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COURTSHIP AFTER MARRIAGE.

"Now this is what I call comfort," said Madge Harley as she sat down by her neighbor's fire one evening; "here you are at your sewing, with the kettle steaming on the hob, and the tea-things on the table, expecting every minute to hear your husband's step, and see his kind face look in at the door. Ah! if my husband was but like yours, Janet."

"He is like mine in many of his ways," said Janet, with a smile, "and if you will allow me to speak plainly, he would be still more like him if you took more pains to make him comfortable."

"What do you mean?" cried Madge; "our house is as clean as your's; I mend my husband's clothes, and cook his dinner as carefully as any woman in the parish, and yet he never stays at home on an evening, while you sit here by your cheerful fire after night as happy as can be."

"As happy as can be on earth," said her friend gravely; "yes, and shall I tell you the secret of it, Madge?"

"I wish you would," said Madge, with a deep sigh; "it is misery to live as I do now."

"Well, then," said Janet, speaking slowly and distinctly, "I let my husband see that I love him still, and that I learn every day to love him more. Love is the chain that binds him to his home. The world may call it folly, but the world is not my lawyer."

"And do you really think," exclaimed Madge in surprise, "that husbands care for that sort of thing?"

"For love do you mean?" asked Janet.

"Yes; they don't feel at all as we do, Janet, and it don't take many years of married life to make them think of a wife as a sort of maid-of-all-work."

"A libel, Madge," said Mrs. Matson, laughing; "I won't let you sit in William's chair and talk so."

"No, because your husband is different, and values his wife's love, while John cares for me only as his house-keeper."

"I don't think that," said Janet, "although I know that he said to my husband the other day that courting time was the happiest of a man's life. William reminded him that there is greater happiness than that, even on earth, if men but give their hearts to Christ. I know John did not alter his opinion, but he went away still thinking of his courting time as a joy too great to be exceeded."

"Dear fellow," cried Madge, smiling through her tears. "I do believe he was very happy then. I remember I used to listen for his step as I sat with my dear mother by the fire, longing for the happiness of seeing him."

"Just so," said Janet; "do you ever feel like that now?"

Madge hesitated. "Well, no, not exactly."

"And why not?"

"O, I don't know," said Madge; "married people give up that sort of thing."

"Love, do you mean?" asked Janet.

"No, but what people call being sentimental," said Mrs. Harley.

"Longing to see your husband is a proper sentiment."

"But some people are ridiculously foolish before others," reasoned Madge.

"That proves they want sense. I am not likely to approve of that, as William would soon tell you; all I want is that wives should let their husbands know they are still loved."

"But men are so vain," said Madge, "that it is dangerous to show them much attention."

Her friend looked up, "O, Madge, what are you saying? Have you, then, married with the notion that it is not good for John to believe you love him?"

"No, but it is not wise to show that you care too much for them."

"Say I and him; do not talk of husbands in general; but of yours in particular."

"He thinks quite enough of himself already, I assure you."

"Dear Madge," said Janet, smiling, "would it do you any harm to receive a little more attention from your husband?"

"Of course not. I wish he'd try," and Mrs. Harley laughed at the idea.

"Then you don't think enough of yourself already? and nothing would make you vain, I suppose?"

Madge colored, and all the more when she perceived that William Matson had come in quietly, and was now standing behind Janet's chair. "This of course, put an end to the conversation. Madge returned to her own home to think of Janet's words, and to confess secretly they were wise."

Hours passed before John Harley returned home. He was a man of good abilities, and well to do in the world; and having married Madge because he truly loved her, he had expected to have a happy home. But partly because he was reserved and sensitive, partly because Madge feared to make him vain, they had grown very cold to each other, so cold that John began to think the ale-house a more comfortable place than his own fireside.

That night the rain fell in torrents, the winds howled, and it was not until the midnight hour had arrived that Harley left the public-house and hastened toward his cottage. He was wet through when he at length crossed the threshold; he was, as he gruffly muttered, "used to that"; but he was not used to the tone and look with which his wife drew near to welcome him, nor to find warm clothes by a crackling fire, and slippers on the hearth; nor to hear no reproach for late hours, and neglect, and dress that was as neat as his own.

Some change had come to Madge, he was very sure. She wore a dress he had bought her years ago, with a neat linen collar round the neck, and had a cap, trimmed with white ribbons, on her head.

"You're smart, Madge," he exclaimed at last, when he had stared at her for some time in silence. "Who has been here with

me, dressing for to-night?"

