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[illegible] N. C., May 9, 1876.

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We cannot, under any circumstances, return rejected communications, nor insure insertion in given time, etc.

Letters written on both sides of a sheet of paper cannot be accepted for publication.

General John B. Gordon, formerly a Baptist, and his wife a Methodist, have joined the Presbyterian church, says the *Southern Home*.

The amendment offered by Mr. Davis, of North Carolina, appropriating $4,000 for the maint at Charlotte, N. C., was reduced to $2,700 and adopted.

The trustees of Davidson College on the 27th of June will elect two professors, one for the chair of Latin and one for the chair of mathematics.

Gen. Chas. E. Furlong, who was an efficient officer in the Federal army, has been appointed Major General of the Mississippi militia by the Democratic Governor of that State, and confirmed by a Democratic Legislature.

Prof. W. C. Kerr has been appointed orator for North Carolina at the Centennial. Each of the original thirteen States will have an orator appointed by the Governor.—*Journal.*

Well, well. Just think of that little man standing up there and orating in the "spread eagle" style to twenty-five or fifty acres of people. We are sorry for you Kerr, but hope you may have a safe delivery.

Straws.—It is an old saying that "straws show which way the wind blows." The first of May was the time for holding election for town officers in various parts of the country. Not only in North Carolina, but abroad throughout the land, we observe that the Democrats have not only held their own, but have achieved triumphs, notably in New Orleans and Indianapolis, which give great victories for the friends of honest government. We carry everything in New Orleans for the first time since reconstruction, and a majority of four thousand in Indianapolis indicates that Indiana is all right. We hail the news with grateful emotions, and, without partisan hate or rancor, ardently hope that the country will be speedily delivered from the hands of the spoilers.

The Revenues.

The Radical politicians, in and out of office, are terribly exercised now to know how to "run the machine." They have been enjoying the sweets of office, and having a glorious time of it, but the "poor devils," those who have been the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," those that have been hunted down and dragged off to the courts, that these "thick cochalorums" might make their fees, don't feel so very cordial about this time, and the trouble is to make these fellows stand by the party and the shinning too.

Now, gentlemen, you have fooled these people long enough, and you may make up your mind to see them *vote you down* whenever they get a chance. They are going to do it, and you had just as well make the most of the plunking you have done. The same no more confiding people in the world than these plain mountain folks, when you approach them in the garb of friendship, and especially when you arouse their political prejudices; but it is asking too much to expect them to submit to be dragged off like dogs, under guard, to some distant, strange place for trial, bullied out of every cent of money they have and can raise from their friends, carried through a trial and *judgment suspended*, only to be taken up again as soon as they have a little more money, and yet they never see what all this is.

These poor fellows were ready to believe anything these politicians and officers would tell them, *because they were Republicans*, and were very slow to abandon their first love because they had plighted their faith; but now and henceforth mark them down as bitter and implacable foes of the party which has upheld such outrageous conduct. So long wronged and oppressed by Radical revenue officers, they will vote now for Conservative Democrats to *drive out the whole concern.*

Old Morton's Roguery.

A special Washington correspondent of the New York *World* says:

It appears that the Thirty-seventh Congress passed a law appropriating two million of dollars to pay for arming the loyal citizens of the States in rebellion against the United States government. Gov. Morton laid hands on $270,000 of that. Indiana was never in the rebellion against the government of the United States. This is the way why Morton should have the $270,000 when there was no purpose under the statute making the appropriation for which the money could have been legally expended. Another attempt to obtain, or at least to examine the correspondence pertaining to the case, will be made on Monday. It will be interesting to see Mr. [illegible] come to the rat's nest.

And here is another one of the "bloody shirt" magnates gone to the rail. Hibbe Blaine, is a strong and prominent man in the Radical party, with a fair prospect of the nomination for President. Just think of it! Honest men don't wake up to the dangers that beset the country, and band together irrespective of old party prejudices and throttle the thieves, we will be ruined, utterly ruined.

