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The Old North State. PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY LEWIS HANDS Editor and Proprietor.

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Written for the Old North State. WOMAN'S MISSION. BY LISA BENTON.

This is indeed an olden theme and probably nearly every boarding-school-miss has ventured upon it, making it almost as familiar in composition as the never-failing source from which the child draws in her perplexity, Nature—Spring with teeming life, bursting buds and flowers—Summer's harvest—Autumn's fruit—Winter's snows and blizzards, fire, around which hoarded ones are cackled.

Nevertheless, if our present theme be a familiar one, surely in the day of heresy it is an interesting one. Scarcely can we take up a daily paper or periodical, than Woman's Suffrage is not well upon and often in terms of scathing bitterness.

Man has ever been exceedingly jealous of his rights and any encroachment from the opposite sex is met with his derision—with his scorn and with his sneer. Yet in this refined age of the nineteenth century it is generally agreed upon by sensible men and well-meaning women that all desired privileges have been granted and the chivalrous lords of creation have long ago placed woman in her true position.

Especially do we claim it of our American gentlemen; then is it not strange that American ladies should be making all this stir about their rights? But from many quarters and especially the east does the clamorous cry come up for rights and equality and we have women that would vote, those that would be congress-women, even that once high status have been decried at late. Women now plead at the bar—women now preach the gospel.

What is woman's mission has certainly become an important question. This age of progress and renovation is fast sweeping away old and well tried customs and frail woman that should know the value of peace, has set out upon a new and untrodden path, and one that bids fair to become in the red man's phraseology a war path, through a tangled wilderness of thorns, in pursuit of an enemy whose trail cannot be found because it is not.

Yet when the propriety of it is questioned these very wise women would class you among those who have not kept pace with the age and that St. Paul surely meant one thing and said another. But in all sincerity let us ask the question what is Woman's Mission?

Near six thousand years ago God created man and placed him in the garden of Paradise. We can have but limited conceptions of its beauty, yet all that is gorgeous in Nature was here, all that is beautiful can depict, yet Adam with a human heart's yearning for companionship could not be happy alone. The brute creation could have no sympathy with him and there was no voice to blend with his, in his matin hymn of praise to his Maker. We know not how long he remained sole occupant of Eden, or how many dewy bright morning he was awakened, by carolling birds, from slumber upon a flowery bank, mayhap near Euphrates' sparkling waters and found by his side a beautiful creature fashioned as himself.

It may be his first glad thought was that a bright angel had left the shining courts of Heaven to be his companion. But no, this radiant being was a woman. Tall, slight, graceful and queenly was her form, with face so fair, so very fair—azure blue eyes and massy golden curls that were thrown back from a broad alabaster brow by small faultless hands, partially shading the rounded cheek, that rivaled the roses blooming around her, and the curling red lips were turned to the sweetness of singing birds in the boughs above her. Adam was entranced by this vision of beauty and was as ardent a lover as any man since who have vainly imagined women, angels.

Thither he followed where butterfly Eved led, amid flowers, shrubbery and tangled vines and Milton tells us the placid waters of a lake too soon made known Eve's charms to herself. But vanity was in the main it did lead to her questioning her own mind the propriety of her husband enter-

ing into a compact, imposing conditions, by which they were to remain in this blissful state—but it was her aspirations after greatness. In other words meddling in affairs not her own, just as our suffrage women all do, and would have done in Eve's place. Listening to false counsel Adam violated his oath of obedience, lost Paradise, and bequeathed a heritage of toil, suffering and death to mankind.

So here in our faithful records a great and melancholy example of the danger of woman standing between man and the world with its strong temptations, in short of allowing her to take upon her slight shoulders the burden of public affairs.

Falling from his first estate has doomed man to labor, and nature has fitted him and given him strength and hardihood.—The bible tells us woman was given for a help meet, to man, and surely she must not forget her destiny, but let us see whereto this help must consist.

