

THE JOB DEPARTMENT
of this establishment is furnished with the very best material for the execution of all kinds of plain and fancy job work. A marked feature in this department is our new Liberty press, which works off over 1,000 impressions per hour. This economy in labor enables us to do work at Northern and Eastern prices.
Orders for work, accompanied by the cash, will meet with prompt attention.

Weekly Pioneer

VOL. VI. ASHEVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1871. NO. 8.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Two Dollars a Year; One Dollar for Six Months. Club Subscribers Five copies for \$8 75, and a copy of the *American Stock Journal* (sent to be invariably in advance).
PINKNEY HOLLINS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SHERMAN AT SARATOGA.

A Talk with the General of the United States Army.

"I see Parker has resigned."
"Yes; we've had so many dishonest Indian commissioners that Congress resolved to stop the frauds, and they corked up the Indian bureau so tight that poor Parker had nothing to do but bow and then sign his name and frank envelopes for the department."
"They say he is rich?"
"Not a bit of it," said the general indignantly. "Parker has never made one cent out of his office, his record is pure as snow."
"Your friends were a little disappointed when you refused to be Grant's next assistant?"
"No, not my friends. They want me to stay where I am. General of the army for life is better than President for four years. Grant regrets that he ever left the army now, and so do I, except that he has done good work as President."
"Do you think it policy to elect Grant again?"
"Of course I do. Why not? He knows the ropes now—he has become acquainted with the duties—acquainted with thousands of public men, and ten thousand good-for-nothing white house hummers, and nothing but the best of business men resident for the first year. He has just now the eye of a good man at sight. Humbug men always get the best credentials; every congressman signs their recommendation at sight, and many of them receive a new president. These party fractions are now flying about the field like a flock of geese. Experience and acquaintance is the 'stock in trade' of a good politician."
"Who will win in '72?"
"There is no question in my mind," said the general, authoritatively. "It'll be Grant against the field."
"Who will run against him?"
"There won't anybody run; but, not being a politician, I can't guess for a moment who will be nominated."
"Hancock?"
"Well, he may be tempted to run. Hancock you know is a dishonest cheat, and it would be an immense triumph for him to get where he could rank him. Grant never showed any dislike to Hancock. He went more than half way to conciliate him a year ago; but there is a clique in Washington, a social clique, which manipulates Hancock and keeps up the feud. Women have more to do with it than men."
"What do you think of the Kuklux bill?"
"Good bill, sir! It has already stopped a good many outrages. The fact that the president has power to send troops into any state to quell disturbances, in itself, is enough to frighten the diabolical of the public press."
"But John Quincy Adams says the bill is a bad one, and that it is a principle of free government—placing in the President's hands, the power, through that and the 'election bill,' to raise himself to the empire?"
"All stuff! How ridiculous to talk about a man raising himself to the empire in this country! Sign a man, after declaring that he would never hold a position of trust in the white house yard for just one day, and then the people would put him in the White House. Why, they shut up Napoleon at St. Helena, and ducked him in the sea at Belem, for just such nonsense."
"But in '52 he did ride to the top, after all?"
"Yes, but France was not composed of states—sovereign states, as far as each state controlling its own troops—and every governor, democrat and republican, watching jealously his own state militia. We are not France. Let some crazy president declare himself emperor, and trench himself in the White House, and with the whole regular army—about 13,000 fighting men—around him, and how long would it take Governors Hoffman, Jewell, Randolph, Geary and Clifton and the rest, to surround and capture the whole concern? No, sir," said the general indignantly, "when a president declares himself emperor, he is a man who is in the mess too, and when that shall be the case, the country will be too rotten to be worth preserving."
"Do you remember how I managed those Charleston rebels when they wanted to pray for Jeff. Davis in the churches?" asked the general, as we strode along.
"Yes, how?"
"Why, said I, 'Yes! pray away—he needs it'—and I—n it, if they didn't get mad and go away and pray for Lincoln."
"Heen killing a good many Infjuns out West, General?" I asked.
"No, the papers kill more Infjuns than we do. If we killed them as fast as the papers do, the Herald office, we'd be short of Infjuns."
"Adams calls the Kuklux bill Grant's negro policy," I remarked.
"All humbug again! It is simply a law-making it possible to arrest and disperse any kind of gangs of rascals, black or white, in any part of the country, and to punish them, and try and try and punish them. Grant doesn't have any negro, nor German, nor Irish policy. His policy is to protect all citizens; maintain peace, economy and try and pay the debt. All this stuff and talk about imperialism in America is a libel on the good sense of the people, and Adams ought to have had a good good sense to talk such foolishness."
"We now brought up at Congress hall, and the general went into an early breakfast. He was surrounded by a charming family of children, and looked the picture of a good, honest citizen, as he is. Always ready, but pretty sure to be right, the general is a hater of humbugs—a hater of impossible theories—a hater of long, empty talkers, and puts more sense into one sentence than some men will get into ten. The general's family of children about him were in a room after dinner breakfast—the general as usual is the best baby among them. Their names are master C. E. Sherman, and Miss Annie, Miss Elly and Miss Rachel, the youngest, a little tottler. He spent most of the forenoon talking with Mr. Lantz Anderson, brother of Major Anderson, of Cincinnati. General Sherman left at 3 p. m., to go for lake George and the White mountains."