[illegible]

We take it that "reform" is to be the watchword in the coming political campaign, and let the battle cry be "down with the thieves." Now, before the contest waxes hot, and before party prejudices become too strongly aroused; now, while our plain, honest white-folks, who have been led off to rebellion with the cry of Union to cooperate with a set of selfish and unworthy politicians, are cool and reasonable, the press of State and country should seek to lay before them, in a dispassionate way, the terrible conditions into which those who have had control have brought the country, and to have them see for themselves that the wrongs and burdens which they endure are traceable directly to mismanagement and corruption.

It is a very great mistake to suppose, as some people do, that all white men who vote the Republican ticket are rascals or fools. On the contrary, there are some of our people who have been misleading who are just as honest and patriotic as any of us. In fact, with many of them, it was more an excessive patriotic ardor, as they understood it, than any other cause, which has made them so firm in their adherence to the administration of Grant.

They thought it a sort of religious duty to love the Union and all who represented it, and hence there was great difficulty in getting them to look upon these men and measure them as they would others. But the scales are falling from their eyes, and when they do see, as they will if only properly approached and treated, will resent the wrong done to the government and the fraud practised upon them with a spirit and vigor which the rascals have not yet encountered.

The minds of these honest Republicans are open to conviction, and this is the time to lay the evidence, the damning proofs of corruption, which has been not only robbing the citizen at every turn, but sapping the very life blood of the government they so much love.

They know something is wrong, they *feel* it, but have not fully perceived its cause. Let them have light, and then honest men of all parties, States and sections, if you love your country and your children, *rise up and drive the oppressor out.*

TILDEN.

The Honorable Samuel J. Tilden, the present worthy Governor of the State of New York, has been endorsed and recommended to the St. Louis Convention by the Democratic party of his State, as their first choice for the nomination for President of the United States.

The Democracy of New York, especially, are distinguished for sagacity, and the grounds of their recommendation are that Mr. Tilden is pure and *capable*, "without spot or blemish," and that he is the most available man they can name to carry the thirty-five electoral votes of the Empire State, a State, by the way, which is considered by many of our politicians is indispensable to secure an election.

We know of no objection to Mr. Tilden, nor indeed to Bayard, Hancock, or many others who on names might have been mentioned for this high and responsible position. They are all good men, and so far as the South is concerned, are acceptable, and the only preference we feel disposed to give to one of them over the other, in this emergency, will be that of availability. We have too much at stake in this contest to haggle over personal preferences. Let the question be, what sound friend of Reform and Constitutional Government can obtain the largest vote? and when that is carefully canvassed and deliberately determined, name him. He is the man, be he from New York, Delaware, Pennsylvania or Indiana, Ohio or any other State.

Owing to the distrust of us, yet prevalent in the minds of many northern people, the South should not, and we believe will not, seek to control or unduly influence the action of the convention. On the contrary our delegations should frankly say to our friends of the North, since our strongest and best man, we care nothing for "war records," all we ask for is a capable, honest candidate, who, if elected, will administer reform and obey his oath. Then we can go forth and say to the thieves, hip and thigh.

A New State.

This partisan State-making business ought to be put a stop to. It is dangerous in practice and infamous in conception. We agree with the *Tribune*, which says:

The bill admitting New Mexico as a State, after having passed the Senate, has been reported by the Committee on Territories to the House with a recommendation for its passage. The original bill has been modified by an amendment providing that the first election shall take place in 1877, thus allowing the new State over beyond the Presidential election. The proper thing to do upon the birth of a new State and the addition of another star to the galaxy, and the expansion of the area of freedom and all that sort of thing, is to invite to fall pleasantly on all the Union and gladly the march of empire. It does not happen to strike us in that way. New Mexico, if we may credit the reports of people who have been there and got back, is a very large part of out doors with little population to speak of, and none to speak well of. It has no more business to be a State than the Great Desert of Sahara has to be an empire. The only object to be accomplished by organizing the waste places and settlers already assistant and admitting it to the Union, is to get two more geese into the United States Senate, and one more into the House of Representatives. No candid man can look over the two branches of Congress and say that any more are needed in either house. Twelve are already too many to be now, and the addition of two rotten borough Senators at one end of the Capitol and a mule driver at the other would only give us an image of a monster such as Congress never whatever in its character. Moreover, to bring out of the terms we would go far to repudiate it. If they can manage to stay there and make a living, it is from all accounts that they should do it. New Mexico needs population vastly more than she does to make in Congress or a State government. We take it upon ourselves to say in addition that there is no such lack of Statesmen in the Union that we need make a draft to New Mexico for any more.

