

FARMER AND MECHANIC

Text to New Advertisements.

HILES GOODWIN & SON—Oak City Tel.
APPEY & SEELE—The Planter's and.

Raleigh and Hound-About

Because a lady wears an Afghan hat at any sign she favors the Afghani-ness?
The man who does not do all he can for the poor these days hasn't any profusion of Christianity under his shawl.

Corroborative of our frequent allusions to the healthfulness of North Carolina, observe that in our death notices of the past fortnight, the range from 50 to 70, thence to 80 and a number above that.

Mrs. David Tilley, of Chicopee, Mass., has found protection like General Jackson, of New Orleans, beneath cotton breast works. For when General Wallace gave her a Christmas gift with his little pistol the ball, stopped in the last half-a-foot of cotton.

aleb Cushing, of Mass., died last week. He was strong friend of the South in the anti-war period, and made a name for himself in his native town, after South Carolina seceded, on the "wrongs of the South at the hands of the North." But he went with the current eventually.

Maj. Jas. W. Wilson, President of the N. C. R. R. gave us a pleasant call yesterday. He speaks hopefully of the progress of the road. Only 100 miles as stated by a contemporary heading yet remains to cut in tunnel, and four miles of track are on the other side for the rail.

Humor is humor, and a little daily badinage between journalists is objectionable; but there is such a thing as infringing upon the laws of professional courtesy, and private society. It is not given to any man to play the censor over other men, or criticise the quality of their work.

The New Year is a good time to borrow books. It is astonishing how careless most persons are as regards a friend's property if it happens to be in the shape of a book. You may greatly oblige a neighbor by lending him a book, but he will rarely oblige you by returning it promptly, probably because he feels ashamed for knocking it about till the back is off or the leaves torn out.

The extreme of cold reported in the despatches of last week was sixty (60) degrees below zero, at Manitoba, in the Red River region of Western Canada. The highest in the United States was 42, 36, and 33 degrees at various towns in Dakota. Points much farther East and Southward reported 26, 24, and 20 degrees below zero. At Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Louisville and St. Louis the mercury gambled from zero down to 6, 8, and 10 degrees below. There was not an hour of last week that one might not have thanked his stars he dwelt in a temperate climate.

The death of Bayard Taylor, U. S. Minister to Germany, was a surprise to those who knew him, as he was only 52 years of age, and remarkably robust. The writer went to school in Pennsylvania near Taylor's home in Kennitt Square, and frequently met him, and heard him talk of his travels. One of his most amusing stories was of a man in Norway, who boasted so much of his indifference to cold, that Taylor offered him a sum of money to be skated on a large chunk of ice, for a definite period; 'an hour, if we remember rightly. The fellow won the bet, but his antics were frightful to Taylor at that date was a handsome man, of good stature, blue eyes, and long flowing beard, and ideal, of the fair sex.

—Read the article on silk culture, and set your mulberry trees. The fruit will fatten your hogs, and the leaves will pay you better than cotton.

—Friend Law, who dwells amid a stock of silver, china and glass ware, rich and varied enough to turn the head of any young housekeeper, with only one cradle at home, has opened a branch house in Charlotte, and one in Atlanta; both of which report a good business.

—More than thirty persons were frozen to death in various parts of the Union since our last paper. One was a millionaire, and ex-Congressman; Owen Jones, of Penn., who started to visit a neighbor half a mile distant, but fell by the wayside. Strange to say several lives were lost this side of the Potomac. An old negro, the last survivor of the "Lewis and Clark expedition," which surveyed Texas and Louisiana and Arkansas boundaries about the beginning of the century, was one of those frozen to death, in Virginia. An whole family perished in North New York. A fireman on a locomotive was frozen in New Jersey. Hundreds of minor casualties such as the amputation of the toes, feet, hands, ears etc., are reported from all parts of the North.

