

GOING WEST.

On the train is our estimable friend Mrs Cobb of Elizabeth City. She is on her way to Asheville, to visit her sons, and she enjoys the trip.

About half way between Salisbury and Statesville we saw an old clay-colored horse plowing corn. He looked as if he had been swindled out of his share of the corn he made last year. How unkind! Give every horse his due proportion of the corn he helps to make. Do not let him die for want of what his own labor has produced. Noah's ship-wrights built him an ark, and they themselves were drowned. We have often wondered if his workmen ever asked permission to enter the ark. Perhaps he paid them off and they went to seek some other job. At Hickory we had an elegant dinner at the Central Hotel, now conducted by Messrs Smith & Neville. Just think of a lump of pure mountain snow floating in a goblet of rich milk. At our table sat Drs. Burkhead and Cuninggim. They were attending District Conference. The expected Bishop had not come; but Dr. McFerrin Dr. S. S. Bryant and other able men were present, and the meeting was very largely attended. Capt. Avery is on the train and he informs us that Rutherford College has just closed a very prosperous session, and that 921 beneficiaries have received free tuition there. At Henry, we find a new driver, and a heavy load. Mrs Cobb thinks of Pasquotank and wishes for a couple of nice herrings. Two gentlemen on the opposite seat inform her that they are herrings in name, and so an acquaintance begins, and the journey is made more pleasant. We all enjoy a hearty supper at Mr Alexander's, a good name for good eating. On Sunday morning at 2 o'clock we fall asleep in the Orphan House, and know nothing more till the organ presented by kind citizens of Greensboro fills the house with sacred melody, and then the song of the children reminds us of old brother Hill, who rose at the close of our entertainment in Shelby and said: "Brethren, I have a great mind to shout! I am so glad the Lord is carrying on the orphan work in our state!"

Mr. Moore (the Steward) is away giving entertainments, but the work is going on, and is managed well, though manned by women. We attend the Methodist Sunday school and try to be quiet, but the Superintendent Rev. L. M. Pease, is too sharp for us and so a "talk" is in order; but as every road in England leads to London, so any text carries us to the orphans. Rev. Mr. Hoss, the pastor, then mistakes us for a preacher and invites us into pulpit. But in this he was as much mistaken as he was when he B. H. S. Rev. Mr. Price of Tennessee preaches an excellent Sermon. In the afternoon Rev. John Mitchell preaches to the orphans. The sermon includes the conversion of Ruth, her afflictions and her devotion crowned with prosperity and dignity. Every seat is occupied and breathless attention is given to the word. We are glad to have the orphans attend the ministry of such able, faithful and affectionate preachers.

On Monday morning the first work is to visit the new Form

Rooms. We are glad to compare the work with the written contract and to find it better than we had any right to require or expect. Capt. M. E. Carter the (contractor) made improvements on the contract and then gave one hundred dollars to help the orphan work. A worthy son of his noble father! These Form Rooms were not completed as soon as we expected, because the rain and snow made work impossible; but they are now finished and paid for and will be occupied in a few days. Then the comfort of the children will be greatly increased and our accommodations will be enlarged. But we still go West, and are off for Mars Hill, with a load of supplies. Old Kit (bought of Mr. Stronach), the first mule ever owned by the Orphan Asylum, seems to be made for the mountains and she climbs them faithfully. The peaks around us are capped with clouds. We mean that clouds cover the mountain tops around us; but "cap" is a curious word. We "cap" guns when we put on caps. We "cap" strawberries when we take off caps. But the clouds hang on the mountains and sometimes ride across our road, and drop down water enough to take the romance out of our ride. But we ford the two forks of Ivy and follow the new road down the river and up a long ravine, over the side of a mountain till Mars Hill stands before us with "Old Bailey" looming up behind.

