The Semi-Weekly Sentinel.

TERMS: DAILY, $10.00 PER YEAR. SEMI WEEKLY, $5.00 PER YEAR. WEEKLY, $3.00 PER YEAR.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER , 1871.

VOL. 6.---NO. 6.

THE SENTINEL

KUKLUX.

The carpet bag editors are rejoicing over the letter of Major W. A. Hearne, late editor of the *Daily Telegram*, deceased. We take the following extracts from a carpet-bag paper which copied it from the Wilmington *Journal*, where Mr. Hearne's letter first appeared. Mr. Hearne says:

"It cannot be longer disguised or denied that the kuklux is a bloody reality, and that it is a murderous, scourging, banning, desolating organization, in the political interests of the conservative party. Its leaders, leaders of the conservative party, have so avowed and acknowledged, and as the whigs, so called conservative, have taken unto themselves the political management and manipulation of the state, let them now assume the kuklux responsibility. A leading whig statesman has said that it is a species of wild justice, and a leading whig editor has for more than two years, almost daily palliated this species of crime, of which he is a promoter and abettor, and has steadily apologized for these kuklux criminals and outlaws, of whose band he is a member, and among whose klans he is an authority.

"Originally a member of this organization myself, I know what I say when I write about the kuklux, and their connections.

"It is, then, for the democratic party of the south to purge itself of the kuklux crime and outrage, and there is but one way to do so, and that is to throw the responsibility upon the conservative organization, and let democrats everywhere, sever their connection with the conservative party, a name which, through the politicians, has been made to cover a multitude of sins, since the time of the revolution, to the great detriment of the country."

Mr Hearne is expected to edit a democratic paper in Raleigh very soon. If this letter is the platform upon which he is to stand, we venture to say his course will not strengthen the democratic cause in the state. Gov. Graham is the whig statesman alluded to. The editor of the SENTINEL is the whig editor alluded to.

Mr. Hearne speaks as a kuklux, and says "he (we) is a promoter and abettor and has steadily apologized for the kuklux criminals and outlaws of whose band he is a member."

These last words are emphatic. We call Stalebuck to draw a bill against us and call on Mr. Hearne as the witness. We need not say we never belonged to any secret society of any kind, at any time, Free Masons, Odd Fellows, Know Nothings, Kuklux or Leagues, nor can any man, with truth, say that we do.

CALIFORNIA TROUBLES.

There are sixty thousand Chinese in California and still they come landing daily by the thousand. The republicans and democrats unite in saying these heathen Chinese are not fit to vote; they want virtue and intelligence. The Chinese, at home, have been taught what government is, and that is more than can be said of the African.

We cannot see the justice of the rule which allows an African and excludes a Chinaman from voting. California must submit to the situation. Every rat-eater among these heathens, being first naturalized, can vote, and all born in the country can vote. We are at a loss to see how doubt could exist or debate grow out of the question, when one reads the first section of the fourteenth amendment. True, it was intended only for the negro, but the rat eaters can avail themselves of its liberal provisions, just as the white men did who were imprisoned by Holden and Kirk. But for the act of congress, Judge Brooks and the federal court, could have had no jurisdiction in the case of Kirk's prisoners who were tried at Salisbury. These prisoners would have remained in the hands of Pearson and Kirk until Holden's malice was gratified. Judge Boyden stated to the court that congress did not intend the law to apply to the white man, but only to the negro.

There is not a member of congress who voted for the fourteenth amendment, who wants the rat eating, heathen Chinese to vote, yet they cannot prevent it, because section first of the fourteenth amendment says:

SECTION 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

It will be seen that the moral progressive party progressed one step further than they intended.

REJOICING.

Palemon John, carpet-bag editor of the *North Carolinian*, published at Elizabeth City, sought for two years to get us to kick him, but we would not. Last week we gave Palemon a slight kick, and see how he takes it:

"Our reputation is made. The editor of the SENTINEL is writing one article after another, all for our special benefit. He is coupling our name with those of the most prominent men in the state," &c.

We have thought for two years this was what Palemon John wanted, and now we know it. We shall not soon rejoice the dog by kicking him again.

For the Sentinel.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—You have many names for the *Carolina Era*. Why not call it the "Long Perry!" Long Perry is said to have made the largest donation towards the establishment of the *Era*. Let the organ be called in honor of him.

Yours, W.

Well, we can't think of everything. We can only say to "W.," call the *Era* "Long Perry" if you like. If he paid most money for its establishment, the compliment is due him.

PILGRIM ASHLEY.

Where is the old man? Has he fled without being missed. We should say he has spoken rather than fled. If the Lord takes no more account of the Pilgrim than the people do, he is certainly lost. Education and the public schools will not suffer by the Pilgrim's absence.

