

The Carolina Watchman.

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January 22 1879—11.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WATCHMAN

POETRY.

De Golyer Garfield Pleads His Cause.

Garfield in his armchair seated, while repose he seeks greeteth,
Dreaded that he would be defeated,
Which must surely come to pass,
When he awoke, there stood before him
One who no devotion bore him,
But was half inclined to grieve him,
Through his front of solid brass;
'Twas Columbia, lovely lass!

When he saw this scornful lady, though his heart was sore dismayed,
He spoke, and deep obedience made by, as he told her of his fears;
'Twas she said, "is my dreaming something more than empty seeming?
Will there come to all my scheming such an end as now appears?"
Said Columbia: "That day nears!"

"But," he urged, "will nothing soften people I have served so often,
But to see me in my coffin, cold and dead and quite alone?"
"No," she said; "your nomination puts you now in such a station
That the country's elevation waits till you are overthrown;
We shall not take you as a loan!"

"Why," he asked, "am I degraded? Can't the people be persuaded,
Ere my quiet grave is spaded, just to take me as a fee?
Why incontinently drop me; why severely clip and crop me,
Sheer me, slave me, ent and lop me when so useful I could be?"
'Talk is very cheap," said she.

"But the party," then he argued, "will be wretchedly embargued,
If I thus am Wells-and-Fargoed, by a short and speedy route,
To a doubtful destination; it will lose its vindication."
'That!" she said, "this healthy nation can endure, beyond a doubt,
And I know what I'm about."
(Albany Argus.)

ROWAN COUNTY.

BY J. R.

FAMILIES LIVING ON THE YADKIN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Amid the ever shifting scenes of domestic and social life, it is extremely difficult to get a picture of any one neighborhood. During the period of current life, events are regarded as of so little importance, and there are so numerous and crowded, that no one takes the time and trouble to make a record of passing events. But when a generation or two has gone by, and children or grandchildren would love to know the history of their ancestors, only fragments remain. Now and then a curious clerk or arises, and in searching into records in family Bibles, old wills and deeds, and by the aid of some survivor of past generations stranded on the shores of time, succeeds in sketching an outline of the old days. But the picture can never be complete, and seldom absolutely accurate. With such aids as these, the author of these sketches proposes to give a running sketch of the people that lived in a part of Rowan county at the close of the last century.

About six miles northeast of Salisbury, where Grant's Creek pours its yellow waters into the Yadkin, there are some large and spacious dwellings, owned by Alexander Long, Esq. Somewhere about 1758 there appeared in Rowan county a man who is designated in a deed, dated October 7th, 1757, as John Long, Gentleman. He purchased a tract of land of 630 acres on the ridge between Grant's Creek and Crane Creek, and joined the Yadkin land. In 1758 he received a title from the Earl of Granville for 608 acres on the "Draughts of Grant's Creek." Also 640 acres on Crane Creek, adjoining his own. Al-o 604 acres on Second Creek; besides some town lots in Salisbury—altogether between twenty-five hundred and three thousand acres. These lands were purchased by Alexander Long, Esq., of the Inferior Court for 1756, p. 400. John Long had some transactions with William and Joseph Long of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, perhaps brothers, or other relatives of his. According to deeds and letters of administration, his wife's name was Hester. These were the parents of Alexander Long, Esq., of the Yadkin. In the year 1780 the Cherokee Indians were on the war-path, and Col. Hugh Waddell was stationed with a regiment of infantry, at the new village of Salisbury, for the protection of the western settlements. Tradition says that John Long was killed by the Indians in an expedition against the settlement of Grant's Cove, on the North Fork of the Catawba River, not far from Pleasant Gardens. The records of the Inferior Court of 1760, p. 293, have this entry: "Upon motion of Mr. Dunn, ordered that Hester Long, relict of John Long, dec., have administration of the estate of her husband, Alexander Long, dec., late of the Yadkin. John Long and Thos. Parker be bound in £600. She took the oath of Administratrix." Tradition states that Hester Long afterwards married George Magoune, by whom she was the mother of a daughter who became the wife of Maxwell Chambers. The Court records for April, 1763, p. 461, have this entry: "Wm. Long ex George Magoune et uxore, Adms. of John Long." Alexander Long was probably the only child of Jno. Long, was born Jan. 16th, 1758, and became heir to the vast area of fertile lands entered and purchased by his father. When he became of age he added to this large estate. In 1788 he bought a tract on both sides of the road from Salisbury to Trading Ford, and in 1784, he entered 605 acres on the North side of the Yadkin River. He first married a sister of George Montfort Stokes, by whom he had one daughter, named Elizabeth, who became the wife of Alexander Frelock, Esq., who was the sheriff of Rowan county. He was married a second time to Miss Elizabeth Chapman, a lady from Virginia, Oct. 12, 1786. Besides his extensive landed estate, Alexander Long was the owner of a hundred or more slaves, and had a valuable ferry over the Yadkin at the mouth of Grant's Creek, besides valuable fisheries on the River. In those days the Yadkin abounded with shad, and immense quantities were caught in Mr. Long's fisheries. He had a large family of sons and daughters—John, Alexander, William, Richard, James, Nancy, Maria, Rebecca, Harriet and Caroline.

