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Professional Cards. H. KELLY, M. D., OFFERS his services to the public, and may be found at his office when not professionally engaged. July 2, 1865.

Drs. Campbell & Long. THE undersigned have associated themselves in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and may be found at their office, over the store corner of Long & Miller, one door from Stockton's corner.

DR. T. J. CORPENING, Dentist, WOULD respectfully inform the people of Iredell, and the adjoining counties, that he has permanently located in Statesville, and will be pleased to receive the calls of those who may need his services.

DENTISTRY. DR. S. ANGLE would respectfully announce that he is permanently located at Cool Springs, Iredell county, and is prepared to perform all operations connected with his profession. Orders will be promptly attended to.

Z. B. VANCE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Charlotte, N. C. WILL practice in the 6th Circuit, and in the Federal and Supreme Courts at Raleigh. March 27, 1866-17

FRED. D. POISSON, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Wilmington, N. C.

DUBRUTZ CUTLAR, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Wilmington, N. C.

A. BRANT, HOWARD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Statesville, N. C. STRICT and prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.

THOS. S. TUCKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, STATESVILLE, N. C. Office in rear of the Court-House, adjoining Judge Mitchell's. Sept 22, 1868. 3247

Business Cards. EDWARD J. HALE & SON, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN BOOKS AND STATIONERY, Has Removed to No. 16 Murray St., a few doors from Broadway.

HENDERSON & CRAWFORD, Commission Merchants, And Dealers in PRODUCE, GROCERIES, LIQUORS, &c., SALISBURY, N. C.

M. L. WRISTON, & Co., Auctioneers and General Commission MERCHANTS, FOR the Sale and Purchase of Tobacco, Cotton, Grain, Flour, Produce and Merchandise of all kinds.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. THE Subscriber, has permanently located in Statesville, and is prepared to repair watches, clocks and jewelry, in a neat and careful manner.

Agents Wanted. SEND 15 cents for a specimen number of THE CAROLINA FARMER, containing splendid List of Premiums for new subscribers. Active Agents are making \$5.00 to \$10.00 per day.

The American.

To Business Men and Advertisers. We would respectfully suggest to the Business Men of the State that an advertising medium like THE AMERICAN has no superior in Western North Carolina. Its circulation is general and very large and reaches every part where no other journal is sold.

'Tis Over. The following beautiful, expressive lines, cannot fail to touch every heart capable of enjoying true poetry: My heart is chilled and my pulse is low, But often and often will memory go, Like a bird's song, in a waste of snow, Back to the days when I loved you so.

Oh, how often at day's decline, I pushed from my window the curtain vine, To see from your lattice the lamp-light shine; Type of message that, half divine, Flashed from your heart to mine.

Once more the starlight is silencing all, The roses sleep by the garden wall; The night bird warbles his madrigal, And hear again through the night air fall The evening bugle call.

But summers will vanish and years will wane, And bring no light to your window pane; No gracious sunshine nor patient rain, Can bring dead love to life again.

My heart is heavy, my heart is cold; And that prove dress which I counted gold; I wish no longer your heart's fold; The window is dark and the night is cold; And the story forever told!

REMARKABLE CASE OF RELIGIOUS ABERRATION IN NORTH CAROLINA. A Whole Family Demanded—Two Women Claim Themselves to be Almighty God—Each Contests the Claim of the Other—One Woman Shot and her Body Burned—The Other Choked to Death—Details of this Extraordinary Case.

LENOIR, CALDWELL Co., May 17. On the 13th, 14th and 15th of May, 1869, in the Superior Court of Caldwell county, North Carolina, before Hon. A. Mitchell, Judge, Eli Land, Nimrod Land and James Land were tried for the murder of Sarah Land, the daughter of James Land and sister of Eli and Nimrod. The following is a summary of the evidence:

The Land family consisted of James, a man apparently of fifty years of age, his wife, Jane, his sons Eli and Nimrod, aged sixteen and seventeen, his daughters Sarah and Polly, older than the boys, and two children of tender years. They were very poor, living on rented land in a log cabin at the base of Cox's Knob of the Brushy Mountains, Alexander county, North Carolina. They were remarkably quiet, peaceable, honest, and industrious people, and are noted for their kindly affection to one another.