For three years the Pilgrim and a blessed big negro, as his assistant, rode over the state, and presided over its education, "monarchs of all they surveyed." Pilgrim received $6,000 and upwards, and traveling expenses, his adjunct, the "big nigger," received $3,600 and expenses. Where is their work? What have they done? Pilgrim and his negro, with Solomon Pool and his carpet-bag corps of professors, have actually brought discredit on the cause of education. The discord and bitterness which they have wrought in the people, schools and colleges, will demonstrate their utter unfitness for their places.

We care not how suitable Pilgrim may be for his place, he is too distasteful, yes odious, to the people to be of any use in the position he occupies. No man can look at him and say he has any more capacity for his place than an educated monkey. Straggling political preachers, like Pilgrim Ashley, from Buzzard's Bay, have done more to degrade true religion, and lower the standard of morality in the South, than any other class of camp followers who, for six years, have preyed upon a conquered people.

[illegible] get clear of this old adventurer and curse of education? Why don't Gov. Caldwell and Phillips, tell the Pilgrim he is only a hindrance and a stumbling-block in the path of education?

SOBER THOUGHTS.

We copy the following from the New York *Tribune*, who says it is from the brain of some person unknown, but thinks he can safely credit it to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. We can afford to publish Greeley's weak attempt to break the force of what the unknown person says, for it speaks the sentiments of every decent, tax-paying man in North Carolina, who pretends to any concern for the public welfare:

"We wish to present to the members of our leading churches a few sober thoughts. Gentlemen, are you satisfied with the political and moral condition of this our common country? Are you satisfied that the active support of your ministers and yourselves shall be given to the present administration, reeking, as it does, with falsehoods, corruption, oppression and wrong, from the president down through all the different grades to the most humble clerk in a country post-office? Drunkenness, knavery, murders, and debauchery are becoming the fashionable accomplishments of men in high places. The great strength and reliance of the radical party is on you. They rally around your sacred altars! The ignorant negro, the perjurer, the ballot-box stuffer, the corrupt land speculator, the thieving lobbyist, and all the cohorts of villainy are gathered under the sacred mantle of religion and morality.

"Fraud and rascality pervade every channel of the body politic; all legislation, from congress down to the smallest city councils, is governed by rings and combinations of dishonest politicians. Gentlemen, these may be unpleasant truths; but, nevertheless, the radical party are using more means of corruption than was ever suggested by the fertile brains of all the rogues of past ages combined. Life and property are becoming less secure daily, our taxes are doubling year by year, all the healthy middle classes are becoming merged in the great army of common day laborers, while the few are becoming vastly rich and arrogant. Gentlemen, these are questions which need your careful and prayerful consideration."

VIRGINIA PLATFORM.

The recent democratic and conservative convention, held in the city of Richmond, was alike creditable to democrats and conservatives. Greater unity and harmony never prevailed in any political assembly. Old whigs, old democrats, conservatives and moderate republicans and negroes, all met together without discussing whiggery, democracy, conservatism or the negro.

The meeting was presided over by Hon. Thos. S. Bocock, speaker of the Confederate congress, an old fashioned Tom Jefferson Virginia democrat and gentleman. He claimed nothing for democracy but that it should stand firm and fight with those who would resist radicalism to the bitter end.

Hon. John B. Baldwin, an old whig, was a prominent speaker and member of the convention. Mr. Baldwin voted in the Virginia convention of 1861 against the ordinance of secession. When the war opened he put himself on the side of the south.

The platform of the Virginia convention is comprehensive, complete and can be comprehended in three words, "opposition to radicalism." This Virginia platform will commend itself to the conservative and democratic people of North Carolina. In fact it is the platform upon which we have stood for six years; it is the platform upon which we won the victory of August, 1870—the most unprecedented victory in the annals of political warfare. The old whig, the old democrat, or conservative who is unwilling to stand on this platform, can make a new departure with Nichols & Gorman. The man who, in this peril and crisis of his country, claims anything as a whig, conservative or democrat, is selfish and unwise, to say the least of it. It is time enough to put in his claim to honor, distinction or place, when the victory is won and the radical rogues displaced.

Kinston is to have a new Presbyterian church. Two thousand one hundred and seven dollars has already been raised for that object.

DOG FIGHT.

Louisiana, like North Carolina, is governed by unprincipled carpet-baggers through negroes and secret societies. The following correspondence between Gov. Warmouth and Lieut. Gov. Dunn will show that it is dog eat dog.

The Lord will not prosper a people who quietly submit to the domination of such rascals. As proof of it we have not had a good crop throughout the state since the coming of Pilgrim Ashley, Brewer and Abbott:

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 31.—During the absence of Governor Warmouth, Lieutenant Governor and acting Governor Dunn pardoned a convict, and notified the governor of his action. A spicy correspondence ensued, which has just been published. The governor disapproves of the action of the lieutenant governor in taking charge of the executive office, repudiates his acts, endeavys the secretary of state [illegible] to record them, and continues: "When I intend absenting myself from the state, under such circumstances as render necessary the services of the lieutenant governor, I shall do myself the honor to officially inform you. Until such time I can but regard any act performed by you in the capacity of acting governor as an intrusion, calling for immediate revocation and rebuke. Harry Hews, whose pardon you inform me you have granted, will be immediately rearrested and committed to serve out the sentence imposed upon him by the court, your interposition being regarded as officious and wholly uncalled for."

