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THE IREDELL EXPRESS.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Dollar a square for the first week, and Twenty-five Cents for every week thereafter Sixteen lines or less will make a square.—Deductions made in favor of standing matter as follows:

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Correspondence.

For the "Iredell Express."

Brief Narrative.

Of a Pilgrimage to the Grave of Professor Mitchell, who was buried upon the highest Peak of the Black Mountains, in the summer of 1858. By H. M. Stokes, T. C. Land, D. M. Carlton, T. L. Ferguson, J. T. Ferguson, R. D. Horton, W. H. Witherspoon, W. G. Corpening and T. C. Miller,—Tutor and Pupils of Beaver Creek Academy; made in the month of June, 1860.

ELKVILLE, Wilkes County, N. C., June 14th, 1860.

Starting from Elkville on the 14th of June, we travelled up the rich and fertile valley of the Yadkin, (proverbially known by the cognomen of the Egypt of Western N. C.,) a distance of 12 miles, and encamped for the night at Patterson; where a flourishing Cotton Factory was established a few years ago, and is still in successful operation, under the superintendance of its enterprising founders. On the 15th crossed the dividing Ridge between the waters of the Yadkin and John's River, a tributary of the Catawba; a stream which furnishes her full portion of the most fertile and productive lands of Western Carolina. We passed this day, in full view of the celebrated Table Rock, situated about 15 miles west of Morganton. This mountain is very elevated; the body of the mountain, being crowned with a castellated Rock two hundred feet in height; presenting a bold and rugged outline to the beholder, at once grand and imposing. Having in the back ground the symmetrical, and beautifully pleasing and extended range of the Linville, a cordillera of the Alleghany. Upon our right and to the North West, we behold the hoary, time-honored Grand Father; so justly styled the father of rivers, because the sources of the two largest rivers of the Carolinas, (the Pee Dee and Santee,) are to be found issuing from his bosom on the eastern declivity; whilst the Tennessee and Kenhawa, that feed the floods of the majestic Ohio, have their beginning on its western slope. On the 16th, about 9 o'clock, A. M., we arrived at the mouth of the Linville River, another offspring of the father of rivers. We remained here until the morning of the 17th, partaking of the kind and generous hospitality of Maj. J. Corpening and his estimable lady, nor can we soon forget the open hearted reception tendered us by our excellent host and hostess. May the richest blessings of heaven attend them through life, and reward them hereafter in another world, where the sympathies of earth will be lost in purer joys. On the 17th we resumed our journey up the valley of the Catawba, and about 3 o'clock, passed through the village of Marion, the county seat of McDowell. In this vicinity we first obtained a glimpse of the Black Mountains, the terminus of our pilgrimage to the grave of Mitchell. Leaving Marion, within three miles we passed the Pleasant Gardens, a name given to an extensive body of alluvial land, lying upon both sides of the Catawba River, and reaching for several miles along each bank, and presenting as fine of the finest farming lands, in western Carolina. Crossing the Catawba at Mrs Ervin's, formerly the home of Gen. Joseph McDowell, (of Revolutionary memory, and after whom the County was named,) we encamped within three miles of the Turkey Cave; a delightful valley upon the waters of the North Fork of the Catawba; the choice land of which formerly belonged to John Greenlee, deceased, and is now owned by his son, Harvey, and the children of an only sister, also deceased. Passing through this charming and lovely valley, we commenced, (on the 18th) the ascent of the Alleghany, or as it is most commonly called the Blue Ridge—a mountain range commencing at Catskill, in New York, and running from north east, nearly south-west, parallel with the Atlantic coast, a distance of 900 miles, and terminating at Wetumpka, in Alabama; and classed with the great Appalachian chain. The reason why we would prefer the name of Alleghany is, to distinguish it from one of its cordilleras known as the Blue Ridge, in Virginia; and because it forms the great water shed, which separates the streams that flow into the Atlantic Ocean, from those that send their tribute to the father of rivers, and fertilize, in part, the vast basin of the Mississippi. Crossing the Alleghany at Turkey Cave Gap, we occasionally had a pleasing view of the mountain scenery, presented by the various cordilleras, that separate the different streams that flow from the eastern slope of the great water shed; variagated occasionally by the regular and irregular Sieras, that crest numerous isolated ranges of smaller mountains, in the dim distance, perspective with provincial names, as the peaks and protuberances that deckorate their misty brows.

