State Library

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. V.—THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY N. C., DECEMBER. 24, 1874 NO. 62.—WHOLE NO. 15

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
J. J. BRUNER,
Proprietor and Editor,
J. J. STEWART
Associate Editor.

RATES OF SUBCRIPTION
WEEKLY WATCHMAN.

ONE YEAR, payable in advance	$2.50
SIX MONTHS, " "	1.50
5 Copies to any address	10.00

Tri-weekly Watchman.

ONE YEAR in advance	$5.00
SIX MONTHS " "	3.00
ONE MONTH " "	.50

ADVERTISING RATES:

ONE SQUARE (1 inch)	One insertion	$100
" " "	two "	1.50

Rates for a greater number of insertions moderate. Special notices 25 per cent. more In regular advertisements. Reading notice 5 cents per line for each and every insertion

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY.

Is eminently a Family Medicine; and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctors' bill.

After over Forty Years trial it is still receiving the most unqualified testimonials to its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent physicians commend it as the most

EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC

For all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Spleen.

The SYMTOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; SOUR STOMACH; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately costive and lax; Headache; Loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Debility. Low Spirits; a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and Eyes. a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption.

Sometimes many of these symtoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the LIVER, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not Regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will ensue.

For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, SICK HEADACH. Colic, Depression of Spirits, SOUR STOMACH, Heart Burn, &c., &c.

The Cheapest and Purest Family Medicine in the world!

Manufactured only by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
Macon Ga., and Philadelphia.
Price $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

☞ Look out for the cross X mark, and remember that it means that you owe us, or that your time for the paper is out, or will be out by the first of January next.

☞ No one should be without the *Watchman* for the next twelve months For all new subscribers the price has been reduced. Send on $2.10 and try the *Watchman* for one year.

Godey's Lady's Book is the best and most popular Magazine of fashions, besides it contains stories, news. receipts and valuable miscellaneous reading matter. To each subscriber for 1875 is given a beautiful Chromo, of The Rescue.

We will furnish the Lady's Book, *Watchman* and the Chromo to new subscribers one year, for $4,50, postage paid onall.

☞ We do hope that all our readers will renew their subscription to the Watchman before the first day of January next. Those behind should pay up promptly. We don't want to strike off any names; we don't twant to put out any claims, but we shall be compelled to do both, if our friends will not comply with this request.

REPLY TO "THE CONQUERED BANNER.

BY SIR H. HOUGHTON, BART. ENGLAND.

Gallant nation, foiled by numbers,
Say not that your hopes are fled;
Keep that glorious flag that slumbers
One day to avenge your dead.

Keep it widowed, souless mothers,
Keep it sisters, mourning brothers—
Furl it with an iron will,
Furl it now, but—keep it still.
Think not that its work is done.

Keep it till your children take it
Once again to hail and make it
All their sires have bled and fought for,
All their noble hearts have sought for,
Bled and fought for all alone.

All alone! Ay, shame the story—
Millions here deplore the stain—
Shame, Alas! for England's glory—
Freedom called, and called in vain,

Furl that banner sadly, slowly,
Treat it gently, for 't is holy,
Till that day—yes furl it sadly,
Then once more unfurl it gladly—
Conquered banner, keep it still.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild;
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child;
For a look so warm and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale, young face.
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her
With kindly look, yet keen,
"Is"—"Mary McGuire, if you please, sir."
"And your age?" "I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You're charged here, I am sorry to say it,
With stealing three loaves of bread,

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first the sole reply.
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you how it was, sir;
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brothers and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow times were hard, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered—
(Little Johnny's but four years old)—
So what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn,
I took—oh was it stealing?—
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court-room—
Gray-beard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spoke the truth.
Out from their pockets came 'kerchiefs
Out from their eyes sprung tears.
And out from old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study—
The strangest you ever saw.
And he cleared his throat and muttered
Something about the law;
For one so learned in such matters—
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
When at last these words they heard:
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present, ueferred!"
And no one blamed him or wondered,
When he went to her and smiled.
And tenderly led from the court room
Mary, the "guilty" child.

Story of an Eventful Life.

