Levi Babbitt

County Convention

The Old North State

VOL. V. SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 3, 1870. NO. 22.

BEYOND DOUBT

The Connecticut Mutual

IS THE STRONGEST

LIFE

Insurance Comp'y

IN THE WORLD.

Acquired Capital over $29,000,000
Ratio of expenses to total receipts in 1869, only 8.89 per cent.
Its ratio of Assets to Liabilities, as measured by the New York Legal Standard, is $155.50 per $100; and it grants all desirable forms of Insurance upon strictly equitable terms, and at the cheapest attainable rates of cost.

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Samples Sent Free to Farmers.

FROM 100 to 130 bushels grown to the acre.—Weighs from 40 to 45 pounds to the bushel.

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The grain is very large plump and handsome, has a remarkable thin husk, and ripens earlier than the common varieties.

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CAUTION. ☞ We wish it distinctly understood that this is not a light oats, weighing 28 to 33 lbs. raised in New England and sold under the name of Norway, but imported Seed, every bushel guaranteed to weigh 40 lbs., or the money refunded.

Samples of both kinds sent free for a 3 cent stamp. Also circulars and testimonials.

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Mail Stages for Salem leave this house daily.
Passengers dispatched to any point at short notice by private conveyance.
Grateful for the liberal patronage of the past we hope by strict attention to the wants of our guests to merit a continuance of the same.

WM. G. BARBEE,
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Shop, in Dr. Henderson's Brick-Building, Room No. 2,

where he would be pleased to see them. He guarantees to give satisfaction in every case.—He has in his employ of the best Hair Dressers in Western North Carolina. He requests a call from all.

Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 17, 1869. 50—tf

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GRAND PRIZE SCHEME

Enterprise, CHARTERED by the Legislature of Kentucky, and endorsed and recommended by every leading official in the State, and upwards of 500 of her most prominent citizens.

511 PRIZES, $314,320!

Comprising the richest river bottom tobacco farms in the wealthy county of Henderson Ky., with all their appurtenances.

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In order to have your tickets properly registered, buy at once from your nearest club agent, or remit by Express (prepaid,) Draft, P. O. money order, or registered letter, to either of the following financial agents who will furnish full descriptive circulars:

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THE COPARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between *Miller, Mock & Lindsay*, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Lindsay retiring.

The books and papers are in the hands of *Miller & Mock* for settlement, and all persons having unsettled accounts will please call and have the same adjusted at once.

J. H. MILLER,
J. A. MOCK.
H. W. LINDSAY.

N. B.—The undersigned will continue to do business as heretofore, and respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends.

MILLER & MOCK.
Thomasville, March 3d, 1870. 11—3m

The Old North State

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
LEWIS HANES.
Editor and Proprietor.

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SIX MONTHS, " " 1.50
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SELECTED STORY.

A STORY OF A HEROIC GIRL.

On the border of Green Lake, in Minnesota, there lived a sturdy, white haired frontier-man named Walter Brown. He was one of those adventurous spirits ever to be found in the van of advancing civilization, always courting the free, wild air of the prarie, and rejoying in the profound depths of uninhabited forests.

But the country became more and more thickly settled, and Walter Brown became uneasy. His wife had borne him a daughter the third or fourth year of their residence at the headwaters of the St. Croix, whom he called Leonora. She was a good girl, and the idol of her father. He purchased a rifle for her when she was but twelve years old, and took the utmost pains in teaching her the use of it. She was brave and steady of nerve, and soon acquired wonderful skill as a shot, and the number of prairie chickens, partridges, wild water fowls, and other small game she managed to shoot every day, was really large. Occasionally she would shoot a deer, and one eventful morning, by a lucky shot through the eye into the brain, she killed a bear.

When she come home with the news her father could scarcely credit her. But, knowing her perfectly truthful nature, he danced about the room for joy, and seizing the sturdy little maid, he mounted her upon his shoulders and insisted upon carrying her all the way to the spot where the dead bruin lay.

Thicker and thicker flowed the tide of emigration into Minnesota and Wisconsin, following the navigable rivers as a matter of course, and more and more uneasy and "crowded" felt Walter Brown. At length his wife died. Leonora was then sixteen, and engaged to be married to a handsome young trapper by the name of Watson, who had joined her father in business.

The death of the mother had made it necessary to postpone the wedding, and in the interim old Walter decided to move into northwest Minnesota. Neighbors were getting too near and hunting and trapping were bad. As the young man had proved up and pre-empted a quarter section of land near Taylor's Falls, and did not wish to either abandon or sell it just then, persuaded Leonora to agree to write to him, he bade her an affectionate good-bye.

