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Select Miscellany.

THE VIGILANT'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER I.

Frank Staples served in the cavalry during the rebellion, and went through the Valley with Sheridan. At the close of the war he left the service with an honorable discharge in his pocket—and very little else. He had achieved neither fame nor fortune. He had done a soldier's duty faithfully and intelligently. There were no politicians in his family. His father and uncles were men of strong convictions. They had kept the flag of freedom flying in the unpropitious days when it did not pay, but when the change came they were thrust aside by the howling dervishes of the eleventh hour. So Frank was neither promoted nor brevetted. There was Tom Tidler, who had two brevets thrust upon him—one for distinguished services in mustering the troops of the United States in, and the other for mustering them out. There were others of Frank's college class who were brevetted for actions in which he was, but they were not.

It was imperative that he should do something for a livelihood. Going back to the legal studies he had abandoned a year before he would have been admitted to the bar was out of the question. Soldiering had spoiled him for any sedentary occupation. He could not stand the confinement of office-work. He felt that he must find some pursuit that would give him plenty of exercise. A horse must necessarily be one of the tools of his new trade. He knew nothing of farming. Joe Homphill, who was much in the same position as Frank, suggested that the cattle-trade was just the thing for them. Frank's uncle Asahel gave him two thousand dollars as a "starter." Joe put in a like amount and they went into the "cattle-business."

In the spring of 1866 Frank was on his way to join his partner on the lower Rio Grande. Joe had gone into Texas to buy beef cattle, which they intended to drive together to Colorado for a market. Frank was riding along slowly to cool his horse before watering him at the next stage-station, where he intended resting and spending a dollar and a half for what is called dinner in those parts. He was about two miles from the ranch when he was joined by a stranger mounted on a tough-looking, "glass-eyed" Indian pony. The stranger was quite a good-looking fellow, six feet in his stockings, with a large, fair face, great blue eyes, a profusion of light hair, which he allowed to grow long, frontier fashion, to keep his ears from freezing in the wintry cold winds of the llanos. He had a magnificently flowing beard of the same color as his hair; it reached below his breast. His dress was not staid but it was certainly picturesque. He wore a broad-brimmed scum-brown of gray felt with a band of red ribbon; a blue woolen shirt, faced with red, with large mother-of-pearl buttons; trousers of buckskin, with long fringes at the sides, and high boots armed with Mexican spurs. A long lariat of dressed hide was curled at his saddle-bow. A broad leather belt with a large silver buckle supported two army revolvers and a bowie-knife. The pistols hung one at each hip—the left with the stock to the front, the right with the stock to the rear—so as to be "jerked out" with the least possible trouble or delay. The bowie-knife hung midway between the "six-shooters." Suspended from his wrist was an Indian whip. In short, his frontier "make-up" was unexceptionable.

The stranger was evidently a Texan. A finer specimen of physical manhood could not be found anywhere. He rode up to Frank's side in an easy, off-hand cheery sort of a way, and bringing his horse to a walk, said laughingly: "I tell yer what it is, stranger, yer must be a heap better rider than I be if yer kin ride with them almighty long stirrups."

Frank was not shocked by this abrupt opening of conversation. He had been long enough on the frontier to know that the children of the wilds are not in the habit of putting on gloves, either physically or metaphysically. "I like a very long stirrup," he answered. "I want my toe to barely touch it."

"I don't like a short stirrup, neither," the stranger said, "but seems to me them's a most too long, stranger."

"I fell into the habit of riding with a long stirrup in California," said Frank, "and have not been able to get over it since. In fact, the stirrup is of very little use to me. If a horse kicks up or bucks with me, I let go the stirrups." And sulking the action to the word, he drew his feet out of the stirrups. There was very little vanity in Frank's composition. If he could be considered vain on any point, however, that point was his horsemanship. The stranger had struck the right chord at the first touch.

"I reckon 'tain't onsafe, stranger," condescendingly rejoined he of the blonde beard. "I haven't found it so."

"Now, don't yer find it a sorter fatigun?" "Not except on very long trips. But when I ride thirty miles or over, I usually take up a hole after dinner."

"I thought yer did, stranger—I thought yer did," and he indulged in a sort of triumphant chuckle. "Now," he continued, "I've done a heap of ridin' in my day—I used to be a horse-breaker myself—and I tell yer, stranger, yer jest take up them that stirrups a little and yer'll ride a heap easier—see if yer don't."

