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OF COLUMBUS, GA.
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Marriage Certificates for sale here.

OFFICIAL RETURN

Of the Vote for Governor at the Election held on the first day of August, 1872.

COUNTY.	MEMORIAL.	CALDWELL.	CAROLINE.	CHERRY.
Alamance,	1270	1015	850	925
Alexander,	545	339	370	313
Alleghany,	3	9	184	220
Ames,	1191	1013	976	1017
Ashe,	752	761	812	842
Beaufort,	1331	1565	1019	1459
Bertie,	949	1514	683	1517
Bladen,	1208	1448	758	1409
Brunswick,	711	708	490	857
Buncombe,	1538	1111	1092	970
Burke,	852	683	544	565
Cabarrus,	1161	811	796	946
Caldwell,	827	332	521	319
Canden,	662	554	224	319
Carteret,	1662	732	744	552
Caswell,	1415	1459	1261	1554
Catawba,	1261	422	1252	441
Chatham,	1774	1683	1300	1586
Cherokee,	486	433	284	372
Chowan,	712	742	430	787
Clay,	252	142	204	125
Cleveland,	1069	547	351	553
Columbus,	1045	693	730	777
Craven,	1146	2780	954	2759
Cumberland,	1890	1883	1092	1846
Currituck,	763	349	0	0
Dare,	232	270	144	217
Davidson,	1334	1516	713	1454
Davie,	826	662	510	637
Duplin,	1750	1035	1211	1039
Edgewood,	1474	3532	1221	9486
Forsythe,	1033	1115	758	1100
Franklin,	1475	1560	1197	1543
Gaston,	927	688	808	640
Gates,	754	313	618	479
Granville,	1976	2955	1690	2653
Greene,	783	947	1362	1726
Guilford,	1849	1831	1485	3749
Halifax,	1673	3630	1485	3749
Hargett,	795	695	698	341
Haywood,	749	420	668	341
Henderson,	505	719	399	526
Hertford,	874	983	528	420
Hyde,	138	610	528	420
Iredell,	1736	991	1159	890
Jackson,	634	159	425	138
Johnston,	1481	1374	809	1363
Jones,	559	639	375	554
Lenoir,	944	1270	707	1394
Lincoln,	983	703	637	654
Macon,	655	130	483	159
Madison,	635	641	380	417
Martin,	1035	1048	959	1291
McDowell,	709	519	0	0
Mecklenburg,	2319	2391	2922	2181
Mitchell,	105	628	64	468
Montgomery,	475	633	241	620
Moore,	1055	881	714	731
Nash,	1234	1243	1063	1215
New Hanover,	2281	3614	64	408
Northampton,	1095	1990	752	1990
Onslow,	892	493	720	529
Orange,	1945	1321	1483	1265
Pamlico,	446	368	291	378
Perquimans,	657	1032	531	1049
Person,	642	910	397	892
Pitt,	1101	819	934	800
Polk,	1782	1775	1429	1734
Polk,	221	382	91	264
Richmond,	1335	1389	983	1232
Robeson,	1631	1583	1051	1503
Rockingham,	2653	1301	141	61870
Rowan,	1653	1113	962	976
Sampson,	1297	1013	610	925
Stanly,	1697	1464	889	1470
Stokes,	646	366	487	383
Surry,	905	830	839	825
Talbot,	889	838	631	837
Taneyton,	822	129	263	35
Transylvania,	379	203	230	150
Tyrrell,	391	347	235	321
Union,	1022	631	732	544
Wake,	3259	3845	2407	3763
Washington,	107	280	1054	2423
Wayne,	492	917	390	935
Watauga,	435	353	197	187
Wayne,	1749	1639	1308	1934
Wilkes,	1034	1239	639	1178
Wilson,	1319	1152	1033	1124
Yadkin,	759	866	518	818
Yancey,	503	582	835	307

POPULAR HYMNS NOW IN USE BY THE COLORED PEOPLE.

The Saviour's name I'll gladly sing,
He is my Captain and my King;
Where'er I go, his name I'll bless,
And shout among the Methodists.

The Methodist.
The Saviour's name I'll gladly sing,
He is my Captain and my King;
Where'er I go, his name I'll bless,
And shout among the Methodists.

CORUS.
Hallalujah, hallalujah,
Hallalujah, Praise ye the Lord;
Hallalujah, hallalujah,
Hallalujah, Praise ye the Lord.

**The devil's camp I'll bid adieu,
And Zion's peaceful ways pursue;
Ye friends of hell come turn and list,
And fight like valiant Methodists.**
CORUS—Hallalujah, hallalujah, &c.