This bill passed the Senate, we suspect, because each party hopes to gain a couple of Senators. If our information is correct, unanimous have been given to [illegible] and the offices are all twice mortgaged. But really, haven't we had enough of this rotten borough business? None of these new States send Representatives or Senators to Congress who do their State, the country, or themselves any credit. In nine cases out of ten they are the ventures of the worst sort; fellows who could not anywhere else be elected town constable. But they get a territory organized and admitted as a State, and then a shiftless, lazy, good-for-nothing handful of grassers—no they are not a handful, they are too few and too far apart—are brought up to give the soft place to some miserable politician who has added the insult to the injury. It is a shameless and nonsense on the part pretty nice sort. Nobody in New Mexico, or at the two or three following years, will be benefitted by its admission as a State, and certainly nobody out of it. Congress can probably reap any advantage from it. It is to late, we presume, to put in any protest against this proceeding, which could by any possibility be more effectual; and yet we could wish that the house before passing the bill would give the condition of New Mexico a little careful study, and inquire whether upon the whole it is like it with a Sixteenth Government and withdraw from lending statesmen from its active population, would be a good thing to do. And it would not be amiss for each member of the House to go over to the Senate, and, after taking one good look at that body, ask himself if it would be any advantage to the Senate to have two geese added to it, or any comfort to New Mexico to spoil two good mule drivers to make two bad Senators.

The Senate has passed this bill, we suspect, because it hankers for low company. The House had better defeat it, and save the Senate from itself. New Mexico no more needs a State government than a cat needs a tail.

Governor—Congress.

The Asheville *Expositor*, in suggesting the names of half-a-dozen gentlemen for Governor, is specially enthusiastic of Col. B. S. Gaither, of this place. This was very kind. The *Expositor* is full of gubernatorial candidates, but we remark the absence of any recommendation on its part of a *Congressional* candidate. Does the *Expositor* feel no interest in district affairs?

Our information is that Col. Gaither does not desire and would not accept a nomination for Governor, but if the Congressional thing was tendered him, "he would be willing." Suppose the *Expositor* hoists the name of its friend for Congress.

We once knew a very clever man down below here to be *cooked* out of a nomination for the Senate by putting his name up for Congress and holding the Senatorial convention first, but that wasn't played on the "Burke fellows." It is said the French Broad Valley *runs* the district. That is true of the judicial district, but not quite so certain as to the other; for if the Western counties and those on this side the Ridge should combine, "what is you?"

[From the Concord Times.]

The Western N. C. Railroad—Its Management.

One of the conundrums agitating the minds of the Republicans of this State is "how does Samuel McDowell Tate, a bitter Democrat, become one of the managers of the Western North Carolina Railroad and its superintendent?" Governor Brogden appointed as Commissioners for the road three Republicans, Cole, Canaday and Pearson and Major Hollins. Here his duty to his State and party was performed. We are told that Republicans would control the road, and were promised more party favors than are usually secured in managing a Business corporation. We at least reason to expect this from the oft repeated expression of the Commissioners.

The Commissioners met and gave us Samuel McD. Tate for superintendent and general manager of the road. This was a hard blow to the Republicans in the mountains, and was followed by the election of a bitter Democrat named G. P. Erwin, as Treasurer of the road. To the Union men and Republicans in this part of the State, who could "never get a smell" when McD. Tate was President of the Western road, this conduct of the Commissioners, appointed by Governor Brogden, is beyond comprehension. Why does the Governor permit us to be persecuted in this manner?