Lieutenant-Governor Dunn, replying, says:

"In the future, as in the past, I shall fearlessly assume and conscientiously perform the duties devolving upon me under [illegible] that obtain among gentlemen and state officials should have induced you to have notified me of your intended absence from the state; but your neglect in this particular, while very damaging to you as a gentleman, in no sort relieves me from the obligations imposed upon me by the constitution in your absence, nor invalidates any act performed by me as acting governor. Harry Hews, in my judgment, has been legally pardoned; and if your excellency would not consider it officious in me to express an opinion, I would respectfully suggest that you are acting outside of the constitution and the laws whenever you attempt, without additional offence, to deprive him of his liberty, and such a course on your part will justly subject you to a rebuke from the sovereign people of Louisiana.

"In conclusion, permit me respectfully to decline accepting your excellency as my exemplar in either modesty, courtesy, propriety, or official duty."

LIFE LIKE.—The Wadesboro' *Argus* opens an editorial on the Rutherford *Star*, and Logan and Scoggins, in the following graphic style, and the value of the picture lies in the truthful likeness. Behold!

There is a dirty *half sheet* published in Rutherford called the *Star*, of which two snivering squirts announce themselves "editors and proprietors." The home folks hater, and yankee boot-lick, (the existance of which, but for our announcement of the fact, would not be suspected by our readers) is a [contemptible thing] in size, and appearance, containing all told, but fourteen columns—half yankee quack advertisements—and the other half made up of the hydrophobic saliva of the contemptible sneaks who in green eyed frenzy attempt to bite every worthy object or person of the south while they wag their tails and whine approvingly at every effort made for the ruin of the people and interests of North Carolina.

Mr. Young, chief of the bureau of statistics at Washington, has made a careful estimate of the retail value of the malt and spirituous liquors sold in the United States last year. He fixes the amount at $600,000,000, which sum, if equally apportioned among our forty millions of people, would amount to fifteen dollars for each man, woman, and child. These statistics furnish the most striking proof of the excessive use of spirituous liquors by our people, and should lead the friends of temperance to seriously consider what practical step can be taken to state the growing evil.

How would it do for Billy Smith to try his hand on a temperance journal? He failed with the *Standard*, he failed with the *Daily Telegram*, and the *Era*, *alias* "long Perry," languishes.

We clip the following merited complimentary notice of one of our fellow citizens from the Goldsboro' *Messenger*, of the first inst.:

"This morning we had the pleasure of meeting in our sanctum our much esteemed friend, Major Benton Gales, of Raleigh, and were gratified to learn that his health is good. The Major is a true North Carolinian, a courteous gentleman and in every respect a rising man. The names of Beaton and Gales, whenever or whenever mentioned, will call to mind "ye olden times" and better days, when that sterling sheet, the Washington *National Intelligencer*, was considered, next to the Bible, as almost indispensable in thousands of intelligent families."

CARD OF CAPT. R. A. SHOTWELL.—We invite attention to the card of Captain Shotwell, to be found in to-day's paper. It is disgraceful to see the efforts of certain papers to prejudice the case of this gentleman. Guilty or innocent, he is entitled to a fair and unbiased verdict, and it is cowardly to assail him with his hands tied and he confined in a common jail.

STATE FAIR—A SUGGESTION.—We notice that the last day of the Mississippi State Fair is devoted to a base ball match—a champion bat and belt being the society's premium. The Raleigh boys challenge the state to an encounter with the bat, as we feel authorized to state. This match could be played on Friday afternoon and continued on Saturday if necessary. And we will undertake to promise that our Raleigh boys will themselves clear the grounds and put them in order for the match, if necessary. We trust the executive committee will add this to their other attractions.

There were 335 beeves, 281 sheep, 5 calves and 4 hogs slaughtered and sold in Wilmington during the month of August.

LET IT BE KNOWN.

We published a card last week from Messrs. Nichols & Gorman denying that they had any knowledge or agency in the new democratic organ which the radicals talk of starting in this city. This is an old talk of two years standing. They offered at one time to buy the SENTINEL and have it run by a democrat. They offered Mr. Pell twice what he asked for the paper if he would advocate their railroad policy and financial projects and plans.

We stated sometime ago, that Chief Justice Pearson paid $100 for the late campaign. How much of the money went to the support of the *Era* and how much to the support of the *Telegram*?

Judge Russell was to pay $200. Has he paid it, and how was his money divided out?

Judge Reade paid largely, [illegible] should have paid $500, or five times as much as the chief justice.

How much of the judicial money went to pay the expenditures of the negroes who assembled at Goldsboro', under the control and guidance of the executive committee of which Mr. Phillips is chairman?