RESUMED.—We suppose it is proper to mention the fact that on the 2nd inst., the United States treasury resumed specie payments. But with cotton averaging 8 cents, and bacon the same, there is no occasion for getting up any enthusiasm over it. Paddy's horse would have been taught to live without food if only he hadn't wasted away and died of starvation before he learned how to do it.

RALEIGH.—Married at the Baptist church yesterday afternoon, Mr. Wm. F. Craig, formerly Representative from McDowell county in the Legislature, and Miss Sue Pescud, daughter of P. F. Pescud, Esq. The fair bride has troops of friends in both sections of the State, who will join us in the best of good wishes. State Auditor Samuel L. Love, just from his home in Haywood county, reports heavy snows, and cold so intense that the stages cross the rivers on the ice without the least risk. The thermometer stood at 4° below zero at Waynesville. U. S. District Attorney Albertson has taken a residence in Raleigh. The Swepson case was called yesterday in the Superior Court, and on motion, removed to Franklin county. So, after all, the developments which were expected to add interest to the Senatorial contest, weren't developed. The Raleigh Postoffice clerks don't drink, chew, or say bad-words of a cussical nature, but they can't help to sort of smile at the girls when they're asked to lick a postage stamp for 'em. Mr. W. E. Dupree, in business on Martin street, has made an assignment to Mr. H. J. Robards, his clerk, to the amount of \$10,000, for the benefit of creditors. Hubert Haywood, one of our Raleigh youths, has done credit to himself and his people, by taking first Honor at Bellevue hospital, being elected Valedictorian of his class, which numbers 500. Well done! Wake county increased her public schools, in 1878, forty two more than in 1877 (26 of them white), and increased the attendance of white children 937. Dr. Eugene Grissom donated \$100 to help pay off the indebtedness of Rutherford College, to which he had previously contributed a like sum. Maj. S. W. Cole, of Salisbury, contributed \$900 for the same purpose. Mid T. Leach has taken his brother Edgar into partnership with him.

THE FIRE FIEND.—The destructive fire by which two steamboats and considerable property were destroyed at Wilmington, was followed by a \$50,000 fire in Wilson. Starting at the store of A. C. Davis & Co., it ate up the store of L. H. Fuicher, J. Michal & Co., E. Rosenthal, S. M. Warren, and others; aggregating the above amount, with about \$35,000 insurance. The sufferers have general sympathy for their not merry Christmas.

Quite a number of dwellings, and barns, have been burned in the country during the past fortnight. Merritt Dills, of Macon, lost his house and kitchen. E. L. Barringer, Esq., of Montgomery county, lost his mill, cotton gin, and cotton crop.

In Raleigh, the devouring element has eaten up more than half a dozen houses since the holidays began. A fire broke out on the night of the 28th ult., in the back room of Bradley's confectionery store, adjoining the building in which this office is situated. The store and the frame building next below, in which were the offices of Messrs. Gray & Stamps, Attorneys at Law, Maj. S. Douglass Waitt, Insurance Agent, O'ey, the barber, and some sleeping rooms, were destroyed; the occupants, however, removing most of their furniture, etc. The buildings belonged to the B. F. Moore estate. The heaviest losers were Messrs. Bradley, and Jones & O'Neill, cigar makers. The latter who occupied the upper floor, lost everything. The fire being in the heart of the town threatened serious disaster, but there was plenty of water, and the firemen soon conquered the flames. Two new brick stores, already begun, will replace the shabby old buildings, and add much to the appearance of the square.