The wife and mother, Jane, a woman of very limited education, but of strong will and fervent passions, had acquired a controlling influence over her husband and children, and was in every way the ruler of her family. The religious feelings, always marked, had become intensified by the exercises and manifestations at a "protracted meeting" held at Dover Church, in their neighborhood, last August, where, for nine days and nights, from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m., preaching was kept up by three ministers, with brief interruption for meals.

From attending these meetings this family, who were, with the exception of the two little children, all church members went home more than ever interested in devotional subjects. Their daily work in field and house was little by little neglected and laid aside; they began a series of home meetings, in which Jane and Sally were the exhorters, and which every member of the family took part in.

During the progress of these meetings the mother and Sally began to see visions, and the mother to prophesy. Sally claimed to be the true God, the mother often saw Polly on the cross, and sometimes herself felt on her head the thorny crown, and felt in her side the spear, as her Saviour had done before her. The mother would sometimes predict that some dreadful calamity was about to overtake the community; she did not know its precise nature, nor its objects, but it was surely coming, and coming soon.

She often would prepare a dinner, set a table, and wash and put out a suit of clothes for her son John, who had entered the Confederate army, and had never since been heard from. John was coming home, she would say, in God's own good way and time, in a mighty draw (saw), and would bring with him all she, Sally and Polly had been suffering to gain. Sally was to be sacrificed for the sins of the world—her death was to ransom the rest of her family. For days and nights together they would fast, sing, preach and pray. In these exercises Jane and Sally led off, Polly following, while the father and his two sons would sit

er sit silently listening, or following the lead of the women, and when their vocal manifestations gave place to such physical ones as dancing, would march in procession and chase away the devil. Two or three weeks before Sally's death they began to see evidences of the devil's peculiar malignity towards themselves; they believed, or pretended to believe, that he was trying to destroy them, and that he must be driven away by physical prowess; they were seen, at the command of Jane, to rush out of their cabin like a swarm of bees, shouting: "Here he goes! it is the devil! kill him! kill him!" and to run violently about the yard, garden and house, beating the air with their fists, and shouting loudly enough to be heard a mile off.

On Saturday, February 20, 1869, the whole family, excepting Sally were seen in Jonathan Land's field some half mile from their house, preaching, praying and singing, exhorting bystanders to repent, threatening damnation to all who denied obedience to their commands, and were observed, with their sleeves rolled up above their elbows knocking dried chestnut burs from one to another until their naked hands and arms were covered with blood. While this was going on, Sally was noticed setting apart, her eyes fixed on the sun, which, although near the West, was still brilliant and cloudless; when she was asked what was going on younder, pointing to the family she began, with wild gestures to reply, "Preaching, sir, from Heaven's King"—keeping this up rapidly for some minutes, and then changing into some unintelligible jargon.

Shortly after this, the same evening, they were met in a narrow path, by a brother of James, marching by twos towards home, the mother clasping her husband's arm with both her hands in front—next came Sally and Polly, then the boys, and last the children; their heads were bare, their hair disheveled, their dress disordered, their eyes fixed and staring, their faces set steadily to the front, and their whole look wild and strange. The witness spoke. None answered. He moved a little to one side, still keeping close to them and addressing them, but the whole procession filed past him without word or sign of recognition. The witness believed them crazy, and went several miles away for Jane's father, an old man named Murphy, who testified that the next day (Sunday) he went to their house, met Eli and Nimrod close by, who were entirely averse to his entering until he prayed—"for," said they, "it is God's house and we are God's people." Gaining an entrance at last, he found that the whole family had fasted for three days, eating, as they claimed "hidden manna."

