of us undoubtedly at this moment are standing. But I do wish that more consideration were bestowed upon its earthly uses. I would have young men, as they start in life, regard character as a capital, much surer to yield full returns than any other capital, unaffected by panics, and failures, fruitful when all other investments lie dormant, having as certain promise in the present life as in that which is to come.—Charles Peabody.

A man having a bill against a distant merchant, sent a letter of inquiry to a banker in that locality. The reply was: "He is dead; but he pays as well as he ever did."

The Two Parties.

The men that led the opposition to Republicanism during the last fourteen years are still the brain, the head, the soul of the to-day Democratic party; and they are to this hour unchanged in sentiment, in sympathy and in will. Outside professions of purpose and policy may appear different, but reopen the issues of the fourteen years past, with these same possibilities of successful opposition, and the same enemy would be in the field, the same treason would rankle, the same fires of hate would burn against the loyal wether in the field, in Congress, or in the humblest walks of official service of the country. The same danger would menace the slave, the same resistance to his emancipation, and the same effort to prevent his elevation and to crush out his rights. Give this same party to-day the power with the assurance that public sentiment would bear the retrogression, and the work the Republican party has wrought would be reversed. If they now come back to power with the apparent voice of national approval, and having full leave to execute the dominant will of the party, the fruits of blood and sacrifice in the late war will be lost. These assertions are founded upon what we all know of the composition of the Democratic party in the South, in our great cities, and in the less enlightened portions of the country. Few men had better opportunity to know that party than Mr. Greeley, their late Presidential candidate. In regard to its component elements in the South, he said only the year before his death, "the brain, the head, the soul of the South, with its Northern allies and sympathizers, is rebel to the pore to-day." Of the unenlightened and vicious portion of it, he says, "the essential articles of the Democratic creed are 'love rum and hate niggers.'"—Cincinnati Gazette.

How he Lived. "Burleigh," the New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, says that those who visited Commodore Vanderbilt's rooms recently could have seen in the antechamber, waiting for an audience, a person about fifty years of age, undersized, light hair, quiet, and evidently well preserved. When his time came, he was ushered into the little room where the Commodore holds court. "You don't me," said the visitor, "but I know you very well." "Who are you?" said the gruff railroad king. "I am Eaton Stone." "What, not Stone, the great bare-back rider?" "Yes," was the reply. "And what are you doing?" "I made a little money in my business, and have retired to a farm near Paterson. I have taken with me my old horses that helped me make what little money I have. I have built me a small circus, and when my friends come to see me I treat them to a little entertainment. It is difficult to tell whether myself, my friends, or my horses enjoy the treat most." "But, Eaton, how have you preserved yourself so well?" "During all my circus life I abstained from the use of all stimulating drinks and from tobacco. I found that, to be at the head of my calling, it was necessary for me to hold my nerves in perfect control, and this I could not do with the use of stimulants. I never used tobacco, and never took a drop of intoxicating drink in my life. I am not as rich as you are, Commodore, but I am quite as happy."

Dean Swift was a great enemy to extravagance in dress, and particularly to that destructive ostentation in the middle classes which led them to make their appearance above their condition in life. Of his mode of approving those persons for whom he had any esteem, the following instance has been recorded: When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a lace waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies.

Swift received him with the same ceremony as if he had been a stranger. "And pray, sir, what are your commands with me?" said he. "I thought it was my duty, sir," replied George, "to wait upon you immediately upon my arrival from London." "Pray, sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner, printer." "You George Faulkner, the printer? Why, you are the most impudent, barefaced scoundrel of any fellow I ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone, your rascal, or I will immediately send you to the House of Correction."