"No one until you came," said Madge, half laughing.

"I? Nonsense; you didn't dress for me!" cried John.

"You won't believe it, perhaps, but I did. I have been talking with Mrs. Matson this evening, and she has given me some very good advice. So now, John, what would you like for your supper?"

John, who was wont to steal to the shelf at night and content himself with anything he could find, thought Madge's offer too excellent to be refused, and very soon a large bowl of chocolate was steaming on the table. Then his wife sat down, for a wonder, by his side and talked a little, and listened, and looked pleased, when at last, as if he could not help it, he said, "Dear old Madge!"

That was enough; her elbow somehow found its way then to the arm of his great chair, and she sat quietly looking at the fire. After awhile John spoke again:

"Madge, dear, do you remember the old days when we used to sit side by side in your mother's kitchen?"

"Yes."

"I was a younger man then, Madge, and, as they told me, handsome; now I am growing older, plainer, duller. Then you—you loved me; do you love me still?"

She looked up in his face and her eyes answered him. It was like going back to the old days to feel his arm around her as her head lay on his shoulder, and to hear once again the kind words meant for her ear alone.

She never once asked if this would make him "vain," she knew, as if by instinct, that it was making him a wiser, a more thoughtful, more earnest-hearted man. And when, after a happy silence, he took down the big Bible, and read a chapter, as he had been wont to read to her mother in former times, she bowed her head and prayed.

Yes, prayed—for pardon, through the blood of Jesus Christ—for strength to fulfill every duty in the future—for all the powerful influences of the Spirit, for blessings on her husband evermore.

She prayed—and not in vain—*British Workman.*

AN ECCENTRIC KING.

When King George of Greece ascended the throne of the Hellenes, it was generally believed that his reign would be short-lived, and that the young gentleman from Denmark would speedily fling away his crown, and return to his delightful home on the shores of the sound.

The contrary has been the case; the Basileus from Denmark is not only a very happy man, but also an exceedingly popular ruler. Nothing can be less pretentious than the manner in which he lives. I brought to him a letter of introduction from his father, and it being a very fine September day, strolled down between seven and eight o'clock in the morning to inquire of the palace-guards what hour would be most convenient for the king to receive me. To my astonishment, the Greek soldier at the gate, in his picturesque uniform, replied to me:

"You can see his majesty now. He is always up before six o'clock."

This was singular but welcome news to me.

"Where may I see the master of ceremonies?" I asked.

The soldier stared at me.

"Send in your card by one of those boys (pointing to two or three pages loitering about the portico), and you will probably be admitted at once."

Such proved to be the case. Two or three minutes afterward I was in the presence of the king. Imagine a slender young man of twenty-eight, with thin, light-colored hair, a very expressive, handsome face, ruddy cheeks, dressed in a checked plaid, with steel-framed eye-glasses, small hands, and small feet, encased in red-morocco slippers, and you have the Basileus before your eyes.

He glanced over my letter of introduction, and then kindly asked me to be seated.

"You have come here all the way from Copenhagen," he asked.

"Yes, sire, seven days ago I was yet at the Tivoli, and took leave of your royal father."

"Oh, yes, he likes to go there, and mingle with the people," said the young king, smiling, "and to laugh over the farces in the open-air theatre."

"Your majesty has no theatre here," I remarked; "it must be a great privation."

"Not at all," he said; "I believe I would have no time to go, if there was a good one in Athens. I am very busy. Look at this," he added, showing me a pile of manuscript; "I am writing."

"Writing?" I exclaimed, in surprise.

The king laughed.

"Yes," he said, "writing a book."

I took the liberty to ask on what subject.

"On the 'Bees of Hymettus.' Times must have changed greatly, or the ancient Hellenes would not have been poor judges of honey. Wait!"

He jumped up, and brought a tumbler filled with honey and a teaspoon. "Taste this."

I did so, while he looked at me expectantly.

"Is it good?" he asked.

"Not very," I said. "Not near so good as Danish honey."

"That is just what I am going to prove to my book."

He asked me to accompany him to his cabinet. It was a small room full of chemical crucibles, and glasses covered with waxed paper.

"Here," said the king, "are ninety different sorts of honey—even from Australia and New Zealand. Hymettus honey ranks far below most of them."

His majesty made me taste half a dozen different kinds.

I asked him if he thought that, in olden times, the busy bees of Hymettus had done better.

