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17-6ms

SUPERIOR COURT, Rowan County.

Jane E. Chambers, Plaintiff.
Samuel Chambers, Defendant.
Summons.
STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.
The Sheriff of Rowan County, Greeting: YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED in the name of the State to summon Samuel Chambers Defendant, in the above action, to appear at the next Term of the Superior Court of the County of Rowan, at the Court-House in Salisbury, on the 31st Monday after the 3d Monday of March 1876, and there to answer the complaint of Jane E. Chambers, Plaintiff in this suit. And you are further commanded to notify the said Defendant that if he fails to answer the complaint, within the time specified by law, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint, and for all costs and charges in this suit incurred. Witness, J. M. Horah, Clerk of our said Court, at office, in Salisbury, this 15th day of April, A. D. 1876.

ON and OFF Slick as Grease!

WM. A. EAGLE
respectfully announces his continuance at his old stand in his old line, on Main Street, opposite Zion's Drug Store. He is always ready and anxious to accommodate customers in the Foot and Shoe business in the most complete manner possible. He is prepared to do first class work and can compete with any northern shop on hand made work. His machine, lasts, &c., are of the latest and best patterns. He keeps on hand ready made work, and stock equal to any specialist in the trade. Footing Boots in best style, \$7. New Boots, best quality, \$11. Repairing neatly and promptly done at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge.
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WM. A. EAGLE,
Jan. 20, 1876. 15-6ms



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comes in with its self-regulating tension, sewing from muslin to leather without change of thread or needle, then from right to left and left to right—while one style of the machine sews with stitch alike on both sides, as may be desired and with smoothness of operation, variety of work and reasonableness in price, the Florence is now the highest distinction. F. G. Cartland, Greenboro, N. C., is the Agent. He is also Agent for:
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STONEWALL JACKSON AT CEDAR RUN.

By An Eye Witness.
[Richmond Whig.]

In the summer of 1862, after McClellan had been driven from the front of Richmond to the shelter of his gunboats on the lower James, the corps of Stonewall Jackson, comprising the divisions of Ewell and Winder, to which A. P. Hill's was shortly added, was ordered to Gordonsville for the purpose of operating in Northern Virginia, as the commander thought best, subject, however, to the orders of General K. E. Lee, who was still near Richmond with the remainder of his army.

A few weeks' rest in the then bountiful country around Gordonsville greatly improved the health and spirit of the men and recruited our worn-out teams. General John Pope, who had recently been appointed to the chief command of the Federal forces in Virginia, was collecting a large army in our front, with his headquarters at Culpeper Courthouse. McClellan also was transferring his troops from the James to Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock. To prevent a juncture of these two armies, General Jackson determined to strike the former and turn Pope towards the mountains, or drive him back upon Washington city. Accordingly a forced march was made through the country of Orange and part of Culpeper, the divisions moving by different roads. Pope advanced to meet us, and the two armies came together at a little stream called Cedar Run, six miles southwest from Culpeper Courthouse. Our line was quickly formed on the south side of the stream, Ewell's division forming the right, and was posted on the slope of a little mountain called Slaughter's; Winder's forming the left, and stretched across the old stage road leading from Charlottesville to Alexandria. Hill's division, which was still in column behind, making the reserve, his march having been retarded by the wagon trains of the others.

Immediately in rear of our line there was a large body of woods, but in front the open ground sloped gently to the run, and from thence rose gradually to a ridge some six hundred yards distant from our line. Upon this ridge were posted most of the troops of the enemy—a heavy column having been detached to march by a circuitous route under cover of the timber and attack us on our left. The superior numbers of the enemy enabled him to do this without violating any military maxim. It came very near causing our defeat, too, as the sequel will show. Our left flank was guarded by the second brigade of Winder's division, posted in the woods to the left of the road, and formed at a right angle to the main line of battle.

From the top of the mountain above-mentioned Gen. Jackson sat upon his horse, calmly watching the movements of the enemy.

The brigade of Early opened the battle by driving in the enemy's cavalry; but he withdrew to the position assigned him when the Federal infantry and artillery came up and began to deploy into the line.

