

# Carolina Watchman.

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### A WORD TO FARMERS.

Buy a few dollars worth of books every year for your sons and hands and take a good newspaper; they will work better and be more cheerful. Try it.

### A WORD TO FARMERS SONS.

You have something to be proud and to boast of. The farm is the keystone to every industrial pursuit. When it succeeds all prosper; when it fails, all flag. Don't think you can't be a great man because you are the son of a farmer. Washington, Webster and Clay were farmer's sons, but while they toiled they studied. So do ye. Buy a good book, one at a time, read and digest it, and then another.

Call and see me and look over books.

## COME TO THE PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, And Get a Good Picture.

We will give you a good picture or not let you take it away; for we don't intend that any bad work shall go from this office to injure us and the business. Call and try.

Up Stairs between Parkers and Miss McMurtry's.

Call and examine my stock of Wall Paper, Window Shades, Writing paper, Inks &c. Mind I don't intend to be under sold.

Feb. 27. 1874.

### HARDWARE.

When you want Hardware at low figures, call on the undersigned at No. 2 Granite Row.

D. A. ATWELL,  
Salisbury, N. C., May 13-14.

### THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

An old man totters on the road  
Bow'd down with age and care;  
His locks are white and frost about  
Like snow flakes in the air;  
The clouds are gathering darkly round,  
The night seems settling fast,  
The winds send forth a moaning sound,  
The owlets flutter past.

The old man halts along the road,  
He sees the gathering gloom—  
No hope has he—no power to stay  
His fast approaching doom.  
He sees the children pass him by,  
And sadly turns his face;  
He knows too well that he must die,  
The New Year take his place.

He hears the children clap their hands  
And shout about for joy,  
He marks them hasten on their way  
The glad New Year to see,  
And then he hears the midnight chime  
Ring out his funeral knell;  
His life fades fast—he rests at last,  
The New Year breaks the spell.

A little child now leads the way—  
His step is light and bold,  
His hair is bright and flows about  
Like threads of burnished gold.  
The clouds are passing swift away,  
The morn seems soft and clear,  
The night has pass'd—the sun's brightness  
Brings in the glad New Year.

Farewell, Old Year! your work is done,  
A new one fills your place;  
The darkest night will pass away  
The morning dawn appear!  
We cannot bring the dead to life,  
Nor waken hours recall;  
But in the coming year we may,  
Perhaps, atone for all.

The subjoined lines were suggested by the death of the young lady from Ga., who was burned at Salem college a short while ago:

From the Chronicle and Sentinel, Augusta, Ga.

### THROUGH THE FIRE.

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. John Tilkey, of Augusta, Ga.

BY PAUL HAYNE.

I.  
She passed as martyr passed,  
Through the flames of fire;  
But around her arms of Christ are cast  
(As the cruel flames expire)  
And they bear her up to the central light  
O'er the golden streets to the sacred height  
Of a ransomed soul's desire.

II.  
O, mother! whose bleeding heart,  
In the torture's stress grows wild—  
O, father! whose heart strings seem to part,  
At the name of your perished child,  
Think, think, of the woes of life—  
Its agony, passion, strife,  
And comfort take as you look on her,  
Clothed for the tranquil sepulchre,  
With her closed eyes and pallid brow,  
That never more,  
Yes, never more,  
By sea or shore,  
Can the frozen pulses, grown so still,  
To the wrench of a mortal anguish thrill,  
Or her spirit writhe with that speechless pain,  
(A very madness of heart and brain),  
Which rends your spirits now.

III.  
And think for each pang she bore,  
The angels have brought her—balm;  
Think, she hath only gone before;  
Think of the crown and palm;  
Of mystic robes on a deathless form,  
Which the hand of the Saints have given—  
Of the realm that never hath known a storm,  
And "the great White Throne" in Heaven!

### A QUIET LIFE.

A little crib beside the bed,  
A little face above the spread;  
A little brock behind the door,  
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark-brown hair,  
A little blue-eyed face and fair;  
A little lane that leads to school,  
A little peaceli, slate and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,  
A little hand within his laid;  
A little cottage—acres four,  
A little old-time household store.

A little family gathering round,  
A little turk-headed, tear-dew'd mound;  
A little added to his soil,  
A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair,  
A little stool and easy chair;  
A little night of faithful gloom,  
A little cortège to the tomb.