* * * *

Tate is running the road, and unless something is done, he will control it during the coming campaign. He will use it against us every possible way that he can. There are three Republican Commissioners who control the matter. Why do they consign us to the hands of the enemy? There are only three votes in the board. The excuse that Tate is a member of the board and embarrasses our friends by his presence, will not do. He has no right to be in the board—no more than I have, as any man with common sense can see who will read the act of the Legislature authorizing Governor Brogden to appoint Commissioners.

I do hope, Mr. Editor, you will lend a hand to get Democrats out of Republican places. The Democrats never share any patronage with us, and it is an evidence of great weakness on our part to give them any. ALTITUDILUM.

Asheville, April 14, '76.

Mr. Editor: Asheville is becoming a favorite place for Raleigh correspondents to write from when they want to talk about the Western North Carolina Railroad. The *Sentinel* "ventilated" me from that airy locality, and now the *Constitution*, through its scholarly "Altitudinous," Brutus like, gives the unkindest cut to the Commissioners. He says, "we were told that Republicans would control the road." Well, don't they? *I have no power of appointment or patronage of any kind.* He asks, "why does the Governor permit us to be persecuted? The Governor seems to be the target aimed at, as much as myself. He is in no degree responsible for me. Abuse the stockholders, the whole of them, for ordering me to act for them, and let the Governor and Commissioners alone. They are certainly zealous Republicans, and have all the power, patronage and honors.

Col. Pearson "is running the road," and he, with his associates, "will control it during the coming campaign."

But I am a Democrat and, *therefore, have no right to act as a Commissioner for the protection of the property.*

It may be well enough to state that the stockholders have paid *one third*, just as the State paid two thirds of the purchase money, and are hampered only *the fourth* share at, as provided by the law—the difference being surrendered to the State in consideration of the sovereign protection. And we are persuaded that this one great enterprise should not be cursed with party politics but be a NORTH CAROLINA work. This correspondent should abandon the dead languages and consult his lawyer.

Mr Donald, the celebrity man, telegraphed "the goose hangs altitudinous," and may be "Altitudinous" will see the fitness of things. SIR MC D TATE.

[illegible] and the offices are all twice mortgaged. But really, haven't we had enough of this rotten borough business? None of these new States send Representatives or Senators to Congress who do their State, the country, or themselves any credit. In nine cases out of ten they are the ventures of the worst sort; fellows who could not anywhere else be elected town constable. But they get a territory organized and admitted as a State, and then a shiftless, lazy, good-for-nothing handful of grassers—no they are not a handful, they are too few and too far apart—are brought up to give the soft place to some miserable politician who has added the insult to the injury. It is shameless and nonsense on the part pretty nice sort. Nobody in New Mexico, or at the two or three following years, will be benefitted by its admission as a State, and certainly nobody out of it. Congress can probably reap any advantage from it. It is to late, we presume, to put in any protest against this proceeding, which could by any possibility be more effectual; and yet we could wish that the house before passing the bill would give the condition of New Mexico a little careful study, and inquire whether upon the whole it is like it with a Sixteenth Government and withdraw from lending statesmen from its active population, would be a good thing to do. And it would not be amiss for each member of the House to go over to the Senate, and, after taking one good look at that body, ask himself if it would be any advantage to the Senate to have two geese added to it, or any comfort to New Mexico to spoil two good mule drivers to make two bad Senators.

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 2, 1876.

REAL REFORM.

