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**Business Directory.**

- Attorneys at Law.**  
Scott & Scott, North Elm, opposite Court House.  
Dillard, Rubin & Gilmer, North Elm, opposite Court House, (see advertisement.)  
Adams & Staples, Second floor, Tate building.  
Scales & Scales, North Room, Patrick Row, in rear of Porter & Eckle's Drug Store.
- Apothecaries and Druggists.**  
E. W. Glenn, M.D., West Market Street, McConnell building.  
Porter & Eckle, West Market, next courthouse, (see adv.)
- Auctioneer.**  
Jas. R. Pearce.
- Barbers.**  
Wiles & Wiles, North Elm, opposite Court House.
- Bankers and Insurance Agents.**  
Henry G. Kellough, South Elm, Tate building, (see adv.)  
Wilson & Shober, South Elm, opposite Express Office, (see adv.)
- Boat and Shoe Makers.**  
E. Kirch Schlaegel, West Market, opposite Mansion Hotel.  
Thos. S. Hays, Davis st., 4 doors North Steele's corner.
- Cigar Manufacturer.**  
J. Beckmann, South Elm, Caldwell block.
- Cabinet Makers and Undertakers.**  
John A. Pritchett, South Elm, near Depot.  
Wm. Collins, Corner of Sycamore and Davis streets.
- Contractor in Brick-work.**  
David McKnight.
- Contractors in Wood-work.**  
J. J. Collier, Jas. L. Oakley, David Keagy.
- Confectioners.**  
F. DeSmet, Tate Building, corner stairs.  
J. Harper Lindley, Jr., South Elm.
- Dress-Making and Fashions.**  
Mrs. N. Maurice, South Elm, (see adv.)  
Mrs. A. Dilworth, Next door to Times Office.
- Dentists.**  
J. W. Hewitt, 1st door left hand, up stairs, Garrett's building.
- Dry Goods, Grocers and Produce Dealers.**  
W. S. Moore, East Market, Albright's new building.  
L. H. Routman, Corner East Market and North Elm, Lindsay corner, (see adv.)  
A. Weatherly, Corner East Market and Davis streets.  
W. D. Trotter, East Market, Albright's new building.  
L. R. May, West Market, opposite Porter & Eckle.  
S. C. Poulson, West Market, opposite Court House.  
Jas. Sloan & Sons, South Elm, near Depot, (see adv.)  
C. G. Yates, South Elm.  
Smith & Gilmer, Opposite Southern Hotel.  
J. D. King, East Market street.  
S. Steele, Corner East Market and Davis streets.  
D. W. C. Benbow, Corner South Elm and Sycamore.  
Bogart & Murray, East Market, South Side.
- Foundry and Machine Shop.**  
J. H. Temple, Washington st., on the Railroad.
- Grocers and Confectioners.**  
Stewart & White, East Market, next Post Office.
- General Emigration Office, for the West and South-West.**  
Louis Zinner, Gen'l Southern Agent, B and O. R. R., West Market, opposite Mansion Hotel.
- Guildford Land Agency of North-Carolina.**  
Jno. B. Grotter, Gen'l Agent, West Market, opposite Mansion Hotel.
- Harness-makers.**  
J. W. S. Taylor, East Market st., near Court House.  
James E. Thom, Corner South Elm and Sycamore.
- Hotels.**  
Southern Hotel, Seales & Black, proprietors, West Market, near Court House.  
Planter's Hotel, J. T. Reese, proprietor, East Market, near Court House.
- Liquor Dealers.**  
Deas & Enloe, Wholesale Dealers, West Market st., Garrett Building.
- Livery Stables.**  
W. J. Edmondson, Davis street.
- Milinery and Lady's Goods.**  
Mrs. W. S. Moore, East Market, Albright's new building.
- Music and Musical Instruments.**  
Prof. F. B. Maurice, South Elm, (see adv.)
- Tailors.**  
W. A. Fowler, West Market, opposite Southern Hotel.
- Tinners.**  
Jno. E. O'Sullivan, Corner West Market and Ashle streets.  
C. G. Yates, South Elm.
- Photographers.**  
Haggs & Bates, West Market, opposite Court House, up stairs.
- Tomb-Stones.**  
Henry G. Kellough, South Elm.
- Sign and Ornamental Painting.**  
J. W. Ingold, East Market, Albright's block.