AFFAIRS IN LOUISIANA.

The Pinhook (Sharp) Warmothites Coming from Louisiana to Have a Talk with President Grant.

The article in the Washington *Chronicle*, signed "A Louisiana," in reference to the political affairs in Louisiana, wherein he so pathetically enumerated the many deeds of heroism, loyalty, and virtue which the Warmothites have been so distinguished for during their administration. These he attempts to contrast with the great wickedness perpetrated upon the Republican party by the corrupt Federal officials within the borders of Louisiana. A delegation of those immaculate Warmothites are coming to Washington to have a talk with President Grant. They come because they will not be persuaded that the President took the loyal drum in Louisiana and charged Casey, Sewell, and Packard with the criminal measure. I therefore desire to ask the writer of that article a series of questions, to which I solicit a candid reply, viz:
First. Whether native Louisianians, belonging to the Republican party, have not openly made the declaration that they put themselves at the head of their legion and drive out every Northern office-holder?
Second. Whether or not Governor Warmoth had not intimation of the New Orleans riot during the year 1868, and that he absented himself from the city in consequence thereof?
Third. Has not Governor Warmoth appointed to State offices and recommended to Federal officers men that butchered the negroes during the riot in New Orleans?
Fourth. Are the port-wardens of New Orleans acceptable Republicans?
Fifth. Did not the Warmothites coalesce with the Democrats and elect a Democratic clerk in the House of Representatives during the last Legislature, and in return did not the Democrats coalesce with the Warmothites and send General West to the United States Senate?
If these statements are true, the course pursued by Warmoth does certainly justify the Federal officials in beating the loyal drum by withdrawing their forces to march from the control of Warmoth the true Republican men of Louisiana, for he sought to prostitute them by force and tyranny to promote his own selfish ends.
Thanks to the President for his distinguished sense of justice and quick sagacity to have the matter which enables him to readily distinguish the merit of the elements.

MAINE.

Pinhook correct name, formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio.

PLEASED DEMONSTRATIONS IN IRELAND.
The Belfast, Ireland, News gives an account of a pleasant demonstration at the residence of Dr. James Rice, United States Consul at Belfast. The citizens of Belfast presented the Consul with a handsome flag-staff, and on the Fourth of July the Stars and Stripes floated in front of the consular residence.

The dedication of the gift took place on the evening of July 21st. Mr. Best read the presentation address, to which Dr. Rice responded.

Referring to the late Orange riot in New York, he said: "I say that the Orangemen are a set of scoundrels, and so long as they are foolish on their Independence Day, and our noble Republic secured them in the exercise of their right. As we maintain the rights of the Roman Catholics and of the Fenians on the 17th of March, and prohibit the Englishmen or the Orangemen from meddling with them, so do we maintain the rights of the Fenians and the Orangemen on the 17th of July; and those who set themselves over our laws have felt the majesty of their right. Even-handed justice is our rule, 'Fiat justitia et cetera.'"

At the conclusion his speech was warmly applauded.

"The dinner was then commenced," says the News, "and the company did not separate till night's candles were burnt out and found day stood tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

Kuklux in North Carolina.

SALISBURY, August 13, 1871.

To the Editor of the Chronicle.