What did Judge Dick pay?

Judge Watts might have given the $5,000 in the bonds he made so cheaply in the Kehoe black mailing suit.

We intend to know all about this corrupting fund which was used in the late election. It is of importance to the [illegible] in the premises. We shall call on Reade, Dick and the chief justice, daily, until they tell.

CARD FROM CAPT. R. A. SHOTWELL.

RALEIGH JAIL, Sept. 4, 1871.

Messrs. Editors Sentinel: In the Greensboro' *Republican* of recent date I find an extract from the Asheville *Pioneer* as follows:

"Shotwell, ex editor of the *Citizen*, is still in jail, and waiting for his friends outside to release him, but in vain. Since Durham's testimony in Washington before the outrage committee, Shotwell has become despondent and declares now that he is chief of Rutherford county, and intends to expose the whole matter; that there are 400 members in Rutherford county, 800 in Cleaveland, 300 in Henderson, 300 in McDowell, and that when he gave up his editorship and left Asheville there were 400 organized K. K. in this (Buncombe) county, and that he is ready to give names. Justice has evidence that proves beyond doubt that Shotwell was in command of the klan on the night of the destruction of the *Star* office and the assault upon himself. The authorities have now secured the names of many of the prominent actors, and others are being obtained daily. Operations have been commenced in Cleaveland county, when new developments are looked for."

Similar misrepresentations have been made by the Newbern *Republican* and other radical prints, I have been informed.

Now, in reply, I have to say that there is not one particle of truth in any of these statements. It is false that I could not give bail; but my friends were given to understand that I would not be admitted to bail. It is false that I ever declared myself chief of Rutherford county, and intended to expose the whole matter; I have nothing to expose. It is false that I said there were 400 kuklux in Rutherford; so far as I know there never were half so many. It is false that I ever made an estimate of the number of kuklux in Cleaveland, Henderson, Buncombe and McDowell; so far as I know, there never has been any such organization in either of those counties. While in Ashville I knew of no such organization, nor do I believe there was any.

It is false that I was in command of the klan which made a martyr of the infamous Jim Justice, and committed the depredation on the *Star* office. I have never gone in disguise, nor intentionally injured a human being except in lawful warfare.

In fine these malicious falsehoods are of a piece with the incessant spewings of the radical press during the recent campaign. Nor is it the first attempt to blacken my private character since my arrest by the minions of the corrupt despot at Washington. Every little cur whose antics I have had occasion to rebuke while conducting a conservative newspaper, now hopes to yelp his note of defamation at a safe distance.

Prominent in the pack may be named the editor of the *Pioneer*, who, with customary veracity, announced a few weeks ago that I was in great tribulation and had made no less than *three attempts to commit suicide*. This absurd lie I never corrected, feeling confident that my friends would not permit me to be "killed off" in any such manner. Mr. Rollins ought to unite his paper with the Rutherford *Star*, whose editor, J. B. Carpenter, threatened to shoot me on sight, and forgot to do so. Perhaps between them they could get up a spark of courage and a ray of truth now and then.

But I beg the Logans, the Scoggins, the Carpenters, and the Rollins, and others of that ilk, not to solace themselves with my declining health, spirits or influence. They have seen me arrested, they have seen me confined in a cage with murderers and negroes, they have seen me handcuffed and carried away like a convict, and they may see me arraigned at the judical bar, yet they have never seen nor shall see me on a level with them in the estimation of the good people of Rutherford county and North Carolina.

Respectfully,
RANDOLPH A. SHOTWELL.

For the Sentinel.

YADKIN COLLEGE, N. C., August 28, 1871.

Editors of the Sentinel:

GENTLEMEN: A certain individual, claiming to be a white man, stimulated by the basest prejudice, mingled with the most nauseous tincture of scundrdy, is endeavoring to make the impression in this (Davidson) county, and in some portions of Davie, that I opposed the call for a convention and sided with the republicans. He also asserts (a little privately,) that I am the author of the communication which appeared in the columns of the Raleigh *Era*, of the 9th inst., over the signature of "Journal." As a large number of my friends are readers of your paper, allow me to say that the author of these assertions is a liar, scoundrel and coward, unfit to be recognized by any decent white man.

For the above, I hold myself personally responsible at any moment.

EMMET R. WILLIAMSON.

The whole tax of Columbus county amounts to little over $9,000, which is a decrease of $5,000 since last year.

A FEW HOURS AT POPLAR MOUNT.

No. 4.

Gaston.—"The fame of this illustrious son of North Carolina, Mr. Edwards," I said, "appears to brighten and grow with the lapse of time and his memory is now cherished with more and more reverence, from day to day, throughout our land. Often his name is seen at present, associated with the most eminent statesmen of his time, for their purity, for their patriotism, and for their wisdom. Already, it seems, even

'Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud him most.'