Here is our Orphan Infirmary. The sickly children, in need of a quiet and healthful retreat (who seemed likely to die if they remained at Oxford or Asheville where noise is inevitable) have been sent here, and we are glad to find them all improved, beyond our most sanguine expectations. Dr. Williams gives them directions in regard to diet and habits, and mountain water and breezes take the place of medicine. There goes a rosy girl, lively and happy, who got out of bed and tottered to the door when she started here. Now she has just eaten a hearty supper and is doing heavy housework. While we write on the 12th of June we have the windows let down, because the breeze is too cool. A more healthful place than Mars Hill we have never seen. O that Mr. Shaw or Dr. Cowell could come from Currituck and see these magnificent mountains. If Indian Ridge could be put down here, people would come from Tennessee to gaze on land perfectly level. If "Old Bailey" could be put down on Indian Town, his head would soon be crowned with a splendid hotel, and all the East would summer in sight of the loudly-roaring ocean. Here, then, is our orphan work; twelve times ten in school at Oxford, four times ten in school at Asheville, and not quite a dozen in the Infirmary at Mars Hill. For the support of this work, we rely upon the spontaneous contributions of the people. So far they have carried it on. Will they ever let it languish? Reader, will you? We pause that you may answer.

PIGEON RIVER, N. C., }
June 8th, 1876. }

I had but one day after my trip to Yancey and Mitchell, to make preparation for the trip to Haywood, and consequently had no time to write any account of the former, while at home.

With a singing band of eight I started on the excursion above mentioned on Monday, May 29th. We reached Big Ivey Church and

gave a concert at night. The attendance was good and people attentive. A collection was taken up at the close of the concert, not large, but as good as could be expected, considering the extreme hardness of the times and unprecedented scarcity of money. We lodged that night at the house of Mr. Zimri Carter; had a pleasant home and kind treatment.

From Big Ivey we went to Mars Hill, gave a concert at night, but did not attempt to "lift a collection," believing that the good people of that locality will do a liberal part by the orphan work in looking after the seven or eight half invalids domiciled there.

We reached Burnsville on Wednesday, June 1st, and gave a concert to a large crowd in the Court House. Capt. Carter, of Asheville, Mr. J. S. Adams, of Bakersville, and Maj. Malone, of Marion, made appeals in behalf of the orphans, and a pretty good collection was the result. The children found good homes and received several presents. Here we met Miss Sallie Greene, formerly a teacher in the Asylum at Mars Hill, and the joy of meeting her exhibited by her old pupils must have been highly gratifying to her. They never speak of her but in the most affectionate terms, and indeed, she deserves this affectionate remembrance on their part for the unremitting care and kindness she showed them while under her charge.

We left Burnsville Thursday morning and reached Bakersville that night. We were comfortably quartered and the concert at night was well attended. The collection for the orphans was a pretty fair one, but not quite so good as we had expected in this region of mica. But hard times! hard times! is the cry everywhere.

From Bakersville we turned the horses' heads homeward again, as there was no where else to go to, in that direction, unless we had turned into McDowell, where we had been a few weeks ago, or crossed over into Tennessee, on the people of which we had no special claim. We got to Cane River and gave a concert at night. The attendance large for a country neighborhood, and the collection liberal for the times and circumstances. We all stayed at the house of Mr. Sams, brother of the former Steward at Mars Hill, whose house and heart were both large enough to give us ample accommodation.

We reached and staid at Mars Hill Saturday night. On Sunday we started with a view of reaching a church on the way and attending the Sabbath services, but owing to a broken wagon wheel, failed, and slowly made our way homeward. We don't like to travel on Sunday, but in this instance we felt justified in doing so.

The trip was pleasant. I have no doubt that a favorable impression for the orphan work was made which will result in good to the cause hereafter. The roads were rough, but the scenery along them, in many places, grand and beautiful. The children ran up the mountain slopes, gathered wild flowers, and plashed their hands in the sparkling streamlets that came leaping and laughing down the rocky hillsides. The boys killed eight snakes and one ground hog; a feat they ceased not to brag on for several days, and even yet they allude to incidents that occurred "the day we killed the ground hog."

We found all well at home on

our return; provisions getting scarce, but these the result of the trip enabled us to supply for a limited time. We took Monday to wash up and to repair damages, and, on Tuesday morning started again; this time for a somewhat extended tour through Haywood county. We have given two concerts and are now resting between two appointments, they being only five miles apart; but we must reserve an account of this trip to a future letter.

JAMES H. MOORE,
Steward.

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, }
June 13th, 1876. }

Dear Children:

Our kind friend, Mr. Mills, asked me to write you something about the Centennial, and I am glad to tell you something of this great Exhibition, of which you have heard so much.