Permit me to give your valuable paper a small amount of Kuklux outrages. I see there has been a great many witnesses before the committee in your city, who have sworn there is no such organization. Now, I say there are no infamous liars and perjurers.

On Thursday, the 10th instant, Mr. Willey, collector of Internal revenue, 6th district, North Carolina, and two deputies and myself (Captain Berry) proceeded to Gaston county, North Carolina, where we had information there was an illicit distillery. We found, as per information, on the premises of one Mr. Thornburger, several barrels of whisky concealed in his out-houses and his private bedrooms, underneath the stone, and in a barrel at Cherryville, where we stored the liquor in the warehouse of Mr. Summit. About 1 o'clock A. M. at night, about fifty or sixty men surrounded the house, masked, with false faces, armed with shot guns, rifles, and pistols, broke open the stores, and took away the whisky we seized and stored and took it away. They then inquired where those d—d Yankee revenue officers were. They swore they were going to have them out and kill the last s—n of a b—h. We prepared to fight them to the bitter end, and they moved around the house where we were several times. I think the only thing that saved us from death was the cries of the women and children that were in the house where we were. I have fought Infjuns on the plains, and heard them give many a war-hoop, but those Kuklux that night left Mr. Indian in the shade.

Yours,
M. H. Beany,
Revenue Agent,
Late Captain, U. S. A.

"I."

(From Warner's "My Summer in a Garden.")

Regrets are idle; yet history is one long regret. Everything might have turned out so differently. If Cavalliere had not been imprisoned for debt, he would not have stabbed Henry of Navarre. If William of Orange had escaped assassination by Phillip's emissaries; if France had followed the French Calvin, and embraced Protestant Calvinism, as it came very near doing, toward the end of the sixteenth century; if the Continental ammunition had not given out at Bunker's Hill; if Blucher had not "come up" at Waterloo—the lesson is, that things do not come up unless they are planted. When you go behind the historical scenery, you find that there is a rope and pulley to effect every thing that is accomplished. It is the machinery of a minister and a contractor

for five years before that lost the battle; and the cause of the defeat was worthless ammunition. I should like to know how many wars have been caused by fits of indigestion, and how many dynasties have been upset by the love of women than by the hate of man. It is only because we are ill informed that anything surprises us; and we are disappointed because we expect that for which we have not provided.

Two Englishmen and one German, engaged in saving materials from the wreck of the German schooner Chlusan, on Sir James Hall's Island, have been captured by the Corsicans, bound hand and foot, slung on bamboo, and packed off to the interior of Corsica. The British fleet has sailed from Japan to inquire into the matter.

The Weekly Pioneer.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1871.

GENERAL NEWS.

Several demonstrations have been made on the Rockford (Illinois) jail for the purpose of securing and lynching the negro who committed a rape on the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Walton, but none proved successful. It is said that other attempts will follow. On Saturday the sheriff swore in as special deputies several men who were engaged in the first attempt.

The St. Paul Press of the 12th instant says an outbreak took place Friday at the junction of the Lake Superior and Northern Pacific railroad in which John Guerril, a sheriff, was dangerously shot. It is supposed the trouble originated in the suppression of the liquor traffic along the road. Two suspicious characters, W. B. Wright and John Smith, of Menomonie, Wis., were ordered by Sheriff Wade, of Trembleau county, to surrender, and the sheriff was answered by a volley of shots. Wade then shot Wright through the head, killing him instantly, and also wounded John Smith. They were suspected of being concerned in various robberies.

A despatch from Jersey City says that on the 14th instant, a building on Montgomery street, was burned; caused by explosion. Loss, \$25,000. On the first floor Mrs. Smith was living with her niece. The second floor was occupied by Mr. Henry Smith, his wife, Jennie Smith, Emeline Smith, and two children. The explosion and flames followed each other with such rapidity that all egress by the stairway of the dwelling was shut off. Earnest efforts were made to rescue the inmates, and in a few minutes Mrs. Smith, the mother of Henry Smith, was taken from a window very badly burned about the shoulders, neck and breast, and was removed to the Jersey City Hospital. Mary Jane Martin, who lived over the liquor store, leaped from a window and broke a leg. She was also burned about the neck and breast; removed to the hospital. She is in a critical condition. Henry Smith escaped with but slight injuries. Jennie Smith, his wife, aged thirty, appeared to be suffocated. Her body was found this morning charred and disfigured. Emeline Smith, aged seventeen, also perished. Her body was found this morning burned almost to a cisp. John Ferrin, a boy eleven years of age, a nephew of Smith, is missing. McGee, of the firm of Durancy & McGee, has been arrested on suspicion of arson.