Brown lived in Minnesota for three or four years in peace and quiet, finding good trapping and hunting grounds, when all at once young Watson arrived, and renewed the proposition of marriage with Leonora. The old man had about determined to move no more, and had accordingly located and pre-empted several thousand acres of land about him, and learning from Watson that he had money enough to do likewise, proposed that he should go down to St. Paul and buy land warrants with his money, and take up all the land he could "swing." He might then marry Leonora, and they too would go to work, and after building plenty of stabling, etc., would get a good stock of cattle and sheep, and try and lead a pastoral life for the rest of their days.

To this proposition the young man heartily assented, and after returning from St. Paul, went bravely to work in the woods, felling trees for building purposes. It was agreed first that they should build a new hewed log house for the united family, as Watson had got up a small single room cabin. Then the wedding was to take place, and the two men would again resume their work.

While thus busily engaged the Sioux war broke out. It was the habit of Leonora to take her rifle out every morning and shoot prairie chickens for the table, while her lover and father were at work on the new house. Watson had brought her as a present from St. Paul a light and handsome revolving rifle, of which she was immensely fond, and with which she became so expert that she could shoot a duck or prairie chicken on the wing with absolute certainty.

One morning, as she was strolling around the lake, rifle in hand, she noticed three canoe loads of Indians paddling carefully along the opposite side of the water, steadily and stealthily approaching the spot where her father and lover were at work. She did not immediately apprehend and tragedy, but in some unaccountable way she felt impelled to remain and watch their motions. She therefore concealed herself behind the top of a fallen tree, and observed their movements, which grew more and more suspicious.—Then [illegible] each canoe, and after pulling [illegible] point where a thick, overhanging birch tree afforded concealment for their canoes, they disembarked, and crept carefully and noiselessly along until they were within a few feet of where the unsuspecting men were chopping. Suddenly with a yell that made the forest ring, and which echoed and re-echoed across the broad, still lake, they sprang upon their victims and bore them to the earth.

Leonora trembled with excitement and apprehension, expecting nothing less than to witness the horrible butchery of her father and lover at once.

But this did not seem to be the purpose of the Indians, for, tying the arms of their captors behind them, they took to the canoes, where, taking the old man into one and the young man into the other, they shoved boldly into the lake and paddled rapidly down to where the house stood.—Leonora divined their intent instantly.

"Ha!" she said to herself, "they design capturing me, too. They deem that an easy job, perhaps!" and her eyes flashed and her face flushed with anger.

"See! there is a fourth canoe, which they no doubt suppose will carry me.—This villainous work has been well calculated; but ah! you had savages! you have mistaken your girl this time. Leonora Brown has been taught more things than to cook venison steak. Oh, dear, dear, father, your Leonora will show you how bravely she can succor you, and how your instructing her the use of this rifle has saved you this day. And you, too, darling Henry Watson, have won a longer lease of your precious life by presenting me with this splendid revolving rifle. Six bullets for six ruffians! Miss one of them! ah, if I should—there's my knife. No, Leonora, you must not miss one of them."

The girl now crept stealthily through the underbrush up the bank to the prairie above. She knew that to reach the house the Indians would have to cross a broad, flat field, where there was no shelter for their persons. She did not think they would hesitate to do this, because, having taken the two men, they would hardly expect any resistance from a single girl.—About thirty rods to the right of the path a cattle yard had been erected by her father, and in the corner of the fence stood an immense elm tree. Inside of this yard climbed Leonora, and behind the big elm she concealed herself.

A few minutes more proved she was right in her conjecture. The Indians, after having tied stout rawhide thongs around the feet of their prisoners, laid them down in the bottom of their canoes, strode gaily and laughingly along toward the house, without any attempt at concealment.

Leonora's heart grew as hard as a stone, and her nerves—which fluttered a little before—now grew as firm as steel. She had put fresh water proof caps upon each nipple of her rifle, and putting the barrel on the rail of the fence, drew a sharp bead upon the first Indian; but as her finger curved to press the trigger she heard what actually seemed to be a voice whisper:

"Not yet, Leonora!"

She paused, and then, as if by inspiration, flashed the thought into her mind:

"Wait until they get nearer the house, then shoot the hindmost one first."

She obeyed the impression, and let them come on a few rods nearer. Suddenly the thought came again:

"Now's your time!"

Clapping her face to the rifle breech, she trained the death-dealing tube steadily at the chest of the rearmost Indian for an instant and fired.