We have been told his 'table talk,' alone, would make a book of priceless value if it were possible to reproduce it with the peculiar force and beauty he gave it. It would doubtless be as the definition to a proverb: '*The wisdom of many and the wit of one.*' Is not this true of Gaston? His, to illustrate, was not that kind of mind like a body containing within itself a magazine of fire that, [illegible] to its inmost depths, blaze out, then, leaping up through the dark smoke and clouds in which it was enveloped, startle, by the unexpected contrast of its brilliancy, the astonished beholders. Nor like that other body rushing athwart the sky and striking awe with its intense brightness, then, in another instant, the last of its dim course has faded away, leaving those who attempted to follow it standing bewildered in total darkness. But it was rather that kind of mind he possessed, which was capable of receiving and absorbing the rays darting out from all other minds, whether emitting their own or reflected light, then of giving them back mingled and blended with its own soft light, ever burning steadily and brightly, never flickering, never wearing [illegible] nor bursting out in such flames as to strike terror and wonder, or to cause fear of its consuming itself. Yet a constant beacon standing the always-shining, never varying a guide to the greatest as well as the humblest old age as well as to youth, in the path of knowledge, honor and true renown. Thus he was great on the hustings, in the forum, on the bench, in assemblies, in congress, with senators, in society, among ladies, everywhere did his wise words fall so pleasantly and sparkingly, that they would never fail to charm and instruct his listeners, if they did not always carry conviction to their minds. It was immaterial what kind of company he was in, or where he happened to be, in the opinion of those that were with him, he was as exalted as if sitting in his seat on the supreme court bench, or occupying some other station of equal authority, and he would be respected accordingly. His associations, we repeat, with those around him, however familiar he might be, and he rejoiced in a joke at his own or the expense of others, never depreciated him in point of dignity and eminence in their estimation. So far from it, it invariably increased their admiration and respect and love for his eminent character. He possessed the power of lifting others up while they were in his presence, without lowering himself one particle to accomplish such a difficult result. There were no stiffness, no unnatural dignity, or assumed superiority that he carried with him to meet the people of the world. He was genial, agreeable and sociable, bearing with attention, and always speaking with pleasantness to every one. Never changing—one thing yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. But if easy and sociable in his intercourse with others generally, his the commanding presence and natural dignity never permitted any one, either exalted or humble, to approach him with unbecoming familiarity. Those that had the benefit of his society, for an hour or two, or for any time, brief or long, never were inclined to say, when he was gone, "after all, Gaston is only like other men, he does not know everything." His rich store of knowledge seemed to rise before those that knew him well, like a huge pyramid; when they would attempt to pull it down, commencing first with the apex, removing that, then descending its sides it would be found layer after layer, increasing so rapidly in dimensions, and consisting of such varied information, that they would pause and give it up as an endless task, and listen enraptured and with additional delight to what he would say, as time rolled on.

Thus I have given you, Mr. Edwards, what I know and have heard of Gaston. Now, it would gratify me exceedingly to hear you on the subject. "Your information and views," said he, "of Gaston are about correct. We were apart in politics, though no one could ever doubt his sincere intentions. He was a great man in every sense of the word. One never tired of his company, as you have justly remarked. His jokes and anecdotes of which he was fond of distributing quite liberally, on proper occasions, would always interest and instruct as would his speeches. There was instruction in every thing he did or said. It mattered not when, where and how it was given out, whether in jokes, anecdotes, casual conversation, formal speeches or learned decisions of law. He was no genius, like John Stanly or Badger, nor was he a poet. He had an excellent, balanced mind, and from diligence and constant study, added to his fame and unsullied character, he had made himself one of the best informed and most distinguished men in the country. His song, "The Old North State," would be perpetuated at least for a long while, as it came from his heart and expressed the sentiment of all of us who loved North Carolina. I suppose no one ever claimed for it, not even the author himself, any real practical merit. There was more matter of fact and truth in Gaston than romance. He would have made a better historian than novelist, and perhaps too he would have made a grand actor."

