EUROPE.

Tichborne Claimant's New Witnesses and Additional Identity.

ES FAVRE'S NEW BOOK.

Reception of the German Prince in St. Petersburg by the Czar.

IE SPANISH ELECTION.

ENGLAND.

Tichborne Trial—Last of Baigent's ney—More Witnesses and Fresh Identy—No Doubt as to the Man—Captain Burton, the African Traveller, Testifies—Sir William Ferguson's Evidence—What Other Witnesses Have to Say.

[From the London Telegraph, Dec. 13 and 14.]

On the resumption of this case on the 12th the attendance in the Court was unusually small, almost [illegible]. The re-examination of Mr. Baigent was [illegible] up by Sergeant Ballantine, who got from the [illegible] that the miss Plowden he married had £300 [illegible] for her life; but he had never received anything of advantage from it. The relations between witness and Rouse were excellent as arising out of the latter's partiality for the claimant. Rouse quarrelled with the claimant about a bill in [illegible], and something about a mare and wagon. Mrs. Baigent, first wife, about eighteen months before Mrs. Baigent died, about eighteen months before Rouse had gone over to the enemy and taken up all Witness' letters written in perfect confidence, witness had received from Lady Dougty after her marriage just as before; that made no difference between them; and letters from that lady to witness, showing good terms between them, were read, one of which seemed to hall acknowledge the claimant; in witness' opinion, Roger Tichborne had received no education at all worthy of the name. A letter of claimant, of July, 1846, just as he was going to Stonyhurst, written in French, was produced, and there was a rather amusing difficulty in getting it accurately read. At last it was read by the Judge, pointing out, as he went on, misspelling which occurred in it. Another letter, written in French by Roger Tichborne, also containing misspelling, was produced and examined by the jury. The statement of Mr. Baigent, on which his affidavit in chancery was founded, and which in effect contained his evidence in favor of the claimant, was read at length—in fact, at very great length, occupying nearly an hour. The witness, being appealed to, affirmed that every word of the statement was true. A list of the Jesuit fathers at Stonyhurst, obtained by the witness, was produced, and he said that he showed it to claimant, who picked out some whom he remembered. At the dinner at Mr. Hopkins', mention having been made by claimant of some deeds, the existence of which Mr. Hopkins denied, it was afterwards found that there were such deeds. At that time the claimant was nearly ten stone lighter than he now. In reference to the claimant calling the only place Tichborne "Hall" the dowager always called it. * * * * A number of other questions arising out of the cross-examination were asked by the jury, to one of which the witness said he based the identity of the claimant on his personal appearance, mode of speaking, manners, habits and so on. The long-drawn-out evidence of this witness was thus brought to a close.

A FRESH WITNESS.

Sarah Woodman, who knew claimant at Cahir, stated she was in the habit of going to Lord Glengall's park; had been shown the claimant, and knew him at once; claimant she saw him, and has no doubt he was Roger Tichborne she knew in Ireland; she admitted that she only saw the claimant passing from Westminster Hall to his carriage, with plenty of people about, but heard no one say, "Here comes Roger;" she knew him by his features, notwithstanding his stoutness.

ANOTHER RECOGNITION.

At the sitting of the Court on the 13th Mrs. Pearce, sister of Mrs. Woodman, appeared as a witness, and stated that she did not exactly know how old she was; had no belief on the subject, but was at least seven (according to appearance she must be twenty-five, if not thirty); she resided in Ireland with her father and mother, who were lodge keepers at Lord Glengall's park at the time the Carbineers were quartered at Cahir, and had frequent opportunities of seeing Roger Tichborne; she, like her sister, had originally been subpœnaed for the defendants, but saw the claimant coming out of Westminster Hall and recognized him as the Mr. Tichborne she knew formerly, and she said at the moment, "That's Mr. Tichborne and nobody else!" she had seen him twice, once coming in and once going out of the court, and had no doubt about his identity; she told the Attorney General that if he cross-examined her for a week her opinion would be the same, notwithstanding that the claimant was changed from a slight to a large, heavy man.

A SERGEANT OF THE EIGHTH HUSSARS,

James Beanan by name, formerly in the Carabineers (in 1849), stated that he was drilled in the same class with Roger Tichborne, who was only nominally dismissed from drill, and had to attend as an awkward officer; witness identified claimant as the same person. It came out that claimant did not recognize the witness, though they had been drilled together for nearly four years.

ANOTHER EX-CARABINEER,

Thomas Hatchin, who knew Roger Tichborne and saw him drilled, and who was specific as to his personal peculiarities, stated that in November, 1867, at Brighton, he met a gentleman walking on the pier whose appearance struck him, and, after careful examination, he was convinced that this person was Roger Tichborne, of whose presence in Brighton he knew nothing previously. Since then he had seen the claimant and picked him out from among twelve as Mr. Tichborne—the same person he saw at Brighton, and who answered questions as to matters relating to the Carabineers correctly, so that witness had no doubt of his identity.

