



The Old North State

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LOOKING OUT INTO THE NIGHT.

Looking out into the night, I beheld in space afar, Your beaming blazing star; And I marvel at the night, Of the Giver of the rays, And I worship as I gaze, Looking out into the night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A ONE DOLLAR NOTE.

I am one of a very large family. As well as I can remember, (people can't be very accurate about such things.) I was born in August, 1862. I believe there was a mark on me somewhere, giving the exact date of my birth, but I have traveled so far, been lodged in so many different places, fondled by so many fond hands, and not allowed the use of soap and water, (which, they say, would be the death of me,) that this mark is nearly obliterated—people do say that my father—[then Secretary Chase] don't want the world to know how old I am until I am redeemed; and mortal cannot tell when that will be. As I was saying, I was born in August, 1862, down stairs in the basement of the Treasury Department at Washington—there was quite a number of us born at once—our first sensation was a tremendous pressure as though we were being squeezed to death—[I was afterwards told this was a hydraulic press]—and then we were taken out and put apart by a pair of scissors and laid in a pile. My father, Mr. Chase, was standing by, and he had invited President Lincoln to come and see us—have heard that the President took me up, and laughingly said, "Chase, old fellow, you're likely to have a large family;" "It reminds me," he continued, "of a little joke which occurred in Sangamon county, Illinois. A lady presented her fox hunting spouse with four children, and their little son, about five years old, asked, with great eagerness, 'Father, how many are you going to keep?'" to which Mr. Chase readily replied, "There will be no better about that here, for these are the children of the President, who help to maintain the Union." "Big thing," jocularly said Mr. Lincoln; and Mr. Colfax, coming in at the moment, with his radiant countenance, he added, "Colfax, your face always suggests a smile, suppose we adjourn to the White House, and unite in a general one"—which they did—and the President offered, by way of sentiment, "May Chase's new offspring live to be as good as this Bourbon;" to which Mr. Chase [who was singularly facetious that day] replied: "And always be as current as your jokes, Mr. President."

the wallet and placed upon a table covered with green cloth to which sundry cards were attached; this, I afterwards learned too well, (for I have since been hundreds of times in such places,) was a far-bank. The man who sat dealing cards at the head of the table out of a tin-box soon took me up and put me along with a pile of Fives and Tens and Twenties, who I soon found were my older brothers, born in better times when my father was not so hard run. It was not long before I was won by another paymaster, who really did start for the army with me, and took the cars of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, but after journeying pleasantly alone for some time, there was a crash, a sudden stoppage, and I heard the paymaster say in a tremulous voice, "Mooby, as I am a sinner!" and sure enough, it was Mooby, who soon had the wallet in which we were stowed swung round his neck, as he galloped off, shouting, "Boys in Blue ought not to wear Greenbacks!" which I thought a very poor joke, but you might have heard his men a mile off in their boisterous laughter; the paymaster, who was jogging along as a prisoner, did not crack a smile. That night Mooby divided us among his men, keeping none for himself, although pressed to do so, whereupon I heard the paymaster ask one of the men, "Is your Captain deranged?" "Not half as much," the man replied, "as your currency will be if we make many such hauls as this"—which I thought a very coarse and unfeeling reply, but they all laughed as before; and I have noticed throughout my whole existence that the possession of me or any of my brethren seems invariably to put my owners in a merry mood. I was next placed in a letter and sent over horribly jolting roads to a little country post office in Dixie and there taken out by an old lady, who was the mother, it seems, of the trooper into whose hands I had fallen, and when the letter was opened and read, I felt for the first time in my life, (but oh! how often afterwards!) the pathetic touch of a human tear—but it was a tear of gratitude and joy, for all unconscious of my power I was the symbol of a temporary relief from want and suffering. I was soon put in the hands of a neighboring storekeeper who haggled over me, accused the old lady of being too fond of Yankee money, but utterly refused to exchange me for Confederate notes, when a gentleman who was standing by mockingly proposed to give him twenty for one, a phrase I did not understand at the time. I was curious to see some of these "Confeds" (as they were familiarly called) [the storekeeper quickly put myself in a greasy old pocket-book and carried me off the next day to Richmond to aid him in buying a substitute. I could but smile scornfully remembering how he had treated the old lady] to hear this fellow pleading as for dear life with the man who at last consented [for fifteen thousand Confeds] to take his place in the army. I was sold to a Broker, and when placed in his window, saw for the first time a Confederate note; it was got up in very handsome style, and was apparently very stiff, but I thought I perceived under it all a lack of self-confidence—and I thought I heard a slight rustle of angry fear as a boy, who was gazing through the window at us, said to a companion, "If we beat the Yankees five to one in fighting, they beat us twenty to one in money." From the Broker I passed into the hands of a "Confidence Man" who had swindled nearly everybody in the city, and who took me down to Georgia. From that time forward I was so knocked and kicked about—passed through so many hands—and feel so much abused at times, that it were too sad and wearisome to attempt to recount my adventures. Suffice it to say that I sounded all the depths and shallows of human nature: now I was put in the "collected bag" of a church; then rested for a time with a widow or an orphan; then perchance, after various turns I was passed for a theatre ticket or "drinks all around" at a bar-room. I was now the pledge of patriotism, and anon the wages of sin. I have been in the roar of battle and in the rush of retreat. I witnessed the sincerity of some and the hypocrisy of others. I have listened to the cabals of traitors; the counsels of brave, true men. I have been in taro anned, disgusted and wearied; but the greatest delight and truest triumph I have ever experienced was a few days since when I happened to be in General Butler's pocket and heard his noble speech proclaiming the downfall of the arch enemies of our race, Gold and Silver—that Discount, like Slavery, had perished from the land; that the triumph of Paper was at hand; and, ragged though I am, and dirty though I be, I rejoice to think that the tyranny of "filthy lucre" is over, and I can die happily because Unredeemed!