About 3 a. m. on Tuesday, a fire broke out in the store of Messrs. Lewis & Jones, Hillsboro street, near the Railroad bridge. Mr. William Lewis, eldest son of Maj. A. M. Lewis, was aroused by finding the flames bursting through the floor. He sprang out of the window, fell upon a shed, and rolled to the earth, breaking an arm, and injuring himself so that he was found on the sidewalk unconscious, and badly burned. He remained speechless for half the day, but was in more favorable condition yesterday, we learn. The store, and the adjoining dwellings of Col. R. W. Best, and Mrs. Drake were burned to ashes as was also the store of Mr. Rush Jolly. The loss of Lewis & Jones was about \$5,500, insured for \$2,000. Mr. Jolly, loss \$2,000, no insurance. Col. Best saved his furniture, but his handsome residence, worth \$3,000, was not insured. He had quite a number of boarders, members of the Legislature, and others, and the loss is very heavy upon him, we regret to learn. Mrs. Drake, an aged lady, also lost severely. Every heart must sympathize with those turned out of house and home, and business, on such a night.

PERSONAL.—Senator Ransom, President Battle, Judge Avery, Ex-Gov. Armfield, Lieutenant Gov. Jarvis, Maj. J. W. Wilson, and a very large number of prominent citizens of the State are in town. The hotels are crowded, the main streets ditto, and as for candidates did you ever see the like? Alas! too, what a number of one-legged ex-confederates! We saw four who accidentally met near the head of Fayetteville street. Rev. John M. R. se. of Portsmouth, (formerly of Charlotte) was in the city yesterday. Stephen and Robert Douglas have gained their suit against the Government for cotton Bummerized in Mississippi during the war. Gen. R. E. Colston will have a public reception by his former pupils on his return to Wilmington. Senator Ransom will address the Wake Forest societies at commencement. Richard Bradley, who was Gov. Vance's private Secretary in 1864-5, died in Savannah recently.

WIDE AWAKE FARMERS.—The Sugar Creek neighborhood, in Mecklenburg county, is full of historic associations and traditions. It was there that John McKnitt, and Adam, Alexander first settled; it was there that Maj. Joseph Graham was cut down by Tarleton's cavalry, and there you may find to-day the scions of the old stock which made Cornwallis swear that they were the d—dest, double d—dest, Rebels he ever got among! But the Sugar creekers of to day are not content to sit down and look back, as if the forefathers knew everything, and there was nothing left for the sons to learn. No they are going ahead and here is what the *Observer* says: "Evidence of this growing spirit of intelligence and progressiveness among them is found in the fact that those of the Sugar Creek neighborhood have just organized themselves into a class for the study and practice of agricultural chemistry. Rev. Dr. Davis, the lecturer of the State Grange, a man of learning and a chemist of practical experience, has been engaged to instruct the Sugar Creek farmers in this branch of their business, and arrangements are on foot for the formation of similar classes in Mallard Creek and Sharon townships, Dr. Davis to lecture before these also.

CAPITOLINE.—At the Democratic caucus yesterday, Hon John Moring, of Chatham, was chosen to be Speaker of the House of Representatives. Col. Josiah Turner went into the Democratic caucus, and began to make it lively very soon afterwards, we hear. W. C. Etheridge, of Bertie, is the youngest of the "members." The commoner, who last session came to the Legislature with a haversack full of fried chicken, a borrowed overcoat, and two pairs of extra socks tied up with his "Sunday shirt" in a brown paper parcel, has been allowed a vacation by his constituents, and will not get the use of his railroad pass this year. Col John L. Brown and Gen. Leach are always surrounded by friends. Platt D. Cowan, of Wilmington, was elected Reading Clerk of the Senate. Glad are we to learn of the re-election of Bro's Cameron and Furman for their several post in the House. Other offices are not yet filled.

TALL SHOOTING.—The English soldiers aren't having any fun in the Afghanistan war. The battle of Peiwar Pass was fought among the clouds, on a rocky cliff, where when a man was shot he rolled down the steep descent and broke his leg or neck at the bottom. One sergeant, an Irishman, got caught between two rocks, and was beaten to death with clubs. At night, the victors "bivouacked, without fire at a height of nine thousand feet, under a bitterly cold sky." This was two thousand feet nearer the stars than the top of Mount Mitchell, in our own State, and we know of no one who ever ventured on a mid-winter night camp atop of that little pile.