A despatch from Pittston, Pa., states that an explosion took place there on the 14th inst., in Eagle shaft, a mile south of that place. Eighteen men and boys were working in the rear gangway at the time of the explosion, which tore away the timbers supporting the roof, causing it to fall, leaving the men imprisoned behind the rock with no means of escape until the debris is cleared away. Benjamin Davis, working outside of the rear gangway, was instantly killed by the explosion. The men imprisoned are probably dead. It will take one or two days to dig them out.

LATEST.—The bodies of five victims of the Pittston disaster have been recovered. A large force of men is at work removing the debris, and every effort is making to recover the bodies of the others, who are now known to be twelve in number.

The World says: It is understood that previous to the fall of the French Empire at Sedan, Napoleon was in negotiation with Richard Schell, of New York, for the Jewel estate, which he proposed to use for a residence in case of being dethroned. The loss of much of his wealth by the war forced him to look for more moderate dimensions. He is, therefore, treating with Samuel L. M. Barlow for the Burton & Kinnard estate, at Glen Cove, for which he will have to pay \$500,000. Meantime ex-Queen Christina, of Spain, is negotiating with Mr. Schell for the Jewel estate for \$4,000,000.

At Nashville, Tenn., Judge Baxter, in the case of A. S. Colyer vs. the County Court Clerk, rendered a decision declaring the tax on lawyers unconstitutional. The Legislature ordered a levy of fifty dollars per annum on lawyers. Colyer paid the tax under protest, and sued for recovery. An appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court.

The Fort Scott Monitor gives a discouraging account of the cattle trade. Notwithstanding the high price of beef in the Eastern market at Baxter Springs and the sources of supply there is absolutely no market. Now there is no stated price, and there are no offers of cattle. They usually sell at about one cent a pound. Last year they brought nearly two cents.

Alfred Tennyson, poet-laureate of the English Court has written a friendly and courteous letter to the democratic poet, Walt Whitman, and of this country, inviting the latter to come and be his guest at Aldworth.

A despatch from St. John's Newfoundland, reports the arrival of the Swedish gunboat, Ingors, with despatches from Captain Hall's Arctic ship Polar, which arrived at Holstenberg, on July 32, and would await until August 5 the arrival of the United States steamer Congress, with supplies.

A dispatch from Minneapolis says that two brothers, named Hardwick, attacked a party of Chippewa Indians, accused of stealing, near Lake Darling, and killed two. The Hendricks delivered themselves to the authorities.

Two Englishmen and one German, engaged in saving materials from the wreck of the German schooner Chlusan, on Sir James Hall's Island, have been captured by the Corsicans, bound hand and foot, slung on bamboo, and packed off to the interior of Corsica. The British fleet has sailed from Japan to inquire into the matter.

The landing firms on both sides of the Atlantic are among the subscribers to the new Five per cent loan. The American syndicate subscribes for ten millions and the European syndicate for fifteen millions.

On the 14th inst., John McCarthy, a gambler, was shot and killed by another gambler, in Washington City. The shooting was the culmination of an old feud. The *Chronicle* comments as follows: "We are startled by our own harshness in speaking of these men. Small party has this fraternity from the community. They live on the losses of other men. They are of the Ishmaelites of civilization. Yet, a strange life it is they lead; drawn into it often by circumstances which might seem to palliate much of misconduct. Somebody in the past has wronged them, perhaps. Somebody still loves them, and to some they are kind and generous. Shall we not bend pity with condemnation; temper stern justice with the charity of the Great Master? This shocking event turns our eyes to the throng in every city who live in and by vice and crime. Are malefactions, drams, shops, brothels, and courts all that society has for them? Are those its cheapest and best instrumentalities of prevention or cure? These be easy questions to ask. Who shall give the wise, practical answer."

Gov. Harvey, of Kansas, has commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life of Mrs. Scales and Mr. Ford, who were to have hung to-day.

Richard Taylor, a night watchman at Hunter's Point, New York, was mysteriously shot on Tuesday night, and fatally wounded, by his employer, Henry Denning.