A PRECOCIOUS CHAP.

John Smith—you've heard of him—is very bashful—is too bashful, in truth. He was born and raised in the country. His father gave him a good education and allows him plenty of money. But John, with all his other attainments, never could accustom himself to the society of females; not because he didn't like the girls, but because shy nature would not permit him to associate with the fair sex. It is once happened, not very long either, that John's father had some very impor-

tant business to transact in the city.

He also had some very particular affairs to attend to at home, which demanded his personal attention, and not possessing the power of ubiquity, he delegated his son John to transact that in the city. John, being thus commissioned, immediately proceeded to the city and to the residence of his father's old friend, who he found to be a very nice old fellow, with a beautiful daughter, and a fine tactles. John was ushered into the parlor, and new thing to him, and motioned to a seat—no! a sofa, [another new thing]. "But we must use our own language," I took my seat and made observations. Everything was fine! Fine carpets, fine sofas, fine tables, fine curtains, fine books, fine pianos, fine everything, and especially a fine young lady who was dressed in fine silk, fine satin, and who had fine curls, and a fine appearance generally. After chatting with the old gentleman a few minutes, he took down his hat, told me to make myself at home for an hour or two, and left—me alone with his daughter and a small mischievous boy, the young lady's brother. I didn't relish the situation at all. The idea of my keeping a city belle engaged in conversation for two hours—perdition! Silence reigned in the parlor for a short time, you may bet. I amused myself as much as possible with the boy—that is, loaned him my knife and watch-key, and watched him spit holes in the carpet with one and eul the other. I don't know what I would have done had it not been for that boy, he was so good to attract one's attention you know. It is true that he asked some very startling questions, occasionally, such as this for instance: "Are you going to court sister Emily?" but such things must be expected under such circumstances. Miss Emily, thinking, no doubt, that to be a good hostess, she must keep her guest engaged in conversation, asked me "how I liked the country life." etc. She said that "it must be a beautiful sight to see the laborers, both male and female, romping on the new-mown hay of a New-year's day; that she always did think she would like to spend a Christmas in the country—a new subject with the girl, and she said that it always had been a wish to her how they got the eggs off the trees without breaking them." etc. In return, I thought that to keep up my part of the conversation, it was necessary for me to quote poetry and the like, which did. Among other quotations, I unfortunately repeated the well-known lines of Shakespeare.

There is a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them as we will.

At this juncture, the boy, who had perched himself upon my knee, looked up very earnestly into my face and said: "Divinity shaped the end of your nose mighty urine." I'm certain that I blushed a little; I am very certain that I wished somebody would spank one of his—well, we talked of hills, mountains, vales, cataraets—I believe I said of water-falls, when the boy spoke up and said: "Why sister's got a trunk full of them up stairs—pap says they are made out'n horse hair." This revelation struck terror into me and blushed into the cheeks of my fair companion. It came to be very apparent to me that I must be very guarded in what I said, lest said boy might slip in his remarks at uncalled for places. In fact I turned all conversations to him. I told him he ought to go home with me, and see what nice chickens we had in the country. Unluckily, I mentioned a yoke of calves that my little brothers owned. The word calves roused all. The little fellow looked up and said: "Sister's got a dozen of 'em, but she don't wear 'em only when she goes up in town on windy days." "Leave the room, you unmanly little wretch!" exclaimed Miss Emily, "leave immediately!" "I know what you want me to leave for," replied he, "you can't fool me—you want to set in that man's lap and kiss him like you did Bill Simmons, the other day—you can't fool me I'll just tell you. Gimme some candy like he did, then I'll go. You think because you've got the Grecian Bend that you're smart! Guess I know a thing or two! I'm mad at you, anyhow, cause pap would give me a new top yesterday, if it hadn't a been for you a gottin them curls your's, got doggone ye! You needn't turn so red in your face, 'cause I can't see it for the paint."

