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BE NOT DECEIVED.

Many of the Radical newspapers are making a great fuss and exultation over what they pretend to believe the disintegration of the Democratic party; and from day to day, we hear of this paper and that, as having come out in favor of the Republican party; while they claim that to be the only national party in existence in the country.

The Republican party can only be known and judged of by its acts, and what are those? Is it necessary to rehearse the ten thousand acts of oppression, the unjust and proscriptive laws, the insults, the robbery, that has been inflicted on the South in the name and under the sanction of Republican laws and by Republican officers?

The truth is, and it is established and rendered incontrovertible by all the acts of the party, in Congress, in the States where Republicanism has been in the ascendant, by their papers and their public speakers, that they intend to give the franchise (have given it) to the negro; in other words, enforce universal suffrage, and, at the same time, to place the iron hand of proscription upon thousands and tens of thousands of the white citizens of the country.

The Republican party leaders do not intend to extend liberality and magnanimity to their opponents, but they intend to be a part of their principles and policy. We have had no intimation that they will do it, but, from their former acts, we have every reason to suppose they will not do it, if they can help it.

Let no one be deceived, however, by any signs of repentance in the leaders or newspapers of the Radicals, by any plausible soft-talk they may employ. Movements are on foot to draw to their support many who, believing in their sincerity, and desiring the accomplishment of universal amnesty, may be induced to cast in their lot with them, and thus enable them to retain their hold on the public spoils. The people are sincere, but the leaders are not to be trusted.

We say again, be not deceived. Virginia yet may lose the fruits of the compromise she made in the recent election. And we have every reason to believe that the administration at Washington is opposed to every movement that does not give Radical men and Radical measures the predominance in all things.

TWO MORE DIABOLICAL OUTRAGES BY NEGROES.

Information was received here yesterday that two white girls, aged respectively fifteen and thirteen years, daughters of a highly respectable citizen of Rockbridge county, whose name we withhold for the present, was most brutally outraged on Friday last by two black fiends, the oldest of whom is not more than sixteen years, and the youngest but about fifteen. We were unable to gather the full particulars of these fiendish deeds, but from what we could learn it appears that the villains laylaid their victims not far from the residence of their parents and accomplished their atrocious purpose. One of the scoundrels was captured on Sunday morning and lodged in jail in Lexington. The other was still at large Sunday evening, but the people of the entire neighborhood in which the outrages were perpetrated are scouring the country in search of him, and he has probably been arrested by this time.

SAD ACCIDENT.—A Miss Hill, niece of the late Gen. A. P. Hill, was accidentally shot and killed by her brother-in-law, Mr. G. W. Skinner, at his residence in Washington county, Alabama, a few evenings ago. Mr. Skinner was about to leave the house to spend the night with a sick neighbor, and was engaged in recapping his loaded pistol, when one of barrels exploded, and the ball from it entered the side of the unfortunate lady, killing her instantly.

MAJORITIES.

Alexander H. Stephens thus replies, in the Augusta Constitutionalist, to some of the recent assumptions of Greeley touching majorities of the people and the right of self-government:

A majority of the people, overawed and terrorized by a minority! Indeed! If so, what became of this majority when the Confederate armies, which stood between them and their deliverers, were overpowered? Where is this majority now, even with the sweeping disfranchisement which silences so many of the overwearing tyrants? Why has it not been permitted to exercise the inalienable right of self-government, even with the reinforcement of enfranchised blacks? Why are so many of these States, till this day, held under military rule, with their whole populations "pinned" to very bad government by federal bayonets, under the pretext of their continued disloyalty? This assertion, as to the state of things in the beginning, is as utterly groundless in fact as it is utterly inconsistent with the gratuitous assumptions on which the present pretext is based.