IDENTITY WITHOUT A SHADOW OF DOUBT.

A warder at the Convict Prison, Chatham, one Thomas Harry Mubbay, who was formerly in the Carabineers, and well knew Roger Tichborne, having recently seen the claimant, was convinced of his identity without a shadow of doubt.

AN IRISH HAIRDRESSER'S EVIDENCE.

A hairdresser of Clonmel of thirty-five years' standing, Thomas Dorley by name, had the honor of cutting the hair of all of the officers of the Carabineers when that regiment was stationed there, and he remembered a mark on the head of one of them. Having examined claimant's head lately he found a similar mark, and claimant was able to explain to witness where the hairdressing establishment was situated in Clonmel. The place where the mark was was bare of hair. Witness admitted that the claimant's head had changed considerably since he was at Clonmel.

CAPTAIN BURTON'S TESTIMONY.

Then came Captain Burton, the well known African traveller, who stated that in November, 1868, he met the claimant in South America, at a place near Rosario, where witness was on his way to the Pampas; the claimant being on his return from the Cordilleras to Buenos Ayres, and he was obviously not in a physical condition to cross the Andes, where a great deal of walking was to be done; the route from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, owing to the disturbed state of the country, was very dangerous, as witness had reason to know; the claimant was too stout, and too much disposed to have crossed the Andes; the claimant stated to witness that he had received letters which recalled him to England.

SIR WILLIAM FERGUSSON'S EVIDENCE.

Sir William Fergusson was then called, and stated that he had made medical examinations of the claimant twice in the present year, and found several scars upon each ankle on the inner side, one under the left ankle being most distinct, which might have been caused by the incision of a lancet; there was a round scar on the left forearm, caused either by a boil or wound, and there were marks of vaccination, one of them larger than what generally results from vaccination in England; there was a scar caused by a penetrating wound from a fishhook on the outer part of the left eyebrow; there were scars on the bridge of the nose, the bones of which had been broken; his legs were in-kneed; on the left shoulder were marks such as might be caused by a seton; there was a scar on the back of the head, over the right side of the occipital protuberance, vertical in its direction and of long standing. There was a brown mark on the left side; the hands were soft and fat, with small knuckles, supple; the thumb of the left hand was peculiarly pointed, the fleshy part projecting beyond the nail, which was imperfectly developed. He recognized the peculiar thumb in a photograph of the claimant shown to him. The cross-examination being directed as to whether there was any difference in the appearance in the person of the claimant in examinations which were made in February and November this year, and Sir William Fergusson not having his notes with him, his further examination was postponed till next day.

COLONEL STUART-WORTLEY.

Colonel Archibald Henry Plantagenet Stuart-Wortley deposed that he had made photography his special study; was of the opinion that the photographs used in the cause were taken from the daguerreotypes also put in; he spoke to the peculiar formation of the end of the thumb, above alluded to by Sir W. Fergusson; he had seen claimant for the first time that morning, and having examined his hand had no doubt that the photograph was taken from a man with such a hand. One or two formal questions were then put to Mr. Lotock Webb, the chancery barrister.

The Royal Geographical Society of England and the Fate of Dr. Livingstone.

[From the Manchester Guardian, Dec. 13.]

It could never have been supposed that the active interest of scientific men in the fate of Dr. Livingstone would die with Sir Roderick Murchison. The Royal Geographical Society consequently charges itself with the duty of promoting a direct search for the illustrious traveller. At the last fortnightly meeting of the society the President, Sir Henry Rawlinson, indicated the course which the enquiry will probably pursue. Till very lately a fair prospect has been believed to exist of communicating with Livingstone through the medium of the American traveller, Mr. Stanley. These hopes, however, have suffered a serious check in consequence of the arrival of intelligence showing that the outbreak of local troubles has temporarily cut off the communication between the African sea coast and the Lake of Tanganyika. A choice of alternative lines of action under this discouragement was propounded at the meeting to which we refer. One plan is to send native messengers into the interior, offering at the same time a substantial reward to any African who will bring back a letter in the handwriting of our lost fellow-countryman. Mr. Rassam, of Abyssinian celebrity, believes in this mode of operation; but others who may know more than he does of the difficulties of penetrating the interior from Zanzibar and returning have no faith in its success. The other scheme is to organize an expedition, small it might well be, but necessarily armed, headed by some experienced and well-qualified European, and destined to march on Maunema, where Livingstone has been reported to be living. The Council of the Geographical Society will forthwith address itself to the Foreign Secretary, with a view to obtaining the co-operation of the government in one or both of these designs. It would seem reasonable to suppose that the expedient of the messengers will be tried first, to be followed only in case of failure by the expedition. In any way it cannot be doubted that the Foreign Office will give ready and zealous assistance. The English people will be no less ready to make a practical effort for the relief of Livingstone than they were in past time to explore the Polar regions for Franklin and his brave companions.

FRANCE.

Jules Favre's New Book—The Records of the Government of National Defence.