His visit was profitless, and he went away. That evening a neighbor and four young women called on them—Sally was standing by the hearth, holding out a gourd of water to Eli and Nimrod, calling on them to drink and be cleansed; that she was the true and only God. They drank the water, and then Eli seized a pine torch, lit it, and with his shirt drawn out over his waist, and his right arm and shoulder bare, held his blazing torch up in the middle of the room; the rest of the family danced about it, shouting and clapping their hands, until they put out the torch, when they exclaimed: "We have conquered the devil." Seeming then to notice their visitors for the first time, they approached them shouting, "Here are five more devils, and on the floor we'll lay 'em," and on the five persons so accosted fleeing affrighted from the house, they followed them into the yard, exclaiming, "Out of the door they go, and in the yard we'll lay them," and so chased them away. That night the mother and Sally ordered the whole party, except the little ones, to strip naked, themselves setting the example, burn their clothes and shoes, and go some fifteen or twenty yards to a cold spring, where, with exhortation, prayer and song they washed and were cleansed again. Returning to the house they put on new clothes, but had no more shoes. Nearly all that night, a bitter cold one, they remained up, passing in prayer; the next day they passed the same way—eating nothing from morning until night. At night, while Sally and her mother discussed some passage in Scripture, a dispute arose, occasioned as the defendants thought, by the mother's saying, "The mother thought Sally was the devil, and ordered her sons and husband to tie her; they did so, and thrust her, her hands tied together, out of the door. She attempted to get in; James seized a bit of board, and tried to push her away, while the mother unable to hold the door against her, ordered Eli to shoot the devil; he fired hitting her in the hand, and then as they described it afterwards, 'the devil scrambled off the door-step.'" Soon she was back again, putting her bloody hands in at a hole at the top of the door, when Eli was again ordered to shoot. "It seemed like," said he relating it to some one, "like as if he had got in he would have destroyed us all. I saw his eyes, as big as dinner plates," and the mother saw him too. "The real big, black, bald-headed old devil." Nimrod loaded the rifle with two bullets, gave it to Eli, who said "Father must I shoot?" "If nothing else will do," said he, "you

must shoot," and said Eli, "this time I plumped him right between the eyes." The body lay outside the door until daylight, then the mother ordered the rest to carry the devil to the log heap and burn it.

This they did, all taking part therein but Polly, whose mind seems to have given way that night, and to whom the whole scene seemed, as she testified, a dream. The remains of Sally were discovered next day—nothing being left but a bit of the spine and skull, a rib or two, some portion of the abdomen, and the outline of the swelling shoulders and hips in the washes. Her funeral pile was in a public place, a few yards from the house, in full view of every passer-by. A quarter of a mile—even less—distant, was a dense wood, with many a rocky hollow and gorge, suited for concealment. Tuesday they were arrested and made frantic efforts to retain their rifle, apparently regarding it as sacred. The same day the whole of the survivors were seen busy about the old man, James, their hands and fingers in his mouth, calling out "Lord have mercy! spit it up!" He submitted quietly to the rest. That day, too, while a visitor asked what had become of Sally, Jane said: "The devil is in the corner yonder; we killed him last night."

The old man, who was unconcernedly stepping up the hole in the door, said: "This is all the old woman's work; she has scattered witch truck over us." That day, too, Nimrod was asked why he was going barefooted in the winter, and what became of his shoes, answered: "Don't tempt me! I have sold them to Peter for the price of two souls." They were taken to Taylorville, Alexander county, and confined in jail, where, a few nights afterwards, they all occupying the same cage, a room grated with iron on the top and sides, the sons killed their mother by choking her. All that is known of this last, is that, Eli, being questioned as to it, said, "When I got awake, she was dead." Indictments were found against James and his sons for the murder of Sally, and against his sons for the murder of Jane. Owing to the excitement prevailing in Alexander county, their counsel removed their trial to Caldwell county. Many medical men visited them in jail, and six heard the trial and testified as to their opinion of their sanity. Three were of belief that they were insane, two that they were sane, and one was doubtful. After a three day's trial before a jury of unusual intelligence, the examination of nearly forty witnesses, the arguments of Messrs. Folk, Dula, Linney and Gilley for the defence, and Messrs. Caldwell and Malone for the State, and an able and learned charge from the presiding Judge, the prisoners were acquitted, whereupon the Sheriff for the State entered a nolle prosequi to the second indictment.