### A PERIL OF THE DEEP.

The ship River Eden cleared from London on the 15th of September for Valparaiso, with a general cargo, including something over one hundred tons of gunpowder, and a quantity of lucifer matches. Nothing unusual occurred on the voyage till the 7th of October, when the master, Capt. Bowden, commenced to behave in a strange manner. His conduct was attributed to insanity. On the 14th of the same month the bark Elizabeth Graham was sighted. The chief mate of the Eden, Mr. Clarkson, sent a boat to the Elizabeth Graham to request her commander to come aboard. He did so, and had a consultation with Mr. Clarkson, whom he advised to place the Captain under no restraint, as he seemed harmless, but to soothe and keep him quiet, and to make for Pernambuco. About midnight the ship was found to be on fire. In an attempt to secure Captain Bowden, he wounded the second mate by a pistol shot. The crazy Captain had poured paraffine oil on his cabin floor, and fired it. The terrified crew had only to leave the ship. The Captain refused to go, and was left by the crew, who pulled on board the brig Janitta which was fortunately near. Two of the latter's crew volunteered to rescue Capt. Bowden, and succeeded, and almost immediately the River Eden blew up. Four days after the rescue, Captain Bowden managed to

### jump into the sea and was drowned.

This drama surpasses the fiction of Charles Reade's "Foul Play." The horror of such a situation as the sixteen men who composed the crew of the Eden were in, is almost beyond the reach of imagination, and is another proof of the truth of the saying, that truth is stranger than fiction.

### LEGISLATIVE SUMMARY.

The time of the House yesterday was wasted by the useless filibustering of Republican members. The game began over a bill to furnish improved arms to military schools in the State. It came out during the debate on the bill that Governor Caldwell had refused to furnish arms to the military school at Charlotte because Gen. D. H. Hill was one of the Professors of the institution. This display of partisanship on the part of the Governor was characterized and denounced by Messrs. Brown, of Mecklenburg, and Jones, of Caldwell, Messrs. Bowman, Dala and others on the Republican side of the House endeavored to delude the action of the Governor in the matter and to prevent the passage of the bill. Mr. Dala was particularly clamorous for the production of the correspondence between Gov. Caldwell and Colonel Thomas Superintendent of the Military Institution at Charlotte, until Mr. Gorman, a Republican, intimated that Gov. Caldwell's part in the said correspondence was as objectionable as that of Col. Thomas. The bill passed its second reading after much capricious opposition on the part of the Republican side of the House.

Again, on the bill to arrange the 4th Judicial District and to change the time of holding courts therein, was much valuable time wasted by the filibustering on the part of the Republican members. All sorts of frivolous motions were made and the yeas and nays demanded on each of the motions, to the complete clog of all other legislation. They even attempted to break a quorum by a number leaving the Hall at a preconcerted signal. In spite of their opposition, the bill passed its second reading. No valid objection was raised to the bill and the opposition arose simply from lobby efforts.

The Senate yesterday was occupied almost exclusively in the passage of a large number of private bills. The consolidation bill came back from the House with a number of amendments all of which were concurred in, with one exception.—*Raleigh News*, before Christmas.

A PITHY SERMON.—Many a sermon has been spun out to an hour's length that did not contain a tith of the sound, moral instruction and counsel to be found in the following brief and pithy sermon from the pen of that witty and airy writer, Rev. Dr. John Todd, deceased:  
"You are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your strength of body and soul; take for your motto self-reliance, honesty, and industry; for your stars, faith, perseverance, and pluck; and inscribe on your banner:  
"Be just and fear not." Don't take too much advice; stay at the helm and steer your ship. Strike out. Think well of yourselves. Five above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Don't practice excessive humility you can't get above your level—water don't run up hill. Pull your potatoes in a cart over a rough road and the small ones will go to the bottom. Energy, invincible determination, with the right motive, are the levers that move the world. The great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the world. Civility cost nothing and buys everything. Don't drink; don't smoke; don't swear; don't gamble; don't lie; don't deceive or steal; don't tattle.—Be polite; be generous; be self-reliant.—Read good books. Love your fellow man as well as you love God. Love your country and obey its laws. Love truth. Love honor. Always do what your conscience tells you is your duty, and leave the consequence to God!

