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COMING HOME.

They come! they come!
Uprising from the salty wave,
Descending from the mountain top,
Emerging from the Mammoth Cave,
Perspiring from the hotel hop—
Glad to get home!

They come! they come!
From skimped and scanty rural fare,
From toils and pains that pass for fun,
From where malaria loads the air,
And where all night from sun to sun
Mosquitoes hum.

They come! they come!
From where the mountains lift their heads,
Until their tops the clouds eclipse,
From sombre lakes in tranquil beds,
Pine fragrance on their hair and lips,
And Medford rum.

They come! they come!
From forests wild and deserts waste,
From summer haunts beside the sea;
From shrines of fashion, wealth and taste,
With talk that makes us long to be
Among the dumb.

They come! they come!
One of a thousand fishers fair,
With tempting bait of charming eyes,
Has caught and gaffed her fish with care,
And brings a husband as a prize—
One worth a plum.

They come! they come!
On reefs of rail the billows break,
And Saratogas strew the way,
And homeward now their course they take,
And fathers, while the bills they pay,
Grow grim and grum.

They come! they come!
They fly like clouds of autumn leaves,
Or swallows when the day is wet,
And bring to us their summer sheaves
Of health and pain, of joy and debt—
'Tis so with some.

They come! they come!
In sadness some, and some in smiles,
To pleasant homes and busy shops.
To daily toils and latest styles,
To concerts, theatres and hops—
Glad to get home!

OBSERVATIONS.

In one year the Moffett register in the Richmond (Va) saloons has paid a revenue of $46,700.

David Davis declined to accompany the Presidential junketing party to St Paul. He was afraid of being taken for a side show.

A young man with a hearty appetite and fine social qualities, desires a home where his agreeable society would be considered an equivalent for his board.

The fattest woman in Vermont, Mrs Albert Smith, died recently. Her weight was 400 pounds, and the coffin in which she was buried was as wide as an ordinary express wagon.

Of the several newspaper men who have fallen victims of the fever, one is Major Nat Burbanks, the humorist of the New Orleans Picayune, one of the brightest men of the Southern press.

That proud leviathan of the deep—the Great Eastern—has at last found her legitimate sphere. She is to be used as a cattle transport, and will ply between Texas and London. She will carry 2,200 head of cattle and 2,600 head of sheep.

When a reporter went to the best hotel in Newark, N. J., at ten o'clock in the morning, to interview Kearney, he found the model reformer and workingman still in bed. Kearney assured the reporter that he never worked harder than now.

Wilkie Collins is almost an invalid, and suffers a great deal with rheumatic gout. He speaks of the gout with stern disapprobation, but, despite the pain it almost continually inflicts upon him, he talks admirably upon nearly all topics.

Kearney takes off his coat more eloquently than any other speaker we know of. He probably does it to show that, unlike the Chinaman, he wears his shirt inside his pants. If he would let a piece of it stick out behind it would win him many rounds of applause.—Boston Herald.

"I think you might do worse," said Gen Butler to the people of Massachusetts, "than to elect me Governor." It is certainly not impossible that they might do worse, but it is very improbable that they ever will.—Courier-Journal.

We don't pretend to know much about agriculture, and far be it from us to attempt to make suggestions to an agricultural paper, and yet we may perhaps be permitted to remark that it seems to us that the department in the country journal entitled "The Fireside" would smell as sweet by a cooler name these August days.—Albany Evening Journal.

An exchange tells us that "Mrs Sarah Thompson, of Clover Grove, N. C., has borne her husband—a delicate man of 120 pounds' weight—twenty consecutive children in twenty consecutive years." The State of North Carolina ought to award Mrs Thompson a pension, and let her stop and rest awhile now.—Courier-Journal.

REDMOND THE MOONSHINER.

The Conflict Between the United States Courts and the Courts of South Carolina—The Whiskey Tax—The Killing of Ladd.

[Cor New York Sun.]