There was a silence between them for a moment. The free-and-easy-companion broke it with "Goin' to hev a bite up yonder?"

"Yes."

"Me, too. Thunderin' poor hash! Scrap of jerked buffalo-meat, warm dough an'

dy coffee. Have to pay for it though—when!" And he gave a long crocodile whistle.

"We must have something to stay our stomachs whatever it costs."

"Goin' to stay over, neighbor?"

"I think not. I shall probably lie by until three or four o'clock, and then push on to Boggsville in the cool of the afternoon."

"You've got a pretty good animal thar."

"Yes," said Frank, patting his chestnut-sorrel, with white star and stockings. "Little Phil has plenty of 'get up to him.'"

"You bet! There's a heap of 'jump in those legs. How'll yer trade, stranger?"

"I won't trade; I would not give Little Phil for a better horse."

"Now," said his companion, "that's jest like me. Money wouldn't buy old Spectacles here," and he affectionately caressed his bald-faced, glass-eyed pony. "He's a beautiful walker, he is, stranger; and yer know that it's walkin' tells in a horse, after all. Jest try him."

"Thank you; I do not care to try him."

"Well, now I'm off let me straddle that sorrel of yours."

Being of a complainant disposition, Frank complied. They thus reached the ranch, and passed the station-keeper, on their way into the corral, cross-mounted—Frank on the little "calico" pony, and the stranger on Little Phil.

In those primitive regions every man is his own groom. The station-keeper never moved from his position. He told them, almost without turning his head, where the stable was, where the water was, where the corn-crib was, and concluded with "Dinner in five minutes."

After they had watered their horses and given them corn and hay, the travelers went into the ranch and washed at a wooden trough bunged with a corn cob. The dirtiest piece of soap eyes ever saw this ranch furnished, and the least toothed comb.

The dinner was better than Frank expected from the account given him by his companion. It was nothing to brag of, it is true, but a twenty-mile ride before dinner is an excellent appetizer. The travelers were joined at their meal by the stock-tenders and station-hands. These gentlemen showed their independence by keeping their hats firmly on their heads. They converse themselves with the lofty dignity of regular boarders, and completely ignored the presence of the strangers. Frank sat between two of them. They took no notice of his polite offer of fishes, and seemed sublimely unconscious of his presence. They talked across him of matters solely concerning the station, their acquaintances and themselves. Frank felt his inferiority as a mere outside barbarian who did not belong at "Gashopper Station," but it did not hurt his appetite very much.

Dinner ended, Frank's new acquaintance left, after wishing him a pleasant journey. Frank lay down on a wooden bench in the apartment which served for office, dining-room and reception parlor, and slept soundly until about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Then he again washed himself at the dirty trough, paid for his entertainment, and went to stable to saddle Little Phil. To his utter dismay Little Phil was not in the stable! But his late companion's bald-faced, class-eyed monster was. Frank's saddle was on the peg where he had placed it, but that of his blonde-bearded acquaintance had disappeared.

A sudden weakness, a feeling of nausea seized upon poor Frank. He felt that he was the victim of an ineffably mean piece of horse-stealing. Still he did not want to believe that Little Phil was lost to him. He went back to the ranch to question the station-keeper before accepting finally the disagreeable fact that the blonde-bearded, blue-eyed six-footer was neither more nor less than a horse-thief, and a very mean rascal to boot.

"Why, stranger," asked the landlord, "what's the matter?" Yer ain't been tuck sick or hurt, nev'er yer?"

Frank was as pale as a ghost. Indeed, it seemed to him at that moment that he had a little black-bone as the almighty ghost that ever sneaked back into the glimpses of the moon.

"Where's my horse?" he asked.

"In the stable, I s'pose," said the station-keeper.

"No," said Frank, shaking his head, wistfully.

"What?" said the station-keeper. "Stranger you must be crazy."

"What the devil do you mean?" cried he. "Your horse is there, all right." Then he added in a lower tone, "I wonder if the darned fool's lunny."

"That's not my horse," said Frank, shaking his head.

"Not your horse? I'll take my oath on the biggest Bible that ever was got up I saw you ride him to the stable."

"Did you see that long-bearded scoundrel who came in with me, leave?"

"I did."

"What horse did he ride?"

"The same he rode in on."