Cement for Broken Vessels.—To half a pint of milk, put a sufficient quantity of vinegar to curdle it; separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the whites of four eggs, beating the whole well together; when mixed, add a little quick-lime with a sieve, until it acquires the consistency of a paste. With this cement, broken vessels or cracks can be repaired; dries quickly, and resists the action of fire and water.

A WONDERFUL VISION.

A young German boy, recently arrived with a party of friends, at one of the most renowned hotels in Paris, and occupied an apartment on the first floor, furnished with unusual splendour. Here the boy awoke one day, and, as he lay wrapped in a deep slumber, he suddenly perceived a brilliant light emanating from the ceiling of the room, and, as he gazed upwards, he beheld a vision of the most striking and wonderful nature. The ceiling of the room, which he had secured, flew open, and the chamber was filled with a bright light as of day. In the midst of this there entered a handsome young man, in the uniform of the French Navy. Taking a chair from the bedside, he placed it in the middle of the room, and down, took from his pocket a pistol with remarkable red butt and lock, put it to his head, and firing, fell back, apparently dead! Simultaneously with the explosion the room became dark and still, but a low, soft voice uttered these words, "Say a word of his soul." The young lady had fallen back, not insensible, but in a more painful state—a kind of cataleptic trance, and thus remained fully conscious of all she imagined to have occurred, but unable to move tongue or hand, until seven o'clock on the following morning, at which our hero, in obedience to order, knocked at the door. Finding no reply was given, the maid went away, and returning at eight, in company with another domestic, repeated her summons. Still no answer, and again, after a little consultation, the poor young lady was delivered over for another hour to her agonized thoughts. At nine the doors were forced, and, at the same moment, the power of speech and movement returned. She shrieked out to the attendants that a man had shot himself there a few hours before, and still lay upon the floor. Observing nothing unusual, they concluded it was the excitement consequent upon some terrible dream. She was, therefore, placed in another apartment, and with great difficulty persuaded that the scene she so minutely described had no foundation in reality. Half an hour later the hotel proprietor desired an attendant with a revolver to search the rooms, and, in fact, the body of a young French officer had been discovered in the room in the hotel, and there terminated his life—using for the purpose a pistol answering the description above mentioned. The body and the pistol still lay at the dead house for identification, and the gentleman, proceeding thither, saw both the head of the unfortunate man exhibiting the wound in the forehead, as in the vision.—French Paper.

WHAT A MONKEY THINKS ABOUT WHI-KEY.

In my youth I had a friend who had a monkey, which he valued at a high price. We always took him out on our chestnut parties. He shook all our chestnuts for us, and when he would not shake them off, he would go to the very end of the limb and knock them off with his fist. One day we stopped at a tavern and gave Jack about half a glass of whisky. Jack took the glass and drank its contents, the effects of which soon brought him into full operation—skipping, hopping and dancing most entertainingly. Jack was drunk. We agreed to come to the tavern next day and see if Jack would drink again. I called in the morning at my friend's house, who went with Jack. But instead of being, as usual, on his box, he was not to be seen. We looked inside, and there he was crouched up in a heap. "Come out here," said his master. Jack came out on three legs, applying his fore paw to his head. Jack had the headache. He was sick and couldn't go. So we put it off three days. We then met again at the tavern, and provided a glass for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind chairs. "Come here, Jack," said his master, holding the glass to him. Jack retreated, and, as the door opened, he slipped out, and in a moment was on the top of the house. His master went and called him down. He, however, refused to obey. My friend got a corkscrew and stuck it in him, which the monkey disregarded, and continued on the ridge pole, still obstinately disobedient. His master got a gun and pointed it at him, but unsuccessfully. Jack slipped over to the back of the building. He then got two guns, and had one pointed on each side of the house, when the monkey, seeing his bad case, whipped up on the chimney, and got down in one of the flues, and held on by his fore-paws. My friend kept that monkey twelve years afterwards, but could never prevail on him to taste whisky.—Wolfsboro News.

