

THE CAROLINA FARMER

AND STAR

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FARMERS, WRITE FOR YOUR PAPER.

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investment earning fifty to one hundred per cent. per annum with "undoubted security" that it would remain open long enough for small capitalists in the rural districts to hear of it and profit by it? Any such opportunity, where the proposed return is more than a ghost of a chance, like a prize in a lottery, would be picked up by those sharp moneyed men who must be among the first to hear of it. The golden promises made by this concern and endorsed by the newspaper writer, whose puff bears all the ear marks of paid eulogy are old jokes newly vamped for the fresh-born gudgeons that can thus be tickled out of their money. Does our correspondent now see the folly of his assumption—that a chance to make a safe investment where the money is likely to double the first year has remained open until he heard of it? In the discovery of a comet or the invention of a churning-machine the rural expert has as fair a chance to be first as his metropolitan competitor. But no man hailing from a central money market having a safe investment to offer that promises to double the capital the first year is obliged to cry it all over the land for a bid, and then only successful because a smart countryman is sharp enough to take it. The contingency that it may double the investor's money in a year, in all cases, supposes the corresponding chance that it may work exactly the other way.

The Dead Alive—How the Spirit of a Supposed Dead Man was the Spirit of a Living Man—Tricks that are Vain.

An aged and highly-respected gentleman of New Albany, Ind., who for many years has been a very firm believer in spiritualism, has recently had his faith greatly shaken in the dogma of this ism by revelations that have come directly to him through the living instead of the dead. It was in this wise:

Over twenty years ago a favorite son of the gentleman in question went into the British navy. For a time the father received letters from the son; but in the course of the passing years these letters ceased to arrive, and over eight years passed without the father receiving any information from the son other than that communicated through spiritual mediums. Most of the spirits agreed that the son was dead; but at one period a medium or mediums insisted that he was alive, and would arrive on a certain vessel at a certain time at New Orleans. The time arrived and passed, and even to this day no such vessel has arrived at New Orleans.

The majority—nearly all, indeed—of the mediums, for the past five or six years, have agreed, in their communications with the father, that the son was dead; that he died, some held, in Ireland; others in an island of the ocean. The father himself believed that he frequently held communication with his dead son, and in this belief he was backed by the testimony of several mediums, who attested that the son had come to them from the spirit land and talked with them, not unfrequently referring to his near relatives that were known to be dead. The father's belief was so peculiar as to be a consolation to him in his supposed bereavement; and thus the matter stood until recently.

A few weeks ago, just how many we cannot state with exactness, the father received a letter from the son he had mourned as dead, and with whose spirit he had so frequently held, as he imagined, sweet converse. The letter was received by the father at the New Albany post office, and announced that the son was alive and in good health; that he was at present, and had been for nearly eight years, a resident of Australia. The fact in relation to the supposed death of the son, and the communications held by the father with his supposed disembodied spirit, are quite familiar to the citizens of New Albany, and have frequently been the subject of comment, particularly so on account of the simple and serene faith of the father in the supposed revelations made to him directly from the son or through the mediums he consulted.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.
Number of Members of Churches of Different Denominations in the United States.

We are indebted to the *Catholic World* for the following list of memberships in 1867 in the United States. We clip from an exhaustive and interesting article on Protestantism in the May number of the *World*:

Lutherans, 332,155; German Reformed, 110,408; United Brethren, 97,983; Moravians, 6,655; Dutch Reformed, 57,846; Mennonites, 39,110; Reformed Menonites, 11,000; Evangelical Association, 55,002; Christian Connection, 500,000; Church of God, 32,000; Old School Presbyterians, 248,350; New School Presbyterians, 161,538; Reformed Presbyterians (General Synod), 8,324; Synod of Reformed Presbyterians, 6,000; Associate and United Presbyterians, 63,489; Associate Reformed Presbyterians, 3,909; Free Presbyterians, 1,000; Cumberland Presbyterians, 100,000; Baptists, 1,094,806; Free Will Baptists, 59,111; Seventh Day Baptists, 7,038; Dunkers, 20,000; German Seventh Day Baptists, 1,800; Free-Communist Baptist, 104; Anti Mission Baptists, 105,000; Six-Principle Baptists, 3,000; River Brethren, 7,000; Disciples (Cambellites), 300,000; Congregationalists, 278,283; Unitarians, 30,000; Universalists, 30,000; Protestant Episcopal, 194,692; Methodist Episcopal, 1,146,081; Methodist Protestant, 50,000; Methodist Church, 50,000; True Wesleyan, 25,000; African Methodist, 200,000; Zion African Methodist, 60,000; Methodist Episcopal (South), 635,040; Free Methodist, 4,839; Western Primitive Methodist, 2,000; Independent Methodist, 800; Friends, or Quakers, 100,000; Hicksites, 40,000; Shakers, 4,713; Adventists, 30,000; Swedenborgians, 5,000; Spiritualism, 165,000; Mormon Church, 60,000; Christian Perfectionists, 253; Catholic Apostolic Church, 250; total, 6,396,110.

