

THE FARMER AND MECHANIC

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Index to New Advertisements.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE—M. E. Church, South, to convene at Atlanta, Ga.

Raleigh and Round-About.

—When Sorrow sleepeth, wake her not!

—Brainard Whiting, and one or two others, have organized a Sunday school of 50 scholars at Hamlet.

—Oysters in Newbern, 35 cents a bushel; eggs in Wadesboro, 8 cents a dozen; apples in Hickory, 50 cents a bushel.

—Mrs. A. T. Stewart has the biggest hotel, and the biggest solitaire diamond in America. It cost \$35,000, but she may have twenty for all we care.

—The *Biblical Recorder* speaks in high praise of the Agricultural Department, and Col. Polk's efficiency and energy as Commissioner.

—The Editor will be out of town from Saturday until Monday or Tuesday but any one calling on business will be attended to.

—Marshall Clement of Davie, and Hon. John Dillard of Guilford are mentioned by the *Southern Home* in connection with the Supreme Court.

—1,300 boxes of North Carolina tobacco were sold to a Jackson, Miss., firm for \$16,000 cash down—says the *Danville Times*.

—Clara Louise Kellogg says if she were worth half a million she could marry the best man that ever lived, and perhaps she isn't more than 40 per cent. wrong about it, either.

—Wm. Polk, of Warrenton, a nephew of President Polk, has been appointed Mail Route Agent between Wilmington and Charlotte.

—Great preparations for the 10th of May Memorial celebration at Newbern will be made. Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke has written an Ode, entitled "*Resurrection*," for the occasion.

—The Rev. R. Furman, D. D., of South Carolina, will deliver the annual address before the young ladies of Raleigh Female Seminary, at the commencement in June next.

—Personal selfishness is the worm at the root of the political tree that often renders it a weak victim of the storm when to outward appearance it was strong and blooming.

—The Congressional Committee decided by a vote of 6 to 3 to recommend a tax of 16 cents on tobacco. License to be free for export; five cents when used on tobacco for home consumption.

—I am very much pleased with the *FARMER AND MECHANIC*. It is certainly the best agricultural paper I ever have seen." W. H. SAWYER.

Bayboro, N. C.

—The *Messenger* will observe that our item about Wm. Gergenus, of Green, was condensed from another paper. We suppose the execution of Chilton was meant instead of the other. Mr. Gergenus is not yet tried, and is simply charged with shooting J. S. Frazier, who still lives.

—Col. Keogh, chairman, has called a meeting of the Republican State Executive Committee, April 25th, in this city. It will probably fix the date of the Nominating Convention, if the Republicans deem it wise to make regular nominations, for State officers.

—Danville had another fire on Sunday morning; loss, \$1,000. A mass meeting was held on Saturday night, and the project for the city to subscribe the \$50,000 to build the Narrow Gauge Railroad into Caswell county was endorsed. Caswell is expected to subscribe an equal amount.

—A reign (rain) of perfume is upon the land. Boxes of fancy paper are sent, bottles of *billet-doux* ink, of silver and gold colors, are equally numerous; and now even the hair is to be resplendent of—"smelling stuff."

"An ounce of civet, good apothecary."

—and make it strong! 'Tis for a fashionable fop who no longer is satisfied to remain scentless!

—Can it be true, as alleged, that all this attack on the Supreme Court for the Driver decision is in the interest of certain candidates? The real point should be looked at—not what punishment the brute, Driver, *deserves*, but what the law allows to be inflicted on him. If the law does not allow a 5-years sentence, it should not have been laid. Even convicts have some rights.

—The Goldsboro Rifles, on the occasion of their recent celebration, gave three cheers, and a serenade to Adjutant-General Jones, who responded appropriately. The compliment was deserved; for Gen. Jones not only obtained the passage of the Act creating the State Guard, but has, also, brought the organization into perfect working, with 30 companies "ready for duty."

