

North



State.

VOL. V.

SALISBURY, N. C., OCTOBER 21, 1870.

NO. 49

The Old North State

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
LEWIS HANES
Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION
ONE YEAR, payable in advance, \$3.00
SIX MONTHS, 1.50
3 Copies to one address, 12.50
10 Copies to one address, 20.00

Rates of Advertising.
One Square, first insertion, \$1.00
For each additional insertion, .50
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LETTER FROM GOV. GRAHAM.

HILLSBORO, N. C., Oct. 1, 1870
Gentlemen: I have had the honor to receive your kind invitation to a public dinner of the Conservative party of Bertie, at Windsor, on the 4th inst., in honor of the recent victory achieved in the late election, and regret that business engagements deny me the pleasure of attending.

I beg you however, and those you represent, to be assured of my cordial good wishes and sincere congratulations on the event which brings you together. The grand result of the election, attained as it was by the calm and spontaneous determination of the people, not only without any undue means to sway them in that direction, but in the face of patronage and power, and the appliance of a military force, actually distributed and stationed at the precincts in sundry counties, and of their arming and holding in prison many of our most respected and influential men, to drive them to the contrary, affords abundant cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving by all good and patriotic citizens. It demonstrates, that the people are fully alive to the magnitude of the interests involved in the contest, and that the power to control the government is again in the hands of those who expect permanently to live under it; to pay its costs, and to feel, in their persons and interests, the consequence of good or evil conceptions and policies. It is thus, that it revives hope in the breasts of those who may have been doubtful or despondent; and induces them to thank God and take courage to rebuild their waste places, and make lasting homes in their native land. It opens up for the future a new vista. Faith must be kept with the Federal government, by a full observance of the rights and a proper care of the interests of the colored race; (which no one among us would now disturb if he could,) but all else in our system of internal government and police, is in the hands of the people of the State. It is for them that this government exists; by them it is paid for and maintained, and it should conform to their interests, wants and tastes. It is manifest that much of the existing system is of foreign importation and not the offspring of the deliberate judgment of the people. These parts were copied from the institutions of States differently circumstanced as to wealth, density of population, and the habits and industrial pursuits of the inhabitants. They do not suit us, and will require careful revision. There is nothing in this task at all calculated to induce any collision with Congress, the members of which would be as far from interfering in our domestic and municipal affairs, as they would be from showing any interference with them; save only, as they are affected by the recent amendments of the Constitution of the United States. Nothing should be done rashly, or in a spirit of factious hostility. But we need a cheaper system, one more responsible, and less novel and strange to the people.

At best our path is beset with difficulties. In the paucity of our resources, the wild legislation and misadministration of the last two years have done as much to damage our finances and public credit, as was done by the war. But the downward tendency in this respect, it is to be hoped has been arrested by the changes to be effected by the election, and we may look again, for the prudence, integrity, and economy of former times. I trust also, that we have arrived at the dawn at least, of a day of better feeling, between the people of the late hostile sections of our common country; and that the people of the North will see in the exercise of power by the Conservative people of the State, only a faithful observance of the obligations imposed by a common Constitution, and that all predilections to the contrary have been the offspring of misrepresentation and injustice.

Believe me gentlemen,
With great respect,
Your obedient servant,
W. A. GRAHAM.

Messrs. Jos. B. Cherry, P. H. Winston, &c., &c., Committee.

The population of Illinois by the recent census is 2,567,193.

MASQUERADING.

"So my cousin is coming from Europe to fulfil the conditions of his father's will? Well, I don't think much of him, that's sure. Any man that will consent to marry a girl whom he has never seen, for the sake of a little money, is a contemptible wretch!" and here Miss Lillias Sefton stopped very excitedly.

"Well, that only shows him to be miserably," was the willful retort. "And the matter just settles itself down to this: 'I'm not going to marry any one whom I don't love with my whole soul—no matter what pecuniary disadvantage may be the result—and I don't want to be bothered with him anyway. Marian, dear, won't you do me a favor?' and the speaker's wistful gaze was very becoming.

"Why, of course. What is it?" "Well, I thought over this matter all last night and have hit upon a splendid plan, if you'll only consent. You know we have received permission to keep house down at the old homestead all by ourselves this summer? Well, no one there knows us, and won't you be Lillias and let me be your maid? If he can't love me in one position as well as another, I don't want anything to do with him; and if he should fancy you it would be splendid."

Both these young girls were beautiful, wealthy and romantic. The elder Mr. Marston, on account of some fancied business wrong he had done her father, had left his property to his son, on condition that the son married Lillias; if he refused, Lillias was to possess the whole. He had died now about a year, and two or three days before, Lillias had received a letter from the son, stating his intention of coming again to America, but making no mention whatever of money or matrimony.