Frank's heart went down with a sudden plunge. The matter was no longer in doubt; he understood it all. Poor Little Phil was gone forever! To overtake him with the glass-eyed quadruped after three hours' start was beyond all hope.

Frank told his host the story of his meeting with the blue-eyed horse-thief and his foolish change of horses. As he proceeded the station-keeper eyed him more and more fiercely to the end of his story. Then he stepped inside the door of the ranch and came out again armed with a Henry rifle.

"Friend," said he, "that story is too darned thin. I want you to get out o' here. You don't put up none o' yer jobs on me. 'Yer'll git on after yer chum as quick as the Lord'll let yer. This yer ranch is no horse-thieves' boarding-house. If you think yer're going to scare any money out o' me, you're mistaken. I ain't no fighting man, but I don't skeer worth a cent."

Frank was too much annoyed and humiliated to resent this speech. He told the landlord very humbly that he was mistaken—that what he had told him was the plain truth. He made no claim against him, and wanted nothing from him, but to be informed which way his late companion had taken.

"He left the way you both come," said the host, "and friend, if what you say is true,

you're the softest chicken that ever was plucked in these parts. But, darn my skin! I can't believe they raise sich in the United States. Even the greenest New Yorker I ever see out yere couldn't be fooled that way."

Frank saddled Spectacles with a heart full of bitterness. He felt as if he could have shot the poor brute. He had never kicked an animal in his life, but he came terribly near it then. His better nature re-asserted itself, however. "Poor animal!" thought he, "it's no fault of yours if your late master is a horse-thief and your present one a fool."

He mounted Spectacles, and without any further words with the station-keeper rode back on the trail of the rascal of his Little Phil. He had no clear idea why he did so. But to go on to Boggsville would be to give up Little Phil forever, and that he could not make up his mind to do—as yet. He instinctively sought succor of sorrow in rapid motion, and driving his spurs rowel-deep into poor old Spee's flanks, he dashed off at full speed.

Specs, though "a rum 'er to look at," like most ponies of Indian antecedents, was not, after all, "a bad 'un to go." But after a few miles he slackened his speed, and at the same moment Frank heard the clatter of rapidly approaching hoofs behind him. He reined up for a moment to reconnoiter the new-comers. Two men were riding rapidly toward him. They made no sign, they did not hail him, but he heard the report of a pistol and the unmistakable whizz of a bullet close to his ear. It was what they used to term in the army a "close call," and could have been meant for nobody but him.

He pulled up, and turning his horse toward the persons approaching, drew his pistol and snapped it, determined to give them shot for shot. The cap failed to explode. His pistol had not been very well cared for. Indeed, he did not expect to have occasion to use it. The cylinder would not revolve. Before he could disengage it his pursuers were at either side of him, holding pistols to his head.

"Don't oudge!" shouted one of them: "if you move a finger you're a dead man."

"Surrender!" cried the second: "its your only show."

Frank had no course left but compliance; so he said:

"I surrender, gentlemen, since you insist upon it, and I do not want to be shot for nothing. But I swear to you I am the most astonished man in the world. You do not look as if you were joking."

"Joking!" said the first speaker. "If you don't say this thing's no joke before you're thro' with it, I'll agree to keep you company on the devil's underground railroad to-morrow morning."

"I am glad he is taking it sensible, anyhow," said the second. "It saves a heap of trouble. Now jest hand over that shootin'-iron of yours like a nice, quiet Christian gentleman as you are."

Frank tendered his pistol to the speaker.

"Ah! damn it! none of that!"

"Drop that darned thing!"

The two cocked revolvers almost touched Frank's head.

"Now, hand over that six-shooter, but foremost, there's a good little man."

"Will you have the goodness, now, gentlemen, to say what is the meaning of all this?"

"Oh, you needn't play innocent; you know darned well what it means."

"If you want money, I have no more than is necessary for my travelling expenses."

"We don't want yer money."

"Why, then am I thus stopped on the public road and my life threatened?"

"You'll find all that out when you get back to Boggsville."

"I don't want to go to Boggsville. I lose a valuable horse if I do not go on to Big Bend to-night."

They seemed to enjoy this last remark hugely.

"You lose a horse certainly, friend, but he ain't so darned valuable as he might be. But Dutch Bill will be glad enough to git him any way."

"Well, we can't stay here blagin' all night. It will take us till dark to git to Boggsville."