—Capt. Calvin E. Grier, of Mecklenburg, a member of Gen. Scales' staff, and one of the most gallant young Southerners that ever shed blood for his section (he was repeatedly wounded in consequence of his daring), is being urged by his friends for the Solicitorship of the 9th Judicial District. His personal popularity and extensive family connection will make him a strong candidate.

—The trial of John Edwards at Johnston court last week, for the murder of Kader J. Ballard, near Princeton some time ago, resulted in his conviction, and sentence to be hanged, on Friday, the 29th of April. Messrs. A. D. McLean & Son, and Mr. McNeal defended, while Solicitor Cooke was assisted by Fab. H. Busbee, of Raleigh. The evidence of Ella Ballard, aged 6, left little hope for the accused, and in a very few minutes the jury declared its verdict. Truly, murder will out! And "they that take the sword shall fall by the sword."

—One more! The *Weldon News* has the following, which adds the 26th death to the list published in these columns last week: Last Wednesday the wife of Mr. E. P. Green Jr., was called out of the room in which she was sitting on some household duty, and left her little child playing about on the floor. When she returned she found that in some way the clothing of the little thing had taken fire and was blazing furiously. Mrs. Green managed to extinguish the flames, and at once sent for Dr. Zollicoffer; but when the doctor arrived he found the little sufferer in convulsions, and all he could do was to alleviate its sufferings until death ended them.

—Our lady readers will find some agreeable reading in the articles by Mrs. Spencer, and the delightful stanzas by Mrs. Clarke; together with the domestic hints of our *incognito* Eastern lady friend. Next week we shall print an article on Dress-Reform for working women by Mrs. Clarke. Then perhaps after a while, Mrs. Spencer's happy chats with her gentle sisters will persuade some of them to get out the ink bottle from behind the clock, borrow nineteen rusty old steel pens from their brother's shot-and-powder-box, and give us a glimpse of that vast store of ideas which so often keeps a pair of tongues running far into the night. This is a banter; take it who dare!

WAKE COUNTY ITEMS.—A negro named Henderson Harris was found drowned in the Neuse on Sunday. Investigations are being made. He was from New Light. And by the way, this township had another sensation on Tuesday. Hill Keith, a white man, some 40 years of age, was jailed for the abominable crime of violence to his own daughter, followed by attempted abortion. He has been married, according to report three times, and the victim was a daughter by his first wife. What a pity there is not a law to sift out the scoundrels from the State and ship them to Utah!

ALL ABOUT IT.—We were recently appealed to, by a number of friends who had been discussing the question in the social circle, to give the "exact ages of Miss Mary Anderson and Fanny Davenport, the actresses." This is asking impossibilities: the "exact" age of any woman is something "no fellow can find out"—after she passes the first quarter of her century. But we have gleaned from theatrical papers, of fair authority, a few items that may be of interest. Miss Anderson passed her 19th birthday nearly twelve months ago. Miss Davenport was said by her father, the late E. L. Davenport, more than a year ago, to be "past 28;" so that if we put a 3, and an 0, together, the 0-ty secret will stand revealed. Still, even 30 is very young for a lady with her reputation. Let us glance at the ages of some of her compeers:

Miss Maggie Mitchell (Mrs. Paddock) and very rich, is 55. Miss Adelina Patti (Marchioness of Caix, recently divorced), is 35. Adelaide Ristori, (Marchioness C. Del Grillo) is 54. Clara Louise Kellogg is 36. Lydia Thompson, (Mrs. Aleck Henderson) is 47. Lotta (Charlotte Crabtree) is 31, and has made a neat fortune. Charlotte Thompson, (Mrs. L. Rogers) is 36. Mrs. F. S. Chaufray (nee Henrietta Baker) is 39. Miss Katie Putnam (Mrs. J. J. Sullivan, more's the pity!) is 29. Celia Logan, (Mrs. Kellogg) is 26. Olive Logan, (Mrs. W. Sykes) is 32. Miss Rose Eyttinge is 42. Her first husband was an Albany printer. Her present husband is Col. Geo. H. Butler, a nephew of old Spoons, and somewhat notorious in recent politics. Mrs. Maggie Lander is 47, the widow of Gen. Lander, who was killed in the war.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons is 34. She married an English youth named Canter. Old man Canter refused to allow his sacred cognomen to appear on the stage, so young Canter, by law, took the name of his mother, Mrs. Scott. Right here his wife arched her eyebrows, and declined to give up her name. So the compromise of "Mrs. Scott-Siddons" was agreed upon.