U. S. Senator Francis Kernan, of New York, has followed the example of Horatio Seymour in giving expression to his views. Both agree that the paramount issue of the coming struggle will be reform; and Mr. Kernan says that "the man to be elected as a candidate must be a *platform in himself.* The people don't care about resolutions. The resolutions of all parties are good enough. For example, Governor Tilden is a platform in the matter of reform, better than a hundred sets of resolutions." The Senator thought Tilden would be found very strong with the people, and especially with that great mass of unbiased persons who care little for party lines, and only want good government. Mr. Kernan added that he thought

BRISTOW

had very great strength among the disaffected Republican element; and, in this remark the Senator hit off the real attitude of the Secretary of the Treasury as a candidate. Bristow's strength lies exclusively among that class of Republicans who have more objections to the *personnel* of Grant's administration than to its principles, who want a new deal of officers and imagine that Bristow has advertised himself sufficiently in his war with the Whiskey Ring to win the Presidency, and that as he appears to antagonize Grant's wishes in that matter to a certain extent, he must, perforce, be Grant's enemy, and the enemy of his friends and opponents. I apprehend that all who think this would find themselves egregiously mistaken were their preferences selected.

THE IMPEACHMENT.

For the honor of the Senate and the people of the United States, it is desirable that the pending impeachment trial should not go off in quibbles. An answer to the board inquiry of guilt or innocence is what the country and the world demand of the Senate. Pronounce Belknap guilty or innocent, after a fair hearing, and the people may approve the verdict. But, as the case stands, his denial of the jurisdiction of the Senate, though, of course, it does not prove him technically guilty, does prove, with sufficient conclusiveness to the world at large, whatever the Senate may think of it, that he knows his guilt to be so palpable, and the evidence of it so abundant and incontrovertible, that he is afraid to stand a trial, even by a body of men a majority of whom are his political friends and associates. Belknap has already confessed his guilt to a House Committee, and begged them to "let up" on him. He has also reaffirmed his confession of guilt by attempting, with the connivance of his friend Grant, to avoid impeachment by resignation. All that the people now want is that the Senate shall pronounce him *technically* guilty, or not guilty, of the crime he has himself confessed to have committed—that of taking a bribe while Secretary of War.

The question of the punishment or escape of the individual scamp, Belknap, is of small account; but the decision of the Senate on the principle involved in his case is of the highest importance. For, if the Senate shall decide they cannot legally lay him, they will affirm, virtually, that any public officer may commit a higher crime, boldly acknowledge his guilt, and then escape all punishment by promptly tendering his resignation to a drunken, blundering, or corrupt but friendly President, only too willing to accept it, to shield a friend and *protege* from impeachment.

THE PUBLIC MONEY SPENT BY GRANT,

through his tool, Davenport, to carry New York city, in 1872, is proven to have been at least $34,000 out of a fund appropriated for other purposes, and even the easy conscience of an Ackerman and a Williams shrank from giving legal sanction to such a palpable outrage of law, without the Presidents express order. Even Whiteley, the detective, (and therefore necessarily a deceiver and liar if not a thief,) who had charged the fund for discovering frauds, and was willing to go any length to serve his master, would not give this money to Davenport without the express order, in writing, of the Attorney General, and they fell back on Grant for orders.

Our Ores.—The following is an extract from a letter from Hon. R. B. Vance which we clip from the *Expositor*:

Great pains should be taken by our people to have full specimens of our Iron, Copper, Mica, &c., exhibited at Philadelphia. To-day I gave a letter of general introduction to Mr. William Metcalf, of Pittsburgh, Pa. He goes to our section to examine our ore beds. I commended him to Prof. C. D. Smith, John R. Allison, Wm. J. Brown, J. H. Irby, R. N. Pentland, Thos. L. Gash, Charles Patton and others, who live near to and are acquainted with our ores. I enclose you a specimen of steel manufactured from the ore in Mitchell county. It is splendid. I hope you will show this specimen to our people, that they may see what we have in our own midst. Some weeks since, Gen. Wilder was on the floor of the House. He had a pocket knife made from the iron ore of Mitchell county, (Rock Creek,) and only three removes from the cradle ore, with which he was paring a ten-penny nail, and you could see no injury to the blade. At the manufactories in England, this iron was pronounced steel already.

In my opinion, it has not a parallel on earth. These striking facts should encourage us all to renewed efforts in developing the country.

WHERE VIRGINIA'S MONEY GOES.

