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FOR THE WATCHMAN.
TO ANNA.
BY OSCAR ORSON.

When first I saw her, as she stood
At breakfast, leaning on her chair;
I thought a chronic haughty mood;
Betrayed itself in envy air.

Oh! how mistaken
Frode, too, was there, my fancy said,
Unfeeling independence, too;
Sarcastic impulse ever fed,
And likewise ever brought to view—
'Twas all affected.

Fed by the cold and callous heart,
That frozen lay within her breast,
With which affection bore no part,
Although 'tis nature's first behest.

I found out better,
Malevolence and suspicion guard,
As captives her more generous traits;
And ev'ry scorn her nature marred,
Aid all restraint her temper hates.

I ask her pardon,
My judgement, ever quick to give
A verdict at a moment's glance,
Saw all these failings past retrieve,
E'en though the glance was passed askance.

'Twas once too hasty.
The rolling weeks began to mend
The poor opinion I had formed;
My prejudice began to bend,
My partial nature to be warned.

I could not help it,
As time wears on, a crimson flag
Unfurled—'O me, how well 'tis known!
Will she a wilking captive drag,
And let the boy claim me his own?

That flag was cupid's.
Yet 'Love is blind,' capricious too;
It reason's dictates dares defy,
In my distress, what must I do?
On what depend? on whom rely?

On none—Surrender.
What! must dislike be turned to love?
Can I not break this secret charm?
Alas! my efforts did but prove
The weakness of the lover's arm.

I was mis(s)aken.
But, ah! the sequel none may know;
This much alone, I've leave to tell—
I know 'tis true—she told me so—
Loving, "love wisely, but not too well!"
All lovers, obey

The Maid of Damascus.

In the reign of the Greek Emperor Heraclius, when the beautiful city of Damascus was at the height of its splendor and magnificence, there dwelt therein a young noble, named Demetrius, whose dearest fortunes did not correspond with the general prosperity of the times. He was a youth of ardent disposition, and very handsome in person; pride kept him from bestering his estate by the profession of merchandise, yet more keenly did he feel the obscurity to which adverse fate had reduced him, in that, in his lot was involved the fate of one dearer than himself.

It so happened that in that quarter of the city which faces the row of palm trees, within the gate Keisan, dwelt a very wealthy old merchant, who had a very beautiful daughter. Demetrius had by chance seen her some time before, and he was so struck by her loveliness that, after pining for some months in secret, he ventured upon a disclosure, and to his delighted surprise found that Isabelle had long silently nursed a deep and almost hopeless passion for him also; so, being now aware that their love was mutual, they were as happy as the bird that all day long, sings in the sunshine from the summit of the cypress trees.

True is the adage of the poet, that the course of true love never runs smooth; and in the father of the maiden they found that a stumbling block lay in the way of their happiness; for he was of an aversive disposition, and they knew that he valued gold more than nobility of blood. Their fears grew more and more, as Isabelle, in her private conversation, endeavored to sound her father on this point; and although the suspicions of affection are always more apparent than fact, in this they were not mistaken; for without consulting his child—and as if her soul had been in his hand—he promised her in marriage to a rich old miser, twice as rich and nearly as old as himself.

Isabelle knew not what to do; for, on being informed by her father of the fate he had destined for her, her heart forsook her, and her spirit was bowed to the dust. Nowhere could she rest, like the Thracian child that knoweth not to fold its wings in slumber—a cloud has fallen for her—over the face of nature—and instead of retiring to her couch she wandered about weeping, under the midnight stars, on the terrace, on the steps, walking over hapless fate, and calling on death to come and take her from her sorrows.

At morning she went forth alone into

the garden; but neither could the golden glow of the orange tree nor the perfume of the roses, nor the delicate fragrance of the clustering henna and jessamine, delight her, so she weariest for the hour of noon, having privately sent to Demetrius, inviting him to meet her by the fountain of the pillars at that time.