Ima Di Murska, when behind the bed-curtains, is Mrs. Hill—at least that is the name of her present husband; but as he is her fifth, nobody knows what may happen next year. It is right funny to note how people are deceived by high-sounding names. Who would be half so much "taken" with Mme. Janauschek, if her real name—Mrs. Fred. Pillow—were printed on the play-bills? Or, how would it sound to print, instead of "John T. Raymond," the real name—Johnny O'Brien? Be sure there is "something in a name"

—and, though "the Rose by another name may smell as sweet," we could fancy the charming "Miss Rose Temple" much more readily than if her true name—Mrs. Bob Jones—were before our eyes, in large type.

A few more names and we conclude: Mlle. Bonfanti is Mrs. Hoffman. Adelaide Neilson is Mrs. Lee. Clara Morris is Mrs. Fred Harriott. Pauline Lucca is Baroness Von Walthofen. Kate Claxton, recently divorced from Dore Lyon, is now Mrs. Stevenson. Lucille Western is Mrs. Meade. Miss Marie Wainwright (niece of the Bishop) is Mrs. Slaughter; but will soon be divorced. Christine Nilsson is Mrs. Rozaud. Eli Perkins is M. D. Landon. Marie Roze is Mrs. Mapleson. Barney Williams is Barney O'Flaherty. E. A. Sothorn is Douglas Stewart. Bijou Herron is only 13, and already celebrated.

—Luco Mitchell, a few years ago the favorite of a large social circle, died at the Asylum on Saturday. Death is often times merciful; yet the blow in this instance will fall hard upon the bereaved, widowed mother. Messrs. L. S. Overman, W. A. Turk and J. M. Dorrance escorted the remains to Salisbury: being joined at Hillsboro by Hon. P. C. Cameron. The funeral on Monday, was a vast throng.

A Costly Picture

Perhaps the most costly and elaborate painting ever exhibited in North Carolina was taken to the top of the Blue Ridge at Swannanoa, last week. It was not large, only a few inches long and less broad, yet so plain was the drawing, so true-to-life the coloring, that no one could doubt the owners statement that he had been engaged in painting it for more than fifteen years. The work which was begun a little while after the war, soon became so engrossing that he never allowed a day to pass without adding new colors, altering the outlines and deepening the tints, at an enormous expense for paints and mixtures. Indeed the artist had now grown so infatuated with his work, that he gradually sacrificed one piece of property after another until bankruptcy stared him in the face. Astonishing as it may seem, the poor fellow would not heed the remonstrances of his friends, the pleadings of his wife, nor even the dictates of his own conscience, which must have told him he was bringing ruin upon his health, his fortune and his family; as well as his moral character, by this one idea of painting and re-painting his familiar picture, already far too highly colored. As for the picture, it too, had undergone a great change in the course of the years. Originally it was a fair young face, with clear features, steady open eyes, and a manly bearing. But the painter gradually altered the outlines distorted several features, blurred the lustre of the speaking eye, drew a black scar across the temple, as if left by a policeman's club, and dishevelled the hair until one might have supposed the person had slept in a gutter! The lips were swelled and sensual, and the cast of the countenance took that furtively sinister look, so often seen in guilty wretches. Then the complexion! The bloom of youth had given place to a dirty repulsive red, amid which the nose shone like a half-putrid carbuncle! In short, the picture represented no longer a handsome, manly youth, but a hideous leering old bloater, shocking to look upon! And to think of the folly which had spent a fortune, ruined health, happiness and future hopes, cast away reputation, prospects, manhood and honesty, all for one mad purpose of altering, daubing, smudging, his once fair picture! Yet, (will you believe it?) the last view of that unhappy man, ere he started for the convict's stockade, at the terminus of the Western N. C. R. R., exhibited him, by the convivance of his guards, raising a manacled hand to convey his lips, a cup whose blood-red contents showed that he was about to add a last vivid daub to that fatal Life-Portrait whose original canvas had been a bright young face—fashioned after the own image of God!