Larkyns was a man of infinite adventure. He was one of Charles Lever's heroes in real life. As the younger son of a rich Scotchman he got a deal of learning and a little lucre. A few years of life on the Continent added to the former and swept away the latter. While he was living royally on his principal, he seems to have amused himself with plotting dire destruction for the crowned heads of Europe. He carried a musket under Garibaldi, and is said to have belonged to Mazzini's secret league. The spies of Europe knew him. He grew accustomed to being escorted across frontiers by two policemen. He was withal only an amateur conspirator Plots fascinated him. He declared that he never meant to do any king harm, and indeed his schemes always failed. Perhaps he felt that he was to reign himself. But we anticipate. When Larkyns came home, accomplished and penniless, from his wanderings, his relatives bought him an army commission He sailed for India to join his regiment. Arrived there, he soon wearied of the routine, sold out of the service and started for Central Asia. There his fortune culminated. He fell into the good graces of a heathen potentate, administered his government for him, and finally freed him from all further care in the matter by making himself Rajah. He succeeded to the palace, the harem and the treasury of the man he had excelled, and led a life of barbaric magnificence,

After six years of solitary splendor he wearied of the cares of state. He decamped at night, and betook himself and trunkful of diamonds to London. His family naturally killed the fasted calf in his honor, but he quarreled with them soon and bade them good-by forever This made dependence on them impossible when, soon after, an unlucky speculation robbed him of the spoils of his rajahship. His beggary and outbreak of the Franco-German war were coincident. He was soon fighting as Major Larkyns on General Bourbaki's staff. Bravery gave him the cross of the legion of honor, and then, at Metz, a wound. He limped through the campaign, which ended at Sedan, was captured with his *pro tem* monarch. He fades out of view as a prisoner of war at Sedan and reappears as a soldier of fortune at Salt Lake City in the winter of 1872. Thence he wandered to Honolulu, back to San Francisco, and into a 'Frisco jail. The failure of the man who had cashed his fictitious drafts to prosecute him set him free.

The ex-King became a coal-heaver. As a day-laborer, a stevedore, as a clerk, as a translator, as a correspondent, he worked to gain money and regain reputation. He was well employed at Calistoga when the end came. A jealous San Francisco husband hurried thither with Larkyns' letters to his wife in his pocket and his pistol in his hand. He called Larkyns to the door, and the doomed man came. There was a cry of "Throw up your hands!" an oath, a flash and the dull thud of a bullet, and the man of the world went out of the world. The wages of his sin were death. He might have done much, but he preferred to enjoy much; and this was the ghastly end of an odd life. Among the queerest of the queer crowd that will rise from California soil when the last trump sounds, will be the late Larkyns.—*California paper.*

ANNETTE'S PLOT.

BY SUDGE CLARE.

Annette Vance was a born mischief-maker. She could see nothing wrong in promoting petty squabbles between her friends. It made them so uncomfortable while the variance lasted, and ridiculous when all was discovered to be a mistake, that Annette found capital fun in it. But nothing afforded her *quite* so much amusement as getting up what she called "harmless quarrels" between lovers. *That*, in her estimation, capped the climax of enjoyment.

Not that Annette was malicious or wicked. She would have shrunk from intentionally doing harm to any one. She was merely thoughtless. With all her fondness of mischief, she could be a true friend, and such she was to Nora Griffith, who had come to spend a month with Annette, who had been her schoolmate, and from whom Nora had no secrets not even her engagement with Justin Grey.

The current of Nora and Justin's love had run so smooth that Annette half-blamed herself that nothing had occurred to ripple its surface. Such a courtship, she felt, must be quite insipid; hence she resolved to do something to break its monotony. This, she deemed a mere act of friendship. Lovers' happiest moments are when they "make up;' but how are they to "make up" if they never quarrel? A little tiff between Nora and Justin, from Annette's standpoint, was essential to their complete felicity.

Annette's plan was simple and soon matured. On her list of friends was a young gentleman of pleasing manners, agreeable person, moderate capacity, and unbounded admiration of the sex. He deemed it every woman's due to be paid court to, and every man's duty to accept her decision without complaint.

Such, in brief, was Percival Blythe, whom Annette lost no time in introducing to her friend, confident that he would not be slow to improve the new opportunity thus thrown in his way.

