

North



State.

LEWIS HANES Editor & Proprietor.

"The Old North State Forever."—Gaston.

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POETICAL.

I Cannot Give my Hand to Thee.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "GIVE ME THY HAND."
Oh! cease to plead, for 'tis in vain.
Then canst't thou give this hand no more.
Remembered yet that day of old,
Remembered only to deplore.
I gave thee back that promise,
In which thy happiness was placed,
I prized it not since thou didst prove,
Unworthy of the trust I gave.
I would not cause one sad thought
To rest on that brow of thine.
Would not that thy heart be pained,
By memory of wants of mine.
Would bid thee forget in Lethe's tide,
Let former hopes forever sleep.
Hush the sigh and check the tear,
For proud hearts should never weep.
Farewell, if 'twould one joy impart,
To give my hand in kind advice
Perchance thy plea would melt my heart.
The trust of other days revived.
But my hand retained within thy grasp,
Wake memories from which I'd fain be free,
Arouse again the slumbering past.
No! I cannot give my hand to thee.

[FOR THE OLD NORTH STATE.]

PAUL HERMON.

BY LINA BENTON.

CHAPTER III.

From the time Mr. Hermon had entered the room to the conclusion of this unhappy affair the wife and mother had been agonized but silent listeners. Experience had taught her how useless it would be to strive by word to influence her husband, especially in his conduct towards Paul. The blow came so sudden that her son was an alien from his home, too by a father's word, that she could scarcely believe the evidence of her own senses. In a few moments seeming to realize the truth in all its sad bearings, she arose and in a tone that would have melted a heart of flint, or turned the purpose of any mind save one obscured by drink, she pleadingly laid a tremulous hand upon her husband's arm, cried, "Oh! William take that back, do not drive away our child."
He shook off her hand saying, "I will have none of your interference, it is you that has ruined the boy."
"But oh! my husband take back those cruel words" she supplicated, falling on her knees before the stern man. "Paul is so young I cannot see him go, it will break my heart. Hear me" she exclaimed as he turned from her and strode over to the opposite side of the room and coolly said, "I wish no tragedies enacted."
Mrs. Hermon arose proudly to her feet and with a lofty bearing approached the door that led to the stairs, but just as she had placed her foot upon the first round,

she was confronted by her leige lord, who in a commanding tone asked, "What business have you, Drusilla, in going up here!"
But for once he was mistaken in her compliance, facing him with scorn, she uttered, "I am not your dog, William Hermon, stand aside and let me pass."
This was something novel, she bid him defiance. He had aroused a spirit he little dreamed dwelt within his wife's bosom. He gazed into her face a moment, then turned, seized his hat, and closed the front door with a "bang."
Mrs. Hermon ascended to her sons room but her newly acquired strength seeming to forsake her, as she beheld him leaning over his trunk hastily placing some articles in a carpet-sack, she sank into a chair near by him and clasped her hands tightly together.
Paul looked up, took her hands within his own, and begged her not to be so troubled, saying "he knew he could make a living in the world."
"But what will you do?—where will you go!" asked his mother.
"Hardly am determined but think I will go west" he replied.
"But where are your means—and Paul will you leave me!" asked the mother. "It is true we cannot live under the same roof, yet what a comfort it would be to see you now and then, and to know something of your every-day life. It does not seem as if I can bear to see you go out into the wide, deceitful and treacherous world unprotected and alone. Oh! Paul my dear boy remain near me."
He did not answer. Until then he had never realized how necessary for his happiness was his mother's presence. From his baby-hood Paul Hermon had almost idolized his mother. She was to him the embodiment of all that was good and pure. Her slightest wish had ever been peremptory and his mother had frequently been heard to say "Paul has never given me a pang or tear." Perhaps too this love for his mother had been rendered more potent by the cold, strange, treatment of his father.
Mrs. Hermon seemed so stunned that she was enabled to give her son but little assistance, but he made his arrangements with alacrity and in a few moments he signified he was ready and turned to his mother to say, good-bye. She held him to her bosom in a long warm embrace, then kissed him and asked him to meet her at eight o'clock the following morning at the large poplar tree, over beyond the hill, some quarter of a mile distant. He left her; she threw herself upon his bed to relieve an over-laden heart in tears, but not alone in vain tears, but in earnest thought and planning for the future was an hour spent. Then the soft twilight came on hushing all nature with its sweet magic spell, and its influence was felt by the tearful mother, in a measure stilling the wild throbbings of her heart and she gave him into the hand of God.
Now we will leave her for the present and go with Paul. He first descended to the sitting room where he found Sue bitterly weeping as she had heard her father tell Paul to leave, and with her as the other children the brother was a favorite. Little Becca was standing by her sister's chair begging her not to "krye" and she would give her "take." Seeing Paul she ran to him and led him to Sue, as if to ask his aid in drying her tears. He stooped down and kissed her twice, took little Becca into his arms kissed her also, while she wound her little white arms around his neck "I loves you brudder Paul." Then putting her down he said good-bye while she laughed a merry baby laugh and holding out her chubby hand said "bye." Then she looked serious and amazed to see bright drops come in her brother's eyes and ran to search her father and to tell him, "Bradder Paul was kyeing."
Paul went out into the back yard, and said adieu to the servants in the ample old kitchen, who looked much troubled, thence into the orchard, where he met his elder brother Nat. Some conversation ensued in which Nat expressed much wonder at his father's severity, then pressed into Paul's hand a dollar, saying, "that it was every cent he had, as he spent all last night but what would procure Paul a night's lodging." Then the brother's parted with a warm grasp of the hands, Nat being a willing bearer of a message to the second brother, John. Yes, they parted, one it seems endowed with superior advantages, education and competence, the other by sole self-exertion to rise above misfortune, or walk in the vale of poverty. But we will see what a brave heart, correct principles, and industry can do.
Remembering his promise to his mother for the morning, Paul determined not to proceed far that evening, so asked for a night's entertainment of a gentleman in the neighborhood. The night was nearly spent in useless planning, there d terminating to await circumstances he fell asleep, but to dream of being a child, playing around his mother's knee, and basking in the sunlight of her smile. Awakening rather late in the morning he sprang up, hastily dressed him-