A murderous fire on both sides was now commenced by the artillery; Ewell's guns doing splendid execution from their elevated position—the enemy's fire being chiefly directed to our batteries in and near the road, across which Winder's division stretched.

The fight had now commenced in earnest, and Jackson, leaving his observatory on the mountain, rode to the front. The shells were tearing up the ground and reaching down the road in a most unhealthy manner as we advanced, and just as we reached the battery posted in the road, General Winder, who was directing the fire of one of the guns, fell mortally wounded, almost under the feet of Jackson's horse. Asking who that was, and being told, Jackson lifted his head for a few moments in silent prayer and rode on.

As most of Hill's brigades were still in the rear, Jackson became uneasy for his left and the writer was sent to have the skirmishers thrown farther out. The precaution was too late, however, for the skirmishers came running in just as I reached the second bridge, and a heavy column of infantry were to be seen deploying for attack, and over-leaping the little bridge on both sides.

Returning to Jackson with the information, I found him in the field to the right of the road, midway between two batteries. "The news seemed to have no other effect upon him than to cause the muscles in his face to become hardened, and his thin lips to be more tightly compressed. He made no remark, though not even to the asking of a question.

The artillery did not last long, more than an hour, and it was evident from the rising up of the infantry supports, who were plainly visible from our position, that a charge was to be made by the enemy in our front to co-operate with the attack of their flanking column, and here they came three long lines of battle five hundred yards in extent. They swept down slope to the creek, through the fields of growing grain, and then up towards our line.

It was a magnificent sight, and I almost held my breath with anxiety, and now our infantry, who had been lying down, rose out of the corn and poured in a deadly volley. The enemy's front line quivered for a moment and then broke, running through the other lines, throwing everything into confusion. The fighting, however, continued, the men on both sides firing as fast as they could load. We were getting the best of the fight though, and would soon have charged in turn but for the breaking of the Second Brigade, which came rearing in on the Third,

causing that to double up on the next to the right, and then our entire left gave way and commenced running through the woods to the rear in the wildest confusion.

This left our batteries unprotected, and Jackson immediately ordered them to the rear simply by a wave of his hand, and then turning himself he rode slowly back. As stated above, the woods were extensive, and when we reached the southern edge we met A. P. Hill coming up at the head of Branch's brigade, and there was exposed to a long line of retreating men some two hundred yards distant. Seemingly inspired with new ardor, Jackson ordered Hill to form on the right of the road at the edge of the woods, and then ordering those about him to stop those men still running through the woods, and bring back those who had passed, he drew his sword, and by appeals and threats and with the assistance of the officers around him, soon formed a new line to the left of the road upon an extension of hills, the men falling into ranks as they were halted, or as they came back, without regard to company or regiment. I have noticed that all of his biographers, following the first, Dr. Dabney, state that on this occasion Jackson used the following language, viz: "Rally, brave men and press forward; your general will lead you, follow me." This is a mistake. Stonewall Jackson was too modest a man to use such language. Words very similar to these were used, but not by Jackson. The Yankees were rapidly advancing through the woods with reformed ranks, and for the succeeding half hour the fighting was the most desperate and at closer quarters than was ever before witnessed by the writer. There was little or no undergrowth, and nearly every tree was large enough to shelter one or more men, and the battle was after the regular Indian style—Gen. Jackson betaking himself to the friendly side of a large oak of sufficient size to shelter himself and horse, the writer and the color-bearer of the Fourth Virginia regiment sharing with him the protection of the tree.

As the fight progressed the men clustered around Jackson, causing the fire in our immediate front to be very heavy, and forcing the enemy to give way to the right and left until a considerable gap was made in their line. Jackson, who had been eagerly watching from first one side and then the other of the tree, seized this opportunity to charge. Taking the flag from the sergeant and placing the end of the staff upon his foot, which projected beyond the stirrup, and without saying one word to the men, he advanced in a canter. With a regular Confederate yell the troops followed in a run. We had not gone twenty yards before the Yankees turned their backs, and made better time going through those woods than our fellows had done half an hour before. The pursuit was continued till dark, but there was no fighting worth speaking of after this final charge.

