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Having located in Statesville respectfully offers his professional services to the Citizens of the town, and the surrounding country. He may be found at the Drug Store of Messrs. Tunstall & Field, or at the residence of Mrs. Celia Alexander.
April 22 1875 No 11 H.

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Will be at
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and will be pleased to receive the calls of those who may need his services.
April 3, 1875

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First-Class Hotel,
The Table being supplied with the best the Country affords; attentive servants, &c.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
Delightfully situated, next to Capitol Square
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Fine Rooms, well Furnished and Fitted up in the Best Style.

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Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
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NOTICE.
HAVING sold out my Bakery and Confectionery to Mr. H. MEXIAHO, I respectfully recommend him to the public.

HAVING bought out Mr. H. MEXIAHO, I will continue the Bakery and Confectionery Business at his old stand.

JOHN T. BUTLER, Proprietor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WASHINGTON'S LOVE SCRAPES.

A correspondent furnishes the following to the Savannah Morning

Every body who has read the life of George Washington, will be generally an early one to find out that he was not only a great soldier, but a great lover. His first love was Miss Cary, a beautiful girl, who was the daughter of a wealthy planter. She was the fair maiden, whose real name never appears in his MSS. It was as early as 1746, before he was fifteen years old, and while he was at school, studying geometry and surveying. These studies were relieved by the sweet pangs even of hopeless love. If he ever ventured to make known to herself his boyish feelings, which his shyness makes quite improbable, the "Lowland Beauty" may have responded to his sighs and sighed in turn; or more likely, if older than he, she regarded him as a raw school boy, and mocked his protestations and laughed at his verses. The latter she might well do, for his amorous lines make paltry and limping verses, abortive enough to discourage any one but a very youthful lover. We cannot doubt the reality of his profession; it lasted for years, and the pages of his journal, while he was residing with his brother Lawrence at Mt. Vernon, or was buried in the woods around Greenway Court, revealed the grief that time nor absence could obliterate or conceal. In Irving's pages we catch a glimpse of the sad state of a woe-worn lover, "sighing like a furnace," or crossed in hopeless love.

It is not an uninteresting coincidence in the chain of circumstances connecting the lives of Washington and our Lee. That well founded tradition identifies the "Lowland Beauty" with the charming Lucy Grymes, of Middlesex, who five or six years after Washington's plaintive wooings, married her cousin, Henry Lee, and became the mother of Light Horse Harry, and so the grandchild of Robert E. Lee.

The Robinson family may be seen in a recent number of Appleton's Journal. It was here that the traitor, Arnold, had his headquarters, and carried on his correspondence with Andre. The meeting of Col. Washington and Miss Phillips came about in a very natural way. A military visit to Boston was necessary to meet Gen. Shirley, and the young Colonel fresh from the honors he had gained under Braddock, set out with his aides-de-camp, and his black servants in livery, for that distant city. His tour was an ovation, for his name and fame had preceded him to New England. On his return through New York, he stopped to see his old school mate, and there, as on a similar visit to Belvoir, he saw the beautiful sister of his hostess. Tender-hearted young man! he could with a distant Indian bullet, but not beauty's glances, and the shafts of love pierced him again through and through.

The story is told again by Irving, but no bargain was made. His diffidence withheld him from so speedily a declaration as his time left him, or he failed to make the necessary impression on the gay New Yorker, or else in his absence his fine figure and his brilliant name were effaced from her memory by the warm attention of his gallant comrade on Braddock's staff, Captain Roger Morris. At all events he returned to Virginia, and never saw her again.

It was, doubtless, a bitter piece of news to Washington, when preparing for the new campaign in Virginia, that his fourth sweetheart had become Mrs. Morris; but infinitely more so, when he saw her in the distance, just twenty years later, as leader of the American army, occupying Morris' splendid mansion at Harlem as his headquarters, his former lady love and her husband, his once intimate friend, themselves fugitives from their home and prescribed enemies of America.

Perhaps we ought not to be surprised that Washington had such hard luck with the ladies. We must not forget that he was a bashful man, not fond of gay society and unused to fashionable life; not wealthy, nor as yet connected with the ruling families in Virginia, and had not received a college education, or its equivalent at the English public schools. His outdoor life had left no leisure for the cultivation of those winning manners that charm women, and his modesty restrained him from those bold demonstrations and impetuous solicitations that take female hearts by a coup de main. We need not regret his defeats; matrimony with it, to give him the necessary independence of the world and to crown with the blessings of wealth a character that needed no other auxiliary to happiness. And this was to be with a woman inferior to none of his youthful loves, and to be brought about by a similar accident to those which had introduced him to Miss Cary and to Miss Phillips.