I told Mr. Edwards I never heard Gaston speak but once, then it was on resolutions presented at a meeting in Newbern in reference to the death of President Harrison, in 1851, and though quite a youth, I remember until to this day, distinctly his manner and appearance. He seemed much embarrassed and so nervous that his voice trembled as he first floundered off in his exordium. I was astonished, and more so when he concluded. It was not a long speech, and Mr. Hamilton Graham, who I believe, we both could claim as a citizen of our respective counties, arose and delivered a short speech, that for eloquence and effect eclipsed Mr. Gaston's in the opinion of the audience. But, it is stated aside from Mr. Graham's acknowledged literary attainments and ability he had peculiar talent for those brief, effective, touching efforts, that must be improvised at the moment of their delivery, while Mr. Gaston never was himself until he had sufficient time to warm up, in debate of any kind. At first under any circumstances he would show unusual timidity and hesitation in giving expression to his ideas, yet step by step as he proceeded in his speech he would gather confidence and composure until at last his timidity would give place to absolute boldness and his hesitation in delivery to such fluency and eloquence that he would delight, entertain and instruct those that were in his hearing and so absorb their attention, that hours would glide swiftly away without their being conscious of the fact. I suppose, I continued, if North Carolina ever had a pet it was Gaston, though I am not unconscious of the position our state has always occupied in this respect. She never would pin her faith to any mans destiny. But Gaston, you know, loved North Carolina, and was sensitive of her honor. He loved the whole state. No sections or lines could ever limit him in his unselfish and ardent attachment. He ever beheld with filial pride her mountains, reaching up and up, till showing the last flickering light, in the evening, of the setting sun on their loftiest peaks, above all the states around her. He rejoiced at her Sounds and Bays, they catching the first glimpses of the rays of the returning sun in the morning, and lighting up her ocean border. He gloried in her hills and valleys, her rivers and streams. He loved all her people, and beyond all, and over all, he loved her women; they were deeply buried in his affections—fastened to his heart; no opportunity escaped without his praising and blessing them. Then it were but justice we should all love and pet Gaston. I heard Gov. Morehead once say, when Judge Gaston was stricken down in the supreme court room with the disease that so soon terminated his existence, he was carried to the executive office, where soon collected Judge Ruffin, Mr. Badger, Gov. Manly, and others, to aid towards his comfort. He was lying on a couch, when a sistress coming over him, Mr. Badger remarked, "Morehead, let us raise him and see how he could stand sitting." "Why, Mr. Badger," said the sister, "he is too weak and too feeble, and a difficult thing for you to accomplish, at least, with a disabled man," was the ready reply of Gaston, who had not before spoken so well for some minutes. 'A fact, a fact,' came from Mr. Badger in answer, and feeling encouraged at the judge's condition, led him humorously in conversation, and never before did Gaston's delicate wit strike with such wonder, dazzling the mind over so clear, quick and dazzling. It was like metal glowing with heat and light and throwing off in showers its glittering particles on all of us around him." "Thus," continued Gov. Morehead, "every department of the state government were, as it should have been, represented at his death, though he was removed to his own lodging before that sad event occurred. I represented the executive, Ruffin the judicial and Manly the legislative branch, as he was then the clerk of the House of Commons."

"Mr. Gaston was not a timid man," I asked? "Oh, no, far from it," Mr. Edwards said warmly, "it was a constitutional diffidence and embarrassment, only in the commencement of his speeches, as you have properly stated. That may have misled some on this point. I have known other speakers as well, and witnesses in court, that would not fear to rush to the cannon's mouth or brave the most imminent danger of any kind, and when they would rise to address any body of people, however small, or when put upon the witness stand, they would become greatly agitated. Gaston once under way fairly, was dashing and fearless in debate, and thought as little about the consequences to himself of what he said as any one you could find. His speeches all prove, though they are clothed in chaste and most courteous language, that he never hesitated to assail others for cause or to repel, defiantly, the attacks upon himself."

"You have," he said, "referred to Morehead, Ruffin, Badger and Manly, being present at his last illness. Morehead, though naturally strong in many ways, never was witty, as many supposed. He was, however, fond of hilarity and was a most sociable companion. Charles Manly's wit and humour, with which he embellished his conversations and speeches, "age could not wither nor custom stale." He was the life of any party and the welcome guest of every body. He could interest and entertain a little child or a grave dignitary as well. He was always easy, always shining wherever he was placed and those that know him longest, respected and honored him most. Ruffin, I think, beyond doubt, in comparison to Gaston, had the strongest legal mind, and was, perhaps the greatest judge. His mind in law, seemed capable of taking hold with a stronger and tighter grasp. Of course, his accomplishments were not as varied as Gaston's and still he mastered easily whatever he would undertake. Those hard, honest features could speak more for his character than any words I could utter if I were to make the attempt. As Mr. Webster spoke of Mr. Calhoun in his eulogium in the senate that "he would have made a senator of Rome, when Rome survived," so also I can say of Ruffin, "he would have made a judge of Rome when Rome survived." He possessed all the integrity, the sterness and legal ability. "You knew him?" "Yes sir," I stated, "I have a daguerreotype of him, which I will now show you," handing it to Mr. Edwards. He gazed on it some minutes without speaking. I asked him if he could see it as he had no glasses, (he did not wear any while I was with him,) "Perfectly well" he replied, "and how correctly it represents that great man before age began to wither his form and the blight of time to appear in his face." When was it taken? he enquired. I told him quite seventeen years ago Judge Ruffin had it taken and presented it to me with a note in which he stated, 'it was a little remembrance of himself that he thought might gratify me,' and I assure you I sincerely appreciate and prize the present, and more especially the note that accompanied it. It is, I think, an excellent likeness. When taken, it could not have been better. I brought it with me expressly to exhibit it to you, knowing the intimacy always existing between the Judge and yourself."

