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THE CONVICTION OF STOKES.

SCENES IN THE COURT-ROOM.

The Death Sentence Pronounced—Great Excitement in New York.

The result of the second trial of Edward S. Stokes for the murder of James Fisk, Jr., has been briefly reported by telegraph. We copy some details from the New York journals:

At ten minutes past eleven (Saturday night) a gentleman entered the court-room and said to Mr. Townsend, one of Stokes' counsel, "Don't be too sanguine. Be prepared for the worst. The verdict is murder in the first degree."

At a quarter past eleven Mr. Sparks, the clerk, entered from an inner room. His usual radiant face was gloomy and sad. Mr. Townsend said:

"Sparks, what is the verdict?"
"Murder in the first degree," was the terrible answer.

Before Mr. Townsend could leave the court room to prepare the prisoner for the dreadful issue the officers of the court entered followed by the jurymen's attendants. Then the prisoner walked in with a firm tread and an undaunted bearing, surrounded by his friends. Stokes sat down facing the jurors. The Judge entered and took his place.

THE VERDICT.
Then amid the most solemn silence the twelve jurymen filed in and seated themselves. The awful conclusion at which they had arrived could be read in their faces. Each juror's name was called, with the usual response.

Then the Judge turned toward them, and in a low, clear voice asked: "Gentlemen, have you agreed on a verdict?"
The foreman of the jury arose, and said, "We have."

Clerk of the Court: Gentlemen of the jury, Prisoner, stand up. Gentlemen of the jury, look upon the prisoner. Prisoner, look upon the jury. What say you, gentlemen of the jury? Do you find the prisoner at the bar, Edward S. Stokes, guilty or not guilty?

Foreman of the Jury: Guilty of murder in the first degree.

A SISTER'S ANGUISH.
A piercing wail that made men's blood curdle and their hearts leap, rose from the group that clustered round the prisoner, and the head of the horror-stricken girl, from whose bosom the anguished cry was sent, fell upon the shoulder of her doomed brother. Horace Stokes burst into a passionate flood of tears, and the other relatives of the ill-fated prisoner seemed like men thunderstruck.

The jury were polled by request of the prisoner's counsel. No sooner had the last man answered "yes" to the question whether all had agreed on the verdict, than the prisoner, erect and firm, turned his face full upon Mr. Beach, who at one time had been his counsel in a civil case.

"Mr. Beach," the prisoner said slowly and in a full-throated voice, "you have done your work well. I hope you have been well paid for it."

Then the prisoner sank slowly into his seat. Mr. Beach made no reply.

Mr. Fellows explained that he had refused to try the case unless Mr. Beach and Mr. Fullerton were associated with him. They had consented to join him at the request of District Attorney Garvin, and without any fee from any member of Colonel Fisk's family.

The prisoner half arose and sweeping the air with his clenched fist, said:

"Mr. Fellows, say that they were hired by Jay Gould. Please say that."

THE SENSATION IN COURT
was such as is seldom known. You could hear it as you hear the wind stirring the trees of the forest. Then the Court discharged the jury, and the people began to move.

MONDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

WHAT THE PRISONER SAID.

Mr. Sparks, the clerk, having intimated to the prisoner that he must now stand up, asked him in a loud voice: Edward S. Stokes, what have you to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you for the crime of which you stand convicted?

The prisoner, looking on vacancy, replied, after a brief pause, in a low and somewhat complaining tone of voice: "I have only to say, I am innocent of the crime for which I now stand convicted. I did not intentionally violate any of the laws of the land. I would also, like to say, I noticed in one of to-day's papers an interview with one of the jurors, Mr. Bowley, I think it is, in which he stated to the reporter that it would be better that I should not have gone upon the stand; and the reason was that I testified to the pistol with which Mr. Fisk met his death. I had never fired off, when the jury all knew that I had fired it at Saratoga, with Colonel Fellows. I have only to say that if that interview is true, that I never fired that pistol off at Saratoga, and that it never has been discharged by me but twice. I know that all the testimony given for the defence was viewed lightly by the jury. I feel convinced of it. I know public clamor has been raised from the frequent murders in New York city. I know that the evidence of Thomas Hart, on which I was convicted, is false, and manufactured from first to last, and I believe the prosecution knew it, for District Attorney Garvin never alluded to it when addressing the jury on the last trial."