Nor were Annette's expectations at all disappointed; though Percival had tact enough to avoid giving alarm by proceeding too rashly at first. He was politely attentive, but did nothing to lead Nora to suspect that receiving his attentions, she was doing aught inconsistent with her engagement to Justin Grey

A fashionable ball was to come off, and Annette so managed that Percival was to be Nora's escort— an arrangement to which the latter readily consented, for Mr. Blythe was altogether the most agreeable gentleman she had met since her visit to Annette, and if she *must* go to the ball, she preferred going with him.

Now for Annette's plot.

It was to write a letter to Justin Grey inviting him to the ball, intimate that Nora and herself had talked the matter over, and hinting that Nora, though dying to see him, and longing for his presence on the coming occasion, had hesitated to ask him away from his business to gratify what he might regard as a girlish whim.

"Whence," continued Annette," "I have taken it upon myself to urge you to come. You can take the afternoon train and be here in time; and the morning train will take you back in season for that provoking business of yours about which Nora makes such a mighty bother. I need not mention how agreeably surprised she will be to see you, nor make use of further persuasion to induce your coming. Knowing, as you now do, Nora's wishes it would be akin to rudeness not to respect them."

Annette gave the letter to her Uncle George in whose house she dwelt, to put in the post, and kept her own counsel.

"What a nice little breeze there'll be," she chuckled to herself, "when Justin comes and finds Nora all ready to go to the ball with Percival Blythe, and that gentleman doing his killingest to make an impression? Won't there be a scene!"

Annette waited patiently for the evening of the ball. She was sure Justin would come. He was too devoted to Nora to stay away after an intimation that she desired his presence.

As the hour at which she expected Justin's arrival approached, Annette became nervous. She knew his impetuous temper, and was quite sure to what length it might carry him. She dressed and came down early, feeling it safe to be in the way to explain matters should things be in danger of going too far,

"Strange, Justin is not here," she said to herself. "It's past time for the train. It must have met with some delay. Ah! there's the whistle now."

Had Nora been apprised that Justin was coming she would scarcely have tarried so long in her dressing gown. As it was she had not yet made her appearance when Mr. Blythe entered.

"There has been a terrible accident," he said.

"The afternoon train from the city was thrown from the track, and most of the passengers are either killed or wounded. An extra train brought on those who escaped,"

"Then God have mercy on me! shrieked Annette; "for I am guilty of Justin's murder."

"What's all this ado?" cried Uncle George, coming in at the moment,

"Oh, Uncle! Uncle!" she sobbed, "forgive me—that letter!"

"What letter?"

"The one I gave you to mail yesterday."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Uncle George—"I fear I must ask *your* forgiveness, *here's the letter in my pocket*, I really forgot all about it."

"Bless you indeed!" cried Annette, throwing her arms about his neck, and kissing him over and over again.

"Well, I am glad to get out of the scrape so easily," said Uncle George, who had expected a sound blowing up.

Annette threw the letter in the fire and ran up to Nora's room, where she made a full confession, and received forgiveness. When she came down she told Mr. Blythe that, for reasons the sufficiency of which he must take on her word, she and Nora had changed their minds about going to the ball. Mr. Blythe was much too gallant to insist upon reasons from a lady, and politely took his leave.

We have not heard of any mischievous prank of Annette's since. Let us trust that her cure may be permanent.

ADAM AND EVE OVER AGAIN.

There was an old couple who earned a poor living, working hard all day in the fields.

"See how hard we work all day,' said the wife, "and it all comes of the foolish curiosity of Adam and Eve. If it had not been for that, we should have been living now in a beautiful garden, with nothing to do all day long."

"Yes,' said the husband; 'If you and I had been there, instead of Adam and Eve, all the human family had been in paradise."

The Count, their masters, overheard them talking in this way, and he came to them and said:

"How would you like it if I took you into my palazzo there, to live, and gave you servants to wait on you, and plenty to eat and drink?"

"Oh, that would be delightful indeed! That would be as good as paradise itself!' answered husband and wife together.

