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Editor and Proprietor.

GREENSBORO, N. C., FEBUARY 7, 1884.

Senatorial Voting—How the System of Reciprocity Works.

[Washington Letter to Augusta Chronicle.]

Years ago, when Senator Matt Ransom, who is one of the brightest of men, was a novice in the upper House of Congress, the veteran Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, took a fancy to him, and, as is the custom of the elder brethren, persuaded him to vote on his Pennsylvania line. Once, in open Senate, Mr. Cameron handsomely complimented the North Carolinian and promised to reciprocate his kindness. Now, the Camerons never forget a favor and always repay obligations. This was notably illustrated when the son of Simon paid the political debt of his father to Gen. M. C. Butler. It happened that Senator Ransom had a bill of some kind up and that one vote might defeat it He recollected the promise Simon Cameron had made him, and looked around the chamber to remind him of it. He was not in his seat and could not be found in the cloak rooms Ransom ran down to the old gentleman's committee room and pushed in The Pennsylvania Senator was there surrounded by a crowd of constituents, all of whom were making merry with unlimited champagne. The old politician did not relish the sudden invasion of his castle and his face was a thunder-cloud. Affecting not to notice this, Ransom gasped out. "Senator Cameron you promised to vote with me when asked The time has come. I am in a tight squeeze and you must come to the chamber and help me out." The old gentleman rose in high dudgeon, but went forth perform his promise. He then returned to the friends he had rather unceremonously left. About ten minutes afterwards, who should pop in again but Matt Ransom. Walking up to the astounded Cameron, he said: "Senator, I have come to ask of you another favor." The Pennsylvanian glowered at his North Carolina colleague and said, with some asperity: "The deuce you have! I don't know that I shall grant it, sir." Ransom replied, smiling: "I think you will when you hear me. These gentlemen shall be judge and jury." Turning to the assembled company he continued: "Gentlemen, for two years past Senator Cameron has voted me at least one hundred times in the interest of Pennsylvania. I have got only one vote from him for North Carolina and he is mad about it. I ask you, gentlemen, if he has any right to be displeased with me?" The men thus appealed to thundered out that North Carolina was acquitted of all blame and that Pennsylvania must be reconciled. Then turning to the old Senator, who began to understand and enjoy the situation, Gen. Ransom added: "The favor I ask of you is an introduction to your friends and permission to participate in your festivities!" Old Simon beamed like one of the recent sunsets, and taking Ransom by the hand affectionately, presented him to his guests as "my distinguished rebel friend, &c." General hilarity prevailed, another basket of champagne was ordered and the North Carolina Senator became the lion of the hour.

Part of Washington City Wanted.

[Washington Post.]

An important suit was filed last week in the Equity Court by Messrs Hildebrandt, Morrison and Hildebrandt, against Ulysses S. Grant, William B. Todd, James A. Harrold, John B. Alley, William W. Corcoran, George W. Riggs, John A. J. Creswell, James Donald Cameron, Citizens' Building Company of Washington City, a corporation, George S. Dearing, Thos. E. Waggaman, Charles M. Matthews, William Z. Partello, the Washington Association and United States Insurance Company, a corporation, and the unknown heirs of Elias B. Caldwell, deceased. The suit is brought for Lorin Blodget, of Philadelphia, trustee for the estate of the late Samuel Blodget, of this city, and representing the latter's heirs. It is, in brief, a claim to the main portion of a tract of land, covering 500 acres, which Samuel Blodget, Jr., owned, and which now includes the most valuable property in the Capital.

Mr. Randall and the Presidency.

[Baltimore Sun.]

All the indications are that the Hon. Samuel J. Randall will have a united and enthusiastic delegation from Pennsylvania in the Democratic National Convention in favor of his nomination for the presidency. The latest move in that direction is Mr. Randall's unanimous indorsement for the presidency by the Democratic city committee of Philadelphia. The resolution of indorsement sets forth Mr. Randall's services and leadership in Congress, and claims that Pennsylvania will give him an overwhelming majority should he be the presidential nominee. The committee, mentioning that it represents more than eighty thousand Democrats, requests the Pennsylvania delegation in the Democratic national convention to use all honorable means for Mr. Randall's nomination.

