

THE CAROLINA FARMER

MORNING

STAR



A WEEKLY

FOR THE FARM &

FIRESIDE

FARMERS, WRITE FOR YOUR PAPER.

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Twelve lines solid Nonpareil type constitute a square. Four squares estimated as a quarter column, eight squares as a half-column, and sixteen squares as a whole column.

The FARMER has a large and growing circulation among the best class of farmers and planters of the South, especially in the two Carolinas.

The Postage on the Farmer is only five cents per quarter, payable at the office where the paper is received.

Post Office Money Orders may be obtained in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less.

Registered Letters, under the new system, which went into effect June 1st, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. Observe, the Registry fee, as well as postage, must be paid in stamps at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the post-master and take his receipt for it. Letters sent to us in this way are at our risk.

Miscellaneous.

A Burglar Enters a House—Is Shot by a Woman, and Abandons His Plunder.

From the Leavenworth Bulletin, June 2. For sometime a gang of burglars, or else one very enterprising thief, have been making nightly raids upon our citizens. Last night a daring burglar entered the residence of Mrs. Dunkley, at 143 North Fourth street, but was successfully repelled and badly wounded. From Mrs. Dunkley our reporter gathered the following facts concerning the raid: About 2 o'clock last night Mrs. Dunkley, while in bed, heard a slight jar at the back door, which attracted her attention. Upon peering out through the darkness she discerned the outlines of a man softly gliding through her bed-room to the parlor. She listened very attentively, and concluded that the midnight adventurer was making a raid on her silverware, which was very valuable, and consisted of many pieces. In order to state the situation more plainly it would be well to inform the reader that Mrs. D.'s little boy had taken the key from the front door of the parlor while playing during the day, and she picked up the key and laid it upon a stand in her bed-room. The lady remem-

bered of this, and at once knew that the burglar would have to make his exit through her bed-chamber. Mrs. Dunkley, it appears, always sleeps with a protector in the shape of a six shooting revolver, and it happened that her protector was near at hand. She calmly laid in bed until the robber came from the parlor. Shortly the men made his appearance, walking very softly, and Mrs. Dunkley cautiously raised her revolver and fired. The ball evidently struck the robber in the shoulder as no mark of the bullet could be found in the house, and the thief dropped his booty on the floor and stove. In the meantime Mrs. D. sprang out of bed in order to bring the fight to close quarters. The man then drew a pistol and fired at the lady, and the ball passed through one of the panels of the door leading from the bed room into the parlor. The burglar, after firing, employed his legs very vigorously, and left the heroic lady master of the field. She cried for police to pursue the wretch, but he had too much of a start to be captured.

Mr. Burnton, who lives in the vicinity, was attracted to the house by the firing, as were also other neighbors. A light was made, and it was found that the raider was richly laden with silverware. Among the articles were goblets, pitchers, etc.; also a large glass vase, which was broken by falling against the stove. The vase contained small articles of silver. Everything was dropped on the floor when he was shot in order to facilitate the escape. Mrs. Dunkley is recently from California. She says she brought her silver all the way from California, and don't intend it shall be carried away in that manner. She is a brave lady and deserves to have silverware. She is the "noblest woman of them all."

Affairs in North Carolina.

The Governor of North Carolina has published a proclamation, offering rewards for the apprehension of various persons charged with murder and other crimes against the peace and dignity of that Commonwealth.

With characteristic bitterness, Mr. Holden charges all these offences to the credit of the Ku Klux Klan, and it is abundantly plain that he is most anxious to make political capital out of his proclamation.

But grant, for the sake of argument, that these crimes have all been committed by the "rebel" population or North Carolina, and then ask yourself what must be the condition of society, what the oppressions of a people who are driven to such excesses? We know that before the war, North Carolina, with a vigorous and learned judiciary, was one of the most tranquil, well-governed States in the Union.

Justice was administered without fear, favor, or affection, and every desperado in the Commonwealth knew that if he broke the laws he was certain to receive punishment.

So admirably was the criminal code administered that she was without a penitentiary until Radical misrule rendered such an institution necessary.

Grant, we say, that the Ku Klux hang men after the off-hand fashion of Louis the XIth, and it only shows that they have been driven to this desperate measure of redress by intolerable wrongs.

When a man finds that an unspeakable wrong has been done his wife or daughter, and knows that the courts over which such creatures as Dick, and Tourgee, and Jones and Logan preside, will not punish the criminal, should he sit down like a paltry coward, or take the law in his own hands? There can be but one answer to this question, and it is in retaliation for barn-burnings, thefts, murders and outrages without name, that Jedwood justice has been meted out by the exasperated people of Alamance and other counties. There is a remedy for this state of affairs, and we trust the people of North Carolina will apply it. Let them recover the government of their State, and doing equal and exact justice to all men, put down League and Ku Klux by administering the laws.—*Norfolk Virginian.*

DEATH OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Particulars of His Sudden Illness and Last Hours.
ILLNESS AND DEATH.