Is it not amazing, Messrs. Editors, that Mr. Greeley, in the face of the facts for the last four years, to say nothing of those of the war, when, according to his showing, the administration at Washington, in rushing into it, were in "the wrong"—I say to omit all mention of the wrongs of the war, its immense sacrifices of blood and treasure, is it not amazing in the highest degree that Mr. Greeley, in the face of the facts of the last four years only, should now repeat to us the principles of American independence as his creed? Have not the constitutions of ten States, as made and adopted by the people thereof, founded on such principles and organized in such form as seemed to them most likely to effect their safety and happiness, been swept from existence by military edict? Have not the people in these ten States, including the arbitrarily enfranchised blacks, been denied the right to form new constitutions, "laying their foundations on such principles and organizing its power in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness?" Have they not been required and literally compelled to form such constitutions as seemed most likely to effect the safety and security of the dominant faction in Washington?

Is this holding up to our gaze these immutable and ever-to-be-reverenced principles of the Declaration of Independence at this time and under the present circumstances, intended only as mockery added to insult, injury and outrage.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

A strange geological phenomenon recently came to light in the valley of Mount Dore and that of St. James. A civil engineer had caused a rectangular well to be sunk to a depth of fifty-three metres through a stratum of hard tufa, which covers the primitive formation in that district. At this depth, which is insignificant compared to the shaft of a mine, the heat, nevertheless, became so intense that the workmen had to be relieved at short intervals. Their wooden shoes soon got intolerably warm, and they could not lie down to rest themselves on the hot ground. On the other hand, the appearance of the tufa denoted that the well had nearly reached the granite. The engineer, on leaving the spot for a while, had recommended his men to be very careful during his absence, and to content themselves with removing the rubble, without going further down. One of them, however, in throwing the last shovelful into the skip, took it into his head to remove with his pickaxe a piece of tufa about thirty inches in circumference; but no sooner had he done this than he saw the bottom of the hole he had made swell up.

At the same time a loud rumbling noise was heard. The men in a fright jumped into the cage and called to be pulled up; but they had barely got to the height of a dozen metres when a thick column of hot water, preceded by a violent report, rose up in the air, projecting huge stones upwards. The water in falling scalded the men grievously. The jet diminished, and the well filled rapidly, the poor fellows succeeding, however, in time. In the course of ten hours the well got quite full, and from that time a rivulet of thermal water has been flowing from the spot into the Dordogne. The liquid on arriving there still retains a temperature of forty degrees centigrade. Upon analysis it has been found to contain upwards of twenty milligrammes (nearly half a grain) of arseniate of potash per litre, a proportion unheard of before. The Minister of Public Works has sent a commission of engineers to the spot for further investigation.

SOCIAL OSTRACISM.

The editor of the Tallahassee Sentinel, though a Northern man and a Republican, was no doubt bred a gentleman. This we infer from his very just and manly view of the white set up by certain Northern people that they are socially ostracised in the South. He says:

"We occasionally hear Northern men say they are ostracised, because the Southern people do not invite them to their houses; and when such remarks are made we can only feel a contempt for those who utter them. Many of the Northern men here are mere adventurers, who never had entree to good society when at the North. The Southern people are right. Why should they invite to their homes persons of whose antecedents they know nothing? A gentleman would not expect it. Again, we have seen Northern men and women who strove to ingratiate themselves with Southerners, with the view of getting admittance into their houses; and for such we have most sovereign contempt. No gentleman or lady can accept an invitation unless it is unsought and unsolicited. If such are not welcomed to Southern homes, it is as much a loss to our Southern brethren and sisters as it is to them."

From the Gilroy (California) Advocate.

A BOY MURDERER—A REMARKABLE MURDER—"OH, MY BROTHER, I AM DEAD; ALLY HAS SHOT ME"—AN AFFECTING DEATH BED SCENE.

Polite and attentive. Guests may rely upon good attention to their every want. In connection with the House is a good

LIVERY STABLE.