The membership of the Roman Catholic Church is estimated by careful writers at about 4,000,000, as against the probable aggregate of 7,000,000 Protestants of all names and kinds.

What We Should Eat—The Truth at Last.

The following, from the *Galaxy*, is in that periodical imputed to a philosopher who is described as the "erudite Sarsfield Young":

"I cannot lay down any special rules as to what you had better eat. Breadstuffs are bad. Never eat bread. The process by which the article is rendered light and white is very deleterious to the health. Never eat hot cakes nor cold ones. Corn bread is fatal. Take to the wheat in grain; carry some in your pockets, and chew the food nature designed for you. If your teeth are bad or you have none soak the wheat in castor oil. Acorns are good for people who read *What I Know About Farming*. Their digestions require something of the sort. Eat soup. Never take four plates of soup. Besides being vulgar it undermines the constitution. For breakfast, I should say ham and eggs fried; or if fried eggs don't agree with you, drop them. Don't hurry your meals. Remember that Rome was not built in a day. Don't be afraid of frittering away time at breakfast. Eat them with sugar or syrup. For dinner, you want something substantial—pork, for example. If you choose pork, stick to it right through the year: many a man has built himself up in the pork-packing business. And then, abrupt changes are dangerous.

For tea, something very light should be taken, such as lobsters and milk, cucumbers and ice-cream, or cold mince pie, pickles and hard cider. Then for lunch (which is to be eaten, of course, immediately before going to bed), we have always found plenty of sauer kraut, Welsh rabbit, pickled walnuts, salsaratus biscuit hot, with London porter and green tea, very agreeable and soothing."

It would seem that Gen. Grant's highest ambition is to retire at the end of a second term with "plenty of money and no poor kin."—*Louisville Courier.*

Tragedy in Jefferson, Texas.

The following is from the *Jefferson (Texas) Herald*, of April 12th: The parties connected with this tragedy are W. R. Rose and Jesse Robinson, both of them dangerous and bad men, either drunk or sober. Rose and Robinson have never quarreled, but were apparently good friends. Last Tuesday they accidentally met at Rooks & Meschow's shop, and Robinson accused Rose of treating him coolly. Rose replied that he intended to leave off some of his associations, and he was one; that he (Rose) intended to quite drinking whiskey and be a better man—the quarrel terminated by Robinson telling Rose that he intended to kill him. Soon after this Rose went to his own shop and went to work. In about an hour from the parting from Rooks & Meschow's shop, Robinson appeared at the door of Rose's shop, with pistol (six shooter) in hand. Rose was at his anvil, and as soon as he saw Robinson he went to a box to the side of the shop, got his pistol (single barrel) and quickly fired, the ball taking effect three inches below the left nipple. Robinson then commenced firing at Rose as he ran out of a side door; as he (Rose) entered the back door of his shop, Robinson fired a shot which broke his left leg, and he fell. Robinson went up near him and riddled his body, firing in all six shots. Rose died in five minutes after the firing commenced. Robinson started across the street leisurely and quite suddenly stopped, sat down in the street, commenced to vomit blood, and in a few moments fell forward upon his face, was carried to his room, and died in about thirty minutes from the time he was shot.

Both of these men have been tried by military courts for murder, and by some kind of hocus pocus both were cleared. Robinson served a short time in the Georgia penitentiary, and while so serving, the county that sent him up had a half dozen true bills against him for theft. No one knows in this city how he made his living, except it was by gambling. Rose was a blacksmith, and when sober would work and behave himself tolerably well, but when drinking was a demon. Our community breathes more freely, being rid of two men that were a terror to all who knew him.

A Terrific Explosion—Over One Thousand Barrels of Oil Explode.

[From the Cleveland Herald.]

About 6 o'clock Tuesday morning thousands of our citizens were aroused by one of the most terrific explosions that ever "shook up" things terrestrial in this locality. It proved to be the agitating house of Hussey, Payne & Co.'s oil refinery, situated on the canal, a short distance South of the Atlantic and Great Western railway. It exploded without a moment's warning, and without any assignable cause, as far as known. The report was tremendous, and the concussion of the air was so great as to shake buildings two miles distant. Over a thousand barrels of oil were in the agitator, and in a moment an immense volume of flame and thick smoke told that the fire fiend was completing the work of destruction.

