The Weekly Carolina Era.

TRI-WEEKLY & WEEKLY BY THE

ERA PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Rates of Subscription:

TRI-WEEKLY—One year, in advance, $3 00
6 months, in advance, 2 00
3 months, in advance, 1 00
1 month, in advance, 50
WEEKLY—One year, in advance, 1 00
Six months, in advance, 50

The Carolina Era.

Vol. 1. RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1871. No. 10.

The Weekly Carolina Era.

Rates of Advertising:

One square, one time, - - - - - $1 00
" " two times, - - - - - 1 50
" " three times, - - - - 2 00

A square is the width of a column, and 14 inches deep.

☞ Contract Advertisements taken at proportionately low rates.

Professional Cards, not exceeding 1 square, will be published one year for $12.

KU KLUX DIABOLISM.

Eleven Pregnant Facts Brought to Light by the Congressional Investigating Committee—Its Conservative Paternity, its Hellish Features and Party Purpose.

The Congressional Committee investigating the Ku Klux villainly—a subcommittee in Washington and another sub-committee in South Carolina—have now been in daily session more than two months, and have had before them many scores of witnesses from all sections of the late insurrectionary States—men of both high and humble station—presiding elders, preachers, ex-members of the Federal Congress and ex-members of the Confederate Congress, ex-generals of both armies, Governors, ex-Governors, judges, solicitors, Sheriffs, Revenue officers, officers of the army, postmasters, school teachers, repentant and non-repentant members of Ku Klux Klans, and dozens of their maimed and suffering victims, black and white.

What has this political and thorough examination established? It has proven beyond all doubt the following facts:

1. That in all the late insurrectionary States, and generally diffused, though not found in every county, is an oath-bound secret organization, working only at night, and its members always in disguise, with officers, signs, signals, pass-words, grips, and all the necessary paraphernalia, with the pledged and sworn purpose of putting down the Republican and putting up the Conservative party; known in different localities among the initiated by different names, but everywhere recognized by the general cognomen of "Ku Klux."

2. That the organization came into being a few months previous to the last Presidential election, during which canvass it was in its most vigorous condition, but is now through all the South, with more efficient discipline and effective direction than ever, reviving, in preparation for the next Presidential campaign, when, as they told one of their victims in Tennessee a few weeks since, "no d——d Radical voting is to be allowed in any Southern State, by black or white."

3. That this organization is the premeditated and determined scheme for carrying the South at the next election of President, and so, by securing the entire electoral vote of that section, make sure the election of the Democratic nominee.

4. That the officers and establishers of these "dens," as they appropriately call their separate bands, are the leading and active Conservatives of the South.

5. That the scheme has the hearty good will of a large section of the Conservative party in all those States, and the acquiescence of nearly the entire party.

6. That the direct and chief purpose of the organization, as sworn by all the victims, as the assertion uniformly made to them by these midnight assassins, and corroborated by the universal testimony of the repentant and divulging members of the order, is this: The putting down of the Republican and the putting up of the Conservative party.

7. That while the Democratic and Ku Klux witnesses on their direct examination usually deny the political purpose of the order, asserting that the Ku Klux are a social necessity growing out of the abolition of the old patrol; that they have to ride the country to keep the niggers in their place; that under the influence of Republican legislation and Methodist preaching the niggers are liable to become saucy, and without an occasional Ku Klux visit would "begin to think themselves as good as white folks;" and that these frequent floggings, and an occasional murder, are necessary to maintain such a state of morals among the blacks as will permit the vice-hating whites to live in their neighborhood; yet, on the cross-examination, these witnesses also very generally, as well as very reluctantly, confess that the intimidation of Republican voters is a prominent and not to be regretted result.

8. That to secure this purpose, the putting down of the Republican and the putting up of the Conservative party, intimidation is the grand measure—the intimidation of Republican voters, black and white, but especially the humble and defenseless, by midnight raids; by burning houses and stores, and the destruction of crops; by whippings of such extreme cruelty as often to end in death; by most indecent and painful maiming, by assassination and murder in such cowardly manner and with such hellish device as may strike terror into whole counties, and bring down the Republican vote from two or three thousand to less than a single dozen.