# THE PATRIOT AND TIMES.

VOL. { Patriot XXX }  
Times VII. }

GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1868.

{ NO. 47 }

**Physicians.**  
A. S. Porter, West Market st., (near Times Office.)  
R. W. Glenn, West Market, McConnell building.  
Jas. K. Hall, North Elm, opposite court-house.  
J. E. Logan, Corner West-Market and Greene.  
**Watchmakers and Jewellers.**  
W. B. Farrar, South Elm, opposite Express Office.  
David Scott, East Market, Albright's block.

## Farmer's Department.

**FATHER AND CHILD.**  
A country girl one morning went to market with a pig; The little curl-tail, not content, Began to squeal a jig. A dandy, who was riding by, And wished to pass a joke— Said "Dear, how comes your child to cry When wrapped up in your cloak?" The country girl thus quick replies, "So had a breeding had he That ever and anon he cries Whene'er he sees his daddy."

**How Much.**—Now as the year is about closing let us ask you a few plain questions:  
How much better is your farm than it was one year ago?  
How much better are your implements?  
How much more lovely have you made your home by the planting of trees and shrubs?

How much have you added to the value of your property by the planting of orchard trees and small fruits?  
How much better is your stock of horses, of sheep, of cattle?  
How much of error have you discovered in your mode of treatment of the different crops you have grown?  
How much have you learned from your neighbors, from your agricultural papers, from your experience in relation to your farm operations?

How much have you done to aid your wife and daughters in their household duties by furnishing them with improved household utensils and the better location of wells, cisterns, wood piles, cellars and dairy rooms?  
How much of kindness and charity have you exercised toward the needy and the helpless?  
How much better husband, father, brother, man are you than you were one year ago?

Now is the time to reflect upon all these things, and resolve to do better in the future.

**Curing Hams.**—Massachusetts Hams says an exchange: "I cure and smoke 50,000 to 100,000 pieces per year, and know my business. Meat in pickle made of water is not as good as dry salted meat, and the pickle is only used because more profitable and less laborious. The flavor of cured meats, depends mainly on the quality of molasses used. The best temperature is 40; frozen meat will not cure, and, if above 60, will be liable to taint. For 100 pounds meat take 8 pounds salt, and one quart best molasses, or 2 pounds sugar, 1/4 pound saltpetre, 2 ounces ground alum; mix and rub on the fleshy side of the meat, placed in pans so as to keep all the mixture; repeat the rubbing every three days, rubbing in thoroughly. For large pieces and cold weather, 60 days will be required; if mild weather, 50 days; and 15 days less for small pieces. The skin and fat of hams should be cut off clean from the face as far down as the second joint, to allow the salt to enter. The receipt for keeping meat in ashes, given in the September Agriculturist, is good. Smoking is of no benefit, it is only a quick way of drying. Most people would prefer drying without smoke. If you smoke, use only walnut or yellow birch wood or mahogany sawdust. Be sure your meat is well cooled off before salting; ten days after killing is better than ten hours.

**Suckers from the Cherry.**—The common Morrelo and some of the other varieties of cherries sucker very much. This is a great nuisance, and may have been the expedients resorted to, to stop it. It is recommended to seed in grass the lawn or orchard where your cherry trees stood. But even this will not fully stop the evil, and makes the tree unhealthy, knarled and mossy. Now here is a plan which we know has worked admirably, and which has sound philosophy to support it too, viz: Dig up the earth about your trees thoroughly, and if you find the tree inclined to sucker, pull up the spout with its roots, which generally run along the surface of the earth. By these means the surface roots are all destroyed and the trees will strike

deeper roots, which, being somewhat more moved from the influence of air and sunshine will not sucker. We believe that like the peach, if the tap-root is cut off by transplanting, we should encourage the tree to grow a tap-root as speedily as possible.—*Rural World.*