Poor Demetrius had for some time observed a settled sorrow in the conduct and countenance of his beautiful Isabelle; he felt that some melancholy revelation was to be made to him; and all eagerness, he came at the appointed hour. He passed along the winding walks, unheeding the tulips streaked like the ruddy clouds—the flower betrothed to the nightingale—the gemmer blazing in scarlet beauty—till, on approaching the place of promise, he caught a glimpse of the maid he loved—and, lo! she sat there in the sunlight, absorbed in thought; a book was on her knee and at her feet lay her harp, whose chords had been for her ear so often modulated to harmony.

He laid his hand gently on her shoulder, as she seated herself beside her on the steps, and seeing her sorrowful face, he comforted her, and bade her be of good cheer, saying that Heaven would soon smile on their fortunes, and that their present trials would but endear them the more to each other in the days after years. At length, with tears and sobs she told him of what she had learned; and while they wept on each other's bosoms, they vowed over the Bible which Isabelle held in her hands, to be faithful to each other to their dying days.

Meantime the miser was making preparations for the marriage ceremony, and the father of Isabelle had partitioned out his daughter's dowry; when the lovers, finding themselves driven to extremity, took the resolution of escaping from the city.

Now it so happened, in accordance with the proverb, which saith that evils never come singly, that, at this very time, the city of Damascus was closely invested by a mighty army commanded by a Caliph Abubeker Alwokidi, and in leaving the walls, the lovers were in imminent hazard of falling into their cruel hands; yet having no other resource left, they resolved to put their perilous adventure to the risk.

'Twas the Mussulman hour of prayer Magrib; the sun had just disappeared, and the purple haze of twilight hills, darkening all the cedar forests, when the porter of the gate Keisan, having been bribed with a bribe, his folding leaves slowly opened, and forth issued a horseman closely wrapped up in a mantle; and behind him, at a little space, followed another similarly clad. Alas! for the unlucky fugitives, it so chanced that Dinar, the captain of the night guard, was at that moment making his rounds, and observing what was going on, he detached a party to throw themselves between the strangers and the town. The first rider, however, discovered their intentions, and called back to his follower to return; Isabelle—for it was she—constantly regained the gate which had not closed, but Demetrius fell into the hands of the enemy.

As wont in those bloody wars, the poor prisoner was immediately carried by an escort to the presence of the caliph, who put the alternative in his power, of either, on the instant, renouncing his religion, or submitting to the axe of the headman. Demetrius told his tale with a noble simplicity; and his youth, his open countenance and stately bearing so far gained on the heart of Abubeker, that on his refusal to embrace Mahometanism he begged of him seriously to consider his situation, and ordered a delay of the sentence, which he must otherwise pronounce, until the morrow.

Heart-broken and miserable Demetrius was loaded with chains, and carried to a gloomy place of confinement. In the solitude of the night he cursed the hour of his birth—bemoaned his miserable situation—and feeling that all his schemes of happiness were thwarted, almost rejoiced that he had only a few hours to live.

The heavy hours lagged on towards daybreak, and quite exhausted by the intense agony of his feelings, he sank down upon the ground in a profound sleep, from which a band, with crescented turbans and crooked sword blades, awoke him. Still persisting to reject the prophet's faith, he was led fourth to die; but in passing through the camp, the soldiers of the caliph stopped the band, as he had been commanded, and Demetrius was ushered into the tent, where Abubeker, not yet arisen, lay stretched upon a sofa.

For awhile the captive remained resolute, preferring death to the disgrace of turning a renegade; but the wily caliph, who had taken a deep and sudden interest in the fortunes of the youth, knew well the spring by the touch of which his heart was most likely to be affected. He pointed out to Demetrius prospects of preferment and grandeur, while he assured him that, in a few days Damascus must to a certainty surrender, in which case his mistress must fall into the power of the fierce soldiers, and he left to a fate full of dishonor, and worse than death itself, if he assumed the turban, he pledged his royal word that especial care should be taken that no harm should alight on her he loved.

Demetrius paused, and Abubeker saw that the heart of his captive was touched. He drew pictures of power and affluence and domestic love that dazzled the imagination of his hearers; and while the prisoner thought of his Isabelle, instead of rejecting the impious proposal, as at first he had done, with disdain and horror, his soul beat like iron to the breath of the furnace flame, and he wavered and became irresolute. The keen eye of the caliph saw the workings of his spirit within him, and allowed him yet another day to form his resolutions. When the

second day expired, Demetrius craved a third; and on the fourth morning, miserable man, he adjured the faith of his fathers and became a Mussulman.