**It is religion makes the man,
The world may try to prove it vain;
But I will give the whole for this,
To be in heart a Methodist.**
CORUS—Hallalujah, hallalujah, &c.

**Come sinners turn unto the Lord,
And daily search His precious Word,
And when you do this part possess,
You may become a Methodist.**
CORUS—Hallalujah, hallalujah, &c.

**Come now with me and you shall know,
What a dear Saviour can bestow;
His love to me I can't express,
Although I'm called a Methodist.**
CORUS—Hallalujah, hallalujah, &c.

**A Methodist it is my name,
I hope to live and die the same;
O may I always live in this,
And die a faithful Methodist.**
CORUS—Hallalujah, hallalujah, &c.

**I am a soldier of the Cross,
All earthly things I count but dross;
My soul is bound for endless rest,
I'll never leave the Methodists.**
CORUS—Hallalujah, hallalujah, &c.

**A better church cannot be found,
Their doctrine is so pure and sound;
One reason which I'll give for this,
The devil hates the Methodists.**
CORUS—Hallalujah, hallalujah, &c.

**He who has got a good, industrious mother,
Graduates from a university higher than Berlin,
Or Edinburgh, with a diploma in each hand,
God starts us with at least \$100,000 of capital. Your right arm is worth \$5,000, surely; your left as much; your reason is worth \$20,000, certainly, and you would not want to sell your soul for \$60,000. That makes for every man that starts in life a capital of \$100,000. Many are waiting for institutions to make them, and for friends to make them. Fool! why don't you make yourself? Columbus was a weaver, Aep was a slave, Hogarth carver of pewter pots, Horace Greeley entered New York with \$10 75 in his pocket. You say it was genius and eccentricity. No, it was work. Many a man has tried to copy Horace Greeley, but got nothing but his poor hand writing and his slouched hat. It was work that made the man.**

The Children of Israel.
BY REV. DANIEL WATTS.
Isaac, a ransom, whilst he lay
Upon an altar bound;
Moses, an infant cast away,
By Pharaoh's daughter found.
CORUS—Didn't old Pharaoh get lost, get lost, get lost,
Didn't old Pharaoh get in the Red Sea.
Joseph, by his false brethren sold,
God raised above them all;
To Hannah's child the Lord foretold
How Eli's house should fall.
CORUS—Didn't old Pharaoh get lost, &c. (same as above, to be sung after each verse)
The Lord said unto Moses,
Go unto Pharaoh now,
For I have hardened Pharaoh's heart,
To me he will not bow.
Then Moses and Aaron,
To Pharaoh did go;
Thus says the God of Israel,
Let my people go.
Old Pharaoh said, who is the Lord
That I should him obey?
His name it is Jehovah,
For he hears his people pray.
Then Moses remembered Israel,
Through all the land abroad,
Saying, children do not murmur,
But hear the Word of God.
Hark! hear the children murmur,
They cry aloud for bread,
Down came the hidden manna,
The hungry soldiers fed.
Then Moses said to Israel,
As they stood along the shore,
Your enemies you see to-day,
You will never see them more.
Then down came raining Pharaoh,
That you may plainly see,
Old Pharaoh and his host,
Got lost in the Red Sea.
The men and women and children,
To Moses they did flock;
They cried aloud for water,
And Moses smote the rock.
And the Lord spoke to Moses,
From Sinai's smoking-top,
Saying, Moses lead the people,
Till I shall bid you stop.
CORUS—Didn't old Pharaoh get lost, &c.

SENSIBLE REMARK ABOUT GREELEY.

On Sunday, Dec. 1st, Rev. Mr. Talmage of New York preached about the death of Horace Greeley. We copy a few extracts from the N. Y. Herald of the 2d inst:
Mr. Talmage's sermon last evening was on the death of Horace Greeley, and its lessons to literary men and others. The Tabernacle was crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. Greeley was a warm friend of the pastor of Tabernacle, and took a deep interest in the lay college connected with the church, before which he lectured last Winter.

The preacher last evening spoke for nearly an hour. An abstract of the discourse will be found below. The text selected was Zechariah, x. 2:—"Howl, fir tree, for the cedar has fallen."
Horace Greeley is dead! The caricaturist drops his pencil, the author his pen, the merchant his yard stick, the laborer his pickaxe, the student his book, the lawyer his brief, the nation its sorrow, the world its engin. There ought to be, in the life of this man a lesson of hope for the struggling. But young men sometimes think they have no chance, no money, no elaborate education. You have as much chance as this boy had. Look at the lad in Vermont, in homespun clothes, dyed with butternut bark, helping his father get a scant living out of a poor piece of ground, O boy who, with bare feet and tow shirt, helped his father to raise a living for mother and sisters has a right to publish fifty books concerning "What He Knows About Farming."