The letter was cultured and gentlemanly—Lillias was forced to confess that; but his very reticence on the one important topic piqued her, and rather revengeful she planned out this little programme, which, after coaxing, her cousin agreed to.

In a few weeks they were located for the summer in the Sefton homestead—Mrs. Sefton and her daughter had preferred a fashionable watering place, but had not opposed Lillias' desire to rusticate in the old farmhouse which was tenanted and kept in order by a couple to whom both Lillias and Marian were strangers.

"Now," said Lillias, one glorious summer evening, I suppose we may expect Herbert Marston daily, as I have let a note to be delivered to him immediately after his arrival, informing him of my whereabouts. But look, here comes the stranger! My liege, one of them is he. Be on your guard."

She had no time to say more, for both had approached, and one spoke: "Is Miss Sefton residing here?" Marian bowed complacently. "That is my name, sir."

"Indeed!" with extended hand. "Allow me then to introduce myself as Herbert Marston."

After the necessary greeting had been interchanged, the new comer glanced inquiringly at the little, white robed figure standing modestly apart.

A little pendant shrug was all the answer he received, as the *fille de chambre* turned and descended the stairs.

"That man," she murmured softly, "is no more a servant than I am. But he shan't know that I suspect the truth, and she chuckled amusedly at the thought of her own secret, which he was far from divining.

After tea, while the master and mistress chatted pleasantly on the old-fashioned porch, the two servants by the gate were paring away gayly.

"Why, Maggie," said the valet, who answered to the name of John, "you are twice as smart as half the young ladies of the present day. What makes you stay in so degrading a position? Don't you know enough to teach school?"

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Maggie with a mischievous smile, he failed to detect. "But I'm very much attached to Miss Lillias; and as long as one is obliged to work, what does it matter what one does?"

"A great deal," he answered, much more excitedly than the circumstances demanded; and then he proceeded to show her how she was injuring herself, and from that they went off into a long discussion upon woman's sphere; and when they at last returned to the house it was with manifest reluctance.

For three weeks Mr. Marston and his valet, John, remained at the old homestead. Contrary to the cousin's expectations, Mr. Marston said not a word to Marian of the strange legacy of his father; and everything went on merrily until a visible sadness overshadowed the whole company.

John drew Maggie down by the gate. They had become very good friends, notwithstanding Maggie's ideas upon their first meeting.

"Well, Maggie," he began earnestly, "tomorrow we go away; but before I leave, I want you to promise to act upon my suggestion."

"That suggestion" was that she should leave her position as lady's maid, and seek some occupation for which her talents and education fitted her.

Then, without waiting for her reply he continued earnestly: "I am more anxious about this than you can well imagine."

FOR THE OLD NORTH STATE.

YADKIN COLLEGE, N. C.,
October 8, 1870.

MR. EDITOR: Not seeing for some time any thing in your columns from this vicinity, and knowing as I do how much your paper is appreciated by our citizens, I propose devoting to it my present leisure half hour, in order that I may chronicle some of the greatest victories of the Greek porch, as two servants by the gate were paring away gayly.

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AN EGOTIST, BUT CAPITAL LIKENESS.

The new statue of the late Mr. Lincoln, placed in one of the most fashionable public squares in New York, has been most sharply criticised. At last a man comes forward to defend it; but in doing so undertakes to explain the difficulties the artist had to encounter, and thus gives us a negative, but very faithful portrait of Mr. Lincoln:

"Mr. Lincoln was a civilian; a military costume would, consequently, have been out of place; he was no horseman, like Washington and Scott; an equestrian statue was not therefore to be thought of; he was not a strong-souled, heroic liberator, so the negroes and the broken manacles were hardly called for by the truth of history; he did not make, control, or gather the fruits of a war; why, then, the artist had to do as he best might."

"The artist's difficulties, it will thus be seen on a woman's reflection, were enormous. He had a subject to deal with that could neither be beautified nor idealized. Bave you not so great a man was not to be found in the Republican party. We are convinced we entertain more respect for the memory of that man than nineteen-twentieths of those who worshipped him while he lived and had office to dispense, and who forgot him before he was cold in the grave. Now he hear he was not a strong, whole-souled liberator."