The following extracts are taken from Jules Favre's new book:—

PORTRAIT OF BISMARCK.

Count Bismarck seemed to be full of vigor; his tall figure, his powerful head and strongly marked features impressed one with a sense of strength; at the same time, his manners were stamped with simplicity and geniality. His bearing was grave and courteous, entirely free from affectation or roughness. From the commencement of our intercourse his manner was friendly and communicative, and this tone he maintained throughout. Doubtless he considered me, as a diplomatist, entirely unworthy of him; but he had the politeness to endeavor to hide this feeling, and was apparently touched by my sincerity. As for me, I was at once struck by the clearness of his ideas, by his good sense, and by the originality of his mind. His freedom from all pretentiousness was no less remarkable. As a man of business I found him perfect, recognising facts as they exist, interested only in practical and positive solutions, indifference to everything that did not lead to some useful result. The immense power which he has wielded has made him neither haughty nor vain; but he holds that power firmly, and he cares not to hide the sacrifices which he has made to retain it. Nervous and impressionable, he is not always able to suppress his impetuosity. I had heard much of his extreme cleverness, but he never deceived me, although he often wounded me. Write repelled by his persistency and hardness, in great things as well as small I ever found him exact and punctilious.

POLITICAL CREED OF THE COUNT AND THE EMPEROR.

The following relates to an interview which M. Favre had with the Count and in which Favre hinted that Bismarck was only the tool of that Imperialism which Prussia meant to impose on France:—

You deceive yourself. I have no reason to like Napoleon III. I do not deny that it would be more convenient for us to keep him on the throne; but, personally, I have no reason to praise him. If he had so willed the two nations could have been sincere allies, and, acting together, they could have given the law to Europe. He has tried to deceive everybody and I never trusted him; but I did not wish to fight him, as I proved in 1867, during the dispute about Luxembourg. All those about the King demanded war, and I alone resisted them. I even tendered my resignation and thus cast a slur on my own reputation. I tell you all this only to prove that I had no wish to go to war, and war would not have taken place if it had not been declared by you. It seemed to me that France was determined to fight. When I heard of the anger which was shown about the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern I was alarmed by the determination of your Ambassador, M. de Benedetti, to treat with the King alone. He troubled the King; and, knowing this, I advised a policy which should give you satisfaction. When I learned that the King, following my advice, had obtained from his cousin the withdrawal of his name as candidate, I wrote to my wife that all was over, and that I should join her in the country. Great, therefore, was my surprise when I heard that the trouble had recommenced. Our side did not show systematic hostility like the French government, which was determined to have war. The cause was to be the humiliation of the King—a humiliation to which he could not submit. And to this moment I cannot understand such infatuation, especially when displayed by such men as M. de Gramont and M. Ollivier. The former was always a second-rate diplomatist and M. Ollivier was an orator, but no statesman. I have already told you that, had it been to our interest to re-establish the dynasty of Napoleon, we would have done it, or we could have set up even the Orleans Princes, or M. de Chambord, who was more to our taste—at least to that of the King, who thinks much of hereditary right. As for me, I am altogether impartial—I am even a republican. No government is good which does not satisfy the wishes of the people.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

The St. Petersburg Banquet—Reception of Prince Frederick Charles and His Companion Knights of St. George by the Czar and the Imperial Family.

A letter appears in the London *Times* from a German correspondent giving an account of the recent banquet at St. Petersburg, at which the Czar delivered his remarkable speech in favor of a Russo-German alliance. The writer says:—"The Knights of St. George left Berlin on Sunday evening by the ordinary express train and arrived at the frontier on Monday afternoon. They were received there by a Russian Embassy, headed by the Generals Albedinsky and Minckwinez, and conducted to the imperial train which waited for them at the station and took them to St. Petersburg. The journey, which lasted twenty-four hours, was planned in a way to show every possible attention to the wants and wishes of the noble travellers. Good beds had been prepared, sumptuous meals were served in the cars, and on the principal stations deputations, headed by governors of provinces, by generals and the highest functionaries of the place, came to present their respects to Prince Frederick Charles and his companion Knights of St. George. At Zarskoe-Selo, half an hour's journey from St. Petersburg, the Emperor himself came to greet his illustrious guests. He was surrounded by all the members of the imperial family residing at this moment in St. Petersburg, and by the highest officers and officials of the empire. The heir apparent, on whose anti-German sentiments the French party has founded such strong hopes, was there, bidding, in words and looks, hearty welcome to his father's guests. The Grand Dukes Wladimir and Constantine, the Princes of Oldenburg and Leuchtenberg followed him. The Emperor wore the uniform of a Prussian general, while Prince Frederick Charles and Prince August, of Wurtemberg, as a grateful acknowledgment of this attention, wore the uniform of the Russian regiments of which they are the honorary commanders. The white Cross of St. George was worn by the German princes and generals, while Prussian decorations showed on the breasts of the Russian. The Russian band played the Prussian hymn, "Heil dir im Siegeskranz." The Emperor and his staff, as well as the Imperial Princes and their followers, mounted the train and accompanied the German Knights of St. George from Zarskoe-Selo to St. Petersburg. It was altogether what the French call *un échange de bons procédés*," and everbody looked so proud and happy over it that it would have required the imagination of a redacteur of the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois* or other papers of the same stamp to discover anything else but the existence of strong, good and true feeling between the Court of St. Petersburg and the representatives of the military power and glory of Germany.