Crossing the summit of the Alleghany, we enter the county of Yancey; and might reasonably expect the same regular outline of mountain scenery, which we beheld on the eastern side of this great chain; but it is not so, group after group of detached and isolated ranges varying in height, form and geological proportion, loom up in the distance.—Tho' upon the whole, presenting to the eye a pleasing variety of hill and dale, corresponding to the irregular features of the surface: and delighting the imagination with picturesque visions of the beautiful and sublime. The scene becomes more intensely interesting when we grasp with the eye of fancy, the apparent approximation of the Blue Hills to the azure heavens by which they are canopied, and scarcely perceive the far distant and shadowy boundary. Upon the right and in front of the road leading from the Alleghany to Burnsville, there are very many elevated mountains of great beauty of outline, each standing out in bold relief like some lone rock in the wild, watery waste of Ocean, and bidding defiance alike to the fury of the waves and the storms and tempests that beat upon its brow. How highly-soever our admiration may be excited and gratified, by objects so serene, majestic and beautiful, calming every unworthy passion and soothing the mind into a softened and pleasing tranquility, yet, when we turn our eyes to the left, a scene presents itself, altogether new, solemn and unexpected. At the distance of a score and a half miles, the cloud capped summit of the Black Mountain, towering aloft from his rocky base, above the reach of his stately compeers, and clothed with a dark, dense robe of Fir, covered by a thin veil of mist, to soften the terrors of his midnight brow, impresses us at once with feelings of awful grandeur, the tremendous power of Him who laid the foundations of the earth, and planted the everlasting hills. On the 18th we encamped at the residence of Mr. Thos. Young, on little Crab Tree Creek, a name ominous of the bitter trials we were so soon to encounter. On the morning of the 19th, bright and early, we started for the base of the Black Mountain, distant about 16 miles; passing on our right, the beautiful village of Burnsville, romantically situated amidst those high and elevated monuments of Creative power, which we have faintly attempted to discribe, and pursued our journey up the pleasant valley of Tow River; casting a momentary glance upon some desirable farms, in a better state of cultivation than we usually see in a new and sparsely settled country, and arrived safely at Mr. Thomas Wilson's (our kind, hospitable and intelligent guide) within 8 miles of the summit of the highest peak of the Black Mountain range, and struck our tent for the night. On the morning of the 20th, after breakfasting upon some fine trout which we had caught on the previous evening, and taking up our several baggage, with the necessary provisions, and a few inadequate instruments for observation, we commenced the toilsome ascent of the mountain on foot. For about a mile the way was level, and brought us to the base of the mountain. We here began to plod our weary way up the mountain, toiling and sweating like the industrious ploughman, until we reached the Bear Garden, a distance of 3 miles. From this point to the base, the mountain is clothed with vegetation and forest trees; some of these trees are of gigantic proportions; one of them particularly, near the root, measured 15 feet in diameter and at the chopping height, 12 feet in diameter. At the Bear Garden, (where we partook of some refreshments,) grass grew luxuriantly; and the whole mountain abounded in the usual vegetable growth of this region.

After a little rest at an excellent spring, we again commenced our upward journey, with four miles before us—steep, rugged and difficult of access. We toiled on with what strength and activity was left, under cover of a thick forest of Fir, or as it is generally called, the Balsam tree. This is the only growth—with a few exceptions. Here and there, we meet with the mountain Laurel (now in full bloom;) a very few stunted specimens of shrubbery, and now and then a perennial flower, peeping through the moss, as if to ask a kiss from any stray sunbeam, that might fortunately find its way through the dark and dense foliage, that shaded its lovely face. The whole surface of the mountain for 4 miles, is one unbroken carpet of moss, from 4 to 8 inches in thickness, as soft and pliant, as the silky down upon the Cygnet's breast. The last half mile of our ascent was comparatively easy; a *Slideway* having been opened on the Buncombe side of the mountain, for the purpose of transporting the last remains of the lamented Mitchell, to their last resting place, upon the highest point of land in the Atlantic States, or east of the Rocky Mountains, upon the North American continent. Arrived at the apex of the mountain, the termination of our toil, our first impulse was, to pay a tribute of respect to departed worth, and drop a tear of sorrow upon the grave of a son of science, who had sacrificed his life in giving celebrity to the geographical chart of his adopted State. Whilst looking down upon the last resting place of the unhonored dead, we could but express our sincere regret, that some more lasting memorial than the rude frame-work of Fir, had not been erected over his remains, to point out the spot that will ever be hallowed by the bones of a martyr to his professional pursuits.