I have always thought that Jackson showed more of the hero in that fight than any other of his numerous battles. The heavy rains that fell that night and the next day prevented further pursuit, even if it had been deemed advisable. I have only told in this description, Mr. Editor, what I saw myself, and have not attempted to describe the whole battle.

AN EYE WITNESS.

What a warring thing is the stream of life! How it sparkles and glitters! How it bounds along its pebbly bed, sometimes in shade; sometimes sporting round all things, as if its essence were excitement and brightness; sometimes flowing solemnly on, as if it were derived from Lethe itself. Now it runs like a liquid diamond along the meadow; now plunges in fame and fury over the rock; now it is clear, limpid, as youth and innocence can make it; now it is heavy and turbid, with the varying streams of thought and memory that are flowing into it, each bringing its store of dulness and pollution as it tends toward the end. Its voice, too, various as it goes; now it sings lightly as it dances on; now it roars amidst the obstacles that oppose its way, and now it has no tone but the dull, low murmur of exhausted energy.

Such is the stream of life! Yet perhaps few of us would wish to change our portion of it for the calm regularity of a canal—even if one could be constructed without locks and flood-gates upon it to hold in the pent up waters of the heart till they are ready to burst through the banks.

There is a new Anglo-African organization. It came to a head in Washington Friday. The name of it is the "National Independent Political Union." Officers were elected and an address issued. Here is an extract from the document:

"You cannot afford longer to band yourselves together for the perpetuation of a party that has bound you hand and foot, and robbed you of your hard earnings by instituting a freedman's bank ostensibly to make you thrifty, but in fact with an eye to enrich republican cormorants and vampires, whose disreputable characters were too notorious to receive other federal appointments." It concludes as follows: "The republican party has been false to itself, false to the country, false to the negro, whom it has pretended to favor, but, in fact, whom it has made perverse, because of the policy of hate it has forced him to accept against a people with whom he lives and must continue to live. For these reasons we expect you to co-operate with us in the coming presidential election, and aid by your ballots to retrieve the good name and lost honor of our common country. Friends may God enlighten and lead you to see your political duty in the coming contest, in the wish of your friend and well-wisher."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Cocoanut Cake.
One cup sugar, one and one-half cups flour, one-half cup butter, one-half cup salt; bake in three cakes. Frosting—Whites of two eggs, two tablespoons cocoanut, with sugar to make as thick as cream. Put between and on top.

Butternut Cake.
Four eggs beaten separately; two cups sugar, one of butter, one cup butternut meats, one-half cup sweet milk, two and one-half cups flour (heaped), one teaspoonful soda, two of cream tartar. Rub the black scales from off the meats before putting them in the cake. Bake in two loaves.

Centennial Cake.
Five eggs, beaten separately and nicely, two cupful white sugar, one cupful flour, one cupful sweet milk, one and a half teaspoonful cream of tartar in four or more cupful flour, one-half teaspoonful soda in one-half cupful sweet milk; flavor with essence of lemon. Don't make too stiff; bake one hour.

Farina Pudding.
Five ounces of farina stirred gradually and boiled in one quart of milk, then let it cool; separate the yolks and whites of five eggs; beat the whites to a stiff froth, and stir the yolks and sugar together; then stir all into the cool boiled farina; flavor and bake; it will be light like a soufflé if made in this manner.

To Cook Salsify.
Scrape the root and put into cold water immediately; when ready to cook cut into thin slices; boil tender, make a nice white sauce of drawn butter and pour over, or boil to a mash; mix with butter, salt a little, milk, and pepper; add flour enough and mix as codfish cakes and fry in the same manner.

Mock Cream.
Boil a pint and a half of sweet milk, sweeten and flavor to taste. Beat three eggs very light; add to them three heaping teaspoonful of flour, and a teaspoonful of salt. Stir this into the boiling milk. Spread this, when cold, between two layers of the cake as made for Washington pie, and you have a nice cream pie.