"No, he was neither a fool nor a fanatic, but a sincere and practical and good-hearted man. He told a committee of colored people, after the proclamation of freedom, that they could not get along upon a footing of equality with white men, and would be happy in an attempt to gain such a social position; that the true policy for their peace and prosperity was to withdraw to some home where they would be separate from the whites, and be enabled to manage their own affairs in their own way, relieved of social conflicts and troubles. Such a place the United States could provide for them. This was the tenor of his good advice, which will in time to come prove a self to have been the very best that could be given. But such advice did not suit the knaves and fanatics, and they pronounced him not a strong-souled, heroic liberator. He did not attempt impossibilities. He would not propose to involve the country in a ruinous attempt to accomplish such an impossibility. So he is no hero. He didn't 'split thimble.'"

We honor Lincoln's memory, but we concur with the writer in the *Tribune*—he won't make a good picture or statue. *Richmond Dispatch.*

RAPIDITY OF LIFE.—Human life is like a path, the end of which is a frightful precipice. We are told so at the beginning. We try to check our onward step; but as it is speeded that we must march, we are driven on, unheeding, to the fearful gulf. A thousand troubles, crosses, vexations, beset our path; but where are they, if we could only avoid the frightful end? No, no; march, march, hasten on. From time to time, objects pleasant to the traveler, running waters, and flowers which quickly pass, tempt to amusement. We rejoice because our hands grasp a few flowers and fruits; flowers which fade ere the close of day and fruits which are lost in the tasting. What delusion! enhanced, dragged on nearer, nearer the gulf. Already the joys of life lose their brightness; the gardens for we bloom less sweetly; the gay flowers become dim; the plains lose their smiles, and the waters their transparency. Death throws its shadows on all things. We feel that we are nearer the brink; one step more; horror seizes our senses; all is confusion; and—we are dead.

DIED FOR DOLLARS.—A startling incident is related in connection with the flood in Virginia, and one which shows with what tenacity some people will cling to dollars. In this case a man had the earnings of years in an iron safe. By his side was his wife and seven children. The roaring waters of the swollen river were rushing through the lower stories of his house, outside were a party of neighbors with a boat, and who had risked their lives to save this family. The man would not leave the house without the safe; the woman refused to leave without the husband, and there they remained watching the safe; the waters rose higher and higher; with but a moment's warning the house was carried from its foundations, and in a few minutes' time, woman and seven children lay silently at the bottom of the river. Truly they died for dollars.

The Boston Trader, welcoming a little rain which fell there the other day, remarks:
It is hard to make a citizen of Boston appreciate the terrible dryness which has been experienced for many weeks by large sections of New England. It requires sight to realize fully that the pastures, had even the fields to a great extent, have been as brown as in December; and that cattle, for weeks, have been fed at barns, as in midwinter, that brooks and streams, and ponds, and springs have been long exhausted, except in rare cases; and that it has been necessary for our farmers to economize in the use of water for a ship's company when on allowance. And yet this has actually been the condition of large sections of New England for weeks past. The state of the country was not only distressing, but really alarming; for in case of fire the inhabitants were utterly defenceless.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—By many it has been held as a theory that the Yuma desert was once an ocean bed. At intervals pools of salt water have sood for a while in the midst of the surrounding waste of sand, disappearing only to rise again in the same or other localities. A short time since one of these saline lakes disappeared, and a party of Indians reported the discovery of a "big ship" left by the receding waters. A party of Americans at once proceeded to the spot and found imbedded in the sands the wreck of a large vessel. Nearly one-third of the forward part of the ship or bark is plainly visible. The stump of the bowsprit remains, and portions of the timbers of teak are perfect. The wreck is located forty miles north of the San Benardino and Fort Yuma road, and thirty miles west of Los Palmos, a well known watering place on the desert. The road across the desert has been traveled for more than one hundred years. The history of the ill-fated vessel can of course never be known but the discovery of what has long been a desert will furnish savans with food for discussion and may perhaps furnish important aid in the elucidation of questions of geology.

A SHOCKING DUEL WITH KNIVES.—About sundown on Friday evening two young men of Alexandria, Va., in order to settle a difficulty that had arisen between them, armed themselves with knives, and accompanied by some of their respective friends, repaired to the grounds around Lockaber, across the canal locks, where, having doffed their coats, they fought according to the rules in force in Western-Texas duels. During which a prolonged combat, during which both were cut and slashed to an extent that satisfied their friends, they were separated and carried to surgeons to have their wounds dressed. Neither of them was mortally hurt. *Alexandria (Va.) Gazette.*

NEVER PUT A BURGLAR IN JAIL THAT HAS GOT THE SMALL POX.—he is likely to break out.

TERRIBLE ATTACK OF A STAG ON A CHILD.