**Manure.**—If there is any one thing we have resolved to make a "hobby" of it is the subject of manure. And, fearing some of our farming friends may forget it, we will remind them that winter is the harvest time for manure, just as summer is the harvest time for wheat. Every farmer will admit that he cannot labor successfully without the use of manure; and yet nine-tenths of the farmers of the South attempt that which they all so readily admit to be impossible. Guano and other standard fertilizers are not to be ignored; but the farmer must not neglect his composts even though Peruvian Guano were sold at one-half its present price. Every pig sty; every hen roost, every fence corner; every ditch-bank; every swamp; every forest; every mill pond must be made to contribute its quota to the immense heap that should be raised, almost mountain-high, in every farm-yard in the land. Our farmers must learn the importance of giving back to the soil what they take from it in every crop. And, to do this, they must learn that the basis of good crops is the manure heap. December is a splendid month for beginning the manure harvest.—*Carolina Farmer.*

**Reading for Farmers' Boys.**—But for the co-operation of my boys I should have failed. I worked hard and so did they. The eldest is near twenty-one, and, other boys in the neighborhood, younger, have left their parents; mine have stuck by me when I most needed their services. And I attribute this result to the fact that I have tried to make home pleasant for them. I have furnished them with attractive and useful reading; and when night comes and the day's labor is ended, instead of running with other boys to the railway station and adjoining towns, they gather around the great lamp, and become absorbed in their books and papers. Such is substantially the testimony of a farmer who has known how hard the struggle for a footing on free soil without capital is, and how valuable and comparatively cheap are the aids which good reading brings to him.—*Fireside.*

**Toil.**—"Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hands, seared with services more honorable than those of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which Nature has embroidered, amidst sun and rain, amid fire and steam, her own heraldic honors." Ashamed of these whims and trifles, and envious of the flaunting robes of embeccid idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature; it is impiety to Heaven; it is breaking God's great ordinance! *Toil, I repeat it—toil either of the brain, of the heart, or of the head, is the only true manhood—the only true nobility—Rev. O. Deacy.*

**To Fatten Turkeys.**—Four turkeys were cooped up and fed with meal, boiled potatoes, and oats; four others of the same brood were treated in a similar manner in another pen but with a pint daily of finely pulverized charcoal added to the food. All eight were killed the same day, and those fed with the charcoal were found to weigh a pound and a half more than the others, and to be of much better quality.

To make people smart all that's necessary is to throw them on their own resources. A wild turkey knows more in one moment than a tame one would dream in a year, and all because he has to depend upon his own ingenuity for safety rather than the ingenuity of a farmer.

**Good Advice to Farmers.**—Our friends in the country should now begin to gather and save the leaves which fall. These are the fertilizers that nature provides—the material she furnishes for the renewal of vegetation—and are more valuable than any other manure the farmers and gardeners can use.

The Richmond *Whig* says: the wine plant is pronounced a humbug, so far as it pretends to be a wine. It is the juice of the common rhubarb of the gardens—and the sale of it by any other name is an imposition.

From Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine.  
A YEAR AGO.  
BY Z. F. POWELL.

A year ago!  
How mournfully,  
How tenderly,  
The words as to some solemn music flow!  
Long, long ago might sadder seem;  
But, life forever moving on,  
The present soon is all as surely gone  
As that far past we almost think a dream.  
The hand we grasped but yesterday  
Is now to us a shadow, far away:  
The voice that thrilled but now upon our ear  
Hath ceased, and we at best can keep  
Faint echoes that must soon as deeply sleep.  
Thus all the past is long ago, the near  
As truly as the distant, and we start  
To think how to our soon forgetting heart  
"Forever" sounds scarce longer than "a year ago."  
A year ago  
He stood beside me in his truth,  
In all the glory of his youth,  
The friend whose like can never comfort me;  
For now between us rolls the unloving sea;  
And what though hearts be joined? Hand, voice  
And eye  
No longer each to each make sweet reply,  
As in that happy time a year ago.  
A year ago!  
Ah, why must all things thus forever change?  
The unbeloved new and strange  
Supplant the old we love and know;  
Then, grief of griefs! grown dearer and more dear,  
Till love counts worthless that which is most near;  
And time, fast speeding on, and faster yet  
Change and oblivion, we forget,  
Or image dimly, part by part,  
What once stirred all the fountains of the heart,  
In the time that is now for ever flown,  
That seems long ages and ages gone,  
But is only a year ago.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

As every one expects to have a merry Christmas this week, we reprint the following story—trusting that all our young friends may heed the admonition so forcibly given, and that while striving "to be gay and happy," they may "avoid even the appearance of evil."  
Many years ago a celebrated Italian artist was walking along the street of his native city perplexed and desponding in consequence of some irritating circumstance or misfortune, when he beheld a little boy of such surprising and surpassing beauty that he forgot his own trouble and gloom in looking upon the almost angel face before him.