Details of what are asserted to be a tremendous land robbery have just come to light in Indiana. At the last session of the Legislature an act was passed providing for the drainage of the wet lands along the Kankakee river, and authorizing that a company be formed, composed of Wall street New York capitalists, who matured plans for forcing the present owners of the land into the payment of the assessments, amounting in many cases to more than the value of the lands, and in the aggregate over \$1,000,000. Six hundred thousand acres of land in Lake, Newton, Jasper, Laporte, Starke, Porter, and St. Joseph counties are affected by the scheme. Intense excitement exists in these counties. Land-owners have but a few days to make legal resistance, and will make immediate application to the United States court for an injunction to restrain proceedings under this scheme.

Mrs. Louisa A. Vallandigham was the daughter of Mr. William McMahon, who was one of the earliest and most influential citizens of Cumberland. She was born in the year 1818, and in 1846 she was married to Mr. Vallandigham, and removed to New Lisbon, Ohio; but shortly afterward Mr. Vallandigham took up his residence in Dayton, where he lived to the time of his death. The Cumberland News says: "After the burial of her husband, Mrs. Vallandigham, accompanied by her son, came to visit her friends in Cumberland, with the hope that her health, which was shattered by the distressing death of her husband, might improve by being with her nearest kindred. During the first two weeks succeeding the lamentable occurrence of Mr. Vallandigham's death her reason was much affected, but she had fully recovered after the lapse of a fortnight, and her mind, up to the hour of her death, was as clear as ever. The immediate cause of her demise was dysentery, from attacks of which she had been suffering all summer. We learn that it is designed to place the remains of Mrs. Vallandigham in a vault at the Rose Hill Cemetery, and to remove them to Dayton in the Fall."

The London (Van) Mirror states that on Sunday afternoon last, Miss Caroline Clarkson, daughter of Mr. Thomas Clarkson, residing about three miles from Leeburg, was accidentally shot and killed by her sister Mary. The evidence before the coroner shows that the two young ladies were starting to Sunday school, and that, as during their absence there would have been nobody about the house except some little children, who were at the time out in the field, Mary determined to carry the gun, a smooth-bore rifle loaded with squirrel shot, which was standing in a corner of the lower room, up stairs, out of their reach. In ascending the stairs, the barrel of the gun resting on her left arm, the muzzle pointing up, she supposed the hammer became entangled in her dress, causing a discharge. Her sister was at the top of the stairs, and received the load in the back, causing instant death.

Secretary Seward and party left Constantinople on the 11th ultimo for Vienna in one of the Austrian Lloyd steamers. During his stay at the Turkish capital he visited the great number of the palaces and kiosks, and had an interview with the Sultan at the splendid palace of Dolma-Bakheba, on the Bosphorus. He found the Sultan intelligent and agreeable, and was much gratified with the

interview. The American residents went on board the steamer when Mr. Seward was leaving and warmly wished him a pleasant voyage.

Mrs. Mary Chase Barney was struck with paralysis in her right side Monday morning. She has been confined to her bed for the past eighteen months from the effects of a paralytic stroke. This venerable lady, now in her eighty-eighty-eight year, is a daughter of Samuel Chase, of Maryland, a Judge of the Supreme Court, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the last surviving child of any of the signers of that instrument.

The remains of the late Lieutenant H. W. McKee, who was killed in the action of the United States troops on the Coraon reefs, arrived at San Francisco yesterday, and will be forwarded to-day to Lexington, Ky., for interment.

Mrs. Henry A. Wise, Jr., received last week about \$23,000, the full amount of the insurance, with interests, costs, &c., on the life of her late husband, Rev. H. A. Wise, Jr., of Baltimore. The companies refused to pay it until forced by the courts.

The New York Board of Police has ordered that patrolmen in citizens' clothes be placed along each city railroad to arrest intoxicated persons found riding in the cars.

Two young men, named Hollis, have been arrested at Abingdon, Ind., charged with the murder of a man, named Tibbets, in 1864.

Francis Smith, a convict in the State prison at San Quentin, Cal., who had a balance of two years to serve on a term of eight years, suicided on Saturday by jumping into a vat of boiling water.

The grand jury has returned an indictment against R. J. Bright, Indiana State printer, and bail was given in \$4,500. Application was made by the defense for an immediate trial, and the court will hear the case to-day.

