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ROMANCE OF A DEAD LETTER.

The pretty widow C., a clerk in the Dead Letter Office, hurried into my room one day and thrust into my hand a missive saying:

"Read it quickly and return it. It is against the rules to take any matter out of the office, but time was such a curiosity that I was determined you should read it."

The dainty lavender tinted envelope still retaining, in spite of its long travels, the faint perfume of violets, was superscribed in graceful feminine hand to "Thaddeus Warren, Warsaw, Wyoming county, N. Y."

I drew the letter from its envelope carefully and doubtfully. What right had I to pry into the secrets of this girl or woman? Why should I seek to know that which was intended for other eyes than mine? But Mrs. C., whom long association had made callous in such matters, ended my hesitation by exclaiming in a vexed tone:

"Why don't you read it; I have to go back to the office, and I shall be late."

It read:  
"My DARLING THAD:—I am so worried and troubled that sometimes I think I shall go mad. Why do you not come to me, or write to me? You certainly must have received my letter containing my address. I faithfully kept the secret of our marriage as long as I remained at home. You know what gossips these villagers are, and how ready to point the finger of scorn at a poor orphan girl. When I could no longer stand their contumely, I acted on your suggestion, packed my wardrobe and left. This delightful little Western town affords a secure retreat for baby and me. You don't know about baby, do you? He is two months old, the very picture of his dear papa, and he is named for you. I kiss him every time I think of you. He is my only consolation while you are away. I am sure that without him I should die. I am out of money and need many things. Please let me hear from you soon. The good people of the village know me as Mrs. Veston, but to you I am,  
"Lovingly, NELLIE WARREN."

The letter contained neither name of place from which it was written or date, but with careful scrutiny I read on the envelope, "Vermillion Illinois," with date six months before. I laid the letter down in my lap, and said with a little sigh: "Poor thing, how I pity her!" Mrs. C., had no time for sentiment; she seized the letter and hurried off. And I, a busy woman, picked up my pen and went on with my writing. In a few short hours the memory of the unhappy young mother had passed my mind. Summer, with its scorching heats, came on apace, bringing with it dust, flies, and rumors of that dread disease, cholera. I was overworked, my system depleted, and my nerves in that state which borders on mental distraction.

My physician prescribed rest and change of air, but where was I to find this? Surely not at fashionable watering place. I ran over at least fifty towns in my mind, but rejected them all, as incompatible with bodily rest and tranquility of mind. At last I bethought myself of some relatives in Illinois, living in a quiet country town. The thought, an incentive of action, was scarcely conceived, before it was acted upon, and I was whirling away upon the steam cars, leaving behind me the capital and its warfare and cares.

After two days of tedious, continuous riding, I reached the grand prairie of Illinois. It was as blooming like a rose, and lifted its level surface, teeming with nature's products, smilingly to the sun.

It was the third day of travel, and I was nearing not only the end of my journey but also of the day, when the other patient travelers and myself felt a slight shock or concussion, which disturbed their equilibrium, and threw things about promiscuously. Fortunately, no one was hurt, but there was considerable grumbling when the conductor announced that there was a wreck on the track ahead of the train, and would be compelled to make ourselves comfortable for the night at the small village where we had halted. It did not occur to me to ask the name of the place until I entered the small hut dignified with the name of depot; then I was informed that it was Vermillion. The name had a strangely familiar

sound to me, and I continued to repeat it over to myself, until I reached the hotel—then my dim remembrance became a certainty. The letter from the Dead Letter Office, which Mrs. C. had brought me had been written from this place.

My resolution was formed instantly to find out more in regard to this unfortunate young woman. Therefore, after supper, I sought the landlady, and enquired if there was a Mrs. Veston living in the village, and if her husband was with her. She replied that there was a Mrs. Veston, a dressmaker living there, but she was understood to be a widow. It was not yet dusk, and asking for minute directions as to where she lived, I set out in search of her residence. I found without difficulty the small cottage where she resided. There were flowers in the front yard, and trailing vines and climbing roses over the low window. Just such a sweet, secluded spot as I had imagined the home of the deserted wife to be.