On Saturday last, two children of Mr. J. Hoffman Smith, of this city—a boy and a girl, aged respectively 10 and 12 years—visited the children of Mr. S. T. Sult, on his farm in Prince George county, Md., about six miles from the navy yard. Mr. Sult has an extensive park, enclosed by a fence twelve feet high with an entrance through a massive post-and-rail fence. This park is a fine collection of animals, most of them obtained by Mr. Sult in Europe. Some of the animals are regarded as dangerous, and he prohibited his children from entering the enclosure unless accompanied by one of the keepers. They were prevailed upon, however, by their little visitors to go into the park. They had not been there long before a stag weighing 400 pounds ran down upon them, and began to jump upon the little Smith boy. Mr. Sult's boy ran off for help, while the little sister of young Smith seized a stick of wood, and used it upon the animal with such effect as to cause him to leave his first victim and turn on her. He was about to jump on the girl when the keeper having arrived with a gun fired one load in the body of the animal. The girl was lifted up and assisted in finding her brother, who was covered with blood and mire, and just as he was taken up the stag returned to the charge, when the keeper shot him dead. The clothing and flesh of the boy were torn to tatters, his face and body being shredded from head to foot, and his shoes broken in several places. The apparently lifeless mass taken up and carried to the keeper's house, the alarm bell sounded and people began to assemble from every direction. Mr. Sult hearing the alarm bell drove quickly to the keeper's lodge, and, ascertaining the cause of the alarm, drove to Uniontown, and secured the services of Dr. Fisher, of that place, who was conveyed to the farm, and proceeded to dress the wounds of the little sufferer, who is terribly mangled, but it is thought may recover. *Washington Star.*

THE YOUNG WIDOW.
A census taker, going his rounds, stopped at an elegant brick dwelling house, the exact locality of which is no business of ours.

"He was received by a stiff, well-dressed lady, who could be well recognized as a widow of some year's standing.

"On learning the mission of her visitor, the lady invited him to take a seat in the parlour. He inquired for the number of persons living in the family of the lady.

"Eight, sir," replied the lady, "including myself."

"Very well—your age, madam?" "My age, sir," replied the lady, with a piercing, dignified look, "I conceive it's some of your business what my age might be. You are inquisitive, sir."

"The law compels me, madam, to take the age of every person in the ward; it is my duty to make the inquiry."

"Well, if the law compels you to ask, I presume it compels me to answer. I am between thirty and forty."

"I presume that means thirty-five?" "No, sir; it means no such thing—I am only thirty-three years of age."

"Very well, madam, putting down the figures, just as you say. Now for the ages of the children, commencing with the youngest, if you please."

"Josephine, my youngest, is ten years of age."

PAIRING OFF.

Say, Sambo, what you doin' to-day?"

Sambo—"Oh, I 'se workin' for Mr. K. in de brick yard."

Gus—"Well, Sambo, I 'se workin' for Mr. D., so I 'se both cut work and go huntin. What say you?"

Sambo—"Oh, Gus, I can't go. Mr. K. pays me a dollar and a quarter a day, and he specks me to make full time."

Gus—"Why, golly, Sambo, you are green. De Congress gits about forty or fifty dollars a day; and dey quite and goes huntin when they please, and if we do just as dey do, it will be all right."

Sambo—"How's dat, Gus?"

Gus—"Why, we'll just par off!"

Sambo—"Gus, you too smart for honest work. You ought to perspire to de Congress or de Legislature. Let us par off and go dere."

Gus—"All right, Sambo, if Mr. K. says anything, I'll write him a letter and tell him we paired off; and if my boss complains, you must write him a letter, and tell him we paired off, and dat he'd better keep me. So dat will make it all right."

ASHES ON CORN.—Charles Cathals, of Woodstock, Va., writes to the *New York Farmers' Club* that he experimented last year with ashes on corn, to which he applied a shovelful of rotten manure in the hill. Fifty hills were left without the ashes, a handful being put with the manure on the other part of the field. He weighed the product on the fifty hills unashed and as corresponding number of hills with the ashes. The gain on the part ashed was estimated to be equal to a bushel of corn for each bushel of ashes used. (He asks, is it not possible that the corn is benefited by the mixing, if we cover with the mellow soil to receive the fertilized ammonia?)

BEEF STEAK.—Editors *Southern Cultivator*.—When you cut up a beef, select such pieces as will make good steaks—in hot weather let the pieces weigh four or five pounds, in cool weather ten pounds. Rub well all over with corn meal, and hang up in a cool place, (no salt.) When you cut off a piece for cooking, be sure and rub meal over the fresh cut surface. This plan will enable you to have fresh steak for several days. I have tried it for years, and very rarely fail. The first week of last July I meal and hung up a piece, which kept just one week, using some of it every morning. *J. S. T. DORLAND, Thomaston, Miss., Aug. 28, 1870.*

Why is a goat like a slanderer? Because it is a backbiter.