The bullet proved true to its mark, and the burly Indian merely threw up his arms and fell dead, the rifle ball having gone directly through his heart.

A clap of thunder from a clear sky could not have so utterly astonished those remaining Indians. Wildly they looked in every direction to see whence came the fatal shot. In the next instant bang! went Leonora's rifle again, and another of their number dropped dead.

But they saw the smoke of the last shot and caught a glimpse of the shooter. At once they comprehended their peril.—They could not hide, and their only show was in running to the tree and tomahawking their presumptuous foe on the spot.—Instantly sounding the war-whoop, they bounded forward, but with the notes half uttered another of their number leaped in to the air and fell back to rise no more.—Leonora had fired again.

The remaining three rushed on, but again the brave girl's rifle rang like the knell of doom, and a fourth savage pitched headlong to the ground.

The terror of the remaining two was now pitiful to behold; they stopped short in their onward course, and uttering the most fearful screams, discharged their rifles at the tree in the wildest and most unavailing manner. But again the relentless rifle blazed, and another of the remaining two sunk to the ground as the bullet went crashing through his brain.

Immediately the one left threw down his rifle and cried out:

"No shoot me! No shoot me! Me give up!"

Leonora had drawn a bead on him, but now that they seemed so perfectly in her power she lowered her rifle, and stepping from behind the tree, climbed the fence briskly, and commenced approaching the savage.

The surprise and indignation of the Indian at the sight of the girl was intense, and forgetting his supplicating cry, he put his hand behind him and drew forth his tomahawk to throw at her.

Leonora's eye was as sharp as an eagle's, and saw the movement at once, and just as the bright blade of the hatchet gleam for the throw, she raised her rifle ann shot the faithless scoundrel dead in his tracks.

With the speed of a deer she now bounded forward to the lake.

Harry Watson shouted "Glory hallelujah. I knew it was Leonora!" and the father cried for joy as her little form appeared on the bluff, rifle in hand.

Quickly she descended to the canoes and unbound the two men, who embraced her and cried over her in the most extravagant manner.

But they felt they had no time to lose; and, hastily gathering up their teams and loading up their valuables, they sat out for Minneapolis, where they arrived safely, and where Leonora and Henry Watson were immediately made one flesh.

Old Walter Brown and Henry Watson both did good service in the Indian battles which followed; and when the savages were finally exterminated, they all went back to their old home on Green Lake, where they now live. They have one of the largest stock farms in the State; and Leonora, though the happy wife and mother, clings to her beautiful revolving rifle, and yet occasionally uses it to keep herself in practice.

A HARD STORY.

A Philadelphia paper says: There is a doctor in the northwestern part of this consolidated city who is especially remarkable for being, as the women term it, "short and crusty."

A week or two since, he was called to visit a patient who was laboring under a severe attack of cheap whiskey.

'Well, doctor, I'm down you see—completely flored. I have got the tremendelirium, you know.'

'Tremens, you fool! Where did you get your rum?'

'All over in spots; broke out promiscuously, doctor!'

'Served you right.'

'Father died of the same disease; it took him under the short ribs and carried him off bodily.'

'Well, you have got to take something immediately.'

'You are a trump, Doc! Here, wife, I'll take a nip of old rye.'

'Lie still, you blockhead! Mrs. B. if your husband should get worse before I return, which will be in an hour, give him a dose of that trunk strap; may be that will fetch him to a sense of his folly.'

The doctor sallied out grandly, and in an hour sallied in again, and found his friend of the 'tremendous delirium' in a terrible condition, writhing and struggling with pain. His wife, a female of the kind, but ignorant school, came up, and laying her hand on the doctor's arm, said:

'Doctor, I gave him the strap, as you directed.'

'Did you thrash him well?'

'Thrash him?' exclaimed the astonished woman, 'no, but I put the strap into hash and made him swallow it!'

'Oh, Lord, doctor!' roared the victim, 'I swallowed the leather, but—but—'

'But—what?'

'I swallowed the whole strap, but darned if I could go the buckle.'

The doctor administered too bread pills and evaporated.

RAISING GHOSTS.