In response to my knock the door was opened by a pretty, lady-like looking woman: there were marks of care around her eyes, and a tear-washed look in their azure depths, but the face still retained something of girlish freshness. I took the chair she proffered me, and being naturally of a blunt disposition, blurted out: "Do you know where Thaddeus Warren is?" She flushed to her temples, then grew pale and burst into tears. All my tender sympathies were aroused, and I gently took her hand and begging her not to be disturbed, I told her that I was her friend, and I wanted to help her; and that I felt sure that she was the victim of a mistake. Then I told her of the letter I had read, and how I felt certain that her husband never received any of her letters. Thus reassured, she wiped away her tears, and repeated to me her sad but simple story.

Thaddeus Warren was the son of a rich man; she was a poor orphan dependent on the bounty of a relative. They met and loved each other; but Thaddeus's parents determinedly opposed the match; then followed that never-failing source of trouble, a secret marriage. The young wife solemnly promised not to reveal the fact of her marriage without her husband's permission. A few months passed away, when Thaddeus was sent to a distance to transact some business for his father. He was to be away three or four months. As his wife bade him a tearful farewell, she whispered into his ear some grave fears which had been disturbing and perplexing her. For a moment he was astounded, and then recovering himself, he laughed at what he termed her morbid fears, but placing a sum of money in her hand, told her if the worst came to the worst to go away from her village home. She must be sure and write to him where she had gone, and he would find her, though it be in Egypt.

Days, weeks and months passed away, and she could not help but notice the growing coldness of her friends, and the suspicious glances of strangers. One day on returning home her relative met her with reproaches, and accused her of having brought infamy upon her house. One word of truth would have cleared her of all imputations; but she was true to the trust reposed in her, and would have suffered anything rather than betray Thaddeus. A homeless, helpless orphan, there was no one for her to flee to, and nothing to comfort her but her trust in God. Then she acted upon Thaddeus's suggestion, and in a few short hours was on a Western bound train. She had not meant to go so far away when she started, but a restless feeling, an anxiety to get away took possession of her, and she went on and on, scarcely thinking where. At last she settled down in this little town; here her baby was born, and here she wrote the letter destined never to be received. Besides that one letter, she had written half a dozen others, but no answer had come to any of them, and now she was convinced that he did not wish to come to her. His father had probably induced him to desert and forget her.

I told her that such conviction was unworthy of her; that she should think better of the man to whom she had pledged her truth. I tried to cheer her by telling her that if Thaddeus Warren still lived, there was yet a

chance of meeting and happiness for them, and, God helping me, I would help to bring it about.

The fate of one letter showed the probable fate of the others. The first thing was to find out his whereabouts; the next to make him speak. I had a friend in Warsaw, a lawyer, and through him I could conduct my researches.

I left her much comforted, and even felt cheered myself at the thought that I had a love mission to perform. I did not see Mrs. Veston again, but I did not forget my promise. The answer to my first letter from my friend in Warsaw was not encouraging. The Warrens, the whole family of them, had left Warsaw, and no one seemed to know their whereabouts. This letter I answered, and sent him a retainer to continue the search. The retainer he indignantly returned, but assured me that he would continue his efforts. After a time the chase became interesting. Thaddeus Warren was a "Will-o'-the-wisp," who seemed one moment just in our grasp; the next soaring out of sight.

"Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper. Came with its airy hand to point and beckon us forward."

The summer passed, and I was forced to confess that I was not much nearer the truth than when I began. When I arrived at home the first month in autumn, I found among other letters piled upon my table, one from Warsaw. I opened it eagerly, and was at last rewarded for my time and patience. The goal was reached, and Thaddeus Warren found—found where I had no thought of looking for him—almost under the shadow of my home. Uncle Sam had charge of him, and every day he was to be found within the Treasury Building. I laid down the letter, and laughed until I almost carried at the sudden fruition of my hopes.