"Yes," Mr. Edwards said, "Ruffin was another of my warm personal and political friends through many years. When he was re-appointed judge, after his resignation as chief-justice and retiring from the bench for a year or two, we accidentally met in Raleigh, the day he had given formal notification of his acceptance of the office, and the first thing he said, before I made a single remark, was 'I know you will condemn me for what I have done, and I can't help it if you do. But, from my heart, I now deeply regret it.' I suggested to him it might be undone. 'No, no,' he observed, 'that would be child's play. I deserve punishment for my decision if it were made with an honest purpose to serve with all the knowledge, strength and capacity I have, once more my beloved state, I must hold the place awhile, and will retire as soon and as gracefully as I can. In the meantime, I will endeavor to make a diligent student of the law.'"

"Returning to Gaston, you spoke of being with Mr. Wm. A. Wright, of Wilmington, on a visit to Newbern, and going to see Gaston's old residence."

"Yes," I replied, "and I will now tell you about it."

My communication being already too long, we will reserve what was said for the next.

DALTON.

From the Asheville Citizen.

FRANKLIN, N. C., Aug. 14, 1871.

Editor Citizen: Now that the campaign is over and there is less pressure upon your columns, I propose to resume my articles upon geology.

There is a zone of aluminous micaslates passing through Clay, a portion of Cherokee, Macon, Jackson and Haywood counties, which abounds in two aluminous minerals, kyanite and staurotide. In Clay and that portion of Cherokee through which the zone passes, staurotide predominates. In Macon and Jackson kyanite is more abundant, and in Haywood it prevails almost exclusively and is to be found in magnificent specimens. This bed, after passing through Macon, diminishes in proportions and through Jackson and Haywood gradually thins out, and finally disappears almost entirely when the range reaches the French Broad river. These states are rich in sulphurets of iron as well as silicates of alumina, and the mass wherever exposed to the atmosphere and the weather is constantly undergoing decomposition, and hence, forms a hydrous compound of iron and alumina. On a parallel with the point this zone is pinched out in Haywood, and some six or eight miles to the south on and near the Pigeon river a similar bed sets, somewhat abruptly, and passes on the parallel through Buncombe, a portion of Madison and perhaps into Yancey. This bed is lithologically the same as the more northern one, and consists of the same compound of iron and alumina. With proper manipulation, they yield copperas and alum, and at some future day may probably be of some economic value.

These two beds or zones, so far as I have been able to determine from personal observations, are barren in metallic ores that would likely be of commercial value. This deficiency, however, in metalliferous wealth is amply made up for, in an economical view, by the amount of alumina supplied to the soil. Alumina possesses the well known property of absorbing and retaining moisture, and giving tenacity to the soil, rendering it therefore less liable to wash into gullies and hence better adapted to agricultural enterprise.

There are frequent interlations of similar slates all through the gneissic beds of this great belt, and the gneiss itself is often rich in Aluminous minerals. These are facts that concern the whole people of this mountain plateau. They suggest a physical condition of the soil in inorganic matter which gives it a capacity for a high degree of productiveness when fertilizers are properly applied. The capacity of alumina to take in and retain moisture certainly enables the soil to husband and apply to better advantage the ammonia taken in with that moisture than an open, porous and dry soil could possibly do. I am inclined to the opinion that the aluminous element in these soils and the condition it produces in them has something to do, perhaps much, with the richness of the grasses they produce. The question is, at least, worthy a more careful investigation. Experience in the manufacture of cheese has demonstrated that milk from the grasses of this mountain plateau has yielded more cheese per pound of milk than that of northern dairy lands, and the cheese, where there has been sufficient chemical knowledge and skillful manipulation in the manufacture, is superior. The best quality of Buncombe cheese has a closer approximation to the famous English Chedar cheese than any other American cheese yet manufactured. This is a fact of which every Carolinian ought to be proud. While then, this feature in the Geology of Western Carolina does not offer any special attractions to the mineralogist and miner it contains elements which lie deep in the foundations of one of her greatest productive resources. Its great value consists in its contributions to the soil rather than to mineralogy and mining.

Yours, &c., C. D. SMITH.

