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EVENING VISITOR.

WM. M. UTLEY, Local Editor.

MOSES' LETTER.

GOVERNOR JARVIS.

JUDGE FOWLE AND QUILTINGS.
Correspondence of the Visitor.

I am now at Waccamaw, which is located somewhere, I believe, between Wilmington and Whitesville, in the swamps, not far from the South Carolina line, where nearly all the mosquitoes reside in the summer, but on the account of cold weather, they have left for better quarters.

On the day after I left Harrell's, I was riding along the road all alone near sunset, wondering where I should stay all night at, and presently I came in sight of a house, nearly a quarter of a mile from the road, so I concluded to ride up and see what the chances were of staying with him.

Up to the house I go, and when I reached the gate, I hailed as usual, and the man of the house came out, and I told him I was looking for a place to stay all night at, and would be thankful if he would accommodate me and my horse.

"Why that's Moses?" says he. I told him, "It was, sure."

"Certainly," says he, "get down and I will attend to your horse, for the old woman and me were talking about you to-day, and wondering where you would write your next letter and upon what subject?"

I told him that was more than I knewed, for I never thought of a subject or writing till I sat down and took up the pen, and then went straight forward, only giving the facts and the truth as they transpired before me, and consequently I found no trouble in writing upon any subject that takes place.

He laughed, and finished feeding my horse, fasten up the stable by turning a large latch across the door, and said everything is now right.

To the house we started, talking all the way as fast as we could, about the crops, the weather, and the dryness of the fall, and as we entered the house, he gave me an introduction to Mrs. Hill, his wife, and then to three or four young ladies, his daughters, and also to two young men, one grown and the other about half grown, his sons.

They all appeared glad to see me, especially Mrs. Hill, and she had the young ladies a flying around in a hurry, about getting supper ready, and sent the "boys" off as she called them, to make up a good fire, as it was rather cool, and everything seemed to be moving to her entire satisfaction, and she seemed to be as jolly an old lady as I ever met up with.

In the course of an hour, supper was announced to be ready. To the kitchen we all go, and took our seats at the table, and Mrs. Hill said: "I must excuse her for they were out of coffee, and she had been after Mr. Hill

to send to the store for some, but then he had been busy in hauling his cotton so far to the steam gin, as all the water gins about here had stopped on the account of the drought.

I told her, that was all right, for I didn't care much for coffee, no way! We had fried meat, warm corn bread, hot baked, butter milk, with a little ice in it, and I never did eat a sweeter nor a more hearty one in all my life. But the girls didn't eat much, and laughed and said they were going to save themselves for the quilting to-morrow!

Then it was, that Mr. Hill said to me, "Mose, then coming to be a big quilting over at Mr. Hill's to-morrow, and you must stay and go with us, because I know you will enjoy yourself well."

I told him I didn't know how I could spare the time, as I was on my way to Fayetteville to attend to some very important business for Judge Fowle, who I thought was the greatest man in the State, and whose chances to be our next Governor was very flattering indeed, if the Democratic party should be foolish enough to throw Governor Jarvis overboard.

"Fowle or no Fowle," says he, "you are bound to stay, we can't go without you!"

Then the old lady said, "yes, do pray stay and go with us, it will give us so much pleasure to carry you along."

I said, when a man is engaged in making Governors for North Carolina, he should not throw away any valuable time. Then it was that the girls put in and said, "do pray now, please stay and go."

That word "please," got away with me, and if Jarvis or Fowle either fails to be our next Governor, they must blame these pretty girls of Mr. Hill's and not me.

"Well," says I, "you all beg so hard, and insist so earnestly, I don't see how I can exactly refuse, so I reckon I will have to stay and go!"

The old lady and the old man both said, "that's right;" and the young girls slapped their hands together and said, "I am so pleased!"

Next day, about ten o'clock, we all started for the quilting, which was some three miles away. We arrived there a little after eleven o'clock, and found the house nearly full of people.

Mrs. Hill had her bed quilt hung up by ropes in the middle of the house, and the young ladies and young men sitting around it somewhat in pairs, the young ladies a quilting and talking as hard as they could, and the young men threading needles for them.

Mr. Hill introduced me to Mr. Hill and Mrs. Hill, and then to the large crowd generally. They all seemed well pleased with me, and some said they were "truly glad that I had come."

I took a chair that was vacant by the side of Miss Kitty McKoy, who looked a little comical at first, but soon appeared lively and real-

ly beautiful, and would be considered about Raleigh by the young men. "A BEAR HEART-BREAKER." Black hair, black eyes, pretty smooth, white features, and she might in truth and fact, be called a genuine Venus without doing any damage to the word.

I took my seat as before stated and we entered into the usual conversation about cold weather, how the quilts were intended to keep people warm, it was a great blessing it was to have a plenty of cover on cold nights, and how a person hated to get up these cool mornings, and then first one thing and then another, and everything in general. And I soon found out that she was a lady of good education, and as full of fun and mischief as a cricket is of song.

She said, "Mr. Mose, please thread my needle."

Thanks I to myself, there's that word "please" again, which has already probably robbed us of our next Governor, but no time to lose, so to threading the needle I commenced, but I couldn't see to get the thread through the eye of the needle to save my life. So I got out my spectacles, and after rubbing them awhile against the bed quilt, I adjusted them over my eyes, and very soon I had her needle threaded. And she seemed very thankful, and I thought we were getting on just about right.

