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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MONROE, N. C.
Office in the Court House.
July 4-5-17.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
MONROE, N. C.
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.
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Oct. 13, 1875-21-17.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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MONROE, N. C.
Practices in the Superior and Supreme Courts of this State, and the Federal Courts.

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JOHNSTON & BERRYHILL,
CHARLOTTE

MARBLE WORKS.
WE OFFER YOU EVERYTHING
IN OUR LINE
25 PER CENT CHEAPER
Than it can be purchased elsewhere.
We guarantee satisfaction and offer you other

ADVANTAGES
Which cannot be obtained from
SMALL DEALERS.
40-17.

THE
People's Bank of Monroe.
H. M. HOUSTON,
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Board of Directors.
M. AUSTIN, T. D. WINCHESTER,
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JACKSON SIMMONS, B. F. HOUSTON,
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This Bank is now open for the transaction of a regular Banking Business; will receive deposits of Cash and Currency, allowing interest on same; loans and discounts made on liberal terms; will deal in bonds, stocks, and other securities; Gold and Silver Coins bought and sold; loans made on real estate, cotton in store, &c., on liberal terms.

HORACE SMITH,
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SPECTACLES,
Watchmaker and Jeweller,
MONROE, N. C.
Repairing fine Watches a specialty. All work warranted. Spectacles of all ages and prices constantly kept.
June 19-1870-3-17.

JOHN W. RUDGE,
Wholesale and Retail
DEALER IN
TIN and STOVE WARE,
"Cotton King" Stoves,
Stencil Plates Cut and
Farmers Stoves Repaired.
Roofing and Guttering at the
Lowest Prices.
SIGN OF BIG COFFEE POT,
Stewart's Brick Building, next to
Old Hotel.
Oct. 23-1870-21-17.

REMEMBER THE DEAD!
A GREAT REDUCTION
IN THE PRICE OF
MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMBS
Headstones, &c.
As I am now receiving a large lot of Marble, I will sell, for the next three months, five per cent cheaper than anywhere else in the South. Parties wishing to mark the last resting place of their departed friends would do well to avail themselves of the present opportunity. In beauty of design and artistic finish, I guarantee satisfaction or ask no pay. Send for price and designs.
J. S. HUTCHISON,
Engraver and Marble Worker,
CONCORD, N. C.

The Monroe Enquirer.

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Selected Story.

UNDER THE BED.

"My hair must, I think, have turned white in a single moment. Let me tell you about it," and Mrs. Hartley, a lady of thirty or thereabouts, with a pleasant and singularly expressive face, her head covered with a luxuriant mass of hair, silvery white, commenced the following narrative:

"Ten years ago, this very day, I was married. My husband's business was such that he was not able to leave the city for any considerable length of time; so my dreams of a wedding tour on the Continent were unrealized and I was compelled to content myself with a few weeks' travel in the West.

"After having visited several of the principal cities we came across an old friend, who, with his wife, was also in search of pleasure. One evening, at dark, we found ourselves at a little settlement a few miles from Milwaukee. It had commenced to rain, the night bade fair to be very unpleasant, and to complete our misery, we discovered that the driver we had hired to take us to Milwaukee was either

terribly stupid, or a little intoxicated—the latter seemed most probable. My husband, after questioning him in reference to the locality, found that a short distance farther was a tavern, where we could spend the night.

"This was very acceptable news to me, for I had grown exceedingly nervous at the approach of the storm, as well as at the lateness of the hour, and the singular behavior of our guide and driver.

"My husband's 'Shall we stop or go on?' met with a hearty 'Stop by all means,' from the whole party; and after a few moments more groping among the dripping trees, we halted before a little wayside inn, which, at first appearance, presented rather a comfortless aspect. The room into which we were ushered was large, square and well lighted; a cheerful fire crackled upon the hearth presenting a striking contrast to the chill, drowsy outside.

"It did not take long to remove our wrappings and order supper, and in a few moments a good, substantial repast was laid before us. After having sat on an unprecedentedly long time over our coffee, our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Withers, were placed at one end of a long hall, or passage, and we at the other.

"This is cozy," said Frank, preparing to retire. "The whole get up of this place reminds me of our country house at the East. I haven't had anything to taste so good since I left home, as my supper did to night. Plain, clean, substantial and enough of it, and this ain't bad," glancing at the snowy dimity, and high feather bed. "But what's the matter with you?" he continued, amazed at receiving no reply.

"A strange nervousness had all at once taken possession of me, and the sensation was so new that I was absolutely frightened. It was the first time in my life that I had ever experienced such a feeling of fear, and I was too proud to admit the truth, so evaded the query by declaring that I was utterly fagged out, and needed sleep. Just then a knock was heard at the door. My husband answered the summons.

"Would you be kind enough," said a voice, which I immediately recognized as our landlord's, "to come with me to the next house? A poor fellow has sent for some one to read the Bible. He is in the last agonies, sir, and I am sorry to say no one here can do it, and I have made bold to come and ask you. It seems a shame to have a poor fellow step out without a single crumb of comfort."

