

North



State

VOL. V. SALISBURY, N. C. NOVEMBER 18, 1870. NO. 46

TO PHYSICIANS.
NEW YORK, August 15, 1868.

COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU.

Allow me to call your attention to my preparation of Buchu, as made in Philadelphia, Long Leaf, Cuba, and Juniper Berries.

Buchu, as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits the fragrance of the action of a steam engine.

From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World.

HELMHOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.

For weakness arising from indigestion. The exhausted powers of Nature which are accompanied by so many alarming symptoms.

HELMHOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.

In affections peculiar to Females is unequalled by any other preparation.

HELMHOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.

HELMHOLD'S IMPROVED ROSE WASH.

Will radically exterminate from the system disease arising from the habits of dissipation.

HELMHOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.

HELMHOLD'S IMPROVED ROSE WASH.

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
THREE MONTHS, " " " 1.00

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THRILLING REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

God is everywhere. His words in the heart. He is on the battlefield and in our peaceful home.

It was in the wilds of Wassahicon on the day of the battle, as the noonday sun came through the thick clustered leaves.

The man with dark brown face, grey eyes flashing with deadly light, and a muscular form, clad in blue fock of the Revolution.

The other long black hair, drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half military costume of a tory refugee.

They met by accident, and now they fought, not with sword or rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knife.

At last the tory is down - down on the turf - the upraised knife flashed death in his face.

"Quarrel! I yield!" gasped the tory, as the knife was pressed on his breast.

"My brother," said the patriot, in a tone of deadly hate: "My brother cried for quarter on the night of Paoli; even as he clung to your knees you struck that deadly knife into his heart."

And his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched with deadly hate; he paused for a moment, and then plunged the tory's arms, and with a rapid stride, dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning ashy pale by turns, at the awful yawning below. "Mercy! I have a wife and child at home - spare me!"

The Continental, with muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed his bitter sneer in the face.

A TALE OF HORROR.

Last week's Signal public says: It has been known for some time that a dirty, wretched old man lives outside the city, about a mile or so from the city.

The in a bold voice the widow read this line from the Old Testament. It was short yet terrible.

"That man shall surely die!"

The awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breath of the broken, and the broken grasp of the murderer, alone disturbed the stillness.

At last gathering courage the widow bent her eyes upon the page and read. It was from the New Testament.

"Oh! Book of terrible majesty and child like love of sublimity that crushes the heart with rapture, it never shown more strongly than there in that lonely but of Wassahicon, when it saw the murderer's heart."

Now, look how wonderful are the ways of Heaven. That very night, as the widow sat by her fireside - sat there with a crushed heart and hot eyelids, thinking of her husband, who had lay on the drenched soil of Paoli, there was a tap at the door.

He had fallen in Paoli but not in death. He was alive and his wife panting on his bosom.

That night there was prayer and thanksgiving in the wood embossed cottage on the Wassahicon.

A BURST OF ELOQUENCE.

Western eloquence continues to improve. A Western reporter sends the following sketch. A lawyer was defending a handsome young woman, accused of stealing from a large, unoccupied dwelling in the night time, and thus he spoke in conclusion:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I am done - When I gaze with enraptured eyes upon the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe, when I behold her radiant in the glorious bloom of lustrous loveliness, which angelical sweetness might envy but could not eclipse; before which the star on the brow of the night grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil are dim, and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself in the cold, damp, dead night, when innocence like hers is hiding itself amidst the snowy pillows of repose; gentlemen of the Jury, my feelings are too overpowered for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invented to blast the fair name of this fair maiden whose smiles shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give."

"The Jury acquitted her without leaving their seats."

"MANKIND. - An editor, who believes with Pope, that 'the proper study of mankind is man,' sums up the result of his investigation as follows:

"We drink, every one of us, a pair of boots a year! We carry iron enough in our blood, constantly, to make a horse-shoe. We have clay enough in our frames to make, if properly separated and baked, a dozen good sized bricks. We eat, here in Chicago, at least a peck of dirt a month - that is, not too large an estimate."

THE MAD WOMAN OF BAZILEES.

Hermann Vogt writes to a Frankfort journal a description of a female maniac which he witnessed at Bazilees.

"I was the first person to appear after the storm of battle had passed, and I found myself surrounded by a large number of soldiers, who were looking at me with curiosity."