"I incline to that opinion," he answered; "and I am sure I have found out the true reason. The climate of Greece is no longer what it was two thousand years ago. That is my discovery," he added, almost triumphantly; "and if I can prove the assertion, am I not entitled to some philosophical honors?"

I ventured to ask for the reasons of this belief.

"Ah!" he said, laughing; "that is my secret. But, believe me, I am well fortified with arguments. I have my classics at my fingers' ends, and I have waded through an enormous quantity of learned literature."

I asked the king whether he devoted his leisure hours entirely to this branch of study.

"No, no," he said, eagerly; "to my birds. Will you see my aviary?"

There was no refusing, of course. And so I followed his majesty into the courtyard, where he showed me a truly superb aviary.

I expressed my surprise, and he said, with genuine pride gleaming from his eyes: "Is it not beautiful? But it cost me a great deal of money—almost more than I was able to afford."

And now he showed me his pets—the famous five trained magpies. He took off his hat, and placed five bright brass rings on his head. The magpies took them from him one after another; and then he whistled, and they brought them back to where they had got them. They also placed themselves, at his command, upon his head, forming a sort of crown; and when he shouted "Oikon!" (Go home!), they flew back to their cote. Another curiosity, was a tame vulture, of gigantic size, captured near the site of ancient Delphi. At the king's call, the terrible creature placed itself with both legs on his shoulders. I instinctively shrank back from the vulture; but the king said:

"Never mind, old Miltiades is very good-natured. He will now shake hands with you."

Sure enough, Miltiades grasped my shrinking hand with an antique grip worthy of his namesake, and with an exceedingly ludicrous air of gravity.

The king then ordered him to retire, but the bird was evidently reluctant. The king ordered a piece of meat to be brought to Miltiades, who thereupon withdrew, with an unmistakable air of satisfaction, while his majesty proudly told me that he alone had tamed the bird to all this.

We stammered into the palace, and the king kindly showed me the most remarkable apartments, chattering all the while about his parents and his brothers and sisters. He expressed his regret that mighty little Thyra, as he called his youngest sister, was also to be married to horrible, foggy England, which he seemed to hold in especial abhorrence.

"I suppose," I said, "your majesty will be present at the wedding?"

"Not if it comes off in England. I was there once six months, and hardly ever saw a sunny day. Now, I have become so accustomed to the glorious sun, that I cannot live without it."

I was over an hour with this eccentric young king. He was the soul of simplicity and kindness. His subjects like him, and he is happy. How few kings are there like him!—*Translated for the Journal from the Baltic Gazette.*

JACKSON AND BENTON.—In early life there existed a bitter feud between General Jackson and the Bentons. This at last culminated in a tavern fight with pistols and sword-canes in Nashville, Tennessee, in which Jackson, with his friend Colonel Coffee and the two Bentons—Thomas H. and Jesse—participated. The result was that Colonel Benton planted a bullet in the fleshy part of General Jackson's arm, which the old hero carried until his second Presidential term, when it was extracted by Dr. Jackson, a celebrated Philadelphia surgeon. During the closing year of his last Presidential term, General Jackson had occasional and violent attacks of hemorrhage of the lungs, and Dr. Lewis Field Linn, of Missouri, the colleague of Colonel Benton in the Senate, was his physician. The bitter feud having long before been settled, Colonel Benton was a frequent visitor at the White House, and was specially attentive during the illness of his former foe. Dr. Linn, feeling himself justified by his intimacy with the parties, ventured to ask their version of the Nashville encounter. "Benton, you tell it," was the response of Old Hickory. "No, Jackson, I'll leave it to you, for your account will be correct," and, pending the discussion, the two ancient foes were crying like children.

IMITATE HIM, BOYS.—There's only one way to get along in life, boys; by paying strict attention to business, and performing duties well. One of our well-known rich men began life as an errand boy, and did his work accurately—his writing and arithmetic. After a while he learned other duties, and at each step his employer commended his accuracy and relied on him, because he was just right. It is thus with every occupation. The accurate boy is the favored one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the constant lookout, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journey-man's elbow to be sure that his work is right, or if a cashier must run over his book-keeper's columns, he might as well do the work himself as to employ another to do it in that way; and it is very certain that an employer will get rid of such an under-rate workman as soon as he can.

THE WEDDING RING.—The wedding ring is put upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand because in the original formulary of marriage it was placed first on the top of the thumb with the words, "In the name of the Father," then on the next finger, with "And of the Son," then on the middle finger, with "And of the Holy Ghost," and finally on the fourth, with the "Amen."