### Take Heed.

No matter how intimate you may be with the friend with whom you may have business transactions put your agreement in writing. How many misunderstandings arise from the loose way in which business matters are talked over, and when each party puts his own construction on the matter and it is dismissed by each with the words, "All right; all right." Frequently it comes out all wrong, and becomes a question for the lawyers and the courts. More than three-fourths of the litigation of the people of the country would be saved if people would put down their agreements in writing and sign their names to it. Each word in our language has its peculiar meaning and memory may, by a change in a sentence convey an entirely different idea from that intended.—When once reduced to writing, ideas are fixed, and expensive lawsuits avoided.

The *Scientific American* publishes a full description of the proposed great tower to be erected in Philadelphia at the centennial. As to height, anything of pious device sinks into insignificance beside it. The tower of Babel was a common affair, in all probability, and the St. Peter's, at Rome, St. Paul's, London, and the Pyramids of Egypt, will "look like pigmies." The tower is to be one thousand feet in the air, of circular iron one hundred and fifty feet at the base and thirty at the top, with a spiral staircase for the use of any one who is foolish enough to attempt to walk up, and an elevator for those who are willing to risk a ride.

Whatever you would not wish your neighbor to do to you, do it not unto him. This is the whole law; the rest is merely the exposition of it.

### From the Tallahassee Floridian.

#### A Staghound Following a Buck to Sea.

During the recent camp hunt on St. James Island by some of our citizens, an incident occurred which is perhaps without a parallel in the annals of hunting, and deserves to be recorded. A large buck, closely pursued by that famous staghound, Old Ring, belonging to Mr. Hopkins, took water, and headed right out to sea; the dog without hesitation boldly followed him in his voyage over the "dark and treacherous waves." They were watched with intense interest by the hunters until each was a mere speck upon the surface of the sea, and until they were finally and totally lost to view. After some time, when it was supposed that both dog and deer had found a watery end, per haps a bloody grave, in mortal combat, or been devoured by sharks, a small object was discovered, which proved to be old Ring returning from his long swim, much exhausted, but reaching the shore in safety. But to the greater surprise of the spectators, after a time the deer also appeared in sight, making right for shore, on reaching which he was shot down by one of the hunters.

Some skeptic carried a dark lantern to entertainment of the Davenport Brothers, at Westley's the other evening, and when the dark scene came, and the gullies and bells were busy, turned on the light. One of the brothers was found to be untied and was lustily swinging about the instruments. The performance came to a very sudden close.

Sunday was a sad day for many in Gloucester, Mass. Year by year a death roll of those who have died at sea in the fishing fleet is kept. The year 1873 shows one hundred and seventy-four marines lost in the icy North, and services were held in their remembrance. All the different pastors and congregations of the town joined in the service, which were held in the town hall.

#### Strange Effect of a London Fog upon Cattle.

The London correspondent of the *New York World*, under date of Wednesday, the 11th inst., the third day of the extraordinary fog that enveloped the city, mentions, among other things, the great mortality it had caused among the cattle on exhibition at the annual show of the Smithfield Club. On Monday, two days before, there was not a single case of sickness among the large number that appeared before the judges, but by Wednesday at least one third had disappeared from the stalls. The explanation of this singular fact is that the long continuation of the fog had so vitiated the air as to poison them outright. Twenty-five died in twenty-four hours, and ninety-three had to be removed during the same time. None of them, no matter how big and hardy, seemed proof against the attack of this strange enemy, which seemed to single out cows, bulls and oxen for distinction, leaving sheep and hogs unharmed—the latter not appearing at all affected.

#### Nathan Rothschild.

In Harper's Monthly for January, Mr. Janus Henri Browne contributes under the fanciful title "The Knights of the Red Shield," a history of the Rothschild family, with portraits of its principal members. Those of our readers who may not be millionaires will feel a grievous satisfaction in perusing the following which may serve to make them more contented with their lot:  
The wretchedly rich Nathan Rothschild never went out alone after dark, never entered an unlighted room, had servants within call of his bed chamber, slept with loaded pistols under his pillow.

A fellow Frankforter, dining with him one evening, and observing the luxury of his household, remarked: "You must be happy, Baron, with the power to gratify every wish."  
"Happy, indeed!" was the response. "Do you think it happiness to be haunted always by a dread of murder, to have your appetite for breakfast sharpened by a threat to stab you to the heart unless you enclose a thousand guineas to some unknown villain?"  
"On one occasion, when the great financier had been to an evening party, and had gotten into his carriage to go home, a friend, wishing to make an appointment, stepped out to speak to him. The timorous banker mistook his familiar friend for a highwayman, and thrust a pistol out of the carriage window, with his favorite cry of 'Murder!' before he could be acquainted with the situation."