Having discharged this mournful and melancholy duty; we proceeded to set a mariner's compass upon the nearest practicable spot for a staff to be adjusted, and taking the meridian as a base line, found that the north point, to the extent of our vision, cut the eastern extremity of the Roan Mountain; whilst the south touched the Saluda, between North and South Carolina. Forty degrees west of south, Mount Pisgah loomed up in the distance like an azure cloud, and the White Mountains of Virginia in the opposite quarter of the grand circular panorama, that delighted the eyes and intoxicated the fancy. At an angle of about 45° east of north the Pilot, and Table Rock, and its opposite, the Unaquois, with intervening ranges; about 3° west of north, the Cumberland Gap, between Virginia and Kentucky, and the whole chain, stretching in a southwardly direction, plainly in view. Nearly east from our standpoint, lies Morganton and the South Mountain. East by south, the Broad River and King's Mountain; 3° west of south the Nantihala, and north in the same line, the celebrated peaks of Guiot, Hairy Bear, Cattail, Deer Mount and Bolin's Pyramid. About 17° west of north is the first of the Black Mountain range, west of the base line, called Yate's Knob; south of west, Big Pinv; south Black Knob; east of south, Mt. Gibbs; east, Haulback, in a line with Morganton. East Mt. Mitchell. North, our stand-point, with the Black mountains first named. At our stand-point, the thermometer, at 5 o'clock, P. M., stood at 62°; at the 'Cave,' at daylight, at 51°. The water at the spring at 38° Fahrenheit. At the base of the mountain at sunrise, at 60°.

We have thus given a succinct, tho' very imperfect sketch of the hasty visit and still more hasty observations and incidents of our trip to the Black Mountains. You will observe that we have avoided giving to the highest point of the Black Mountains any scientific name, for a very plain and obvious reason.

With men of science, the honor of discovery is ever cheerfully surrendered, to whom the honor is due. In the range of the Black, there is a Mt. Mitchell, known for 25 years, and is still called by that name, and has long appeared upon our Geographical charts, with an intimated height of 6476 feet. A gentleman of high standing and talent claims the honor of discovering a still higher peak of the same range, the estimated height of which exceeds the other 235 feet. If this be the fact, it does not diminish the reputation of Professor Mitchell, nor in any wise detract from his merit. The truth of history should always be vindicated, no matter who may claim precedence. There is at least one fact undisputed, that the point of land, upon which rests the remains of an estimable and scientific gentleman, known as Professor Mitchell, of the University of North Carolina, is the highest point of land east of the Rocky Mountains, within the limits of the United States. And that no human event, can ever disturb the repose of the dead! Let us hope that his friends and admirers will unite and erect a monument, that will shield his isolated grave from desecration, and tell to the pilgrim strangers, the story of his death, and thus, in some measure, consecrate his memory to after ages, as a mournful event, to be forever inseparably connected with the future history of North Carolina.

SCENE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—'What kind of wood is that?'

'It's cord wood,' replied the chopper, with the greatest nonchalance.

'How long has it been cut?' inquired the anxious captain.

'Four feet,' said the chopper.

Rum, while in hogs-heads, is capable of doing but little mischief; but when it gets into men's heads—look out.

Hon. Ben. H. Hill, one of the most distinguished men of Georgia, announces his determination to support Bell and Everett. Although approving the platform of the seceding democrats, he says he knows John Bell is and has been as true to principle as any man in the United States.

Our Social Circle.

To the 'Social Circle.'

Dear Circle: Attempting for the second time to let you all know that you are not forgotten, and that we are still lingering within the realms of mortality, we *do* hope, a *charm*, a sweet, a real, social charm, will so pour over *this*, that it may possess one single satisfactory quality—that of reaching the sunny goal of competition. But some one has said it is "better late than never," and "never too late to do some good." With these truths, burdened with some reproofs of neglect, and burdened with rich words of encouragement, not to despair, because the hours of life are waning, we start out. And yet I shall write in considerable trepidition. In the first place, like the Moorish hero of one of the great Bard's finest creation.