"I'll be with you in a moment," replied Frank; and with a "Thank you," which was altogether too cringing for my taste, the man turned away.

"But, Frank, you are not going!" I exclaimed, in horror, as he drew on his boots.

"Why, Lisa, what a question! who would refuse such a request? he replied, without looking at me. "Of course I am going. It isn't possible my little wife would say a word against so simple an act of kindness? God only knows what straits we may be reduced to in our last hours. 'A cup of cold water in my name,' and 'As ye do it unto the least of one of these, remember.'"

"With a sob, which I could not restrain, I hid my face on the pillow. "Well, I declare, you are nervous," he continued, leaning over the bed to comfort me. "You are actually trembling. Now, be a good little girl and bolt the door after me. It isn't at all probable I shall be gone over an hour, and without another word, he slipped his watch, pocket-book and one of his pistols under my pillow, and was gone.

"Oh, that dreadful presentiment of evil, and nothing else, that made me so unwilling to be left alone. I tried to say, 'Frank, I will not allow this; if you insist upon going, I will accompany you'; but in some incomprehensible manner, I was withheld, probably my anxiety to stand well in the estimation of my husband caused me to restrain further exhibitions of timidity.

"He told me to fasten the door, but I dreaded to step out of bed. It seemed as if some great, black hand was all ready to grab at my ankle; but I knew it must be done, and after a moment's hesitation, I leaped out, turned the key, drew the bolt, and with the speed of an antelope, tucked myself down into the comfortable feathers.

"Sleep! I might as well have tried to sleep in the regions of the infernal, couldn't close my eyes even. There was a painful sensation of its being necessary to keep myself close together. My feet seemed so far away from my head that I was compelled to draw them carefully up, and when at last my knees touched my chin, and there was no further curtailing possible, I tried to define what I was afraid of; but the more I tried the more wretched and perplexity I became. I could see nothing—hear nothing but; a warning of danger had been wafted to my soul, which that soul felt, but could not understand.

"A cold perspiration started from my face, but I dared not lift my hand to wipe it off. Every sense seemed preternaturally acute. After a space of time which seemed to me like an eternity, I distinctly heard a slight rustle under the bed. Still I stirred not. Again and again it was repeated, and at last I discovered that somebody was trying to move from his hiding place. The cause of my horror was then plain. What should I do? I knelt for the door, and attempt to alarm my friends at the other end of the passage? To save my life, I could not move an inch! Still the strange movement beneath me. It appeared as if my right hand were taken without the least volition of my own, and laid upon the little destroyer under my head.

"My eyes seemed riveted on the foot of the bed, where, in a little while a hand appeared—a long, black hand, which grasped the rail, as if in this way to assist its owner to his feet.

"Slowly, as I had seen figures appear before a trap-door on the boards of a theatre, the horrid thing assumed proportions. Not for a second did I remove my eyes.

"The head was small, covered with long, perfectly straight black hair; tiny head-like eyes, that glistened like those of a serpent. The creature's mouth seemed literally to spread from ear to ear, while the thick, crimson lips gave a crowning hideousness to the most terrible countenance I ever imagined.

"My hand clutched the murderous little weapon.

"The wretch moved slowly toward me, keeping his horrid eyes fixed on my face, while a leer impossible to describe, proclaimed that he thought his job an easy one.

"Gold, lady—gold—watch—gold!—Right away, now! Then Bill huggly you!" muttered the brute, advancing another step.

"With a steadiness that would have done credit to a professional shooting a target under ordinary circumstances, this right hand drew out the little pistol, fired, and in a second's time the giant, with a piercing shriek, reeled and fell.

"It appeared to me that a legion of men came running up stairs. They tried the door.

"This I thought a part of the plot, of course. My husband had been beguiled into leaving me, and I was in a den of thieves. So there I stood by the door, ready to shoot the first person who crossed the threshold.

"They entreated to be let in.

"Whoever attempts to enter this room is a dead man!" I answered,

with my mouth to the key-hole. "Let me in, Lisa, please!" said a well-known voice. "Bella, darling, open the door!"

"And I did.

"My God! What is this?" came from every member of the household, as the dead body met their view.

"And my God! what is this?" said my husband, taking my hair which had turned perfectly gray, which hung about my shoulders, into his hand, and bursting into tears, "Oh, darling why did I leave you!" was all the poor fellow could utter.

"The man was a villain who had several times escaped the penalties of the law, on account of what it was pleased to term his idiosyncy.

"So there was no conspiracy?" I ventured to ask, after taking a long breath.

"None at all," replied Frank. "The poor man we went to see died while I was there."

Miscellaneous.

What Life Teaches.

It is a great thing for a young man to find out early that he is of the minimum of importance in the world; that while it demands of him everything he can do, it can get on admirably without him. In all its busy, pressing forces, he is not missed—bless you he never has been recognized! Don't forget the mistake made by the fly on the coach wheel, nor the disaster that overtook the ambition of the frog. Do all you can; sink all selfish thought of self; and compel out of you the best that is in you.