——That was a cool Scottish "aside" of an old dealer, who, when exhorting his son to practice honesty in his dealings, on the ground of its being the "best policy" quietly added, "I hae tried baith."

THE ROANOKE COLONY.

Senator Vance's Resolution to Erect a Monument.

In the Senate of the United States on January 23d, 1884, Mr. Vance asked and by unanimous consent obtained leave to bring the following joint resolution, which was to lie on the table:

JOINT RESOLUTION

To provide for the commemoration of the landing of Sir Walter Raleigh's colony on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, in fifteen hundred and eighty four.

Whereas, the first landing and settlement of any people of the Anglo-Saxon race upon the shores of the United States occurred on or about the fourth day of July, fifteen hundred and eighty-four (old style), at Roanoke Island, in the State of North Carolina, by a company of Englishmen sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, under the command of Captains Phillip Amadas and Arthur Barlow; and,

Whereas, it is meet and proper that this remarkable event in the history of our race upon this continent should be fitly commemorated, and honor done to the names of those whose enterprise and courage achieved it: Therefore,

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That a joint select committee, to consist of three Senators and five Representatives, to be selected by the presiding officers of the two bodies respectively, is hereby appointed to prepare a design and arrange for the erection of a suitable monument or column at or near the spot where Raleigh's first expedition landed, on Roanoke Island, and secure sufficient ground therefor, and to cause to be placed on said monument such inscriptions as will properly commemorate the event and honor those who planned and executed it.

Sec. 2. That for this purpose the sum of thirty thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior; and the corner stone of said monument or column shall be laid on the fourth day of July, 1884, in the presence of said joint committee, the Governors of Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina (the States which constituted the "Virginia" of the first settlers), and such officers of the Executive Department as the President may see proper to designate.

Sec. 3. That on the request of the Secretary of the Interior, any officer of the Army or Navy may be detailed for superintending or directing the work of erecting said monument; but no more than two thousand dollars of the sum herein appropriated may be used in defraying the actual expenses of the persons herein designated to witness the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of said monument.

Grass is King.

America is surely a blessed land. Without counting any of the multitudes for which she has to be thankful, we can find in one single gift of nature sufficient cause for rejoicing. An exchange says:

"In its direct money value, and in its collateral and indirect benefits, grass is worth more to the world than all the cereal crops combined. Its direct is nothing in comparison to its indirect value in the influence it has in preserving the fertility of our farms by its manurial wealth in all forms. No man can thrive on a farm—no farm can be self-supporting where grass is wholly neglected, or advantage is not taken of stock raised on the grass farms. It is supposed by many that only such soil as is not fit for cultivation in the cereals or roots should be devoted to grass. This is a mistake. We can afford to take our best soils for the production of this crop, and this is the real plan for bringing them up to the highest point of fertility.

In grass the whole West finds its best friend. Without the rich and abundant grasses of the plains, the hundreds of thousands of cattle upon which so many people depend for a living, and which go to feed so many thousands of people in this and other countries would have never had existence. The hay crop alone is said to surpass in money value any other single crop in the land, and the value of the live stock which depends upon hay and grass for food is very nearly equal to the value of the cereals. And yet the grass of this country is by no means used to best advantage, and millions of acres of land which might easily be made good pasture or rich meadow are suffered to lie in a state of nature, covered with a scanty growth of wild grasses of comparatively little value, or with bambles and weeds, or with a washy growth of sour swamp grass. Even where the grass is good the owners fail to make good use of it, but by want of thought suffer much of the best crop of the land to be wasted. Grass requires little labor, and can be made to pay liberally."

Tobacco in Hen Houses.

"Tobacco in its raw state, or previous to sweating in bulk," says the *American Poultry Yard*, "is very powerful in its effect, and will certainly drive vermin from the hen's nest. The whole leaves may be thoroughly dried so as to crumble easily, and put in the nest of the sitting hen as a lining under the eggs. With precaution she will not be driven from her nest by vermin before the time of hatching arrives. Tobacco is often erroneously supposed to be difficult to cultivate. But it is really as easily raised as corn or potatoes. A few plants only will give the poulterer plenty of leaves.

Do Not Neglect the Garden.

[North Carolinian.]

