

THE CAROLINA FARMER



A WEEKLY

FOR THE FARM

FIRESIDE

FARMERS, WRITE FOR YOUR PAPER.

VOL. 3.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1871.

NO. 33.

The Carolina Farmer,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WILMINGTON, N. C.,

\$3.00 a Year, in advance.

CLUB RATES:

Five copies, one year, \$13.00
Ten copies, one year, \$24.00
Twenty copies, one year, \$48.00

No commissions allowed Agents for subscribers taken at less than \$3.00 per year.

Yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly contracts will be made at the above rates, with 20 cents per square, additional, for every change contracted for.	1 Square	2 Weeks	3 Weeks	4 Weeks	2 Months	3 Months	6 Months	1 Year
100	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
200	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.50
300	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00
400	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50
500	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00
600	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.50
700	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00
800	4.50	4.50	4.50	4.50	4.50	4.50	4.50	4.50
900	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00
1000	5.50	5.50	5.50	5.50	5.50	5.50	5.50	5.50

Twelve lines solid Nonparell 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 postmaster and take his receipt for it. Letters sent to us in this way are at our risk.

Miscellaneous.

Mr. Davis' Speech at Atlanta.

Mr. Davis arrived at Atlanta, Ga., on Saturday, the 27th ult. In the evening, in response to the call of the crowd which assembled in front of the Kimball House, where he was stopping, he spoke as follows:

MY FRIENDS—As I look out upon the surrounding crowd before me to-night, swayed by the deep-felt and strong-hearted impulses of enthusiasm and welcome, my feelings are those of peculiar pleasure, gratitude and pride; for I realize the fact that this tribute is not offered to any worth or merit of my own, but is an expression of sentiment, upon the part of the people of this State, Georgia has a noble and worthy record. You have been true to your history and to yourselves since the old colonial time. The people of Georgia were true to their history and to themselves in the old colonial struggle of 1776. They were true to their history and to themselves when they adhered to the principles of liberty and independence in the war of 1812, and you, the descendants of your worthy and illustrious ancestors, during the last great conflict in which you were engaged, were true to your history, true to yourselves, and true to the great

PRINCIPLES OF CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY, in the defence of which our forefathers

fought and died; and so long as your rivers roll from the mountains to the sea, so long as the waters rise from the sea and flow backwards towards the mountains, with these lines that we have just heard sounding down to future ages, and children will rise up and imitate the virtues of their forefathers. [Applause.] It was for these great principles that our forefathers fought in the olden days. It was these principles for which Orgethorpe contended, and since his illustrious day, until this hour, the record of your proud Commonwealth is without a stain. [Applause.] There are many things which I might say to you to-night, my friends, but which I feel it would be imprudent for me to utter. If I should speak to you of the past, I should speak of memories that are sad. If I should speak to you of the present, it would be to recount a tale of tyranny and wrong that we have not the power to redress, and under which, therefore, it is more manly and noble for us to fold our arms and suffer with quiet and patient dignity. If I speak of the future, then, I am liable to be misrepresented, and you held responsible for every speculation that I may chance to utter.

But, my friends, as I stand here to-night and look upon your kindly, honest faces, I feel that there are a few plain words that may be received by you as the expression of my opinion in regard to the future. Then, I say, I despair not of your liberty; I despair not of the triumph of liberty; I believe that truth will live eternally, and that wrong cannot always endure. When Galileo was bound to the torture rack for asserting his theory that the world was a globe and turned upon its axis, and was there forced to recant, as soon as the screws were relaxed he cried out of the deep and irresistible convictions of his soul, "But still it moves." And so the great truths uttered by your fathers still live, and the principles they enunciated and for which they contended still move, and will once more be felt, if you will but be true to the right. Let no one say that I counsel a recovery and enjoyment of these principles by the red hand of battle. I trust that I may not be misrepresented upon this point. I shall die in the firm belief that

THE ERA OF TRUE LIBERTY

will ere long dawn upon the South. If they were long carried the victorious banner, and exulted in the strength of their triumph, could have known, when you came forward and said you had given up your arms and were now ready to submit to the laws of the land, and could have understood how true your word was, how high were your principles of honor, it would not have been necessary to exact harsh pledges, and to pass oppressive laws to bind you. [Applause.] Force should never have been exerted when the unimpeachable word of a Georgian was pledged, for the world cannot furnish bayonets enough to make a Georgian prove more faithful to his obligations than his oath could do. [Applause.] Peaceful, then, you are desirous of being to-day; peacefully you have been; peacefully you are ever. When human patience has sometimes given away, there are those who sometimes take the law into their hands, because there is no justice to be secured in any other way, but these are mere accidental occasions. There is no organization in the South—there never was—whose purpose is resistance to the government. [A voice, "That's so."] Though we are compelled to submit to the presence of power, yet our manhood and our self-respect can be preserved. Peace is what we hope for.