Without morbidness, without morosities, Life has said to me; I think it says it early: Trust God, and your own right arm. Look to no compensation as a charity from man. Let your compensation be the reward of your own soul, and the humble hoping for the benediction of your God.

In nothing is the young man more wrong to be lax than the matter of habit. Life says to him that in nothing does he more need constant and anxious care. Habit makes us. What we are in the habit of doing, saying, thinking, decides the matter of character and the success of life. If life were only a series of independent individual acts, were there no moral continuity to it, no dependence of part on part; if nothing were repeated, it would everywhere be a failure. It is repetition that twists the fibre of existence into something permanent, coherent. Otherwise it would be only a rope of sand. And so we ought to have a special care about our first doings, because they entail second doings, and second doings entail third doings, and then heaps rise, as the Himalaya and Andes grow. Virtue is the habit of good; vice is the habit of bad; that is all. Repetition makes each. Their power, their majesty, their mischief, are only because of that. Do good, with God's help, and you can't help being good; keep doing evil and you can't help being evil. Honesty, integrity, truth, aversion, sensuality, theft, are only habits—no way separate, irresistible acts—and are to be reached or avoided by forming or avoiding the habit. Life says to the young man that its secret lies in the habit formed and the habit avoided.

J. F. WARE

Reverence.

One of the worst errors of the age is disrespect to parents, disrespect to teachers, disrespect to elders, disrespect to superiors, disrespect to all authority—human and divine. It has been a time of uprooting all that was once held sacred, venerable, and of good report. The old order of things has disappeared, and with it, has gone the reverence held for past usages and traditions. It is not wonderful that children, who have grown up in this transition period, should have but little veneration for the men and the truths that ought to be honored and revered. Parents and teachers should resist this scoffing, contemptuous, irreverent spirit. Reverence is essential to the perfect development of a full and rounded character. The Voltaires, the Rousseaus, the Thad Stevens have lacked it. But not a man who has left his mark for good on the age in which he lived, was destitute of devout and reverential feeling. It constitutes the crowning glory of

Washington, Lee and Stonewall Jackson. The Fathers of the American Republic were earnest, reverential men, who had no flippancy and frivolity about them. The brilliant man without reverence is like a splendid piece of machinery without a balance wheel, ill-regulated, dangerous, destructive. I go further. I contend that there can be no full development without this noblest quality of the soul. The mental growth of the irreverent is that of the pendant moss—downward, ever downward, to the earth. The mental growth of the reverential man is that of the sturdy oak, which puts out branch after branch, upward and upward, feeling for the sunshine and glory of heaven. The philosophy of the different growths is easily explained. The reverential boy has a noble model ever before him, and looking ever upward, is changed into the same image and becomes lofty and grand like his model. The jarring, irreverent boy has his eyes bent earthward, and becomes more and more brutish in his tastes and habits. The irreverent woman is a monster. —Southern Home.

Information about Bankruptcy.

Editor of Raleigh Register:—I here-with give the leading features of the law on the subject of Bankruptcy as it now stands, in which I trust you will find full answers to all your inquiries:

1st. Exemptions in bankruptcy are, real estate to the value of \$1,000 and personal property to the value of \$500 to be set apart for the use of the bankrupt and his family by the Assignee. The title of the bankrupt to the real estate was limited to his natural life and the minority of his youngest child prior to the act of the last Legislature, which made the homestead a free simple forever. Formerly the reversion was sold by the Assignee for the benefit of the creditors, but since the Act of the Legislature above mentioned the Assignee can take no title whatever, but will set apart and exempt it unconditionally.

2d. It is not required that any assets should come to the hands of the Assignee, or that any part of the debts should be paid to entitle a bankrupt to a discharge from debts contracted as surety to others, nor from any debts not actually proven against the estate, but if there are debts proved against the estate on which the bankrupt is liable as principal debtor, then the assets which come into the hands of the Assignee must equal 30 per cent of each debt, or the written consent of one fourth in number and one third in value of those same creditors must be filed with the Register on or before the day of the hearing on discharge. There is no provision of law required that the proceeds of the estate in the hands of the Assignee should pay any part of the debts to entitle the bankrupt to a discharge; but that it must equal 30 per cent of the debt actually proved, on which the bankrupt is liable as principal. Therefore, if surety debts were proved to the amount of \$10,000, and principal debts to the amount of \$1,000, and the Assignee had \$300 in hand, including the amount paid to the Register as security for costs, then a discharge would be given, even though the entire amount in the hands of the Assignee was subsequently consumed for costs, preferred claims, &c., and no dividend paid.

3d. Whether Congress will repeal the act during the next session, is, in the language of Dundreary, "Something which no fellow can find out." The merchants of our large cities, the great commercial interests, have vehemently opposed the law ever since its passage, and become stronger every year. In the last Congress their influence obtained its repeal in the House by a large majority and it failed in the Senate because Congress adjourned before they could act upon it, but they took care to take it up and adjourn it over to the next session, to keep it alive. It is therefore very probably that the bankrupt law will not survive the coming winter.