9. That "school-teachers," and "preachers of the Methodist Church North," seem to be the especial abhorrence of these Conservative assassins; and hundreds of school-houses and Methodist churches have been given to the flames; and Christendom will stand aghast when it is made known the scores of school-teachers and Methodist preachers, who, by this Conservative agency, within these three years, have been Whipped! Shot! Hung! and, in some instances, it is believed, burned at the stake.

10. That in nearly one-half the States of this Union this work of hell is now going on, night by night—every month extending the range of its bloody operations, and fearfully multiplying the number of its victims!

11. That it is solely and immediately in the service of the Conservative party—a large portion of the party South heartily approving—large numbers of the party North attempting its palliation by excuse, and its shelter from scorn by covering up or denying its crimes, as if cowardly assassination could be palliated and brutal murder excused—and the Conservative party throughout the land rejoicing in its promise of help. So, either by open and acknowledged action, or by the no less criminal and the more cowardly participation of extenuating and shielding the crime, the party, South and North, become before the people and before God equal sharers in the responsibility.

Out of the mouths of more than two hundred witnesses is every syllable of this established; and more than ten thousand of the shroudless dead, from hidden places by the wayside, in swamp and mountain, and from the sleepless ashes of fired homes, shout their ghastly amen!

A single instance of these thousand outrages perpetrated upon an American citizens on foreign soil, would be thought ample cause for war; and our entire navy would hasten to enforce the nations's indignation. And such abuse as is daily meted out to these humble Methodist preachers, if offered one of our missionaries on heathen ground, would arouse the whole American Church until every mind was laden with demands for "protection."

The thanks of all citizens who love right and hate rapine are due the faithful men of this committee, who, forgetting their own ease, have so industriously devoted these hot months to the uneathing of this giant villainy.

Christian men of our country! Humane men! All decent men, we appeal to you! Is a party worthy of life in this land which seeks supremacy through such hell born measures?

THE FAMINE IN PERSIA.

The telegraphic accounts of the Persian famine exceed in horror anything in modern history. The recital of the practices to which the people have been driven for food is absolutely sickening, and we might wish rather that a veil could be drawn over the revolting details of cannabalism and the violation of cemeteries, than that all the fearful incidents of the famine should transpire.

Mal-administration appears to have been the cause of the worst phases of the scourge. A derth of provisions last year should have directed the attention of the government to the importance of stimulating the growth of grain and other food. But the agriculture of the country continued to be largely devoted to the production of cotton and opium, and when the small crop of grain to which the people looked forward in the spring of 1871 had failed, the government with inconceivable fatuity increased the taxes imposed upon the husbandmen of the country. The result was a rush of the people of the rural districts to the cities where the taxes were light, and the depopulation of whole districts from the want food.

All the horses, all the domestic animals, were quickly consumed, then the starving thousands killed and ate their children, then they exhumed the dead for food, and, as a natural consequence, pestilence added its desolations to the ravages of the famine.

The condition of the unhappy people is rendered still more deplorable by the fact that they are not allowed to leave Persia. Upon the Russian boundary they are hemmed in by the quarantine regulations of the government of the Czar, and it is expected that the British government of India will establish the *cordon sanitaire* on the line which separates Persia from its dominions.

In every aspect the case is horrible. The duty seems plain to send supplies at once to feed the emaciated survivors, but it will be also necessary to send beasts of burden to transport these supplies into the interior from the Persian Gulf. Altogether, it is the saddest page in the record of this distressful year.—*N. Y. Post.*

INTEMPERANCE AT LONG BRANCH.

Dissipation at the Popular Watering Place.

A correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, writing from Long Branch, deals with a very disagreeable phase of life at that fashionable watering place. Many of the gentlemen, so-called, who frequent the hotels of that place are altogether too fond of the cup that inebriates. Some of them, as is the case elsewhere, drink so freely as to make themselves absolutely disgusting to their wives. One lady wished that intemperance might be a ground for divorce, saying, with fire in her eye, "If that time should ever come I would dissolve my partnership very soon with a whiskey barrel." Unfortunely, inebriety is not wholly confined to the male sex. The same correspondents mentioned above writes:—

"I am informed that at Howland's Hotel there is a very unhappy husband. His wife, one of the first families of Philadelphia, a lady of rare beauty and accomplishments, has an ungovernable appetite for strong drink. She has to be watched as closely as a candidate for the lunatic asylum, to prevent her from disgracing herself and family at the dinner table. When wine is being used, she suffers the "torments of the damned." The very sight of it excites her much in the same way that a red flannel petticoat stirs up the cussedness of a mad bull—the figure is coarse but expressive. She has no control of herself, and in order to keep temptation out of her way, her dinners are usually served in her room. I pity her, and her husband more."