SPAIN.

The Elections in the Provinces.

A letter from Madrid in the *Courrier de Bayonne* says:—

At this moment nothing is spoken of but the elections; all others questions are temporarily banished to the second rank. In the capital parties, except the conservatives, were desirous of testing their strength, and that trial has only proved one thing—the weakness of the government. For the choice of the officers to preside over the municipal elections very few voters were present. The republicans triumphed in twenty places, the radicals in seventy-five, the ministerialists in five; nevertheless, the latter do not lose all hope of obtaining success for some of their partisans. News from the principal provincial towns is impatiently awaited, but information is scarce and unreliable. According to rumor, at Seville, Cadiz, Malaga and even at Barcelona, the Zorrilists had experienced a check; at Valencia the republicans are said to have gained; at Valladolid and Palencia the coalition of the republicans and Carlists is understood to have given the expected results; at Bilbao the latter party has obtained the victory in more than half the returns, and in Guadalaxara it will have all. In presence of these results, which are not entirely favorable to the ministry, the journals which support it say now, but somewhat late, that no political character is to be attributed to the municipal elections. The *Epoca* relates a strange fact which has occurred at Lerida. At the moment the voting was about to commence the discovery was made that the register of electors inscribed and the urns had disappeared, and that, therefore, any ballot was impossible. The Governor immediately sent the news by telegraph to the ministry.

STOLE A HORSE AND WAGON.

Joseph Quinn, a plumber, twenty-three years of age, residing at No. 142 Thompson street, was arrested by Officer Kearney, of the Eighth precinct, on Friday night, upon complaint of Maillard & Co., who charge that he, in company with three others, stole a horse and wagon from them, valued at $600. The property was found in the possession of the prisoner. He denied the charge before Justice Dowling, at Jefferson Market, yesterday, but was locked up for trial.

THE "TERRORS" OF CAROLINA.

The Lawless Lowreys and Their Liege Subjects.

GENERAL JOWER'S JEOPARDY.

Visit to the Outlaws' Headquarters—The People Terrified and Demoralized—Respectable Citizens Leaving Anson County—Pillage in Broad Daylight—The Whole Population as Spies for Lowrey—Powerlessness of the State Government—A Mongrel Robin Hood.

MOSS NECK DEPOT,
Robeson County, N. C., Dec. 24, 1871.

While on a special tour through the southern portion of the Old North State on professional business for the HERALD I thought a few hours spent here—the nearest railroad depot to the headquarters of the notorious Lowrey gang of outlaws—would not be amiss. So, getting off a passenger train, I quietly sauntered about until the arrival of a freight train due here some three hours later. The country is extremely poor, the lands swampy, dismal and malarious, and the inhabitants are poor, mostly ignorant and having that ashy hue of countenance the effect of chills and fevers, besides being somewhat deaf from the frequent use of quinine. Not more than a score of persons were assembled to witness the arrival and departure of the train—an event of some consequence in this lonely and desolate section of the country, and as soon as I stepped from the car I became the observed of all observers. My main object in stopping here was to acquire all the information possible regarding the operations of the famous outlaw, Henry Berry Lowrey, and his gang, since the disastrous campaign against them by the State and federal troops was abandoned last fall. In this I can scarcely say I was very successful, for from the moment of my arrival to that of my departure the few people at the depot watched my every movement

WITH EVIDENT SUSPICION,

and were exceedingly guarded in their replies when I spoke to any of them. It was soon apparent that they took me to be a spy or a detective sent here to capture the Lowreys single handed, and so far from obtaining information from any of the parties present on this head, it is certain, beyond a doubt, that they soon found means of notifying the notorious outlaw of my immediate presence in the neighborhood, as well as my suspected designs. After numerous fruitless attempts to draw some of them into conversation on the subject of the Lowreys—all of them shaking their heads in a manner that indicated the most unmistakable silence—I approached an elderly, farmer-like gentleman and observed:—

"The neighborhood seems unusually quiet to be so near the vicinity infected by the outlaws?"

"Why, yes," he replied; "but if you saw them here like they come some days, when they stop the train, all armed with two rifles apiece and half a dozen pistols in each of their belts, you wouldn't think it was very quiet."

"Do they often stop the train?"

"No, not often; but they are frequently here when it passes. They have stopped the freight, though, several times to get some things they needed."

Finding this gentleman more communicative than any of the others I proceeded with my interrogatories, the remainder of the crowd standing off at a distance keenly watching me; but I soon found there was a limit even to his information.