—Fitting end to an infamous life! Madame Restell, the notorious abortionist, whose hellish arts were liberally paid for by the shoddy aristocracy of New York City, *sawed* open her own neck, at midnight, in her bath-tub, amid all the luxuries that her millions of ill-gotten gains could purchase. She was recently arrested, and the proofs of her extensive practice were so numerous that she could not escape, or even get bail; though she had two packages of \$10,000 each in her pocket. At length she got a bondsman, and went home to arrange her affairs. Then, stripping herself of all but her crimes, she took up a knife, and with three efforts sawed herself into eternity. Her residence was perhaps the most magnificent in the city. The corpse when found had three diamonds on the fingers; diamond ear-rings in the ears; and a diamond brooch lay upon the night-gown on a chair. Diamonds have cost many a woman her soul.

—Persons who would like to see Rev. J. W. Priarose's papers on "Presbytery and Prelacy" printed in tract form will address him at Manson, N. C.

Fatal Accident in Johnston County.

On Tuesday afternoon, about 2 o'clock, Robert F. Hinnaat, a son of Bryant Hinnaat, ex member of the late Constitutional Convention, and Legislature from Johnston county, was killed on the plantation of Dudley Johnson, about ten miles from Selma, by the falling of a tree.

It appears that Mr. Johnson had invited a number of his neighbors to a "cutting spell," and they were engaged felling trees on a piece of new ground at the hour named, when a huge pine fell in the direction of where young Hinnaat was standing, crushing him to the earth and killing him instantly.

Mr. Hinnaat was a gentleman of many noble qualities; he was only 23 years of age, a devoted son, highly esteemed by the citizens of Johnston, and greatly beloved by the neighbors. His sudden death has caused a gloom over the entire section of the county where he lived.

The University Normal School.

We learn that President Battle has already been assured of a large attendance at the next University Normal School—much larger than last year. Gov. Vance, while at Chapel Hill, had a consultation with the faculty in regard to the arrangements to be made. They will be definitely settled in a short while and the programme will be duly published and distributed to every nook and corner in the State. Prof. Ladd, who displayed great ability last year, will be General Superintendent. Graded classes will be formed. The "University system" will be adopted, so that those desiring to pursue special studies can do so. For example, classes will be formed in chemistry, algebra, book keeping, latin, &c., as well as arithmetic, geography, &c., &c. Distinguished lecturers have already been secured. Notice will be given for all those requiring help to send in their names.

On the whole, it seems certain that the next University Normal School will be the most interesting and important assemblage of the best educating talent of the State, ever held in North Carolina.

The session will begin probably a fortnight earlier than last year.—*News*.

JOURNALISTIC.—We were pleased to have a chat with Bro. Furman of the *Citizen*. He is good-looking enough to be unmarried (like we'uns), and he talks right on certain grave questions of the day.

Caleb B. Green, Esq., editor of that excellent paper the *Durham Plant*, has been spoken of for the Legislature from Orange. He is intelligent, honest, and straight-forward.

The *Wadesboro Argus* starts off like one who knew the road, and meant to make the trip.

Dossy Battle Esq., (you aren't a "Colonel" even by newspaper brevet, are you, friend Battle?) editor of the *Tarboro Southerner*, has been selected to deliver the annual address before the North Carolina Press Association, at the Catawba White Sulphur in June or July. We endorse the selection. The "sparkling Catawba," and the sparkling eyes of the fair guests, with their numerous train of "attendant sparks," will form an excellent setting for the *Southerner's* wit.