PASSING SENTENCE.
Judge Boardman then, fixing his eyes upon the prisoner, thus addressed him: Edward S. Stokes, you have been defended by most eminent counsel, with most extraordinary skill and devotion. You have been supported and sustained by the sympathy of loving relatives and ardent friends. All that wealth, affection, or industry could do for you has been well and cheerfully done. A jury carefully selected, of intelligent and upright gentlemen, have listened patiently and kindly to your own account of this most terrible act, as well as to the other evidence that has been put in on your behalf. They have found you guilty of murder in the first degree, the highest crime known to our laws, in having caused the death of James Fisk, Jr., one year ago to-day. The verdict was wrong from their judgment, not prompted by their hearts. I am sure I do each juror but justice in saying that, and in assuring you that their concurrence in this verdict was the most painful act of their lives. That result is not the fruit of unkindness to you, but of just respect for, and obedience to the law. The evidence in the case, even your own testimony, I am constrained to believe, sanctions their conclusion and justifies their verdict. I am not conscious, so far as I am personally concerned, that I have erred in any respect against you during the progress of the trial. I have endeavored, in all cases of doubt, to give you the benefit of such doubt. To me remains the painful duty of pronouncing the judgment of the law, not stone as a punishment for your crime, but also that by your example others may take warning from your sad, unhappy fate.

So many fountain of joy yet untried, still greater is my sorrow to realize the unmerited anguish you have brought upon your family and friends. Your disgrace is reflected upon them who are pure, and your dishonor casts an unjust but inevitable stain upon their truth and virtue. It is a frightful legacy to leave your family—a specter that death alone can make vanish.

"Were idle if it were possible for me to trace the path from innocence to crime, to trace the tale of unrestrained passions I can't do it. Let the time which the law gives you be devoted to reflection upon the past and repentance for your sins, and in preparation for the great change so terribly near to you. Do not delude yourself with uncertain hopes of pardon or clemency."

Edward S. Stokes, in obedience to the requirements of the law, this court orders and directs that you be taken hence, in custody of the Sheriff of the City and County of New York, to the prison from whence you came, and that you be there confined in close custody, by such sheriff, until the 28th day of February, 1873, and that on that day, between the hours of 11 o'clock in the morning and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, you be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may God have mercy on your soul!

The prisoner was then handed over to the sheriff, and removed.

TO THE CONDEMNED CELLS.
Stokes was conveyed back to the Tombs in a close carriage, accompanied by his brother, Sheriff Brennan, and Deputy Sheriff Shields. The greatest excitement prevailed at the Tombs, and when the carriage stopped at the entrance.

An immense crowd rushed forward, and almost blocked up the thoroughfare. The long balcony which extends across the building opposite was crowded to its utmost extent, and it was found necessary by the police to remove some of the people.

The prisoner alighted from the carriage, perfectly cool and self-possessed, was taken at once into the reception room, from whence he was removed, after a few minutes, to cell No. 4, on the ground floor. It is estimated the safer to lodge him there. The furniture is of the scantiest and plainest description, and he will be allowed none of the comfortable appointments which adorned his other cell.

He refused to enter into conversation with

any one, and it seems probable that he will continue to maintain the same reticence. His brother appeared bowed down with grief and sympathy. He retired after a few moments' conversation with his unhappy brother.

NORTH CAROLINA AND VIRGINIA TROOPS.