LONDON, June 9 10 P. M.

The *Globe* in its last edition this evening startled the community with the announcement that Charles Dickens had been seized with paralysis, and was lying insensible at his residence, at Gadshill, near Rochester, in Kent.

The news spread rapidly and created most profound regret, but the worst was still to come. Telegrams have since been received announcing the death of the great novelist at a quarter past six this evening.

Mr. Dickens was at dinner on Wednesday, when he was seized with a fit. Dr. Steele, of the village of Strood, who was for many years the family physician of Mr. Dickens, was immediately called in, and remained until nearly midnight. The condition of the patient becoming worse and worse, it was deemed advisable to summon physicians from London.

Telegrams were promptly dispatched, and this morning several London physicians arrived at Gadshill. A consultation was held and the case at once pronounced hopeless. The patient sank gradually, and died at fifteen minutes past six this evening.

Mr. Dickens had been ill for several days, but not seriously. He had even visited Rochester and other points during the present week.

It is stated that at the time Mr. Dickens was seized with his fatal illness he was entertaining a small party of friends at dinner at his house. A lady present, who was seated near him, was the first to observe indications of pain upon his face. Upon being asked by her if he was ill, he replied that he had only a headache and would soon be better. In a moment or two he fell back in his chair apparently insensible, and was immediately removed to a chamber. His son and daughter remained by his bedside until he died. Mr. Dickens had been failing in mental activity for some time, and was conscious of the fact. He complained lately of much difficulty in writing, his thoughts no longer coming readily as in other days. It was upon warning from his physician that he abandoned public reading a few months ago.

A Man Carried in the Air Nearly Two Hundred Feet on the Roof of a House.

[From the Deer Lodge City New Northwest.]

During the past three weeks there has been a succession of violent tornadoes in the valley, unpleasant as unprecedented. They last from one to three hours, and are succeeded by a perfect calm. Their general direction is from northwest to southeast. The width of the storm-track is not over a mile, its greatest violence being confined to a belt of 200 or 400 yards, crossing the valley diagonally a short distance below town, and occasionally the side currents giving us a lively shaking up in the village, notwithstanding the protection guaranteed us by the Organic Act and the Immigrant Association. The first two wasted their fury on fences, trees and moderate sized bowlders, tossing them about like jack-straws, and just by way of variety wrenched a couple of logs out of the Decker building, in the lower end of town. But on Saturday last the third—and we most devoutly join our prayer with Mr. Elliott that it may be the last—of these cyclones played a piece of diabolism not on the bills, and we believe unprecedented in the explorations of the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. A. Elliott recently purchased the Hall farm on Cottonwood creek, a half mile from town. It has on it a double-log house, one story, having a roof area of 17x40 feet. On it there is a dirt roof. Mr. Elliott was engaged in re-roofing it with boards, and had it about completed on Saturday when the storm began. His son, a lad of a dozen years, was on one corner and he on the comb. As the whirl-

wind dipped, he called to his son to jump down, and Mr. Elliott clasped the comb projection on the boards to prevent being blown to the ground. Just at that instant the entire roof, rafters and all, was lifted from the building, and, rising with the whirlwind, sailed away, attaining an altitude of about forty feet at the greatest, and landing 168 feet from the house, where Mr. Elliott was damped by the concussion; the roof performed a somersault over him and was scattered in a thousand fragments up the valley. Strange as it may appear, Mr. Elliott is only slightly bruised.

The lad was uninjured, the board roof gliding out from under him, leaving him sitting disconsolate on the dirt roof, while his father was abandoning him at the rate of sixty miles an hour. When it is considered that the roof contained 1,200 feet of lumber, was nailed to heavy log rafters and that the whole affair was carried 189 feet intact, some idea of the force of the whirlwind may be obtained. The distance is given us by Mr. Claggett, who measured it immediately after the occurrence. The escape of Mr. Elliott was a miracle.

An Ohio Belle.

A singular shooting affair occurred recently at McArthur, Ohio. A local paper says: "Miss Sarah M. Sage, connected with one of the best families in the village, and one of the most beautiful and brilliant young ladies in the community, has been for some time blindly infatuated with a young man by the name of Mack Will, who is also of the most respectable connection and of good talent, but whose habits of intemperance have become of the most fearful character. The lady devoted herself to him, making every effort for his reformation, but apparently without the slightest success, and, becoming maddened by the fruitlessness of her effort, concluded to hold the saloon-keepers responsible for her failure. On Thursday night, between 9 and 10 o'clock, she visited the saloon of Patrick O'Keefe with a loaded six-shooter, and opening the door, fired upon O'Keefe without effect.