"How are the outlaws disposed toward the people living in the county since the troops were withdrawn?"

"My friend," said the old gentleman, looking at me squarely, "if you have come to pump me about the Lowreys you have run upon

THE WRONG MAN,

and if you want to operate against them you'll have to do it on your own hook, for no man about here is going to risk his life by informing on them."

This was said in such a decided tone, and with such a forcible expression, both of physiognomy and attitude, that it became at once convincing, and though I protested that I was innocent of any sinister designs against the outlaws, it was in vain that I courted further news concerning them, and the old gentleman coolly walked off, leaving me to my own reflections. It was clear that nothing could be gained by asking direct questions, particularly if the party questioned was a white man, so I adopted another course and amused myself smoking and walking about until the arrival of the freight train which was to take me out of such a remarkably unhealthy latitude. An hour afterwards, while thus engaged, a negro accosted me, three or four hundred yards from the depot, in the following characteristic manner:—

"Good mornin', Boss. What is de time, if you please?"

"Two o'clock," I replied.

"Thankee, Boss;" and he was about to go on when I stopped him.

"How far from here do the Lowreys live?"

"Not far, Boss—ober dar, in Scuffletown"—pointing in the direction.

"Do they ever trouble anybody now?"

"No, sah, 'cep it is dey goes to de farmers' houses an'

ORDERS MEAT AND BREAD

whenever dey wants it."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, sah; dat's all. I hearn Henry Berry hissaf say at de depot de oder day he didn't 'tend to hurt nobody in de county less it is dey goes an' interferes wid him."

"What did he mean by interfere with him?"

"Well, sah, he mean dey musn't help de 'thorities to catch him or get information 'bout him."

"What would he do in that case if they did help to have him arrested?"

"Boss, dere's no tellin' what he wouldn't do. He would do eberything 'cep let dem or dere family 'lone."

"You think he would murder them?"

"Yes, Boss, de las' one ob dem, an' den burn dere houses to de groun'."

"The white people here appear to be greatly afraid of Lowrey and his gang?"

"Yes, sah, dat dey is. I tell you, Boss, dese yere white men 'bout here would as soon tink of cuttin' dere own throats as to

RAISE A FINGER

again one of dem men in de swamps. Dey rather sen him word fus' if dey hears ob anybody a-trying to take dem."

"Well, does Lowery break open houses at night time to take provisions when he wants them?"

"No, sah; he goes in de broad daylight and helps hisself to eberything he wants."

"Do the people offer any resistance?"

"No sarree, dat dey don't. Dey is only too glad to gib him all he wants an' git rid of him. Case he'd take it anyhow, Boss, an' what is de use of 'fusin'." (refusing.)

"Do the colored people in the county generally like Lowery?"

"Well, some of dees, Boss, an' some on em doesn't. A good many ob dem is related an mixed up wid de Lowreys an' de Oxendines one way or anoder, and dey have dere spies 'bout eberywhar what goes dem notice when the Sheriff or soldiers is gwine to make a raid on dem."

"What do the Lowreys do then?"

"Dey goes into de swamps whar de white people can't git at dem."

"Do you think the colored people would attempt to capture them?"

"No, sah. Dey is too much afraid, like de white people. Dough I 'speck dey would make de bes' show, 'case dey knows more 'bout de swamps."

MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS.

My colored informant and I then parted, and from all he said it can easily be inferred that Lowrey is supreme ruler of the entire country, of which the classic township of Scuffletown is the centre and capital. He issues his mandates and levies his tributes in as imperial a manner as any monarch of old might do, however despotic, and in his broad domains there are none so disloyal or rebellious as to murmur against his decrees or refuse to pay his tributes to the uttermost centime of value. To show, too, that he appreciated such thorough loyalty and devotion on the part of his subjects Lowrey has officially proclaimed that in the future he will inflict no personal punishment, except in extreme cases of disloyalty towards himself and companions, but in such cases he will assuredly visit the

DIREST VENGEANCE

on the rebellious offender. He has further promulgated the intelligence that he will suffer no housebreaking or midnight robbery in his realms; that if such criminal offences are perpetrated he will endeavor to ferret out the parties and bring them to justice, and see that they receive the punishment which their crimes merit. His edicts being legal, binding and in full force, himself and agents will collect their tithes and taxes in open daylight, so that there can be no misunderstanding; and any person or persons guilty of personating him or any of his personal staff, in any robberies at night, will be severely dealt with.