They tied Spectacles with lariats to their saddles, and permitted Frank, in consideration of his good conduct in the matter of surrender, they said, to ride the pony to the town. If he had been troublesome, they added, they would have made him walk all the way, if they had not let daylight through him. They caressed him to ride between them. A drawn revolver on either side made escape impossible, had he wished to attempt it. He did not, however, for he was convinced the whole thing was a mistake, and must certainly be cleared up before long. As they rode on he told them his story. They evidently did not believe a word of it. When they reached the stage-ranch, the lazy station-keeper was leaning against the door in his usual position. Frank's captors questioned him as to what he knew of the matter. His statement that Frank arrived at the house in company with another man, and that when he arrived he rode the same horse he was now riding, seemed to be conclusive with them.

"That settles it," said one whom Frank had heard addressed as Nibbs. "Let us be moving."

"Sattles what?" asked Frank, somewhat anxiously.

"That you're trying to stuff us with an infernal story about your horse being changed while in the stable here, when you came riding the very animal you are a straddling now."

"But I have explained to you how that occurred."

"Well, you can explain it to Dutch Bill, and see whether your explanation is satisfactory to him."

"Who is Dutch Bill, and what has he got to do with me?"

"Not much; only that's his pony yer riding, and it was stole with two other horses last Tuesday night."

Frank saw his position now as if a flash of lightning had suddenly revealed it to him. He was arrested as a horse-thief! And appearances were strong enough against him to convince an excited community of his guilt. He knew that suspected horse-thieves got scant justice and short shrift. In an Eastern paper he had seen an account of the lynching of two men by infuriated citizens in the civilized

State of Ohio, and he remembered that it was two years before the innocence of the victims was discovered. Then it was only by the confession, on his death-bed, of the perpetrator of the crime, who had aided in hanging the supposed culprits.

"Can't you tell an honest man from a thief?" cried Frank, turning indignantly toward his captors.

"I'll be darned if I kin, now-a-days," replied Nibbs. "When I was younger I used to think I could; but I've met so many pious-looking darned thieves in my time that I don't go a cent on looks any more."

Three horsemen coming in on a trail from the east hailed them.

"Jake," said Nibbs to his companion, "here's Big Steve's party. The horses your chum's got belong to Steve," he said, turning to Frank.

"The horse he has belongs to me," said Frank.

"Hain't you dropped that yet?" said Jake: "It's about time."

"They listed to await the arrival of Big Steve."

"Halloo!" said Steve—he was the biggest of the party, so Frank supposed he must be Steve—"you've got something, ain't yer?"

"Dog-gone it!" said a second, "if that ain't Dutch Bill's glass-eyed plug."

The new-comers eyed Frank with no very friendly expression.

"Did you strike any trace of my animals?" asked Big Steve.

"Yes," answered Nibbs; and indicating Frank by a nod and a wink, he continued: "He's got a chum who has gone to the northward with the rest of the stock. He was going after him when we got him—unless it is a blind. Says his chum played sharp on him—took the best animals while this one was asleep, and left him Bill's old nag."

"What a darned scoundrel the other one must be," said Steve.

"He's pretty sharp anyhow." And they all laughed heartily at what they seemed to consider a good joke.

"If you push on right lively, Steve, you may git him somewhere about Big Bend. After his throw-off on his partner he'll feel pretty safe and think he has blurred the trail."

"We'll git him if horseflesh and lead kin do it," said Steve. "Take care of yourselves."

And Big Steve and his party put spurs to their horses and went off at a gallop.

"Shouldn't wonder if they got him, Nibbs," said Jake.

"I hope to God they may," said Frank.

"It won't save you, friend," said Nibbs, "but I s'pose misery loves company. He's treated you darned mean."

"Yes," said Jake, "he's played it on you pretty low down, and I don't wonder you'd like to know he was listed, or sure to be before you go on yourself."

The horrid word tolled through Frank's brain like a death-knell. The terrible figure of Judge Lynch, roving in hand, loomed up in gloom y horror before his mind's eye.

A sudden weakness came over him. He felt as if he wanted to lie down and rest and close his eyes. He feared he should fall from the saddle. By a great effort he shook off the dizziness and met his fate boldly and take matters as boldly as it was possible for him to do.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

MAKING WINE FROM NATIVE GRAPES.