#### First Fruits of the Forty-Third Congress.

The two houses of Congress having adjourned to Monday, the 5th of January, 1874, the record of their doings for this month of December is before the country. It does not amount to much, and it warns the country to prepare for a long, exhaustive and comparatively profligate session. Five millions of money have been voted to complete the repairs commenced by the Secretary of the Navy on our available ships of war; a miserable apology in the shape of a modification of the increased salary and back pay grab of the last Congress has been passed by the House; also a general amnesty bill and a half-way re-construction of the Bankrupt law—all of which have been hung up to dry in the Senate. A bill providing for the redemption of the loan of 1858 (sixteen millions) has passed both houses, and this recapitulation covers the legislative works of the two houses since the first Monday in December.—*N. Y. Herald*.

#### A Definition of An Editor.

We have seen many definitions of many names, words and phrases, but the following of an editor, given by Josh Billings, is about the best we ever yet encountered:

An editor is a male being whose business it is to navigate a naze paper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deaths and weddings, sorts out manuscripts, keeps a waste basket, blows up the 'devil,' seals matter, fites other people's battles sells his paper for a dollar and 50 cents a year takes white beans and apples for pay when he can get it, raises a large family, works 19 hours out of every 25, knows no Sunday, gets damped by everybody, and once in a while whips bi somebody, lives poor, dies middle aged and often broken hearted, leaves no money, is often rewarded for a life of toil with a short but free tributary puff in the naze papers, Exchanges please copy.

#### PAY AS YOU GO.

John Randolph once ejaculated, in his shrill tones, while a member of the House of Representatives: "Mr. Speaker, I can cry Eureka, for I have found the philosopher's stone. It is 'Pay as you go!'" The example of the French "who never go in debt, and who have been saving money since the days of the first Napoleon," have become the richest people in the world, which seems proved by the fact that the German indemnity of a thousand millions of dollars, which they were obliged to pay, has been all discharged in two years, while we have been struggling for eight years with twice as much. Perhaps the wealth of the French farmers arises as much from the small farm system and the high cultivation they give the soil. There is a vast difference between farming in a loose way and having all work done in the best manner.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.—Half the perplexity, annoyance and trouble that men have in this world is in consequence of getting into debt. It seems to be natural for some men to buy and incur obligations without measure, so long as they can avoid paying ready cash. Give one of this sort a chance to buy on credit, and the question of price and conditions of payment are matters that he cares but little about. But what a crop of trouble springs up from the seed of debt. How many sleepless nights result from it! How many gray hairs it brings, and how often it shortens life—sometimes leading men to commit suicide or murder. And yet how easy a thing it is to keep clear of this terrible monster. Every young man should form a fixed and unalterable determination, before commencing his active business career, not to incur one penny of indebtedness under any circumstances. Never borrow. Never buy anything unless you have the money to pay for it at once. Pay no attention to splendid opportunities, "bargains," "rare chances," and the like.—Such affairs are only traps which debts set to catch victims. If you see anything that you would like to buy, or if any offer is made that you would like to accept, look first at your money pile, and make the answer depend upon that. Always pay as you go. If you are short of money, you should gauge your demands accordingly. Foster habits of economy, live within your means, buy nothing that you cannot properly afford, and you will go on through life free from the miseries and troubles that forever beset the path of the debtor.

JAPANESE WOMEN.—Naturally, there are no figures more perfect than those of the Japanese young women. The children, up to the age of fourteen, or as long as they have the free use of their limbs, are models of symmetry. About that time they begin to fasten long gowns about their hips, the effect of which is to impede their gait, and give them an awkward shamble. In course of time it does worse, and interrupts the development of their limbs. Among the laboring class, an additional misapprehension is accomplished by the practice of carrying burdens, from an early age, upon the back, for the support of which broad straps are passed over the shoulders and crossed in front, pressing directly upon the breasts. When a Japanese girl reaches the age of sixteen without having undergone either of these processes of deformity, she is a wonder to the eye and remains so until twenty-five or perhaps a little later. Then she ceases to charm, for a certain period, in any way excepting her manner, and that is generally preserved to the last. But as she grows old she has a chance of becoming quite delightful again. There is nothing nicer than a dignified and white-haired old Japanese lady. She is always happy, and cherished by her younger, and at a certain age the natural high-breeding of the race appears in her to attain its crystallization. Whatever her station in life, she is almost sure to suggest an idea of ancient nobility, and to be surrounded by the atmosphere of an Oriental Faubourg St. Germain.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