Col. S. D. Pool, editor of the Newbern Journal of Commerce, in quoting the conclusion of Gen. Early's letter in reply to Gen. Rufus Barringer, says:

"We admire the grand old Roman, and cannot blame him for taking up the cudgels in defence of the troops of his native State. As a North Carolinian, we are proud of the great record made by our soldiers during the late war. We believe them to be SECOND TO NONE who shed the lustre of their gallant deeds, and glorious deaths upon the 'lost cause.' In numbers, in soldiery, department and in gallantry on the field of battle they were unsurpassed, and we fear no discussion of the relative merits of our brave men. Nor do we fear to discuss the conduct of our State. Under the able management of Ellis, Clark and Vance she did the full measure of her duty. She sent to the field sixty-eight regiments, several battalions and several independent companies equivalent to seventy-three or four regiments. She kept them admirably equipped, and by an honest enforcement of the conscript law (although opposed to its adoption) and by voluntary enlistments she kept her regiments, notwithstanding the terrible depletion they underwent by disease and by death on fields of battle rendered glorious by their gallantry, quite as full as those of other States. Her dead lie in Georgia, in Alabama, in South Carolina, in Tennessee, in Kentucky, in Maryland, in Pennsylvania, from the seaboard to the mountains, in her own soil, and everywhere in brave old Virginia where a battle was fought, a victory lost or won, or where a hospital was established or a tent pitched. Their bones lie in every place where Confederate prisoners were buried. Her maimed are among us—they are seen in every locality and whenever seen they are honored by the noble among us.

Why then should we fear discussion? Let it go on. Let the whole truth be told. Go into details, if need be; but let the discussion be conducted in a proper spirit. What we, as North Carolinians, may write touching the part borne by our gallant compatriots shall be written not because we love Virginia or other States less, but because we love North Carolina more."

LOUISIANA ACCEPTS THE SITUATION.

The following extracts which we are permitted to make from a private letter recently written by one of the most distinguished gentlemen of the South will give our readers some idea of how some of the people of Louisiana "accept" the situation:

"No language can convey a distinct and complete idea of the condition in which we are in this State. I hardly know five men out of a hundred who do not regard the situation as a state of things which is a disgrace to our country; our Governor is a young mulatto who lately was a barber on a steamboat. The majority in our Legislature is composed of ignorant plantation negroes, who do not know even how to read and write, and the rest are a set of rascals and scoundrels who are infinitely more despicable and more mischievous than their black associates. When witnessing such a parody of republican institutions, such an exhibition of human degradation, such a profane caricature of the Union flag, one is tempted to believe that the rays of the Yahoos of Swift, such a fierce if it affords meriment to the North, is death to us. A house worth \$25,000 three years ago would not sell now for \$5,000. I even doubt if a bid would be given. Verily the future historian of Louisiana will have to pluck his quill from a buzzard's wing, and will have to hold his nose with a wisp of straw while he attempts to affix the seal of infamy to the filthy and stinking records of passing events. This is getting to be a new Santo Domingo, from which every honest intelligent member of the Caucasian race is anxious to fly.

"We all must needs here. To hold property is to be taxed to death by our African communists. It is better to abandon what is but a mere semblance of ownership, and waking up to the reality of disguised confiscation, it is the part of wisdom to renounce at once a costly and burdensome delusion. I assure you that I express the common feeling here."

This, then, is the way in which the respectable people of Louisiana accept the situation—by surrendering in despair and going into exile. They abandon further attempts to save their State and flee from it. This clenches the Radical nail, and definitively hands over Louisiana to negro domination.

A question comes up just here, and we are very curious to know what our Radical friends are going to do about it. When the West was yet feeble, poor, and sparsely populated, it was still ready to go to war with Spain and France, and did furnish the men and supplies for a great battle with England, in order to bring under its own dominion and control that great outlet—the only one then existing—for its prospective commerce, the Mississippi River. In 1860, when the question of secession was brooked, when few persons thought of war, Mr. E. B. Washburne told the Southern members of Congress that the seaboard States might go, and take Alabama with them, and welcome; but if Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, or Tennessee attempted to secede there would certainly be fighting, for Northwest would sacrifice its last man and last dollar sooner than see the mouth of the Mississippi pass into the control of any foreign power. But this thing is virtually about to hap-

pen now, and cannot fail to happen, unless President Grant will hold his hand. A forced confederation of property in Louisiana of the whites, will throw the mouths of the Mississippi into the power of the ignorant negroes. Which would be best for the commercial interests of the North-west—to have France, or Spain, or Great Britain, or the Southern Confederacy in control of the Lower Mississippi, or to have Santo Domingo in control there? This is the real and practical question now at issue. This is the curse hatched Radical chicken that is immediately coming home to roost.