Until the coming of our Saviour, woman was a mere slave and if she possessed beauty, was a mere toy. Christianity has elevated her and made known her true nature and no where is she appreciated, save in a christian land. The Mohammedan even denies woman a soul, and the Eastern nations look upon her as entirely an inferior being—bury her in the walls of a Haram and if she at all emerges from this living tomb, jealously veil her charms and never think of confiding in her honor.—She is here carressed at will, disposed of at pleasure, carried, or greed of gold.—And many of these nations are very ancient and boast of their great civilization.

Among the savage tribes woman is found invariably a slave. The Indian's dusky bride was wont to have the logs and rear his rude hut, plant his maize, cook his fires and cook his meals. We hope it is all done with cheerful heart and willing hand, her ignorance was bliss. It is well though our woman's right's women did not live here, ere Columbus touched these shores. The wigwag would have become too hot for the red man. The Indian's squaw rarely made pretensions to beauty—can flowers bloom without air, light or sunshine? The Indian's home possessed not the comforts of the deer he hunted in the chase, or of the bear he baited, or traced to the beechen tree.—Man's instinct should teach him, and does, if he heeds it not, that woman was not given him, to labor in his fields, drive his oxen, or black his boots, and if compelled to do this, soon the beauty that was given to gladden his heart will fade and the love that should cheer his soul will be turned into bitterness.

Look at woman! She is fairer, frailer than man, instead of strength God has given her gentleness, instead of dignity, loveliness. And one of her great aims in life should be to grow still more lovely, but it must be loveliness of soul as well form and face. Dress it is true has a narrowing effect upon the mind, yet whatever tends to real improvement of her personal charms should not be neglected.—But it must ever be remembered that she was not sent merely into the world to be looked at and admired, to dress and lead an aimless life. Neither should she ever fancy she is too angelic to descend to the common realities of life and prove herself capable of becoming man's help-meet.—Woman it is feared who consider themselves angels on earth will rarely fit themselves for angels in Heaven. But frivolity and dissipation in dress is too often thrust at our women of the present day. We claim in behalf of our sex, that there has been no degeneration in this respect and to be convinced that there is not as much to condemn in our present modes as in the past we need but glance at the styles in the days of Charles II of England. Louis the XIV of France, or our honored grand mothers of the Revolution. And the wits of England two hundred years ago became woman's levity as the world befitting the present age, forgetting they themselves were sullen breeches of gay colors, embroidered waistcoats and their hair powdered. There were said as many smart things against vain poor women as now, by our dandy dandies.

But pardon our digression would come to woman's true mission and notice the instincts of woman's heart. The little flaxen haired girl of three summers, whose tongue has scarce forgotten the lisping prattle of infancy, is so happy over her pretty doll, handling it not as other toys, but with tender care and counts not the winged hours at play. Here, is the future patient mother. God has so clearly defined this instinct, and has given patience to cherish, control and govern the wayward nature of the young and tender. From birth till maturity, mankind is placed under the tuition of woman. The mother indeed writes the first lesson upon memory's tablet and starts the child onward in a career that must lead to greatness or dishonor to final happiness or misery. Oh! mothers have a Christian mother would a Westminster! It is certainly within the domestic circle the bright lustre of woman's character shines forth. Here it is her privilege to teach, preach and administer laws, and if she perform this complex and perplexing duty aright, she is surely not without honor or distinction among men. It has been said that "those who rock the cradle rule the world."

Then can woman complain of a limited sphere of action, or want of influence?—But is she gaining influence among noisy turbulent assemblies of men? No, no sphere of action will never conflict with

man's. Home is woman's true sphere. Is it not easy to fancy—do we not know a household—a home of beauty, comfort and love? One of refinement wherein literature, music and flowers are cultivated to make life more sunny—the presiding genius of which is woman as Christianity has made her high-souled, pure and good.

And do we not know homes the reverse of this, contrasting so strongly as to scarce deserve the sweet name of home—where all is confusion and disorder, envyings and bitterness—every thing looks ugly and bears traces of the ugly temper of the reigning mistress. Where complaints of husband is heard, crying children stormed at, women's rights talked about and strong minded women admired. But could not this harsh nature be made more gentle—if husband or child were laid prostrate by disease would she not forget her selfishness? Would not her woman's nature triumph and her hand be laid caressingly upon the brows of those she loved and while her heart was bowed in humiliation would she not repent past folly.