The second son, Dr. Alex. Long, late of Salisbury, whose memory is still fresh in the minds of our citizens, spent the larger part of his life in Salisbury. He was for many years the leading physician in the county, and his practice was very extensive. He married Miss Mary Williams, of Hillsboro. At the organization of the Presbyterian Church of Salisbury, Dr. Long became one of its original members, and one of its first ruling Elders. He continued to be an Elder until his death in 1877, in the 89th year of his age. Maria Long, daughter of Alex. Long, Esq., became the wife of the late Michael Brown, of Salisbury, so long a prominent merchant, and Ruling Elder of the Presbyterian church. The houses of Dr. Long and Michael Brown were for many years the abodes of a bountiful hospitality. Ministers and agents for religious objects always found there a cordial welcome and a generous entertainment. Harriet, another daughter of Alex. Long, was married to the late George Brown, for a long period a leading merchant of Salisbury. Rebecca Long married Capt. Edward Yarboro. The others were all well known, and exerted an influence in their day. In the large family of Alex. Long, Sen., we have an element of Rowan county as it existed at the close of the 18th and beginning of the 19th century. The family burying ground of the Longs was on a high bluff near the river bank a short distance below the ferry.

2. The next plantation on the Yadkin, and just below the Long Place, was originally called the "Stroup Place," and in later years, the "Bridge Place." It was owned in those early days by Lewis Beard, son of John Lewis Beard, one of the first settlers of Salisbury. For many years this bridge stood there, and spanned the stream, affording passage at all heights of the river. It was known in later years as "Locke's Bridge." Its piers may still be seen rising in their runs above the waters, from the Rail Road Bridge, a half mile below.

Lewis Beard married Susan, the daughter of Jno. Dunn, Esq., of Salisbury. Of their children, Mary married Maj. Moses A. Locke, for many years President of the Bank in Salisbury. The grandchildren of Major Locke still reside at the Bridge Place, near the river. Christine, another daughter of Lewis Beard, married Col. Fisher, Esq., a lawyer of Salisbury. From 1818 until his death in 1849, for nearly 40 years, Charles Fisher was a leading man in Rowan county in public affairs, serving often in the State Legislature, and several times in the U. S. Congress. His son, Col. Chas. F. Fisher, was a leading man. He volunteered at the beginning of the late war, and served in front of Manassas, courageously fighting in front of his regiment. Another child of Lewis and Susan Beard, was Maj. John Beard, who died about five years ago at his home in Tallahassee, Florida.

3. The third plantation on the Yadkin, going down the stream, was owned by Valentine Beard, afterwards known as Cowan's Ferry, and at present as Hedrick's Ferry. Valentine Beard was a continental soldier in the Revolutionary war, and fought at the Battles of the Brandywine and Germantown, and others, under Gen. Washington. He married Margaret Marjorie, daughter of Philip Beard, Esq., and she settled at this place. Valentine Beard had three daughters. Elizabeth married Benjamin Torres. Maria married Dr. Burns, of Philadelphia, who was a sea captain. Dr. Burns settled in Salisbury about 1819, and remained a few years, when he returned to Philadelphia. Dr. Burns's daughter Margaretta married the late Horace Beard of Salisbury, and their descendants still reside here.