self, ate his breakfast, paid his bill and repaired to the appointed spot to meet his mother. Soon she came, and after many kind inquiries and a few tears—the all important subject—of what was to be done next? Where Paul was to go and what to do was entered upon. Paul could not think the plan of his mother feasible—that of his remaining in North Carolina. The land was too poor and the country too slow. He wished to go to a country where Dame Fortune was more lavish in her gifts. But the means of going, where were they? He could not take the wings of the wind and his proud spirit could never beg his way. And could he leave his mother.—That is a question most boys of sixteen may smile at, yet they do not love their mothers as Paul Hermon did his. At length Mrs. Hermon drew a letter from her pocket, saying, "Listen to me, my son.—In the noon of the night I wrote this and God has given me faith to believe it will be crowned with success. (She placed the open sheet into his hand and bade him read it.)
She watched his face as he read and the quivering lip showed her the tempest of emotion those simple lines were waking in his soul. The letter ran thus:
MIDNIGHT, June 5th, 18—
Friend of my Childhood:
It is with unfeigned diffidence I write you. Yet the trying circumstances urge it, a mother's heart prompts it. You of times proved yourself a friend in my youth, will you not be in this dark hour? I write you in behalf of my child, my high-spirited, but noble boy. He who gave him being has driven him from his father's house. Will you not receive him?
There is much that I could say in praise of my son, yet it might be read with a careless eye, knowing it was dictated by a mother's hand. But this I must say, he has ever been the kindest and best of sons to his mother. Time I know will discover to you the true gold in his character. He has a brave heart, and is more than willing to make every exertion for a support. He has had advantages of education, has to my knowledge, been industrious, and I think is fully competent to take charge of a neighborhood school.—Will you not receive my son in your house as a boarder? Will you not interest yourself in obtaining a school? I am asking much I am aware, but I know not whose aid to ask, save yours.
Paul is too young to be cast out into the world with no arm to guide or sustain him. Will you not offer that arm? Will you not be a father to the fatherless? and my prayers will bless you.
Most Respectfully,
DRUSILLA HERMON.
After reading the letter twice over Paul placed it again in his mother's hand, saying, "Oh! Mother I cannot take this to Mr. Arden, it is asking too much."
"Paul," said his mother, "this is all the way I see for your head. You have ever been obedient, do not disobey me in this thing."
"But what claim have we on Mr. Arden?" asked the boy.
Something like a faint smile passed over the face of Mrs. Hermon as she replied, "Leave that to me, Paul; I know something of the rare goodness of Mr. Arden's heart. Will you not take this to him today, and introduce yourself as the son of Drusilla Hermon."
Paul hesitatingly replied, "Yes, Mother, I CAN do so, yet I dislike very much to trouble others."
Feeling now more at ease, Mrs. Hermon remarked, "I have brought you some more clothes my son, together with several of your books, your dinner also."
After conversing a half hour longer, fearing her husband would inquire into her absence, she strove to summons strength to again say good-bye. If her plan succeeded, it is true Paul would be but some five miles from her, yet it was like lending heart-strings to say good-bye, knowing the home-circle was broken, perhaps never again to be re-united. Paul promised to convey by the first opportunity, either by word or line, the anxious intelligence of his success or non-success, and to meet her if the plan succeeded as often as possible at church. A long silent embrace, the mother still grasping the hand of her son and leaning against the ancient tree as if for support laid the other hand upon his uncovered head and blessed him. Then taking the path homeward, she gained an eminence and looking back, she beheld Paul standing just as she had left him, gazing after her. One mighty sob burst from her heart, and again she went on, murmuring aloud, "Oh! God direct him and keep his heart pure, and yet soften the heart of his father toward him."
In a short time she entered her own gate. The house seemed sad and lonely, for one of her most precious treasures was gone. Bathing her face to remove all traces of tears, she strove to regain some degree of cheerfulness in discharging her household duties, again committing all in to the hands of "Him that doeth all things well." (To be continued.)