Fish Fritters.
Take salt codfish, soak it over night. In the morning throw the water off the fish, put on fresh and set it on the range until it comes to a boil. Do not let it boil, as that will harden it. Then pick it up very fine, season with pepper, mace, and perhaps a little salt. Make a batter of a pint of milk and three eggs, stir in the fish, and fry in small cakes. Any kind of cold fish makes nice fritters.

Steamed Beets.
Pare the beets thinly, and cut in thin slices across; cut up some onions, and put all together in a stew pan, with a little pepper and salt; rub a bit of butter in flour and stir it smooth in hot water; pour this over the beets (it must cover them well) and let it stew until the beet is quite tender. The older the beet the longer time it will require. When quite young one hour will be sufficient. Serve hot.

Worth Knowing.
To whiten flannel made yellow by age, dissolve one and a half pounds of white soap in fifty pounds of soft water, and also two-thirds of an ounce spirits of ammonia. Immerse the flannel, stir well around for a short time, and wash in pure water. When black or navy blue linens are washed, soap should not be used. Take instead two potatoes grated into tepid soft water (after having them washed and peeled), into which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been put. Wash the linens in this, and rinse them in cold blue water. They will need no starch, and should be dried and ironed on the wrong side. An infusion of hay will keep the natural color in buff linens, and an infusion of bran will do the same thing for brown linens and prints.

Country Crullers.
One and one-half pounds of sugar, four eggs, one pint milk one large teaspoonful of saleratus made very fine, one-half pound of butter, flour sufficient to roll. Roll out in small rings and join well with the hands, not making them very large, as they become larger by cooking. Have half a pound of lard very hot, and try small piece of dough to see if it browns quickly; then turn it, and when both sides are brown take it out. Care must be taken to keep the lard hot, but it must not burn, as it would spoil the crullers. Bake in small iron pot, five or six at a time; turn with a fork; take out with a skimmer, and lay on plate to drain; then place on a larger plate to cool; when sufficiently cool place in a stone pot. Add more lard to cook in when necessary, and keep hot. This recipe will make a large potful, and they will keep in a cool place a week or two. Some warm them by placing in oven a few minutes before eating.

A FOOT LAMP.—One of the most interesting things in the Holy Land is the fact that one meets everywhere, in daily life, the things that illustrate the word of the Lord. The streets of Jerusalem are very narrow, and no one is allowed to go out at night without a light. Throw open your lattice in the evening and look out; you will see what seems to be little stars twinkling on the pavement. You will hear the clatter of sandals, as the late traveler rattles along. As the party approaches, you will see that he has a little lamp fastened to his foot, to make his step a safe one. In an instant the verse comes to your memory, written in that city three thousand years ago—"Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path."

THE CENTENNIAL.

The Opening Day—Immense Crowd Present—Imposing Ceremonies—Opening Address by the President—Distinguished Personages, &c., &c.
PHILADELPHIA, May 10.—It is a legal holiday. All business is suspended. The Centennial gates were opened at 9 o'clock. The sky was cloudless. The foreign commissioners and other distinguished visitors had a special entrance and were seated without confusion. Full fifty thousand were on the grounds. The ceremonies opened with the airs of all nations, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, prayer by Right Rev. Bishop Simpson, a hymn by John Greenleaf Whittier, the Presentation of the buildings to the United States Centennial Commission by Centennial Commissioner John Welsh, cantata by Sidney Lanier, of Georgia presentation of the exhibition to the President of the United States, by Jos. R. Hawley, and the proclamation of the opening of the International Exhibition, of 1876, by the President, as follows:

MY COUNTRYMEN: It has been thought appropriate upon this Centennial occasion, to bring together in Philadelphia for popular inspection, specimens of our attainments in the industrial and fine arts and in literature, science and philosophy, as well as in the great business of agriculture and of commerce. That we may the more thoroughly appreciate the excellencies and deficiencies of our achievements, and also give emphatic expression to our earnest desire to cultivate the friendship of our fellow-members of the great family of nations, the enlightened agricultural, commercial and manufacturing people of the world have been invited to send hither corresponding specimens of their skill, to exhibit on equal terms in friendly competition with our own. To this invitation they have generously responded, for so doing we render them our hearty thanks.—The beauty and utility of our inspection will this day be submitted to your judgment by the managers of this exhibition. We are glad to know that a view of the specimens of the skill of all nations will afford to you unalloyed pleasure as well as yield to you a valuable practical knowledge of so many of the remarkable results of the wonderful skill existing in enlightened communities. One hundred years ago our country was new and but partially settled; our necessities have compelled us to chiefly expend our means and time in felling forests, subduing prairies, building dwellings, factories, ships, docks, warehouses, roads, canals, machinery, etc. Most of our schools, churches, libraries and asylums, have been established within an hundred years. Burthened by these great primordial works of necessity, which could not be delayed, we yet have done what this exhibition will show in the direction of rivaling older and more advanced nations, in law, medicine and theology, in science, literature, philosophy, and the fine arts.—Whilst proud of what we have done, we regret that we have not done more. Our achievements have been great enough, however, to make it easy for our people to acknowledge superior merit whenever found, and now, fellow-citizens, I hope a careful examination of what is about to be exhibited to you, will not only inspire you with a profound respect for the skill and taste of our friends from other nations, but also satisfy you with the attainments made by our own people during the past one hundred years. I invoke your generous co-operation with the worthy Commissioners, to secure a brilliant success to this International Exhibition and make the stay of our foreign visitors, to whom we extend a hearty welcome, both profitable and pleasant to them. I declare the International Exhibition now open.

At 10.30 A. M., Don Pedro was escorted to a seat by Gen. Hawley, followed by Gen. Philip Sheridan and wife. They passed over from the building to the stand in front of national airs, greeted with great applause, and closely followed by Hon. J. G. Blaine, Senator Jones, of Nevada, and wife. The President entered through memorial hall and was conducted to a seat on the front of the platform. Gov. Hartranft, Gen. Hawley and Hon. D. J. Morrill, occupied seats on his left, while Messrs. Jan. Wood and Goshorn were on his right. Fred Douglass, by some mischance, worked his way through the crowd and was helped over the ropes by the officers and conducted to a seat on the platform. He was greeted with cheers. At 11.03 the "Wagner Centennial Inauguration March" was performed by the orchestra, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, at the conclusion of which, Bishop Simpson offered up a devout prayer, during the rendering of which the Majority of the vast assemblage stood with uncovered heads.

Sudden Death of Dr. Hall.
NEW YORK, May 11.—Wm. Varley, known as Reddy, the blacksmith, died of consumption.
Dr. Wm. W. Hall, of Hall's Journal of Health, fell in the streets and died in a few minutes; age 63 years. The cause of his death is unknown.
The original of the Declaration of Independence is on exhibition in Philadelphia and was visited in one day by 8,006 people. It is in good order generally, though many of the signatures are obliterated by the process of taking impressions from them.—News.

DOM PEDRO AT DINNER.
[From the World.]
About Dom Pedro, a gentleman in Brazil writes us in a private letter: "You would let the Emperor severely alone in the United States if you knew how utterly he detests entertainments and publicities of all kinds. At home he never takes more than twenty minutes for dinner, except on the day when he invites the Portuguese Ambassador to celebrate the birthday of the King of Portugal. Then he gives that august diplomatic functionary ten minutes extra to feed. So tell my dear countrymen to handle their splendid American Emperor with tender consideration for these infirmities, if they wish him to carry back to Brazil agreeable collections of his flying journey to the great republic."

NO MILITARY MAN FOR PRESIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: In this morning's issue of your paper I observe that a San Francisco correspondent brings forward the name of Gen. William T. Sherman as a suitable candidate for President.

In speaking for myself, I speak the sentiments of hundreds of thousands of good citizens throughout our broad land, when I say that the people of this country want no more military chieftains in that exalted civil position. For one, I am free to say that I never again expect to cast my vote for any military man for that high position. Of these men it may be truly said that their habit of thought, their discipline, and their peculiar training totally unfit them for the exercise of the functions of that high trust. The very nature of the military service renders them self-willed, arrogant, and dictatorial. As a rule, they cannot clearly distinguish between the civil and military powers of a Government, and in an exigency they are not willing to wait the processes of the courts, but take the shorter route to accomplish a purpose. The Administration of Gen. Grant, in dealing with the Southern question, substantiates this point. Our country has never been so thoroughly disgraced, not only in the estimation of our own people, but in the eyes of the world, as it has been during the incumbency of that "conspicuous failure" known as President Grant; and if our republican form of Government is ever subverted and destroyed, its ruin will have been accomplished by some military chieftain.