"The mad woman of Bazilees was selected with shuddering; I sought to go away. The terrible was the scene and yet what was it compared with the barbaric which I had directly after to witness! A wild cry, more like that of an animal than of a human being, rang in my ears. I looked towards the place whence the sound came, and saw a peasant dragging a wounded Bavarian, who was lying on the ground, toward a burning house. A woman was so far aiding that she continued kicking the poor creature in the side with her heavy shoes."

"The heart-rending cry of the wretched man had drawn three of his comrades to the spot. 'Shoot her down; no, hang her! Two shots rang out, the peasant dropped. The Megers laughed, and before the soldier had gone three steps forward she stood once more beside her victim. The woman must be mad. One blow did her skull. Hang her up, into the fire with the brute! While the soldiers gave vent to their evidently outraged feelings I stooped down to the ill-used soldier. He was dead. His last breath had passed with his cry for help. He was a fine, powerful young fellow. Well was it for his loved ones that they had not heard the last cry of agony of their son or their brother. I shall never forget his cry. It will haunt me while I live."

"I had but just quitted this scene of cruelty, when a new horror encountered me. From a house close behind me came the reports in quick succession of two shots. I turned and saw a kraukentzger, in the exercise of his duty, fall consecutively to the ground. The wounded man he is carrying rolls with him in the dust. From that house proceeded the shots - five, six Bavarians fore a way in, the door breaks under the blows of their butt ends. But the soldiers stood as if stunned. On the threshold appeared, armed with double-barrelled gun, a tall woman, who may be fifty years old, distinguished by grey hairs all around a fine - yes, a noble face. As she regards the soldiers her features are distorted, she laughs wildly, the laugh of this woman is a fearful thing. 'You are an imbecile,' calls out a doctor hurrying by. Her laugh is silenced, a torrent of tears gushes down her face, she exclaims softly, but in a tone of heart-rending pain: 'No, I am a spouse, I am a mother! You have assassinated my husband; you have assassinated my two sons. Kill me also. I will thank you for it. If you do not kill me, as I will kill you.'

"With the last words the old wrath returns. She again raises the gun. The soldiers have not understood her. They seek to avenge their comrade and to protect themselves. The doctor stands shuddering, like myself. Before we can say a word the unhappy woman falls, struck by two bullets in the breast. Let her die in quiet, calls out the doctor to the men, who seem not yet to have satisfied their revenge. 'She has lost her husband and her two sons.' That makes an impression on the soldiers; silently they turn away.

"I turn back with the doctor. We stoop down to the poor woman. Her wounds are fatal. The woman regards us wildly. I take her hand, and involuntarily my lips utter *paucere femme*. The words seemed to have pleased her, she feels they come from the heart. Her eyes grow firm, and as she clasped my hand firmly her bosom heaves a last sigh."

THE NORTH AMERICAN LAKES. - The following figures are given as the latest measurement of the great lakes - Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie and Ontario.

"The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; greatest breadth, 160 miles; mean depth, 683 feet; elevation above the level of the sea, 627 feet; area, 82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 330 miles; greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 900 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; greatest breadth, 160 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 270 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; greatest breadth, 8 miles; mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 550 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; greatest breadth, 65 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 260 feet; area, 600 square miles. The length of all the five lakes is 1,584 miles, and they cover an area of upwards of 130,000 square miles.

AMERICAN GIRLS' UNDERCLOTHING. - A foreign correspondent writes: 'There was an article in a London paper the other day concerning American extravagance in dress which calls attention particularly to the underclothing of American girls. Some countries who had traveled with several of our countrywomen on the continent, expressed great astonishment at the fineness and cleanliness of their underclothing. Here were thrown entirely in the shade by those of the Republican friends. She doubted if the cambrics, laces and laces of the Princess Royal exceeded in value those of the girls she saw. She also spoke of their outside laces and silks, the little apparent value that was set on them. It is true, then, in general, the American girl is dainty in the choice of her inner garments. This kind of clothing, of the most expensive make, is seen in the shops here embroidered in intricate patterns and trimmed with costly lace, and there is a ready sale for it even at the high prices asked for the article.'

DISCONTENT may be a very good thing or a very bad thing. There is a discontent which is Divine; which has its birth in the highest and purest inspiration that visits and stirs the soul. All that discontent which grows from dissatisfaction with present attainments, or springs from a desire for higher usefulness, or has its birth in motives that impel to the worthy achievement of an honorable name and an honorable place, is a thing to be visited by blessings and benedictions. Discontent which comes from below - which comes from a soul disgusted with its lot - a soul faithless in God, and out of harmony with the arrangements and the operations of Providence - is an evil thing; only evil, and that continually. One holds the principle of love, the other of malice; one is attracted from above, the other is instigated from below; one tends to the development of a symmetrical, strong and harmonious character, and the other to disorganization and depreciation; one is from heaven, and the other is from hell.