Gerrit Smith on the Duty of the North to the South.

A LETTER TO THADDEUS STEVENS.

Hon. Thad. Stevens—Dear Sir:—You are reported in the New York Tribune, as having recently said on the floor of Congress:

"It is now held by one of the most liberal and enlightened gentlemen in the country (I mean Gerrit Smith) that we should even pay a portion of the damage inflicted on the Rebels, and pay a portion of the Rebel debt."

Of course, you do not mean that this is literally so. My often repeated proposition is that Government give or lend moneys to the South to help her to an upward start from the depths of her poverty and desolation. By what logic you were able to construct from the letter of this proposition your figure of speech is for you, not me, to explain. I am truly sorry that it is in your heart to hold up to ridicule my reasonable proposition. You are too old and too intellectual to be making such concessions to passion and prejudice. There are two reasons why the North should be glad to help the South. First, the South is poor—very poor, and the North is rich—very rich. Second, the North is largely responsible for the poverty of the South. Our fathers united with the fathers of the South in making this a land of slaves, and in our own day the North has gone with the South in upholding and extending slavery. Until the breaking out of this war every Congress was for slavery. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise was the work of the North as well as of the South. So, too, was the enactment of that infernal fugitive slave act, which even the good Abraham Lincoln was compelled by the pro-slavery sentiment of the North as well as of the South to enforce so rigorously.—With comparatively few exceptions, our Northern colleges, theological seminaries, and political and religious parties were on the side of slavery. The commerce of the North was emphatically in the interest of slavery.

In the light of such facts it cannot surely be denied that the North made herself largely responsible for American slavery. But the war came of slavery, and the poverty and desolation of the South came of the war; and hence, to the same degree that the North was responsible for slavery is she responsible for the war and for its ruinous results to the South.

You call my sympathy with the South, and my desire to help the North help her, "sickly humanity." I call it simple honesty. If my neighbor and I join in getting each other drunk, and he in his frenzy goes to tearing down my house, and I, in self-defence demolish his, I am not to disown his claim upon my sympathy. I am to feel that honesty requires me to help him to rebuild.

Would to God that Congress were so just and wise as, at this very session, to lend fifty millions of dollars to the Confederate States—to each of them so much of it as would be proportionate to her population and to what she has suffered from the ravages of the war! The share falling to each State to be distributed throughout her territory in loans upon adequate security. This, by proving the love and pity of the North for her, would win the heart of the South, and would thus produce a true and lasting peace between them. And then it would be worth to the nation, if only in a financial point of view, many times fifty millions of dollars. Gold would no longer bear among us a premium of 40 per cent. and our Government would no longer have to pay 7 per cent. nor much more than half 7 per cent. interest on its loans. Very respectfully yours,
GERRIT SMITH.