In appearance these persons are almost idiotic. They exhibited neither remorse nor joy after the death of Sally and Jane, and showed no sign of emotion on the trial. When told by their counsel that they were free, their only answer was a vacant look and a "well!" A medical witness of skill swore their grade of intellect, as near as he could tell, was not above that of a child of seven years of age. They are now under the care of their relatives.

Preaching and Stealing. About forty years ago, an old negro died in Person county, who the negroes said, was murdered. Be that as it may, his funeral was preached week before last in Sateeburg, by Overton, a negro preacher of poor pretensions, assisted by "Rev." Starlin Stuart. They commenced Friday before holiday, and preached day and all night until the dawning of daylight Monday morning, when evil-doers that love darkness deemed it unsafe to make roads on hog pens and tobacco barns. Though it is thought that Overton—a small, duck-legged negro of 65 winters—would have continued his funeral remarks until now, had not the "kongrasshun" cleaned out the neighboring barns, pig pens and hen-roosts. Overton sustained a serious fall about "de brake ob day," while mounted on a whiskey barrel, and exclaiming with up-lifted hands, "Now, my breddrin, you see me, but you blink yer eyes and look agin, and you wont see." [Here the head of the barrel gave way, and the "preacher" went down with a vim, amidst the screams of women and children.]

Divers hogs and sheep, and several tobacco barns, went up during the "exercises."—Milton Chronicle. Mysterious. A white child, we learn, was picked up, a few days ago, near South Boston, Va., while floating in a skiff on Dan River. It was nicely ensconced in a metallic burial case, with a bottle in a milk arranged for it to suck, and its head pillowed on \$25 in greenbacks. The report is that it was subscribed to the man who found it, while fishing in the Dan, and by whom it was rescued and cared for. Freshly plucked roses decked the little stranger, and it bore prominent signs of crime in high life. Perhaps some New England "School marm" could explain the mystery.—Milt. Chron.

THE MILLER'S TREASURE.

In the wonderful days once upon a time, there lived a worthy miller. Now he was a worthy miller; and he had a very large family of small rosy boys and girls. As you may suppose, he had to struggle with all his might and main to keep his own head and his wife's head and his children's respective heads above water; chatter, clatter, hum, hum, went the mill all day long; yet, when Saturday night came round and the miller took from his earnings this little amount for the butcher, and that little sum for the shoemaker, there were but few if any pence to \$5.00 for a rainy day. In truth, the miller's purse was considerably lower than the water in his dam. And that is saying a great deal. Weekly he grew more discouraged. Instead of the cheerful face which he was wont to show to his neighbors, he turned to them a sour—not to speak harshly, but to give the miller his due—a repulsive and ill-natured visage.—Time went on, and matters grew from bad to worse.

One winter's evening the miller sat by his hearth fire, which he hugged as if he was trying to keep the smouldering embers from growing cold. The rest of the family had gone to bed.—He was frowning and moping as usual. On his breast hung his shaggy head, and it was in that state of depression that it looked as if it were about to tumble from his shoulders into the ashes. Presently he heard the patter of a light footstep outside the cottage. A low knock fell upon the door.

Come in, said the miller, in no welcome tones. The door sprang open, and in popped a fairy—a lovely, merry-eyed fairy! Of course the poor miller was astonished and bewildered. So would you or I have been. An I welcome, Master Miller, rang out the sweetest little voice in the world. Now the miller couldn't find in his heart to say no, and so he brightened up, and in his most polite manner he said: Yes, quite welcome; thank you. Are you sure I am? questioned the fairy.

Why, yes, quoth the miller, come closer to the fire, won't you, and take a chair, for you must be cold, roving these in such peevish weather as this is. Oh! no, replied the fairy, I'm not cold, thank you, for you see, we folks have good warm hearts, and a warm heart goes a great way towards keeping the rest of the body warm, Master Miller. Besides, we are always contented, no matter what weather the seasons bring, and you know there's nothing like contentment to keep one cheerful and happy.