Next below the place last named was one called the "Island Ford" place, including the Island of 100 acres lying above Trading Ford. This Island is probably the one that is called the "Island of Akenatry," in the Journal of Lederer's explorations, as found in Hawks's History of North Carolina. This place belonged to Lewis Beard, who owned the bridge above.

4. The next place, still going down, was the property of Capt. Edward Yarboro, of Salisbury. The house, once owned by Philip Yarboro, stood just back of where St. John's mill now stands. Capt. Yarboro lived in Salisbury, and had three daughters and two sons. Sally Yarboro, was the second wife of Wm. C. Love, and the mother of Wm. and Julius Love. She and her husband lie buried just in the rear of Meroney's. Her second husband was Col. Beatty of New York, S. C., and Mary married Richard Long. Edward Yarboro, Jr., was the owner of the Yarboro House in Raleigh, and gave his name to it.

5. Just below the Trading Ford, on a high bluff, stood the residence of Albert Torrence. The house is still conspicuous from afar. It has been named of late years by a poetical friend, "The Heights of Gowrie." It was from these "heights" that Lord Cornwallis's artillery cannonaded Gen. Greene, while writing his dispatches in the cabin on the other side of the Yadkin. Albert Torrence, an Irishman, chose this site for his residence, and from the edge of the bluff he could watch the windings of the silver stream, dotted with a cluster of beautiful islets, and beyond could see lying the fertile farms of the famed Jersey Settlement. Albert Torrence married Elizabeth Hackett of Rowan county. In this family there grew up four sons and one daughter. Hugh the eldest son married a Miss Simonton of Statesville, and died early. Albert married a daughter of Judge Tomer of Fayetteville, and settled in that city. James died young. Charles married first Miss Elizabeth L. Hays of Rowan county, and after her death, Miss Philadelphia Fox, of Charlotte. He died in the south east of Charlotte, on the Providence road, about a mile from the public square. The daughter of Albert Torrence married Wm. E. Powe of Cheraw, and settled at the Bremer place five miles east of Salisbury on the Chambers' Ferry Road, where they reared a large family of sons and daughters, only two of whom remain in Rowan—Dr. Albert Torrence Powe, and his sister, Mrs. Hackett, who reside at the family homestead. At the organization of the Presbyterian Church in Salisbury, Albert Torrence became a member, and one of the first bench of Elders. His name, and those of his wife and several of their children, and of Mr. Powe, are sleeping in the English graveyard in Salisbury, under broad marble slabs, near the entrance. Albert Torrence died in 1825, aged 72 years.

6. Next to the Torrence place was the farm of Gen. John Steele of Salisbury. Gen. Steele was the son of William and Elizabeth Steele, and was one of the most distinguished native born citizens of Salisbury. His mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Max-

well, and she was a native of west Rowan. She was first married to Mr. Gillespie by whom she had a son and daughter, as mentioned on a former page. Her son, John Steele, was born in Salisbury, November 1st, 1764, and was educated in the schools of the town. He commenced life as a merchant, but soon turned his attention to farming, in which he was eminently successful. In 1787 he became a member of the legislature of North Carolina. In 1790 he was a member of the first Congress of the United States under the Constitution. He was appointed by Gen. Washington first Comptroller of the Treasury of the United States, which office he held until 1802, when he resigned, though solicited by Mr. Jefferson to continue. He occupied many other prominent stations, and filled them all with faithfulness and success. On the day of his death—Aug. 14, 1815—he was elected to the House of Commons of North Carolina. A singular story is told of a circumstance that occurred in his death. During the time he was Comptroller he presented to his native town a clock—the one now on the Court house, and a bell. The night of Gen. Steele's death, the clock commenced striking, and continuing to strike many hundreds of times, until it was run down. Hugh Horah, a watchmaker, had the clock in charge, but he could do nothing with it. It was doubtless, all things considered, a singular coincidence, and calculated to beget a superstitious awe in the minds of the people. In 1783, John Steele married Mary Nesfield of Fayetteville. Three daughters lived to grow up and marry. Ann married Gen. Jesse A. Pearson. Margaret married Dr. Stephen L. Ferrand, and was the mother of Mary—the wife of the late Archibald Henderson, Esq., and Ann who married the late John B. Lord Esq., afterwards the late Rev. John Haywood Parker, and lastly T. G. Haughton, Esq.

