

D. J. Ramsay

Francis J. ... K. K. ...

The Old North State

SALISBURY, N. C., SEPT. 9, 1870.

NO. 36.

VOL. V.

PRINTING PRESS
The undersigned offers for sale an excellent Ramage Printing Press.

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE!
I WILL SELL FOR CASH, at the Court House, DAVIE COUNTY, N. C.

County LINE PROPERTY, which is one of the best county stands for Merchandising in Western N. C.

Two-Story Storehouse, with all necessary Warehouses for a general trade.

DWELLING HOUSE, Out Houses, Ice House, good Orchards, and some Two or Three Hundred Acres of very fine

TOBACCO LAND, and is, upon the whole, one of the most desirable places in the country.

PHILLIPS & BROTHERS, TWO DOORS ABOVE THE COURT HOUSE, on Main Street.

FRESH AND SALT FISH, OF EVERY VARIETY - Whiskies, Brandies, Rum, Gin, &c., &c.

YANKEE NOTIONS, in fact, almost everything usually kept in a Cash or Country Produce at the highest market prices.

\$1,000 REWARD, DeBing's Via Fuga cures all Liver, Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

WILLIAM VALENTINE, THE BARBER, RETURNS HIS THANKS to his OLD FRIENDS.

GOODS GOING DOWN!

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V. WALLACE, No. 3, GRANITE ROW, SALISBURY, N. C.

Ladies' Dress Goods, Trimmings of all kinds, GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

GROCERIES, and a great many other articles not here enumerated.

MANSION HOUSE, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

TRAVELLING PUBLIC, Omnibus at Depot on arrival of Trains.

NORTH CAROLINA, Superior Court, DAVIE COUNTY, Spring Term 1870.

Elizabeth Sprouse, assignee, plaintiff, against

1st. George D. Sprouse, of Yadkin county, a brother of Robert Sprouse, deceased.

2d. the eye R. Carter, Robert Daniel and wife Hannah, David Kendrick and his wife Harriet, Lucy Hollingsworth, children of Amelia Sprouse, dec'd, a sister of Robert Sprouse.

3d. a. Thomas Jones, George Jones, and two other children of Sally Jones, dec'd, a daughter of Martha Sprouse, dec'd, a sister of Robert Sprouse.

4. a. Thomas Jones, George Jones, and two other children of Sally Jones, whose are unknown, and James Smith and two other children of Jane Smith, dec'd, non-residents.

You are hereby notified that a summons in the above entitled case, has issued against you, and the complaint therein was filed in the Superior Court of Davie county, on the 29th day of July, 1870.

You are also notified, that the summons in the case is returnable to the Judge of our Superior Court, to be held for the county of Davie, at the Court House in Mocksville, on the second Monday after the third Monday of September, 1870, when and where you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint - in default whereof the plaintiff will apply to said Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Witness, H. R. Austin, Clerk of our said Court at office in the town of Mocksville, on the 29th day of July, A. D. 1870.

NORTH CAROLINA, In the Superior Court, CALDWELL COUNTY, Court.

M. A. Bernhard, Executor of Henry Smith, dec'd, against

Lewis S. Hartley and wife Clarissa, D. W. Pressnell and wife Elizabeth, Maria Hays, Rufus Smith, Ephraim Smith, Willis Stanley and wife Helena, John Moore and wife Emily, W. W. Barnes and wife Caroline, Marcus Smith, Marion Smith, Phillip W. Barnes, Harriet Barnes and Ida Barnes.

To Ephraim Smith, William Stanley and wife Selena, John Moore and wife Emily, non-resident defendants in the above entitled proceeding.

You are hereby notified that summons in the above entitled proceeding have issued against you, and the complaint in the Superior Court of Caldwell county, on the 11th day of July, A. D. 1870.

You are further notified that the summons in this proceeding is returnable to the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the said County on the 1st day of September next, when and where you are required to appear and answer the complaint - in default whereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Witness, R. R. Wakefield, Clerk of the Superior Court of Leon, on the 11th day of July, A. D. 1870.

CLEMMONS' STAGE LINES! WARSAW

Charlotte Female Institute, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

YARBOROUGH HOUSE, FAYETTEVILLE STREET, RALEIGH, N. C.

J. M. Blair, Proprietor, Cider Mills & Cotton Gins.

SEND TO MICHELL ALLEN & CO., Newbern, N. C., for Circulars.

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LEWIS HANES, Editor and Proprietor.

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2 Columns, 18.00 24 Weeks, 30.00 45 Weeks, 75.00
3 Columns, 28.00 30 Weeks, 50.00 80 Weeks, 130.00

THE HOME OF CHARLES DICKENS IN POSSESSION OF HIS ELDEST SON.

From the London Telegraph.