HAIR AS AN INDICATION OF CHARACTER.

Straight, lank, stringy hair indicates weakness and cowardice.

Curly hair denotes a quick temper.

Frizzy hair, set on one's head as if each individual hair was ready to fight its neighbor, denotes coarseness.

Light auburn, denotes intelligence, industry and a peaceful disposition.

Coarse, straight black hair denotes a sluggish disposition, with little ambition and a love of ease, with a disposition to find fault and borrow trouble.

Black hair, very little inclined to curl, with a dark complexion, indicates personal courage, especially when one is concerned, with a wonderful degree of pertinacity, and a disposition to hang on until whatever is undertaken is accomplished.

Red hair, if straight, denotes ugliness and a haughty, domineering disposition.

Light red, given somewhat to curl, if it be fine, rather than coarse, indicates ambition, but deceit, treachery and a willingness to sacrifice old friends for new ones, or for personal advancement.

What is called sandy hair indicates a jovial disposition with much energy or power of calculation for bargains. Such persons are good fellows, content to work for others more than themselves.

Brown hair denotes a fondness for life, a friendly disposition, ambition, earnestness of purpose, capacity for business, and reliability in friendship, in proportion as the hair is fine.

Light brown hair, with a clear skin is a very certain indication of courage, ambition, reliability, and a determination to overcome obstacles. Nearly all the best business men of the country have this kind of hair. The finer and more silken the texture, the finer the organization, and the more quickly and inflammable the disposition. If such hair be straight and fine, it indicates an even disposition, a readiness to forgive, and a desire to add to the happiness of others.

Persons with fine, light, brown or auburn hair, inclined to curl or frizz, are quick tempered, and are given to resentment and revenge.

Light brown hair, inclined to redness, with a freckled skin, is a certain indication of deceit, treachery, and a disposition to do something mean to a friend, when that friend can no longer be used to advantage.

Straight, black hair, crisp and glossy, indicates great power of endurance, indifference to danger, and a strong predisposition to revenge wrongs or insults, real or fancied.—The coarser the hair, the longer will the person having it nurse his revenge, till there comes a safe chance for its gratification.

Hair that is inclined to change its appearance with the weather, with a sort of recklessness to its style indicates a corresponding recklessness, or rather impudence as to the speech of people.

THE SON OF NUN.—Mr. Guerin, who has been engaged for the French government in scientific researches in Palestine, has recently read a paper in a geological congress at Lyons, describing his discovery of the tomb of Joshua, the son of Nun. The tomb, he states, is situated at Gizeh, the heritage of Joshua. In the hill at this place are many tombs, and this one is a vestibule into which the light of day penetrates, supported by two columns, while the place is furnished with nearly three hundred niches for lamps, and is so filled evidently from their use. This argues that some periodical celebrations were held there.

This vestibule gives entrance to two chambers, one containing 400 in receptacles for coffins, and the other, but one. In this latter one M. Guerin supposes the body of Joshua to have been deposited, and he thinks he has discovered a strong evidence of this in the statement that the sharp flint knives with which Joshua used to circumcise the children of Israel at Gizeh were buried in his tomb.

On removing the debris which covered the floor of the tomb, a large number of flint knives were found, and on making excavations at Gizeh, the passage of the Jordan, a number of similar knives were also discovered. The pillars in the vestibule of the tomb are surrounded by a fillet in the style of Egyptian monuments, and this would argue a period of about the time of Joshua. M. Guerin also believes he has found the tomb of the Magabees at Medieh, which he thinks corresponds with the Mehan of the Book of Maccabees.

BOYS NOTE THIS!—Don't forget to take off your hat when you enter the house. Gentlemen never keep their hats in, in the presence of ladies, and if you always take yours off when mamma and the girls are by, you will not forget yourself or be mortified when a guest or a stranger happens to be in the parlor. Habit is stronger than anything else, and you will always find that the easiest way to make sure of doing right on all occasions is to get in the habit of doing right. Good manners cannot be put off at a moment's warning.

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

LA FAYETTE'S VISIT TO FAYETTEVILLE.

Many incidents connected with the visit of La Fayette to Fayetteville in 1825 might be mentioned, which would serve to interest persons of the present day, as well as to revive the recollection of past events in the minds of the few of those then on the active stage of life.

The General arrived in Fayetteville on the afternoon of Friday the 30th day of March, 1825. The weather had been cloudy (warm for the season), for a day or two previous, and on the morning of that day the rain commenced falling—not in fitful showers, but in the old-fashioned way, such as might be called a rain.