But you are sad and morose, Master Miller. I know the reason, and I have come to help you. The miller's darling frown changed into a glowing smile. You don't get on in the world, Master Miller. You are often discouraged and depressed by tilting difficulties. You often neglect your fate because your work neglects you. You have tried to make money too fast for your own good. Now, turn over to a new leaf, Master Miller. I leave you this chest, wherein you will find a great pleasure. The miller took the chest. It was not a very large one, but it looked to him as if it were filled with golden guineas.

Now hearken to me, said the fairy. You are not to open this until your family are actually in need of bread to eat. Till on in your mill. Be trustful and earnest. Drive away your ugly frowns, for they are exceedingly unbecoming to that manly face of yours. Do as I bid you on pain of my displeasure. I tell you, a fairy's displeasure, is something awful. The miller promised that he would obey the fairy in everything. Good-night, Master Miller, chirped the fairy. Good night, and bless you a thousand times! cried the miller.

But stay, said the fairy, as she was about to go, I have one more injunction to leave you. After ten years have passed away, recollect, ten years from this very night—you have my full permission to open the chest; that is, provided your poverty does not force you to have recourse to my treasure before. Remember! the fairy smiled archly, and raised her finger warningly. The door flew open, and away flew the fairy. The miller was the happiest man in the whole kingdom. He danced with joy. He roused his good wife and his troops of children and told them of his good fortune. He never made any more complaint if things at the mill went amiss. He carried another face on his shoulders. He worked cheerfully. He sang the merriest songs; and he was altogether the busiest and happiest man for miles around. He threw off his old habits and became a new miller. Of course he thrived! Many a time he thought he would like to take a peep in the chest, but he was an honest miller, and he would have lost his right hand sooner than disobey the good fairy.

Ten years came and went, and found the mill still driving, and the miller a portly man of wealth and importance. On the evening of the tenth anniversary of the fairy's visit, he called his family around him and opened the chest. What do you suppose he found in it? Diamonds? No. Pearls? No. Rubies? No. Gold? No. You can't guess. I'll tell you.—The chest was empty! But engraved upon the inside was this golden word—Contentment. This was the miller's treasure.

The Internal Revenue Troubles in view. MEMPHIS, May 25. The particulars of the attack on the passenger train at Milan on Saturday night state that Internal Revenue Assessor Hahn had, several days ago, been informed that large quantities of liquor were being illicitly distilled at a point called Skull Bone, about twelve miles from Milan, in the hills. Also, that a man named Holder was the owner of the distillery. Hahn then attempted to arrest Holder, but was prevented by Holder's friends, who defied the assessor. No further action was taken in the matter until Saturday, when Holder went to Milan on business. Being notified of his presence, Hahn had him arrested, and fearing a rescue if he waited for the westward bound train, he took the first going east to McKimzie, where he met the westward train, and placing the prisoner in the baggage car with himself and an assistant, started for Memphis. On arriving at Milan the train was surrounded by twenty armed and masked men several of whom got up on the engine with cocked pistols and ordered the engineer not to move at the peril of his life. Others guarded the platform, while several went through the train with lamps. Not finding Hahn and the prisoner in the passenger car, they came out shouting Holder's name. The latter responded to them from the baggage car, to which they all rushed. As one of them started to enter the baggage car, Hahn fired, wounding him severely, but not fatally. The party then commenced an indiscriminate fire, during which the conductor entreated them to desist or they would kill the mail agent and express messenger, promising, should they desist, that he would bring Holder out. They ceased for an instant, when Hahn's assistant jumped from the car and ran, the party firing at him, however, without effect. Holder was then brought out. During the excitement consequent upon Holder's release the train started. There were many conflicting reports as to the identity of the men making the rescue. Several citizens of Milan are willing to testify that they were radicals, who, during the war, were members of the Sixth United States Tennessee Volunteers, while others claim that they were Ku Klux. It is known by the authorities that they are members of a band, regularly organized, for the purpose of protecting the illicit distilling of liquor, and whose organization extends from East Tennessee to the Mississippi river. It is understood that the revenue officers have made a requisition for a company of United States soldiers to aid them in ferreting out the numerous distilleries of this character.