Why is it that so many people pay so little attention to the garden? A good garden is not only a luxury, but a profit also. A good supply of garden products for the table costs less than the standard bread and meat, and adds to the healthfulness and the nourishing qualities of the corn beef, the salt pork, and the small assortment usually found on the farmer's table.

Need we add anything about palatableness, comfort, home enjoyment? We not only speak from observation but experience. We have both seen and tested the two sides of the question. We know what we are talking about.

Contrast a table set nearly the year round with bread, salt pork, corned beef, boiled cabbage, and occasionally a few other items, to a table additionally supplied in succession with asparagus, green peas, lima and string beans, sweet corn, radishes, carrots, beets, parsnips, celery, salsify, turnips, cauliflower, spinach, lettuce, tomatoes, egg plant, rhubarb, squashes, onions and other things—filled with currants, strawberries, blackberries, not to mention grapes, pears, etc. And most, if not all these the farmer can have if he will.

Plain Talk to Girls.

Your every day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "furry" or a sloven in the morning, is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz.: a mirror, washstand, soap, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth brushes. Those are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good and free use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances, not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over, improve your toilet.

Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress may, or need not be, anything better than calico, but with a ribbon, or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction, that invariably comes with being well dressed.

Life Without a Newspaper.

Once upon a time a certain man got mad at the editor and stopped his paper. The next week he sold his corn at four cents below market price. Then his property was sold for taxes, because he didn't read the sheriff's sales. He was arrested and fined eight dollars for going hunting on Sunday, simply because he did not know it was Sunday; and he paid three hundred dollars for a lot of forged notes that had been advertised for two weeks the public not to negotiate them. He then paid a big Irishman, with a foot on him like a forge hammer, to kick him all the way to the newspaper office, where he paid for four years' subscription in advance, and made the editor sign an agreement to knock him down and rob him it he ever ordered his paper stopped. Such is life without a newspaper.

Salt with Nuts.

One time, while enjoying a visit from an Englishman, hickory nuts were served in the evening, when my English friend called for salt, stating that he knew a case of a woman who was taken violently ill by eating heartily of nuts in the evening. The celebrated Dr. Abernethy was sent for, but it was after he had become too fond of his cups, and he was not in a condition to go. He muttered, "Salt! salt!" of which no notice was taken. Next morning he went to the place, and she was a corpse. He said that had they given her salt would have relieved her, and if they would allow him to make an examination he would convince them. On opening the stomach, the nuts were found in a mass. He sprinkled salt on this and it immediately dissolved.

Breeding Chickens.

In breeding for early market, it is important to have a breed that grows rapidly and fleshes up young; the skin should be yellow, and if the feathers are all white, both the chicks and old fowls will look much better when dressed than those with colored feathers. The color of the skin is important, yet half of the fowls that are sent to market have anything but a yellow skin. Small bones, short legs and a well-rounded form are also desirable and a size, when full grown, not less than five pounds, and not over six before dressed, give the best early chicks for market. None of these qualities are an injury to a laying hen; and if to them are added good layers, hardy and quiet, we have combined the points necessary for both meat and eggs.

Tin Discovered in Cleveland County.

[Hickory Press.]

Judge A. C. Avery, of Morganton, has gone to King's Mountain to meet Prof. Chas. W. Dabney, State Chemist, who together will examine a mine where tin ore has recently been discovered at that place. Some of this ore was on exhibition at Boston during the fair, and we understand was pronounced by experts to be the genuine article. It was first discovered by Mr. Robert Claywell, of Morganton, while at school in that town. This is said to be the first discovery of the kind in the United States, and will doubtless prove a source of great profit. It is the property of Judge Avery, Capt. W. T. R. Bell and Robert Claywell.

——A farm of 100 acres of good arable land should keep at least six work horses, twenty milch cows and twenty hogs.

Don't Worry About Yourself.

To retain or recover health, persons should be relieved from anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body—for a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. We have seen a person sea sick in anticipation of a voyage, before reaching the vessel. We have known people to die of cancer in the stomach, or any other mortal disease. A blind-folded man slightly pricked in the arm, has fainted and died from believing he was bleeding to death. Therefore, persons, to remain well, should be cheerful and happy; and sick persons shall have their minds diverted as much as possible. It is by their faith that they die. As a man thinketh, so is he. If he wills not to die, he can often live in spite of disease; and, if he has little or no attachment to life, he will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their minds as well as by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves; they are only receptacles of life—tenements for their minds, and the will has much to do in continuing the physical occupancy or giving it up.