The following receipt for making domestic wine from Catawba or Isabella grapes, used by G. A. Nicholls, at Reading, Pa., in 1869 to 1870, is commended to us by a gentleman who has tried it successfully. Its directions have the merits, rare in receipts, of being full and precise:

1. Select perfectly ripe bunches, and then carefully pick off the stems and remove all grapes which are not quite ripe.

2. Squeeze the juice out, either by hand, or press, strain through a hair sieve, and pour it at once into a clean, sweet barrel or keg, adding to the vessel two gallons of water for every gallon of juice made.

3. At the same time put in four pounds of sifted sugar per gallon of juice.

4. In adding the two gallons of water stated in section 2, let it strain through the pulp, skins, &c., of the residuum of the grapes after being squeezed.

5. Fill the vessel full, up to the bung hole, which cover with a sand-bag to allow the fermentation to cease.

6. Watch the barrel daily, and clear or scrape away the scum, which will be thrown out in large quantities.

7. As the wine falls below the bung, fill up daily (after clearing away the scum) with sugar water, made with two pounds of sugar to the gallon of water.

8. The fermentation will continue from three to six weeks, according to the weather. When it has ceased I poured into the bung-hole about one-gallon of brandy to the gallon of juice, to flow over the surface and prevent its souring; and the brandy may not be indispensable. Then bung the vessel up tight.

9. During the cold weather, say the following February, when the wine is perfectly still and clear, draw it off into any other clean vessel, then quickly clean, scald and rinse thoroughly the barrel in which the wine was made, and return the wine to it, bung it up and draw it off as required for use.

10. If you wish to make a very palatable champagne, have the champagne bottles ready when you rack off the wine as stated in section 7; put a tablespoonful of common syrup in each quart bottle, then fill with the wine, leaving about 1 1/2 inches clear below the bottom of the cork, which fasten very securely with strong twine, as the pressure of the fixed air to escape is very great.

11. The wine will improve by age after the operation described in section 9.

12. An old brandy or whisky barrel is the best (see section 9). Never use a new barrel, as the wine will taste of the wood.

13. About fifteen pounds of grapes will give one gallon of juice. The riper the grapes the better the yield of the juice. One gallon of grapes in bunches weighs about four and a half pounds.

14. Keep the wine in the cellar where it will not be exposed to extremes of temperature.

15. An approximate estimate of the quantities required for a 30 gallon barrel will be as follows:

To make Thirty Gallons of Wine.—150 lbs of grapes, yielding 10 gallons of juice; 20 gallons of water strained through the pulp residuum (see section 4); 40 lbs. of sifted sugar; 24 pints of common brandy. (See section 8).

If carefully made, the wine will be wholesome and palatable, with a flavor like grape-juice Madeira.

A GYPSY ARISTOCRACY.

Much has been said and written concerning the nomadic life of the people known as Gypsies. At this season of the year Pennsylvania is partly populated with them. Several miles around Reading no less than half a dozen bands were encamped yesterday. The largest camp was in the woods back of Deangler's tavern, in Allendale township. They owned the best horses, the most costly wagons, and their furniture, utensils and general outfit were far above anything ever seen in this section.

An Eagle reporter had a long conversation with the representative man of the camp, who said that there are few real Gypsies in America. The people that came here are South of England peasants. The parents of some of them may have been Gypsies, but they intermarried by marrying with other people, so that now they have nearly lost their name. Many in the camp yesterday were very dark complexioned. They all wintered in South Carolina where they have considerable money invested. When warm weather sets in they come North to speculate in horses and bull fortunes. The men are generally tinkers by trade, and the women peddle goods in small quantities and tell fortunes. They are all smart and expert in their business. They are governed by the local laws of every community they visit. With respect to them they do so near right as they can and in this way they get along very well. The guitar is their favorite instrument. About twenty-three men and women and twice that number of children constituted yesterday's camp. The men said, "We eat when we have it, take a drink when we can buy it, and try to lead a pleasant, happy and social life as long as we can."

Standing near the group of Gypsy women and children was a very large wagon. It looked much like one of those beautiful affairs generally seen with circus companies. It was open for an airing. The body was large and extended over the wheels. It was supported by heavy springs. The wagon was fitted up as a bedroom. The bedstead was of walnut and the bedding of the finest linen. The walls were ornamented and the best kind of carpet on the floor. Looking-glasses, wardrobe, closets, dressing-cases and everything usually seen in a first-class bedroom were there. The wagon was especially built for the party by Frederick, Md., and cost seven hundred dollars in cash.