CHARLESTON, Sept. 3.—Gov Hampton's campaign in the upper portion of the State was brought to an abrupt conclusion by his illness at Spartanburg. Recovering sufficiently to travel, he was carried by easy stages to his mountain home in Cashier's Valley, North Carolina. This is one of the most beautiful regions of the world. It is situated upon the dividing shed of the Blue Rige Mountains, where the waters run side by side which eventually flow into the Atlantic Ocean on the one side, and into the Gulf of Mexico on the other. In South Carolina, just below Cashier's Valley, is Jocassie Valley, on the side of which lives Redmon, the outlaw—not more than ten or twelve miles from the Governor's residence.

Redmond was the occasion of the recent conflict of jurisdiction between the United States and States courts. The revenue officer who shot Ladd as the latter was standing in his doorway, mistook him for Redmond. Against Redmond there were several charges for illicit distillation, assaults upon the revenue officers, and rescuing of prisoners in their hands. He is a bold man, about 27 years of age, and of a liberal, generous nature, full of local spirit, and therefore of commanding influence and popularity in his neighborhood.

From time immemorial these mountaineers have been Union men. They owned no slaves, and, on all the Federal issues which have passed over the State, sided with the national government, until the late war carried them into the Southern army with their neighbors and their State. There was, therefore, no hostility to the general government mingled in their opposition to the revenue laws.

Before the war these people paid little or no taxes. Their tax receipts on their little farms ran from 25 to 75 cents. They made enough wheat, cotton, tobacco, sorghum, and vegetables for home consumption. Their general crop was corn. This was too bulky to haul from their little coves across the ridges, along the bridle paths which served for public roads. The government did not and could not, provide them with highways. They were obliged, therefore, to reduce the bulk of their marketable produce in order to sell it and obtain supplies other than those raised at home. Each family, as far as the memory of man runs back, had its little copper still in which each winter they distilled their corn into whiskey. The pure freestone water from the granite hills, with the white flint corn mash, thus made the purest liquor sold in America. This was barrelled up, and often rolled by hand for miles down the declivities of the mountains until they came to the market roads. Thence it was either peddled in wagons or sold in bulk at the various county towns of the State. One hundred dollars as the cash result of a year's labor was an aristocratic income among these primitive people.

During the war the United States government saw proper to impose a heavy tax upon distillers. Thirty dollars was assessed upon the manufacture of each still. One hundred dollars was demanded as a license fee, and five hundred dollars for a meter or three dollars a day for a gauger, besides one dollar on each gallon distilled. None but large manufactories could comply with these requirements, and it drove all the small distillers out of the field or into illicit distillation.

After the war, when the mountaineers returned home, they resumed their old mode of life. Many of them never heard of the revenue laws until they were arrested and brought before a United States Commissioner. When they had served out their sentences and returned home once more, they found that the Radical State government had learned the way to make them contribute to its support. They were forced to work, and yet restrained from the only work they could do by the Federal government. Driven by actual necessity, very many of them continued their business. This gave continual employment to the revenue officers, who received from the government large rewards—from $50 to $250 for each conviction. The convicts were too poor to pay. It was a serious annoyance to them to be lodged in jails, separated from their families, and to lose their stock of whiskey and tools. The revenue officers were generally men identified with the State Republican party. In the discharge of their duties they were exacting, tyrannical, and often cruel. The consequence was an inveterate hatred between them and the victims. Instead of being called "internal," they were styled "infernal revenue officers," and to cheat them in any way was considered a duty resting upon each loyal mountaineer.

When young Ladd was killed by mistake, under circumstances which would not have justified the killing of Redmond, for whom he was mistaken, a howl of indignation rose from the Blue Ridge which drove the murderer to take refuge in Greenville jail for fear of summary vengeance.