"Little shall I grace my cause in speaking of myself;" yet I have a confession, a sad confession, to make, and justice must be done though the heavens should fall—little danger of *that*. In the opening of this chronicle, and I cannot venture to say how much farther, the personal pronoun necessarily figures largely, for I intend to make a clean breast of it, and trust to so complete a manifestation of repentance to obtain forgiveness. Imagine me even now clothed in vestments of sack-cloth, a costume entirely out of fashion, but very reasonable, with head and shoulders sprinkled plentifully with ashes from which the bits of slate have not been thoroughly removed. I don't mean to assert that I shall venture forth in such a primative garb, but an indoor application of the bagging and cinders will, I hope, be accepted as a sufficient proof of contrition.

Peccavi! oh, yes, *peccavi*, and no mistake! *Meaculpa*, and I own it.

I have been very delinquent, for a "patrion Saint." I acknowledge it—you all know it—so it's no great merit in myself to confess it; but then I *hope* I have a good excuse for my sins of omission, if not of commission, in that way. You all know that I am somewhat of a cosmopolite—no, you *all* don't know it either—some of you do, but it is so; per consequence you must permit me to be a little *erratic* in my letters. Since I last had the pleasure of penning a letter to the circle—how long ago that time was I have not the faintest idea; much longer than I would like to acknowledge—I have been wandering to and fro, a second Japeth, but not in search of a father, unless it was a *father-in-law*, and if so, I have not met with much success in finding *him*. At one time I thought I had found him, but oh! the fickleness of woman!!! (Three notes of exclamation, if you please, oh typo!) I am afraid there is no dependence to be placed either *in* or *on* them. They are not like "Hoyle's men," they won't do "to bet on." Oh! you need not lift up your eyes in "holy horror" at me, Misses Mary L., Linnette and Estelle, and all you other "female contributors," *its so!* and you (that means *all* of you) need not deny it. Oh, "I could a tale unfold," that would not only "harrow up your souls," but, perchance, cause you to pity the "poor young man" whose "romance" has so suddenly and sadly ended; who sits in his lonely room, and sees reflected in his looking-glass, a young man who with all the greatest capacity for loving and growing in his love, for being made the better and more clear-minded hard worker in life thereby, has hitherto gone thirsting through the world for that well of another's pure affection which many men have without the asking; which they value only because as they look down it mirrors their own selfish face; while others befouled with their feet and pass carelessly away.—And I see this young man successful in many things—praised, trusted, what the world calls well off, meaning in the copper, not in the soul. But I see him sitting often at a neighbor's fireside; still oftener in the gloom of a companionless hearth which a stranger had warmed for him, and one by one, even to his frank, glad, brave eyes, the once lighted coals of a better hope went out and became *ashes*. And from my heart I pity this young man; for I perceive that none else can pity, even if he could ask them, unable as they are to know how many a good and bright expectation may have faded out already to this young man, however brave he be, and how old, in some respects, such young man may have become through strange life-leadings. Thus I once thought. Now I think differently—thanks to *you, my* noble *friend*—and I think that most of you will agree with me that 'tis best to take life as it is, and consider that if it be not all smiles, that it is not all sneers, that it admits honest laughter and needs honest tears. I think that others, beside myself have known all the pain of hopes that retreat and regrets that remain and all the wild distance that fate fixes between the life that is within and the life that is without. What one of us finds the world just as he likes it? or gets what he wants whenever he wants it? or strikes without missing the thing that he strikes at? or walks without stumbling? or quenches his thirst at one draught? Bah! I tell you that I, bachelor St. Ledger, have had griefs of my own—certainly many of them, but what then? I push on all the same perchance that I feel the pain of my last fall, ne'er-the-less I may stumble again. I am certain God means every man to be happy. He sends us no sorrows that have not some cure. Our duty down here is to *do*, not to *know* and we should so live as though "life is earnest, life is real," and it will be so. Let each moment come like Time's last embassador: it will wait to deliver its message; and it certainly merits some of an answer. It is not the deed a man does, but the way that he does it should plead for the man's compensation in doing it. And *yet* I have often sighed by my silent hearth with a sense of a sometimes recurring desire for a voice sweet and low, or a face fond and fair some dull winter evening to cheer and solace with the love which the world allows its good children to shake hands with—in short a *good wife*. But this thought has consoled me: "at least I have given for my own good behaviour no mortgage to heaven."