"Well, you may come up there, if you think so. Only remember, in paradise there was one tree that was not to be touched; so at my table there will be one dish not to be touched. You mustn't mind that,' said the Count.

"Oh, of course not,' replied the old peasant; "that's just what I say when Eve had all the fruits in the garden, what did she want with just that one, that was forbidden? And if we who are used to the scantiest victuals, are supplied with enough to live well, what does it matter to us whether there is an extra dish or not on the table?"

"Very well reasoned,' said the Count. "We quite understand each other, then!'

"Perfectly,' replied both husband and wife.

"You come to live at my palace, and have everything you can want there, so long as you don't open one dish, which there will be in the centre of the table If you open that, you go back to your former way of life."

"We quite understand,' answered the peasant.

The Count went in and called his servant, and told him to give the peasants an apartment to themselves, with everything they could want, and a sumptuous dinner; in the middle of the table was to be an earthern dish, into which he was to put a little bird alive, so that if one lifted the cover, the bird would fly out. He was to stay in the room and wait on them, and report to him what happened.

The old people eat down to dinner, and praised everything they saw, so delightful it all seemed.

"Look! that's the dish we're not to touch,' said the wife.

"No; better not look at it,' said the husband.

"Pshaw! There's no danger of wanting to open it when we have such a lot of dishes to eat our fill out of,' returned the wife.

So they set to and made such a repast as they had never dreamed of before. By degrees, however, as the novelty of the thing wore off, they grew more and more desirous for something newer and newer still. Though when they at first sat down it seemed that two dishes would be ample to satisfy them, they had now seven or eight, and they were wishing there might be others coming. There is an end to all things human, and no others came. There only remained the earthern dish in the middle of the table.

"We will just lift the lid up a little wee bit,' said the wife.

"No; don't talk about it,' said the husband.

The wife sat still for five minutes, and then she said.

"If one just lifted up one corner of the lid, it would scarcely be called opening it, you know.'

"Better leave it alone, altogether, and not think about it at all,'

The wife sat still another five minutes, and she said: "If one peeped in just the least in the world, it would not be any harm surely, and I should so like to know what can the Count have put in that dish.

"I am sure I can't guess in the least,' said the husband, and I must say I can't see what it can signify to him if we did look at it.'

"No; that's what I think, and besides, how would he know if we peep in? It would not hurt him, said the wife.

"No, as you say, one could just take a look,' said the husband,

The wife did not want more encouragement than that. But when she lifted one side of the lid the least mite, she could see nothing. She opened it the least mite more and the bird flew out. The servant ran and told his master, and the Count came down and drove them out, bidding them never to complain of Adam and Eve any more.

AIR LINE R. R.—A Mr Fisher of unknown fame has been appointed Receiver in the interests of the bondholders. The history of this road with its smart practices teaches the old truth: "The way of transgressors is hard.—*Home.*

Divine Sympathy.

(From Christian at Work)

There is no warmer Bible phrase than this "touched with the feeling of our infirmities.' The Divine nature is so vast, and the human so small, that we are apt to think that they do not touch each other at any point. We might have never so many mishaps, the Government at Washington would not hear of them; and there are multitudes in Britain whose troubles Victoria never knows; but there is a Throne against which strike our most insignificant perplexities what touches us, touches Christ What annoys us, annoys Christ. What robs us robs Christ. He is the great nerve centre to which thrill all sensations which touches who are His members.

He is touched with our physical infirmities. I do not mean that He merely sympathizes with a patient in collapse of cholera, or in the delirum of a yellow fever, or in the anguish of a broken back, but in all those annoyances that come from a disordered nervous condition. In our excited American life, sound nerves are a scarcity. Human sympathy in the case we mention amounts to nothing.—Your friends laugh at you and say that you have "the blues, or "the high strikes," or "the fidgets," or "the dumps." But Christ never laughs at the whims, the notions, the conceits, the weaknesses of the nervously disordered. Christ probably suffered in the same way, for he had lack of sleep, lack of rest, lack of right food, lack of shelter, and under this his finely strung temperament must have become (as we say) *nervous.*

Chronic complaints—rheumatism, pneuralgia, dispepsia—cease to excite human sympathy. But with Christ they never become an old story. He is as sympathetic as when you felt the first twinge of inflamed muscle, or the first pang of indigestion. When you can not sleep, Christ keeps awake with you. All the pains you ever had in your head are not equal to the pains Christ had in his head. All the acute sufferings you ever had in your feet are not equal to the acute suffering Christ had in his feet By his own hand he fashioned your every bone—strung every nerve, grew every eyelash, set every tooth in its socket, and your every physical disorder is patent to Him and touches his sympathies.