A MAINE VIEW OF HORSE RACING AT FAIRS, AND ITS EFFECT UPON INDUSTRY.—There is rather too much truth in the following complaint by a correspondent of the Maine *Farmer*:—"Our fairs and cattle shows are fast dwindling to jocky clubs and horse racings. Trials of speed introduced to 'draw the crowd,' are occupying far too prominent a feature of our state and county fairs. They have the tendency to drive out that better class who attend for information and observation of the purely agricultural. Our leading crops, were it not for special legislation that raises the premium on wheat, are almost ignored; such enormous sums as one, two and even three dollars being the leading premiums on potatoes, garden vegetables and all the various grains excepting wheat. Premiums, or rather prizes, for trotting, range from five to fifty dollars, and often much more. Breeding mares, stallions and draft horses must be content with being far more useful and with a very trifling sum in the shape of a premium. Speed, cruelty, gambling and a large train of evils that attend, is held up and encouraged, and bears away the lion's share. And this by a society that professes to have for its object the advancement of agricultural interests, and encouragement of the mechanic arts!—that pretends to be a *cattle show!*" The correspondent does not seem to appreciate the fact that it is the racing that "draws" the people. When he, or any other man, can grow grains, vegetables or fruits, cattle, sheep and swine, the exhibition of which will put as much money into the treasury of the societies as a fast trotting horse, then there will be a change. Evidently people like to see a horse go fast, or they would not be attracted by such a spectacle; and what the people like and are willing to pay for, will be supplied to them even by the moral, high-toned managers of fairs—to be sure it will! And what are the pumpkin growers going to do about it?—*Exchange.*

MURDER BY REPUTE.—CALLING THE MANUFACTURERS TO ACCOUNT.—The coroner's jury in Brooklyn returned a verdict that one George Jackson came to his death from burns resulting from the explosion of a kerosene lamp; that the oil used in said lamp was dangerous and unfit for use, and they also find that Thomas McGoey, Hugh King and William Collin, manufacturers of said oil, are responsible for the death of George Jackson. The jury, call upon the proper authorities to take such action as will prevent any oil being sold at a less grade than 120 degrees fahrenheit. The coroner handed the finding and evidence to the district attorney, under whose instructions he will act.

A Georgia Volunteer.

BY ESMIPPA.

We saw the following touching lines in the Richmond *Enquirer*. They were written by Mrs. Townsend at the neglected grave of one who was a member of the Fifth Georgia, a regiment whose gallantry was conspicuous on every field where its colors waved, and which were under fire peculiar duty, even among the "foot cavalry" of Jackson.

Far up the lonely mountain side,
My wandering footsteps led;
The moss lay thick beneath my feet,
The pine sighed overhead.
The trace of a dismantled fort
Lay in the forest near,
And in the shadow near my path,
I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wreathed with the weed
Upon the lowly mound,
The simple head-board rudely writ,
Had rotted to the ground;
I raised it with a reverent hand,
From dint its words to clear;
But time had blotted all but these—
"A Georgia Volunteer."

I saw the loud and scaly snake
From tangled cover start,
And hide themselves among the weeds
Above the dead man's heart;
But undisturbed, in sleep profound,
Unheeding there he lay—
His coffin but the mountain soil,
His shroud, Confederate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll
Along the vale below,
I saw the Alleghanies rise
Toward the realms of snow,
The "Valley Campaign" came to mind—
Hallowed a name—and then
I knew the sleeper had been one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what his shall say,
What tongue will ever tell,
What desolated hearths and hearts
Have been because he fell?
What tear-eyed maiden braids her hair—
If a lover which he held dear—
One lock of which, perchance, lies with
Poor Georgia Volunteer.

What matter with long watches spent
And while limb, cold and dumb,
Walks with appalling patience by
Her darling boy to come?
Her boy! whose mountain grave saw lamp,
But one of many a near
Unto the fierce four fair land
By gory hands war!

What fights he fought, what wounds he wore,
Are all unknown to fame;
Remember, on his lonely grave
There is not e'en a name!
That he fought well, and bravely too,
And held his country dear,
We know—else he had never been
"A Georgia Volunteer."

He sleeps—what need to question now
If he were wrong or right?
He knows we this whose cause is just
In God, the Father's sight.
He yields no warlike weapons now,
Returns no foeman's threat—
Who, but a coward, would revile
An honest soldier's dust?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll
Adown thy rocky glen,
Above thee lies the grave of one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men!
Beneath the cedar and the pine,
In solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies
"A Georgia Volunteer!"

AN OLD CREMONA FIDDLE OR THE PRAYER BOOK.—We saw an old fiddle shipped the other day from Company Shops to Maryland. Col. Johnson shipped it to Mrs. Davis, formerly a Miss Hollister, of Raleigh. This old violin was bought in 1825 by the late Wesley Hollister, at that time Superintendent of the Raleigh & Gaston railroad, as a sale of old baggage on that road. He paid ten dollars for it, had it fixed up and strung, and loaned it to a lady in Raleigh to play on. This lady offered Mr. Hollister $500 for it and begged him to name the price. But he would not sell. At his death the fiddle was loaned out and went the rounds, at last landing in the hands of Dr. Stith, of High Point, who paid fifty dollars for it. In the meantime Mrs. Davis, of Maryland, wrote to Col. Johnson, the executor of her father's estate, to look the old violin up, and he did so, buying it back from Dr. Stith at $100. Inside of this violin is the inscription: "Antonius Stradivarius Cremona faciebat anno 1653." The sound-board is of pine and maple, but shaved so very thin that you can hear the vibrations of the strings by just pressing the board with your fingers when you talk. Its tone is rich and magnificent—a real old Cremona