RELIEVING CHOKED CATTLE. - A Pennsylvania subscriber writes to the Country Gentleman that he captured the throat of a valuable Devon ox, by trying to push down with a whipstock an apple with which it was choking, and thinks he followed a better method: Put a rope round the horns and draw the head up to a tree or some suitable high place; hold the mouth open, fill it with water from a suitable vessel, close immediately the mouth and nostrils, and hold firmly till the animal struggles; then take the hand suddenly from the nose and mouth and the congestion will remove the object.

HOLD ON. - Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly, or use an improper word. Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, or steal, or do an improper act. Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you. Hold on to your heart when evil associations seek your company, and invite you to join in their wretched revelry. Hold on to your name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, silver pieces or fashionable attire. Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

FALL-PLANTED TREES AND VINES.

Excessive wet, says the Ohio Farmer, is one of the very great evils to which the spots of newly-planted trees are liable, the heavy rains of fall so completely saturating the earth around them that they are in danger of rotting during the winter.

Loosening of the roots by winds and freezing, is another danger which fall-planted trees are especially liable on clay lands and in wet seasons. This danger is avoided by draining and proper care in planting. After the trees are set and the earth pressed firmly on to the roots, a little higher than the natural surface, a mound of additional earth should be piled around the stem eight to twelve inches or more in height, according to the height and size of the tree, so as to prevent it being disturbed by the winds, or heated out by freezing. This mound of earth will also prevent the girdling of the trees by mice. Large trees should be supported by stakes, if exposed to high winds.

Mulching of newly planted trees by placing a quantity of newly rotted manure or chip earth around them in the fall, is highly beneficial, especially for dwarf trees, and where the mound of earth is not required to hold them in position. This mulching protects the roots, in a measure, from frosts and enriches the ground. Where this is not done in the fall, it should be done in the spring as a preventive of injury by drought, as well as to enrich the soil and keep it mellow. Dwarf pear trees need this annual mulching with straw to keep them in a thrifty condition, and enable them to mature good crops of fruit.

Grape vines and raspberry bushes are liable to be injured by the winter when transplanted in the fall; hence, they should be protected by bending the stems down to the surface of the ground, and covering with earth. Straw or litter is not good, as it is liable to harbor mice or to generate mildew. The covering should be removed as soon as the buds begin to expand in the spring. The best of protection is recommended to be practiced every year for all the better kinds of raspberries, as they are found to bear surer and larger crops in consequence.

GOD'S HEROES.

There is a higher courage than the daring of the battle field, and a greater fortitude than the stoicism of the Indian under torture. The list of heroic martyrs includes many others than those who suffered on the rack or at the stake. The following beautiful tribute is from the North British Review:

Here are 'God's heroes,' the heroes of the sick chamber and the vigil by the cradle side; the heroes of poverty and of the work shop; of silent, patient, endurance, having learned through much tribulation that waiting and suffering is their destined work; the heroes of long suffering, forbearance and charity, or of victory over pain, of the unostentatious self-denial of the household; the lowly toiling men and women, climbing mountains of sacrifice under heavy crosses, without a human hand held out in sympathy; the noble army of martyrs who have found and followed the Master's footprints in the daily round of humble duties, transfiguring that despised, circumscribed career into a life of theirs into a living testimony to the truth of Christ's evangel; the lonely sufferers, priests of a heavenly consecration offering the sacrifices of praise from garret to cellar; men and women far from stimulating delights of successful activities, co-workers with Christ, sowing in hope the seeds whose increase they shall never reap; ever ascending with songs most jubilant from the faithful performance of earth's lowly ministries to the perfect service of the upper sanctuary. All these personal unnumbered praise. They are passing through the gates of the morning into the city without a temple, and it is for other fingers than ours to weave the amaranth round their lowly bows.

An Irish Dominican preacher, wishing to place the meanness of Judas in the clearest light before his audience, suggested to them that, from long familiarity with the Gospel narrative, they had come to overlook the force of the words there used to describe the apostate's habitual roguery. "Not only," he reminded him, "did Judas steal the money, but Holy Writ emphatically adds that he even kept the bag."