It is always the fashion to complain of taxes, and we are much more apt to complain of that part of the Government nearest to us, than to look into the real, causes, more apt to complain of the saddle that rubs then of the weight of the rider in the saddle. Now, the aching bar pony may be and wasted lands, the United States Government according to its off cial report just published, took from the poor State of Virginia in revenue during the year just ended seven million six hundred and fifty nine thousand dollars, being more than the States of Massachusetts, Maine, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and New Jersey put together pay. She is the fifth State in the Union in the amount of revenue she pays, and pays $1,500,000 more than the great State of Pennsylvania. The county of Augusta alone pays to the United States on whisky above $90,000 every year, which is nearly twice as much as is paid by the whole State of Vermont; twice as much as is paid by the whole State of Oregon; and nearly twice as much as is paid by Nevada. The said sum 900,000 taxed out of one Virginia county alone by the United States! If the corruption in the collection of the tax, which seems to have honey combed the department, and has the effect of making the honestly paid taxes higher to make up for the deficit caused by criminal non-payment, ever ceases, we will be able to keep half this money in Augusta. But this won't come till the National Government gets in new hands.—*Staunton Vindicator.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR: I will present you with a short extract from the life of David Green, the hermit of Bald Mountain. It refers to a botanical excursion we took to the Grandfather Mountain, at the head of the Yadkin river and the country we passed through on our way home. Here it is:

The last botanic excursion I ever took with Mr. John Lyon, was in the summer 1814, as in the following summer he died at Asheville.

After having made a close, but fruitless search, for a certain species of grass that, many years before, had been discovered by some foreign botanists, on Grandfather Mountain, we took in our way home one of the most wildly picturesque country I ever beheld. South of the Grandfather, in a high plateau country of gently undulating lands, rises some bold brooks which, after uniting their limpid waters, make the stream called Linville river; shortly after which it reaches a point where some internal convulsion of the earth has opened a deep rent along the mountain, fourteen miles in length, and left a chasm, perhaps, a thousand feet deep, which, like a vast mouth, with its lips of rock yawn horribly. Down into this deep and dark chasm the river rushes; leaping and bounding as if to increase its strength, and then shoots down perpendicular into a boiling pool below. This cataract is known by the name of Linville Falls—a jem of picturesque beauty doomed to thunder throughout all time far from the abode of man.

It is impossible for the mind to conceive of the wild, almost terrific grandeur of the scene presented to the eye from a point of view, at the head of the chasm, above the falls. The eye runs on for miles along this deep gulf, matted in by lofty sandstone cliffs on each hand. It had, absolutely, nothing in its appearance like anything I had ever looked on before. Look which way we would—whether for miles along the deep chasm, or raise our eyes to the sides and tops of the tall sandstone cliffs that were at each hand, we saw nothing but rock! rock! rock! which the hand of time had wrought into all manner of fantastic shapes. Here stands a tall, graceful column; there, the magnificent dome with its turrets and pinnicles; and, away down yonder at the bottom of the chasm, in lonely grandeur and hoary with age, stands the solemn cathedral, from whose aisles of rock (to fairies ear) rolls forth a tide of sweet but solemn music, a sacred chant—a funeral dirge, o'er (what seems to be) the Titanic bones of a dead world—a world, perhaps, rent into these huge fragments at some geological period, away back in past eternity, millions of years before man became earth's peculiar lord. Lifting our eyes from out the chasm and letting them run along the tops of the tall cliffs what do we see? The first striking object, in order, is the far-famed Gingercake rock. An immense stone slab, perfectly oblong in form and as smooth and true in all its outlines and proportions as if the work of an artist. In consequence of its peculiar shape it has derived its name, "Gingercake." This rock, perhaps 18 inches thick, twenty five feet long and twelve feet broad is surmounted upon a pedestal of slate stone rock, in a horrizontal position, and in time, the elements have abraded the cliff of slate stone and sank it to more than twenty feet; but the slate stone, immediately under the slab of hard rock was protected, and, thus, became the pedestal, and the slab was, in this way, left in the air and the slate stone pedestal, in its lower sections wasted to a mere point, and has the form of an half pyramid inverted resting upon its apex, and the Gingercake rock resting upon the top in a perfectly horizontal position, and the whole mass nicely equipoised on a point not more than four feet in diameter—the greatest natural curiosity I ever saw. We were anxious to see the upper surface of the Gingercake, and accomplished this by climbing a chestnut oak hard by, a long limb of which ran out over the rock. Its top surface was as smooth and even and looked as nice as a parlor floor, as it was covered with a carpet of green moss. I proposed to Lyon that we should take a dance upon it. "Yes," he replied, "and in all probability it would be the dance of death!" Destroy its equipoise and it, with us who dance would topple over the cliff into the bottom of the chasm." His caution had such an effect upon my nerves that when I reached down a foot and touched the rock, a thrill shot through me as if the rock had been a torpedo. When near its base, all attempts to reason myself into a feeling of security were futile. There it stood, as it had for, perhaps, thousands of years. Earthquakes had rocked it, tornadoes had swept it, and it was yet standing, and might do so for the next thousand years; but, then I cast a glance at the small point on which it stood, and thought—perhaps.