A Thoughtful Daughter.

"I don't see how I'd get along without Mary, nohow," Mrs. Blucher observed, pausing to wipe the perspiration from her features and putting another ladle of soap into the steaming suds, while her daughter's voice at the piano could be distinctly recognized, floating out from the adjoining parlor. "I don't see how I'd get along without that gal, nohow. Allays on these days, when I hev the tiringest work, she just picks out her nicest pieces, like 'Sweet rest, by-and-by,' and 'Mother's growing old,' and sings 'em fur me afore she goes out on the lawn to play croquet with the other young folks. 'Taint every gal as 'ud be so thoughtful, I kin tell you. Now most of 'em 'ud jest bang away with 'Jordan is a hard road to travel,' or 'Whoop em up, Eliza Jane,' but she ain't none o' that sort. She's a pile 'o comfort to me—a pile o' comfort," and Mrs. Blucher fanned herself vigorously with her soiled apron, preparatory to running the clothes through the second water.

Leaning Trees.

Often in a fine orchard we find one or more trees leaning over so far as to destroy the beauty of the whole orchard. It is also much more difficult to cultivate around a leaning tree. This may easily be remedied, while the trees are young, by partially digging up and replanting the trees. The roots will usually be found smallest on the side from which the tree leans, and therefore these roots should be loosened from the earth, the tree set in a perpendicular position and carefully fastened by stakes and guys, and the earth replaced around the roots. It would be well to add some rich compost to promote their growth. If, as is very probable, the top of the tree has become one-sided, it should be pruned so as to restore the balance. In this way we have "righted up" pear-trees six inches through the stem; but the best way is to look after the young trees and not permit them to depart from the way of uprightness.

Feeding Corn and Cob Together.

The *National Live Stock Journal* believes in grinding corn and cob together, and gives these reasons: "The advantage of grinding the cob and corn together is not altogether in the nutriment of the cob, but because the cob, being a coarser and spongier material, gives bulk, and divides and separates the fine meal, so as to allow a free circulation of the gastric juice through the mass in the stomach. Corn meal, when wet with plastic dough, is very solid and not easily penetrated by any liquid; and when pigs are fed wholly on corn meal they often suffer with fever in the stomach, because the meal lies there too long undigested.

A Bridegroom Gets a Spanking.

A Meriden (Conn.) telegram says: Edward Baribeault is about seventeen years old, but small for his age. He ran away with Emma Keefe, who is fifteen years old, on Saturday, and the pair were married in Hartford. On their return home in the evening Edward took his bride straight to the residence of his mother and sought her blessing. He got instead a vigorous cuffing and was sent "straight to bed," but the old lady subsequently relented and the couple were made happy.

Fifteen Million Cows.

[American Dairyman.]

It is estimated that there are now in the United States 15,000,000 milch cows, and that there are made annually 1,000,000,000 pounds of butter and 450,000,000 pounds of cheese. In 18 0, as shown by the census, 772,204,000 pounds of butter were made on farms, and 29,451,000 pounds in factories, and a total of 243,145,000 pounds of cheese. Besides this over 17,000,000 pounds of oleomargarine were also manufactured.

March Pullets.

"The early chick gets the early worm," and the sooner begins to feed itself. March pullets are those which fill the egg basket in the winter time. Therefore set all the brood hens for which eggs can be procured as soon as possible and take great care of the chicks which come in this month. A warm run out of doors may be made under a hotbed sash, arranged between two coops, and laid on boards set on their edges

——"Is that gentleman a friend of yours?" asked a newly-introduced lady of another at a reception. "Oh, no, he's my husband," was the innocent reply.

The Game Fish of Albemarle.

[Elizabeth City Economist.]