The respectable people of the community are completely overawed and so

THOROUGHLY DEMORALIZED

that they submit quietly to the daily outrages of the Lowrey gang, on the principle that of all the evils choose the least. Those who have found it possible to dispose of their property to their neighbors for even a nominal value have done so and have left a neighborhood where outlaws are openly sanctioned and where neither their persons or property can be protected by either the local, State or even the federal authorities. As rapidly as possible this class of people are leaving such a dangerous and wo-begone and apparently abandoned section of the State, and soon it will be entirely depopulated of all its white citizens, whose homes and property will become a prey to the mongrel tribe who are connected and sympathize with Lowrey and his gang. This latter class are by far the most numerous, being composed of the lowest, most ignorant and degraded of the whites, who intermarry with the negro and Indian half-breeds, then the half-breeds themselves are all related in some way with the Lowreys, the Oxendines and the Chavises, and, lastly, the genuine negroes, making in all one of the most

HYBRID AND DEGRADED

communities to be found within the bounds of any civilized country in the world. All or a majority of them are either in secret, open or declared sympathy with Lowrey and his gang, and they have so well matured and perfect a system of spying and informing that Lowrey is at once apprized of any event of importance occurring in the county having for its object the capture of himself or any of the gang. With such extensive and secret outposts, such widespread and active co-operation throughout the whole county, and extending even to the surrounding counties, Lowrey openly defies all authority, whether of the State or the United States, as was visible in the interview under a flag of truce held with him by the Adjutant General of the State militia, and already published in the HERALD.

BLOODHOUNDS

have been suggested as a means to effect the capture of the outlaws, but even this remedy has not been applied, and the citizens of this county are left to the tender mercies of the Lowrey gang, with the utmost indifference on the part of the State government. Cannot something be done for these suffering people, even if it were a declaration of martial law by the President, for aid from the State authorities is hopeless?

Perhaps one of the most comical cases of his outlawry is that I find in the Anson county correspondence of the Wilmington (N. C.) *Journal*. If Robin Hood and his "merrie men" were anything like the Lowreys the romance is more attractive than the reality. The *Journal* says:—

On Tuesday night, 12th instant, General Jowers, of this county, having gone down to his place in Robeson county a few days before to attend to some renting, was invited by some young men in the neighborhood to go with them to a grocery near "Ashpole Swamp," and spend an hour or two in social amusement. The General, who is of rather a convivial turn, readily assented, and, guided by "the boys," as he calls them, reached the grocery about dark, little dreaming that Lowery and his gang were near. Alas, for the short-sightedness of poor humanity! How little does it know of the events which may be pressing close upon it! We cannot do better than to recount the subsequent events in the language of the General, premising that no pen can describe his manner of narrating them, and that the excitement of his mind had not entirely worn off when he reached the cars of the Wilmington and Charlotte Railroad on his way home.

GENERAL JOWERS' STORY

is about as follows:—I went down to my place in Robeson county to see about renting it for the coming year. If I had known the outlaws were in that neighborhood I should not have gone, and now anybody who wants to buy can have it cheap. Two of the neighbor boys, near Ashpole, had gone and bought four acres of land from Squire Jones and put up a grocery, where they have been doing business for about two months. They named the place Providence Grocery, and had been doing a good business. Well, Friday night some of the neighbors' boys wanted me to go with them over there and take a drink or two of some purtrocious juice which they said the grocery had got that day from Wilmington. So I went along. We laughed and chatted all the way over, walking along slowly and cracking our jokes at each other until we arrived at the place. It was quite dark, but the shop was lighted up and the boys led the way in. I stopped for a moment outside, and noticed that after they got in everything was unusually still, but I did not suspect that anything was the matter. Presently I stepped in, and being a little behind the light did not at first discover that any one was there but the boys. The first thing that I saw was a man taking a step towards me and at the same time bringing

A SPENCER RIFLE TO BEAR ON MY BREAST.

At that moment I knew it was one of the outlaws. "Stop!" said I, and I said it quick too—stop! I am not here to trouble you, Mr. Lowery. Returned the rifle to its place aside, and I put my hand kindly on his left shoulder, at the same time repeating, "Stop, Mr. Lowery; I am not after you. I would not harm a hair of your head." He did not say a word, but he laughed; well, it wasn't a hearty, cheerful laugh, but it was pleasanter than whetting a mill saw. I quietly said, "I didn't come here after any harm, but just along with these neighborhood boys to have a little fun." At this Lowery lowered his rifle, and, turning to the barkeeper, said:—"Fun! the General wants fun! put up a quart of brandy, a quart of whiskey and a bushel of ground peas, and charge it to the Robeson County Poorhouse." So we all took a drink round, Lowery joining, and I kept up a considerable fire of small talk all the time to "Berry," as I called him. He spoke but little, but

HE DRANK PERFECTLY FAIR.

The barkeeper put the liquor up quick, as if anxious to accommodate him. I started about ten o'clock to go home, when Lowery called again, "Put up a quart of brandy and a quart of rum and charge it to the poorhouse!" About this time he was leaning against the counter carelessly; I was standing a little in his rear and the boys were talking quite lively. I could have killed him as he stood, and I thought of that $6,600 reward and how helplessly he apparently was, when I heard a whisper just at my right hand, which evidently came through the cracks of the plank weather boarding. I thought I

I HEARD THE SHUFFLING OF FEET ON THE GROUND,

as if somebody was cold and moving to keep warm. Then I knew the gang was all there, and the rest were keeping guard while he drank. The whisper sounded as if it was, "Is he drinking much?" and the answer, "Much! Hell! he hasn't begun."