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Five Cents Worth of Oranges Peel. A man from the country invested five cents in the purchase of an orange, preparatory to getting himself outside of it, threw the peel on the sidewalk. Soon after a young woman came walking, stepped upon the peel and fell, breaking her leg. The woman was to have been married the next day, but wasn't. The man who was to marry her had come from St. Paul, Minnesota, and was obliged to return on account of business, and await recovery of the girl. On his way back he unfortunately took a train on the Erie railroad which ran off the track, and his shoulder blade was broken, forcing him to stop at Dunkirk for repairs. The Traveller's Insurance Company, in which he was insured, had to pay \$250 in weekly instalments before he recovered. On getting back to St. Paul, he found that his forced absence had upset a business arrangement that he had expected to complete, at a pecuniary loss to him of \$5,000. Meanwhile, the injured girl suffered a relapse, which so enfeebled her health that her marriage was delayed, which had a bad effect upon the young man, and he finally broke the engagement and married a widow in Minnesota with four small children. This so worked up the mind of the girl that she is now in the insane hospital in Middletown. Her father, outraged by the conduct of the young man, brought suit for breach of promise, and has just recovered \$10,000. The anxiety and expense of the whole affair thus far has been enormous, as anybody can see.

The tax for the county sums up as follows: For State expenses .35c., for railroads .31c., for county purposes .50 7-12c.,—making a total of \$1.16 9-15 on the hundred dollars valuation of property. The poll tax is \$2.00.—Greensboro Patriot.

How the Women can Head-off the Run Sellers. In Cohens, Ind., for the last six or eight weeks, a religious revival has been in progress. It began in the M. E. Church, but was participated in by all the evangelical denominations. It took in all classes, even lawyers, to whom it was said of old, "Woe unto you," etc. On Sabbath evening one of the legal converts occupied the pulpit, and on next Sunday another is to officiate in the same capacity. Not the least important feature of the work was the raid made by the ladies upon the whiskey and beer sellers. The modus operandi was to congregate in the bar-room of the beverage-venders and have the tippers and loafers out of the place. The converts were usually refused to admit them in their den, but that did not put a stop to the missionary work.

The indomitable ladies would hold their meetings on the pavement outside of the saloon and pray without ceasing. Some of the beer men were at last worried out by this means, and induced to quit the business, but a large number are still holding out against the efforts of the fair reformers. The ladies now propose to take their knitting and establish their headquarters in front of these saloons. With their presence they hope to drive off customers.

From Washington. WASHINGTON, May 24. A New York Herald's special from Paris, Sunday, says Minister Washburne in addressing the Emperor said he had been authorized to express the hearty wishes of the President of the United States for the happiness and health of His Majesty and for the prosperity of France and the earnest desire of the government and people of the United States to maintain and cultivate amicable relations with France, to uphold and perpetuate the traditional friendship of the two countries. He trusted that, while guarding the interests confided to him, his residence near the Court of His Majesty would contribute to the continuance of existing friendly relations.

The Cincinnati Railroad South. Another great meeting was held in Cincinnati last Saturday to consider the route for the Southern road. This time it was the friends of the Knoxville terminus against Chattanooga. Governor Scott, of South Carolina, with large delegations from South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia and Knoxville were present, with any quantity of facts and figures, to show the superior advantages of this route. The Gazette is filled with their speeches. Among the tangible facts is a statement of the distances from Cincinnati to Chattanooga and Knoxville. Between the first named, the distance is 301 miles. Between Cincinnati and Knoxville are two routes; one 296, and the other 274. By the latter, Cincinnati is 134 miles nearer to Charleston than by Chattanooga.

Sumac. A gentleman from Keysville, Va., asks about the commercial value of the leaves of this shrub. He was answered by Mr. Whitney and Dr. Smith, that the best sumac comes from Sicily, where they strip off the bark and break the young twigs as well as the leaves, and grind all to a coarse powder. In this country the leaves only are gathered. The best time for this harvest is the latter part of July and the month of August. After a drought, the leaves contain much more tannin. For a singular reason Southern sumac is stronger than Northern, and should command twice as much in market.—The leaves are beaten or pulled off, dried in the sun, and made into bales like hops or hay.