With all due acknowledgment of the honesty and ability of Gen. Sherman, I am very certain that the people are in no temper to even consider the question of a perpetuation of military Presidents. Gen. Grant, Gen. Belknap, Gen. Babcock, Gen. Schenck, general recidivists, general disgrace! The people have had enough of Generalship! CIVILIAN.
New York, May 8.

A. T. Stewart's Everyday Life.
Mr. Stewart usually breakfasted at 8 o'clock, his meal ordinarily consisted of plain bread, a bit of fish, an egg, and some oat meal porridge. Then he was driven down to his retail establishment, where he spent two or three hours, walking through every part of it, asking the salesmen the prices of goods in order to ascertain whether they were up in their duties, and observing how affairs were carried on. Then he went down in his carriage to the wholesale store. There he read his letters, and transacted business until 6 o'clock. For many years he was accustomed to dine at Delmonico's, on the opposite side of Broadway, but latterly he dined at home. Getting an interview with him was much like getting access to the Prime Minister of England. He was to be seen only at the downtown store, and on the visitor's entering, the floor walker near the door would first inquire that visitor's business. If he said that he wanted to see Mr. Stewart, he was asked what he wanted of him, and if it was anything that a subordinate could attend to, he was turned over to him; if he insisted upon seeing the great man himself, he was allowed to go as far as the foot of the stairs, where another Cerberus was waiting, and unless he could be satisfied that it was worth while disturbing Mr. Stewart the visitor was turned back. Often a message came down which would enable the business to be settled by a simple yes or no. If not, the visitor was allowed to go up the stairs and wait again within sight of the glazed inclosure where Mr. Stewart sat, and in due time was summoned into his presence. Though courteous in manner, Mr. Stewart talked no words, and anything like a bore was summarily dismissed. And in no other way could he have got through with the immense number of calls that were daily made upon him.—N. Y. Herald.

The Formation of Coal.
Mr. E. A. Wilson, in a recent address before the Geological society of Glasgow, referring to the evidence showing the immense time required to produce a seam of coal, directed attention to the conditions which he had examined in the Isle of Aran. There, to use his own words, he "found numerous cylinders of trees, completely flattened, of course lying across each other at various angles, with their bark compressed into less thickness than common pasteboard, and the carbonaceous matters reduced to graphite, so that from three to four inches in thickness this impure coal contained, probably, twenty generations of trees overlaying each other; Now, if we allow thirty years only for the life of each tree, we have six hundred years for the formation of four inches of impure coal, or eighteen hundred years for the formation of one foot of coal.

It looks as if the exhibition of American pictures at Philadelphia might come to naught, through the ignorance and pigheadedness of one of the Committee on Art. This man is Mr. Sarasin, a Philadelphia mezzotint engraver, and a person ill adapted to the duties he undertakes to perform, and who yet is trying to bully the better men on the committee. Though art in Philadelphia is of no account and there is scarcely a painter of national reputation there, yet half the committee is composed of Philadelphians. One of the stupid decisions has been to hang in the most conspicuous place in the gallery a badly painted picture of great size by a Philadelphia artist, Rothwell, depicting the battle of Gettysburg. This is at the Centennial feast of good will and brotherhood.—N. Y. Sun.

Coming Guests—Three Hundred and Fifty Live Alligators on the Way to the Centennial.