The *American Angler*, of January, has an account of the game fish of Florida, and it has suggested to us to give some account of the game fish of our inland sea, Albemarle Sound. We have lived among them all our days, having angled for them in our earliest experience with angle worms, and in our later experience "bobbed for eels" and sacrificed a reputation, fairly earned, for energy and push, by a doggerel verse of one of our brethren being fitted unfairly to us:

"Oh! how happy a lazy man feels,
Laying on a log bobbing for eels."

It will take us ten years of diligent hard work in the eye of the public to recover the reputation we had ten years ago before that bit of doggered damned us to fame as a lazy man. However, we are getting on and falsifying the poet.

But this is egotism. We started to write about the game fish of the Albemarle and find ourself writing in vindication of one who is not a game fish. In these waters we will commence at the bottom of the *scale*, (no pun, pon honor) when our acquaintance with them first began, on those glorious days when it was too rainy to go to school and not too rainy to go a fishing, the pin-hook period of life, as it were, when pleasures are always fresh and joy is always new.

We will begin, then, with the roach. Shall we go out of our way to describe a boy's first sensations upon catching his first roach upon a pin-hook? Going a fishing is one of the earliest, and strongest and most enduring instincts of man. When Simon Peter said: "I go a fishing," he voiced the sentiment of humanity through all the ages. The first roach has a rosy place in an urchin's heart that his first sweetheart pales beside. His first sweetheart is mixed with distrust and jealousy and fear and misgiving, his first roach is unmixed happiness. He's caught. He's safe. His sweetheart pouts. His roach wriggles, but every wriggle is a joy.

The roach is about three inches in length, with bright, silvery scales, and bites quickly and ravenously. Sometimes he nibbles slowly and daintily, but generally he takes right hold, like an earnest game fish that he is. He dies easily, without much struggling. His place in the economy of nature is apparently to develop that source of happiness in man which is sometimes dormant, but is always an instinct capable of easy cultivation.

Having finished the a-b-c of angling with the roach, the apt boy passes into the next class and dispenses with, if he does not look with contempt, upon pin-hooks. He now deals in earth worms and fish hooks of cheap manufacture, and fishes mostly for wharf catfish, having at first fished in ditches. He sometimes catches a large catfish and his happiness is then complete. Sometimes an eel comes along and taxes his ingenuity to disentangle him He now grows in knowledge and experience day by day, and his ingenuity in devising schemes to avoid creeping like an earth worm to school, as Shakespeare says, is wonderfully developed.

Having finished through the alphabet of roaches, catfish and eels, our young angler now feels himself a man and gets a long reed pole and ventures out upon the deeper waters where he turns his back upon earth-worms and seeks other and more tempting bait.

Now crab bait, roach bait, clam bait cut bait, and sometimes, when he wishes to show his learning, artificial fly, invites him. Now he enters upon a sea of happiness and swings in his dugout and sings to the tune of the "Bay of Biscay O." Now he talks about perch, especially he talks about speckle perch that frequent our upper streams and do not go into the broad waters. He talks large about four and even five pound fellows that made his line hum. Watch our young angler now and make him show his fish, for advanced angling is hostile to morality and seems especially favorable to the development of prevarication. Speckled perch are bold biters. They go at a bait like a hungry man at a porter house steak. He means business when he sees a bait. Generally he likes companionship and you'll find a dozen in a school and then an angler has quick work, for work quick and bait quick is the word. Speckled perch are game fish in the fullest sense of the word, in the boldness with which they seize the bait and in its table equalities, no fish of our upper streams being superior to them.

The white perch frequents broader waters and is found in the deep waters of Albemarle. He lays low and you find the finest fellows near the bottom in twenty feet water. He is seldom found in the upper streams but likes sandy bottoms and delights in shoals. He likes a noise, being accustomed to the sound of the waves, and "sloshing" the water lures him to the bait. He is not so large as the speckled perch, nor we think so luscious, but, *per se*, makes a dish to set before a king.

The chub, black blass, or welchman—for he is a much-named fish—is of the perch family, and distinguished among the numerous family. He is generally a sleepy fellow, nestling quietly near shore and finding a cosy place by some stump or log. He pounces upon the bait with avidity and is deceived in his quiet home by throwing the bait about. He thinks it some delicate live morsel skipping about to tempt his appetite. He sometimes weighs four pounds or even five and makes a dish to tempt the most fastidious epicure.