PEACE WE DESIRE,

and peace we will have. I have nothing to say to you to-night of politics, and, my friends, I hope you have nothing to do with them. You have political power, and its exercise is only postponed until the coming of that event which I certainly anticipate—the restoration of your constitutional rights. [Applause.] Let us, then, stand still and quietly await developments. The men of the North, like yourselves, love their government, and understand their rights, and men of the North

have no idea of surrendering in their own country those great bulwarks of constitutional liberty—the right of trial by jury, the right to elect their own officers, and the right to determine their own internal policy—and as soon as their prejudices and hatred against the South are removed, and they see that by the unlawful action of those in power toward the South, these sacred rights of theirs are in danger of being invaded,

THEY WILL BECOME YOUR ADJUNCTS, and you will hold the balance of power; and in that hour your power will be great and your success will be great. [Applause.] I have said, and I here repeat it, that I despair not of the restoration of our liberties. They are not ours only; they are equally the liberties of the people of the North and South, and when they at the North see that laws are made for their oppression, do you not believe that the men who have descended from revolutionary sires will raise their voice against them? Do you not believe that when they come to look calmly upon the question between the North and the South they will form parties and platforms upon which you can stand? And when that hour comes then will come the fulfillment of the promised era of constitutional liberty, which I so confidently anticipate and hope for to-day. I may not live to see it, but if I do not, I shall die confidently believing that it will come. I know, my friends, that in this I run counter to the feelings that are prevalent in different portions of our country, but I believe this is the true policy for the South to pursue at present. The South cannot hasten the day of her deliverance by attempting to assume a leading part in the politics of the country to-day. Let her people quietly and earnestly devote themselves to the work of improving and building up their material prosperity, leaving those who have the power to settle these questions among themselves, simply saying to them, "We know our rights—know they are invaded," and then wait patiently until we see them divided and at issue with themselves, and then join the party and support the candidate and the platform that promises a restoration of constitutional liberty. It is then that you will hold the balance of political power in your own hands, and it is then that all your rights will once more be restored and guaranteed. [Applause.]

I HAVE SHAKEN HANDS WITH POLITICS.

I am now engaged upon matters of life insurance. [Laughter and applause.] I would like to insure all your lives for a hundred years. [Laughter and applause.] I have, therefore, my friends, very quietly presented this opinion, which I entertain upon the subject that has been the duty of former years, but not of present years. I know I can do you no good. I am not engaged in public affairs, but I hope to do you some good by showing the world that though I have retired from active public service, yet it is my purpose to serve you with head and heart and hand as long as I live. Your interest is mine—not in a mere abstract and general sense, but in that devoted care which I have for your welfare and happiness, and the only reward I ask or seek is that I may live to see all your political rights restored, and the whole South prosperous, independent and happy. [Applause.] Therefore, in what I have said I have only spoken of what I consider the best policy for the people of the South, under the present circumstances, to pursue. Let the people of the North take care of themselves. You went to war upon the same question for which your ancestors and theirs contended in the first revolution against the Government of Great Britain—the right of commercial independence or State sovereignty. You secured it in that first war, and State sovereignty must again be restored, or else the republic of America is a failure. Despotism cannot be exercised under a republican form of government, and, my friends, if you can but wait, all will be well. If any of us die before the day of peace and liberty dawns, let us die in the faith that

it will come at last. The people of the North will never surrender their rights; and when they see danger at home, then they will need your aid and will come to you, and then you will be crowned with victory and triumphant success. [Applause.] I am not of those "who accept the situation."

I ACCEPT NOTHING.

These cant phrases that we hear so much of about "accepting the situation," and about our rights having been submitted to the "arbitrament of the sword," are but the excuses of cowards. [Applause.] I admit that power prevails over truth. I admit that power is so great that it would be folly to resist it, and therefore I am in favor, myself, of being acquiescent and I advise you to the same course, but I do not admit that our rights have ever been submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. Who has the power to submit your liberties to the arbitrament of battle? You never delegated that power to your representatives. I, as your Executive, never claimed it, and never, dying or living, will I admit it. [Applause.] And then, my friends, about this much talked-of subject of "accepting the situation." You are not called upon to acknowledge that you have done wrong unless you feel it.