Abubeker loved the youth, assigned him a post of dignity, and all the mighty host honored him whom the caliph delighted to honor. He was clad in rich attire and magnificently attended, and to all eyes Demetrius seemed a person worthy of envy yet in the calm of thought, his conscience upbraided him and he was far less happy than he seemed to be.

Ere yet the glow of novelty had entirely ceased to bewilder the understanding of the renegade, preparations were made for the assault; and after a fierce but ineffectual resistance, under their gallant leaders, Thomas and Herbis, the Damascenes were obliged to submit to their despotic conqueror, on condition of being allowed, within three days, to leave the city unmolested.

When the gates were opened, Demetrius, with a heart overflowing with love and delight, was among the first to enter. He acquired of every one he met of Isabelle; but all turned from him with disgust. At length he found her out, but what was his grief and surprise—in a nunnery! Firm to the troth she had so solemnly pledged, she had rejected the proposition of her mercenary parent, and having no idea but that her lover had shared the fate of all christian captives, she had shut herself from the world, and vowed to live the life of a vestal.

The surprise, the anguish, the horror of Isabelle, when she beheld Demetrius in his Moslem habiliments cannot be described. Her first impulse, on finding him yet alive, was to have fallen into his arms; but, instantly collecting herself, she shrank back from him with loathing, as a mean and paltry dastard.

"No, no," she cried, "you are no longer the man I loved; our vows of fidelity were pledged over the Bible; that book you have renounced as a fable, and he who has proved himself false to Heaven can never be true to me!"

Demetrius was conscience struck; too late he felt his crime and foresaw its consequences. The very object for whom he had dared to make the tremendous sacrifice had deserted him, and his own soul told him with so much justice; so without uttering a syllable, he turned away, heart broken, from the holy and beautiful being whose affections he had forfeited forever.

When the patriots left Damascus, Isabelle accompanied them. Retiring to Antioch she lived with the sisterhood for many years; and as her time was passed between acts of charity and devotion, her bier was watered with many a tear, and the hands of the grateful deity strove her grave with flowers. To Demetrius was destined a brief career. All consciousness of his miserable degradation, loathing himself and life and mankind, he rushed back from the city into the Mahometan camp; and entering with a hurried step the tent of the caliph, he tore the turban from his brow, and cried aloud—

"Oh, Abubeker! behold a God-forsaken wretch! Think not it was the fear of death that led me to abjure my religion—the religion of my fathers—the only true faith. No, it was the idol of love that stood between my heart and Heaven, darkening the latter with its shadow; and had I remained as true to God as I did to the maiden of my love I had not needed this."

So saying, and ere the hand of Abubeker could arrest him, he drew a poniard from his embroidered vest, and the heart-blood of the renegade spouted on the royal robes of the successor of Mahomet.

Courtship After Marriage.

"Now, this is what I call comfort," said Madge Harley, as she sat down by her neighbor's fire one evening; "here you are at your sewing, with the kettle steaming on the hob, and the tea things on the table, expecting every minute to hear your husband's step, and see his kind face look in at the door. Ah! if my husband was but like yours, Janet."

"He is like mine in many of his ways," said Janet, with a smile, "and if you will allow me to speak plainly, he would be still more like him, if you would take more pains to make him comfortable."

"What do you mean?" cried Madge. "Our house is as clean as yours; I mend my husband's clothes and cook his dinners as carefully as any woman in the parish; and yet he never stays at home of an evening, while you sit here by your fire night after night, as happy as can be."

"As happy as can be on earth," said her friend, gravely; "yes, and shall I tell you the secret of it, Madge?"

"I wish you would," said Madge, with a deep sigh. "It's misery to live as I do now."

"Well, then," said Janet, speaking distinctly and slowly, "I let my husband see that I love him still, and that I learn every day to love him more. Love's the chain that binds him to his home. The world may call it folly, but the world is not my lawyer."