The fees and costs of the Register, Marshal, Clerk, Assignee and Printer, in an ordinary case amounts to about \$100, and if there are no assets to come into the hands of Assignee, this sum should be deposited with the Register at the commencement of the proceedings, otherwise \$65 will be sufficient.

A. W. SHAFFER, Register.

The 'Awfully Profound' Minister.

He deals in metaphysics; talks about the laws of perception, the system of consequences, hypothesis, pre-emptive doctrines, and apologetics until his audience can hardly see their hand before their face. He has a learned way of pushing back his spectacles, a learned way of clearing his throat, a learned way of employing his pocket-handkerchief. I have heard him cough until I could hear the echo of the ages. The audience does not know what he is talking about, and he does not know either. The only cheerful part of his sermon is when he gets through. Now when men are genuinely learned, they are simple in phraseology and manner. I never knew an exception to that. But a little learning will often make a man swell beyond all reasonable proportions. Oh, drop your sesquipedalian phraseology and use short, sharp, plain words.

I have seen a luke of water twenty feet deep, so clear that if you dropped a silver half dollar to the bottom you could see it. And there is such a thing as being deep and clear at the same time. An Englishman crossed the Channel to France, and was exceedingly disturbed by the fact that he could not understand a word of the French language. He was met at the depot by a Frenchman, and the driver of the cab talked to him in French. When he got to the hotel he found nothing but the French language there, and a man with French language took him to his couch at night, and he was almost exhausted because of his incapacity to understand anything that was being said to him; and in a sad mind he went to sleep. In the morning he woke up and heard the chattering crowd, and he said: "Thank goodness, there's some English at last." And what a relief it is, after hearing some men talk in learned technicalities, foreign to our capacity, to suddenly hear something the plainest people can understand. I know only one use for words and that is to let men know what you mean. —Christian at Work.

A Delicate Question.

Since the peach and apple crop has been so finely developed all over our country, we have found in several places in our recent travels good brethren who are sorely tempted to have their fruit distilled into brandy. The argument is, that if they don't do it others will, and that it is better to use up the fruit in this way and make it available rather than have the fruit wasted, and all that kind of thing—while they lose sight of the fact that the making of this accursed stuff out of the God-given fruit, is wrong, morally and physically. It is turning one of God's blessings into a curse of the devil; it is taking fruit intended to bless and improve and make God's creatures happy, and converting it into a hellish poison that curses the body as well as the soul.

Again, many of these brethren have sons that may be ruined by the use of the beverage they are making to increase their worldly gain. What they gain on the one hand will be dearly bought if they raise up a curse in their own houses that shall ruin their own sons.

A Baptist preacher in upper Georgia once told us that he once cautioned a deacon of his Church against distilling his fruit; but he persisted, and his own son died cursing his father as the cause of his ruin.

Dear brethren, yield not to this temptation. Say, "Get thee behind me Satan." Keep in the path of right, and you are safe. —S. C. Advocate.

MONSTER CLOCK.—A monster clock has just been completed in London—a counterpart in many respects of the world renowned Westminster clock, with the exception of the striking and charming apparatus; the dial is the largest ever yet constructed, being no less than forty feet in diameter, or nearly thirteen hundred square feet in area; the hands, with their counterpoises, weigh nearly a quarter of a ton, the minute hand measuring some nineteen feet in length and moving half an inch at every beat of the pendulum. The distance traveled by the point of the minute hand is necessarily nearly four miles a week. During seventeen days of close and accurate observation this gigantic piece of mechanism, the variation was found not to exceed eight seconds.

Advertising Rates.

One Square, of ten lines, first insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .50
For the first week, 50 Cents per square.
The price of yearly advertising is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of the individual members.
Advertisements of an obnoxious nature will not be inserted at any price.
No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.
Contract advertisements taken at low rates.

Pleasant Paragraphs.

The best way to throw dice—throw them away.

What is the difference between a post-hole and a speaking trumpet. One is hollered out and the other hollered in.

Why are parties who do not advertise like a shipwrecked mariner? Because they see no sale [sail] from day to day.

"When I die" said a married man, "I want to go where there is no snow to shovel." His wife said that she presumed he would.

A wicked man killed himself in the lowest level of a Nevada mine, and the account says: "Thus his alleged soul was saved over half a mile of transportation."

An exchange says: "An Albany man who used to live on ten cents a day died wealthy." He may have died wealthy, (renewed another) but we'll bet money he didn't die fat.

If nature designed man to be a drunkard, he would have been constructed like a clown, so that the more he drank the firmer he would stand.

"The single-scul race!" exclaimed an old lady, as she laid down the morning paper. "My gracious! I didn't know there was a race of men with double skulls!"

A contemporary asks: "Are skunks liable to go mad?" We can't answer the question, but it is said that a person who too closely interviews one is liable to go very much that way, indeed.