Presently the liquor got low and I made another move, but Lowery interfered, "No, old fellow, don't go yet. You'd better stay and have some fun. Barkeeper, a quart of brandy, a quart of rum and charge it to the poorhouse." I saw the question of leaving was not mine to settle—I was a prisoner—so I turned my attention to the liquor. Then it entered my mind that he could not drink much more and keep up, but after a while I gave up that idea, for he drank his tumbler half full of brandy on an average every ten minutes. Drunk! He was more drunk at twelve o'clock than I was when I got there.

HOW I KEPT SO SOBER I CANNOT TELL,

unless it was the excitement. At about twelve o'clock the boys said they must go. Not wishing to go alone, I had been forced to accompany them home, but I was compelled to urge no more for my life than for that of a hog, and while treated politely, I felt that it was as much as my life was worth to make the least move that might be construed into an offence. So I saw the boys prepare to leave with hopless agony. At last they said, "Come on, General," but just then I was invited up for another drink, and they left me. I finished the liquor, set down my glass and moved slowly out the door. My eyesight is not the best in the dark; the boys were out of hearing, but I made a bolt from the very last step and dared for the path. Somehow I missed it and struck the swamp, where the water was about knee deep; but that was no obstacle, and I made it go as I dashed through it for at least half a mile. Just after I reached the swamp

I HEARD A TREMENDOUS VOLLEY,

at least a dozen guns, and they sounded louder than the big guns I heard at Richmond, Va., during the war.

I got home safe, and haven't rented that land yet. I have not got any harm against Mr. Lowery, and I don't his life. He may whip Caldwell and Grant and all Robeson county for all I care; but I don't think I shall be well enough to go to Providence Grocery and drink at the expense of the poorhouse for a long time to come.

This is the simple tale; but the General enlarges on it when meeting his friends. Let us hope that in his home, west of the great Pedee, he may speedily recover his old jovial spirits and not venture into neighborhoods less secure than his own quiet home.

CHRISTMAS FROLICS IN TENNESSEE.

Three Negroes Shot—Two Killed.

[From the Memphis Avalanche, Dec. 25.]

The Christmas festivities were inaugurated with the accustomed vigor yesterday afternoon in the city and the adjoining country. In the city the "free Americans" contented themselves with fire crackers, cannon, torpedoes and blank cartridges. The country people, in the absence of such trifles, relied upon the ever reliable navy six and shotgun. Their endeavors to create a genuine sensation were in two instances fully realized. About two o'clock in the afternoon, while standing in the door of the house containing commissaries for the laborers on the Selma Railroad, some five miles from town, a white man named Reynolds saw two negroes approaching. He had had a difficulty with one of the negroes that morning, and as soon as they arrived within hailing distance he ordered them to halt. The negroes either did not hear him, or else paid no attention, as they advanced steadily. Seeing this Reynolds again ordered them to halt, and threatened to shoot if they came any nearer. One of them, who seemed to be under the influence of liquor, told him to shoot if he wanted to. Snatching a pistol from one of the guards standing by Reynolds shot twice, the first shot struck one of the negroes, Bill Woods, just beneath the right eye, and killed him instantly. As quick as he could cock his revolver, Reynolds fired again, the bullet striking Jerry Williams, the other negro, right between the eyes. Jerry stood a second, as if staggered, and then he dropped dead. But two shots were fired by Reynolds, who is evidently a fine pistol shot. A few minutes later another negro came along, and seeing the bodies went to them with a view of seeing if the men were dead. Reynolds hailoed at him and raised his revolver as if to fire, when the negro threw up his hands and cried for mercy. Ordering him to leave Reynolds went to the two dead men and turned them over to satisfy himself that they were both dead. Ascertaining that they were both dead, he turned around, walked back to the commissary department, got his hat and coat, and striking out into the woods, disappeared. He has been employed by W. P. Dunevant & Co., the contractors of the Selma road, and at the time of the killing had charge of the commissary department. During the war he served in the federal army, and in one of the battles he had the forefinger of his right hand shot off. The two negroes, Woods and Williams, had been employed on the road for a long time, and were regarded as steady, hard working men. Last Saturday, in company with other laborers, they had received their month's pay, together with an extra $10 for Christmas use. They had been to town and were just returning to the camp when the murder was committed. Information was brought to the city later in the afternoon, and several officers proceeded out, but could not find Reynolds, who had doubtless fled the State. An inquest was held during the evening by Coroner Moffatt, a verdict being rendered in accordance with the facts as above stated.

ANOTHER BIT OF PISTOL PRACTICE.