I am glad to welcome the weary "Pilgrim" to a seat and a home in the circle. The lone "Exile" has my warmest thanks for his kind words; and I cordially welcome him to our circle, and may he often charm us with his lays from the Magnolias. Write often, please. And "Angus," he too is welcomed heartily, but 'old fellow' I don't agree with your letter, or rather the ideas advanced in your letter. I hope some one will "pitch into" you. And thou, oh, gentle "Hilda," where and why dost thou linger so long? Can'st thou not come down from thy "dove cote," and give us mortals some of thy sweet musings and fancies? You remember your promise? Don't disappoint me, "fail me not thou." "Linnette," please let us hear from you.—We would be most happy to welcome you to a seat within our charmed circle. And to *all* who feel inclined, we cordially invite to join us. "Mary L.," why art thou so long silent? I had hoped that you, at least, would be regular in your letters. If you but knew with what pleasure your productions were perused, I don't think you would be silent so long. Hoping to hear from you all soon, I remain Yours Ever,

ST. LEDGER.

Miscellaneous.

How Jenks Joined the Odd Fellows.

'Very well, Mr. Jenks, you know my opinion of secret societies.'

"Perfectly, my dear, perfectly,' said our friend, thrusting his hands into his pockets with all the energy he could sustain.

'And will you join?'

'Don't you think it best?'

'No, sir, once for all, I do not.'

'Consider, my dear, if you should be left a widow, with nothing to support—'

'Now, what a ridiculous argument. Do you suppose Mr. Jenks—'

'My dear?'

'Mr. Jenks?'

'Will you listen for a moment?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, then, however much I respect your wishes, and you know I love you dearly, it will be impossible for me to oblige you in this instance. I have sent in my document and to-night am to be initiated.'

Mrs. Jenks opened her handsome eyes in amazement, and for a moment was lost in wonder.

'And so you are actually going to be initiated!'

'Yes, my dear.'

'Well, will you tell me all about it when you come home?'

'Perhaps so.'

Comforted with this assurance, the lady offered no further opposition, and our hero took his departure. About the hour of eleven he returned a wiser if not a better man.

'Well, my dear,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, 'what did they do to you—what is it like—were you much frightened? come tell me all about it!'

'Don't ask me,' gravely replied our friend, 'I beg you want ask me.'

'Why not, I'm your wife, you know, and wife and husband are one. Why not?'

'Hark!' said Jenks, 'did you hear anything?'

'No, nothing.'

'Silence, my dear. Remember what Shakspeare says about sermons in stones, books in running brooks. If I should divulge, he might hear it.'

'Who, my dear?'

'The patriarch of the lost tribes. Even now he may be at the window.'

'Mercy on us,' ejaculated Mrs. Jenks, 'how you terrify a body. I—I—I—I—shiv—shiver all over.'

'If you don't want to be killed outright, ask no more questions.'

'Sure you could tell me something about it—an idea or two—that wouldn't be divulging, you know.'

'What if you should, in an unguarded moment, let the secret out?'

'Oh, trust me, it will be safe in my keeping.'

'You will never tell?'

'Never.'

'Not even to your mother? You know how gossippy some old ladies are.'

'I'll never open my lips to her on the subject.'

'Hark!' exclaimed Jenks, with a theatrical start, 'hear you nothing?'

'Nothing,' repeated his wife with unfeigned alarm.

'"Tis only the wind,' mused our friend, 'I thought it might be the patriarch or his grand bashaw, armed with his circumventor, covered with the curious devices of the order. Now listen, if you love me—for the sacrifice I am about to make is great—and you must seal your lips forever on this subject.'

'Well, my dear,' said the lady, with a long drawn sigh.

'You have often heard about the cat being let out of the bag?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I saw that cat to-night.

'A real, live cat?'

'Yes, and an immense cat at that, a monstrous cat. But you shall hear. You shall know all. Let me begin at the beginning.'

'That's right,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, breathless with excitement.

'On my arrival at the hall, I was immediately seized by four dozen smart fellows, and taken upon the roof of the building. Here I was tongue-tied and compelled to answer about a hundred questions, all having a direct bearing on the science of astronomy.'