See the white-headed, lad getting off the Albany trolley at the New York Battery, moneyless and friendless, and sitting on the steps of a printing office waiting for the "boss to come." Then look at him occupying the foremost editorial chair of the world! Have you no chance? He who has got a good, industrious mother, graduates from a university higher than Berlin, or Edinburgh, with a diploma in each hand, God starts us with at least \$100,000 of capital. Your right arm is worth \$5,000, surely; your left as much; your reason is worth \$20,000, certainly, and you would not want to sell your soul for \$60,000. That makes for every man that starts in life a capital of \$100,000. Many are waiting for institutions to make them, and for friends to make them. Fool! why don't you make yourself? Columbus was a weaver, Aep was a slave, Hogarth carver of pewter pots, Horace Greeley entered New York with \$10 75 in his pocket. You say it was genius and eccentricity. No, it was work. Many a man has tried to copy Horace Greeley, but got nothing but his poor hand writing and his slouched hat. It was work that made the man.

This providence ought to be a warning to over-work literary men. Mr. Greeley told me ten days before his nomination at Cincinnati that he had his nomination in any toll, we had better slow up—put down brakes. You who are going with the express train, sixty miles an hour, had better take the accommodation at thirty-five miles an hour. It is this night work that is killing our literary men. The brass heads of the coffin lid are made out of gaslights. First the devil tries to stop the useful thinker by making him lazy; had but, falling in that, he stands in the editor's room, or the artist's studio, or the minister's study, saying: "Do four times the work you are doing; write two books this year; go out and deliver fifty lectures at \$200 a night." Men of intellectual toil, you are careful of the candle to keep it burning brightly; you had better begin to look after the candlestick.

We find in this solemn providence the doctrine of brotherhood. All parties feel it. We are at the close of the meanest chapter of personal vituperation. This death was announced it hushed everything. When the nation followed Hon. Horace Greeley to Greenwood you were not able to tell who were republicans and who liberal republicans. All the States, will vote for him, a worthy of honor, and by the elect a college of the world he will be proclaimed President of the great reformatory movements of the last twenty years. How quickly the nation has grounded arms! The trumps that sounded the victory of his political opponent will deepen into the grand march for the dead.

WHAT SHERMAN KNOWS ABOUT FIRE.
General William T. Sherman at last tells what he knows about the burning of Columbia, South Carolina. In a course of catechising in Washington, on the 12th instant, touching the wanton destruction of that city, he let slip a few facts which ought forever to put to rest any dispute as to upon whom rests the responsibility of the war. The Washington correspondent of the Louisville Courier Journal furnishes the following synopsis of the facts drawn out by the examination:
General Sherman was examined before the American and British Commission to-day in regard to the burning of Columbia. He denied that he had issued orders to burn Columbia, but admitted that the army was greatly exasperated against South Carolina, and said this exasperation was increased by General Hampton's rear guard firing into his camp a night or two before entering Columbia, which exasperation he and his officers participated in, and this was known to the men. A correspondence was then shown to General Sherman, purporting to have taken place between him and General Halleck, while on his march to Columbia. The communication from Halleck desired him to destroy that night no more villages or settlements grew up here. To this Sherman greatly wrote that Charleston and Columbia would soon be in his hands, and Halleck would have no cause to complain of his treatment of them; that he had the Fifteenth corps with him, and that corps did their work well, and further that he (Sherman) would not spare the public buildings in Columbia, as he

did in Milledgeville. General Sherman admitted, on his examination, that this correspondence was authentic. General Sherman stated that he occupied Columbia with the Fifteenth corps. In reply to the question whether he kept the men in the works after taking possession of the city, he said; no; he could not have done so to have prevented the burning of every town in the State of South Carolina. These responses were drawn out by the representations of British claimants, who allege that their property at Columbia was destroyed wantonly and in violation of the usages of war. General Sherman manifested a good deal of excitement during the investigation.