The brother then tenderly conveyed him to his house adjoining, and summoned physicians immediately. The boy who did the shooting, it appears, fully understood the situation, and ran off to a neighbor's where his mother had been visiting. The physician came, and an examination satisfied him that the wound was imparted to the almost distracted parents, brothers and sisters. Little Harry lived till half past 11 o'clock that night, when his immortal soul took its departure from the earthly tenement to meet Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

It was indeed a trying scene to see the mother at the dying couch of her beloved boy, summoned so suddenly from the endearing presence of parents, brothers and sisters, and friends. The mother was borne up by the Christian fortitude which alone can support the afflicted during such trying ordeals, and upon her knees beside the sufferer, she poured out a prayer to God for her dying boy that melted the hearts of all her hearers, and caused tears to flow from eyes unused to weeping.

Harry summoned all his playmates, and as they stood around his dying bed he called their attention to them in a low and solemn tone, and spoke to them in silent yet potent speech, admonishing them to the terrible results of shooting a fellow being. He then sent for Albert, the boy who fired the fatal shot. Upon entering the room in company with his mother, he was told to kneel and ask Harry's pardon, but before the word could have utterance Harry spoke up and freely forgave him. The deceased was a boy of extraordinary intelligence, and was a favorite both among his associates and the adults of our town.

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THE FOUR GATES OF HELL—A GENUINE HARD-SHELL BAPTIST SERMON.

William Reynolds, of Peoria, is well known as an enthusiastic worker in the Sabbath-School cause. He is perhaps better known than any other man in the State, and we give the following story as he tells it, as near as we remember. The main facts are all absolutely true. He was in the southern part of the State last week organizing Sunday schools, when he encountered a Hard-Shell Baptist neighborhood. The minister settled over the flock looked with jealousy upon the movements of the new lights, and finally announced his intention of preaching a sermon against them. On the Sabbath designated the Sunday school men gathered in force, when the preacher announced that well-known text—

"Thou art Peter! and on this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

After giving Peter a good setting out, the minister closed as follows, in the peculiar stinging tone that is indescribable except to those who have heard it:

"Yes, my brethering ah—an' the gates of hell sh'el not prevail agin' it, ah! Now you'd like to know how about these ere gates o' hell, ah! Well, my brethering, thar air four gates to hell, ah!

"Thar is, firstly, the Sunday school system, ah! Thar thar is one gate to hell, ah, whar they bring young men and wimmen together and under the ige of teachin' o' em the Bible, they set 'em hankerin' arter one another ah, and so open wide the gate o' hell ah!

"An' the next gate o' hell is wuss'n the fust ah. Thar thar is Bible so ci-it-ies ah, whar they put the word into the hands o' them as haint larnin' sufficient ah, fur to understan' it ah; an' thar here, brethering, is one of the wust gates o' hell ah, of which we read about in the Bible ah.

"An' the next gate o' hell, my brethering, is temperance societies ah, whar they go rite into your house and bust into yer rooms ah, and try to disciver ef ye hev anything ah that is good for the stummick's sake ah, and when they find it they spill it out on to the groun' ah, an' let it all run to waste ah."

[Signs of dissatisfaction among his church members. Greatly excited, he continued:]

"Yes, brethering, they do, ah. They air bound to bust up all o' our bizness, an'—an' ah, tharby they open another gate o' hell ah. These air the men that air, ah, goin' to come among us, and prevail, ah, agin the rock on which will I foun' my church, ah. Yes, brethering, ah, they air sot out to do it ah, an' we must jine hands ah, an' war agin 'em ah, that they sh'el not prevail, ah.

"An' the next gate o' hell ah, my brethering ah, is the Republikin party ah. Signs of approval from his auditors. Yes, brethering ah, the Republikin party ah, wot hez set all the niggers free ah, and turned 'em agin thar masters ah, an' agin them as put thar money in 'em ah, hez cheeted and robbed the South ah, outen its nateral rites ah, an' the gates o' hell sh'el not prevail agin it ah."

We can give the preacher's name and address if necessary. The party were too much annoyed to take accurate notes. But Mr. Reynolds himself will vouch for the truth of what we have written. Truth is stranger than fiction.—El Paso (Ill) Journal.

HOW FARMERS MAY SUPPLEMENT THE CORN CROP.