SOME OLD CITIES.—Ninevah was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide, and forty-six miles round, with a wall 100 feet high and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and 100 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The Temple of Dianah at Ephesus was 420 feet to the support of the roof—it was 100 years in building. The largest of the pyramids was 481 feet in height and 853 feet on the sides. The base covered eleven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length, and the layers are 208 It employed 350,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains 300 chambers and twelve halls, Thebes, in Egypt, present ruins twenty-seven miles around, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donation that it was plundered of $50,000,000, and the emperor Nero carried from it 200 statutes. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles around.

A YOUNG SLAVE.—A young man writes: "When ill, two years ago, my physician gave me opium, and, not recovering health, being unable to sleep I continued the use of the drug till now 'I cannot quit it;' without it, I become almost delirious. Pray, what shall I do?"

Well, if you "cannot" quit it, you must do as those who have other habits do—chewing, smoking, drinking - who cannot quit them. You must continue to wear the chains. Death will come to your relief one of these days; though it seems a pity one should die a slave, in his chains "I cannot quit it." Your master is, indeed, a tyrant. But some brave men would rather die, than remain a slave. And, are you a coward? You are not alone in your misery. Half the men you meet are also slaves. They have no hope; even though they may have a desire to be free.

Habit! habit! O thou cruel tyrant, to hold so many in a hopeless bondage! When, O when, may thy power be broken! But we bow our necks in abject submission. We love the master who cruelly treats us. We are slaves. We will not be free!—*Science of Health.*

STATUE OF THE GREAT STONEWALL.—The statue of Stonewall Jackson, executed by the late Mr. Foley, the well known English sculptor, for the city of Charleston, is now nearly completed at the Manor foundry at Chelsea, near London. The General is represented as standing with a drawn broadsword in his right hand. The hand rests on the sword hilt and the point of the weapon is placed upon a piece of rock at the side of the figure. He wears a horseman's short tunic, girt by a broad belt, and buttoned close on the chest, and loose trowsers with riding boots. The defect work, says the *Athenæum* is in the face, which likes vivacity and even poetic suggestiveness.

PAYING FOR "LOYALTY."—The city of Concord, N. H., belied its name some time in the early part of the late war by permitting a mob to destroy a Democratic newspaper office for expression of "disloyal" sentiments. Recently the taxable inhabitants of that city have had to pay for the loyal fun, suit for considerable damages consequent upon the amusement having resulted in favor of the disloyal newspaper.

SEVENTY THOUSAND VICTIMS.

Further Accounts of the Horrible Massacre of Christians of Tong-King, China.