The bedroom was divided off from the front part of the wagon, which is occupied by the driver's position. The leather curtains around the wagon were all thrown up yesterday, and it seemed as if a hotel bridal chamber had been suddenly brought out there.

The wagon body on the outside is painted and varnished in the most costly manner, and the gilding and ornamental work is very neat. The vehicle is large and roomy and seems much out of place in the woods. The owner came along shortly and expressed himself as follows:

"I live in the woods and move around from one place to another. I want to live with all the comforts I can provide, and in that wagon my wife and I sleep as good as the rest of the world."

Everything about the wagon is fitted up in the best style, and the blankets, sheets and counterpanes and pillow-cases were just as clean as could be. Many of the blankets were dark with gray stripes. There were three other wagons of the same pattern, but none of them were fitted up in so costly a manner. One large wagon had a row of beds in it made for the children.

Altogether about thirty horses were tied to the trees about the camp. The animals are young and in good condition. Several fine greyhounds were sleeping under the trees, and the children were playing circus in a huge pile of hay, to the great joy and delight of the women who were watching them.—Reading (Pa.) Eagle.

IMMIGRATION

Immigration to the United States has fallen off decidedly since the financial revolution of 1873. We have repeatedly shown this in giving reports of the number of arrivals. In 1874 they were less than in 1873 and in 1875 they are less than for the corresponding period of 1874. In fact, the number of arrivals of every nationality, excepting the Chinese, shows a marked decrease; and it is thought that if matters do not change, the total number of arrivals at New York for the year will be less than 100,000, whilst in former years it was three that many. In June, 1875, there came into New York 13,987 immigrants, compared with 20,602 in June, 1874. In the three months April, May and June this year, the arrivals were 45,566, whilst in the same three months of last year they reached 68,955. There was a decrease of one-third, compared with last year, which itself showed a decided decrease of 1873. The Atlantic steamers are not doing a very good business in bringing steerage passengers to America, but the vessels crossing the Pacific Ocean both by steam and sail are bringing as many people from the Flowery Lands as they can carry.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The cotton planters in all the cotton States are almost invariably a debtor class. In most cases they are largely in debt, and it is a very rare thing to find a planter who is not embarrassed in his operations. They commenced at the close of the war the herculean task of converting 4,000,000 freed slaves into free laborers and citizens. They have worked harder than any class of our people, and theirs has been the most harassing of all the industrial pursuits. The task was too great in the face of Radical reconstruction, and they have never been able to repay the debt, incurred when the war ended, to purchase new stock and repair their plantations. This is the truth.—Columbus Times.

Original Local Sketches.

THE FORSYTH RIFLEMEN.

As an introductory to these interesting local sketches we give all we could learn of Col. Forsyth's early career.

He was principally known as a lively and eccentric young man, full of mischief, in short, he was what in these times would be designated a "fast young man," who delighted in the games and sports of the then isolated section of the Piedmont region around the Sauratown Mountains. He possessed rather above the average intelligence of those early times, and resided in Germantown, then the seat of justice of Stokes County. He was quite popular among the masses and served his county in the Legislature of 1807.

His military life commenced in 1809, when he raised a company of about seventy men principally from the county of Stokes, and enlisted in the American army for five years.

Below we give reminiscences from the lips of Wm. Eaton, one of the survivors of this band of patriots, stated in 1851 to a gentleman who kindly furnished them to this paper at that time, but from some cause or other, failed to finish them. We have been enabled through the courtesy of several gentlemen, who frequently heard Capt. Masten, another of the Riflemen, residing near this place, and only deceased a few years, for a continuation of these sketches, and now propose to give them in a complete form, adhering as much as possible to the language and style used by each of those veterans of the war of 1812.

REMINISCENCES OF A FORSYTH RIFLEMAN.

No. 1.

In the month of May, 1809, Capt. Benjamin Forsyth, with his Rifle Corps, consisting of about seventy men, principally natives of Stokes county took up his line of march from Germantown to Washington, in this State, taking the route through Raleigh, where the ladies, (God bless them) paid our company a heart-thrilling compliment by a general waving of white handkerchiefs, from windows and balconies, at the same time bestowing upon us their smiles of approbation and warmest wishes for our safety, whenever our country might call us to the battle-field.

After a brief stay of a few weeks in Washington, N. C., we were again