VI. She for whom he was destined, was at the time he was vainly trying to woo a bride, a happy wife and mother at the White House on the

title of Washington's rough life with old Lord Fairfax, kept him much away from Belvoir and the return of Miss Cary to the low country separated them for good. Just then our hero went into the wilderness to survey Lord Fairfax's vast dominion, and carried with him in the wilds of the Shenandoah valley the visions of the fair maiden, and bright eyes that had shined on his face.

Miss Cary married Mr. Atwater, of Jamestown, a gentleman of high position in the colony, lived to see her quondam admirer crowned with the honors of the revolution at the conquest of Yorktown. A tradition anecdote relates that she was in William-burg when General Washington passed through that city at the close of the war. As he recognized her in the crowd, his sword waved to her a military salute, and the rush was so great that she is said to have fainted.

III. The third maiden, whom tradition reports as ensnaring the heart of the susceptible Washington, was Elizabeth Fauntleroy, of the North-orn Neck on the Rappahannock. She was of a Huguenot family which came into the colony before the Danes and the Mauryas, as we find the first of the family settled in Northern Neck before 1651. Washington's acquaintance with her is a very obscure tradition, the year even being doubtful, and none of the circumstances are now verifiable. She was the first woman whose hand he actually asked, but she flatly rejected his suit, and if she was ambitious, made a great mistake in marrying a Mr. Adams on the James river, and thus lost the chance of being the honored wife of the Pater Patrie.

IV. His next unsuccessful suit was for the hand of Mary Phillips Manor, on the Hudson. She was the sister of the wife of Beverly Robinson an early friend of Washington, and son of the famous John Robinson, Speaker of the Virginia House of Burgesses.

Beverly Robinson had married one of the Phillips heiresses, and built in 1750 a fine country seat on the Hudson named "Beverly," after his mother's name.

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Pomunkey. Maria, daughter, in her seventeenth year, was married to Daniel Parker Coles (not later, as Irving gives the name) and after a short married life, she left a fair, fascinating and rich widow in her twenty-fourth year.

It is as yet how the destined couple were brought together. The accident of the Virginia Council's falling to supply for Washington's necessities, which he stated in his letter to William-burg in the year 1758; the accident of his meeting with friend, Mr. Chamberlayne, who possessed the Pamunkey ferry, and being retained for dinner against his will, and the accident of the young widow Coles being the guests of the Chamberlaynes, on all the circumstances necessary to bring about a marriage, which Providence has designed. The result was a case of mutual love-sight. It was the tradition that a Mrs. Castles was in face of that a female—both a companion, who knew both, says, a witness of Mary Cary. It was a sweet memory of the old love, and with the bright attractions of the new, the visit to Williamsburg was forgotten, the widow's charms and conversation prolonged the dinner to the afternoon, and so, the night coming on, he made a willing virtue of necessity and stayed.

Not till late the next day did he quit the hospital man, but ere he left, as if remembering his experience with the maiden of Phillips' Manor, he had pressed his suit so successfully that they had planned mutual vows, the marriage to take place on his return from the Fort Duquesne expedition. They were separated till near the close of the year. In its last weeks the preparations were made, and the grand present which filled St. Peter's Church in New Kent, on the 6th of January, 1750 came to grace the bridal train of George Washington and Martha Dandridge Coles.

An elaborate painting of the marriage scene still hangs in one of the old mansions of Virginia, and I will close this already long article with the words of the artist.

The scene is laid in the parish church of St. Peter's, county of New Kent, colony of Virginia, time, 6th of January, 1759.

In the foreground, and rear, the altar appears the Rev. Dr. Mossom, the officiating clergyman, in full canonicals; he is about to present the marriage ring. The bridegroom is in a suit of blue silver lined with red silk, embroidered waistcoat, small clothes, gold shoe and knee buckles, dress-sword, hair in full powder; the bride in a suit of white satin, rich point-lace ruffles, pearl ornaments in her hair, pearl necktie, ear rings and bracelets, white skin high-heeled shoes, with diamond buckles. She is attended by a group of ladies in gorgeous costumes of the ancient period. Near to the bridegroom is a brilliant group comprising the vice-regal Governor of Virginia, several English army and navy officers, then in colonial service, with the very elite of Virginia chivalry of the old regime. The Governor is in a suit of scarlet, embroidered with bag-wig and sword—the gentlemen in the fashion of the time.

But among the most interesting and picturesque of personages in the various groups is Bishop, the celebrated body servant of Braddock, and then Washington, with whom he ended his days, after service of more than forty years. "A veteran soldier of the wars of George II, forms a proper study in a picture. His tall, attenuated form and soldierly bearing, as with aged arms and cocked hat in hand, respectfully, he gives a something to the whole scene. He is in a scarlet coat, and is booted and spurred having just dismounted and relinquished the favorite charger of his chief a groom.