She then entered the saloon and accused O'Keefe of selling liquor to Will. He denied, and some altercation ensued, when she shot again without effect. A bystander then grasped her hand and threw it down, and in this position she again fired, the ball passing through her shawl and lodging in the thigh of O'Keefe, inflicting a serious and painful wound. She was then placed outside of the door, and went away. The next morning she was arrested and taken before a justice and discharged on some technicality. On Friday she was re-arrested on a warrant from a justice at Hamden, where she waived an examination, and was held to answer at court in the sum of \$500. On the same day Will and a married sister of Miss Sage appeared at Hamden, and the party proceeded to Jackson, when the belligerent lady and her spirituous lover were safely linked in the silken chain of matrimony."

A Remarkable Bet.

The most remarkable bet on record was that of Major William S. Morse, of Washington, a corporation contractor, who was so sanguine of the result of the municipal election that he made a bet with Mr. E. B. Hughes, of the navy yard, that if Mr. Bowen was not re-elected he would crawl on his belly from the City Hall to Georgetown, a distance of about three miles, and over streets very rough and muddy at this season.

He lost the bet and crawled three miles on his belly in accordance with the agreement, in the presence of a large crowd, preceded by a band of music.

An ingenious citizen of Connecticut has invented a machine for indicating the condition of an egg. By an ingenious but simple contrivance it can be made to boil an egg soft or hard, rings a bell when they are done, takes them from the water, and is only second to a cuckoo clock.

The great question now is: Who invented the Roumanian massacre hoax?

Cooking Oysters.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph sends the following receipts for cooking oysters, which will be generally approved after a trial, it is thought:

SPICED OYSTERS.—Two hundred oysters, two dozen cloves, five dozen allspice, also mace, cayenne pepper and salt to taste.—Strain the liquor through a sieve, put it in a saucepan and add the oysters, spice, pepper, salt, and a pint of cider vinegar, place them over a slow fire, and as soon as they come to a boil take them off, pour them into a large bowl, and set them away to cool; when cold, cover them close.

OYSTER PATTIES.—Make a rich paste, roll it out half an inch thick, then turn a teacup down on the paste, and with the point of a sharp penknife mark the paste lightly round the edge of the cup, then remove the cup and cut entirely through; then with the point of the knife make a circle about half way through, place them on tin and bake in a quick oven; when done remove the centre and fill with oysters prepared as follows: Rinse the oysters, but them in a pan over the fire, and when they become hot stir in the cream, butter and cracker; season to your taste with salt and pepper. When they are scalding hot they are sufficiently cooked.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—One hundred oysters, a baker's loaf crumbled, four eggs boiled hard, salt and cayenne pepper to taste; chop the eggs very fine and mix with the crumbs, which season highly in cold water, cover the bottom of a deep pie dish with egg and crumb, then with a fork place a layer of oysters with two or three small pieces of butter, and so continue until all are in, reserving sufficient crumbs for the cover. For those who like it a little nutmeg or mace may be added. Bake in a quick oven three-quarters of an hour and serve hot.

Protecting the Trunk of Trees Against the Sun.

The training of the branches of trees low, in a pyramidal form, is one of the most effectual plans of shielding the trunk against the ill effects of the sun. Where trees already have high branches, a board adjusted to shield the bark from the mid-day sun will be found useful. A western cultivator, trying this once, states "that since he tried it he has lost no more trees, and the bark on the side remains as smooth and soft as on any other part of the tree."
—*Maryland Farmer.*

Hanging a Man for Comfort.

The Austin (Texas) *Journal* relates the following:
In 1837 or 1838 the county of — had just been organized, and the first District Court was held in a small room that had been used for a grocery. It was the fall term, and a severe norther was blowing, and there was no fireplace or stove in the room. A desperado was on trial for one out of many crimes he had committed, and the judge and jury were impatient to end the case. The county was sparsely settled, and consequently too poor to make adequate arrangements for the comfort of prisoners; so when the jury brought a verdict of guilty, the judge in passing sentence upon the culprit, said: "Bob Jones, you have had a very fair trial; you have been found guilty, and the court adjudges that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead; but as the county is just organized, and affords no convenience to lodge a prisoner with any degree of comfort, there being no suitable building nor bedding, not even blankets, the court do hereby, in consideration of his personal comfort, order that the prisoner be taken to the nearest tree and there hanged until he be dead; and may the Lord have mercy on his soul." He was then led out to a tree and hung.

The London (Canada) Penitentiary has a female inmate of twenty-seven years' standing. She entered there in her girlhood, and is now a wrinkled, premature old woman.