There were at that time four volunteer military companies in Fayetteville—the

old Independent Company, and a Battalion of Artillery, consisting of a troop of horse and two companies of foot—the latter drilling as artillery and infantry, and having two field-pieces.

At an early hour on Friday the troop left town for the residence of Mr. Robert Campbell, ten miles from Fayetteville on the old Raleigh road, where the General passed the night previous. Soon after breakfast the vast crowds of people began to assemble in the streets, all eager with expectation, and all anxious to see the face of one who was there so much beloved, whose memory still holds a place in the hearts of all true Americans. The sounds of drum and fife were heard, and soon the three foot companies took up their line of march for the river. The streets were muddy, muddier, muddiest. There were few crossings in those days, and they were not much used by the crowd, so eager were the people to "push along, keep moving."

The writer remembers losing one shoe in crossing from Smith's corner (Coke Davy's) to the Shackelford corner. After crossing, however, he was persuaded to go back and regain the lost shoe.

The side-walks leading from the market to Campbellton were now crowded with people. The rain fell in torrents. Umbrellas were used and umbrellas were not used. No one regarded the weather. Old white folks and young white folks, old darkies and young darkies, in one promiscuous mass, all, all press on.

"Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

The Bridge! The Bridge! was the place whither all were wending, and doubtless Campbellton had never contained so many human beings as were then and there congregated.

The military was drawn up in line near the Bridge, coolly taking the rain, while anxious crowds lined the streets, awaiting the arrival of the expected visitor. But hour after hour passed and yet no intimations of the approach of the General were given.

At about 3 o'clock, however, the sound of * Nelsons bugle was heard on the opposite side of the river, and the loud tantara-ra gave notice that the approaching cavalcade was near at hand. As the General and his escort crossed the Bridge, the firing of a single musket gave the signal, and soon was heard the rapid discharge of artillery from the two field-pieces planted at Liberty Point—giving notice that the Nation's guest was then within the corporate limits of Fayetteville.

A military and civic procession was formed. The Flying Artillery (as the troop was called), followed by the Mecklenburg Troop; then the Light and Heavy (or Eagle) Artillery. The carriages containing the General and his retinue followed—the Independent Company acting as body guard to the old veteran. Many citizens, in carriages and on horseback, came next, thus swelling the procession to a considerable length. The crowd, the great mass, took the "People's line," and the side-walks were again crowded. Capt. Dwight's Band discoursed sweet music on the march from the river.

Arriving at the east end of the State House, (as the old Market House was then called), the procession halted and the Hon. John D. Toomer, from a platform erected for the occasion, delivered an address of welcome to La Fayette. This was responded to by the General, and he was then escorted down Gillespie street to the old State Bank building, which had been kindly offered by Mr. Duncan MacRae, the Cashier of the Bank, for the use of General La Fayette as his headquarters during his sojourn in Fayetteville.

As the General alighted from his carriage he received an address of welcome from Duncan K. MacRae, who stood up in his little carriage, drawn by the old dog "Lion," and made a properly committed speech. This was responded to, of course, Duncan, like Fitz Green Halleck's "Pan-ny," "was younger once than now," (being then not more than five years of age), but he doubtless remembers with pleasure, in his far-off home in Memphis, this his maiden effort at oratory.

The General and suite took possession of the quarters assigned them, and the military marched to their respective places of rendezvous and were dismissed.

It may be mentioned here that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cochran then kept, at their old homestead on Green street, a (to use the parlance of the present day,) No. 1 private boarding house. Mrs. C., with her sister Mrs. Winslow, was induced by the authorities to remove into the Bank building, and to superintend the General's household. As evidence of appreciation of the manner in which this pleasing duty was discharged, the Commissioners of the town passed handsome complimentary resolutions which are doubtless spread upon the record of their proceedings. (The writer has often sipped his coffee from the saucer then used by the General, and has in his possession a *nutmeg grater* no doubt used by him when he mixed his toddy.)

The parade being dismissed, active preparations now commenced for the grand military and civic Ball. This took place in the La Fayette Hotel, a large four-story building located on the southeast corner of Hay and Donaldson streets. It was built and owned by Mr. Robert Donaldson, a native and then citizen of Fayetteville. He afterwards married a daughter of Judge Gaston, and removed to the State of New York, where he died not long since. The Hotel building was not then completed, but the ball-room and a sufficient number of ante-rooms had been so far finished as to permit of their being used on the occasion. Of the Ball the writer has no personal recollection. In the issuance of cards of invitation his name had been (unintentionally, no doubt,) omitted; therefore he was debarred the pleasure of participating in that part of the proceed-

ings. Suffice it to say, the newspaper reports of the time represent it as a success.