These states were colonies, and the people were subjects of the King of Great Britain, but the blue Atlantic rolled between the government and the people governed, and perhaps that loosened the bond of affection—at any rate, the government wished to oppress us by heavy taxation and exorbitant duty upon the articles sent over the water. You have read of the Stamp Act, and the duty upon tea, and other oppressive acts of the government. We were not a people to submit tamely to these measures, and on the 4th of July, 1776, the celebrated Declaration of Independence was declared, and this great Exhibition is in commemoration of that act. The Declaration was written by Thomas Jefferson, and I have seen it, and you can see it too, if you ever come to this city, in Independence Hall; and you can see, too, the old bell that pealed forth to the assembled people the joyful news, that henceforth they were to be independent of an oppressive government.

As the century drew to a close, it was decided to celebrate the Centennial Anniversary here, and by an International Exhibition to which all nations should be invited; aye, and the nations have come, and I must tell you of their productions and specimens of art, as well of those of our own country.

The Centennial grounds enclose seventy-five acres, and are surrounded by a high wall. We enter by gates thirteen in number, stationed at intervals, and only one person can enter at a time. We pay to the men at the right fifty cents, which admits us to the entire grounds. There are five principal buildings, and buildings besides built by the principal states, but I cannot tell you of this wonderful city, sprung up as if by magic during the last year—but will take you within the main building, and look with you at some of the strange and beautiful things within its walls of glass and iron. We will stand and look, before we enter, at this the largest building in the world. Its iron columns rise gracefully to a great height, and its towers with pointed spires give a fine architectural effect. It stretches out from east to west 1880 feet—more than a third of a mile, and is 464 feet wide, and cost \$1,600,000. We enter the west main entrance, and to our right are two light pavilions of sixteen arches, devoted to the minerals of Chili, and on a mound of minerals is perched a huge stuffed Condor, with white tipped wings contrasting with its jet black body. It has a brown head and breast a

ruche of white feathers around its neck, looking like a collar of swans-down.

To the left is Italy. We enter this department by an arch of light wood surmounted by flags of the country—green, white and red. Almost immediately we catch sight of a most beautiful inlaid table, representing the cathedral of Milan—clouds are rolling above, and the moon rises to the right, and the reflection of her silvery light on the graceful spires, and massive front of the cathedral, is made by brilliant mother-of-pearl. The border of the table is gold and pearl—but we pass on to see exquisitely carved cabinets, and jewelry of filigree work in gold and silver. Our attention is particularly attracted to a bird of paradise, intended as an ornament for the hair. It is made of filigree silver work, and studded with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. It is valued at \$2000. Farther on is a necklace of rubies and diamonds, valued at \$20,000. Here is a mosaic picture and there a mosaic table, and scattered everywhere statues of marble and terra cotta. Directly we are surprised by a small fountain—a pile of rocks surmounted by two figures in terra cotta, of a little boy, holding on tightly to a raised umbrella, and a little girl clinging to his arm. The water jets from the top of the umbrella and runs down the sides and falls into the basin of the fountain.

Next comes Norway, which is represented by glass, silver jewelry and furs. There are several groups of her natives done in plaster, and these are dressed in the costume of the country. A peasant bride wears a red skirt, white embroidered apron, black sacque, and a kind of ornamental red collar around her neck. Farther on is her sister Sweden, which also has specimens of her plaster work, which are very fine. There is a group of Laplanders which is particularly attractive. A Laplander is in his sleigh, drawn by a stuffed reindeer, and is dressed in a full suit of fur, gloves and all. The snow is represented by cotton wadding. We turn to the right and view the vases and china and wonderful carving from China and Japan. This carving is done with the chisel, and you may see a real, live Chinaman, with long black cue, dangling behind nearly to his heels, using the chisel most dexterously. The Japanese wear no cue, but have very black hair, and their complexion is darker than that of the Chinese.

To the left are the colonies of Australia, and from Victoria alone are ninety-seven varieties of apples, not to speak of stuffed birds and fac-similes of enormous nuggets of gold.

Just opposite Egypt catches our eye, and we hurry to view her silks, and gaze with delight upon the door of the sanctuary of a mosque in Cairo, carved in ebony and ivory, made in the 14th century. We are pleased with the entrance to this department, for over its arched doorway is engraved, "The oldest people of the world sends its morning greeting to the youngest nation."

V. P.

The first newspaper printed in North America was issued in Boston, 1690. Only one copy of it known to be in existence. It was deposited in the State Paper Office in London, and was about the size of an ordinary sheet of letter paper.