'What a queer proceeding,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks.

'How I answered the questions must ever remain, I suppose, a mystery to myself—certain it is, however, I did answer every one—although I did not know it till to-night, there's a dipper, and a chair, and a four horse team, and I don't know what else in the sky. Is it not a pity that this beautiful science is so sadly neglected!'

'Well, what then?'

'Why, the next question is too absurd to be repeated.'

'What was it?'

'They wanted to know whether I took a newspaper, and if so how much I owed the printer. Fortunately, I had just then paid my subscription, otherwise I must have been rejected, as no man can become an Odd Fellow who owes a cent to the printer.'

'Well, I never!' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, 'what an influence those newspapers do exert, to be sure.'

'Exactly. But scarcely had I answered these queries satisfactorily, when an immense flame shot up, and we as quickly shot down.'

'What—through the roof?'

'Oh no! I suppose we took the stairs; but I was so securely bound and tongue-tied, I hardly know how we got down. The apartment into which I was ushered was pitch dark, and a strong odor of brimstone pervaded the room.'

'Brimstone, my dear?'

'Yes, it must have been brimstone, for nothing else could have produced such a striking sensation.'

'Well, of all things.'

'Then began the roar of artillery, with an occasional volley of small arms. In the midst of the tumult I heard a low sweet voice, chanting a hymn of peace. 'Man shall love his fellow,' sang this angel—'Cruel war shall be waged no more—peace shall reign, despotism shall perish, industry meet its reward, charity fill the hearts of men.' When the happy singer had ceased, a loud cry for cheap postage rent the air.'

'How very odd.'

'Yes, but just like those Odd Fellows, they are real reformers,' replied our friend.

'Well, my dear?'

'Well, then, lights were procured, and I signed the constitution.'

'Well, what of the cat of which you were speaking?'

'Oh, nothing, my dear, only they let her out, and for a minute or two she appeared quite bewildered. It was the first time I had ever seen the cat out of the bag. But what struck me with the greatest awe, was the appearance of the patriarch of the lost tribes and his double-jointed bashaw, who, in a loud voice, continually said—'Life is short—prepare for that which is to come. Let all men have charity, and love their neighbors as themselves,' whereupon the grand patriarch, armed with the tail end of his great grandfather's authority, arose and impressively adjourned the meeting.'

'Well, I declare,' ejaculated Mrs. Jenks 'and this is joining the Odd Fellows?'

'Yes, but remember to keep all I have told you a profound secret,' said Jenks, with a half smothered chuckle, as he buried his head in the bed-clothes to keep from laughing outright.

The Standard and the Seceders.

The Standard, in its last issue, after dealing some justly merited blows upon several Democratic journals of the State, for unprovoked attacks upon the course of its Editor in the late Baltimore Convention, and the course which he has thought proper to adopt since his return home, thus addresses his brother Democrats:

"We call upon the Democratic party of the State to take notice that we have done everything in our power to promote harmony. When a certain crisis was reached at Baltimore we "stood aloof" with no other view than to harmonize with our Democratic friends at home. We have assailed no one—we have impeached the motives of no one. We have made no appeal to the party against the course of the fiifteen delegates who seceded at Baltimore. All we have done has been to counsel harmony, and to suggest such steps as we thought would promote harmony. But we have been met by threats, denunciation, abuse! We will not submit to it. We tell the Salisbury Banner that if the war *must* come we are ready for it. We will not court it—we will avoid it, if possible, but if we are "canvassed" we will canvass in return. Standing by the national Democratic banner, within the lines and on the planks, and strong in an unconquerable purpose to do right without regard to consequences, we defy the assaults of those who would dragoon us out of our opinions and *force* us into the support of a sectional, irregular ticket. On the part of the national Democrats of the State we *demand* terms at the hands of the supporters of this irregular ticket.—We have proposed, and sued, and implored in vain; and we now stand upon our rights—upon regularity, upon organization and nationality. We can demonstrate, if necessary, that Stephen A. Douglas is the regular nominee of the national Democracy; and we can triumphantly vindicate our course at Baltimore from first to last. We know the nature of the combination that exists, but we defy the worst that selfishness and ambition can accomplish. *We will appeal to the people, if necessary, against secession and disunion.* We will strip the covering from William L. Yancey, if necessary, and hold him up, and his followers in Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi, in all their hideousness as plotters against a Constitutional Union and the best hopes of man. We will point the people of this State to the yawning gulf of disunion opening before them. We tell gentlemen that we will do this, *and more* if this warfare is kept up against us. We will do it without regard to consequences now and hereafter; for they may as well understand, once for all, that when we have a duty to perform, when we know we are right, and when we are crowded, imposed upon, and insulted by those who should be our friends, or who should at least treat us justly, we will not stop to consider consequences. The truth is, a great battle is to be fought in this State sooner or later, between *the people* on one hand and *privilege* on the other; and between *Union* and *Disunion*. Our friends will know where to find us when that battle begins. We will stand or fall by the people—we will stand or fall by a Constitutional Union. We will not consent to secede or dissolve the Union for existing causes; and he who would deliberately dissolve and destroy the national Democratic party while it stands upon its old and well known doctrine of non-intervention, has but one more step to take to become a disunionist. Woe unto the man who shall lift his hand at this time against the temple of the Union, and against the banner of the stripes and stars!"