But is woman to have no aspirations ask you? We answer does she not already stand upon a high pedestal? Turn to history's page and we find great women—woman whose own hand has loved and her brow unblushingly worn laurels and unfading leaves—woman's intellect that will fairly cope with man's; yet these women never thought more nobility.—They were in pursuit of a substance rather than a shadow. The world is not so biased as to withhold woman's praise when it is justly due. The doors of literature and art are thrown wide, in flowery fields she may revel. Are not some of our most popular writers women? The canvases and easel art at her command and will not admiring thousands stop before her glorious creations in Art's Gallery.

But would we have no distinction in social or political life? Have it so and who is looser? Man will treat you as he treats man, there will be no respect for your womanhood, no gallantry, none of the little kind attentions that makes life so pleasant—true knightly will perish from the earth and a Frenchman's sword will no more bear the queer device of "Honor and the Ladies," as that of Marat's high marshal of France. Woman's voice loses its sweetness as the self-possessed orator or the pedantic lecturer.—Bonaparte said the first acclamations of the French people were as sweet to his ears as the voice of Josephine.

Has not true womanhood been admired in all ages and now in jealousy and blindness will she with rude hands tear from her nature all its sweet graces—annihilate the true dignity in womanhood. About three hundred years ago England's scepter was swayed by a powerful hand and that hand was a woman's. Elizabeth was a mighty queen, and probably at no day before or since was Britain's prosperity greater. Our haughty queen was feared by foe and distracted by friends, flattered by presuming aspiring favorites, but there was not a single heart that really loved her. There was much in the strong minded queen to admire, positively nothing in the bigoted unamiable woman to love. Her unfortunate and final victim, beautiful Mary of Scotland was less a queen, more a true woman. With some of woman's frailty, her loveliness of character, her heart of mercy and tenderness has commended her to commigation and many an eye has been moistened with pity's tears in reviewing her life. To this day, Holywell palace is visited yearly by thousands of curious, sympathetic travelers—the scene of her trials and sufferings, where for eighteen years she was the close prisoner of cruel Elizabeth, as her lovely form drooped and her pale, patient face grew lovelier and her heart was crushed. Surely there is a yearning in the depths of woman's soul for love. The affection she may be enabled to inspire is her strength—it is her supreme power. Then let her not mistake her mission! Let the instincts of her heart be strengthened, her affections chastened, her intellect developed, her mind enriched by knowledge, and her soul be made pure—and never be forgetful of woman's dignity and the true sphere of woman's action.

FOREIGN ITEMS. Ledu Rollin has quit France for London in a hurry—alarmed at the gloomy political horizon. He thought he was a Democrat until he returned from exile, but he soon found he was totally repelled by the Rocheforts, and could not get out of the kingdom too soon.

The two greatest letter-writers of the age are Victor Hugo and Garibaldi. One or the other supplies the fiery Rods of Paris with a missile every week. Hugo abuses the Emperor and Garibaldi the Pope, and it is hard to say which is most successful in the use of vigorous and condensed vilification.

A society exists in Paris called Les Dissidents—subjects for dissection—and consists of several hundred. The members bind themselves that after death their bodies shall not be buried, but be delivered to the anatomical halls for dissection.—Their object is to aid science, and banish the vulgar prejudice against dissection of dead bodies.

A NIGHT WITH THE DEAD—EXPERIENCE OF A GERMAN WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DEPARTED THIS LIFE, AND WAS PLACED IN THE DEAD HOUSE—AN EXCITING SCENE.