In a discussion of a board of aldermen while they were debating a proposition to supply a new style of lamp-post, one member got up and innocently remarked that he, for one, had always found the old ones good enough to stand by.

"Carpenter," said a gentleman, finding a lot of nails strewn about the floor, "if you do not pick up these nails, they will be lost." "No fear," said the man; "you will find them all in the bill."

"Do those bells sound an alarm of fire?" said a stranger, the other Sunday, as the church bells were calling together the worshippers. "Yes," was the reply, "but the fire is in the next world."

Teacher—Define the word "exavate." Scholar—It means to hollow out. Teacher—Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used. Scholar—The baby exavates when it gets hurt.

A rich, but parsimonious old gentleman, on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said,—"True, I don't give much; but if you only know how it hurts when I give anything, you wouldn't wonder."

The Orientals are very trusting to each other. "Are you not afraid to go away from your shop without locking it?" a traveler asked of an Egyptian. "Oh, no," answered the man coolly, "there is not a Christian in three miles."

A Cincinnati liquor dealer applied to a customer for a letter of recommendation of a certain brand of whiskey he had recently sold him. The customer wrote: "I have tried all sorts of insect poison, and find none equal to your old cabinet whiskey."

"Do you know where I can get room to store a load of salt?" asked a countryman of a Boston clock. "Perhaps my father can accommodate you," was the reply. "He has plenty of salt-room on his hands."

It is gratifying to learn that a plan is in progress for preserving water-melons all winter; and now it will be possible for girls to have something round to put in the heel of their stocking when they want to darn it smoothly.

"William," observed a Milwaukee woman to her husband, "Mrs. H. I comb feels pretty badly since the loss of her child, and I wish you would drop over there and soo her. You might say that all flesh is grass; that we've all got to go the same way, and see if she is going to use her dripping pan this afternoon."

The Monroe Enquirer

W. C. WOLFE, Editor and Prop'r
MORONE, N. C., SEPT. 17, 1877.
NO ADVERTISEMENTS NO OBSCUREMENT.

In his speech, opening the Ohio campaign on the Republican side, Senator Stanley Matthews enters into an elaborate defense of the President's title to his office, and describes the Democratic effort to make an issue out of the circumstances attending the electoral tribunal as in every way unworthy. He cannot establish this latter point. That Mr. Hayes occupies the office of Chief Magistrate upon a strictly legal title no sound lawyer or thoughtful man will deny; but, without questioning this, the Democratic party proposes to see that the means by which the title was obtained are thoroughly and universally understood to the end that the like may not occur again. There is surely nothing unworthy in this.

The electoral commission was the offspring of two conditions: a conspiracy on the part of the Republicans; the cowardice of the Democrats.

The moment the Republican leaders began to conspire the Democratic leaders began to flinch. During the Presidential campaign two Republican leaders of note, Mr. Blaine and Mr. Boutwell, declared in ominous terms that, if Mr. Tilden should be elected, he would not be permitted to be seated. Thus the Democratic party had forewarned. The night after the election, Mr. Chandler, the chief of the Radical conspiracy, began his work. As early as the night of the following Sunday the Democratic chiefs in New York were elaborately informed of the hypocrisies of the case in Louisiana, and entreated by telegram from New Orleans to organize public opinion at once on the line of the actual result of the election. Nothing was done. Congress met, the Democratic line wavered, everything positive was rejected, the Republicans gained confidence and spirit, and the opportunity was lost.

The middle of January came and brought with it the scheme for an electoral commission.

It was, by reason of the circumstances named, a necessity. The country saw it even clearer than Congress. The common sense of the common people understood that the Democratic leaders had given themselves away; that they no longer had any real power, and that their sole recourse was some ladder on which they could crawl down. The ladder contrived by the joint committee was as good as another, and it went through the people, as it went through Congress, like a dose of salts. Nobody, except those whose scheming, the Republicans, and those whose inactivity, the Democrats was at fault; but the country at large will, in the end, exact accountability of both parties to the fraud which conspiracy and cowardice put upon it.

To us it is not certainly a pleasing topic, but it will vanish at no man's bidding. Republicans, like Stanley Matthews, can not whistle it down the wind. Nor will Democratic politicians of the "I told you so" school be able to obscure or alter the issue. The record is complete. It says as plain as words can say the fight was lost in November, not in January; that it was lost because the Democratic leaders in the East were unequal to the emergency, that Congress, directed by these powerless men from the first except to make a decent surrender, which was done. Those Democratic members of Congress who thought to gain a little cheap glory by pretending to stand out when they knew and everybody else knew, that the day was gone, will in the long run go for what they are worth in other things. In that particular matter they showed neither superior courage nor superior sagacity. No one of them, having any future before him, would have accepted the responsibility of defeating the electoral bill in the face of the united Democrats of the Senate and of carrying the Democratic party over the ground intervening between their act and the 4th of March.

That however, is not the purpose of this writing. Judge Matthews will be as ill able to establish his plea for an amendment of issue as the impracticable on the Democratic side will be to contradict the truth of history. The people know pretty well how it was; they have forgotten nothing, and they mean to see that the account is settled, finally, completely, justly and accurately. — *Courier-Journal*.