Eliza, daughter of Gen. John Steele, married Col. Robert Macnamara, a native of Ireland, but for a time a prominent citizen of Salisbury. Col. Macnamara's children are all dead except Louise, now in a Convent, and Eliza who married Dr. Lynch of Columbia, S. C. Gen. Steele erected the house occupied by the late Archibald Henderson, Esq. There he died at the age of fifty, and near his residence he was laid to his rest, where a memorial stone consecrated by conjugal and filial affection, testifies to his character "as an enlightened statesman, a vigilant patriot, and an accomplished gentleman." Gen. Steele's wife survived him for many years. Salisbury has special reason to be proud of the exalted character, and faithful services of her honored son. Second to a sense of duty, there is probably no higher incentive to the faithful discharge of public trusts, than the hope of transmitting an honored name to posterity. But if posterity forgets the name of its ancestors, then neither the dread of shame nor love of honor is left to inspire men to an honorable course of life.

Denton Texas.

FRIEND T: It is not the loss of either my fingers or my memory that protracted this long silence, but the want of something to write, but just now being persuaded that one idea will suggest another, I have attempted this.

Three weeks ago to-day, Mr. B. returned from his visit to S. Although I was absent from him in the flesh, still, I walked with him, talked with and visited the same, and saw the same dear familiar faces. But alas! there came not to me the voices of dear friends, yet there is much comfort in the old saying, "that every-thing will have its day." And the longer the separation, the greater the joy will be at the reunion. The saddest thought connected with the absence of friends and families, is the uncertainty of time and events; but the sustaining hope and desire of my existence is to again in this world see those who are now in the "sear and yellow leaf of life," and be once more safe, housed and garnered in their loving arms.

Mr. B. speaks often of his visit, and though it was short, I think from questions asked and answered, that he made good use of, and well improved his time.

A Brave Woman.

How She Saved a Battle Flog.

Old Mme. Annette Devron, who keeps a vegetable stall in the Parisian Halles, is the only woman in France upon whom the Cross of the Legion has been bestowed for an actual deed of arms performed on the battlefield. She was attached to the second zouaves as vivandiere when that regiment was serving in Italy, and during the battle of Magenta, the Zouaves being at close quarters with the enemy, two Austrian grenadiers seized the regimental colors and were carrying them off in triumph, when Annette rushed after them under a heavy fire of musketry, shot one dead, severely wounded the other, and brought back the flag in safety to her comrades. For this feat she was decorated, and subsequently she proved herself, by another deed of reckless daring, abundantly worthy of the distinction conferred upon her. Throughout the Franco-German war she acted as sutler to the thirty-second infantry, and behaved on several occasions with conspicuous gallantry. One day, shortly after the conclusion of the armistice, she was standing near one of the town gates of Thionville, when a Bavarian soldier grossly insulted her. Without an instant's hesitation she drew her revolver and shot him down where he stood. She was arrested on the spot and conveyed to Metz, where she was promptly tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. Fortunately for her, Prince Frederic Charles happened to ride into Metz early in the morning appointed for her execution, and hearing that a woman was about to be shot for firing upon a German soldier, gave orders that the proceedings should be stayed until he should have looked into the evidence given at her trial. Four days later Annette Devron received the imperial pardon, was set at liberty and supplied with funds to defray her expenses to her native place.

standing Denton supports some eight or nine regularly installed and working ministers, you will find quite a number of both sexes under the influence of this pernicious belief—the requirements of which, would not support or sustain even a high standard of morality.