[From the San Francisco Alta, April 19.] The terrors of the grave, the fear of death, and the terrible calamity of being buried alive, have not been forcibly pictured more than in any picture, however drawn, must fail to leave the impression produced of either that is obtained by experience; and in no case can any one be so alive to these terrors and fears as the one who, being considered dead, is treated as such. For some time past a German, known by the name of Frederick, worked in a dining-saloon on First street as waiter. His constitution was weak, and the confinement necessarily attending his employment affected him very much. He consulted some physicians, who pronounced him consumptive, and advised him to give up his employment, and put himself under the care of a physician or go to the hospital. He decided on adopting the latter course, and some short time ago went to one of our hospitals. His condition rather grew worse daily, and lately he was confined to bed, and little hopes entertained of his recovery.—About a week ago he grew still worse.—He was visited in the morning by the physician, who considered his recovery hopeless. During the day he still grew weaker, and when the doctor paid his evening visit he found him pulseless, and pronounced life extinct. The body was immediately removed and placed in the dead-house attached to the hospital. It was deposited in a case where two other bodies had already been placed, and between them. The cover was put on, and the keeper of the dead-house retired for the night. About midnight a loud screaming and yelling of the most unearthly character was heard in the dead-house.—The watchers heard it, and the party who had charge of this portion of the building heard it also. A silent sense of fear, of terror the most terrifying, stole over them all, and they concluded that a scene was being acted similar to that witnessed by Tam O'Shanter at Kerkealloway where he saw "warlocks and witches in a dance."

The keeper of the dead-house was sought after, but being aware of what he was required to do; he sought concealment, preferring to let the ghosts fight it out among themselves, rather than attempt to become peace-maker. The yells and shouts in the dead-house still continued, while the door received an occasional bang, accompanied by the demands: "Open the door; let me out." At last the keeper was prevailed upon to proceed to the dead-house and open the door, when the ghostly form of the German, whose life had been a few hours previously pronounced extinct, and who had been dressed in the robes of the dead, stood before him. The keeper faintly uttered, while the terrified German rushed headlong through the long halls and corridors of the building, spreading terror and dismay as he went. Some more courageous than the rest caught and arrested him in his frantic career, but the next instant the poor German fell on the floor in a swoon. The physician was at once sent for, and restoratives used by which he was restored to consciousness, and although he is still weak and under treatment in the hospital, his recovery is considered certain and only a matter of time. He now walks about pretty stoutly, and is permitted to go outside the hospital limits.—He visited his late employer a few days ago, and related to him the fact that, having got into a trance, it was thought he was dead, and he was removed to the dead-house. How he felt when he returned to consciousness, we give as he told it himself: "Vel, ven I got sick and was in bed dat day, the Doctor came to me and said I was very sick. He vent away, and after he vent I fell asleep. I knew nothing more till I awoke in de night, and there vas no light. I put out my hand, and I could get no bed-clothes, for I vas cold. I dou put my hand to vons side to try for de bed-clothes, and, och, my Gott, vat you tinkt I got—y, a ded man! Dere he vas, cold enough, sure. I roared mid all de power I had, and vas going away by de other side, yin sure, I put my hand on another. Then I roared, and called, and cried out all I could, and ven I vas getting up, my head struck a board that was covering me.—Oh, said I, vat does this mean? I vere I am! Am I ded? And I roared and bawled, and threw off de cover and jumped about as if I vas mad. And I knocked at de door wid my hands and feet, but nobody would open it for me, and I thought I vas ded myself. I vas not sure. I had de ded man's dress on me. At las, de door opened, and ven I looked at las, de man vat opened it, he fell down mid fear, and I ran till I vas caught. Then I faintid, and ven I come to myself I thought it vas a dream.—But it is as true as I am here."

The population of St. Petersburg, Russia, on the 10th of December, 1869, was 667,026, of which 376,523 was male and 290,503 female.

The death of Theodore Clay, son of Henry Clay is announced. He has been for fifty years an inmate of the Lexington (Mo.) Lunatic Asylum.

One reason that the world is not reformed is, because everybody would like to be a beggar and a pauper, and they will make a tissue of the most dazzling brilliancy.

PEACE OR WAR ON THE PLAINS. Many causes concur to make federal affairs distant to the Southern people and even to make us unwilling to discuss or to form opinion on subjects which are of universal importance and should excite a lively interest.