The next day, arrayed in all the glory of my best attire, I sailed forth to the Treasury. I was as agitated as a girl over her first love affair, and it was a flushed face and a beating heart that I presented when I sent in my card to Thaddeus Warren. He came out in a few moments—a fair, handsome man, with a face that involuntarily draws out your trust and confidence. My voice shook when I stammered out: "I come from your wife."

A shade passed over his face as he responded: "Madam, I do not understand you."

Indignation calmed my voice as I continued: "You cannot deny, sir, that you are married; and that, too, to one the purest and sweetest little woman on this earth;" then I grew pathetic, and launched forth into the story of her patient suffering. He was visibly affected, and the tears stood in his eyes when I finished. "Heaven knows," he replied, "I knew nothing of this. I was to believe that she purposely deserted me; that she fled with a man that she loved better than me."

"The truth of my story" is easily proved," I responded. I gave him a card with her address, and turned to depart. He seized my hand, and reverently said: "Madam, if you have been the instrument of reuniting two loving hearts, great will be your reward in Heaven, and our blessings shall ever follow you."

I departed with a lighter heart than I had known for months. People having no cares of their own often burden themselves with those of other people, and I had been as much oppressed with that little woman's sorrow as if my own fame and fortune depended upon its removal.

That was some years ago. Now Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Warren and their young son live in one of the prettiest houses in the city, and are as happy as God permits mortals to be. I spend every Sunday afternoon with them, and they are never weary of repeating that line of Scripture to me, which says, "Let her own works praise her in the gates."

—At 7 a. m., two duelists, who are to fight to the death at a place in the suburbs, meet at the ticket-office of the railroad station.

"Gem me a return ticket as usual," says the first duelist to the clerk in a terrible tone and with a ferocious twist of his moustache.

"I—I say, do you always buy return tickets?" stammers his opponent.

"Always."

"Then I apologize."

The Drought of 1826.

"The old Senator" from Halifax writes a very interesting letter to the *Roanoke News* about the drought of 1826, which we reprint to-day.

"You will permit me, an old man, to correct an error of yours, about the great drought many years ago—it was the year 1826 instead of 1827. The year 1827 was the greatest fruit and corn crop year that I ever knew—but it was with difficulty the people made out to get supplies and live. Providence aided much by the great quantity of fruit and the farmers sowed wheat, oats and rye during the fall of 1826. It was not so difficult for the people to get on with their operations in 1826—because they had the crop of 1825 to live on. The great inconvenience and trouble was in getting meal, as you state; they had to go to the Weldon mills and remain some times for days. I sent to Palmer's mill, above Gaston, and would sometimes have to wait nearly a week to get my turning round. The mills were all stopped in this locality and we had no steam mills at that date. To give you some idea of the severity of the drought—I will state from my recollection what three among the best farmers in this section made, and rapping from 3 to 6 ploughs each. One made 9 barrels of corn, one 7 barrels and the other 4 barrels—each made a little cotton. Edgemore county made 1 suppose, the largest corn crop that was ever made in the county, in 1826. It was not then a cotton growing country to much extent. It was the Egypt and granary for the people to get bread from, and all who had money could buy corn at \$2.50 to \$3.00 a barrel, and wagons and carts from Halifax, Warren and Granville were passing to Edgemore almost daily. I was married on the 2d day of May, 1826 and know that we had only a few showers from that time until the last of August or first of September. Mr. Benjamin Johnston and myself are perhaps the only two living in this neighborhood, who know much about the drought of 1826. Our crops have suffered very much this summer, but the rain has commenced and we hope they will improve. When I commented this, I intended only to correct the date—but then concluded that I would let you know about the trials and hardships of the people at that time. With much regard, I am,

Your humble servant,  
M. L. WIGGINS."