Dr. Elliott, proprietor of the springs, desires a general turn out of the fraternity.

Second Volume.

The *FARMER AND MECHANIC* of this city will enter on its 2nd volume, April 15. The rapidity of its growth has been without a parallel in the history of journalism in Raleigh. Brother Shotwell, aided by Col. J. D. Cameron, Mrs. C. P. Spencer, Major N. A. Gregory, Prof. Kerr, Ledoux and Denson, has gotten up a paper that combines all the elements of success. The paper was inaugurated under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture and had an exceptionally good "send off" in the letter of endorsement from the heads of that Department, Gov. Vance and Col. L. L. Polk.—*Daily News*.

FOR THE FARMER AND MECHANIC. "OUR MOTHERS."

FROM "THE HIGHER SENTIMENT"—A SERMON BY G. B. FROTHINGHAM.

The revelry in camp was high,
The tale was told, the song was sung,
And through the stillness of the night
In boisterous shouts loud laughter rung.

Forgotten were the ties of home,
Its sweet restraints were cast aside,
Their only thoughts to jest and drink,
Although next day perchance they died.

'Twas like the reckless life they led,
That orgie wild, unseemly, loud—
Where ribald song in modest jest,
With shouts were greeted by the crowd.

"A toast! a toast! give us a toast!
Now fill your glasses one and all,
And man by man, with just or gibe,
They drank in answer to that call.

One only silent sat, nor smiled,
A farmer lad of country birth,
Who filled no glass and spoke no word.

As louder rose the reckless mirth,
"Tis your turn now, my jolly boy,"
A comrade said close at his side,
"Ah yes, a toast, the new recruit
Shall give a toast," they laughing cried.

A moment's pause, he did not speak,
They thought the ordeal he would shrink.

When slow he rose and clearly rang,
"Our mothers, gentlemen I drink."
He drained his glass and tossed it high,

Then bowing from the scene withdrew:
The song was hushed, the laugh was stilled,
Not one that revel could renew.

MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

—Gen. R. B. Vance writes to the *Asheville Citizen*: It has been my privilege to attend several meetings of an association in this city for growing grapes, fruits, &c. They propose to establish colonies in North and South Carolina and Virginia. A committee will go South to view the country and select locations. I addressed the Association on Western North Carolina and invited the Committee to visit our section. They will probably go down by Charlotte to South Carolina and return by Hendersonville, Asheville and other points.—Hon. Mr. Bryan, one of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, will probably be one of the visitors.

I bespeak for these gentlemen a warm welcome on the part of our people, and I trust that pains will be taken to show them all the counties in the West, as far as possible, free of cost.

—Mrs. John R. Thompson, the gay young millionaire widow of Princeton New Jersey, who, several years ago, used to call at the College, almost daily, to "take up," as her escort for a jolly drive, in her "four-in-hand," certain favorites among the students, invariably Southern boys, is about to marry Congressman Tom Swann of Baltimore. Swann has a magnificent summer residence, near Leesburg, Va., in a beautiful park stocked with deer, and swan, and embellished with statuary. It was not disturbed during the war; Swann being a "Rebel sympathizer," though careful not to offend the Federal authorities.

From Johnston.

L. L. Polk, *Com., Raleigh, N. C.*
Wheat is unusually forward and quite promising, and 20 per cent. more land seeded than formerly.
Winter oats are fine. Spring oats are small, owing to the dry weather, yet a good stand is reported.
More cotton and more guano, and less corn, than last year, will be put in this spring. Chufa will be extensively planted throughout the county.
I do not hear much complaint of hog cholera, except in portions of Eleonora and Smithfield townships.
A limited quantity of clover and orchard grass is being seeded down this spring—mostly in way of experiments.