The levee at New Orleans is a great prize, and has been several times played for with unscrupulous but skillful cards. It can make many more people rich, but it can make many more people poor. The gold that flows into the coffers of the negroes at New Orleans in the shape of levee charges is drawn like blood from the arteries of the interior. It may yet come to pass, indeed, that the farmers of Illinois and Iowa, now taxed to support the protected monopolies of Pennsylvania and New England, will be further burdened with the support of the negro aristocracy that live by blackmail and protected piracy and wrecking upon the streams and bayous of Louisiana.—N. Y. World.

IMPORTANT DECISIONS OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Among the decisions of the United States Supreme Court announced in Washington yesterday was one of general interest to the whole people of the nation and of special importance to the citizens of the Pacific slope. It confirmed the judgment of the inferior Court which sustained the title of the State of California to all parts of the Yosemite Park Reservation under the great Congress. The claim of one Hutchings to pre-emptive right in a part of the Park being thus defeated carries with it all the similar claims, and the decision insures to the people, for whom California acts as trustee, the preservation of that region of surpassing natural beauty as a national public pleasure ground. This confirmed in its authority, California will, it is to be hoped, take immediate and effective steps to stop all trespass upon this noble domain and protect its matchless scenery from the cupidity of lawless settlers who would divert to their own profit the common property of the nation. Another decision of a claim upon the government for sugar seized in Louisiana during the war will effectually shut the door of the Treasury against a class of speculators who have neither law, justice nor equity on their side, who falling in contraband trade with rebels, now ask the United States to pay, not only their losses, but the profits they hoped for.—N. Y. Herald.

Affairs in Massachusetts—The Burned District in Boston.—Monday last was a general municipal inauguration day throughout Massachusetts, and the heads of government in all the principal cities presented their slates, showing an account current of their indebtedness, treasury balances and other local matters in the various localities. The most interesting facts given in this mass of statistics are those furnished by the Mayor of Boston, in regard to the late conflagration in that city. It seems that the extent of territory burned over covered about 65 acres; whole number of buildings destroyed, 773; value of personal property and buildings destroyed, \$73,591,000, and the number of lives lost, 14, seven of the number being firemen. Boston has a population of over 200,000; Worcester, \$2,637,910; Cambridge, \$2,185,843; Lynn, \$1,598,000; Lowell, \$1,718,124; Chelsea, \$1,262,700; Charlestown, \$1,165,727—all the others owing less than a million—Somerville, with its \$678,334 ind-debtors, being the next highest. These figures show an increase of municipal indebtedness in each city, but at the same time it is attended with an increased degree of prosperity in every case. Every thing seems to be vigorous and progressive in the Old Bay State.—N. Y. Herald.

Sad Accident.—We regret to learn, that a little daughter of our fellow citizen, John Pifer, Esq., was accidentally killed at El Bethel Church in this county, last week. The little girl was only ten years old, and during a recess, was running around the house. A young man was running around the house in an opposite direction, and meeting her at the corner, struck her in the breast with his knee before he could check his speed. She fell and died in a few minutes.

Cleveland Banner.

The nickel used in our smaller coins comes from a mine of this metal in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. This mine has been worked for seventeen years. A large mine of nickel, copper and cobalt has been discovered in New York, near Stony Point, on the Hudson River. It is now being opened preparatory to extensive operations by a company. Several nickel mines have been discovered in Missouri. Nickel is growing in favor as a substitute for silver in plating steel, iron and other metal. It is worth about \$3 per pound.—Cleveland Banner.

EXTINCT ENGLISH FAMILIES.

It is said that there is not now living a single descendant, in the male line, of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron, or Moore; not one of Sir Philip Sydney, of Sir Walter Raleigh, of Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Nelson, Addison, Swift, Johnson, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan, Canning, Bacon, Locke, Newton, Hume, Gibbons, Macaulay, Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, John Kemble, or Edmund Keas.