Trying to Defraud the Government

A novel case, illustrating a new way of evading the payment of custom duties, has recently come to the knowledge of treasury officials, and been the subject of some consideration. Over a year ago an importer entered at the New York custom-house a lot of new proprietary medicines, the value of which he placed at two thousand dollars. He was notified that the duty would amount to one thousand dollars, whereupon he decided not to pay it, but leave the goods in the custom-house. After one year the goods, together with others which had remained on hand for a year, were advertised to be sold at public auction as unclaimed goods. At the sale the medicines were bought in by the merchant who imported them at sixty dollars, but upon the authorities learning who the purchaser was the sale was set aside. The goods were again advertised, more publicity being given in the advertisement to the value of the articles. At the second sale the price offered was the same as at the first sale—sixty dollars—and the goods were sold and delivered to a person not known to the officials. Subsequently it was discovered that the goods had been bid in for the original importer. The facts were reported to the department; and after consideration, it has been decided to bring suit against the importer for the amount of custom duties on the goods. This is the first case of the kind that has ever come to the knowledge of the department, and it is proposed to make it a test case, and see whether by sharp practice, the government can be defrauded of the duties upon the articles imported.

Planting a Tree for His Coffin.

P. Black, of the town of Madison, in this county, is a remarkable man. His home is a land of plenty, all put there by his own hands, and there is nothing that is wanted that he hasn't got. Things another man would throw away he has taken and saved. He has the mellowest old brandy, and barrels of whiskey that he bought years and years ago all stowed away in his storehouse, and his lumber room is a curiosity of its kind. He can sell a man an old pulpit if he wants one, for in the furniture line he has all sorts and sizes. As for instance a Good Templars' Association was started in Madison some years since and a head man was wondering where they could have made the necessary tables and high seats for the officers. P. Black happened to hear what was up and the next day he took the gentleman quietly to his lumber room, near where the old rye and apple brandy were, and there he showed him a complete assortment of temperance furniture that had belonged to an old temperance lodge years before. It

Old Hickory.

The Americans are familiar with this sobriquet of General Andrew Jackson; yet very few know how it was earned by the old hero. The following explanation may be regarded as authentic, as it was derived originally from General Jackson himself, by one of his messmates during the Creek war.

During the campaign, which included the battle of Emuckfau creek, the army was moving rapidly to surprise the Indians, and there were no tents. In the month of March a cold equinoctial rain began to fall, mingled with sleet, which lasted several days. The general was exposed to the weather, and was suffering severely with a bad cold and sore throat. At night he and his staff bivouacked in a muddy bottom, while the rain poured down, and froze as it fell. Some of his escort, finding that he was very unwell, became uneasy about him, although he did not complain, and laid down upon his blanket by the campfire with his soldiers. Seeing him wet to the skin, stretched in the mud and water in his suffering condition, they determined to try and make him more comfortable.

They cut down a stout hickory tree, in which the sap was rising, and peeled the bark from it in large flakes; cut two forks and a pole, laid down a floor of bark and dead leaves, and roofed it, and closed one side, or rather one end of the structure against the wind with bark, and left the other end open. They then dried their blankets, and made him a pallet in the tent they had constructed. They woke up the old general, and with some difficulty persuaded him to crawl in. With his saddle for a pillow, wrapped up in the dry blankets, and his feet to the fire, he slept snugly and soundly all night well cased in hickory bark.

The next morning an old man from the neighborhood came into camp with a jug of whisky, with which after imbibing quite freely himself, he gave the military party "a treat" as far as the liquor would go. He seemed to be a kind-hearted, jovial and patriotic old fellow—a sort of "privileged character" in his county. While staggering about among the campfires, full of fun and whisky, he blundered upon the little hickory bark tent, which immediately arrested his attention. After eyeing it a moment, he exclaimed, "What sort of an outlandish Indian fixin' is this?" and gave it a kick which tumbled down the queer-looking structure, and completely buried the old hero in the bark. As he struggled out of the ruins and looked fiercely around for the author of the mischief, the old toper recognized him and exclaimed: "Hello! Old Hickory! come out of your bark and join us in a drink."