This woman probably inherited her unconquerable appetite from her fashionable ancestors, and how to remain respectable she is practically banished from her proper circle of acquaintances and friends because of the popular vice of passing and using wine. Were she possessed with an uncontrollable desire to commit suicide by shooting herself, it would be considered both cruel and actionable for her friends to ostentatiously put revolvers on the mantel-shelves and centre-tables where she could get hold of them. Yet it is held perfectly proper to lure her on to both disgrace and death with wine.

MRS. VALLANDINGHAM.—As reports are in circulation to the effect that the mind of this unfortunate lady has been shattered by her recent double bereavement, the Cumberland (Md.) *Times* deems it necessary to give the statement a denial, as it is informed on the best authority that although, physically, her suffering have been great, her mind is far from being in the deplorable state represented, while her general health is rapidly improving.

Any thing can be effected by industry.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS IN NEW YORK CITY.

Local politics are at a white heat just now. Between the Tammany misfortunes of alleged fraud exposures and the riot, the Republicans think they see their way clear to victory, provided they can harmonize, and they are straining every nerve to attain that union in which there is strength. For this purpose a meeting was held at Apollo Hall last night, where more peace and good will was exhibited than has been the case among city Republicans for many a long day. It was decided to form one General Committee from all the straggling committees throughout the city, and although each one claims to be the only genuine Simon Pure Republican organization now extant, a strong disposition to concede and compromise little differences was displayed. Indeed, there is some probability that the Republican union will be effected unless Tammany comes down with unusual liberality and scatters dissension again.

On the democratic side the disaffection shows no signs of abatement. The Irish Democratic Union, at a meeting last night at Masonic Hall, denounced Governor Hoffman and the militia and approved the action of Mayor Hall relative to the riot, while it incidentally threw a bomb into the camp of Stephen J. Meany and his co-operating firebrands. But the most significant movement of the season is the organization of German citizens, who express themselves dissatisfied with the ruling politicians of the city, and who propose to form a German party, by which the immense German vote of the city may be consolidated and directed to their own benefit. A meeting with this end in view was held on First avenue last evening, and was very enthusiastic and zealous. It was evident that the Germans mean business, and intend no longer to fritter away their political power.

Under all these circumstances the Republican party of the city may well feel sanguine. The promising opportunities which presented themselves to the democracy are being uselessly thrown away, and with the disaffection of the Irish and German voters the Republicans need only harmony and hearty good will to bring them to the front again.—*Herald.*

THE HERALD THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO.

In an article concerning the New York newspapers of thirty-seven years ago, the Washington *Republican* has the following concerning the *Herald*:

Among the penny papers, of which about 30,000 per diem were issued that year, may be mentioned the *Sun*, the *Transcript*, the *Man*, and the *Herald*. The *Herald* at the day was so indecent a sheet that no respectable person patronized it. It received favorable notices from such notorious persons as Anne Royall, in consideration of compliance with her usual demand for black mail, and from others of no character. It was published in a basement, and James Gordon Bennett, its editor, generally worked at the case. It came near collapsing a few months after it was started, owing to the proprietor not being able to meet his pecuniary obligations. The day before a certain liability became due (the meeting of which would determine the fate of the paper) Bennett tried all his friends to borrow the money, but without success. As a last resort he tried a wealthy colored man, and to his surprise he agreed to furnish the money the next day. But unfortunately this was the time of the New York abolition riots, and Bennett, to cater to the mob, in the next number pitched into "the niggers and the niggers' friends." This aroused the ire of his colored friends, who called on him next morning after reading the article and told him he would not lend money to one who so abused his race. Foiled in this attempt, Bennett sought another wealthy colored man, and was fortunate enough to obtain the money just in season to save himself. Geo. T. Downing, the venerable caterer of New York, late of the refreshment room of the House of Representatives, can possibly tell the name of the "nigger" that saved the New York *Herald* from being sold out by the Sheriff.