AN AMERICAN AUTOGRAT.

It will surprise most of our readers to be informed that we have a King in America, a monarch as absolute as the Czar of Russia, though his name is not found in the Almanach de Gotha, and his dominions are not larger than those of some of the German princelings. He exists, and his little realm forms the subject of an interesting article in Lippincott's Magazine. His name is William Kell. He was a tailor, at Bleichrode, Prussian Saxony, but emigrated to the United States about seventeen years ago, and found a German colony near Portland, Oregon. He set up a so-called communistic rule in his settlement, but as far as he himself is concerned it is thoroughly monocratic. He obtained the land gratis from the Government, and cleared off the timber, built a block house for defence against the Indians, planted orchards, and built mills, and so laid the foundation of a prosperous community. He has some knowledge of medicine, and therefore a physician to his subjects. He solemnizes all the marriages, and thus is a priest.

Every man who comes to the village to live must put all his money into Kell's hands, and it then taken on trial. His probation endures as long as the sovereign chooses. If the candidate is found satisfactory he gets back his capital without interest, but with *pro rata* shares of his earnings, which are appraised by Kell. The latter holds the common purse and buys all kinds of supplies, which are furnished free to the people. He designates everybody's employment, gives new married couples their houses, and has everything his own way. He has the assistance of a Board of Elders, but only as far as he chooses. The colonial lands cover twenty sections, or 12,800 acres, and are collectively recorded in Kell's name. Should he die intestate (he is now sixty years old) his heirs would get all his property and his subjects be left out in the cold; but it is likely that he will take some steps to prevent such a result. At all events, the colony is now prosperous and apparently happy under his dominion, and the iron hand of despotism carefully concealed by the velvet glove.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

Martin Van Buren is the only man who held the office of President, Vice President, Minister to England, Governor of his own State, and member of both houses of Congress. Thomas H. Benton is the only man who has held a seat in the U. S. Senate for thirty consecutive years. The only instance of father and son in the Senate at the same time is that of the Hon. Henry Dodge, Senator from Wisconsin, and Augustus C. Dodge, Senator from Iowa. General James Shields is the only man who ever represented two States in the United States Senate. At one time he was Senator from Illinois, and subsequently Senator from Minnesota. John Quincy Adams held a position under the Government during every Administration from that of Washington to that of Polk, during which he died. He had been Minister to England, member of both houses of Congress, Secretary of State, and President of the United States. He died while a member of the House of Representatives.

Journey of Life.

Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years, at least one third have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of life, but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the ranks grow thinner, they that remain till now become weary, and lie down and rise no more. At three score and ten a band of some four hundred yet struggle on. At ninety these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One finger, perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished.

"NED BUNTLINE" ARRESTED.—ST. LOUIS, Dec. 26.

"Ned Buntline" and "Texas Jack," who, with "Buffalo Bill" and "Texas Jack," has been playing a sensational drama at the Grand Opera House, was arrested today on warrants issued at the instance of Prosecuting Attorney Norville for complicity in the riot which occurred in the Southern part of this city in 1852. After examination "Ned Buntline" was released \$500 bail on each of the two indictments found against him twenty years ago. The proceedings are regarded as a farce.

Postmasters not Responsible for the loss of Registered Letters.

The Postmaster General seems considerably amused over the discussion now going on in the newspapers over a supposed decision of the Postoffice Department to the effect that postmasters are held responsible for the loss of registered letters. He says that no such decision has ever been made, and that neither postmaster nor the Postoffice Department are responsible in any way for the loss of such letters.

Once, and that too, when Mr. Greeley was very friendly with the Vice-President.

A friend said to Mr. Greeley: "If you are elected in November, you had better take Reid to Washington with you and put Colfax in charge of the Tribune; he will draw! To which Mr. Greeley responded with more than usual vigor in his drawl, Scayler wouldn't make a reporter on the city force, and the Tribune would make out a pretty poor figure with him to work out its destiny."

The latest ext-ream of fashion is watered silk with jet trimmings and bowing train; coiffure high-tied.

More appropriate, one would say, for diving bells than for land divinites.