ONCE MORE!—We fear some of our friends have not read the paper carefully, else they would not write to us (R. A. S.) to make inquiries about business matters. Once more we state we have nothing to do with the mailing, the exchanges, the subscriptions, or advertising of the *FARMER AND MECHANIC*, our whole time being devoted to its editorial columns. The business manager is fully competent and experienced, and to him we turn over all letters referring to the above mentioned matters. He alone has control of the business, and has had from the start.

What Resumption is Doing For Producers.

The farmers of South Carolina, and the townstolk too, do not always realize what resumption means. They see that the price of what they have to sell goes steadily down, and that in wages for daily work there is a decline. But they do not always pause to note the relative difference, as it can be seen in the following quotations for the New Year's days of 1878 and 1879:

	1879	1878
Cl'rib sides, per lb	47.50	84.90
Shoulders	31.4	61.74
Lard	63.47	12.94
Corn per bushel sack-		
ed,	62.70	72.75
Sugar, yellow C, per lb	7.12	7.148
Molasses, S H, per gal	24.32	28.80
Molasses, N O, per gal	35.45	45.55
Coffee, Rio, per lb	93.416	17.21
Salt per sack	85.90	85.10
Rice per lb	5.64	5.54
Flour, super, per bbl	35.00	75.00

The decline here shown is remarkable. It is more than the average decline in the price of the Southern staples. And this view is confirmed when we look to other articles than mere bread and meat. Brownsheetings, in the year, have fallen from 12 1/2 to 15 per cent., woolen goods 15 per cent., ready-made clothing 20 per cent., bleached cotton 15 per cent., shoes 10 per cent., agricultural implements 25 to 30 per cent. Besides this, the decline in the price of butter is from 30 cents a pound to 26 cents a pound, poultry (dressed) from 20 cents to 17 cents, eggs from 30 cents a dozen to 25 cents. These are Charleston prices, not Northern prices, and if they teach anything in the world they teach that money can be made on cotton at 10 cents a pound, and that we can live in the towns on the prices now ruling.

There is one thing to remember. To get the benefit of low prices we must work in the old fashioned ways. It will not do to live in the expectation of selling cotton at fifteen cents when it is probable that the selling price will be nine. We must practice hard-earned economy and keep the crib full. Bread and meat first, and cotton last! Do this, and South Carolina will grow rich, for the statistics before us show that we can live as cheaply as before the war. Prints that sold before the war for ten cents a yard sell at five to six. In bleached cottons the purchasing power of a bale of raw cotton is greater than before the war, and is greater than ever before. A pound of raw cotton will now buy as much goods as two and a half pounds of cotton would buy thirty years ago.—*Charleston News.*

Clara Louise Kellogg, the American prima donna, gives the following story of one of her bracelets: "Years ago, when I was in England with my father and mother, the Duchess of Somerset showed us a great deal of attention, and among other guests we were invited to meet were the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. They, of course, entertained a great deal, and during the races at Rotherham filled their house with guests. The first day or two of the races the Duke, who had bet heavily and lost immense sums, and being a little superstitious, telegraphed an invitation to my parents and self to come down, believing, he added, that I would bring him luck. We went, and, funny enough, the day after I arrived, he won \$50,000, and on the eve of my departure for America sent me this souvenir, with a graceful note. "Years ago!"

MARRIED.