But the angler now leaves the still streams and all the numerous perch family, embracing, besides those named, because most distinguished, also the leather ears, red fins, robbins, and others too numerous to mention, and enters the lower sounds where the salt and fresh waters commingle. Here he finds the game fish indeed, rocks first, sometimes called striped bass. It takes a man to handle one of those strong fellows. From ten to twenty and thirty pounds, may indicate the serious and hearty work of taking one in. They bite like a bull dog and they can take your finger off at a snap. It's heroic sport and requires a man. Cut bait for them, or clam, or small fish. They are the bull dogs of the sound.

Down in the lower Albemarle, in Croatan and Roanoke Sounds, where the waters mingle too closely with the ocean to support the life of the upper sound, comes the fisherman's paradise. Game fish are abundant and luscious everywhere and there are found the fish in which the angler most delights. Sheephead, prince of biters. Go to Ballast Point for them. They have antiquarian tastes, for their favorite feeding grounds are on the ballast rocks which Amadas and Barlow, who first landed on the American Continent three hundred years ago, threw over to lighten their ships.

Tailors, and trout, and hog fish, and spots and an endless variety of kindred fish are found everywhere.

But our space fails us to enumerate the variety of the game fish of the Albemarle. Come with us across the narrow strip of sand against which the sea beats, as if in rage to get at the sound, just across the narrow barrier. Bring your longest hand lines with you for we are going to introduce you to the grandest fishing these eyes have ever seen, the noblest Roman of them all—Old Drum-Fishing—any young kittens at your house? Bring them along with you. They are the bait that old-drums most delight in. Live and kicking all the better. Bring your old-drum hooks, large and strong, for you'll need large strong lines and a strong hook. When you get to the sea shore watch sharp and you will see a school of old-drums.

Now fix on your kitten bait. Quick. Fasten your hook on to him. Thrust it through his body just under the spinal coulmn. All right. Spit on his head and then throw him howling over the breakers into the sea. If you throw him into the school, they'll snap it in an instant, and you can then throw your line over your shoulder and go rearing up the beach. If it's a fifty pound drum it will be no child's play to run up the beach and land him on the shore. Bait quick again, another kitten. Over the breakers into the sea. If the school is getting away his contortions will entice them. Other bait, fish, meat, beef, dead bait don't do so well. Get a live kitten if you can. When you are a successful old-drum fisherman you have got to the head of the class.

Taking Photographs by Electricity at One Cent Each.

A Cleveland telegram says a citizen of that place, after experimenting for two years, has succeeded in inventing a way to take instantaneous and absolutely permanent photographs upon any substance having a smooth surface, by the action of electricity. The expense is less than one cent for each picture. The importance of this discovery can hardly be estimated It opens up an entirely new field in the art of photography, and will work a revolution in all its branches. The system invented will be especially valuable to litographers. This is the first time that electricity has ever been applied to the art of photography, and some little excitement among the photographers of Cleveland has been created. The inventor claims to have received some flattering inducements from capitalists, but nothing definite has yet been decided upon. Articles describing the process are being prepared for eastern scientific journals, but mention of the new discovery appears in print for the first time to-day.

The Keely Mootr.

In a letter to Edward J. Randall, president of the Keely Motor Company, the inventor announces that the mechanical portion of his invention is complete. After the first of next month "nothing will be left," he says, "but setting up the transmittter, when all labors will terminate preparatory to operating and showing the specific qualities of the perfect vibratory engine." Mr. Keely asks that a suitable place for a public exhibition, capable of accommodating several hundred persons, be secured for an early day. Mr. Randall has sent out a circular to all the stockholders announcing these facts, and inferentially asking them to hold themselves in readiness for the greatest exhibition the world has ever seen. The "greatest exhibition" will take place in Philadelphia.

Favoring the Preservation of the National Banks.

At the meeting of the House committee on Banking and Currency, the resolution of Representative Hunt, of Louisiana, introduced last Tuesday, was discussed and with the amendment offered by Representative Wilkins, of Ohio, was adopted by vote of 9 to 4. Those opposing were Buckner and Mills of Texas, Gable and Brumm. The resolution as amended declares that public welfare demands that the benefits of the National Banking system be substantially preserved and continued for the time being, provided that this resolution shall not be construed to be the declaration in favor of a perpetuation of the public debt.