The raising of ghosts was a favorite exploit of the necromances of old; the fame of Torralva the Spanish magician, has been immortalized in Don Quixote.—The demons that celebrated that Italian artist, Benvenuto Cellini, describes as having seen when he got within the conqueror's circle, and which amazement magnified into several legions, are now believed to have been merely figures produced by a magic lantern; and their appearing in an atmosphere of perfumes, is accounted for by burning oderiferous woods, in order to dim the vision of the spectators. When Charles IV. was married to the Bavarian Princess Sophia, in the city of Prague, the father of the tribe brought with him a wagon load of magicians to assist in the festivities. Two of the chief proficients in the part—Zytho, the Bohemian sorcerer, and Guion, the Bavarian—appeared as rivals in an extraordinary trial before an assembly. After super-human efforts to astonish, Zytho opened his jaws from ear to ear, and swallowed his companion until his teeth touched his shoes, which he spat out, because he said they had not been cleaned. The admiration of the audience was succeeded by feelings of horror; but Zytho calmed their apprehension by restoring the vanquished Guion in his perfect corporal proportions to life—a triumph of art inexplicable.

"Sam, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes towards the South in the winter?" "Well, I don't know massa, unless he no stand the climate of the norf and so am 'bliged to go to the souf where he 'sperience warmer longitude."

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF A COLLISION.

The Terrible Accident on the Pacific Railroad.

The accident was a collision between the east-bound express train, due at St. Louis at 6 a. m., yesterday morning, and east-bound extra freight train that left the city during the night previous. The express train had five passenger cars and a baggage car, and the freight train was a long, heavy one, drawn by a powerful locomotive. At the point of collision, a trifle and a half east of Eureka, there is an embankment, of fifteen feet high where the road curves so sharply that two approaching trains cannot see each other until close together. It was at this perilous spot, of all others, that these approaching trains, each unconscious of the other's presence, and each thundering forward at a rapid rate of speed, were doomed to meet. There was but one instant's warning of the terrible danger to which the express train was running, too short to permit it to be averted.

The two engines rushed at each other like malign and enraged monsters, grappled with a tremendous crash, reared from the track in a mortal wrestle, and fell helpless and disjointed fragments on the ground. The shock was terrible. The tender, baggage car, and the two forward passenger cars of the express train on one side and the tender and several box cars of the freight train on the other, rushed into the crash with their respective engines, leaving, at that quiet, rural spot, on that placid May morning, a disordered and frightful ruin, spattered with the blood of forty human beings entrapped and mutilated beneath its shapeless mass. There was no warning to the passengers and none of them had time to jump and escape from the fate that come so suddenly and swiftly. One moment they were in the repose of imagined security; the next they were crushed dead, or maimed between an incumbent weight that held them as in a vice. The two engines were driven with such force into each other that it was almost impossible, after the collision, to distinguish the parts of one from the other. The crushed cars were piled together, the cars being shivered into long slivers, and the seats, wheels, trucks and irons blended into an indescribable heap that rolled off down the embankment.—The three rear cars of the express train shared the concussion, but escaped the fate of the two forward ones. After the collision, they were found standing stiff and still on the track, with their brakes close up, showing that the brakesmen had done their duty well in responding to the engineer's whistle, before they leaped from the train.

It was chaos and death combined. The engines both on the same side of the embankment, were but a heap of battered fragments, while around on all sides was the confusion of ruin twice confounded.—The baggage car and the one next to it were shivered as if by internal explosion, and the maze of broken timbers, iron rods, wheels, and other portions of the car, looked like the frantic work of some infernal agency. It was a glorious May day, and mingling with the bloody fragments strewn around were the delicate green blades and stems of spring verdure.

In a collision, the principal loss of life generally results from wood splinters, sharp jagged spears that fly with the shock, like arrows from the hands of a giant. Several of the victims in this accident were slain in this way, and to look close into the wreck yesterday, was to see the evidences of this. Red human blood could be seen on the fresh hue of the newly rent wood, or a point of wood protruded, stained with the life-tide of some dead person, whose body was invisible. In many cases there were wounded and dead which it was impossible to see amid the tangled mass of broken wood and iron; often, however, the little red streams of blood flowing down some slanting beam, or else dropping slowly on the ground, indicated a spot of death or some senseless victim still breathing. More horrible, however, than the the bodies killed by impaling wood splinters, were those crushed by heavy masses of iron or wood driven against them as if fired from a cannon. A human body, reduced almost to a bloody pulp by crushing, forms a frightful picture in nearly all serious railroad collisions, and was not absent from this.

Cooper, the Mormon delegate to Congress, says that the reason our first parents dip not practice polygamy was "that their marriage was exhaustive;" in other words that Adam married "all the women in the world."

A saloon keeper of questionable honesty went to a lawyer to consult him about commencing an action of defamation against a fellow-townsman. "The scoundrel," said he fiercely, "has robbed me of my character!" "Ah! has he? Are you sure of that fact?" replied the green-satchel gentleman, quickly, and in a sarcastic tone; "if so, for heaven's sake let him go, for it is the luckiest thing that ever happened to you!"