Preparing Fish for Winter. It is estimated that at present there are stored in New York city about 250,000 pounds of valuable fish in a frozen state for next winter. These stores will not be touched while freshly caught fish can be brought to market. Terrapin is one of the luxuries of the table. Those who catch them have to hunt for them as far south as Galveston, and Savannah, Ga., and Charleston, S. C., to furnish supplies, and some very fine terrapin are caught in the Chesapeake Bay, and are eagerly purchased at Baltimore, where they have been sold as high as \$45 per dozen. In order to get anything like a supply for the New York market, a leading wholesale fish dealer found it necessary, several years ago, to lay in a stock during the summer, at which time, in consequence of their voracity, the terrapin are more easily caught. As it is necessary to preserve the terrapin alive, he caused a large pen to be constructed on the shore of Pleasure Bay, near Long Branch, about 100 feet square, constructed with a fence of planking 8 inches wide, 2 1/2 inches thick, and of ordinary length. The bottom and shore was artificially constructed so as to give it a gradual slope, and the shore was made of white sea sand, while the bed of the pen was composed of ordinary sea mud and sand. Here for three or four years past the fish dealer stored his terrapin, sometimes having as many as 10,000 terrapin in the pen at one time. As the food they appear most to enjoy can be easily had, the cost of maintaining the pens is small; while the revenue, should the scheme prove moderately successful, will be very great, as even good fat terrapin bring in this market from \$8 to \$15 per dozen.

Two Rich Men. A New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writes: "The chief holder of personal estate in this city is Commodore Vanderbilt, who is estimated to be worth \$40,000,000, the largest part of which is in railway property. He owns enough of the Connecticut river and New Haven roads to be a director in each; and he also owns the controlling interest in the Central, Hudson and Lake Shore, besides his stock in Ohio and Mississippi and other important roads. It was said of George Peabody that he made almost the entire bulk of his enormous wealth after his fiftieth year. I think a stronger statement can be made of the Commodore, for he made the largest part of his money since he was sixty—that is, within the last score of years. I suppose that when the war broke out he was not worth five millions. The incessant and enormous increase of railroad values, and colossal extent of his operations have brought an increase so stupendous as to remind us of the old stories of oriental magic. The only instance in which real and personal estate is combined almost equally in the vast possessions of one individual is found in A. T. Stewart. He owns enough in each of these shapes of wealth to make a dozen men rich. In point of real estate he has two great dry goods establishments on Broadway; also the Metropolitan Hotel, and the former Unitarian church. Add to these the Baptist church in Amity street, now used as the stables of his business teams; the Depeau row, in Bleeker street; and, above all, his Fifth Avenue palace, which cost him \$1,000,000. In personal estate is his stock in trade, capital and bills receivable, which must be \$10,000,000, and also a large quantity of bank stock. In this manner Stewart wields both classes of property. He has differed entirely from Vanderbilt in this point. The latter has invested almost solely in railway stocks, while the former has eschewed this form of property in a most peculiar manner. He has a strong affinity for those things which pertain to trade and to this alone. It is said that his estate cannot be less than \$30,000,000."

Tools for Farm. Don't buy a chest filled with tools ready for work. If you have had a good deal of experience, and know what you want, make a chest and select the tools yourself, but if you get one which some one else has furnished, you may, to be sure, get a good set of tools, but there will be many for which you will find little use. Even regular mechanics have different ways of using tools, and an ingenious amateur will often make shift to do without certain tools, which a carpenter or blacksmith considers indispensable. Here are some good suggestions, which we clip from the Agriculturist: "Every farmer should have a small room, tight and warm, which he can lock, and where he can keep his small tools. Then he wants a good, solid workbench, with an iron vice on one side, and a wooden one on the other. For iron working, he wants a solid piece of iron for an anvil, a seven pound steel-face hammer, a riveting hammer, one large and one small cold chisel, two or three punches from one-quarter to three-eighths inch, a rimmer and a countersink, to be used with bit-stock, a screw plate that will cut a screw from one-quarter to three-eighths inch; then with round iron of the various sizes, and ready-made nuts, he can make any bolt he wishes. For carpenter work, he wants a square, a shaving horse, drawing knife, a set of planes, auger from one-half to two inches, a fine hand-saw, with coarse cross-cut and rip-saw, large cross-cut saw for logs, and a grindstone."

A FORTUNE.—There is a young woman in Marshall Co., Kansas, said to be heir to an estate of \$15,000,000 in England. The yarn runs that she was brought to this country by a gypsy, having been stolen from her parents—that she is a member of one of the noblest families in Great Britain—that the old hag who brought her here, confessed to these facts upon the bed of death. The young woman has received a letter from an English lawyer, which asks her to come over and take possession; she is going over—much to the great grief of all the marriageable young men of Kansas.

There are some things that not even Echo can answer.