A Fast Train to New Orleans.

The Richmond *Dispatch* says: The Virginia Midland and the Richmond & Danville railroad companies propose establishing a limited express of Pullman cars between New York and New Orleans by way of what is generally known as the "Piedmont Air-Line." The proposed plan is to attach a hotel car, to be called "the New Orleans sleeper," to the Washington limited express, leaving New York at 9 a. m. At Washington there will be added another hotel car for Orleans, a buffet-car for Augusta and points in Florida, a mail-car and one baggage and express car. Engine No. 17, which took a prize at the Louisville Exposition last year, will draw the train from Washington to Danville, and from that point to Atlanta a heavy Baldwin locomotive, capable of high speed, will be used. Stops will be made at only a dozen places between New York and Montgomery. An arrangement will be made, if possible, with the Louisville and Nashville people to use their line from Montgomery to New Orleans by way of Pensacola Junction and Mobile. The schedule time of the new train will be about thirty-nine hours; the present time is fifty-four hours.

Be Sensible.

Do not be above your business. He who turns up his nose at work quarrels with bread and butter. He is a poor smith who is afraid of his own sparks; there's some discomfort in all trades except chimney sweeping. If sailors give up going to sea because of the wet; if bakers left off baking bread because it is hard work; if ploughmen would not plough because of cold, and tailors would not make clothes for fear of pricking their fingers, what pass we'd come to. Nonsense, my fine fellow, there's no shame about any honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands, there's plenty of soap to be had.

All trades are good to good traders. Lucifer matches pay well if you sell enough of them. You cannot get honey if you are frightened at bees, nor plant corn if you are afraid of getting mud on your boots. When bars of iron melt under the south wind; when you can dig the fields with toothpicks; blow ships along with fans; manure the crops with lavender water, and grow plum cakes in flower pots, there will be a fine time for dandies; but until the millennium comes we shall all have a deal to put up with.

A Village Sinks Two Feet.

Pleasant Valley, a small town on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, a few miles from Wilkesbarre, Pa., was the scene of an extensive cave in on Friday night by which many buildings in the town were badly racked. No one was seriously injured, although many were bruised and cut by falling plaster and debris. About fifty acres were affected by the cave in, the ground sinking in some places more than two feet. The settling was accompanied by a terrible crash, and for a time the wildest excitement prevailed, the people rushing in alarm from their tottering dwellings. Masonic Hall, one of the largest buildings, is a total wreck, and there is not a house on the affected tract that is not damaged beyond repair. Fissures six and eight inches wide were made across the main street. The cave in was caused by the rotting away of props in old mines of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, 150 feet below. Other settlings are anticipated, and many of the dwellers above the old workings are moving their household goods to safe quarters.

Blue Blood.

IN ENGLAND.

[From the Hartford Times.]

The dukedom of St. Albans is less than two hundred years old. The founder of the house, an ancestor of the present duke, was the illegitimate son of Charles II. and the famous Nell Gwynn, who was born in a cellar in the "Coal Yard," Drury Lane, London, was reared in the lowest haunts of vice, peddled oranges and sang songs from tavern to tavern, went on the stage, and became the mistress of Lord Buckhurst, who sold her to Charles II for a political preferment. Several of the "noble" families in England have similar beginnings.

IN AMERICA.

[From the Texas Siftings.]

"Your father was nothing but a simple stone mason."

"I know where you got that information," quietly remarked the other.

"From whom did I get it?"

"From your father."

"How do you know that?"

"Because your father was my father's hodcarrier."

War on the Potato.

[New York Times.]

The potato is perhaps the most demoralizing of vegetables. It was brought to Europe from America, where it had doubtless kept the native races in perpetual barbarism, and just in proportion as any nation has become addicted to it that nation has deteriorated. The potato contains little wholesome nourishment, less, even, than the rice eaten by Oriental nations It produces fat but does not produce bone and sinew; and, what is by far its worst fault, it has a most disastrous influence upon the mind and morals.

No Guilty of Corruption.

[Mobile Register.]

Whatever may be said of Southern statesmen of the past and present, it must be acknowledged that their failings have not been in the direction of bribery and corruption. They have sometimes been overbearing, sometimes passionate, sometimes sectional, but rarely sordid.