The school government and advantages as they now exist, are but little if any better than what we style our county free schools; but they are now devising new and altogether different arrangements, and will, when gone into operation, place Denton on a level with the best of Schools. A. B.

Maj. Andre's Portrait.

New York Tribune.

As the day for the centennial celebration of the capture of Maj. Andre at Tarrytown, September 23d, is approaching, it may not be an uninteresting fact that a portrait of Andre, painted by himself by the aid of a looking glass, during his brief imprisonment, may be found in Westchester county. It is in possession of Clark Davis, a farmer and undertaker, of Upper New Rochelle. As far back as can be traced at present, it came into the possession of Mr. Ball, then living at Bethany New Haven county, Conn., whose father was a native of New England. Young Mr. Ball is said to have obtained the picture in one of the Southern States and carried it to England, with what object it is not definitely known, but it is supposed for the purpose of finding the relatives of Andre and presenting or selling the picture to them. How far he was successful in the object of his mission to England can only be surmised by the fact that he brought the picture back and finally presented to his father at his home in Bethany. Mr. Ball, Sr., prized it highly. Shortly before his death he gave the portrait to his daughter, who became the wife of Truman Davis, of Naugatuck, Conn. Mr. Davis was a Welshman, and shared his wife's interest in the picture. He gave it a conspicuous place in one of the rooms of his dwelling.

Some time subsequently, after the death of Mrs. Davis, Mr. Davis married a widow, Mrs. Sophia Mallory, who objected to the painting, and had it put away in the garret. Clark Davis, on visiting his father on one occasion, missing the picture from the place which it had long occupied, inquired what had become of it, and when informed that it had been stored away in the attic, asked for it, and obtained permission to take it away. He did so, and he has since been its possessor. In the picture, which is mounted in the original frame, Major Andre is represented as attired in the uniform of his rank, with a red coat with light green facings, buttons and embroidery, and with cambric ruffles around the wrists. His waistcoat and trousers are of white material, and his shirt front is ornamented with old-fashioned projecting ruffles. He sits in an easy chair, with his legs crossed, his left elbow resting on the back of the chair, and his right hand stretched on the top of a round table by his side, on which rests an inkstand with a pen in it. From the window of his room, and in full view, may be seen a number of tents, and a large body of American troops, apparently being drilled by the officers, while the stars and stripes are floating in the breeze. Just beyond the encampment of the American army flows the Hudson, and the background of the picture consists of the range of hills extending northerly from the upper end of the Palisades. Andre, according to the portrait, had very dark brown hair, with small whiskers and fair complexion, and blue eyes. He had no beard or moustache.

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Cousin Sally Dillard.

SCENE—A COURT OF JUSTICE IN N. C.

A beardless disciple of Themis rises and thus addresses the court: May it please your Worship and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never before befallen me to be obliged to denounce a breach of the peace so enormous and transcending as the one now claiming our attention. A more barbarous, direful, marked and malicious assault—a more wilful, violent, dangerous and murderous battery, and finally a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it was never your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings as this, which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county, but you will hear from the witnesses. The witnesses being sworn two or three were disposed of—one said he heard the noise, but didn't see the fight; another, that he saw the row but didn't know who struck first, and a third, that he was very drunk and could not say much about the serimage.

Lawyer Chops—I am very sorry, gentleman, to have occupied so much of your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arose gentleman, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known as I now do, of a witness in attendance, who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly and intelligibly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed on your time and patience. Come forward Mr. Harris.

Maj. Andre's Portrait.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, chuffy looking man, a "leddy" corned, and took his corporeal oath with an air.

Chops—Mr. Harris, you are to tell us all you know about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has been already wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be as compendious and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—Edactly—giving the lawyer a knowing wink, at the same time clearing his throat—Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife mought go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as she had got a touch of the rheumatiz in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a weap of rain lately; but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife, she mought go. Well, cousin in Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose, he mought go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that Mose, he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose, he mought go.

A Brave Woman.

How She Saved a Battle Flog.