"And do you really think," exclaimed Madge in surprise, "that husband's care for that sort of thing?"

"For love, do you mean?" asked Janet.

"Yes; they don't feel at all as we do, Janet, and it don't take many years of married life to make them think of a wife as a sort of maid-of-all-work."

"A libel, Madge," said Mrs. Matson, laughing; "I won't allow you to sit in William's chair and talk so."

"No, because your husband is different, and values his wife's love, while John cares for me only as his house-keeper."

"I don't think that," said Janet, although I know that he said to my husband the other day that courting time was the

happiest of man's life. William reminded him there is greater happiness than that, even on earth, if men but give their hearts to Christ. I know John did not alter his opinion, but he went away thinking of his courting time as a joy too great to be exceeded."

"Dear fellow!" cried Madge, smiling through her tears; "I do believe that he was happy then. I remember I used to listen for his steps as I sat with my dear mother by the fire, longing for the happiness of seeing him."

"Just so," said Janet; "do you never feel like that now?"

Madge hesitated.

"Well, no, not exactly."

"And why not?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Madge; "marriage people give up that sort of thing."

"Love you mean?" asked Janet.

"No, but what people call sentimental," said Mrs. Harley.

"Is longing to see your husband sentimental?" replied Janet.

"But some people are ridiculously foolish before others reasoned Madge."

"That proves they want sense. I am not likely to approve of that, as William would soon tell you; all I want is that wives should let their husbands know that they are still loved."

"But men are so vain," said Madge, "that it is dangerous to show them much affection."

"Oh, Madge, what are you saying? Have you, then, married with the notion that it is not good for John to believe that you love him?"

"No, but it is not wise to show that you care too much for them."

"Say I and him; do not talk of husbands in general, but of yours in particular."

"He thinks quite enough of himself already, I assure you."

"My dear Madge," said Janet, smiling, "would it do you any harm to receive a little more attention from your husband?"

"Of course not. I wish he'd try, and Mrs. Harley laughed at the idea.

"Then, you don't think enough of yourself already? And nothing would make you vain, I suppose?"

Madge colored, and all the more when she perceived that William Matson had come in quietly and was now standing behind Janet's chair. This, of course put an end to the conversation. Madge retired to her own home to think of Janet's words, and to confess secretly that they were wise.

Hours passed before John Harley returned home. He was a man of good abilities, and well to do in the world; and having married Madge because he truly loved her, he had expected to have a happy home. But, partly because he was reserved and sensitive, and partly because Madge feared to make him vain, they were never very cord toward each other—so cold that John began to think the elsewhere a more comfortable place than his own fireside.

"That night the rain fell in torrents, the winds howled, and it was not until the midnight hour had arrived that Harley left the public house and hastened toward his cottage; he was wet through when he at length crossed the threshold; he was gruffly muttered, "used to that; but he was not used" to the tone and look with which his wife drew near to welcome him, or to find dry clothes by a crackling fire, or to slipper on the hearth; nor to hear no reproach for the late hours and dirty foot marks, as he sat in his arm-chair. Some change had come to Madge, he was sure. She wore a dress he had bought her years ago, with a neat linen collar around her neck, and had a cap trimmed with white ribbon, on her head.

"You're smart, Madge," he exclaimed, at last, when he stared her for some time in silence. "Who has been here worth dressing for to-night?"

"No one, until you came," said Madge, half laughing.

"I? Nonsense; you didn't dress for me?" cried John.

"I? I never believe it perhaps, but I did. I have been talking with Mrs. Matson this evening, and she gave me some very good advice. So now, John, what would you like to have for your supper?"

John, who was wont to steal to the shelf at night and content himself with anything he could find, thought Madge's offer too excellent to be refused, and very soon a large bowl of chocolate was steaming on the table. Then his wife sat down, for a wonder, by his side, and talked a little, and listened, and looked pleased, when at last, as if he could not help it, he said:

"Dear old Madge!"

"That was enough; her elbow somehow found its way, then, to the arm of his great chair, and she sat looking quietly at the fire. After awhile, John spoke again."