Some two hours after the shooting above mentioned another negro was shot near the Catholic cemetery by a gentleman from Sardis, Miss., who accuses the negro with having stolen his horse. A few minutes before the shooting the negro, Jeff Jones, rode a fine looking horse up in front of a grocery store kept by a man named McCarney, and, dismounting, hitched his horse, entered the store and ordered some oysters. While eating the oysters a white man came into the store, and seeing Jeff, said, "You stole my horse, and I now arrest you and am going to turn you over to the authorities." Turning to Mr. McCarney he asked for a piece of rope with which to tie Jeff, who was then sidling toward the outer door. When about ten feet distant from the door he made a jump for it with the intention of making his escape. The white man ordered him to halt two or three times. Jeff paid no attention to the order, but was rapidly increasing the distance between himself and his pursuer. After running a short distance the man stopped and drawing a large sized navy opened fire. The first ball missed out the second took effect, as with that report Jeff leaped high in the air and fell forward on his face, shot through the left lung. The man stayed around the spot some two hours awaiting the arrival of some officer to whom he could deliver himself up. He said that Jeff—who is a stout looking negro of about twenty-five years of age—had been working for him on the plantation near Sardis, and that four days since left in company with a couple of his horses. Following him to this city, he, a few minutes previously, while riding along, had recognized his horse, and, entering the grocery store, saw Jeff, whom he intended to arrest. After waiting a long time he got tired, and, telling some bystanders where his address could be got, he mounted his horse and rode away. A few minutes later Pat McElroy came up, but did not learn for a half hour who it was that had done the shooting. Procuring a wagon, the Sergeant had Jeff removed to the Causey street station house, where Dr. Shaw was summoned to dress his wounds. After probing and dressing the wounds, the doctor said that with good attention Jeff will recover.

A CHRISTMAS FROLIC IN MAINE.

Five Persons Shot—One Killed.

We find the following particulars of the bloody affray at East Arlington, Christmas Day, in an extra of the Manchester *Journal*, and in the Rutland *Herald* of this morning. From all accounts it was one of the most horrible affairs that ever occurred in the State. East Arlington, the scene of the affray, is a village about six miles from Arlington. The row occurred in a saloon, Monday afternoon. During it pistols and clubs were freely used, resulting in the shooting of five persons by the proprietors of the saloon, Farwell and Lawrence. A little son of Farwell, aged eight years, was one of the victims and has since died. Young Farwell was accidentally shot by his father while loading a revolver. Two of the others will probably die. The others are not dangerously wounded.

State Attorney Batchelder, who was absent, was expected to return on Monday evening, when an investigation will be made. The parties are in charge of the authorities, awaiting the examination. Great excitement prevails in reference to the whole affair, which is justly regarded as another of the results of the sale of liquor in that place, culminating in the death of an innocent child. There are various conflicting rumors in regard to the origin of the row, and the proprietors claim that the shooting was done in self-defence, and a legal investigation can only determine the facts of the case. It is the most melancholy affair in its result that has ever occurred in this State, and the saddest of all is the shooting of the boy by his own father.

It seems there have been several rows in that vicinity lately, which have finally terminated in violence and death. It appears that the shooting was done by Farwell and Lawrence, who claim that it was done in self defence.

The persons engaged in the row who were shot are John Hannan, Edward Ratter and Frank Burk, all of East Arlington. Hannan is not expected to live, but Ratter and Burke, it is expected, will recover. Timothy Malony, of Glastenbury, had stepped into the door to purchase something, and seeing a row turned to go out, was shot in the back of the head and has since died.

Farwell and Lawrence have been arrested and held for trial.

Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Farwell, whose only son has been taken from her in so sudden and terrible a manner.

Rum is undoubtedly the cause of all this trouble, and the community hope it will be the means of breaking up those dens of iniquity in that village.

THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

New German Plans for Polar Exploration—Is Greenland a Continent—What Captain Koldewey Suggests—When the Expedition Should Start.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, Dec. 5, 1871.

Messrs. Weyprecht and Oberlieutenant Payer intend to continue their explorations between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla next year. The President of the Bremen Society for German Polar Exploration also publishes a plan of Captain Koldewey, of the first and second German expeditions, for a new voyage of exploration to East Greenland. True, we hear that Captain Koldewey, who is at present engaged in connection with Professor Dove in Berlin in working out the meteorological results of the last expedition, and has found a secure place for his services at the German Naval Observatory in Hamburg, would be prevented from participating in an expedition next year. Besides, the funds for such expedition are wanting and will not be readily procured. But there is no doubt that public interest in Polar exploration has been awakened in Germany by the late expedition; and new (foreign) expeditions are preparing (the Swedish) or are already *en route* (the American). But what is of vital interest to Germany—not, indeed, in the interest of science, but of patriotism—is the fact that the English are preparing to take advantage of the German explorations in East Greenland in the coming year. This has been pretty positively expressed by the recent address of the President of the Geographical Society, Sir Henry Rawlinson.

In regard to the continuation of Polar explorations Captain Koldewey, as well as Dr. Boergen and Dr. Copeland, on the basis of experiences made and results attained, have expressed themselves to the following effect:—Koldewey refers, first of all, to the efforts made in Germany