During a dense fog a Mississippi steamer took a landing. A traveler, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel, and asked why the boat stopped.

"Too much fog; can't see the river."

"But you can see the stars overhead?"

"Yes," replied the urbane pilot, "but until the biller busts, we ain't going that way."

A Western merchant is down on the newspapers. He says: "I don't see the sense in newspaper advertising so long as a man is smart enough to advertise in the business, and can stand the cost and better the fellers in."

Seaward pills, says an old physician, would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted, if every patient would make his own sawdust.

FREEMASONRY.

Freemasonry has saved many lives in the present European contest, and the anecdotes of its efficacy in this respect are as numerous as they were in our own war. A story is told of a terrific hand-to-hand conflict between two officers at the battle of Sedan. The Prussian was a stern veteran, and at his first encounter with his antagonist, who was some years his junior and aashing young fellow, he received a slashing wound, which he received from the Frenchman's sword. For a time they were parted by the conflict; again they met, and the young man, who had received a gunshot in the interval, was faint from loss of blood. The Prussian raised his sword. His sword was past resistance; but before the blow fell, a heavy sign to his victor stayed his hand. Both instinctively paused, each knew that the other was a freemason, and before they had time to think further, both fastened away. After the battle they were seen by an English correspondent bearing each other's ration, and although neither could understand a word of the other's language they seemed the best of friends in the world.

A writer in a London paper says: "Whenever the Masonic gesture spread, the most obtained little comforts which were priceless. A busy cooper was being handed a warm fire, and a one prisoner, and giving part of his ration to another; and explained his conduct to an inquirer with a sheepish smile, which spoke volumes: 'They are my brothers, although I have fought with them, and they are hungry and cold, and must be helped. There would do it for me.' These are mere typical cases; but it is impossible to mix much with the troops, particularly after a battle, without hearing of kindred instances of Masonic usefulness. The Masons themselves are very proud of their Order, and of the way in which its principles have, they say, risen superior to war."

This shows that Masonry is something beside the useless mummery that it is commonly believed to be.

CAUSE OF UNHAPPINESS.

Harsh judgment, rough words, small but frequent acts of selfishness and injustice, sometimes quite poison the heart that is intended to be healthy, and prevent the start that promised to be blessed.

There are families that possess every earthly comfort - health, money, and occupation - but are miserable from the jealousy and quarrelling that prevail within them. There are married couples who live in daily sorrow, not because they are in want, but because each thinks the other unkind, arbitrary and considerate.

Young people sometimes marry with their eyes shut; and thus, instead of being blessed with angels as they foolishly imagined they might be, they find out afterwards that they are only men and women, with the common work-a-day weakness and faults of their respective sex.

This sham love easily gets soured, and then each reproaches the other for not fulfilling the sentimental prospects, with which they entered into the marriage state.

Take any of the relationships of life, and we should find that far the greater part of all our sorrow comes from the same cause. Get any one to tell you honestly what gives him the most annoyance and disquietude, and he will tell you they come from want of kindness, sympathy, and fellow-feeling. He could tell you that he would bear other things if he only met with more consideration, support, and encouragement from the people with whom he has to do.

TAKE CARE BOYS. - All the freshmen class at Amherst College this year were conditioned on spelling. Forty-eight out of the eighty-three applications at West Point were rejected because they could not spell correctly.

Truths, uttered as mildly as the music of cooing doves, are more potent than the severest invective, uttered without sufficiently apparent foundation in reason.

SUPERFLUOUS KNOWLEDGE. - He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.

The gentleman who 'fired at random' did not hit it; and 'in disguise' hid his rifle over to the youth who 'aims at immortality.'

Stephen Pearl Andrews says: "Nothing in the concrete sphere is ever divided by clear cut, geometrical lines. Hence here is over-lapping and mere preponderance and incognitability of prime elements." That's the way we always looked at it.

"Cease, rude Bolus, blustering railer," said Mrs. Partridge, as she reached out into the storm to secure a refractory shutter. "How it blows," said she, shutting down the window. "This must be the noxious storm, where the sun passes the Penobscot." She donned her specs and sat down to consult Dudley Lavitt about the fact, and she found she was right; while the wind howled round the house most diabolically.

Truth checks light less to be illuminated within than without. The eyes of modern times are rather an ornament than members of the body; just as the butterfly has eyes on its wings, and the peacock on its tail.

Seaward pills, says an old physician, would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted, if every patient would make his own sawdust.

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