At Davidson College, Dec. 26th, Rev. M. R. Kirkpatrick and Miss Laura E. Holt. In Greensboro, Dec. 19, Mr. Cicero P. Albright, of Graham, and Miss Fannie E. Donnell. In Shelby, Jas. C. Miller, of Rutherfordton, and Miss Julia C. Hoke. In Lincolnton, Dec. 19, Capt. C. E. Grier, of Charlotte, and Miss A. E. Ransome. In Gaston, D. P. Hoffman and Miss Sallie Stowe. In Charlotte, W. W. Mullen and Miss Lantia Grimes. In Mecklenburg, W. P. Dixon and Miss Anna Caldwell; Dr. S. J. Abernathy and Miss Nora Potts; J. F. Caldwell and Miss Ella Sloan; J. O. Garribaldi and Miss Sue Honeycutt; H. D. Duckworth and Miss Mary Severs. In Greensboro, New Years night, John M. Nicholson and Miss Mary Mendenhall. In Newbern, Jan. 2nd, Lieut. S. S. Willet and Miss Minnie, daughter of John S. Long, Esq.

DIED.

In Charlotte, Rev. S. Pearce, aged 71. In New York, Otho, only child of Junius M. Smith, of Charlotte. In Lincolnton, Mrs. Mary Burton, aged 87. In Charlotte, Mary, daughter of M. L. Barringer, aged 11. In Rowan, Mrs. Rebecca Luckey, aged 77, mother of Dr. F. N. Luckey. In Chatham, John B. Drake, aged 81. In Mecklenburg, Mrs. Eliza Johnston, aged 40. In Guilford, Pinkney and Hattie, children of Col. J. R. Hoffman. In Mecklenburg, Mrs. Mary Garrison, aged 38. In same, Thos. A. Sloan, aged 60. In Cabarrus, Jan. 1st, Mrs. Blume, aged 70. In this city yesterday morning, at 8 o'clock, Col. David M. Carter, after a lingering illness of two or more months, was a man of mark, possessing a vigorous intellect, capacity for holding friends, and for administering affairs. The sudden death of Mrs. John B. Burwell, of Peace Institute, at 6 o'clock on Sabbath morning, caused a general expression of regret and sorrow among all who knew her. The funeral services on Monday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Drs. Watkins, Atkinson, and Pritchard, were attended by a large concourse of friends, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. She was a daughter of Dr. John P. Spragins, of Charlotte county, Va. In Raleigh, Dec. 26, Jas. M. Fowles, aged 70.

Paddy's Version of "Excelsior per se"

The following Parody of the well known poem is by Edward T. Clark, of Halifax, and is well done.
'Twas growing dark so terrible fast,
When through a town of the mountain
pushed
A broth of a boy, to his neck in the
snow.
As he walked, his shillelah he swung
to and fro,
Saying, it's up to the top but I'm
bound for to go,
Be jabbers!
He looked mortal sad, and his eyes
were as bright
As a bit of turf on a cold winter
night,
And devil a word that he said could ye
tell.
As he opened his mouth and let out a
yell,
It's up till the top of the mountain I'll
go,
Unless covered up with this bother-
some snow.
Be jabbers!
Through the windows he saw, as he
travelled along
The light of the candles and fires so
warm;
But a big chunk of ice hung over his
head,
Wid a shiver and groan, by St. Pat-
rick, he said,
It's up to the very tiptop I'll rush,
And then if it falls it's not meself it'll
crush!
Be jabbers!
Whist a bit! said an owld man, whose
head was as white
As the snow that fell down on that
miserable night;
Shure ye'll fall in the wather, me bit
of a lad,
For the night is so dark and the walk
is bad.
Bedad! he'd not list to a word that
was said,
But he'd go till the top, if he went on
his head,
Be jabbers!
A bright, buxom, young girl, such as
like to be kissed,
Axed him wadn't he shtop, how could
he resist?
So, snapping his fingers and winking
his eye,
While shimming upon her, he made
this reply—
Faith, I meant to kape on till I got to
the top,
But as yer shwate self has axed me, I
may as well shtop.
Be jabbers!
He shtopped all night, and he shtop-
ped all day,
And ye musn't be axing when he did
go away;
But wouldn't he be a basteley gossoon
To be havin' his darlint in the swate
honeymoon?
Whin the owld man has praties enough
and to spare,
Shure he might as well shtay if he's
comfortable there.
Be jabbers!