The public will learn with satisfaction that, for the present at least, no stranger owner will take possession of the house at Gadshill, famous as the residence of Charles Dickens. The property was put up for sale by auction yesterday by Mr. Trist, of the firm of Norton, Trist & Watney, at the mart in Tokenhouse-yard, and was bought in by Mr. Charles Dickens, the eldest son of the late distinguished novelist, for £6,500.

It was scarcely to be expected that anything like the same eagerness would be shown to get possession of this house as was exhibited to secure some one or more of the articles of vertu which belonged to Mr. Dickens. An American gentleman had, it is said, set his mind on purchasing the Swiss chapelet, but the executors and auctioneers decided to include it in the same parcel as the residence and grounds. The attendants at the room were not much larger than at sales of ordinary property. Mr. Charles Dickens occupied a front seat near the auctioneer. Mr. Trist began the proceedings of the sale by saying that it was unnecessary for him to attempt to add any remarks of his to the praises that had been written of Mr. Dickens and his works. It was enough for present purposes to state that Mr. Dickens lived at Gadshill for many years, and that the place was likewise famous as a scene immortalized by Shakespeare. The grounds consisted of 17 acres, 2 rods and 14 poles; the house was commodious, containing eight bed-rooms, two servants' bed-rooms, a dining-room twenty-six feet by seventeen, a handsome conservatory, and a small billiard-room. Having mentioned the garden, he proceeded to say that he had been asked to detach the Swiss chapelet, which was presented to Mr. Dickens, from the property - and to do so, a large sum of money would have been realized from it; but such a course appeared to be almost sacrilegious, and it had been determined to sell all as one lot. The house was a mile and a half from Higham, two and a half miles from Rochester, and was well supplied with pure spring water. It was in substantial repair, and in every respect fit for immediate occupation. The late Mr. Dickens must have spent thousands of pounds upon it; and he did not think that any one entering on it need spend an additional shilling. What should he ask for this property? It had been reported that an American gentleman was determined to have it at any price; but he trusted, for the honor of this country, that an Englishman would become the possessor of the estate which belonged to Charles Dickens. He had been told they would get £20,000 for it. Should he commence with £10,000? No answer. £8,000? Still no offer. What was it their pleasure to start with? A voice: "I will give you five thousand pounds." Five thousand pounds offered - five thousand five hundred - six thousand - six thousand one hundred - and so on, by the silent nods of bidders, up to six thousand six hundred pounds, and then a pause. In vain did Mr. Trist try all the varied forms of the auctioneer's art to secure a higher offer. They would not go on. And so the hammer fell to a bid by a gentleman who was acting for Mr. Charles Dickens. A plot of eight acres of land, forming part of the estate, was bought by Mr. Dickens for £1,500. The property had been put up for sale by order of the executors, and will now pass into the possession of Mr. Dickens.

POMPEII AND VESUVIUS - AN OLD POMPEIIAN HOUSEHOLD.

Pompeii at the base of Vesuvius, struggles again for life? Sweep back two thousand years, dear reader, and stand with me on the remains of an ancient city whose streets, theatres and temples begin to revive in graceful ruins.

From the tangled mass beneath the lava, voluminous art, strewn amid the courts and terraces that once proud city, breathing existence in the haughtiest of the ages of the Roman Empire, they gazed. Exquisite mural paintings in the roofless chambers, as fresh and plain as if they had been executed yesterday, disinterred from their long burial, mirror the luxuriant and debauched life of Pompeian life.

A perfect fascination creeps over the wondering visitor when, standing at the bottom of the market place, he looks upon the silent streets, through the ruined temples of Jupiter and Isis, over broken palaces with exposed sanctuaries, and Mount Vesuvius in the peaceful distance. It is like a dream.

You have but little heed of time, and no understanding of its flight. The strange scene grows melancholy in its sensation, when we ramble on, passing relics of human life; the stone rim of the exhausted well, worn by the bucket rope; the marks of the carriage wheel in the narrow streets; the places for drinking vessels on marble counters of the wine shop; the amphora, in private cellars, hundreds of years ago put away; the miller's wheel and his oven, where for two thousand years lay his last baking; the house of Diomedes, where skeletons were found huddled together near the door, as if attempting to escape, shrunken inside to scantly bones, and hardened with ashes - are scenes of this ghastly city, awfully impressive and solemn.

Moving on, both, amphitheatres and temples, where the gods were wont to be worshipped by the priests, dimly show the revelry of pleasure, the pursuit of games, and the superstitious adoration of that elysian age. Perhaps the vista of imagination becomes paramount to that of reality, when looking upon the neighboring grounds, we reflect that house upon house, palace upon palace, temple upon temple, monument upon monument, are still towering underneath the quiet growth, and that their moldy wealth of art, classical stories, mythological fables, conceits of Cupids, theatrical rebus, poetic riddles, and the like, are waiting to be turned up to the light of day.

