

FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

Here we are, with nine orphans, from Oxford, sitting on the backbone of the Blue Ridge at Swannanoa Gap. We sit on clover knee high, under the shade of a spreading apple tree. The trees are leaved and the ground is covered with delicious apples. Our dinner was prepared by Mrs. George Alexander, a daughter of Rev. Thomas Stradley. Epicurus himself would be grateful for such a dinner, and our dessert is composed of large luscious grapes, such as the fox in the fable could not reach. The mountain breeze and cool water gave us appetites several hours ago. We have been shaken and jolted; we have walked and waded till almost tired of the mountains; but now when we come to bid them adieu, and set our faces Eastward, we are obliged to cast many lingering looks behind. The climate is bracing and invigorating. Overhanging harvests reward the laborer, and wild fruits are very abundant. In the spring and summer strawberries gave a rosy tinge to every mountain side, and now the autumnal crops of grapes, chestnuts and apples surpass in reality what the people of the East could be induced to believe. The products of the earth are so varied and abundant that all human needs are fully supplied, and the people have a right to be happy. But strange to tell, nine-tenths of the people from Salisbury to the Tennessee line are sorely afflicted with "the grumblers." This dreadful disease seems to be contagious, infectious and incurable. The lame man stammers under it. The young man submits to it and the old man grunts with it. Some suppose the rail-road will cure it; others seem determined to die with it. In short, those people who seem to have every thing in greatest abundance make the loudest complaints of most distressing poverty. They declare they have no money for missions, none for their pastors, none for orphans, and yet every baby that tumbles down a mountain gorge can pay his way into a circus, and the man who is too poor to buy coffee for his family can buy the county right to sell a patent humbug. One curse of the country is fictitious prices. Many seem to forget that, as a general rule,

The real value of a thing
Is exactly what 'twill bring.

They put an uppercoat of high prices on their property and then, as very few will pay them, trading is done by barter. The money not being needed in barter, where cash is required, and the cry of hard times is raised. Charities of all kinds necessarily languish, and even the preachers are poorly paid. But after all the land flows with milk and honey, and the inhabitants are kind and clever.

We have given entertainments at Marshall, Weaversville, Asheville, Hendersonville, Shufordville and Berea. At Hendersonville we found hearty hospitality at the home of Col. T. W. Taylor. Mrs. Taylor (once Miss Lettie Yeargin and then Mrs. Jennings) gives life to a whole mountain village. Dr. Fletcher kindly cared for us at Shufordville. At Berea we were the guests of Mr. George N. Alexander. We are grateful to these and others for kindness bestowed

upon us. Elders Bowen and Nelson are zealous friends of the orphan work. But now we start down the mountain and soon reach Old Fort. Mr. Rimple of Salisbury preaches an excellent sermon in the ladies car, and Saturday we stop at Newton, and enjoy a pleasant day at the Hotel which Mr. and Mrs. Smyre know so well how to keep. Our entertainment in the Lutheran church is well attended, and on Sunday attend Sunday school at the German Reformed church, and then at the Methodist church hear a good sermon by the Rev. Mr. May. On Monday we reach Statesville and our party is hospitably entertained. The Presbyterian church is full and the people seem to enjoy the exercises. Major Robbins requests a collection which is liberal. Now we are off to Davidson College. Our good brother Williams, a bright Mason and a good man, has all things ready and though Faculty and students are enjoying vacation the attendance is large. Davidson College is well equipped for work. The main building is one hundred yards long. The chapel is immense. The Society Halls are furnished with splendor and good taste. Expense seems to have been disregarded. Davidson adheres to the old Curriculum and has no preparatory department. Boys not prepared are sent back to academies. This is sober and sensible.

And now we are in Charlotte. No better place being offered, we give our entertainment in the Court House. The house is packed with people and good attention is given. After the exercises, Mr. W. F. Cooke, the prince of plow-makers, hands the hat to a few persons around him; but no general collection is taken. A good opportunity passes unimproved. Gov. Vance is away, and no one seems disposed to take advantage of the occasion. But the whole party enjoys the hospitality of the citizens.