#### The Dean of Canterbury on Open Communion.

The Dean of Canterbury was one of the speakers at a public meeting held on the evening of the 16th ult. at Exeter Hall London, to receive reports from delegates recently returned from the Conference of Christians from all Nations, held in New York. The Dean said that since he came home he had been some what abused, though not more than his excellent predecessor, Dr. Alford had been. He has been charged with breaking law, but there was no such law, and, in being present at the communion in New York, none was broken. In England, perhaps, the attachment to the State Church had its disadvantages all was not gain. But in America there was no established church. (Great cheering.) He believed there was no stronger profanation of the Lord's Supper than to turn it into the test of the community to which all belonged. It was just as great an act of love for Dr. Stoughton and others to take the communion with him as for him to take it with them.—(Cheers) The whole proceedings of the Conference had been a surprise to him, and had been most cordially treated. He believed he might have stayed a year, travelling and visiting at no expense; America was a grand and noble country, and inhabited by a grand noble people.

In his autobiography in "Ten Minute Talks" Elihu Buritt tells how he studied mathematics. He couldn't afford time to attend school, so he used to do certain problems "in his head" while hammering away at his anvil. Here is one of them: "How many yards of cloth, three feet in width, cut into strips an inch wide, and allowing half an inch at each end for the lap, would it require to reach from centre of the sun to the centre of the earth, and how much would it all cost at a shilling a yard?" He would not allow himself to make a single figure with chalk or charcoal in working out this problem, and he would carry home to his brother all the multiplications in his head, and give them off to him and his assistant, who took them down on their slates, and verified and proved each separate calculation, and found the final result to be the right one.

When the Legislature of Massachusetts, which State was opposed to the Mexican war, refused funds to equip a regiment, Caleb Cushing did the work at his own expense, and was appointed Colonel with a pension of Daniel Webster as his Major. While in Mexico he was made a Brigadier-General by President Polk, and was one of the three officers detailed to examine into the difficulties between Scott, Pillow and Worth.

A western editor met a well educated farmer recently, and informed him that he would like to have something from his pen. The farmer sent him a pig, and charged him \$9.75 for it.

Frog hunting for the Boston market is said to be a profitable employment in Newburyport. The frogs are kept in tubs and fattened with meal and afterwards shipped to order.

"He winnowed her into Paradise with a fence rail." is a new phrase in Western journalism, for wife murder. Now for by transportation we think this is a shade too rapid. Besides, if good Mussulmen are to be believed, the sex don't go there.

#### A Lake Mystery.

##### A Frozen Boy Steering a Yawl Boat.

Sunday morning two farmers and their families, who were driving to Malden to attend church, noticed, when about eight miles below, or east of the town, a ship's yawl on the lake, heading towards the beach, and about a half mile away. They could plainly make out a man in the stern-sheets steering the boat with an oar and, although there were no vessels in sight, and the morning was so pleasant and the sea so smooth that it was supposed that the man had put out from the shore to pick up something, and but little attention was paid to the yawl. Passing the same spot on their return the men found the yawl hard on the beach, and the man sitting stiff and motionless in her stern. Leaving their wagons they discovered that the man was lifeless and frozen as hard as a stone. He sat bolt upright on the seat, the oar out behind and both hands clasping the handle, and it required hard work to wrench it from his death grip. There was about one foot of water in the boat, but the craft did not show rough usage. The man's legs were almost covered with ice as far up as his knees, and the spray had dashed over his back and shoulders and froze there. There was no name on the boat, and the person who brought the information to Windsor yesterday could not say that anything was found on the person of the man to reveal his identity, or to show how he had been cast adrift. It is not believed that he put off from any vessel, but it is the theory of some of the marine men that he was driven from some of the islands or from some point down the shore. No one could say how long he had been afloat or when death overtook him, but he must have been dead at least three days or more. There was neither sail nor mast to the boat, and nothing in it but the one oar, showing that the poor fellow had not intended a long trip anywhere, and he must have been blown off the shore.—He had tied his oar to keep before the wind, and had frozen to death on his seat, where he was so firmly held by the ice that it had to be broken with a stone before he could be pulled off. For days, and perhaps weeks, the frozen man sat there with his icy fingers clinging to the ashens oar, and the gales and the waves spared him to reach the shore and receive a christian burial, while a score of hardy men who manned a staunch propeller saw her go down to a grave in the deep waters and followed after. Truly, the great lakes have their mysteries as well as the broad ocean.—*Deseret Free Press*.