There was something so ludicrous in the whole scene that respect for his presence and rank could not restrain the merriment of the spectators. He very good-humoredly joined in laughing at the mishaps. As he rose up and shook the bark from him, he looked so tough and stern that they all gave him a hearty "Hurrah for Old Hickory!" This was the first time he ever heard these words, which were afterward shouted by the millions of his countrymen whenever he appeared among them.

Planting a Tree for His Coffin.

P. Black, of the town of Madison, in this county, is a remarkable man. His home is a land of plenty, all put there by his own hands, and there is nothing that is wanted that he hasn't got. Things another man would throw away he has taken and saved. He has the mellowest old brandy, and barrels of whiskey that he bought years and years ago all stowed away in his storehouse, and his lumber room is a curiosity of its kind. He can sell a man an old pulpit if he wants one, for in the furniture line he has all sorts and sizes. As for instance a Good Templars' Association was started in Madison some years since and a head man was wondering where they could have made the necessary tables and high seats for the officers. P. Black happened to hear what was up and the next day he took the gentleman quietly to his lumber room, near where the old rye and apple brandy were, and there he showed him a complete assortment of temperance furniture that had belonged to an old temperance lodge years before. It

was the very thing, and he let the G. T.'s have it with the understanding that they brought it back when done with it. Mr. Black must now be at least ninety years of age. He is still tall and powerful in frame and rises at the red of day every morning and feeds his drove of sixty hogs. He has hay stored away sixteen years old. He looks far into the future and tries to provide. Twenty years ago he planted a young walnut tree and was heard to say at the time that when that tree grew large enough to make his coffin he would be ready to die. The coffin has been made. When asked why he did it he simply replied that he wanted nobody bothering about a coffin for him. P. Black after he died. The tree he planted stood by the side of the smoke house, a big tree it had grown, as big around nearly as a flour barrel. Long ago he picked out a place for his grave. As old as he is his head is wiser to-day than two-thirds of younger men and his hands are browned with the long life of hard work done for the family he has raised around him. His family are Presbyterians, the old man himself stays at home Sundays and reads the family Bible. Mr. Black was a soldier at Norfolk in the war of 1812.—*Reidsville Times.*

New Variety of Cotton.

According to the New York *Financial Chronicle*, which is considered an authority on all subjects relating to cotton, samples of a new kind of cotton have been submitted to the Galveston Cotton Exchange. The new staple is known as "worm proof cotton," and has been raised by a Mr. White, of Jasper, Texas. An examination of the growing plant showed these facts: The stalks were large and healthy, of a brownish red color, the leaf resembling ordinary cotton, with a rank weed odor; the bolls were larger than cotton and filled with lint. When the boll is fully opened this pod of seed is also opened, and the seed drop out, leaving the lint cotton in the boll. The bolls will all mature within a few days of each other. This planter could remedy by planting at different times. Mr. White says the cotton can be picked within one hundred days after planting. He has taken stalks of ordinary cotton with the cotton worms at work upon them, placed them in and alongside of his cotton so that the worms could easily get on his cotton, but in no instance did they cut any of the leaves, stalks or bolls of his cotton. He has gathered the worms from other cotton stalks and placed them on his cotton with the same result, and feels very confident that no worm will ever touch it. Mr. White is now in correspondence with the Agricultural Department at Washington, with a view to the Government's paying him for his discovery and then making known his process which, he says, is very simple. The samples of cotton submitted were of fair length, and very silky.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.—A