Sitting upon a fragment of stone covered with ancient moss, where the sleepy lizard crept, and the humble grass-plot skip, I watched the slow excavation of a room, and saw burst into light for the first time since the fatal eruption, the wall of the Pompeian dancing girls, with dazzling brilliancy of color; as beautiful as though the artist had that moment put his finishing touch upon them. Imperial Rome proudly points to the dignity of her Forum; the colossal grandeur of her Colosseum; the magnificence of the remains of minarets and power of Christian civilization; to the company with miles of aqueducts stretching to Tivoli and beyond, with Hadrian's massive villa, where the Emperor gathered his spoils of travel, and feasted poets, philosophers and statesmen.

But this vast sea, flaked by memories of youth, and stored in the recollections of a romantic past, is not more impressive than the actual solemnity of this city of the dead. Had Vesuvius, in its fury, burst the earth and buried the city in its bowels and not left a single trace, the solitude would not have been more solemn. It is a curiosity to find every rock and stone, every fragment and relic of the city, scattered about the ruins, and crowded into the cracks, and into the crevices of the living like a badger's hole, and months of the living like a badger's hole, and months of the living like a badger's hole, and months of the living like a badger's hole.

THE GALLOWES IN OHIO.

First Instance of the Execution of a Hebrew in the United States - He dies Declaring his Innocence.

[Norfolk, O., 3d] Special to Cincinnati Commercial.

At 2 o'clock this afternoon Bennett Scope was executed for the murder of Jacob Goodman, near Monroeville, in this county, on the 24th of October last.

The execution is a little remarkable on account both of the murderer and his victim being Hebrews and this being the first hanging of a Hebrew in the United States.

Scope was a Polish Jew, about twenty-five years of age. Goodman had taken him as an apprentice to learn the peddling business, and the murder was for the purpose of gaining possession of Goodman's team and money. The Hebrews of this vicinity interested themselves strongly in Scope's behalf and the Governor was beset with petitions for reprieve, but the evidence, though entirely circumstantial, was too damning to warrant interference and the law took its course.

THE HIGHEST FLIGHT EVER MADE BY MAN.

The most remarkable balloon ascension on record was made in 1804, by Biot and Guy-Lussac, in Paris. By this enterprise they endowed science with a series of new and important facts, questionable before that time, as they carried with them a complete set of suitable apparatus; and moreover, an unsurpassed knowledge of observation and experiment. They ascended to a height of 13,000 feet, and observed that at the height of 3,000 to 5,000 feet the animals they had taken with them, in order to observe the effect of the rarefied and cold upon them, did not appear to suffer any inconvenience. In the mean time, the pulses of the two experimenters were much accelerated; that of Guy-Lussac, otherwise always slow, 62 beats per minute, was 80; and that of Biot, naturally rapid, 79 beats per minute, was 111. At a height of 11,000 feet a pigeon was liberated; it dropped down whirling through the air as if it had been stone. The air was too thin, too much rarefied, to enable it to fly. Three weeks later, Guy Lussac went up alone, and attained the height of 23,000 feet, four and one sixth miles or two thousand feet higher than the top of Chimborazo Mountain. The barometer was only thirteen inches high, the thermometer 18 degrees Fahrenheit below the freezing point, while at the surface of the ground it was 80 degrees.

He left the court-yard of the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*, in Paris, and after an aerial voyage of six hours, descended near Rouen, one hundred miles distant. The result of this ascension on Guy-Lussac's health was very injurious, partially by the want of air for respiration, combine with sudden cold, but chiefly by the absence of the accustomed pressure. At the extreme height of 22,000 feet his face and neck were swollen enormously, his eyes protruded from his head, blood ran from his eyelids, nose and ears, and also from his lungs, by vomiting; in short, his system received a shock from which he never fully recovered the rest of his life.

A WOMAN'S IDEA OF WHAT A KITCHEN SHOULD BE.

[From the Revolution.]

To begin with I would have a kitchen well lighted; so, yes, a great deal of light, at it it would be perfect to be there. That would, of course, necessitate large windows, and then I would give as much attention to the ventilation of a kitchen as I would do a sleeping-room.

I would have a large circular device suspended over the cooking-stove with a hole in the centre, and a tube leading to the top of the house, to carry off the savory smell which the process of cooking generates, and prevent them from permeating the house.

For these smells, however savory and agreeable, are apt to take away something from the keenness of our appetite; or, at least cause us to anticipate something better than the reality. Then I would have a large sink, with a permanent soapstone or marble wash-bowl for washing the dishes, and another for draining. I would also have an adjustable pipe leading from the hot-water tank to either of the basins.

Besides this I would have sundry cupboards and closets arranged on the wall, so as to be tasteful and decorative, as well as useful and convenient.

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Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal, August 17th. DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

Generous and unselfish conduct should be honored and appreciated, no matter when or where. The course lately pursued by a celebrated institution of learning in the North affords an illustration directly in point.