On Thursday evening an entertainment is given in Concord. Rev. Messrs. McKimmon and Brent, and Messrs. Alexander, King, Dowd and others give us a noble welcome, and besides paying all our expenses, the collection is liberal and speaks for itself. With grateful hearts, we take the train for Salisbury, and find a committee at the depot and all needed arrangements made. The children enjoy good health and the people very kind.

J. H. MILLS.

SIMONTON FEMALE COLLEGE.

Mrs. Grant and Miss Mitchell have opened a female school in Statesville and the prospect is very encouraging. The building is large, convenient and comfortable, and the grounds are adorned and improved with judgment and taste. The number of students is already large and constantly increasing. They are faithful and efficient teachers and deserves a liberal patronage.

MASONIC JOURNAL.—We have received the first number of this paper, published by Rev. E. A. Wilson, Greensboro, N. C., at \$2.00 per annum. It is well gotten up both editorially and typographically, and we very cheerfully commend it to the favor and patronage of the public, and especially to the Masonic Fraternity.

Nothing is intolerable that is necessary.

SMOKING.

Not long since we saw a wagoner take from his pocket an instrument of great simplicity, it being nothing more than a lump of hollowed clay something in the shape of the letter L, with about six inches of a common reed stuck in one end of it. He filled the other opening with some crumbles of a powdered weed, ignited a match and applied thereto, at the same time placing the reed to his lips, drew the smoke into his mouth and then emitted it in a manner which showed that he really enjoyed it. And this is smoking.

The witnessing of this incident excited our curiosity to find out something of the origin of a custom so singular and at the same time evidently affording so much gratification to those who indulge in it; and the following is the result of our researches in that direction:

We could not find that this 'precious stinke' tobacco, as King James, in his 'counterblast to tobacco' termed it, was known or used in Europe until soon after the discovery of the American continent. With the aborigines of North and South America the custom both of chewing and smoking was in vogue when first visited by European voyagers. How long the custom had prevailed among the Indians, before that time, it is impossible to tell, and there are no grounds for even a conjecture on the subject. But it is certain that, from the savage refinement to which the practice of smoking had been brought, that it was no new thing with them when Sir Walter Raleigh reached these shores, or when the Spanish marauders first invaded Mexico and South America. An old Spanish historian states that when the Spaniards invaded Paraguay in 1503, the natives, among other means of defense, 'chewed tobacco and spirted the juice on them.' If they were in as good practice as some are in our day, and aimed at the eyes of the Spaniards, it no doubt created considerable confusion among them.

The first smoking witnessed by Columbus on his arrival, was done in this wise: The natives dried and powdered their tobacco, laid a pile of it on a convenient flat rock and laid a coal of fire on it; then with one end of a piece of cane stuck in the nose and placing the other end in the smoke, they drew it into the nostril and puffed it out at the mouth. We have seen this practiced with pipes and cigars, only reversing the current of smoke.

The use of tobacco, however, with the Indians and Mexicans, seems to have been to some extent, for medical purposes, or superstitiously indulged in to superinduce reflection and wise determination in council. The Calumet or pipe of peace, was an institution, national and religious, among nearly all the North American tribes on the first discovery of the country by Europeans, and in Mexico and South America it seems to have risen to the dignity of a luxury, as the same old history to which we have alluded mentions that when King Montezuma entertained Cortes and his troop,

"They in the palace of great Montezuma
Were entertained with this celestial fume."

Something after the manner of handing round cigars after a big dinner in our day.

The fact of Sir Walter Raleigh's having contracted the habit of smoking on his visit to this

country, and his carrying it back to England, to "astonish the natives," is well known. Like all bad habits it soon spread, being first monopolized by the elite and fashionable, and then spreading among the common people, until it crossed the channel and on to the Dutch, who became in time the model smokers of the world.

We have not time now to notice the various fashions of pipes that have marked the history of pipe-smoking from Sir Walter's day to the present time, nor the various popular brands of smoking tobacco, from the cave-dish of the early English puffers to the best Durham of our time. We see that the custom of smoking and chewing has become almost universal in both christian and heathen lands, and it is only wonderful how a practice so disgusting, so dirty, expensive and inconvenient has become so thoroughly adopted, especially among civilized people, otherwise tolerably decent in their notions and habits.