BAD END OF A BAD BEGINNING.
A love of notoriety is one of the most fruitful sources of degradation. Many young ladies, who turn up their noses at a poor young man who honestly earns his living, are always ready to go into ecstasies over a Grand Duke, or a plucky ugly who may be fortunate enough to obtain a dubious celebrity. We have been led into these remarks by a St. Louis romance, from which a moral might be taken. In 1868, Mike McCool, the prize fighter, was in the height of his renown, and was recognized as the head and front of the St. Louis roughts. A young and beautiful girl, Miss Mary Ann Naughton, became enamored of the monster, and despite the entreaties of discreet friends, agreed to marry him. The wedding was celebrated with great pomp, and the church was crowded with the elite of St. Louis society, who attended to see a football girl throw herself away. For awhile McCool gave up the roped arena, and "capered nimbly" in the lady's chamber to the praise music of "brandy smashes for six." But Mike was not permitted to rest. Tom Allen challenged him, and while he was training he left his wife and his saloon in charge of a trusty friend. When at last McCool returned home he had herd such as made him shoot at his friend, and have a scene with his wife. After this, reports represented Mrs. McCool as being "rather fast," and one or two separations occurred. On the 15th of last August the unfortunate woman reached the culmination of her misery by eloping with a printer named Manion, formerly of Charleston. She is now an inmate of a low, respectable house in N. Orleans, and the physical monster claiming to be her husband applies to the Court of St. Louis for a divorce. Thus ends a woman's romantic marriage in her own degradation; and what better could be expected from marrying a man of McCool's class? Their companionship alone is enough to degrade a woman.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.
The English Prime Minister at Mr. Fields Dinner.
The London Times held that the presence of Mr. Gladstone at Mr. Cyrus Field's dinner in celebration of thanks giving day was really worth more, as a proof of kindly feeling towards America, than any words he could utter. After declining the invitation to dine at the Mansion House on Lord Mayor's day, the Prime Minister could not be expected to accept of any other during the present month, and might well have pleaded the pressure of Cabinet business as an excuse for not joining a private Anglo-American party at the Buckingham Palace Hotel. The motives which prompted him to go are not difficult to conjecture, and will be appreciated in both countries. Having been disappointed in the result of the Geneva and Berlin awards, Great Britain is the more bound to show that she harbors no feelings of soreness against the contrary, hearty attempts to the principle of international arbitration, by which she has been hitherto the loser. It is a fact which cannot be too thoroughly realized, that none of those permanent elements of antagonism of which national hatreds and wars have mostly arisen can be alleged to justify a sentiment of enmity between Englishmen and Americans.

WHAT BECOMES OF YOUNG MEN.
Henry Ward Beecher, in a late sermon discussed the question, "What becomes of young men from the country?" He said:
The high road to poverty is the road many people train their children to walk in. They let them grow up without work—that's the idea; but by and by fortune abandons them, and their families sink down to the bottom of society and swell the ranks of the poor.
There are a large number in every community who are weak minded and bodied. They are underorganized. They inherit this from the misconduct of ancestors three or four generations back. Some have small digestive powers; some have a small head to use it in. They have, in fact, a small shop of life to work in.
They are weak, flaccid, poor in brain fibre. They are easily discouraged. They are shiftless, transplanting their tree once in every twenty-four hours. These are the sort you hear called "No shakes," and "No count." When physiology tells the whole story we shall find that it is the grandfather if not the father of charity. To throw a man weak in brain power, small in the chest, rickety in the limbs, into the world is almost certain poverty to him. He can't help it. He didn't give the measure for his body and limbs. It is not his fault that he is like a hawk without a backbone. There are thousands of which poverty reaps its bosom full.

There are others again who possess industry and good health, but they have no tact. They are no-do-wells, dreamers, without organizing power. They are fit for routine work, but throw them out of that and they are good for nothing.
These causes of poverty come to man every where. But there are some causes

which are found chiefly in cities. Cities are places of severe competition. The number of men makes labor cheap. The better chance therefore, is to the tough and the strong. There is not a commodity in this country manufactured so cheaply as men. There are so many struggling for a living in big cities that they seem in one another's way. When every place is so choked with low or kind of labor, what chance have the weak? Is it any wonder that they are hurried to the bottom and become poor? Then there are thousands of the maimed. Look at our disabled soldiers in our big cities. Two men are on the battle-field. One strikes to his gun. A cannon ball comes and—wriff! his legs are off. The other use his two legs while he has them, and runs from danger. These poor maimed fellows come to our doors every day. You'll hear them say, "We can't get any work. We've tried this and that, but what are we to do? We can't do the work without two hands or two legs. It costs us as much to live as though we had all our limbs. Our months ain't hurt, and we can eat. But we don't know where to turn for a living." Nothing was more pitiable, the preacher said, than to see these they can't go back again. Some run out of the pitance they brought with them and can't get work. Some get sick and weak. Misfortune somehow casts them down, and poverty puts his brand upon them. They are shoved down under the hatches of the slave ship of poverty, and never get a chance to come on deck again. One clerk is enough to spoil a whole country. He goes to New York a rough, red-cheeked country lad. He returns to visit his friends in fine clothes, and with perfumed hair and a ring on his finger, and somehow or other when a man wears a ring that's always the hand he leans on will.