About this time Miss Nancy, who was sitting not very far from me and who I supposed, to be about thirty five or forty years old, was trying to thread her needle without spectacles, so I asked her to let me thread it for her. She said she would be much obliged, and handed me the needle and thread, and just as I commenced threading the needle, Miss Kitty handed me her needle again, and said if I was going to keep her needle threaded I would have enough to do without trying to thread other people's needles.

Thanks I to myself, that's the way with a woman, she never likes for a man to wait on any other woman, but he must always stick only to one.

I handed Miss Nancy her needle threaded, and commenced on Miss Kitty's, and then it was that Miss Kitty wanted to know if I hadn't threaded that needle yet, that I was entirely too slow for her. I then begged Miss Kitty to get two needles, and while she was sewing one up, I would have the other one ready for her. She consented, and everything went on all right again.

Thanks I to myself again, Mrs. Lize is over a hundred miles from here, and I had just as well have a little fun among these young folks as not, besides a man had always better have fun than trouble. For if you owe a lazy man a shilling, he will walk him self to death dunning you for it.

Miss Kitty and me then quarreled a little, though good naturally. Presently she said I was the most quarrelsome person she ever saw. So we had it, one way or another for some time, and

everything appeared smooth, and the fun was rolling about in bugs full of it.

I then noticed that Mr. Hill moving about the house as though he was after something, and presently he brought in two pitchers of water and set them on the side board, and I heard him ask old Mrs. Hill for the sugar dish, and she brought it to him, and he set it on the side board, then he unlocked the side board and took out two decanters of spirits, and gave a general invitation to everybody who ever took anything stronger than water to come up and take some.

As I for my part, I never care about anything to drink unless I know it is about, then my mouth begins to water for it right straight.

A good many old men went up to the sideboard, and several young men refused, which I was glad to see, and how I wished that some of our bright young men about Raleigh, whom I know and love, could have been here and seen their example.

I could stand it no longer, notwithstanding I feared somebody would get my seat by the side of Miss Kitty. I got up, however, and went to the sideboard, talking as fast as I could, and found that some were taking it straight, while others were taking it with water and sugar, so I took a glass, put some sugar in it, and then I poured out a little water, just enough to wet my sugar, and then I took up the decanter and poured the tumbler about half full, and stirred it up a little, and tasted of it. Says I to Mr. Hill:

"Did you make this apple brandy?"

"I did," says he.

"It is a number one article," says I. So I poured out some more, and tasted it again.

"Did you raise the apples, Mr. Hill, on your farm?" says I.

"I did," says he.

So I poured out a little more, and kept on talking, and presently I tasted it again.

"Well," says I, "it been along time since I tasted of any home made brandy that was as good as this!"

About this time, Miss Kitty hollowed for me to come and thread her needle. I looked around and saw that nobody had not taken my chair, so I poured the glass nearly full, as it was my first drink, and sent it all down in a minute. Then I turned around, and went to my chair by the side of Miss Kitty, and down I dropped, somewhat careless, and as I did so, I said rather hurriedly:

"The Kingdom come!"

And I never felt so much like going up in all the course of my life, and up I went, in spite of every thing I could do, and when I lit, it was with both feet right about the middle of the bed quilt, the rope gave way, and the quilt and me all come down on the floor together, and such laughing has not been heard since the world was created.

About this time, old Mrs. Hill

came into the room, scared nearly to death, and wanted to know what was the matter? I told her I didn't exactly know, but I felt like I had been stung by ten thousand bees all at one place!

"Where?" says she.

I told her I could not locate the place, but I was certain I never felt so supple as I did a minute ago. I just went up like I had started to heaven, but I now find that I didn't get no higher than young bed quilt, my weight has broken it down! The old lady helped me to untangle myself from the bed quilt, and I thought I heard some one whisper to her that Miss Kitty had fixed a needle in my chair, with the point up, and I had sat down on it. The laughing was continued long and loud. But Mr. Hill and Mrs. Hill and even myself, didn't see anything to laugh at. Notwithstanding this, however, the snickering went on nearly all night. And finally, Miss Nancy broke out with a loud laugh, and said:

"Mr. Mose was the supplest man she ever saw, to be over a middle aged man."

Miss Kitty laughed until the CRYWATER ran out of her eyes. She is a sinner, I know she is, and I beg all the christian people in this broad land to pray for her, as I am confident that my prayers won't save her, and she is too pretty to be lost.

I shan't go out of my way to attend any more quiltings, until they learn to quilt with something else besides needles.

Yours very respectfully,
Mose.

P. S.—I learned from a lady friend, one day last week, that Mrs. Lize said that my last postscript "CONTAINED" nearly all that was in my letter, and if she was me, she would make all my next letter a POSTSCRIPT.

She is certainly a hard woman to conquer, but I know no such word as FAIL. Give me a little more time.

Yours, &c.
Mose.

Nov. 20th, 1879.

J. M. Rosenbaum will be pleased to see you at his store. He is selling ready-made clothes at remarkably low prices. Give him a call and examine his stock before purchasing. He can be found at the old stand at the corner of Fayetteville and Hargett Streets.

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