It is stated that Chief Justice Waite, Circuit Judge Bond, and District Judge Bryan will hold the court before which he is to be tried. But as there is no statute against murder the trial will be a farce. The prisoner cannot again be tried in a State court, and the blood of young Ladd will cry in vain from the lintels of his door posts on the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Last week the two Hinkles, beardless boys, who were with Redmond when he raided the revenue officers, recaptured the property they had taken from him, and released a prisoner, were tried and convicted in the district court at Greenville. It was supposed that Redmond would come forward and surrender himself for trial along with the Hinkle boys; but he did not come. It is not likely that he will now voluntarily surrender to a government which punishes his friends and protects their murderers, Nor is it likely that this course will pacify the mountaineers. Gov Hampton has been their friendly summer neighbor for years, and his conservative advice to them will have weight.

History of the "Gilded Age."

The New York *Sun* pretends to have found out all about how the "Gilded Age" chanced to be written. Mark Twain had had a prolonged spell of the blues. His friend, Parson Twichell, had naively pointed him to the successes of his neighbors, Gen Hawley, Mr Jewell, who "began life with his arms to his elbows in a tan vat," Mrs Beecher Stowe, who had made great notoriety, and lastly to Charles Dudley Warner, who had gotten famous simply by telling about the parsley in his "Summer Garden." The latter suggestion pleased him. He sent immediately for Mr Warner to "come over." In comparing notes both gentlemen admitted that they considered themselves capable of writing a better novel than had yet been given the American public. The outcry of the wives, neither of whom had any faith in her husband's literary capacity to speak of, caused the authors to adjourn to an upper room and spend the night in concocting a plot. Mark thought there ought to be a moral and a point. Charles Dudley thought it ought to be merely a humorous work. At length Mr Warner said he knew a man who would make a capital character in a novel, Col Eschol Sellers, who was always just on the point of making millions. Mr Clemmens snatched at Col Sellers—name and all. Warner had his fears about using up a man, name and all in that reckless fashion—but Mark was stubborn. Each wrote a certain amount through the day and fitted the ends together at night. The "Gilded Age" sold rapidly and, true to Warner's prophetic instincts, Col Sellers put in his appearance to demand satisfaction—money or a law suit. Col Sellers went home with $2,000 in his pocket and a promise from the authors that Beriah should be substituted for Eschol. This explains the change of name in the progress of publication. When Raymond dramatized it he substituted Mulberry, which he liked better. Mr Warner now "sadly tries to [illegible] the secret that Mark paid him $1,000 [illegible] the exclusive right of dramatization [illegible] which brought him (Mark) $60,000.

A Strange Story from Philadelphia.

A Philadelphian tells a rather queer story. Several years ago a neighbor's wife was found dead, with her throat cut from ear to ear. A poor, paralytic vagrant, to whom she had been a generous friend, was convicted upon purely circumstantial evidence and hanged. Between the sentence and the hanging this gentleman frequently visited the unfortunate man, became convinced of his innocence, and tried to save him One day, after it became plain there was no longer hope for pardon, the thought occurred to him that it would be no harm to save the victim from a dreadful death by giving him chloroform or strychnine. It was but an instant's reflection, and was dismissed at once with horror. The man was hanged, protesting his innocence to the last. Now comes the extraordinary sequel. Several years passed. He was sitting in a parlor at the Astor House, and a lady, very elegant and of middle age, sitting near, seemed to be gazing past him through the window. He moved to give her a better view, when she said, "Do not let me disturb you. There is a spirit there; a man who was executed for murder in your city; you visited him in prison. His name was ——." "I remember," said the gentleman. "What has he to say to me?" "He says he was innocent of that crime, though guilty of others deserving punishment." "Can he repeat any part of our talk?" "Do you remember," said the medium, "a thought you had while in prison? For a moment you half resolved to give him chloroform or strychnine to put him out of his misery." He thanked the lady, and went immediately to the clerk, from whom he learned that she had just arrived from Oregon and would leave on the next Boston train. He declares most positively that he had never spoken of the impulse to man or woman.

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