The Spaniards have a saying, "At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior; at twenty, to her equal; at thirty, to anybody that will have her."

A NORTH CAROLINA TRADEDY.

To the attentive friends and correspondents of the *Whig* are we indebted for the following narrative of an occurrence in private life that transpired a few days since in Ashe county, N. C., near the Tennessee line. Terrific, rough and fatal as the result of the conflict was, we are assured that the parties participating in it are regarded as good citizens by the people of their immediate vicinity. Each of the parties represented own respectable farms and sustain reputations, from the productions of their land.

From the evidence adduced before the Justice who had the case on trial we make up this summary:

It seems that the wife of Jas. Davenport became jealous, old as she proves to have been, of a young girl named Kate Jackson, represented as being very lovable:

"Grace was all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

Frequent quarrels and contentions between Mrs. Davenport and Miss Kate had occurred, however, notwithstanding.

On the day of the fatal collision, it appears that Miss Kate Jackson, in company with her married sister, Mrs. DeArmand, passed the residence of the Davenport family. As soon as the sisters were discovered on the road, the Davenports, six in number, comprising the mother, three daughters, two of them grown, and two sons, the eldest about eighteen years old, rallied in force, and set out in vigorous pursuit of the defenceless sisters. The trail was continued until the sisters had nearly reached the Tennessee line. Here, the Davenport brothers, by a military movement, strategetically flanked them, and presented a front armed with sticks and stones. This caused Kate and her sister first to halt, and then to attempt to retrace their steps. But on attempting to retreat they were confronted by Mrs. Davenport and the three daughters similarly armed, who demanded Mrs. DeArmand to get out of the way, as they intended to kill Kate. Instead of obeying this militia order Mrs. DeA. made preparations to defend her sister. Young Davenport, the elder son, seeing this opposition to his order, at once let go a stone at her, which took effect on her head, breaking her skull, and prostrating her lifeless on the ground.

The heroine of the engagement, left to defend herself. She rallied and maintained her line by indiscriminately hurling upon the attacking party, such flinty missiles as came opportune to her. One of these shots took immediate effect upon the elder Davenport boy, slitting one side of his face open and placing him *hors du combat*. Turning her attention, then, to the maternal head of the Davenport family, she directed a stone against her head that inflicted a severe wound and laid her sprawling on the field. This accomplished, the heroic girl slowly fell back to a position where she could supply herself with necessary ammunition. This point obtained, and being still besieged, she again discharged a shot, and another of the Davenport boys wilted. Then the Davenport girls rallied and made a desperate charge upon her with clubs and stones, inflicting serious wounds but not succeeding in setting her down. Just at this crisis, Kate, hard pressed as she was, and having no time to stoop to gather rocks to defend herself, extricated from her pocket—she had a pocket—a small pen-knife, measuring about six inches in the blade, and commenced an indiscriminate and wild and general cutting and slashing at the combined Davenport girls surrounding her.

The result of this fearful phrenzy on the part of Kate was seriously detrimental to the well-being of the Davenport females. Two of them received serious slashes from the insignificant weapon she wielded, one of them dropping on the field from loss of blood let flooding from the knife, and the other so seriously disabled as to be a fit subject for hospital service.

This unexpected result contributed materially to the immediate withdrawal of the remaining Davenport beseiging party, who quietly removed their disabled from the field, leaving the heroic Kate master of the situation.

The casualties sustained in this engagement only amount to the death of Mrs. DeArmand, with the probabilty that the elder Miss Davenport will also die, and the crippling for life of four others of the Davenport family.

Kate Jackson was less injured than any one engaged in the fight, and was able to carry her dead sister home after the battle closed.—*Knoxville Whig.*

The schoolmarm who gave the following definition of eating at a tea party, the other evening, it is unnecessary to say expired soon after. 'To eat,' says she, 'is to introduce nutritious pabalum into the genticular orifice, below the nasal protuberance, which being masticated, peregrinate musculomembranous, symmetrical, cylindrical cavities of the Pharynx and œsophegus, and is finally domicilliated in the recepticle for digestible particles.'

A letter is published from M. Guizot in reference to the proposed statue to Dr. Chalmers. He says that he will associate himself with true and heartfelt pleasure in the work; that there is no theologian nor Christian moralist for whom he has a higher esteem, and that though he did not agree with him in everything, he honored and admired the elevation, vigor of thought and moral height of his genius. Such a testimony is of interest from the veteran French politician