"That face I must have," said the artist, for my studio. Will you come to my room and sit for a picture, my little man?  
The little boy was glad to go and see the pictures and pencils and curious things in the artist's room; and he was still more pleased when he saw what seemed to be another boy looking just like himself smiling from the artist's canvass.

The artist took great pleasure in looking at that sweet face. When he was troubled, or irritated, or perplexed, he lifted his eyes to that lovely image on the wall and its beautiful features and expression calmed his heart and made him happy again. Many a visitor to his studio wished to purchase that lovely face; but though poor, and often wanting money to buy food and clothes, he would not sell his angel, as he called his portrait.

So the years went on. Oftentimes as he looked up to the face on the glowing canvass he wondered what had become of that boy.  
"How I should like to see how he looks now! I wonder if I should know him? Is he a good man and true, or wicked and abandoned? Or has he died and gone to a better land?"

One day the artist was strolling down one of the fine walks of the city when he beheld a man whose face and mien were so vicious, so depraved, so almost fiend-like, that he involuntarily stopped and gazed at him.

"What a spectacle! I should like to paint that figure and hang it in my studio opposite the angel-boy," said the artist to himself.

The young man asked the painter for money, for he was a beggar as well as a thief.  
"Come to my room, and let me paint your portrait, and I will give you all you ask," said the artist.

The young man followed the painter, and set for a sketch. When it was finished, and he had received a few coins for his trouble, he turned to go; but his eye rested upon the picture, of the boy; he looked at it, turned pale, and then burst into tears.

"What troubles you man?" said the painter. It was long before the young man could speak. He sobbed aloud and seemed pierced with agony.  
At last he pointed up the picture on

the wall, and in broken tones which seemed to come from a broken heart, he said:

"Twenty years ago you asked me to come up here and sit for a picture, and the angel face is that portrait. Behold me now, a ruined man: so bloated, so hideous that women and children turn away their faces from me; so fiend-like that you want my picture to show how ugly a man could look. Ah! I see now what vice and crime have done for me."

The artist was amazed. He could not believe his own eyes and ears.  
The young man told his sad and dreadful story; how, being an only son, and very beautiful, his parents petted and spoiled him; how he went with bad boys and learned all their bad habits and vices and came to love them; how, having plenty of money, he was enticed to wicked places till all was lost, and then unable to work and ashamed to beg, he began to steal, was caught and imprisoned with the worst kind of criminals; came out still more depraved, to drive him to commit a worse crime, till it seemed to him he could not stop till brought to the gallows.

It was a fearful tale, and brought tears into the artist's eyes. He besought the young man to stop, offered to help him, and tried his best to save him. But, alas! it was too late. Disease, contracted by dissipation, soon prostrated the young man, and he died before he reformed. The painter hung his portrait opposite that of the beautiful boy; and when visitors asked him why he allowed such a hideous looking face to be there, he told them the story, saying, as he closed: "Between the angel and the demon there is only twenty years of vice."

The lesson of this tale is in the tale itself. You who read it can tell what it is. Think of it often and heed it always.

**IMPORTANT CHURCH CASE DECIDED.**—When the southern separation from the Methodist Episcopal church took place, the courts not only transferred all the church property in those States to the "M. E. church south," but allotted to them a pro rata share of the enormous fund in the book concern. Since the rebellion a case has arisen in Virginia of some interest.—Dr. Lanahan, now one of the book agents in New York, was in 1865 a presiding elder of Winchester (Va.) district, and, in pursuance of a regular appointment, was in the pulpit of the church at Winchester on Sunday morning. While waiting for the time to open the service, Rev. Norval Wilson, of the church south, entered and took possession, and conducted the meeting announcing that he would do so twice each Sunday thereafter. Dr. Lanahan stated to the congregation that, for the sake of order, he had submitted to the intrusion.