WASTE FRAGRANCE.

To chemistry, modern perfumery is perhaps more indebted than any other art that conduces to the luxury of life. Nearly every article of the toilet-bottle or the satchel is made from waste, sometimes from inodorous matters. It is generally supposed that all the essence of flowers are produced by distillation. This is far from being the case; some of them would be seriously injured by such a process,

AGRICULTURAL.

COOKED FOOD FOR PIGS.

Editors Country Gentlemen: I have for a second time been trying an experiment in the line of fattening pork, and testing the merits of different varieties of food—cooked and uncooked—in the production of pork; and although the pigs in question are not yet slaughtered, the experiment is virtually ended—the result of which, with a few suggestions, I propose to present to your readers. The animals selected for the purpose of experiment are pure-breed Chester Whites, their existence dating from March 31, 1868. They had been kept in good thrifty condition until October 24, when I commenced feeding them all they would eat of newly-husked corn. They were fed one week and weighed. I then fed another week and weighed, noting the gains. I measured the corn, and the four pigs consumed exactly one bushel of shelled corn per day; the average gain per day during the week was a trifle under nine pounds. The account would stand thus: for every bushel of whole grain fed I received nine pounds of pork—value, \$1.08; gain of each hog per day, two and one-eighth pounds. November 6, I commenced feeding cooked meal—fed eleven days and again weighed; the average daily gain during the eleven days was eleven pounds. They consumed three-fourths of a bushel of meal per day. The account for cooked meal would stand thus: for every bushel of cooked meal fed I received thirteen and three-fourths pounds of pork—value \$1.65; gain of each pig per day, two and three-fourths pounds. November 17, I commenced feeding cooked potatoes and meal (four bushels of potatoes to one of meal), the meal stirred in after the potatoes had cooked. This was fed eight days, when the pigs were again weighed, the average daily gain being nine and three-eighths pounds. They consumed one and one-fourth bushels of the mixture daily. The account for potatoes and meal would stand: for every bushel fed I received seven and one-half pounds of pork—value, ninety cents; average daily gain per pig, two and one-eighth pounds. November 24, I commenced feeding, in addition to cooked potatoes and meal, what corn the pigs would eat. I kept no data as to the amount consumed, but weighed again December 5, and found the weight of the four pigs to be 1,361 pounds—a gain of two and two-thirds pounds per head during a very cold week. I should judge the amount consumed during the last eleven days of experiment was largely above that consumed at any previous period of equal duration. The result of my experiment helps to establish the conviction in my mind that to produce cheap pork, and to produce this cheap pork fast, at least three things are necessary, and a fourth desirable. First, get a good breed of hogs; the Chester White is my favorite. Secondly, feed cooked potatoes and meal principally. Thirdly, an occasional change of diet is indispensable to the most rapid development of fat, and conducive to the general thrift of the animal. If hogs are confined in a pen, dirt should be thrown in frequently, which will be greedily devoured. It prevents scurvy and constipation. The fourth (desirable) part is spaying. I think this practice is very much neglected, and its value very much underestimated by a majority of feeders. Although this article is not designed to discuss the merits or demerits of the practice, I would simply state that, in addition to the above experiment, I noted the weekly gain of each hog, there being three sows and one barrow. The gain of the barrow was regular—that of the sows spasmodic. I noted the gain of a sow during one week in heat—it was less than six pounds. She then had connection with the boar, and after recovering from the effects, I weighed after another week's feeding, and found the gain twenty-four pounds. I have frequently noted gains of four pounds daily, and even more, in sows during the first few weeks of pregnancy. When we consider the fact that one-third of a fattening sow's time is occupied in the development of the procreative propensity, how can we fail to see the pecuniary interest involved in the adoption of the system of spaying? Brother farmers, do away with the old system of feeding uncooked food. Get some Chester White pigs (or some other good breed). Get a large kettle, and employ some good mason to fix it nicely in an arch, if you cannot do it yourself. Get your arch wood dry in advance. Fill your kettle two-thirds full of potatoes, and water enough to cook them; after they are cooked, add as much meal as you can stir in. When sufficiently cooled, feed to your pigs. Pursue this course, and if you fail to grow some pigs which you will be proud to show your neighbors—if you fail to save ten bushels of shelled corn (worth \$1.30 per bushel) for every two hundred pounds of pork you make—then say that Wayne county never made a better hog than the one that I dressed these hundred pounds. An objection was raised by one of your correspondents to my article last spring on "Cooked vs. Uncooked Food for Pigs" because I failed to take into account the

wood consumed in cooking food.