THE FARM PRODUCTS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An abstract of the portions of the census of 1870 relating to the farms of Pennsylvania reports their cash value to be $1,043,481,582; and the annual value of products, including additions to stock and improvements of farms, to be nearly $184,000,000. As an agricultural State the relative rank of Pennsylvania is declining rapidly. Her wheat crop is less than 20,000,000 bushels per annum, an amount exceeded by the products of some of the Western Commonwealths which not many years ago were unbroken prairies; and the farmers who reside near large cities, where land is valuable, are in a poor position to compete with the farmers of the West in the production of wheat and corn. It is therefore natural enough that the value of the usual dairy products of this State, at the usual average prices, would exceed the value of the wheat crop; and we are only surprised that more attention is not given to market gardens, the annual value of their produce being set down at only $1,816,016.

No return has yet been made of annual value of the mining and manufacturing products of this State; but our coal, iron, and oil, by the time they are carried to the boundaries of the Commonwealth by Pennsylvania railways, will probably approximate to the value of our agricultural products; and this distribution of our industries should satisfy all reflecting citizens of the suicidal folly of an endorsement of the free-trade fallacies, which are direct attacks upon our principal sources of wealth.—*Press.*

At Lawrence, Kansas, on Sunday, while a minister was holding forth in the church, a crowd got up a cock fight in the yard. The people who had congregated in the church went out to stop the fight, but awaited until the battle was over before objecting. The The minister looked out of the window at the crowd, and said, "We are all miserable sinners, which whipped?"

THE NEW CANCER CURE.

A Supply Expected in August—How it is Obtained.

No discovery in the medical world could be received with greater rejoicing—a cure for consumption, perhaps, excepted—than the new cancer remedy; for while cancers are less frequently met with than consumption, they present a certain, lingering death in its most awful form, and they are hereditary. It is not surprising then that the announcement of a cure should call out innumerable applications for the cundurando. The steamer Ocean Queen, which arrived at this port from Aspinwall on Saturday, brought intelligence that a large supply of the plant may be expected in the Aspinwall steamers due here on the 1st and 15th of August.

About three months ago the State Department at Washington received a few pounds of the cundurango from the Government of Ecuador, through its Minister to this country, with a communication describing it. But little importance was attached to the matter at first, and it might have been neglected altogether, had not Dr. Bliss been given a small quantity of the plant by the Ecuadorian Minister, who happened to be under his care. Though skeptical as to its virtues, he began to use it in his practice, and obtained such surprising results that the limited supply of the remedy in Washington was soon divided among eager applicants. About fifteen cases of cancer have been treated with it in this country, and in all its use has been attended by a wonderful improvement of the patient, though the necessarily small doses given have been insufficient to produce its full effects. Mrs. Matthews, the mother of Vice President Colfax, has been nearly cured of a cancer which it was feared would end her life within the year, although she had taken less than five ounces of the cundurango when the supply gave out. The wife of George C. Gorham, Secretary of the Senate, and a lady in Utica, to whom some of the remedy was sent by Secretary Fish, are among the other sufferers whom a few ounces have nearly cured. The mode of administering the plant is very simple, it being merely steeped in boiling water, and the profusion taken internally.

As the news of the discovery gained circulation, a great number of applications were sent to Washington from all parts of the country, 20 to 30 letters a day being received by Dr. Bliss, and an equal number by the State Department. Many persons, refusing to believe that the supply was exhausted, went themselves to Washington from distant points, in the fruitless effort to obtain the precious drug. Dr. Bliss, when convinced that the cundurango was a specific for cancer, sent an order for 500 pounds of it to a business house in Guayaquil. He soon learned, however, that, as it was not an article of commerce, it was impossible to obtain it by ordinary commercial methods. He therefore despatched his partner, Dr. Keene, as an agent to procure a supply. To facilitate his mission, Dr. Keene was given an official character, by an appointment as bearer of dispatches to the Government of Ecuador, and was supplied by letters of recommendation by President Grant, Mr. Colfax, Mr. Fish, and other prominent persons.