Chops—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

Witness—Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife, she moughtn't go—

Chops—There it is again—witness, witness, I say, witness, please to stop.

Witness—Well, sir, what is it you want?

Chops—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story—do you know anything about the matter be-the court?

Witness—To be sure I do.

Chops—Will you go on and tell it, and nothing else?

Witness—Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat—

Chops—This is intolerable! May it please the court—I move that this witness be committed for a contempt—he seems to be trifling with the court.

Court—Witness, you are before a Court of Justice, and unless you behave yourself in a becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

Witness—(alarmed). Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—I hope that the witness may be ordered into custody.

Court—(after deliberating). Mr. At-

Cousin Sally Dillard.

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So forward comes the witness, a fat, chuffy looking man, a "leddy" corned, and took his corporeal oath with an air.

Chops—Mr. Harris, you are to tell us all you know about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has been already wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be as compendious and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—Edactly—giving the lawyer a knowing wink, at the same time clearing his throat—Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife mought go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as she had got a touch of the rheumatiz in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a weap of rain lately; but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife, she mought go. Well, cousin in Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose, he mought go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that Mose, he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose, he mought go.

torney, the Court is of the opinion that we may save time by telling the witness to go on in his own way.— Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your own story, but stick to the point.

Witness—Yos, gentleman; well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house, and axed me if my wife, she moughtn't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatiz in the hip and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife, she mought go. So on they goes together, Mose, my wife and cousin Sally Dillard, and they comes to the big swamp and the big swamp was up, as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like gentel folks, they walks the log, but my wife like a d-d fool, hoists up he petticoats and waded, and gentlemen, that is all I know about it.

An Office Conversation.

Washington Post.

Dramatis Personae: } Three Southern Ladies,
} One Republican Lady,
} One Republican Clerk.

Enter Republican Assessor—Ladies, I suppose you would like to give something toward the election of Gen. Garfield? I thought I would no-slight you.

An Office Conversation.

First Republican Lady—Certainly, here's a dollar. I am sorry I cannot give more.

First Southern lady—Well, here's a dollar. I ought not to give any more if you don't.

Second Southern lady—I have just bought a soft shell crab; can't afford to buy a President to-day! Besides, I like Hancock; he's the prettiest.

Republican clerk—It's the principle of the thing that I look at. You'll all lose your offices, too, if you don't.

Third Southern lady—Hump! Principle! Here's a dollar you can use for "principle" or President.

Republican lady—Oh! if it's again your political principles I would give it.

Republican clerk—I wouldn't d anything against my principles. You couldn't buy a vote for a dollar anyway.

First Southern lady—Yes, any nigger, and some white men, can be bought for a quarter.

Second Southern Lady—well, it used to be considered a sin to buy a "nigger," and now we are buying Presidents, and cheap too! O tempora! O mores!

A JAPANESE SCHOOL GIRL.

Among the list of passengers who arrived last Tuesday on the China steamer was a young Japanese lady by the name of Minci Yabu, who is on her way to a college in the East to perfect herself in English. Miss Yabu belongs to the nobility of Japan. Her father, Banfusua Kabu, is a high official in a department of the imperial household. She was born in the old capital of Kioto, and although but sixteen years of age has some renown in her native country as a poetess. Added to this accomplishment she possesses that of an artist, devoting much of her time to landscape painting. She is already a graduate of the Toki Girls' English School. She left here, in company with her friends, in the Eastern-bound train last Friday morning for the East, where she will remain three years. In appearance Miss Yabu is extremely petite, being much below the medium, of light complexion, fascinating black eyes, and the bright cheerful countenance which is generally found in ladies of rank of Japan.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Governor Vance spoke at Harrisburg, Va., on Monday.

The Richmond Dispatch's special says that a "powerful impression was created."

The surviving members of Joshua Giddings' family will vote for Hancock.

The colored people should ponder this.

Tennyson spends hours on a single line.

And so, by-the-way, does th washerwoman.

In a written spelling exercise "Foregoes" was given out; a little boy wrote, "Go, go, go, go."