In reply, I would say I will bind myself to furnish wood and coal, all the feed the selector wants for two cents a bushel, provided he wants enough cooked.—W. F. Baggerly, Wayne county N. C.

FARMING PROSPECTS.

We have never seen a crop of cotton that is so well adapted to the soil as the one now in the ground. It is a good crop, and indicates the right season. We notice signs of preparation on all sides for an increased crop. Hoes, mules and fertilizers are in demand, and all information in regard to improved farming is anxiously sought. The high price of produce for some time past, and the success of farming operations during the last year, has inspired people with renewed energy; and, the best of all, they seem disposed to go to work in earnest to retrieve their shattered fortunes, instead of waiting for politicians to do it with "reconstruction" measures. If Congress will let us alone, and not further interfere with our internal affairs, the people of this State will prosper far beyond anything known before the war during the days of slavery. We hope our farmers will not allow the high price of cotton to cause them to neglect the production of enough corn, wheat, oats, &c., for their own use, and a little to sell at least. We think there is some danger that Congress will again impose a tax of three cents per pound on cotton.—Char. Democrat.

THE USE OF THE HARROW.

There is great advantage in the frequent use of a good harrow. It works land down into that fine, mellow, rather compact condition, that, while it is not in the least hard, is the very best state for wheat. It is much better than the loose, spongy condition, sometimes produced by too much ploughing. When a tough awn is broken up after dry weather has set in, in the summer, harrow once or twice, and then cross ploughed in August, the sod not being thoroughly rotted, will, in pieces of various sizes made up of a mass of dry roots and stems be mixed through the soil, keeping it in a light luffy condition, not easily worked down, and in which wheat is more liable to injury from freezing out. Dry stubble also often plough up loose and luffy, and liable to the same difficulty. The best remedy for this is frequent harrowing. A good forty-eight-tooth harrow will work down such land into a proper state better than anything else. Then if after laying a week or two, the land needs more working, put on a good wheel cultivator, and work it up four or five inches deep, when another thorough condition, harrowing will make it fine. A good roller will help work down such land, but the effect is not equal to that produced by the harrow. It leaves the soil looking very smooth and fine on top, but don't put it in as fine and good condition all through, for the fine roots to penetrate, as the harrow. When any sward is broken up deep enough to furnish a good seed-bed in the soil, there is seldom any advantage in bringing the sod back to the surface. A thorough working with harrow and cultivator frequently makes a better preparation on the sod than can be secured by cross-ploughing. This is especially the case when clover is ploughed under rather late, or any sward is broken up after harvest. Then, as the sod will not be rotted enough to work down fine, it is far better to work down the furrow. It is also of some benefit, when holding the soil well together, while it prevents packing down the subsoil; and when ploughed at the proper direction, leaves room at the bottom of the furrow for surface water to work off. When a summer fallow is broken up early, and the sod is so rotted that it can be worked down fine, there will be less difference. Then, cross-ploughing once or twice is best with sufficient harrowing, will make the land in good condition. Still, in such cases, the more you harrow the better, for nothing like a harrow to put land in the best condition for wheat. With shallow ploughing, say four or five inches deep, this course is often the best. But when broken up from seven to ten inches deep, as nearly all good wheat land should be, once ploughing is generally the best.

A Wrinkle About the Age of Horses.

A short time ago we went a gentleman from Illinois who gave us a piece of information in regard to ascertaining the age of a horse, after he or she has passed the ninth year, which was new to us, and will be, we are sure, to most of our readers. It is this: After the horse is nine years old, a wrinkle comes on the eyelid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well defined wrinkle for each year over nine. If for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will always get it. So says the gentleman; and he is confident he will never err. As a good many people have horses over nine, it easily tried. If it is, the horse dentist must give up his trade.—Ee

GOD COUNTS.

A brother and a sister were playing in the dining-room, when their mother set a basket of cakes on the tea-table and went out. "How nice they look!" said the boy, reaching to take one. His sister earnestly objected, and even drew back his hand repeating that it was against their mother's direction. "She did not count them," said he. "But perhaps God did," answered the sister.

So he withdrew from the temptation, and sitting down, seemed to meditate. "You are right," replied he, looking at her with a cheerful yet serious air, "God does count, for the Bible says the hairs of our head are all numbered."