He writes that the task of obtaining the cundurango is more difficult than was expected. The roads to the Loja district are rough and unfrequented, the rainy season is not yet over, the streams are swollen, and dangerous to cross, and the Indians are disposed to throw every obstacle in the way of foreigners, of whom they are deeply jealous and suspicious. However, when he wrote he was on the point of starting for the interior, and was confident of procuring a supply of the cundurango in season for it to reach this port early in August. On arriving in the Loja district he will hire a force of Indians to gather the plant, and bring it down from the mountains, where it grows at points so high as to be inaccessible to beasts of burden. It will then be packed on mules, and transported to the coast. Dr. Keene found that orders for cundurango had been received at Guayaquil from persons in England, France, Italy, and other countries, to the governments of which the government of Ecuador had furnished samples. None of these orders had been filled. Ex-Governor L. L. Gibbs, of Idaho, sailed from this port for Ecuador last week, Dr. Bliss having engaged his services in aid of those of Dr. Keene.—*New York Tribune.*

SEQUEL TO A FORMER BANK ROBBING.

Five years ago Genevieve Brower, a beautiful girl from Maine, was arrested on a charge of conspiring with Edward Jenkins to rob the Phœnix Bank, in this city. Jenkins was paying teller of the bank, and stole over $100,000. He confessed that he had given a large portion of the money to Genevieve, whom he habitually visited in Madame Bell's saloon, in Broadway, where she was employed as a waiter. He had furnished a house for her in Bleecker street and was about to elope with her when the officers of the band discovered the defalcation and caused his arrest. Both prisoners were subsequently released.

Two years after the occurrence Jenkins died in St. Luke's hospital, and Miss. Brower returned to the home of her mother, in Portland, Maine. Her mother, however, was soon prostrated by sickness, and Genevieve was her only attendant. She cared for her night and day, and owing to the want of sleep and fatigue she became stone blind. When her mother died Genevieve was led to the house of her sister, a married resident of Brooklyn, and some wealthy persons sent her at their own expense to an up-town assylum for the blind. She speaks kindly of Jenkins, but laments that he ever crossed her path.—*N. Y. Sun.*

It is a curious fact that during the ravages of the plague in Buenos Ayres, nearly depopulating the city, not one of the three hundred and sixty gravediggers employed died of the fever.

The grave of General Leonidas Polk, at Augusta, Ga., is decorated with flowers every morning by a lady who lives in that city.

DIAMOND SEEKING.

A Visit to Golconda—Busy Scenes—The thirst for Gain.

[From the Cornhill Magazine.]

A broad valley, with a gentle sweep, through which winds a river about a hundred yards wide. Willow trees skirt its banks, and they are the only sign of vegetation visible. Little rounded hills, called "Kopjes," also stand along the stream. Wagons, carts and vehicle of every kind; tents of all shapes; buildings, hastily put up, of plank, iron and brick. Ant-like figures swarming everywhere, especially near the water's edge—boats plying on the river, and a like scene of activity on the other side. A great buzz and hum. Such are one's first impressions. Getting nearer, and traversing the centre of this busy scene, one is struck by the intentness with which all do their work. Some are shovelling gravel and dirt out of their claims; some are driving this to the river bank, where the cradles are at work; some are engaged in washing, rocking, or sorting the dirt when it gets there. Day after day the process goes on. A few hours work in the morning, a siesta at noon, more work towards evening. Some ardent searchers toil on even by torchlight. You hear a shout, the report of a gun, and follow a rush to a certain spot, where a lucky digger has made a find. Week by week he has labored on for naught, his fingers have been sacrificed and his nails worn down, to no purpose Now, all at once, his eyes have fallen acros the long-looked-for prize—this tinny bit of crystal, with its rare secretion of light. And off, with redoubled zest, the envious spectators rush to their work again.