When the country lads see the clerk with all his finery, they feel like brown beasts of labor. "Hah," they say to one another, "there are millions wealthy their in the city. One man went there and made one million dollars in five years!" There's a wilderness a fascination about the city and the young country lad thinks "I'll just slip down to the city, go to work, get a going, and then I'll return and drive around the old place here in my carriage. Well, some of these young men succeed. The strong that can work for ten years for sixteen hours a day may get along, but all the way down from such to the bottom—where do these go?

Ah, where do all the young men that come to this city go? They drop to the bottom, among the poor, and from them doubtless come many of the processions to Greenwell and Flaibush which we see creeping along the streets day after day. But who can tell where all the young men go to that come from the country? They disappear like snow—no one can tell where the flakes go to.

The city had peculiar temptations to lead men into habits that brought poverty. In some villages there are as many corrupting influences. But in cities temptations to the young were made more attractive and alluring. Many young men who have come to New York could have succeeded but for self-indulgence. They break down. They have no glaring vices, but some secret indulgence has wasted the cords of life. In cities, too, you find the sittings of society, men and women driven there from various causes—misfortune, sickness, betrayal. There are the settings, also, of the great stream of immigration. In our seaports there are the infernal sharks who rob the sailors and the emigrants, consume them in purse or virtue. Talk of cannibals. If you want cannibals come to New York, and you'll find them down at Castle Garden. And when they've picked up the immigrant clean they cast him out.

After enumerating many other causes of poverty in cities, Mr. Beecher closed by referring to the Bethel and Navy Mission were especially instituted for the poor. Over \$30,000 were then pledged by the congregation to the Memorial Fund.

Votes of the Electoral College.—All the lists of the Electoral Colleges of the several States, for President and Vice President, excepting three, have been sent to the President of the Senate by mail, though not more than one-third of the entire lists required by law to be delivered to him by messenger have yet been received. Louisiana sends lists from two different Electoral Colleges. The two houses of Congress, in joint convention, will determine which list shall be counted on the second Wednesday of February, the time of counting all the electoral votes.—Wash. Cor. Baltimore Gazette.

The Reward of a Public Servant.—Hon Josiah Turner was public printer when the prices allowed were less than the cost of the work. As soon as the Legislature made the price profitable to the public printer, the committee gave the work to Stone & Uzzell.

How the Electoral Vote was Cast.—The Greeley States voted as follows at their respective capitals for President: Maryland for Hendricks, unanimously; Kentucky, Hendricks 3, Brown 5—Tennessee for Hendricks, unanimously; Georgia, Brown 6, Greeley 3, Jenkins 2—Missouri, Brown 8, Hendricks 5, D. Davis 1—Louisiana, blank. These states passed resolutions of respect to Mr. Greeley's memory. The unanimous vote for Vice President was given to Gov. Brown in Maryland, Tennessee and Louisiana.

A writer in the Troy Press gives some interesting details, showing the corrupt condition of politics in the Nineteenth Congressional District of New York. He says that it has cost every successful candidate of either party of Congress of the State Senate in that district for the past few years not less than \$50,000 to secure an election, and that the late English Blood freely admitted that he spent \$50,000 to secure a seat in the state senate in 1868.

FISK'S FATE—STOKES' STORY OF THE STAIRS.

Stokes, now on trial in New York, charged with the murder of James Fisk, Jr., related the following to a reporter:
"As God shall judge me, I did not expect to meet James Fisk that afternoon; I had no idea of coming across him that day; I had not seen him before for some time and I had heard that he was still sick of the small-pox. I was at the Grand Central Hotel with some friends waiting for other friends, and I was napping and fro about the hotel when I met him accidentally—by the merest accident, so help me my God." (This last sentence very solemnly.) "I had been very seldom to the Grand Central Hotel; only three times before in my life, I believe, and only once before in the second story, so that I knew nothing of the interior of the hotel at all. While rambling around I met James Fisk, and he met me; we met face to face, and the moment he saw me he put his hand in his pocket. He had his pistol ready. I saw it just as plain as I see that sea-kip cap of yours on your knees there. More plainly, for the light was much brighter and clearer than it is here. I raised my pistol; he fired and I fired, and I knew no more, so great was my excitement, until they brought me into the presence of Mr. Fisk. I then then I did not know that he was wounded. He seemed calm enough, and was half sitting on a sofa. He never said I shot him, or killed him, or anything of the kind. He merely said to the officer who asked him if he recognized me, "Yes, I know the man, it is Mr. Stokes." Nothing more. He even looked at me somehow in his old fashion, I think—