The next object of interest that presents itself is also on the top of the east cliff, where the rock rises to a great height, and in a sharp point shoots off over the chasm in the form of a bird's beak. This pointed rock can be seen for many miles, and is known by the name of "Hawk's Bill." When we reached it, I rifled my hat with fragments of rock, and crawled out on the point of the beak like a lizzard, dropping my rocks down into the tree tops at a fearful distance below. While thus amusing myself, Lyon came up behind and gave the bottoms of my moccasins a rip with his walking stick, which sent a thrill of as intense horror to my heart as if he had hurled me over the cliff. Springing to my feet, the first impulse was to throw the remainder of my rocks at his head, but a moments reflection brought to my mind that it was but one of our practical jokes, and we were all right again.

The succeeding prominent object is also a section of the east range of cliffs, and forms the grand climax to this wild landscape picture. Two miles south of "Hawk's Bill," the earth convulsion that opened this chasm was so active as to break the line of the east cliff and throw the north end of the section a half mile out of line, and this seen from a north point of view, towers up in the blue heavens in the form of a cone shaped mountain, surmounted by a shaft of gray rock six hundred feet in height from its timbered base on the mountains, its base lifting its pointed summit two thousand five hundred feet perpendicular above the valley of the Catawba. Toward the south this cone sinks gently, and ends in the line of cliffs to which it belongs, and in this way we reached its summit, from which we had a full view of an extensive valley in its full length and breadth, skirted round at all points by blue mountains. This is the beautiful valley of the Catawba in Burke.

S. McDOWELL.

"General" Tom Thumb lost a valuable diamond breastpin in Charleston, S. C., a few days ago.

The Chicago *Times* remarks that the serious question of the hour is, will the coming man steal?

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS

A school teacher, who had been a long time engaged in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes as follows:

I have found it to be a universal fact without exception, that those scholars of both sexes, and of all ages, who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are

1. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires for others, as the newspapers have made them acquainted with the location of the important places of the nations, their government and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians, for, having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspapers, from the commonplace advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and more correctly expressed.

6. Those young men who have for years been readers of newspapers, are always taking the lead in debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness.

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in short everything usually kept in a

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KEEP ON HAND A LARGE STOCK OF CUBA AND NEW ORLEANS Molasses and Sugar House Syrup, Dry Salt Meats, Lard in tubs and tierces, Coffee, Sugar, Nails, Shot, &c. &c.

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1,000 Tons No 1 Guanape Peruvian Guano.

Cash prices range from $55 to $60 per ton of 2,000 pounds.

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Also

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Keeps a full and complete stock of

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and, in short, *every article which the trade demands.*

They pay the highest market price for all kinds of produce and always guarantee goods for the same at cash prices.

Thanking their many friends for past favors, they trust, by fair dealing and close attention to business, to still receive a liberal share of trade. 1-1y

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