The lumber-yard of Alexander Prentice & Son, at Charlotte, N. Y., has been seized by the United States marshal for alleged violation of the custom laws by entering lumber under value. The stock of lumber consists of about 600,000 feet.

A man named Langdon, living at East Frankfort, N. Y., killed his wife by beating her brains out and then hanged himself, on Monday night. The wife refused to decedher property to him, which it is supposed led to the bloody settlement of their troubles.

A Dover, named J. Thompson was found dead on Monday, nine miles west of Springfield, Missouri. He came to Baxter Springs recently from Texas with a drove of cattle, and shipped them to a brother at Chicago, receiving the money, and started back to Texas with one of his employees named Webster. He was shot three times, and all his money, supposed to amount to between two and three thousand dollars, and his valuables were gone. It is supposed Webster committed the deed.

Mr. Greeley Repudiates Woman Suffrage.

H. G. has written a letter to the editor of the *Golden Age*, in which, after clearing up some "misunderstanding" in relation to divorce and remarriage, in both of which he takes a medium course, stating in the former that willful adultery in either party should be a good cause, while adultery induced by wine, &c., should not, and in the latter where a man should remarry if he has young children which he cannot take care of, and vice versa, &c., &c., he comes to the point—woman suffrage, of which he says: "I have had two left of seven children, and these are both daughters. I would gladly give them for love and usefulness and honor, as beloved and loving wives of virtuous, upright, noble men, and mothers, if it shall please God, of good, health, happy children. If it be decreed that they are to be not such when and where they shall shine it will not be pleasant for me to say."

After thanking the editor for his nomination for the Presidency, he declares he will not come forth on the woman platform, and says: "My difference with your crowd is too vital, too fatal, to permit the most sanguine dreamer to hope for my conversion. I am growing old; my opinions are tolerably firm; the Advanced Female of the Laura type, who fills the paragon of whom she claims to be the rightful affinity, and gives the lie in open court to the wife she has doubly widowed, is my pet aversion."

WOMEN.

A young woman in a Missouri college has beaten all young men at Greek.

Miss Fanny Jannuschek's season begins at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on the 2d of October.

The widow of a man who died in Ironton, Ohio, of Delirium tremens, has recovered \$5,000 damages from the man who furnished the whisky.

Out in Iowa kisses are sold at fairs by the fair. A man pays a certain sum to the gentleman, and selects the girl or woman he desires to kiss.

The New York Globe thinks that women might be employed to remove leaves, bits of paper, &c., from the turf in City Hall Park in that city, instead of the able-bodied men engaged in that work.

According to an exchange Mrs. Hamest, of Alford, was lately kicked in the chin by a mule, causing her to bite off the end of her tongue. Since then, Mr. Hamest has been offered thousands of dollars for that mule, but stoutly declines all offers. He prizes that mule higher than anything else on earth.

Miss Putnam, says the Figaro, the young Anglo-American who for several years has attended the courses of Paris Faculty of Medicine, recently passed her examination with the greatest credit, receiving the personal compliments of the examiners, and the highest mark of approval the Faculty ever conferred upon students.

DOWN THE FRENCH BROAD VALLEY

A Wild Country—the Unionists of North Carolina—Account of the Laurel Massacre During the Rebellion.

(Correspondence New York Tribune.)

WARM SPRINGS, N. C., July 20.

A few miles north of Asheville the valley of the French Broad narrows to a divide, walled in at first by steep wooded hills, and afterward by wild, precipitous mountains, upon whose almost perpendicular sides the pines have a hard struggle to find a foothold among the huge masses of rocks that in some places overhang the ravine, and in others form great cliffs from the water's edge to the mountain-tops. The river runs for forty miles through this savage gorge; it is a furious torrent, dashing among the great boulders that the mountains seem to have flung down to stop it in its headlong course. The rock formations in some places exceedingly craggy. The pines, over the river, are scattered into many narrow channels by several great slabs of brown stone, of a regular, plank-like shape, set upon edge in the bed of the stream, a few feet apart, and rising several feet above the surface of the water. In some places there are tall masses of rocks standing like old sentinels by the water's edge, and overgrown with masses of ivy in other places the rocks are piled upon each other, forming gigantic walls.