Planting by the Moon. There are a great many who ridicule the idea of planting by the moon; but experience is wiser than science, and many of the most successful gardeners observe rigidly the rule of planting according to the changes of the moon. An old friend, in whose judgement we have faith, assures us that all vegetables of the vine kind, beans, peas, potatoes, &c., bear more luxuriantly if planted within the first three or four days after full moon; and that corn planted on the decline of the moon will make heavier ears than if planted at any other time.—Let our gardeners and farmers remember this, and make the experiment.

How the Women can Head-off the Run Sellers. In Cohens, Ind., for the last six or eight weeks, a religious revival has been in progress. It began in the M. E. Church, but was participated in by all the evangelical denominations. It took in all classes, even lawyers, to whom it was said of old, "Woe unto you," etc. On Sabbath evening one of the legal converts occupied the pulpit, and on next Sunday another is to officiate in the same capacity. Not the least important feature of the work was the raid made by the ladies upon the whiskey and beer sellers. The modus operandi was to congregate in the bar-room of the beverage-venders and have the tippers and loafers out of the place. The converts were usually refused to admit them in their den, but that did not put a stop to the missionary work.

The indomitable ladies would hold their meetings on the pavement outside of the saloon and pray without ceasing. Some of the beer men were at last worried out by this means, and induced to quit the business, but a large number are still holding out against the efforts of the fair reformers. The ladies now propose to take their knitting and establish their headquarters in front of these saloons. With their presence they hope to drive off customers.

From Washington. WASHINGTON, May 24. A New York Herald's special from Paris, Sunday, says Minister Washburne in addressing the Emperor said he had been authorized to express the hearty wishes of the President of the United States for the happiness and health of His Majesty and for the prosperity of France and the earnest desire of the government and people of the United States to maintain and cultivate amicable relations with France, to uphold and perpetuate the traditional friendship of the two countries. He trusted that, while guarding the interests confided to him, his residence near the Court of His Majesty would contribute to the continuance of existing friendly relations.

The Cincinnati Railroad South. Another great meeting was held in Cincinnati last Saturday to consider the route for the Southern road. This time it was the friends of the Knoxville terminus against Chattanooga. Governor Scott, of South Carolina, with large delegations from South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia and Knoxville were present, with any quantity of facts and figures, to show the superior advantages of this route. The Gazette is filled with their speeches. Among the tangible facts is a statement of the distances from Cincinnati to Chattanooga and Knoxville. Between the first named, the distance is 301 miles. Between Cincinnati and Knoxville are two routes; one 296, and the other 274. By the latter, Cincinnati is 134 miles nearer to Charleston than by Chattanooga.

Sumac. A gentleman from Keysville, Va., asks about the commercial value of the leaves of this shrub. He was answered by Mr. Whitney and Dr. Smith, that the best sumac comes from Sicily, where they strip off the bark and break the young twigs as well as the leaves, and grind all to a coarse powder. In this country the leaves only are gathered. The best time for this harvest is the latter part of July and the month of August. After a drought, the leaves contain much more tannin. For a singular reason Southern sumac is stronger than Northern, and should command twice as much in market.—The leaves are beaten or pulled off, dried in the sun, and made into bales like hops or hay.

Planting by the Moon. There are a great many who ridicule the idea of planting by the moon; but experience is wiser than science, and many of the most successful gardeners observe rigidly the rule of planting according to the changes of the moon. An old friend, in whose judgement we have faith, assures us that all vegetables of the vine kind, beans, peas, potatoes, &c., bear more luxuriantly if planted within the first three or four days after full moon; and that corn planted on the decline of the moon will make heavier ears than if planted at any other time.—Let our gardeners and farmers remember this, and make the experiment.

A Post-office clerk in England has been arrested for stealing his rival's love letters.