#### General and Mrs. Geo. B. McClellan

are spending the winter at Nice. While in Paris General McClellan received distinguished attention. He was given a prominent seat when he attended the French Assembly by invitation, and at the trial of Basaine was also treated as a guest deserving the highest consideration. Of the latter tribunal General McClellan writes that it was a most dignified court, and its proceedings appeared to be conducted with a strict regard to the demands of justice. The Orleans princes on General McClellan's staff during his command of the army have shown him great attention.

A Philadelphia letter to the *New York Tribune* says that by the recent failure of Jay Cooke & Co., Jay Cooke loses an estate belonging to him individually that was once thought worth nearly \$4,000,000. Mr. Moorhead had \$2,000,000 of property, it is said, before he entered the firm, and is now, of course, penniless. The other members also lose large private fortunes. None of them can possibly save a dollar from the wreck, judging from present indications.

The General Assembly of Virginia met in Richmond on Thursday. The Senate consists of 43 members, of which 34 Conservatives and nine Republicans, two of latter colored. The House consists of 121 members, of which 98 are Conservatives, and 23 Republicans, 17 of the latter being colored. The Conservative majority on joint ballot is 89.

The *New York Times* does not seem to be kindly disposed towards the Virginians. It thus writes her epithet: "Blockade runner, filibuster, and bearer of a fraudulent register, her history begins and ends with deceit and violence. The blood of the men murdered at Santiago de Cuba would have clung to her name and her record even under a new registry and a more creditable occupation."

#### THROAT CUT.

Christmas getting the better of Plummer Johnson and George Bobbitt, at Littleton on last Wednesday, they fell out and went together to settle a little difference of opinion springing up between them. In the rencontre Bobbitt cut the throat of Johnson very seriously, and the latter threw up the sponge. Then quiet was restored. Dr. Willis Alston was called to see the wounded man. The Doctor thinks there is no danger of his patient dying.—*Weldon News*.

#### MAN KILLED.

On Christmas eve a young white man named Eli Vick, residing in Northampton county, N. C., in attempting to cross the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad track at a point between Seaboard and Handsome in front of the rapidly moving down express train, was struck by the engine and so seriously injured that he died early yesterday morning.—*Portsmouth Enterprise*, 27th.

The error in the line of Mont Cenit tunnel, when the headings were brought together, was half a yard or about an inch to every thousand feet, while at Hoosac the whole variation was sixteenths of an inch, or less than one-sixteenth to the thousand feet.

It is gravely related in China that at the audience given by the Emperor the ambassadors were so overwhelmed by the augustness of His Imperial Majesty that not one of them could speak a word, and most of them had to be led out in a fainting condition."

#### A CORSET TURNS A BULLET ASTRA.

A discarded lover in Evansville, Indiana, attempted to shoot the lady he could not win Tuesday evening. She stood by the window rolling down the curtain when the shot was fired, but the ball, striking her corsets, failed to injure her. Young ladies who decline offers will now probably adopt the corset as a coat of mail.

#### John L. Pennington, formerly of Raleigh, has been made Governor of Dakota Territory.

Mr. Pennington learned the printing business in Raleigh, and during the war published a paper in Raleigh called *The Progress* and also published a paper in Newbern, N. C.—*Salem press*.

The ex-Queen Isabella, who is the sponsor of the youngest of his children, addressed a friendly letter to Marshal Bazaine immediately upon hearing of his condemnation. She has always remembered his service to her throne when she was a child. The Marshal replied with an elegant letter, which Isabella is said to have read aloud, weeping the while, for her friend.

Twenty-seven Nashville ladies determined to practice economy, vowed not to wear anything more expensive than calico dresses to church, and they stuck to it, as none of them have attended church since.

"He winnowed her into Paradise with a fence rail." is a new phrase in Western journalism, for wife murder. Now for by transportation we think this is a shade too rapid. Besides, if good Mussulmen are to be believed, the sex don't go there.