The savage character of the scenery is greatly modified by the luxuriant vegetation. Pines, cedars, and a great variety of deciduous trees grow among and upon the rocks; the rhododendron bushes make dense thickets between the tree trunks, and there is an abundance of beautiful climbing plants and of trumpet creepers, now in full bloom. Every bend in the river opens a new landscape which would delight an artist's soul. When our landscape painters have gone on representing the mountains and Hudson River views a few years longer, it is to be hoped they will learn that there are scenes here in North Carolina far more worthy of their attention, and that they will turn their steps in this direction.

I left Asheville with two friends, one afternoon, and after making ten miles in four hours over shocking bad road, in a vehicle with obdurate springs, we were glad to halt for the night at a long, low building, with the inevitable broad Southern piazza, that proved to be an agreeable combination of hotel and farm-house. The piazza, over the thirty cows, was strewn upon fish—fresh from the river, the tenderest of Spring chickens, waffles, rice, honey, milk, and tea, and were well-lodged upon clean beds in carpeted rooms. In the morning, after a breakfast as good as the supper, I expressed some surprise to the landlord that so excellent a hotel should be so situated to capture them. Thirteen men were surprised and taken in their houses, and were marched into a ravine and all shot. The murder of these men was known as the Laurel massacre. When the postmaster had told me the story of the massacre I did not need to ask why all the men who live on Laurel Creek are Republicans.

It is 16 miles from Marshall to the Warm Springs. The road skirts the river all the way, and passes, in the whole distance, only four houses—all, except one, being wretched huts, in which no humane Northern farmer would keep his cattle in winter. The beauty and grandeur of the scenery of the French Broad are more striking than anywhere in any other part of the course of that river. The mountains are the highest, the rocks the most rugged and fantastic, and the river seems to have grown frantic in its long struggle to get through the gorge, and it dashes among and over the large stone obstructions in the maddest way. After this the river would the wild scenery of this wonderful gorge it was a pleasant relief to come out at last upon a broad, sunny plateau, surrounded by mountains less wild than their savage neighbors that threaten each other across the ravine, to rest for a time upon the broad piazza and in the cozy rooms of the Warm Springs hotel. One of our party, who remained back at first halting place, to enjoy for another day the real comforts of good lodging and wholesome food, joined us here, having come in the stage, where he had for a few miles the entertaining company of two young ladies from the mountains, who, as they were leaving tobacco and asking him for whisky, which they "reckoned he might treat them to, seen" as he how he was from Chicago, what they had a brother in the prison for Rebels during the war.

Josh Billing's Property for Sale.
I can sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars a pallas, a neat and pensive retirement, located on the virgin banks of the Hudson, containing 85 acres. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of nature and art into pasture and tillage, into plain and activity, into stern abruptness and dalliance of moss turfed-meadow; streams of sparkling gladness (thick with trout) dance through the wilderness of butty trees the low inside of the grass hopper. The floor is covered with the evening zephyr first thru its shadowy bazaar. Fruits of the tropics in golden heavy melt in the bows, and the bees go heavy and sweat from the field to the graining vines. The mansion is of Parian marble; the porch is a single diamond set in rubies and the mother of pearls; the floor is cross-wood, and the ceilings are more beautiful than the starry vaults of heaven. Hot and cold water sprays and bubbles in every direction, and nothing is wanting that a poet could prafer and art could portra. The stables are worthy of the steed of Nimrod or the studs of Akilles, and its henery was built expressly for the birds of Paradise, while sombre in the distance like the cave of a hermit, glimpses are caught of the dorg-house. Here poets have cum and warbled their laze; here sculptors have sculped; here painters have robbed the scene up a dreary landscape, and hear the Blosser discovered the study which made him the alchemist of nature. Next, to the northward of this thing of beauty, stands the residence and domain of Duke Jno. Smith; while southward and nearer the spire-breathing tropics, may be seen the baronial villy of Earl Brown and Duches-Widdler Betay Jones. Walls of primitive rock, laid in Roman senescent, form the estate white upward and downward the eye catches the away the slow grandeur of the Hudson. As the young morn hangs like a curtain of silver from the blue breast of the sky, an angel may be seen each night dancing with golden tips on the green.

N. B. This angel goes with the place. Diagrams can be sent at the office, or a broker. Terms falling. None but principals dealt with. Title as pure as the birth of a white male infant, and possession given with the lark.