Saturday was a beautiful day. The birds caroled their sweetest melody, and the tiny wren, with its cheery note, as it trilled its matin song, seemed to chant forth a pean of "welcome to La Fayette."

It was one of those balmy days we sometimes have in early Spring. The military review was to take place on Rowan street. The General alighted from his carriage and moved slowly down the line, giving a cordial grasp of the hand to each individual soldier as he passed. The writer has a very distinct recollection of this, as he had an uninterrupted view while reclining at full length upon the top of a house about thirty feet in rear of the line. The display was an imposing one. Five military companies, in gay uniforms, comprising between 250 and 300 men, presented a very martial appearance for a small town like Fayetteville.

Dress parade being over, the General repaired to the Masonic Lodge, where he was received and regaled by the members of "Old Phoenix," and was doubtless accorded all the honors pertaining to that mystic Brotherhood.

At 3 o'clock, the General's carriages were ready for the road. He was escorted as far as Mallett's Bridge by the Flying Artillery,—the Independent Company being out and still acting as body-guard.—Here the separation took place; the Independent Company returned, and the Flying Artillery continued on and escorted the General as far as Cheraw, in South Carolina.

Thus, at some tax upon his memory, the writer has endeavored to give as clear and succinct an account of the occurrences of that day as his opportunities of knowing afforded. He has relied upon what he regards as a tolerably good memory; and although not then eight years of age, the events of that period have left an almost indelible impression. Nearly half a century has passed away since then, and nearly all who then trod the boards of life's busy stage have passed away also! Some few, however, still remain; and for their gratification, and the edification of the rising generation, these pages have been written. Though this feeble record of by-gone days may possess but little merit, the writer claims for it one characteristic—that is, truth.

The writer has witnessed many gala days in his native town, but he thinks he will be borne out in the assertion that none ever eclipsed that great Holiday, *La Fayette's Visit to Fayetteville.*

It has been said that there were four military companies in Fayetteville. There was a fifth, of which honorable mention should be made, lest the writer should incur censure at the hands of the very few who now remain of its members. This was a company of some 25 or 30 juveniles. They were prevented from parading for the reason that their armorer (old Dublin the Fiddler) could not furnish them with a sufficient quantity of muskets (wooden) to be used on the occasion. This was a sore disappointment. John Maffitt (since Capt. Maffitt of the Navy), was Captain of this company; James MacRae (now Dr. McR. of Fayetteville), was Ensign; Charles McMillan was a Sergeant, and their jumble chronicle was—a private. He, however, was ranked as a good soldier, for, under the tutelage of Colonel (afterwards General) Ayer, he soon became tolerably proficient in the facings, wheelings, &c., as well as the manual of arms. The knowledge thus gained was afterwards of service, for when, at the age of 17, he first took his place in the ranks of the Independent Company, he found that he had not forgotten the school of the soldier.

An incident connected with this company is known to but very few. It was on a Saturday afternoon—"the boys were out," and were drilling on Russell street near the half-way bridge. Suddenly Mr. James R. Gee was discovered coming down the street with his wife, riding in one of the old-fashioned stork-gigs. Mr. Gee was a member of the horse company, (it was before he lost his arm,) and it was proposed to give him a salute. Tom Drake, the drummer, rolled the drum, the flag was waved, Mr. Gee's horse took fright and ran, and, at a short distance below the old Russell house, Mrs. Gee was split. A fractured leg was the consequence. The command "break ranks" was given, and every boy took the nearest direction for home. As there was no roll-call at dismissal, no record was ever found of the members who were then and there present. Many years afterwards Mr. Gee told the Captain that he harbored no grudge against him.

* Nelson, the Barber, was a well-known character in those days. He combined with the fustian art an excellent sense of the law, and was regarded as the town-fiddler. He acted as trumpeter for the troop, and is mentioned upon his tomb, and occupies his place on the right with all the dignity of a Major General. He has long since retired from business, and is now enjoying his *otium cum dignitate.*

This was quite a large troop from Mecklenburg county, eighty or ninety strong, commanded by Col. Polk. It had gone from Charlotte to the Virginia line, and encamped at La Fayette (through a back) to Fayetteville.

This building was called "the State House" from the fact that the Legislature and