Now, can any one longer doubt the true object of the leaders in this secession movement, after reading the above extract? Mind you, Mr. Holden was a delegate to both Conventions, and not only a delegate, but a prominent, industrious, working delegate. He suffered no opportunity to pass unimproved, in ascertaining what the plotters against the Constitution were up to.—Think you, that he would spend 15 days in Convention with those men and not know the true import of their secret plannings? No sir-ee. He knew what they were up to, and when the time came for decisive action at Baltimore, when the crisis was upon the Convention and his brother delegates were going out with these partisan sectional trixters he 'stood aloof,' and why? Because he knew they were plotting against the Union, and was determined to have no part nor lot in the matter, and he now tells his brother Democrats distinctly what his line of policy, in the future, will be, regardless of consequences.

The object of the leaders, then, of this secession party being to sever the Union and thus entail upon us all the consequent evils that must inevitably follow, what course should patriots pursue in the present campaign? Unquestionably, there is but one course they can pursue, and that is, to vote for the National candidates, if such are in the field, and if not, then, for those that come nearest to it.

Newbern Progress.

Well Said.

Hon. Garrett Davis, of Ky., who served in Congress with Henry Clay, and was his devoted friend to the day of his death, gives his reasons for supporting Bell and Everett in a very able letter from which we make the following extract:—

The very spirit of the Union and Constitution presided over the convention that nominated our candidates, and inspired it to select men fit and equal to the present needs of the country. "The Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws," was the short politic creed of the statesman of Ashland, uttered when the dark clouds of sectionalism began to rise above the horizon. It is comprehensive and complete enough for every good and patriotic citizn from ocean to ocean. It forms the ark of American liberty, and who will not rally to it? Of all living, none than Bell and Everett are more worthy to be its representatives. They are statesmen of the Washington school, of great natural ability, of profound reading in the science of government, of thorough practical knowledge of our own. Their enlarged policy, principles and patriotism embrace and pervade the whole of our great country and all its diversity of soil, climate, production, and interests. They are not extremists, but they are moored in the moderation of enlightened, matured, rational, and philosophic statesmen. Everett has the more genius, learning and eloquence. Bell the more practical statesmanship, and the more nerve to meet and quell the storms of disunion. But devotion to the Union, fidelity to the Constitution, and indomitable purpose to enforce the laws have become incorporated with the intellectual and moral structures of both. They are the men that Clay and Washington, and the founders of our government; if now upon earth, would support for the offices to which they have been named; and I trust that the present generation of our countrymen will have the wisdom, firmness, and patriotism to forge all else but the imperilled condition of the Union and the country and summon Bell and Everett to the rescue.

Tornado in Tennessee.

The recent tornado extending up the Holston river, in Tennessee, was very violent. A letter from Freedom, Tenn., dated the 16th inst., says that the ploughed earth was carried into the air by cartsful. It adds:—"At Hall's there was a quantity of bar iron; it was picked up and carried a quarter of a mile, and some bars were twisted around stumps of trees that they had to prize off with handspikes. Mr. Dayvalt had over 200 bushels of wheat in his barn which was carried off and has not been heard of as yet. Bacon, flour—in short everything within the range, were carried up in the air. Sheep and stock were seen away up in the air.