I DON'T BELIEVE I DID ANY WRONG,

and therefore I don't acknowledge it. All that a government has a right to claim from any of its subjects is, that they will quietly submit to the law. Liberty of the law is their inheritance, and submission to the law, as long as it is such, is their duty and their obligation, and it should be their pride. Now, my friends, having already said more than I intended, it only remains for me to say how happy I am to see the evidences of prosperity that now surround you. The first time that I saw the place where your city now stands, it was little more than a wilderness. When I saw it again I looked upon blackened and deserted ruins, upon the sad wreck of noble fortunes, upon desolated hearthstones, and upon a ruined and stricken people. Your city had been devastated and laid waste by an act of vandalism darker than aught that ever disgraced the name of Turenne. But I look upon it again to-day, and the traces of desolation and destruction are no longer visible; but in their stead magnificent structures rise upon every hand, to mark the wonderful advance of improvement, prosperity and material greatness. I rejoice in it. It is but the beginning of the grand era of prosperity that is yet to come, and I rejoice to see you going on building your railroads, establishing your manufacturing, inaugurating new enterprises of commercial profit, building up your town, improving your land and developing the material resources within your reach. You will thus go on increasing until you become wealthy and powerful. I say I rejoice in these evidences of assiduous, earnest labor in things material, because there is little in this that a foreign government can interfere with. Persevere in this direction; wait quietly and patiently until the tide turns—as, sooner, or later, turn it will—and the day is not far distant when the sun will shine upon you a free, independent and sovereign State. [Applause.] With these expressions, and with this advice to you, I have done. I feel that I cannot fully express my gratitude to you all for the kindness you have manifested towards me, and the heartfelt desire I have that your ways may be ways of pleasantness, and that your lives may be prosperous, and that your eyes at last may close upon your country free and your children standing erect, proud representatives of the grand old Commonwealth of Georgia. [Great and prolonged applause.]

St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Newark, N. J., was on Thursday morning the scene of the most impressive sight perhaps ever witnessed within the walls of any diocese of Newark, being the confirmation of no less than six hundred children of all ages.

A Neat Little Romance.

The New Orleans *Picayune* tells the following story: A few evenings since, just as Justice Evans was leaving his office, he was confronted by two charming young ladies, who requested a private interview. Conducting them back into his office, the bland magistrate asked in what way he could oblige them. "You are a Justice of the Peace, are you not?" the oldest and by far the prettiest of them inquired. "Yes," he said. "And can marry people—that is, can marry a lady?" "Well, yes, if the lady brings a bridegroom along with her—I am not a marrying man myself," rejoined the trembling magistrate, fearing that his own freedom was involved in the issue. "Oh, not at all," said the damsel, and turning to her companion, exclaimed: "I reckon, Willie, you can strip off those toys." No sooner said than done; the young lady's companion commenced to tear off her dress with haste. Inexpressibly shocked (for the Judge is a very modest man) he turned to escape from the room, when a second glance he could not restrain revealed to him the fact that the supposed young lady in process of stripping off her female gear was not a girl but a strapping boy, who had used the disguise to get his dulcinea in the presence of a magistrate. Of course this explained the situation, and without more ado the Judge proceeded to join them in holy bonds "until death or the divorce courts should them sever." In remuneration for his trouble the bride gave him a smacking kiss, and went on her way rejoicing. To use the Judge's own expressive phraseology, "that kiss was beautiful."

The Story of a Fox.

The Rev. Charles D. Nott, of St. Louis, sends to the New York *Independent* a story suggested by the remark of Dr. McCosh, that he had "doubts whether the lower animals can abstract, whether they can generalize." "A former pastor of mine," says Mr. Nott, "told me the following: When a boy, he had a fox, which, I regret to say, bore the reputation of possessing far more brain than personal piety. This fox was kept in the yard in a sort of raised den, nicely sodded over, and was confined by a chain that allowed him quite a generous circumference. One evening in the fall, the farm wagon, returning from the field with a load of corn, passed near the den, and by chance dropped an ear where the fox could reach it. He was seen to spring out, seize the corn, and carry it quickly back into the den. What he wanted with it was a mystery, as corn formed no part of the gentleman's diet. The next morning, however, the mystery was solved, for the fox was observed, out of his den, and considerably within the length of his chain, nibbling off some of the corn and scattering it about in full view of the poultry, after which he took the remainder back into the den and awaited events. Sure enough the chickens came, and, while eating, out sprang the fox, nabbed his man, and quietly took his breakfast in the back parlor. Now it seems to me that this is pretty good "generalizing." The fox may not have reasoned upon the most sublime theme imaginable. I regret to say he did not; and, for that matter, neither does Colonel James Fisk, Jr. But if he didn't evolve that chicken out of the depths of his own consciousness, then there is no such thing as logic, and

'Logic is logic; That's all I say.'

Famine in Persia.

The almost incredible statement is made in a cable dispatch that in one of the famine districts of Persia the starving inhabitants have eaten fifty children. Such an occurrence, if true, is a severe commentary upon a country whose exports amount to \$30,000,000, and whose public revenues are estimated at \$10,000,000 annually.

Gen. Leggett, commissioner of patents, says that more patents have been issued during the first four months of the present year than ever before during an equal time.