Every want that man can have here is easily to be gratified at one or other of the innumerable stores, canteens or inns that dignify by their imposing titles the frail tenements they occupy. Here, at Pneil, we are in the heart of the digging district. Opposite is Klipdrift, Hebron, Gong-gong, Good Hope, Bad Hope, Sifonell; and other centres of work lie along the river, on either side, for a distance of eighty miles. Every week brings with it a new rush. Within six months ten thousand people have found their way here. Al, ready politics have asserted their sway. and more than one revolution has taken place. There are many claimants for the territory; but all express a hope that British rule will be established here, and that the appointment of a British magistrate is an earnest of this change. Considering that this throng comprises men of every grade and stamp, the order that prevails is surprising; but a stronger organization than yet exists will be needed to preserve health and order efficiently in the future.

Thus we have reached our destination, and the monotony of digging can scarcely be greater than that of travel by an ox-wagon. Thirty days' occupancy of that vehicle, however, has attached us all to it, and to-night we regard it affectionately. Hundreds of camp-fires blaze around; lights flicker upon the river; music and laughter are borne to us through the air; oxen low, and Kafirs chant their songs. Over and upon all the thick stars shine peacefully. Here, in this remote African wilderness, where a year ago the jackal and the vulture stalked in the security of solitude, we may now sleep surrounded by thousands of our fellow-men,

THE SAD PLIGHT OF MRS. BOWEN NUMBER 3.

As for Mrs. Bowen, her case excites the deepest interest and sympathy here. She is devotedly attached to her numerous husband, and declares that she will stick to him. She believes that her marriage was legal, and that it was formed in good faith by both her husband and herself. It is said they are now living together, occupying a house here owned by herself. Bowen's friends assert that he will at once take steps to procure a legal divorce, to which he is entitled, while persons who are not particularly friendly say he will do nothing of the kind—that he is not entitled to a divorce—that no court would dare to grant it now, and that he dare not apply for it; but that he and Mrs. Pettigru King will continue to live together, leaving the world to say and think as it pleases, thus leaving it in the hands of the other two Mistresses Bowen to obtain divorces on the ground of adultery, if they see fit. The gentleman who lives in Charleston above alluded to, says that Mrs. Bowen was celebrated for her wit and sarcasm in Charleston, and he related many instances of her brilliancy in conversation and in society. She was at one time regarded as the most brilliant and fascinating woman in the State, and, owing to her father's position, her society was greatly sought by distinguished strangers. She was, in fact, in her prime (perhaps after she was married to her first husband,) the sort of woman that was always popular among gentlemen, but looked upon with suspicion, born of envy, you may be sure, by the ladies. She reigned supreme in every assembly party, or rout, and the prim, modest-going ladies called her fast.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A BOY HANGS HIMSELF.

A correspondent writes from Copper Valley, Floyd county, giving the particulars of the hanging of a boy only 10 years of age. Our correspondent says:

"One of the most unnatural occurrences upon record took place near here, on Friday last. Willie G. Switzer, a very sprightly boy, in his tenth year, without any known cause, adjusted a small string to his neck and afterwards to a bush (as related by a small girl with him at the time) and swinging off, hung himself. He was dead beyond recovery before aid could reach him. All who know the little boy arrived at one conclusion; that he did not intend to destroy himself, but that he was playing, and that his death was purely an accident, never contemplated by himself.

It is, indeed, a sad occurrence, and is at present, the wonder and astonishment of this community.

ANOTHER WHAT IS IT.

The following sensation is from the Reading *Eagle:*

Never in the history of the southern part of Berks has there been such an excitement as has gone through within the last two weeks, caused by the subject of this article. About two weeks ago a man presenting the appearance of a huge overgrown bear made his appearance on the Welsh mountain, directly opposite the village of Morgantown, and made the night hideous with his beast-like howling. The citizens becoming alarmed, concluded to catch him if possible, and with this object in view a number of the neighbors assembled, armed with guns, clubs, etc., and started for the mountain. The men were deployed in squads, and at times the yells from this half man and half beast were so close to them that they thought it utterly impossible for him to escape, yet when morning dawned the object of their search was nowhere to be found. Night after night the same doleful howlings re-echoed through the valley bordering on the mountain. A few days since he was seen in a field back of the village, and a number of the citizens started in pursuit and overtook him. He was captured and brought to the hotel of Mr. D. K. Plank. When caught he was very nearly in a nude state, having but a few rags hanging to his body. The hair on his head hangs down his back; his face is very nearly covered with long, bushy hair, giving him the appearance of a gorilla more than of a human being. To questions put to him he said he was a native of Ireland, and had lived in the State of Connecticut for a long time. He gives his name as Thomas Foley, and says he has been roaming in the woods for two years. A good suit of clothes was put upon him, and he immediately started for the mountains, tearing his clothes in strips as he moved along. The horses and cattle belonging to farmers along the mountain run and gallop through the fields continually, as if frightened from some unknown cause; the dogs howl and cry as soon as night approaches; in fact, the community is in a terrible state of excitement. Crowds have gone out night after night to capture him, but up to this time have not succeeded. At times he is seen on his hands and feet, moving along with the fleetness of a wild tiger.