[Memphis Avianche, April, 30.]
A nice lot of playthings, in the form of three hundred and fifty live alligators, passed up the river yesterday on their way to the National Centennial at Philadelphia. The luscious looking reptiles embraced all sizes, from the little thing six inches long, just out of its shell, to one 13½ feet in length, named "Billy." The latter, a venerable rascal, with a rather repulsive countenance, is supposed to be 150 years old, judging by marks he carries, as set forth by Audubon and other naturalists. These alligators were captured by Thomas L. Bond in the vicinity of Pearl River, Louisiana, and near its entrance into Lake Pontchartrain. In the collection is a small, mean-looking cuss, named "Ned," who has learned to stand on his hind-legs, dance "juba and play tricks." Ned is about three years old, and if this precocious plaything keeps on he will be likely to ride an act in a circus before a great while. While the steamer Robert Mitchell, on which they are, lay at the levee yesterday, a large number of curious people crowded around the wooden tanks or boxes in which the alligators sported. At one time Mr. Bond felt uneasy, and he called a comrade to watch his pets, to keep people from carrying off half a dozen of them to eat. Mr. Bond feeds the alligators on fish. At present they are healthy, and some of the amphibious and ferocious brutes look as if they would eat a hog in a minute, or a man either.

The last news received from Iceland reports that the conflagration of the mountainous part of the north of the island, which some time ago was visited by the English geologist, Mr. Watts, has been entirely changed during the winter through volcanic agency, some parts having bodily sunk several hundred feet, producing at one place a large lake containing boiling water, and surrounded by several new geysers, which found an outlet through several small rivers running into the lake. The entire surrounding country was suffering from the volcanic action still in process, the earth shaking, sulphurous vapors escaping, and loud noises like distant thunder being occasionally observed; a fresh crater having also been observed, calculated roughly at about two miles diameter.

AN OFFENSIVE INSCRIPTION.—The Bolton, England, town council at their last meeting directed the town clerk to write to two sons of the late John Hilton, requiring them to attend before the burial board and show cause why the board should not cause to be removed from the tombstone in the cemetery over the grave of their father the following inscription: Let gods attend on things which gods must know Man's only care relates to things below.—Nesco Drex.

Mr. W. Hilton, one of the sons, wrote in reply that he should not attend before the burial board, and said for his own part he should never permit the stone to be erased; but if the inscription was offensive to passers by he was willing to cover it with a water-proof sheet, on which should be written, "This sheet to be raised by persons who are willing to read an inscription underneath, which the Bolton corporation object for the general public to read."

The Fisheries of North Carolina—An Immense Hall of Rock.
The steamer L. G. Cannon, Captain R. C. Minter, arrived here Saturday from the Fisheries of North Carolina, and from Captain Minter we learn that one of the most extensive hauls of rock ever made took place Saturday, at the fishery of Messrs. Capeheart & Son, at which time 1,620 rock of a total weight of 34,325 pounds, was made. The haul also brought up 300 shad and herring. Four hundred and seventy-five of the rock averaged 65 pounds, many weighing as much as 85 to 90 pounds. A second haul was made the same day, when 15,000 pounds were caught. The fishery is located at the head of the Albemarle sound. Captain Minter brought to the city, for this and the Northern markets, 60 boxes, each containing about 200 pounds. We can surely say that this was an immense haul of fish.—Fortsmonth Enterprise.

TILDEN AND HENDRICKS.
[Richmond Dispatch.]
Now, is not the weight of the argument against the nomination of a Western man? If such a one be nominated his friends must carry Ohio and Indiana in October, or he will surely be defeated in November in the country at large. If, on the contrary, Tilden be nominated he will be nominated because he can afford to throw Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and all the other doubtful States, out of the calculation. If the Democrats be defeated in Ohio and Indiana in October it will not damage him at all. His nomination will rebuke the Democratic party from the trouble and expense of sending hundreds of speakers and thousands of dollars into those doubtful States. The party will stand before the country thoroughly independent and calmly confident of its ability to elect its candidate.

These considerations have had such an effect upon us that we are almost ready to declare that nobody but Tilden ought to be nominated. It would be such a pity to see a great wrong to the South—to be instrumental in perpetuating the power of the miserable Radical party, that we throw aside all considerations of less moment and look only to the desirableness of having a Democratic President. If there be any other man stronger than Tilden, let us nominate him. But Tilden and Hendricks both? I would that not be a strong ticket!