The church has since remained in possession of the Methodist Episcopal church, and Mr. Wilson and his friends have prosecuted a suit for the recovery of the property, which had been in their hands from 1843 to the beginning of the rebellion. The case was finally decided last week by Judge Parker, in favor of the present occupants. His decision is based upon the deed of conveyance, which recites that the property was conveyed to trustees for the benefit of "the congregation of the Methodist Episcopal church in the town of Winchester and vicinity." The amount of property in dispute was about twenty-four thousand dollars.—The judge decrees that the bill of the plaintiffs (church south) be dismissed. This is one of the several decisions of like import recently made in Virginia and Maryland, all of them in favor of Methodist Episcopal church.—*New York Post.*

## An Act in Regard to Obtaining License to Practice Law in this State.

SECTION 1. The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact, That all applicants for license to practice law, who have had license from the Supreme Court of the State, to practice in the County Courts as they heretofore existed, shall now be allowed to practice in all the Courts of the State.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect from and after its ratification. Ratified the 7th day of December, A. D. 1868.

A fossil horse, it is stated, has recently been discovered in the tertiary deposits of Nebraska. Although full grown, as the ossification of the various bones proves, the skeleton is reported to be only two feet high. This makes 18 species of fossil horse now known to have lived in North America, although until quite recently it was generally believed that there were none indigenous to the continent.

**CHRISTMAS COLUMN.**  
*Fine Fellow.*—The man who advertises in your paper, the man who never refuses to lend you money, and the fellow who is courting your sister.

*Mean People.*—The man who kicks people when they are down, and the subscriber who refuses to pay for his paper.

Make friends of your creditors if you can but never make a creditor of your friend. It only gives him another excuse for being disagreeable.

A constable somewhere in the north-west exposes for sale a "roan mare or so much herof as may be necessary, to satisfy the judgement."

Some one says the best way for a man to train up a child in the way it should go is to travel that way occasionally himself.

Games of chance however trifling they may seem, are always expensive and dangerous. Young man, remember this.

*Couldn't Do It.*—The Radical surveyor of Stokes county couldn't lay off the county into townships, and the commissioners had to send to Rockingham for a surveyor who could.—*W. Sentinel.*

An editor recording the career of a mad dog, says:—We are grievous to say that the rabid animal, before it could be killed, bit Dr. Hart and several other dogs.

The kind lady who sent us a mince pie, says an eastern editor, with the request to "please insert," is assured that such articles are never crowded out by a press of other matter.

A county critic in speaking of the music of a two-dollar accordion, says: "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed-clothes."

The fewer relations or friends we have the happier we are. In your poverty they never help you; in your prosperity they always help themselves. Just so.

"Why do women spend so much time and money on dress?" asked a gentleman of a Newport belle. "To worry other women," was the sarcastic but true reply.

An exchange says: "Old Dog Tray" is so effectually played by some hand organs, that groups of pups will squat before the machine, and wipe tears from their eyes with their paws.

One of Josh Billings' maxims.—Rise early, work hard and late, live on what you can't sell, give nothing away, and if you don't die rich and go to the devil you may sue us for damages.

An Ohio editor asks and answers this malignant conundrum: "Why is the editor of the Knoxville *Whig* like a harp struck by lightning?" Because he's a blasted lyre.

"Give me a pound of oysters" said a man to an oyster vender who was passing by. "I sell by measure not by weight," replied the oyster man.—"Then give me a yard of them," said the man. The oyster man shook his head dubiously and passed on.

A "girl of the period" comments thus on Mormonism: "How absurd—four or five wives for one man; when the fact is, each woman in these times ought to have four or five husbands.—It would take about that many to support her decently."

A member of Congress who applied for a railroad pass for himself and two children, received one for himself and ten children. The railway official, judging from the number of children that he was a clergyman, inscribed the pass to Rev. Mr. —

A celebrated French preacher, in a sermon upon the duty of wives, said: "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out I will fling my breviary at her head."

He lifted his book, and every female head instantly ducked.

Among the gifts to a newly married pair at a town in New Jersey the other evening, was a broom sent to the lady, accompanied with the following sentiment.

"This trifling gift accept from me, Its use I would commend;  
In sunshine use the brushy part,  
In storms, the other end."

*Advice to Girls.*—Girls, do you want to get married, and do you want good husbands? If so, cease to act like fools. Don't take a pride in saying you never did any housework, or that you never had cooked a pair of chickens—never made a bed—and so on.—Don't turn up your nose at honest industry—never tell your friends that you are obliged to work.—When you go shopping never take your mother with you to carry your bundles.