Peterboro', July 15, 1867.

The Nashville Banner has it from the most undoubted authority that General George H. Thomas expresses himself in strong disapprobation of the entire militia system set on foot by Brownlow, as tending to foment discord, beget strife and needless bloodshed, and keep the country in constant turmoil and excitement.

Some of the Radical Republican papers having proposed General Phil. Sheridan as a candidate for President, the Lynchburg Republican suggests that they ought to put "Old Jube" behind him, to make him run well.

Dan Rice, the other evening, in his circus, said that he was not going to defile the fair record of thirty-seven years as a respectable showman, by becoming a member of Congress.

A close observer of newspapers says there is a marked difference in the owner's description of a horse for sale, and that of the same quadruped stolen. The animal's defects are apt to be set forth rather strongly in the last case.

General Sherman reports that fifty Indians will checkmate 3,000 soldiers. It will, therefore, require an immense army, at a great cost, to carry on the war with them.

President's Message.

Washington, July 15.—The following is the message transmitted to-day, addressed to the Senate of the United States:

I transmit, herewith, reports from the secretary of war and the attorney general containing the information called for by the resolution of the Senate, of the 3d inst., requesting the president to communicate to the Senate copies of all orders, instructions, circulars, letters, or letters of advice, issued to the respective military officers assigned to the command of the several military districts, under the act passed March 2, 1867, entitled "An act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States, and the act supplementary thereto passed March 23, 1867;" also, copies of all opinions given to him by the attorney general of the United States, touching the construction and interpretation of said acts, and such as may have taken place between himself and any of such commanders, and between him and the general of the army, or between the latter and any of the said commanders, touching the same subjects; also, copies of all orders issued by any of said commanders in carrying out the provisions of said acts, or either of them; also, that he inform the senate what progress has been made in the matter of registration under said acts, and whether the sum of money heretofore appropriated for carrying them out is probably sufficient.

In answer to that portion of the resolution which inquires whether the sum of money heretofore appropriated for carrying these acts into effect is probably sufficient, reference is made to the accompanying report that the appropriation of \$500,000 made in the act, approved March 30, 1867, for the purpose of carrying into effect the act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States, passed March 2, 1867, and the act supplementary, passed March 23, 1867, has already been expended by the commanders of the several military districts, and that in addition the sum of \$1,645,277 is required for present purposes. It is exceedingly difficult at the present time to estimate the probable expense of carrying into full effect the two acts of March last, and the bill which passed the two houses of Congress on the 13th instant. If the existing governments of the ten states of the Union are to be deposed, and their entire machinery is to be placed under the exclusive control and authority of the respective district commanders, all the expenditures incident to the administration of such governments must necessarily be incurred by the federal government. It is believed that in addition to the \$2,100,000 already expended, an estimate for the sum which will be required for this purpose would not be less than \$14,000,000, the aggregate amount expended would, no doubt, be considerably augmented if the machinery of these States is to be operated by the federal government, and would be largely increased if the United States, by abolishing the existing State governments, should become responsible for liabilities incurred by them before the rebellion in laudable efforts to develop their resources, and in nowise created for insurrectionary purposes. The debt of these States thus legitimately incurred, when accurately ascertained, will, it is believed, approximate a hundred millions of dollars, and they are held not only by our own citizens, among whom are residents of portions of the country which have ever remained loyal to the Union, but by persons who are the subjects of foreign governments. It is worthy the consideration of Congress and the country, whether, if the federal government by action were to assume such obligations, so large an addition to our public expenditures would not seriously impair the credit of the nation. Or, on the other hand, whether the refusal of Congress to guarantee the payment of the debts of those States, after having displaced or abolished their State Governments, would not be viewed as a violation of good faith, and a repudiation by the national legislature of liabilities which these States had justly and legally incurred.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

Washington, D. C., July 15, 1867.

Field's Cook is entirely mistaken when he says that the negro race will increase in the United States. It is perfectly obvious that it will not remain at all a great while in the present United States. If there were not to-day a single white man south of the Potomac, in the lapse of a short period the North would have taken possession of the country. There are now 31,000,000 of white people in the United States and 4,000,000 of blacks. Shoals of white immigrants from Europe are landing every month at New York. Political troubles in Europe (and the air is charged with them) will greatly increase this immigration. The wave of immigration which now hangs suspended over the South will presently descend upon us, and the blacks will be pushed southward, or in a south-westerly direction.—Charlottesville Chron.