That is not religion, which divides people into contending sects. Thorns do not come of the fig tree, or thistles of the generous vine.—Contentions come of evil; the milennium will come of charity.

A Fearful Leap.

J. M. Bryan, under date of July 16, writes to the Hendersonville Presage as follows:

"One of the most perilous adventures that has ever come to my knowledge, happened in this county on Friday last. Four students from the Furman University, Greenville, S. C., and all preparing for the Ministry, came to the Cedar Mountain Hotel last week to spend a few days of recreation, and breathe our pure mountain air, when on Friday they took an excursion to the high falls of Little River. After satisfying their eyes with the beautiful and romantic scenery of the place, they concluded that they must bathe their wearied bodies in the pure waters of the beautiful river, when Mr. P. D. Gold, of Yorkville, S. C., in attempting to wade across immediately on the top of the fall, was tripped up by the velocity of the water, and the smoothness of rock, and hurried down a precipice of about one hundred and fifty feet; and strange to tell, he came out unhurt. The water where he fell being very deep, a small digression on either side, would have thrown him upon the rocks at the bottom of the fall. This fall is very steep, but not perpendicular, for something over one hundred feet, when the rock gives back, and the water falls clear some thirty or forty feet. Mr. Gold went feet foremost until he came to this place, where he turned a summerset, and plunged head foremost into the deep water below. The trip cost him some four or five seconds, he arose and swam to the shore without ever being so much as frightened, and in a few minutes joined his comrades on the top of the falls.

"We named the place Gold's Slide, and think it very appropriate."

The Disunion Ticket.

The men who nominated Breckinridge and Lane gave utturance to the following sentiments, which had they been uttered in the days of patriotism, would have consigned them to the gallows as traitors. Let them be hung higher than Haman in the estimation of a virtuous and patriotic people:

"We shall fire the Southern heart, instruct the Southern mind, give courage to each other, and at the proper moment, by one organized, concerted action, we can precipitate the cotton States into a revolution.—*Wm. L. Yancey.*

"If I had the power, I would dissolve this government in two minutes."—*J. T. Morgan.*

"Let us break up this rotten stinking, and oppressive government."—*Geo. Gayle.*

"Resistance! Resistance! to death, against the government is what we want now."—*David Hubbard.*

"Break up and dissolve this rotten, Yankee government."—*John D. F. Williams.*

"Let the Union rip."—*R. D. Gayle.*

Startling News from Texas!

ST. LOUIS, July 26.—An extra received here yesterday from Bonham Texas, dated the 17th inst., contains a letter from the Editor of the Dallas Herald, stating that a fire which had occurred at that place, had led to the discovery of a plan to devastate the whole of Northern Texas. Two preachers, Blunt and McKinney, who were expelled last year, have been arrested as the instigators of the plot.

Several white men and negroes have been arrested. The following fires occurred the same day that Dallas was destroyed, viz: A mercantile house in Black Jack Grove, loss $30,000; three business houses at Darton, loss $100,000; a large store house at Pilot Point, loss $10,000; a store house at Ladonia, loss $25,000; eight stores at Becknet, near the town of Milford, were totally destroyed; besides which several other smaller fires had occurred.

Great excitement was existing throughout the country, and prompt and effective measures were being taken for the preservation of life and property.

The plan as developed was to lay the whole country waste by fire, thus destroying all of the arms ammunition, &c; thereby involving the country in a state of utter helplessness. The election day in August was settled upon as the day for the general insurrection, which was to have been aided by companies from the North, and parties in Texas friendly to the cause. The plan of rising was districted and sub-districted each division being under the command of white men who were to control the negroes.

Politics.

'There won't be a darned thing this summer but politics,' said Jonathan, who was discussing a business matter at our depot, with a city friend. 'I tell you that I can't meet anybody but what they're putting inter me 'bout the little giant, southern niggers, old Brown, the constitution and spread eagle, the rail-splitter, and a thunderin' lot of other names. Consarn it, why, the bull frogs in the pond back of our barn, are all on a titter, bellowing out "Old Abe—old Abe—Illinois—Illinois—put him through—put him through—chug!"

The San Francisco Golden Era, of June 17th, announces the marriage of Mrs. Burdell Cunningham, in that city,