A correspondent of the Hillsboro' Record, or gives the following valuable suggestions to farmers in every section of the State where the crops are cut short by the drought:

The corn crop throughout this section of the State is a failure; not more than one-half, perhaps not one-third the usual crop can be expected. What is the duty of farmers under the circumstances? Can they by no "hook or crook," (honest hook I mean,) meet the emergency, and in spite of their half-filled cribs, still feed their families, their cattle and horses, sheep and hogs? They can do much, if they will "pull off their coats and roll up their sleeves," cease talking about the drought and hard times, and go to work in good earnest, as if they were just now beginning the year's work with the brightest prospect to cheer them. Let them turn over lands on the creeks and branches that can be plowed where they have harvested wheat or oats and sow in buckwheat half a bushel or three pecks to the acre, and harrow in; and they will make from ten to forty bushels to the acre according to the quality of the land. It is not too late to sow this week or next week. Should September be a reasonable month the yield of buckwheat sowed now will astonish any farmer who has never sowed it. I have sowed it and know whereof I speak.

Farmers in this section value the turnip low. Let me assure them that there is no crop that will pay the farmer better than the turnip crop. Fed on turnips his cows will yield him abundant milk and butter throughout winter. Boil them for his fattening hogs and they will fatten with half the corn. His sow and pigs will keep in good condition till spring, fed on boiled turnips alone. Sheep are very fond of the turnip (not boiled) and keep fat on them. To make a good yield of turnips the soil must be rich. Therefore let every farmer go to scratching and scraping immediately; there is no time to lose; still there is time enough yet. Let them manure on his premises. Turnips feed greedily on any kind of manure. Don't leave an ounce of horse or cow dung in the stables. Sweep every dust of ashes from the chimneys; a bushel of soot is worth a dollar in gold. Carry all the manure you have collected to your turnip patch. Break the land up; hard or soft, break it up; don't wait for rain. Break the clods, pulverise thoroughly, and when it rains you will be ready to sow. I have seen good turnips raised from a sowing made the 15th of September. Sown the 1st of September the "Strap-leaved Purple Top" or "The White Dutch," with good seasons, will make 400 bushels to the acre. Don't expect to get seed from your neighbors when the time to sow arrives; you may fail to get them, and I don't know but that you ought to fail. Send one dollar to Allison and Addison, Richmond, Va., and you will get seed enough to sow an acre.

In a little village of Mattue, Austria, Schiller's "William Tell" was lately represented, the manager's son taking the part of Tell's Son. In the apple scene the actor let the arrow before taking good aim and the child's eye was put out. He shrieked aloud and fell in convulsions. The audience rushed upon the stage to wreak vengeance upon the manager for having ventured his son in such a place, but the poor man ran for his life. This incident impels the Paris Figaro to tell another story.—Seven or eight centuries ago in Norway, the religious play of "The Mystery of the Passion" was enacted before the king, Haquin. Just as one of the actors was about to nail the representative of the Savior, to the cross, the king jumped upon the stage and killed the executioner. The people, furious that the play had been interrupted, precipitated themselves upon the stage and killed the sovereign. And this is how the dynasty of Haquin became extinct.

A DETERMINED GIRL.—Miss Carrie Ketchum, the young girl who was shot and it was said mortally wounded by her lover, Salvador Collet, in New Orleans, three or four weeks since, has persistently refused to testify against him. The New Orleans Picayune says: "She has unexpectedly recovered from her wounds, and on Friday last was taken before the grand jury, and still refused to answer any questions. The foreman reported the facts to the court, and the judge asked her if thirty days confinement would soften her obstinacy, when she amid tears answered that she was not obstinate, but had nothing to say. The judge finally told her that he was afraid, if forced to give evidence, she would commit perjury to save the accused from well deserved punishment, and as the grand jury had requested it, he would discharge her from custody. She was married to Collet on the same evening."

OUR BEST PARLORS.—Don't keep a solitary room in which you go but once a month, with your parson, special guests or sewing society. Make your living-room the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the old homestead shall come to him in his desolation, bringing always light, hope and love. Have no dungeon about your house—no room you never open—as blinds that are always shut.