A most singular circumstance connected with this affair, is that since he has made his appearance, and near the residence of Mr. Robert Yocum, a farmer, his horses and cattle refused to eat, and are constantly running over the fields as if some demon was after them. He runs through the bushes with the swiftness of a deer, and persons cannot get near him. On Saturday night about forty men from the village and vicinity repaired to the mountain, and near the residence of Mr. Yocum, and kept watch during the night, and at times he would appear in close proximity to them, but when they would start for him he was off like a race-horse.

A few nights since this "*What Is It?*" made his appearance in the village, on his hands and feet. In a few minutes the villagers were up in arms ready to annihilate this curious specimen of humanity. He made at the crowd on all fours, when there was a general scatterment and stampede. What will become of this animal it is difficult to tell. All other topics are lost in the discussion of this strange affair. If caught, the citizens have promised to bring him to Reading.

THE TOBACCO TAX.

The question of reducing the tax on tobacco is again being brought up for consideration by the manufacturers, who are endeavoring to secure the indorsement of the Government favorable to a reduction preparatory to bringing the matter to the attention of Congress. The tax, as it now stands, invites dishonest practices. The poorer quality of tobacco is taxed sixteen cents per pound, add the finest grade thirty-two cents, but it has come to the knowledge of the Internal Revenue Bureau that an extensive system has been inaugurated whereby the government is defrauded out of considerable revenue. The practice by some manufacturers, in order to evade the tax, is to mix a few stems in with the fine tobacco and stamp it with a sixteen cent stamp. It is claimed that the establishment of a uniform rate of taxation—say twenty-four cents per pound for all kinds of all kinds tobacco—would be beneficial to both the manufacturer and the government. There would then be no inducement to commit frauds, consequently the Government could readily collect the tax, and the honest manufacturer would also be pecuniarily benefited by reduced taxation. The proposition to reduce the tax would have been successful last winter but for the fact that manufacturers favored a tax of twenty cents as the proper rate for all tobacco, while Congress were of the opinion that twenty-four cents was the correct figure.

HOW TO DO UP SHIRT BOSOMS.

We have often heard ladies express a desire to know by what process the fine gloss observed on new linens, shirt bosoms, &c., is produced. In order to gratify them we subjoin the following recipe for making gum arabic starch: Take two ounces of gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint of boiling water (according to the degree of strength you desire,) and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water, stirred in a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner, will give to lawns (either white or printed) a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good (much diluted) for thin white muslin and bobinet.

A severe storm passed over Nebraska Friday night, washing away roads and bridges in many places, and seriously damaging the crops. The track of the Union Pacific Railroad was washed away in several places between Omaha and Gilmore Station, ten miles distant. At one place the stream swelled to so great an extent that the water carried a quarter of mile of track bodily over a fence four feet high, landing it some distance in the prairie.

A TIGER HUNT IN INDIA.

BY A. E. L. KAYE.