MARS HILL, N. C.,
Sept. 14th, 1875.

Dear Orphans' Friend:—I feel it a duty to inform you of the operations of the people in the mountains in your behalf. I went to the Roan Mountain Association in your interest and came back almost as poor as I went. The people over there, I think, are naturally liberal and benevolent, though they certainly have the poorest opinion of their own ability to be what they might be, of any people I ever saw. When they properly understand the great necessity of their cooperation in the orphan work, they will, no doubt, lend a helping hand, and at the same time stop saying "We are too poor to help such praise-worthy movements." In all that vast crowd I only got two subscribers and the promise of about six more. They took a collection for the Orphan Asylum which amounted to \$5.40. They undoubtedly have great chances to make money, but they are digging too many holes for mica and paying too little attention to their better interests.

Yours truly,

J. R. S.

Gems of Thought.

Bounty, being free itself, thinks all others so.

Character is the diamond that scars every other stone.

All flowers will droop in absence of the sun that waked their sweets.

The imagination is of so delicate a texture that even words wound it.

The mind wears the colors of the soul, as the valet does that of his master.

Prosperity seems to be scarcely safe unless it be mixed with a little adversity.

Sin is the fruitful parent to distempers; and ill lives occasion good physicians.

Truth is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line.

Weariness can snore upon the flint, when restive Sloth finds the downy pillow hard.

Frank sincerity, though no invited guest, is free to all, and brings his welcome with him.

A writer on physiognomy sagely says:—"A human face without a nose doesn't amount to much." Whereupon Mr. Jones observed that a human nose without a face isn't much either.

Eyes and no Eyes.

One of the most interesting stories in the "Arabian Nights" describes two brothers, one of whom noticed everything he saw, and had a wonderful success in life, while the other failed, because he used his eyes to no good purpose. One who learns to use his eyes has great advantage over others. A little boy of five years had a habit of noticing everything in his walks and rides, and asking questions about new things till he understood them. One day, in the country, he rode with his father and two older cousins to a trout brook. The distance was three miles over a new road, and he was full of talk about everything he saw.

After fishing for some time, they found that the brook flowed into a meadow where the water stood in holes, and the father told the boy to remain by the wagon till the party returned. Some bees were flying about, and the boy made objection to stopping. The father, to quiet him, said, playfully,—

"You may walk about, or walk home, if you like."

When the party returned, the boy was missing. They searched anxiously, and called, but no trace could be found. Driving to the boarding-house, in great alarm, they found, by inquiring along the way, that he had walked home. On reaching the house, he was there enjoying himself; and when the father asked, "What made you go home?" he replied, innocently,—

"I was afraid of the stingers, and you told me I might go home."

"But were you not afraid of being lost?"

"Not a bit. I noticed that we turned but one corner, and when I got round that I was sure I was right."

It was a great feat for a boy of five years to find his way three miles over a road he had gone over but once, but his habit of seeing everything and remembering made it easy for him.

All for Christ.

A woman who kept a shabreen, or unlicensed whiskey store, in the north of Ireland, upon attending a revival meeting, was converted. Returning home she resolved to forsake her illegal and unholly calling, though it was her sole means of living, so taking the big jar in which she kept her whiskey, and placing it on the table, she thus addressed it: "Now, jar, you and I have lived together for two and twenty years, but the Lord Jesus Christ is coming to live with me, and you two won't agree, so one of you must go. It must be you." Then she dashed it into pieces on the stone court yard at the back of her shanty. Thus did she sacrifice all her living for Christ's sake. Who will be the next to make such a whole-souled surrender?

"The dearest idol I have known,
What'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

—R. M. Offord.

Learn to Work.

The Jews of Europe see to it that their children, the girls as well as the boys, are taught a trade, an art, or some profession by which they may earn their living. Not long since the daughter of the Baron Rothschild, one of the richest men in the world, passed an examination and received an official certificate of her fitness for the position of a teacher.