The immediate effects of the explosion were appalling. The building was entirely covered with iron, intended to be fire-proof. It was literally blown to pieces, large fragments of iron rolled up and twisted, being hurled a great distance in every direction. The building was made a complete and utter ruin, the work of desolation being finished by the flames. Other buildings connected with the works were nearly destroyed. Brick walls were blown down, and windows everywhere in the vicinity were shivered to atoms. The chemical works of Marsh and Harwood, situated at a distance from the oil works, were badly damaged, and look as if they had been through a first-class earthquake. A fragment of wood was blown through the window of a house fully a hundred rods distant, and struck a woman who was making a fire, but its force being spent, it inflicted no serious injury.

Within a radius of half a mile houses were shaken to their very foundations, and

their occupants not already awake tumbled out in the wildest dismay. Windows were broken, the entire sash being blown out in many cases; crockery rattled, shelf ornaments were thrown down promiscuously, and the destruction of property was considerable. The jar was very perceptible as far distant as Prospect street, and was felt throughout the entire southeastern portion of the city.

The damage to the oil works is estimated at \$25,000, although it is quite probable that it will reach a higher figure.

A Missing Bridal Couple and a Disappointed Congregation.

For the past few months there has been daily and nightly heavy skirmishing in the pleasant Vales of Love, between Mr. McHarris, a gentleman of color, and a cream-colored damsel. A general engagement has finally taken place, and the betrothal of the young lady's affections being carried by storm, she surrendered unconditionally, and last night at 9 o'clock, the high contracting parties were to have signed a treaty of peace and perpetual union.

At that hour a large and expectant congregation was assembled at Ebenezer Church to witness the solemn and imposing ceremonies. The beaux, rid of the dust accumulated in the Fifteenth Amendment tramp, dressed in their best attire, and the belles, whose tongues were rattling at a rapid rate, gorgeously gotten up in the latest Parisian style, were quivering with eager anxiety to gaze on the happy twain soon to be made one.

Nine o'clock came and no stir about the doorway; but remembering that it was fashionable on such occasions for the wedding party to be behind time, they contented themselves in spending the waiting moments in sweet converse of gallantry and love. Time passed thus pleasantly away until the hour of ten approached, and there being still no appearance of the chief actors in the play, a slight uneasiness began to manifest itself in the large audience, but, having come to see the show, they were patient, and "thar they sot, and sot, ontwel they thought they should hav' took root," and, at 11 o'clock, a deputation was sent to the lady's house to ascertain the cause of delay.

The committee, upon their arrival at the fair one's mansion, found that damsel all forlorn, disconsolate and refusing to be comforted. She had not laid eyes upon her precious William, and having a pain in her heart all day, thought it a presentiment of some evil, so much so that she had not arrayed herself for the joyous occasion.

The committee, with this state of facts, returned to the church and reported; whereupon, the congregation dispersed, much disappointed and greatly wondering what had befallen the missing McHarris, who, not having been seen at a late hour this morning, it is feared has possibly been Ku Kluxed by a rival suitor.—*Rich. News.*

Death of a Notorious Brigand.

Guiche, the brigand of Arezzo, Italy, was shot recently by the King's carabinieri. He was, it is said, the terror but also the boast of the neighborhood; and, no less from admiration than from fear, he was always sure, so long as he could elude the bloodhounds of the law, of a supper and a sweetheart. Justice was over and over again suspended by the dread of his anger, and tempting posts, usually so coveted in Italy, were refused by one official after another in deference to his mandates. The mode of his capture was in keeping with the remainder of his eventful history. Three of his pursuers took refuge one evening with a poor and aged couple, and their suspicions were at once aroused by seeing before them the promise of a more sumptuous repast than was warranted by the peasants' condition. The supper was preparing for Guiche, and the fact was extorted from the temporizing pair. The carabinieri lay in wait for the solitary bravo, who soon came along singing a *responso*, or love song, and they dispatched him before he had time to do more than bite off one of their fingers.

Miscellaneous.

Concerning Investments for Small Capitalists.

[From the Journal of Commerce.]

A country correspondent encloses us a slip he has cut from some newspaper which urges all small capitalists to invest their money in a certain project for the purpose of realizing a very large return in the way of annual dividends; and he asks us if it is well to follow this advice. We answer that he cannot do better. He is evidently bound to put his money in some form of speculative investment, and it will burn in his pocket until he has thus disposed of it. The company which is so anxious to secure stockholders we have no doubt will clean him out at shorter notice, and in a more scientific fashion than any other enterprise now puffing itself into public notice. So let him invest at once, and having thus disposed of all his available means, he should go to work and earn his living, holding the stock aforesaid as a perpetual memorial of his folly. He has not sense enough to take care of a surplus, and therefore he may as well rid himself of it in this channel as any other. If he had any sense or judgment he would not have been attracted by the invitation. Does he suppose that if there was a reasonable chance of an