ALL HANDS BELOW.

A good story is told of a parrot who had always lived on board a ship, but who escaped at one of the Southern ports and took refuge in a church. Soon afterwards the congregation assembled, and the minister began preaching to them in his earnest fashion, saying there was no virtue in them, that every one of them would go to hell unless they speedily repented. Just as he spoke the sentence, up spoke the parrot from his hiding place:

"All hands below!"
"To say that 'all hands' were startled would be a mild way of putting it. The peculiar voice and unknown source had more effect on them than the parson's voice ever had. He waited a moment and then, a shade or two paler, he repeated the warning."

"All hands below!" again rang out from somewhere.

The preacher started from his pulpit, and looked anxiously around, inquired if anybody had spoken.

"All hands below!" was the only reply, at which the entire panic-stricken congregation got up, and a moment after, they all bolted for the doors, the preacher trying to be the first out, and during the time the mischievous bird kept up his yelling.

"All hands below!"

There was one old lady who was lame, and could not get out as quickly as the others, and in a short time she was left entirely alone. Just as she was about to hobble on her shoulder, again yelled in her ear: "All hands below!"

"No, no, Mister Devil!" shrieked the old lady, "you can't mean me. I don't belong here; I go to the other church across the way."

A Grocer in Quebec advertises "the peculiar delicacies of the far-off Ind., and the finely flavored and humanizing leaf of the still further Cathay; the more exciting though not less delicious berry of Brazil, and the spices, sugars and luscious fruits of the Antilles; the sugared condiments and the blood enriching wines of the Mediterranean, and the salt-cured and brain-renewing fish of our own stormy gulf." What he means to say is that he sells tea, coffee, and codfish, cheap for cash.

Our readers will remember the statement of crossroads politicians and pollsters demagogues generally, that the public debt was about being reduced by Grant, in a very remarkable degree, and the inference drawn that probably the oldest person in the country might see the National debt extinguished, totally. Now we have it from the Secretary of the Treasury that the public debt instead of being decreased, has increased upwards of one million and a half of dollars, during the last month.—Salem Press.

Betting is immoral, but how can the man who bets be worse than the man who is no better?

"Fan him with your boots," is said by those familiar with the subject to be the latest thing in slang.

A Georgia authoress has written a novel, in which Alexander H. Stephens appears as the hero.

At Elmira female College the fair "sopho" have interdicted the wearing of false hair and bustles by the fresh-woman.

A couple were recently married in Nantuxat, Conn., three hours after their first introduction to each other.

The editor of the Knoxville Press has unpleasant feelings towards the Chronicle man, and, as a result, one goes armed with a stone in a stocking, and the other carries a cheese knife down his neck.

"Variety whoddis" have been introduced into Rhode Island. They take the place of wooden, tin, or crystal weddings, the happy couple receiving a variety of presents instead of having them all of one material.

It is thought in Salt Lake city that Brigham Young will never pass another summer above ground. When his dies thirty-seven widows will mourn his loss, and one hundred and seventeen children will be fatherless.

The Mail says that in consequence of the prevalence of small-pox in Nashville, the next term of Nash Superior Court, (second Monday in February) cannot be held, and suggests a special act of Assembly requiring the Court to be held at Rocky Mount.

From a staid and puritanical New England town comes the startling intelligence that "matching coppers" is the favorite amusement at parties and receptions. Not long since a professor's daughter won \$3.50 at twenty-deck poker" as a single sitting. This domesticating the tiger" bores no good.

In a murder case at Columbia, Ga., Dr. Terry testified: Saw deceased after he was shot; he was lying on the floor in a pool of blood, in a dying condition; I don't know how long he lived afterwards; I did not make any minute examination, for the reason I did not want my lawyers to prove I killed him with a probe.

JUDGE BAILEY.—The Citizen, in noticing the law school of Judge Bailey, at Asheville, says: Judge Bailey, notwithstanding his age, continues active in both mind and body, and but for the degenerate influences of radicalism which can tolerate nothing pure in man or principle, this able and incorruptible gentleman and jurist would occupy a place on the judicial bench of our State now filled by another.