

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
FREDERICK T. WALSER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
TERMS:
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
INVARIABLE IN ADVANCE.
ONE DOLLAR FOR SIX MONTHS.
THREE MONTHS FOR FIFTY CENTS.
REDUCTIONS MADE FOR CLEBS.

Winston-Salem

DEVOTED TO POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

WINSTON, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1872.

ADVERTISING RATES:
One square, one time..... \$1.00
One square, two times..... 1.25
One square, three times..... 1.50

A square is the width of a column and one inch deep.
Liberal inducements offered for contract advertisements.

VOL. I.

NO. 22.

Antony and Cleopatra.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebb the crimson Nile-tide fast,
And the dark Phoenician shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen! support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Hearken unto the great seer's
Thou, and thou alone must hear.

THE BROKEN MIRROR.

The following story which has a good moral, was written by a little girl of fourteen years, daughter of the late Rev. Eugene Hicks, of the Episcopal Church at Lowell at the time of his death. The story will compare favorably and is superior to many written by "older heads." It was published in many of our first class magazines.—Ed. North Star.

A Deserted Church.

Westmoreland County, the birthplace of Washington, Madison, Monroe, and Marshall, called "the Athens of Virginia" was the most polite and wealthy region of Virginia when Thomas Jefferson was a young lawyer. In thirty years it became waste and desolate. A picket-guard, in 1813, posted on the Potomac to watch for the expected British fleet, were seeking one day a place to encamp, when they came upon an old church the condition of which revealed at once the completeness and the recklessness of the ruin. It stood in a lonely dell, where the silence was broken only by the breeze whispering through the pines and cedars and dense shrubbery that closed the entrance. Huge oaks standing near the walls enveloped the roof with their long, intertwining branches. The doors all stood wide open; the windows were broken; the roof was rotten and had partly fallen in; and a giant pine, uprooted by a tempest, was lying against the front, choking up the principal door. The churchyard, which extended east and enclosed by a high brick wall of costly structure, was densely covered all over with tombstones and monuments, many of which, though they bore names once held in honor throughout Virginia, were broken to pieces or prostrate, with brambles and weeds growing thick and tangled between them everywhere. The parish had been important enough to have a separate building for a vestry just outside the churchyard wall. This had rotted away from its chimney, which stood erect in a mass of ruin.

A Burning Ship.

Oh, that night! can I ever forget it? The fire was starting from every crevice of the black hull, her great mainmast gone, the mizen masting with several great white sails surging about in the water, and she was dragging it along with the water. The foremost of the rigging and rigging and sails had not yet caught. A dead silence had succeeded now to the commotion in the vessel; men were standing stock still, perhaps waiting for their orders, and my uncle's were the only eyes that were not strained to follow the leaping and dazzling spires in their career.

Varieties in Fashions.

Some of the newly imported batiste costumes are making their appearance in fragmentary state, says a New York fashion journal, being used as frills and carriages upon costumes of silk. They are being tamely combined with the silk, but one cannot cry out against the innovation, and especially not when the furore seems universally to be for novelty.

A West Virginia Doctor.

The major presented me to Doctor Didwick, a red-headed, stuttering eccentric individual, who was going up toward Yeokum on a professional tour, and who would ride with us. This was fortunate, as the road we contemplated traveling was very obscure and difficult, and the country not an agreeable one to get lost in.

Facts and Fancies.

A student defines flirtation to be "attention without intention."
Old maids are fond of pairs, but cannot bear any reference to dates.
A North Carolina woman was buried in a feather bed, according to her desire.
An Illinois newspaper has suffered from three libel suits to the amount of \$5 cents.