Through the low folding doors of the church is seen the old fashioned coach of the bride, drawn by six horses; also, the English charger bequeathed by Washington by Braddock after the fatal field of Monongahela. From the account of the marriage handed down from those who were present at its celebration, it appears that the bride and her ladies occupied the coach; while the provincial colonel rode his aspirant charger, attended by a splendid cortege of the gay and gallant of the land. Such was Washington's marriage in 1759.

A loving and happy marriage such as these gay scenes witnessed, lacking but three weeks of forty-one years, based on high esteem and supreme affection, barred by no disputes, grave or trivial, and undisturbed even by one of them—compatibility of temper—is not so frequent in these days that we may not stop to admire it. Their faithful affection, loving concord and mutual happiness attest that these two hearts were each the other's true mate, and that this marriage, if any ever was, was made in Heaven.

W. S. B.

A young man says his sweetheart has a "fine black eye." He doesn't state what the color of the other one is.

The Religious Card Player.

A private soldier, by the name of Richard Lee, was taken before the magistrates of Glasgow for playing cards during divine services. The account of it is thus given in an English Journal:

A sergeant commanded the soldiers at church, and when the parson had read the prayers the took the text. Those who had a Bible took it out; but this soldier had neither Bible nor common prayer-book, but pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them before him. He first looked at one card and then another. The sergeant of the company saw him and said:

"Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them."
"Never mind that," said Richard.
When the services were over, the constable took Richard a prisoner, and brought him before the mayor.
"Well," said the mayor, "what have you brought the soldier here for?"
"For playing cards in the church."
"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"
"Much, sir, I hope."
"Very good; if not, I will punish you severely."
"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor common prayer-book—I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions."

Then spreading the cards before the mayor, he began with the ace: "When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God."
"When I see the deuce it reminds me of the Father and Son."
"When I see the trey it reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."
"When I see the four it reminds me of the four Evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John."
"When I see the five it reminds me of the five virgin girls that trimmed their lamps. There were ten but five were wise, and five were foolish and were shut out."

"When I see the seven it reminds me that, on the seventh day God rested from the great work which he had made, and hallowed it."
"When I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world, viz: Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives."
"When I see the nine it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were nine out of ten who never returned thanks."
"When I see the ten it reminds me of the ten commandments which God handed down to Moses on the table of stone."
"When I see the king it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty."
"When I see the queen it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls; all dressed in boy's apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. The king sent for water for them to wash. The girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrists; so King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the mayor, "you have described every card in the pack except one."
"What is that?"
"The knave," said the mayor.
"I will not," said the mayor, "if I do not term me to be the knave."
"The greatest of all is the constable that brought me here."
"I do not know," said the mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."
"When I count how many spots are in a pack of cards, I find three hundred and sixty-five, as many days as there are in a year."
"When I count the number of cards in a pack I find fifty-two—the number of weeks in the year."
"I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in the year, and on counting the tricks I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter."
"So, you see, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, almanac, and common prayer-book."

TO THE POINT.—An exchange says: "Compare the publisher of a newspaper, who has got to go all around the country to collect his pay, to a farmer who sells his wheat on credit, and not more than a bushel to any person. If any farmer will try the experiment of distributing the proceeds of his labor over two or three counties, with an additional one in two, or three distant States for one year, we will guarantee that he will never, after that year's experience, ask a publisher to supply him with a paper a year or two without the pay for it."

The sting of a bee carries conviction with it. It makes a man a bee-leaver at once.

A Wonderful Horseman—The Prince of Wales Witnesses His Remarkable Feats.

On the 28th of December there was a levee at the Government House that was terribly crowded. On the 29th the Prince visited Scindia, who did the honors royally, and as the Prince took his seat made a salaam with his hands clasped together before he sat down on his left. Of the famous maharajah, Dr. Russell says: "He can handle a division of the three armies better than most, and as well as any division general named in 'Hart.' As a horseman, he is not to be excelled for lightness of hand and firmness of seat. He could not, perhaps, go across country in the first flight at the very outset, but he can lift a horse to stand on his hind legs so bolt upright that a hair trigger touch on the bill would throw it over on its back; and setting so balanced to a hair, make it walk on its hind legs in an attitude the maddest equestrian of the circus would not venture to urge his steed to emulate. He is rough, they say, in speech, but that his sentiments are noble enough may be inferred from his answer when the Bombay Government desired to buy from him a site for a palace at Gunes Khind, near Poona. The land belonged to his father, and Scindia was a native of the palace. "A man," said he, "does not sell his patrimony, but he can give it to his friend."