week ago, while a laborer was engaged in managing a large wooden box used for hoisting brick at the stacks being erected at the Paxton furnace, near Harrisburg, Pa., he met with an escape in a perilous situation that perhaps never occurred before under similar circumstances. A load of brick had been delivered to the top of the stack, then at the height of one hundred and forty feet, and the laborer in question was standing on the edge of this wall, rising to this immense altitude, guided the ascending bucket to keep it in the center of the stack. In doing this he had to lean forward to catch the rope, thus poisoning himself over the fearful chasm. In this position, when the box had descended about twenty feet, the man lost his hold of the rope while still bending forward. It was a moment of terrible peril and awful horror, in which presence of mind alone saved him. The man instantly jumped into the box, and thus descended with lightning velocity to the earth beneath, the box, when it touched the ground, rebounding with great force. The effect was tremendous, jarring the man severely; but, singular to say, not doing him any serious injury. But what an escape! Had the man fallen and even caught an outside hold of the box, he would have been either torn to pieces in swagging against the wall, or crushed beneath the heavy box when it reached the ground. The man is now at work managing the same box. The stack is to rise nearly two hundred feet.



# THE MONROE ENQUIRER.

## The Monroe Enquirer

W. C. WOLFE, Editor and Proprietor

STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Editors in Consultation at Goldsboro—A Pleasant Trip to Glen Alpine Springs—Quill Drivers Drinking Mineral Water, "Et Cetera."

"Provided with neither gold or silver nor brass—in our purses," but with "scrip" (a Railroad pass) "for our journey," and with two coats—one commonly known as a duster—we started on the morning of the 19th inst., for the State Press Association, which was to have met at Beaufort on the 20th, but—

"The best laid schemes of mice and men, gang aft a-gley."

The "Storm King" destroyed our meeting place, and the Association convened at the Gregory House in Goldsboro, at 11 o'clock, on the 20th inst.

There are about one hundred papers in the State, and about fifty-six of these were represented. The Convention was young and handsome! We don't know whether this was because all editors are handsome, or because the ill-favored ones stay at home! A day and night session was sufficient to finish the business before the Association, and to hear the Annual Address delivered by Col. Jno. D. Cameron of the *Durham Recorder*, and the Annual Poem by C. C. Manly, of the *Newbern Nut Shell*. Both were very good—the first being pronounced one of the very finest ever delivered before the Association.

We were the guests of "the people of Goldsboro" at the Gregory House. Every kindness and attention were shown us by the citizens and especially by the proprietors of the Gregory House, and that prince of good fellows and entertainers, Bro. J. A. Bonitz, of the *Messenger*.

Those who knew Goldsboro only in "war times," would hardly recognize the thriving town it is to-day. It is a beautiful business place of about 4,000 inhabitants. It is well laid out with broad, level streets, adorned with commodious, tasty business houses, and neat and rather stylish dwellings. It does a good trade with its own and the adjacent counties. Its churches are very ordinary—or poor in comparison with its other buildings. The trains run directly through it—up its principal street, which makes it appear rather "tackey" in the eyes of the new-comer. It probably does not "do the trade" that Monroe does, but its store rooms and dwellings will not compare at all with those of Goldsboro. It is possible, barely that "self-made architects" have something to do with this?

The Association having received an invitation from the proprietors of Glen Alpine Springs, to visit their place, on the morning of the 21st about forty of our number started for that resort in a special coach attached to the regular train. We reached Raleigh about 11 o'clock, and remained over about three hours. While there, by invitation, we called as a body, on Col. L. L. Polk, Commissioner of Agriculture, at his office, and "interviewed" him—and some of the best native vines, grapes and melons! While in his office, we concluded to examine Union's display in the Department. And, listen, O ye proud sons of Union! What do you think we found in the large space set apart for our country? A half dozen old blue slate rocks!! Looking upon the inglorious scene, our cheeks crimsoned with shame, as we asked ourselves, "Are these the sole products and minerals of our good old Union—if not, why do our people thus slander and disgrace her by such inactivity and want of co-operation with the Agricultural Department?" We now hear some people grumbling and growling at the Department; but they ought to know that it can do but little, unless the farmers hold up its hands by their full co-operation and assistance.