PERFECTLY MORTON. — We are informed that a man by the name of John Johnston, of Johnston county, has invented what he and many others believe to be perpetual motion. He has constructed a large model of iron, which has been continuously running for some time without any symptoms of suspending motion, which he intends exhibiting at the State Fair. — *Raleigh News*.

THE EASTERN WAR.

AFFAIRS AT PLEVNA.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ATTACK BY A CORRESPONDENT.

POSDENT.

LONDON, Sept. 11. — The *Daily News* correspondent, resuming his narrative of the operations before Plevna, which he had previously carried down to Friday, under date of "Before Plevna, Saturday, Sept. 8th, 5 P. M.," says: "When the cannonade was recommenced this morning, it was not easy at first to recognize that the Russians had gained any advantage the day before. The parapet of the Grivica redoubt had been a good deal jagged by the Russian shells, but under cover of night all its defects had been made good, and it looked as trim as if never a shot had been fired at it; but the Russians had, during the night, gained a large slice of ground in the direction of Grivica, and a battery of siege guns had been built on an elevation within easy range of the redoubt. At sunrise that battery came into action in rear of an advanced battery, and sent its fire sweeping into the redoubt, which could not reply to the siege battery, the range being too long, so it pounded away at the field batteries on the ridge, but the practice was not good, and few casualties occurred. The Russian siege battery made admirable practice at the Grivica redoubt, which is the key to the position, and instead of spreading their fire the Russians should have concentrated upon it the whole weight of the bombardment; as it is, they may bombard it for a week, and after all not succeed in taking it. The assault was intended to have begun yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock, but owing to delays the troops were not in a position by the appointed time. Everywhere now the infantry is in position and waiting for the word. Towards noon the Russian infantry pushed forward in skirmishing order, driving back the outlying Turks; the artillery followed and came into action at short range. The Turkish return fire was chiefly directed at the Russian first line artillery, which is very heavy, but little harm is done. Further on the left, to the crest of the range beyond Radisova, which was one array of field batteries, the firing was very heavy, the Turkish shells doing great damage among the guns, and falling behind among the infantry on the reserve slope and in Radisova. At 3 o'clock the Russians advanced toward the Turkish positions, and continued to fire rather slackly. The fire must have reached into Plevna. There are no indications of an assault to-day. I believe it will be commenced to-morrow. The Russian cannon are drawing close around the Turkish positions, but the test will not be with the cannon but with the prowess of the men. The losses were much heavier to-day than yesterday."

LONDON, Sept. 12.

The following Russian bulletins effectually dispose of the wild stories about the capture of Plevna, about Vienna and Bucharest since Saturday: "Russian Headquarters, Porebin, Sept. 10, 10:40 A. M. — Our batteries cannonaded Plevna all of Sunday. The Turks made a considerable sortie against our left wing, but were repulsed, losing heavily. The Roumanians made a bold reconnaissance of the enemy's redoubts, which opened a heavy fire, but were silenced by the concentrated fire of our batteries. The position of one of our siege batteries was changed on Sunday evening to enable it to cannonade the fortified Turkish encampment. Heavy cannonading continued through the night and has increased in extent and activity from 5 o'clock this morning. All is quiet at other points of the theatre of war. At the capture of Lovatz we took two Turkish standards and a quantity of arms and ammunition. We buried 2,200 Turkish dead. Large numbers were saved by our cavalry during the pursuit. Our loss was 1,000." "Russian Headquarters, Porebin, Sept. 11, 5:30 A. M. — Our siege batteries cannonaded Plevna all of Monday, and until late in the night. The left wing under Gen. Skobloff captured another of the neighboring heights, which will enable us to bombard the enemy's position and the town of Plevna itself. The enemy opposed Gen. Skobloff very feebly. Our cavalry on the Sophia road has defeated a detachment of Circassians from Plevna. Our losses to the present time are insignificant."

Agricultural.

Col. L. L. Polk has addressed the following circular letter to the correspondents of the Department of Agriculture. It speaks for itself:

TO SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

NORTH CAROLINA,

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,

RALEIGH, Sept. 8, 1877.

SIR: In view of the general and earnest interest manifested throughout

the State in the work of this Department, it is deemed advisable as a means of encouraging it, that a meeting of all our correspondents should be held in this city at some time during the week of our approaching State Fair. You are, therefore, cordially and earnestly solicited by the Board of Agriculture, and the Commissioner, to meet with them in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol, on the evening of the 17th of October, (Wednesday) at 8 o'clock. A large number of our correspondents indicate their purpose to attend the Fair, and this meeting will afford an opportunity to become better acquainted and to interchange views and opinions which doubtless be pleasant and profitable.

Meetings of the State Agricultural Society will be held in the Commons, Hall each evening during the Fair, and to which I am authorized to solicit your attendance.

The fare on the various Railroads will not exceed one and a half cents per mile.