First among these causes lies our conviction that we have enough to do in ensuring our own material prosperity by the closest attention of each man to his own particular business. But hardly accord in importance to the fact that we are represented at Washington almost wholly by political adventurers, interlopers, accidental men, in short carpet-baggers, who rarely possess ability or honesty, and never combine both qualities. Hence it is not wonderful, however deplorable it may be, to find that the voice of the South is not heard in Congress, whether on questions affecting us alone, or on those larger subjects, which appeal to the nation; and that on both alike, so far as regards Congressional action, the Southern press and the Southern people are alike silent, despairing to be heard.

The Indian policy of the Government is a case in point. Our Northern exchanges come to us burthened with pleas and con, defenses of Sherman and Sheridan, praise or blame for Peace and Grant, for General Parker or Haze Agent Broadbent, whilst we pervere a discreet silence—discreet if neglect be discretion. Pagan massacres, and peace "talks" with Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, are alike unnoticed and we seem quite careless whether the country be on the verge of an Indian war. Yet such a war will kill a few savages; it will starve a few squaws; and it will enrich a few hundred contractors, quartermasters and post agents, while it will leave the Indian question where it found it and we will have to pay our proportion of a bill certainly of ten probably of one hundred millions incurred how or why, when, where, or for what object we do not know, and do not even inquire.

The Sioux war of 1864 cost \$40,000,000, the Cheyenne campaign in 1867, some \$9,000,000; that against the Navajoes \$30,000,000, and the long struggle of the Seminoles may be put at \$100,000,000.

General Hazen in an Alabama paper, whose views are endorsed by Hancock, Sherman and all the officers best acquainted with the Plains, long ago recommended as the only efficacious plan, that of placing the Indians on reservations, if necessary feeding them there, observing strictly our treaties and making no war but upon those who can by no other means be put or retained upon the reservations. He demonstrated that this was far the cheapest plan, and the only feasible one, of preserving our frontiers from outrage without resorting to the extermination of the Indians: "The plan is cheap—it is simple, and we fear utterly impracticable, for the sole reason that it does not provide against the encroachments of the white upon the red man."

The men who form the advance guard of our march into the wilderness, restless, reckless, eager, unscrupulous and violent, possess in high degree the best qualities which distinguish an advancing, a dominant race. But they have, inherent in them the worst of those vices which make turbid the waves where meet the tides of barbarous and of civilized society.

The whole history of the United States' Indian policy shows one idea—protection of the settler against the Indian. It has cost us many and valuable lives, and treasure untold. Can we not try protection of the Indian against the settler?

It is by this course that Brigham Young counts the savages his friends, by this rule that Penn found Peace and prosperity; by it the Jesuit mission has stood safe in French and Spanish America, and by it our cousins of British America have gained and still preserve the friendship, faithful, cheap and valuable, of the many tribes of the New Dominion, and of the half-breeds of the Saskatchewan.

If we place the Indian on the reservation we must not only reserve his land for him, but we must preserve it; we must not only keep him on it, but we must keep the white settler off it.

This there is difficult in doing, but the Government can do it, if it will. The only other alternative is extermination of the Indian, which would cost us one hundred thousand men, five years, and three hundred millions of dollars.

If this reservation and preservation be pursued we shall have no need of Quaker commissioners, we could shortly reduce our forces on the Plains, and we might claim at last to have done a tardy justice to the savage tribes of whom our power has made us the guardians.—Petersburg Index.

The difficulty in raising the silk-worm, and the great and increasing loss attending that industry, has caused people in France to look about for a substitute. A scientific gentleman has fallen upon the spider, and satisfied himself that cob-webs may be wrought into the most exquisite and durable fabric. By many experiments he has ascertained that one spider, properly cared for, will in one season produce a thread of three thousand metres, and thirteen nests of spiders of three hundred each will produce enough for a full suit of clothes. The strength of spider silk, he says, will defy all competition. It is as strong as iron, and in beauty, cannot be surpassed. Some threads are like gold and others like silver, and they will make a tissue of the most dazzling brilliancy.

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