On his return the Prince attended the races. The 30th was a blank day. On the 31st, besides making some minor visits, the Prince "assisted at" a grand exhibition of horsemanship by the troops of the Tenth Native Cavalry. Indian tent-pegs are larger and longer and stick deeper than those used in tent-peging in England. The troopers dashed full gallop one after the other at the pegs, which were replaced as fast as they were drawn. The rupees were put on the tent-pegs to be knocked off by the lance point without touching the peg. That was done better and oftener than the succeeding exercise of cutting or spending oranges, apples, and miscellaneous things into the air, and man managed to take three in one session in the same gallop. These were exhibitions of horsemanship which might be described as of a circus character, but for this difference—the horses were not ridden at a regulation stride, at a skillfully adjusted angle, but were ridden boldly about on the hard plain, and every thing was done by hand, bit and balance.—London Times.

Touching Funeral Incident.
The Richmond Dispatch has the following: There was a funeral service held in Centenary Methodist church, on Tuesday. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Dr. Edwards, conducted the services. The subject of the solemnity was a poor white man, who had been a hack driver in the city. He had died suddenly in an obscure locality. When the hearse bearing his remains reached the church-door, attended by a few carriages containing the immediate friends and relatives of the deceased, it was found that there were no pall-bearers. In this awkward extremity it became necessary for the colored sexton of the church and the colored drivers of the hacks to assist the two or three white gentlemen present in carrying the corpse into the church. The whole company present did not exceed twenty-five persons. Among these were two young ladies, whose bearing and style of dress indicated refinement and culture. One of these young ladies had in her hand an elegant wreath, composed of flowers, which she brought up to the coffin. The solemnity was concluded in the church with the usual remark of the officiating minister: "The further services will be conducted at the grave." And then the coffin was lifted by the extemporized pall-bearers and borne down the aisle of the church; on passing the two young ladies referred to, the one holding the floral cross quietly arose and laid it on the coffin of the poor and almost friendless man. It struck the spectators, of whom there were two or three outside of the little circle of relatives and friends, as a curious incident. The explanation of the mystery was that the occupant of that coffin had, a few years ago, rescued the young lady in question from imminent peril, and most probably from sudden death. The horse she was riding became unmanageable and ran away. At the intersection of Governor and Main streets her horse, going down Governor street, dashed against the horses of the hack as it was proceeding up Main street. The hack driver, leaning forward and extending his hands, grasped the young lady and dragged her into the boot. She never forgot the man; and hearing of his death and funeral services, she attended in person, and with her own fair hand laid the tribute of flowers on his coffin.

The young lady mentioned in, we presume, Miss Mattie Ould, daughter of Judge Robert Ould.

When Mr. Heister Clymer declared that Belknap's misdeeds were unparalleled in our own history, he purposely ignored the history of his own party, which unfortunately is a part of the history of this country. That history shows that, in addition to the Fort Snelling land swindles, in which nearly all the great Democratic leaders of that day participated, and in addition to the Jake Thompson (Democratic Secretary of the Interior) Indian frauds, Secretary of War Floyd transferred troops, guns and munitions of war, at the beginning of the rebellion, to inconvenient localities; that Secretary of the Navy Toucy dispersed the navy in every ocean; that Secretary of the Treasury Cobb deliberately did what he could to ruin the public credit, and that, in short, all of the Democratic leaders then in highest power conspired in the interest of the "Democracy" to make a happy and united country an eternal impossibility. In the light of this colossal conspiracy, preceded as it was by the boldest thefts of millions of money, the insignificant peccadillo of Belknap shrink into comparative nothingness. As a rhetorical effort Mr. Clymer's declaration may have sounded very fine; but it was simply a rhetorical fiction. If he had told the truth he would have said that the most revolting spectacle in our history resides in the fact that the Democracy not only pardoned the thefts to which we allude, but made political saints of the men who participated in the conspiracy which followed them. And he might have added that while the Democratic motto is and has always been, "Let no guilty Democrat be punished," the Republican motto is, "Let no innocent man be punished."

On Friday night, about 11 o'clock, a desperate affray occurred at a still house on Jones' Ridge, in the edge of Burke county line. Alen Wiseman, Sheriff of Mitchell, and acting U. S. Deputy Marshal, ex-Sheriff Peary and another man, proceeded to this distillery to arrest three brothers named Barrier, who were charged with violation of the Internal Revenue laws. The Barriers were aware that parties were coming to resist it. The late hour at which the officers arrived at the still house put them off their guard, and they were not aware of their presence till Sheriff Wiseman appeared in a few feet of the door, when Isaac Barrier exclaimed, "Boys, by God, they are on us," and immediately presented a gun at Wiseman, who seized the barrel and stooped just as it was discharged. The shot entered his right shoulder and ranging around it came out at the left. In the meantime the Sheriff's assistants had arrived, when a general fight ensued, in which some eight or ten shots were fired, one of them striking James Barrier, who was in the house, killing him instantly. The others surrendered and were brought here on Monday night by ex-Sheriff Peary and lodged in jail.—Pine-Blaze.