"Madge, dear, do you remember the old days when we used to sit side by side in your mother's kitchen?"

"Yes."

"I was a young man, then, Madge, and as they told me, handsome; now I am growing older, plainer, duller. Then you—you loved me; do you love me still?"

She looked up in his face, and her eyes answered him. It was like going back to the old days to feel his arm around her as her head lay on his shoulder, and to her once again the kind words meant for her ears alone.

She never once asked if this would make him vain. She knew, as if by instinct, that it was making him a wiser, more thoughtful, more earnest hearted man. And when, after a happy silence, he took down the big Bible and read a chapter, as he had been wont to read to her mother in former times, she bowed her head and prayed.

Yes, prayed—for pardon through the

blood of Jesus Christ—for strength to fulfill every duty in the future—for the all-powerful influence of the Spirit, for blessings on her husband ever more.

She prayed—and not in vain.

FOR THE WATCHMAN.
Mr. Editor.—My attention was recently called to the fact, that some years since, the Legislature of North Carolina granted a charter for a Railroad from Salisbury to Mocksville, and thence North-west of the Surry line to some point not now remembered. In regard to this, I speak on the authority of an other, as the act of the Legislature, granting the Charter, had about escaped my memory. I suppose that charter has never been revoked, and therefore yet in force, unless it has been annulled by limitation.

It is difficult for one at all acquainted with the wants and resources of Western North Carolina, to account, at this time, for the proposed North-western direction from Mocksville.

This portion of the State now needs a Railroad, more, if possible, than when that charter was granted, but the public interest would, I think, be much better subserved, by a somewhat different route.

That charter should, I think, be so changed as to authorize the construction of a Railroad from Salisbury, via Mocksville, Huntville, and other points along the valley of the Yadkin and its tributaries, to Mt. Airy, the distance would be, perhaps, sixty-five or seventy miles. It is estimated by those best acquainted with the resources of the part of country along which the route would lie, that Yadkin and Surry could furnish in iron, lime, gunk, pork, bacon, fruit, and other products, freight to the amount of one hundred tons per day. By this as it may, it is evident to every one acquainted with the agricultural and mineral resources of these counties, that the freight which they would furnish to the only road passing through them, and consequently offering the only sufficient means of transportation, would be very considerable, while at the same time, the convenience of the traveling public would be very much promoted, since such a road would furnish facilities for traveling, the want of which the people of all classes in this part of the State have long felt and deplored.

The valley of the Yadkin river, along which the route would lie, is, unquestionably, one of the finest grain-growing regions in the State.

The lands are of great and almost inexhaustible fertility, yielding abundant crops of all kinds of grain usually cultivated in this country, while the hills and table lands of these counties not only yield grain in such abundance as to amply reward the labor of the farmer, but are well adapted to the finest grades of tobacco.

The large prices received during the last few years for tobacco grown in these counties show that this one article of commerce is destined to be to them a source of large revenue.

Fruits of all kinds, adapted to a temperate climate, grow in abundance. Among other fine fruits, it has been proved by many experiments that this region of country is admirably adapted to the culture of the grape. But it is, impossible to tell in one letter all about this beautiful and productive region. A gentleman who had traveled over thirteen States in search of an "Eldorado," and who at length returned to the home of his youth, told me, that in all his wanderings in goodly lands, he had seen none equal to those parts of Yadkin and Surry, which border on the Yadkin river.

Iron and lime are in great abundance, and of superior quality.

Gold, silver, lead, and coal lie hidden away in the rugged recesses of the hills, and await, only the magic wand of enterprise and capital to bring them forth to the light of day. But enterprise is fearful, and capital is withheld, and these vast resources are not developed, because there are no such facilities for transporting them as would justify an adequate investment of capital.

Mt. Airy is, perhaps, forty-five or sixty miles from the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad.

A connection between these might be made with comparative ease, and Salisbury thus be united by a line of salt-works and Plaster-banks of Virginia.

I think that the people along the route can build this road, without help; but I also think that the counties, which would receive most benefit from the road, would assist them in building it.