Was This Judah P. Benjamin?

The following letter from Judah P. Benjamin, then United States Senator from Louisiana, to the British Consul in New York, was left among Thurlow Weed's papers, and is given in the volume of memoirs of his grandfather which Thurlow Weed Barnes is now carrying through the Press. It is reproduced here from the advance sheets of that volume:

NEW YORK, Aug. 11, 1860.

Dear Sir: I exceedingly regret your absence from New York at this time, as the important object of my visit is to have a personal and confidential interview with you.

My apology for this breach of conventional usage, in presuming to address you without the formality of an introduction, may be pardoned in consequence of the very extraordinary nature of the business which induced me to approach you without the friendly intervention of a third party. Indeed, it would not only have been unwise but actually dangerous for me to have even borne a letter of introduction

Having assumed the whole responsibility of this very critical step, I cannot use too much caution and circumspection to insure my personal safety and the successful accomplishment of the mission I have in view. Therefore I prefer trusting my own judgment in approaching a genteel stranger on such business, to that of bringing into my service the scrawls of Governors or members of Congress with whom, perhaps, you are as little acquainted as myself.

The official confidence which your Government seems to repose in you, by instrusting to your charge its great commercial affairs in the most important city on this continent, I think is sufficient to warrant me in trusting to your discretion, patriotism, and loyalty a secret of the greatest importance and interest to her Britannic Majesty's kingdom.

The present disastrous condition of political affairs in the United States (which has no parallel in the past history of the country) seems to have split the great Democratic party into many contending factions, all of which are so hungry after the public spoils that its disintegrated parts render them an easy prey to the opposing Black Republicans.

The doctrines maintained by the Republican party are so unsuitable to the great interests of the whole South that an election of their candicate (which is almost certain) amounts to a total destruction of all plantation interests, which the South, as sure as there is a God in heaven, will not submit to. Sooner than yield to the arbitary dictates of traitorous allies and false friends who have proven recreant to the solemn obligations of our old Constitution, we will either secede from the Union and form a separate Government, or, upon certain conditions, at once return to our allegiance to Great Britain, our mother country

Many, very many, of the most wealthy and influential planters throughout the South have already discussed this alternative, in the event of the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the popularity of the proposition seems to pass from one to another almost with an electric rapidity. It is true they have made no public demonstration of their intentions, for such a course would be attended with direful consequences at this time, but the pear will be fully ripe before November.

Gossiping newsmongers and babbling pothouse politicians are not allowed to know what is going on in their very midst.

elect dinner parties come off every day throughout the whole South and not one of them ends without a strong accession to our forces.

I have even heard some of them address each other by titles already.

My object in approaching you is to cultivate your friendship, and procure your co operation in aid of accomplishing this grand object of returning to the dominion of our fathers' kingdom. Through your kindness and loyalty to your Queen I am desirous of properly approaching her Majesty's Minister at Washington city, with a view to the accomplishment of this great end. If you will condescend to grant me the necessary assistance for this purpose, you will soon receive the meritorious reward of your most gracious Queen, and the hearty cheer from every true Briton's heart for having aided in the return of the National Prodigals.

Reposing that confidence in you which your position in life warrants me in doing, you must at present excuse me for not signing my name for fear of an accident. This much you may know: I am a Southern, and a member of Congress, whose untiring perseverance will never cease until the object I have thus boldly undertaken is fully accomplished. Be so kind as to answer this as early as possible. Allow me a personal interview, and, if you cannot come to New York, address your answer to "Benjamin," in care of some one at your office.

The "Little Langtry" Gold Mine.

A Columbia, S. C., telegram says: Quite a sensation has been created throughout the upper portion of the State by rich developments in a deserted gold mine in York county, near the North Carolina line. Some time ago it was purchased by a Mr. Armstrong, of Richmond, Va., for a little less than $1,000. Its latest product is a nugget weighing about twenty pounds and containing about 65 per cent. of pure gold. Mr. Armstrong has now associated with him Messrs. Ruggs and Royall, of Baltimore, who are in the North purchasing the necessary machinery for the speedy development of the "Little Langtry" gold mine.