During the days of the Fair I may be found in the east wing of the Agricultural Hall on the Fair grounds, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., where I will be gratified to see you and render you any service at my command. At any other time I would be glad to have you call at my office in the Briggs Building on Fayetteville street, where I would be pleased to show you through the Agricultural and Geological Museums.

It is exceedingly important to the Department and the Agricultural Society that we should know definitely by the 20th of this month whether your county will be represented by specimens in my Museum and in what quantity, so the requisite space may be prepared.

You will therefore greatly oblige me by informing me at once whether you will send specimens of your products.

State whether you will attend the Fair. Be assured that it would give the Board, the Commission, and the officers of the Fair great pleasure to contribute to your enjoyment.

Please let me hear from you promptly.

Very respectfully,

L. L. POLK, Commissioner.

P. S. — For information in regard to details of the Fair, Premium Lists, &c., address Captain C. B. Denson, Secretary of Society, Raleigh, N. C.

A Grange Day.

The State Fair promises to be simply a stupendous affair. Read Worthly Master Alexander's card to the Grangers of the State. He calls upon them to send committees to examine and learn all they can from the exhibition and then appoints Thursday of fair week Grange Day.

Col. Polk has called a meeting of all his special correspondents on Wednesday night of the fair, and the Agricultural Society will hold meetings each night, and this programme for the entertainment at night of the large crowd that will be present, added to what may be seen and heard on the grounds during the day, will assuredly draw a mighty host of our people together. Well, let them come, Raleigh will do its very best to care for them. — *News*.

MASTER'S OFFICE.

N. C. STATE GRANGE, P. O. H. CHARLOTTE, N. C., Sept. 12th, 1877.

To the Patrons of Husbandry of North Carolina:

The approaching Fair of the North Carolina Agricultural Society promises to be the best ever held in the State. Being a co-laborer with us in the great work of promoting the agricultural interests of the State, it is meet that we should show our recognition and appreciation of its aid by attending its exhibition. Bring with you specimens of all your products, stock &c., examine the merits and demerits of different kinds of stock, farming implements and machinery, field and garden products, interchange views with your brother farmers in relation to modes of culture on different soils for producing the largest yields &c., and you will find this reunion not only pleasant but profitable.

I earnestly request each Grange to send a committee to the Fair to examine the implements, machinery, stock and products of the soil, with the view of ascertaining the kinds and varieties best suited to the different sections of our State.

As many Patrons cannot attend during the entire time of the Fair, I do hereby appoint Thursday, the 18th of October, as "Grange Day," and hope to meet large numbers of the Patrons. Our brethren of other States are cordially invited to be present.

Fraternally,

S. B. ALEXANDER,

Master State Grange of N. C.

The Growing Cotton Crop.

The New York cotton buyers, are trying to fix the price of cotton upon the basis of the receipt of five million bales from the growing crop. The Macon, Georgia, *Telegraph and Messenger*, a very reliable paper, thinks the basis a false one. It says: "Doubtless a five million bale crop will come along in due time. There is nothing better established than the average rapid increase of the cotton product of the United States. This year 1875-6 could not be pronounced a very propitious crop year, and yet we marketed 4,669,000 bales. In 1876-7 (yet unreported) we may set down the yield at four and a half millions. A favorable crop season the past summer and present fall would, no doubt, have pushed the product up to the neighborhood of five million bales; but there is going to be a general falling off everywhere, one or two regions of small comparative productive capacity only excepted. "In about five-sixths of the cotton area the crop has suffered materially from drought, and in Texas, Mississippi, Arkansas, Western Tennessee, and portions of Alabama, the worms and rust have inflicted heavy injury upon it. A late frost may possibly increase the product beyond expectation in this quarter, but it is certain that at this time, few intelligent men look for a yield equal to that of last year. All report that there will be a considerable fall off in the Georgia crop; and the report from the great bulk of the cotton region is to the same effect. This is the present aspect, and therefore the talk about five millions is the mere bosh of speculators to give prices a set down appropriate to the entry of a new year's product into market. Old King Cotton has but a seamy reception with every new appearance on the stage, but he gains in consideration as the seasons advances and holders change. The crop of 1877-78 will make no advance towards the five million goal, but we look for a retrograde."

A Plan to Abolish the Presidency.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9. — Several numerously signed memorials will be presented to Congress next month proposing amendments to the constitution abolishing the presidency, an executive council of state or cabinet to be substituted therefor, to be composed of the seven secretaries without any superior officer. All to have equal authority; that is, simply strike out the President and authorize the secretaries to have the execution of all the laws and general supervision of the government, four of the council to be elected by the House and three by the Senate from members of their respective houses for two years, one or all to be removed at any time by the House electing them, and all to have the rights of members of both houses.

The depreciation of real estate in the Northern cities is one of the gloomiest signs of the times, financially, for the Northern section of the Union. Real estate has fallen so low that, it is asserted, notably in New York, mortgages executed at fifty or forty per cent. of low valuations since 1873 are not now worth their face, while men who bought improved city property and paid half the purchase money, cannot now sell the property for what is due on it. Whether this percentage of decline be right or wrong, it is admitted on all sides that a large decline has taken place, and the outlook is anything but promising. It is matter of congratulation with us of the South, that a like depreciation has not overtaken us.