What think you Mr. Editor, what think the citizens of Rowan, Davie, Yadkin, and Surry of this enterprise? No intelligent man can deny that we are in great need of a Railroad, and that we need it most through the country suggested. We must have it, or remain poor in the midst of untold wealth,—and all this, because we have not the appliances for transferring our abundant and valuable productions to points where they would command remunerative prices. More anon.

SURRY COUNTY.

MAKING MOISTURE.
[New York Sun.]

The no small honor of being the discoverer of a method of doing without rain, if necessary, is now being attributed to M. Paraf. He knew that the air was full of moisture, and he knew that chloride of calcium could attract and condense it for cultural purposes. He has applied this chloride on sand hills and road beds, on grass, and all sorts of soils successfully, and he has ascertained that it may be applied in such proportions as will produce the irrigation of land more cheaply and efficiently than by means of canals or other methods of securing artificial irrigation. One of M. Paraf's applications will produce and retain abundant moisture for three days, when the same amount of water introduced by the present method will evaporate in an hour; and he believes that his preparation will insure fertility and productivity to places where now there is nothing but sand and desert waste. Many persons will be disposed to regard M. Paraf's plan as too good to be true.

SHERMAN CONFESSES HIMSELF A LIAR.

"Many of the people thought that this fire was deliberately planned and executed. This is not true. It was accidental, and in my judgement began with the cotton which General Hampton's men had set fire to on leaving the city (whether by his order or not is not material), which fire was partially subdued early in the day by our men; but when night came, the high wind fanned it again into full blaze, carried it against the frame houses, which caught like tinder, and soon spread beyond control.

"In my official report of this conflagration, I distinctly charged it to General Wade Hampton, and confess I did so pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him, for he was in my opinion a braggart and professed to be the special champion of South Carolina.—Sherman's Memoirs.

The above is the most damnable and damning confession ever made by any man wearing the uniform of a soldier,—and if Sherman be not crazy,—with which our charity would willingly mantle his sins,—he is certainly infamous. After admitting that he pointedly told a lie for the purpose of ruining the reputation of an officer and gentleman—we think villianly can go no further. Sherman never had an enemy who could have written a book giving him a worse character than he has voluntarily and boastfully given himself, and he reveals in the glory of his own shame.—Richmond Enquirer.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN NEW GRENADA.
Further Details of the Calamity—Towns and Cities Destroyed.

Details of the terrible earthquake which recently visited the Valley of Cucuta, New Grenada, seem to confirm the report published on Saturday morning. The Royal mail steamship Balize, which arrived Aspinwall on the 4th instant, from Sanille, brings the following from an extra of the Baranquilla Shipping List of May 29:

The steam Isabal, which arrived yesterday, from the interior, neared our city with her flag at half-mast, indicating that she was the bearer of unwelcome news, and while there were various conjectures as to its import, none had, for a moment, pictured the colossal magnitude of the awful calamity which had taken place.

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Humiliating and Outrageous.

It has already been stated in these columns that on Saturday last, two officers, acting under the pretext, (or whatever name the authority may be called, for we know of no such writ or process in the law) of our colored Soldier, B. Moore, went to the common jail where Moore and Jackson were confined for the homicide of Charles Jackson, colored, got possession of their persons, carried them to where the dead body had been laid out and compelled them to touch it with their hands, under the superstitious belief prevalent among the ignorant blacks, that if they were the murderers, blood would run from the dead body when it was touched.

This is a revival of a relic of African barbarism which we thought had been extinguished ages ago and could only be found among its native jungle on the head waters of the Nile.

This man Moore and those officers who acted under his commands have committed a grave offense against the persons of these prisoners, be they guilty or innocent; and we confidently expect the action of a court which is competent to punish all such acts of lawlessness.

That any community of American citizens can still be cursed with the existence of such, so called, courts of justice, is indeed humiliating and outrageous; and to the good people of the Cape Fear section we can truthfully say that "The heathen have come into this inheritance."

Important Decision of the N. C. Supreme Court in regard to Contracts of Married Women.

[From Charlotte Democrat.]