THE EXPULSION OF INNOCENT MEN FROM CONGRESS.

Mr. Lowe, in a recent discussion in the English House of Commons, said:

"My honorable friend, the member from Reading, said that a majority in America had never been known to abuse its power. I will take one instance, which is just as good as a thousand. Certain things became necessary for the Republican party, which could not be carried without a majority of two-thirds of the Congress. Everybody knows that members who were innocent men were expelled from the legislature in order to obtain the necessary Republican majority."

MAIL LINE FROM NORFOLK TO LIVERPOOL.—DIRECT TRADE. Colonel Lamb has now succeeded in establishing between Norfolk and Liverpool.—The United States Mail Line to Liverpool, which we presume may be regarded as a permanent institution. The steamship Worcester, of the new line, will leave this city for Liverpool, direct, on the 24th instant.

In the fall, a steamer of this line will leave Liverpool for Norfolk, direct, regularly every month. This is certainly most encouraging in the midst of our troubles, which, we trust, time will soon remove.—The efforts of such men in a struggling community are incalculable; and, indeed, upon them depends a city's progress and prosperity. Direct trade is now an accomplished fact.—Nor. Jour., 17th.

The Emperor Napoleon as Viewed Through a Clergyman's Spectacles.—Rev. Henry W. Bellows, now sojourning in Paris, writes that "Napoleon has a poor walk and an uninteresting presence. He looks care-worn and cold, anxious and reserved. His complexion is pallid and his expression deprecatory. There is nothing to excite enthusiasm in his look or manner. In private he is reported as mild spoken, amiable and of quick intelligence, but his face is both impassive and unpromising. All the portraits flatter him."

SNOBISH.—Introducing a resolution in Congress the day Mr. Shanks of Indiana, had occasion to allude to the late unfortunate Emperor of Mexico, in which he spoke scornfully of the self-styled Prince Maximilian, and the "so-called" Royal "House of Hapsburg." For this very brilliant idea the New York Times, Radical, thus complements him:

"The 'self-styled' Mister Shanks, or the 'so-called' Honorable Mister Shanks, lives so far out West that probably the news has not yet reached him that the House of Hapsburg has been decidedly and definitely 'Royal,' or rather imperial for something like six centuries, and that it traces its genealogy and power back to the seventh century of the Christian era. If a person cannot be blamed for having heard this, he certainly cannot be blamed for having heard that Maximilian was actually by birth a 'Prince,' and that he is no more to blame for this than Mr. Shanks is responsible for being born a free and independent citizen of this great democratic republic, whose gigantic republic, whose gigantic bird, standing on the Rocky Mountains, slaps its wings over the entire continent, and keeps the whole human race in a constant state of terror."

THE IMPEACHMENT COMMITTEE.—The Judiciary Committee, sitting as a Committee of Impeachment, have had several meetings of late. General Spinner and one of his employees have been recently examined touching the proceeds of the sale of confiscated Confederate property, particularly as to whether and what portions of them have been returned to the owners of the property condemned. So far, at least, as the President is concerned, no important facts, we hear, were elicited. It is understood that on Thursday next Generals Grant and Hillyer are to be examined. Upon what points has not transpired.

It begins to be thought by well-informed persons about the Capitol, that the pertinacious Messrs. Boutwell, Butler, Williams and Thomas, with their coadjutors outside the committee, has produced an effect upon a sufficient number of the Radicals of the House to render something in the shape of an impeachment probable in November next. The public mind has been inflamed to a height that the enactment of a force of the sort is deemed indispensable to keep up the excitement until after the Presidential election. The pending resolution of Mr. Covode points in that direction.—Nat. Intelligencer, 17th.

"GHOST OF THE PAST CONSTITUTION."

—In his late speech upon the conference report, commenting upon the fact that the Senate was behind the House in the march of radicalism, Mr. Stevens, said:
"Some fragments of the old shattered constitution had stuck, perhaps, in the kidneys of some southern [laughter], and troubled them at night. When they tried to progress, the ghost of the past constitution was found in their way, and obstructed them. Perhaps this was not enough. He did not find any fault with it."