The Missions Catholiques publishes the following letter from Mgr. Puginieri Vicar Apostolic to Eastern Tong-King:—"I hasten to thank you for the interest you have manifested in our cause by publishing several articles on the persecution of Tong-Long. The readers of the Missions Catholiques must have been touched by the terrible misfortunes of our Christians, and will not have omitted to ask the Divine Master to restore peace and prosperity to His Church in China. We count much upon the prayers of the Catholic world. I will not conceal from you that I consider that the present fearful crisis in Tong-King will prove eventually very favorable to the Catholic religion. God will hear the prayers of our martyrs. The massacres of Christians and the pillaging and burning of their villages commenced in my mission, and thence spread into that of Mgr. Gauthier. How can I ever describe to you the horrors we have witnessed, and which we were utterly unable to prevent! The litterati, freed from all restraint, excited by love of pillage and drunk with blood, abandoned all restraint, and their wrath knew no bounds. Armed with lances, guns, and even cannons, they threw themselves, followed by numerous bands of lawless men, upon the Christian villages, none of which were strong enough to defend themselves. They killed men, women and children without distinction, sparing neither those who asked for pity nor those who refused to do so. A schoolmaster seeing the litterati coming, took refuge in church, and there, prostrate before the altar, implored the mercy of God. The murderers arrived. They seized him in the sanctuary and scalped him. He still continued to pray, and they at last cut his head off. Among them were several old men, women, girls and even children. Three priests, 20 missionary students and 10 catechists or scholars of Mgr. Gauthier met with the same fate. About 70,000 Christians, in both missions, were totally ruined and dispersed. The majority were killed in the sack of the villages; many were ordered to apostatize, and, on refusing to do so, condemned to death. A great many are still hidden in the mountains, living there on roots and herbs. Others have taken refuge with pagan friends. Over 30 presbyteries, 200 churches, 300 villages, containing 14,000 families, and 10 convents of Annamite nuns have been pillaged and burned. The material loss to the missions is over 400,000 francs, and that of the Christians exceeds 15,000,000 francs. The labor before us is immense. We have, first of all, to bring the dispersed Christians back to their villages, and they are nearly naked and without money. Moreover, their houses being burned we shall have to help to rebuild them. I estimate that each mission will require at least 300,000 francs to put it to rights, and where are we to get the money? We trust in Providence, and entreat the aid of God through the intercession of His latest martyrs."

THE Rev. John Murray, the founder of the Universalist churches in the United States, began his ministry in Gloucester, Mass., on Nov. 3, 1774. On Nov. 3, 1874, the hundredth return of that day was celebrated in that town with much enthusiasm The church was decorated with flowers and leaves, and an old barrel organ, the first used by the congregation, was placed near the pulpit.

SLAUGHTER OF THIEVES.—A few nights since, a farmer living in Charles county, Maryland, near the St. Mary's line, was awakened by the furious barking of his dog, and when, taking his gun and opening the door of his house, he beheld an object suspended in the air, near his corn-house. he fired and a man fell to the ground. Three negro men were engaged in stealing his corn, and for this purpose a lever had been put under the corn-house. The man killed sat on the end of the leaver, which enabled the other two men to enter the house and put out the corn. As the man fell the lever dropped, and the house fell upon the two men, killing them both.

A FAITHFUL GOVERNMENT AGENT.—Dr. J. J. Mott, late Collector of this the Sixth District, in turning over to his successor, went out of office with a *clean balance sheet*, paying every cent. Let the Government stick a pin there. This is encomium enough for a faithful officer. —*American.*

N. C. Conference.

The North Carolina Conference of the Methodist E. Church, South, met in Raleigh on the 2d of december, and, after a very harmonious and important session of six days, adjourned to meet in Wilmington in the Fall of 1875.

The following is a correct list of

APPOINTMENTS.

RALEIGH DISTRICT—J P Moore, P E
Raleigh, Edenton Street—A W Mangum,
" Person Street—N M Jurney,
Cary circuit—J E Thompson.
Rolesville—T B Recks.
Smithfield—J F Smoot.
Tar River—H H Gibbons.
Louisburg station—F L Reid.
Granville—J R Griffith.
Henderson—A A Boshamer.
Nashville & Rocky Mount—L J Holden.
Youngville—M J Hunt.
Editor Raleigh Christian Advocate—J. B Bobbitt.

HILLSBORO DISTRICT—L L Hea[illegible] P E.
Hillsboro—H P Cole.
Alamance—R S Webb.
Chapel Hill & Haw River—W H [illegible]
Pittsboro—C C Dodson.
Yanceville—John Tillett.
Deep River—T C Moses.
Leasburg—J W Jenkins.
Person—W M Jordan.
Durham—J J Renn.
Flat River—T J Gattis.

Greensboro District—N H D Wilson, P. E.
Greensboro—W H Bobbitt
North Guilford—S. H Helsabeck.
South Guilford—Z Rush.
Thomasville & High Point—P L Hein[illegible]
Trinity—B Craven.
Davidson—C H Pillipe & B F Bum[illegible]
Randolph—J W Lewis.
Winston J F Heitman.
Stokes—J R Scroggs.
Madison—L E Stacy.
Wentworth—W C Noman.
Trinity College—B Craven, Presi[illegible]
Agent for Trinity College—V A [illegible]
Agent for Greensboro Female Colle[illegible] —
J A Cunninggim.