Mr. Kaye, who is a brother of Sir Kaye, Chief of the British Indian Office, London, at present a resident of Buffalo, furnishes the *Express* with the following incidents of a successful skirmish with a monster tiger during his late residence in India:

Fiat experimentum in corpore vili, which I suppose means "to try experiments on a worthless carcase," was the motto I must have adopted when I made practical scientific discovery that the cohesion of the leaden bullet was stronger than the component parts of my right hand. I had been wounded, and was only partially recovering the use of my hand, when I made my one great attempt at killing a tiger. I was stopping at a small wayside station a few hundred miles north of Calcutta in the presidency of Bengal, the only other Europeans with me being a young surgeon, and an officer of the Commissariat, a noted sportsman and dead shot. It was the hot season and we were sitting outside our tents after a late dinner smoking cheroots and enjoying the little cool air we could get after the heat of the day, when the cutwal, or native head of an adjacent villige brought a report that a tiger had approached the contines of his village and was regaling itself on a bullock which it had appropriated. Our sportsman was all excitement in an instant, the surgeon followed suit. I trusted that my disabled condition would have led them to dispence with my services, but no. I was told "that I could just pull a trigger," and after that I did not like. I was not seventeen years of age, to refuse. Verily I was led as a lamb to the slaughter, in the wake of these two monsters, the native guide following us at a safe distance. At length, with cautious steps (oh! how I prayed somebody would make a noise alarm the beast), we neared the little jungle where the tiger had dragged his victim, when to my horror I was told I had better be in the advance and take the first shot, as it was advisable to keep the sure shots in case the tiger sprang and my hand might render me unsteady. In a minute or two we heard the low growl and the crunching of the poor bullock's bones. Vividly I pictured to myself what might happen to my own body, and then in the dusky light I saw the animal himself, his head turned towards us as he discovered our presence, evidently undecided as to what he would do. I knelt—feeling much like the sailor who met the bear and requested that if assistance of a supreme power could not be given him it would not be extended to his hairy adversary, and fired. I heard a roar, and can just call to mind dim remembrance of a huge body springing toward me, when the pain of my wound overcome me and I lost all consciousness. When I came to myself I saw, in the spot where he fell, not three feet from where I fainted, the body of the tiger. But for the precision and coolness of my companion's aim I must have become his prey, as my bullet had struck him in a part of the body where it produced no immediate effect. That night I returned hearty thanks for my deliverance, and I never went out tiger hunting again.

A FOOLISH ADVENTURE.

Capt. John Meiks who, in 1867, crossed the Atlantic on a life-raft, is preparing for another voyage to Europe on a smaller raft of a similar construction. The raft is composed of inflated India rubber tubes which, when not filled with air, fold up in a comparatively small compass, but when inflated will carry all the persons that can crowd on it. The raft on which Captain Meiks performed his last voyage was 25 feet long by 18 feet wide. He then had two men with him. A canvass tent was erected on the raft, and the three crossed the Atlantic, arriving safely in England in forty days. Captain Meiks is now having another life-raft made 15 feet long and 12 feet wide, on which he intends going to Europe, accompanied only by a boy. He will be ready to start about the middle of August, and will take with him sixty days' provisions. He intends taking the direct steamer's track, and is confident of success.—*N. Y. Times.*

A REMARABLE WOMAN.

About twenty miles from the Healing Springs, in the Alleghany Mountains there lives a most remarkable woman. Her name is Morrison, but she is known all through the country as "Miss Jennie Rucker." She is about sixty years of age, has her hair bobbed like a man's, wears a man's hat, and rides a horse astride. Hunting is her means of livlihood, and she kills deer, bear and other game with the skill of forty years experience. Not long since she wounded a deer, but before coming up with it another hunter—a man—had gotten to it and commenced carving it up. The old lady expostulated with no avail, and finally drew a bead on him with her rifle to enforce her "rights," the fellow jumped behind a tree, but left his heel exposed, at which vulnerable spot the old lady fired and hit. She got her deer. She has nine or ten children, and is said to treat all travellers hospitably who stop at her cabin.—*Letter from Bath county, Va.*

BOWEN ON HIS LATE PROSECUTION AND PARDON.—At the reception given on Wepnesday by a political club at Charleston to C. C. Bowen, in referring to the late events through which he had passed, he said; "But, thank God and the President of the United States, those clouds have passed away, and we are once more permitted to stand face to face in the old city of Charleston, where we so often met our common enemy. No one, unless our enemies, for a moment doubts that the persecutions which i have passed were brought about for political purposes. You remember the campaign of last summer and the frauds perpetrated in the October election. Rut, my friends, I regard this case now as settled, and when Congress assembles in December, I will obtain a seat from the Congressional district to which I was legaly elected. I am assured that no further opposition will be made."