Morton-His Purposes and Condition.

(Special Dispatch to Baltimore Sun.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.

A friend of Senator Morton, who arrived here from Indiana to-day, says the Senator is determined that, if he is alive and it is possible for him to bear the journey to Washington, will be in his seat when Congress meets in October. Despite this, it is not believed here that Governor Morton can be present at the extra session. In fact one of his most intimate friends here says he does not believe he will ever be in Washington again. His absence, and the fact of anticipated carpet-bag defections, leads some to the belief that the Democrats have a good show of obtaining control of the Senate at once.

It is rumored that Judge Bradley, of the Supreme Court, is to be investigated at the approaching session of Congress on the charge of having been improperly influenced in his vote on the commission. It is said that Judge Bradley changed his mind on the Florida vote in a manner that needs explanation. He told Judge Fields and Judge Clifford that the vote ought to be counted for Tilden and Houdricks, but when he delivered his opinion it was Hayes and Wheeler.

New Jersey's Earthquake.

MOORE HILLS, Sept. 11. — The honest farmers of this section of New Jersey were and are still sadly puzzled by the shaking that they received yesterday morning from an earthquake shock. It forms the uppermost portion throughout Burlington and a portion of Mercer, Ocean, Monmouth counties. The shock was felt here at two minutes of ten o'clock in the morning and lasted nearly half a minute. It was accompanied by a rumbling as of distant thunder, succeeded by a heavy report described by many persons as an explosion, the firing of a cannon, and a sharp clap of thunder. The course of the shock was from southwest to northeast, and it embraced a tract of country about thirty miles in length by fifteen in width. At this place houses were shaken, dishes thrown from shelves and broken bricks loosened from chimneys, and the water in streams violently agitated. Persons standing on the banks of ponds and streams say that the fish rose to the surface of the water as though stunned. So violent was the shock that the residents rushed from their houses in alarm and thronged the streets, inquiring anxiously of each other as to the cause of the commotion. It seems to have followed the general course of Delaware river from Burlington to Trenton, but not to have been felt on the banks. It was plainly felt in Burlington, Bordentown, Newtown, Allentown, Windsor, Hamilton square and very slightly in Trenton. In the latter place it was felt at one minute of ten o'clock. In Allentown it was so severe that in the case of a woman in consumption it brought on a violent hemorrhage. Many persons were unseated, while others were limited with an electric shock and tingling sensations in their limbs. There was no disturbance in Camden, nor in places north of Trenton.

At the time of the shock the sky

was perfectly clear, but everybody seems to have first heard the rumbling sound in the air, and have instinctively gazed upward. Then it seemed to come from the ground at their feet, and to have gone entirely before they had the faintest notion of its cause.

The late Gen. C. F. Henningsen,

who, as a soldier of fortune and a participant in many wars, was familiar with the country now the theatre of war in the East, expressed the opinion a few days before his death that the Turks would be successful in their struggle with Russia. The Russians, he said, might carry every pass in the Balkans, but even then would find hundreds of miles between their army and Constantinople, every mile of which would be hotly contested by the Turks, who would lay waste the country and make the subsistence of their enemy a matter of grave doubt. The Russians might, indeed, by sheer force of overwhelming numbers, crush Turkey and reach their objective point; but before this happened he believed the war would be made so disastrous to them that a patched-up peace would be the result. — *Washington Star*.

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June 4th, 1877-52.

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Carolina Central Railway

Company

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

Wilmington, N. C.,

June 1st 1877.

SCHEDULE

ON AND AFTER MONDAY THE 4th inst., Trains will run over this road as follows:

PASSENGER, MAIL AND EXPRESS.

Leave Wilmington at..... 6:30 P. M.

Arrive at Charlotte..... 6:30 A. M.

Arrive at Shelby at..... 11:15 A. M.

Leave Shelby at..... 1:30 P. M.

Leave Charlotte at..... 6:30 P. M.

Leave Monroe at..... 7:50 P. M.

Arrive at Wilmington..... 6:20 A. M.

This train leaves Wilmington and Shelby, Daily, except Sundays, with Sleeping Cars attached.

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT—TWICE WEEKLY.

Leave Wilmington, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at..... 6:30 A. M.

Arrive at Monroe, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at..... 2:15 P. M.

Arrive at Charlotte, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at..... 5:30 P. M.

Leave Charlotte, Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays at..... 6:30 P. M.

Leave Monroe, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at..... 7:50 P. M.

Arrive at Wilmington, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at..... 6:20 A. M.

This train carries about thirty-two horses between Wilmington and Charlotte, stopping over night at Laurinburg.

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May 21st, 1877-50-1f.

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Mrs. M. L. STEVENS,

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July 5th, '77-5-f.

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June 4th, 1877-52.

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