Salisbury District—D R Bruton, P. [illegible]
Salisbury—L W Crawford.
Salisbury circuit—T L Triplett & J. P Goode.
Mooresville—T A Coon.
Statesville—J W Wheeler.
Statesville circuit—J N Somer.
Mocksville—L Shell, W C Wilson, sup.
Iredell—M L Wood.
Alexander—H F Wiley.
Wilkes—J C Smith.
Yadkinville—R T N Stephenson.
Mount Airy—S M Davis.
Surry—W B Maness.
Sauraton Mission—A M Long.

Shelby District—L S Burkhead, P. E.
Shelby—H T Hudson.
Shelby circuit—J W North.
Double Shoals—S D Peeler.
South Mountain Mission—J C Crisp.
Cherry Mountain—C A Gault.
Rutherfordton—S Leard.
Columbus Mission—N Norton.
Marion—J T Harris.
Upper Broad River Mission; N G Whittington.
Morganton; J S Ervin.
Lenoir; G W Ivey.
Happy Home; J C Hartsell.
Newton; D May.
Rock Spring; J W Puett.
South Fork; C M Anderson.
Dallas; P F W Stamey.
Lincolnton; R G Barrett.
Davenport Female College; W M Robey, Prest.

CHARLOTTE DISTRICT—J S Nelson, P. E.
Charlotte, Tyron Street—P J Carr[illegible]
" Calvary Mission—W S Ha[illegible]
South Charlotte—P Greening.
Pineville—W D Lee.
Pleasont Grove—T H Edwards.
Monroe—C M Pepper.
Monroe circuit—M W Boyles.
Concord—O J Brent.
Concord circuit—M C Thomas.
Mount Pleasant—M V Sherrill.
Albemarle—T P Ricaud.
Stanly—E Howland.
Ansonville—A D Betts.
Wadesboro—B B Culbreth.
Wadesboro circuit—J H Guion.
Lilesville—M H Hoyle.

Fayetteville District—S D Adams, P. E.
Fayetteville—E W Thomson.
Cumbeland—I W Avent.
Robeson—I T Wyche.
Laurinburg—T W Guthrie.
Rockingham—Jos Wheeler.
Pee Dee—T A Boone.
Uwharrie—Gaston Farrar.
Montgomery—I F Keesans.
Carthage—L H Gibbons.
Jonesboro—S C Phillips.
Buckhorn—W S Chaffin.

Wilmington District—W S Black, P. E.
Wilmington, Front Street—J E [illegible]
" Fifth Street—J S G[illegible]
Topsail—R M Brown.
Kenansville—Jos B Martin.
Magnolia—J W Randle.
Cape Fear Mission—To be supplied.
Clinton—J B Alford.
Cokesbury—F W Smith.
Bladen—J Sanford.
Elizabeth—J T Bagwell
Whitesville—J B Bailey.
Smithville—T P England.
Onslow—L W Pigott.
Church of Strangers, New York—C [illegible] Deems.

Newberne District—E A Yates, P. E.
Goldsboro—J R Brooks.
Wilson—F H Wood,
Wayne—R A Willis.
Mount-Olive—R P Bibb,
Kinston—James Wilson.
Snow Hill—J P Simpson.
Neuse—J J Carden.
Swift Creek Mission—W H Cunninggim.
Jones—N A Hooker.
Lenoir—J N Andrews.
Newbern—W C Gannon.
Craven—D Culbreth.
Beaufort—J H Wheeler.
Carteret—J Mahoney.
Straits, To be supplied by G W H[illegible] son.

Washington District—W Closs, P. E.
Washington & Greenville, A R [illegible] and W H Call.
Warrenton, J W Shackford.
Warren, S V Hoyles.
Roanoke, R O Burton.
Tarboro, F D Swindle.
Williamston, J Johnson.
Plymouth & Jamesville, W S Rom[illegible]
Columbia, W H Watkins.
Bath, L L Nash.
Mattamuskeet, Miles Foy, I H Hi[illegible]
Portsmouth & Ocracoke, J M [illegible]
Cape Hatteras, To be supplied by [illegible] Dixon.