We are indebted to our friend W. H. Bailey, Esq., for a copy of a decision of our Supreme Court at January Term, 1875, touching the liability of married women in signing bonds, &c. The case was Harris against Jenkins. Mrs. Harris, wife of J. C. L. Harris, Esq., of Raleigh, became one of the sureties of Sheriff Lee of Wake county, and judgment was obtained against her on account of the default of Lee, by the decision of a Jury in the Superior Court, which judgment was set aside by the Superior Court Judge. From this decision Jenkins appealed to the Supreme Court where the action of the Superior Court was reversed. The opinion of the Court was delivered by Judge Rodman as follows:

This is an action in which the plaintiff asks to vacate and set aside an execution levied on her real estate, which issued upon a judgment obtained against her in the name of the State on the relation of the defendant as Public Treasurer. The judgment was obtained upon a bond made by one Lee as Sheriff for the collection, &c., of the public taxes, which she and others alone, executed as the sureties of said Lee, she having been at the execution of said bond, and it being a married woman.

It is clear, of course, that at common law the bond of a married woman was absolutely void. If a married woman owned separate property she was allowed in equity to contract and bind that property. The Courts of different States differ somewhat in their view of her powers in such cases. In this State it has been held that she could make a valid contract to bind her separate estate in land only with the consent of her trustee. *Franzer vs. Brownlow* 3 Ire. Eq. 237. *Harris vs. Harris* 7 Ire. Eq. 3. *Dryer vs. Jordan* 5 Jones Eq. 175. *Walters vs. Sparrow* 96 N. C. 53.

The Constitution of 1868, Art. 10, Sec. 6, gives to a married woman a full and separate estate in all her property, real and personal, and it converts that which was formerly the written assent of her husband, may be conveyed by her as if she were unmarried. The Act of 1871-72, chap. 193, section 17, enacts that no woman during her coverture shall be capable of making any contract to effect her real or personal estate, (except in certain cases) which this is not one,) without the written consent of her husband, unless she be a free trader.

By the express language of this Act the bond in question is void as to the plaintiff, and we think it would have been so without the Act under the Constitution and the authorities above cited. It is contended, however, that the original defect was subsequently cured and that J. C. L. Harris, the husband of the plaintiff, ratified and thereby made valid the execution of the bond by her. The facts bearing on that point are these: After judgment had been obtained on the bond, and after execution had been levied on the land of the plaintiff, all the defendants in the judgment, with the exception of the plaintiff, and also the Sheriff, J. L. Harris, the husband of the plaintiff, who was not a party to the judgment, signed a writing to the effect that if the Sheriff would postpone the sale of the property of the defendants then levied on until the first Monday of the ensuing October, they would waive advertisement, notice, distress and personal property exemption; and if the judgment was not paid before the said day in October, the Sheriff might then sell the property. To this paper the name of the plaintiff was also signed by her said husband without her knowledge or consent.

This instrument does not purport to be on the part of the husband, and his assent to the bond by his wife, if it was given merely with the intent to procure a postponement of the threatened sale.

The doctrine of ratification as between principal and agent, does not apply in this case. Mrs. Harris did not profess, in executing the bond, to have acted as agent of her husband. She was acting in her own independent right, although she acted when she had no power to act.

It seems to be established that a conveyance by husband and wife of her lands may be jointly executed, or at least both must concur in it at the time of delivery. *Kerr vs. Tucker* 4 Jones 226. *Gray vs. Mathis* 7 Jones 502. And the doctrine is equally applicable to the written assent which the Act of 1871-72 requires to the contract of a married woman. The assent of the wife and that of the husband to her contract under the same momentous obligations for these reasons we think the bond so referred to did not validate the bond so to the plaintiff. Judgment below affirmed.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN NEW GRENADA.
Further Details of the Calamity—Towns and Cities Destroyed.

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MAKING MOISTURE.
[New York Sun.]

The no small honor of being the discoverer of a method of doing without rain, if necessary, is now being attributed to M. Paraf. He knew that the air was full of moisture, and he knew that chloride of calcium could attract and condense it for cultural purposes. He has applied this chloride on sand hills and road beds, on grass, and all sorts of soils successfully, and he has ascertained that it may be applied in such proportions as will produce the irrigation of land more cheaply