We next repaired to the Capital, where we called upon the Governor of the State. While Bro. Creevy, of the *Elizabeth City Economist*, on the part of the Press, and Gov. Jarvis, on the part of the State and himself, were making dainty little speeches at each other, we had a chance to take in the physique of the Governor of North Carolina. He is a well shaped, "heavy set" man, weighing about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Upon broad shoulders supported by a powerful neck, sets a large, well-shaped head, with the moral and intellectual faculties well developed in connection with those that make a man naturally the ruler and controller of men. His face is marked by large, strong features, showing firmness, determination and great force of character, and indicating a life of hard, earnest work and "no play!" When

we had gotten through with our hand-shaking with His Excellency, our memories were jogged by our appetites that we had accepted the invitation of Messrs. Street & Son, proprietors of the National Hotel, to dine with them on the occasion. If Byron was right when he said,—

"All human history attests That happiness for man—the hungry diner, Since Eve ate apples, must depend on dinner,"

then were we "entirely happy," when we boarded our train with faces mountainward. At the growing little city of Durham, founded in the year of our Lord, 187-, by W. T. Blackwell & Co., we were halted by a brass band and told to step out and in—and that W. T. B. & Co., had "somewhat to say unto us"—after the style of the two famous Governors. We were "taken in," cheered and comforted as to the inner man, and sent on our way rejoicing, each smoking editor loaded with a long-stemmed pipe and a package of "The Best Genuine Durham."

After an all-night's ride, spent in short naps, interspersed with many a witty joke and laugh, by Deake, McDiarmid, Harrell, and others, and an occasional sermon of the African style by Dr. Monteiro, of the Manchester (Va.) *Courier*, we woke up at Glen Alpine Springs Station, a few miles above Morganton, whence we were "spirited away" to the Springs, eight miles Southwest of the Station. We were appropriately welcomed and received by the proprietors—taken in charge by Bro. Gregory, rubbed down and brushed up—except as to cobwebs—they were brushed down with—mineral water; and forty hungry editors were "set down" to breakfast, and truce to but faintly described is the scene when we say,—

"Dine was the clang of plates, of knife and fork That merciless fell like tomahawks to work."

These Springs are situated right in the heart of the South Mountains in Burke county. The waters are a sulphur, lithia and iron in one, and alum and iron in another. The Springs are surrounded by mountains and knobs on five sides of the hexagon, insuring at all times a cool, even temperature, while their altitude renders the air dry and bracing, no frost hardly at all falling on the neighboring knobs, on account of the extreme dryness of the atmosphere, thus making it a perfect Eldorado for the consumptive. The waters have been thoroughly tried for about eight years, and pronounced as good as the best waters with the same ingredients. We spent two days in this delightful retreat. Everything was done by our clever hosts and their clerks, and all things combined to make the foot of Time fall fast and faint. With the glorious scenery around us—with trips to the mountains, and strolls along the sparkling, moss-fringed rills, and dashing mountain torrents,—with visits to the wild, rocky dells, and cool, shady nooks, in search of ferns, with the sound of the gurgling waters continually in our ears, mingled with the sound of a voice still more sweet, with mineral water to give us appetites so voracious that,—

"We fall upon good things offered—like A priest, a shark, an alderman or pig."

With good bread and pastries, and mutton and beef, than which,—

"Finer or better, Ne'er ranged in a forest or smoked in a platter."

with music, mirth and song, it is not surprising that we resolved that the first editor who says he did not have a good time at Glen Alpine Springs, should be tried without a jury, and hung without the benefit of clergy. But alas! "We fell among thieves"—our hearts were completely stolen by the whole array of charming beauties assembled there, and no one came near to bind up our wounds, except that good Samaritan, our bachelor friend of the *Newbernian*, who—looks like a parson and talks like a sailor.

On Saturday evening, the 23rd, we "set sail" for our Station, and there we camped in the depot all night, with a bad opinion of "Mud Cut" that had occasioned the accident to and delay of our train. We arrived in Salisbury on the evening of the 24th inst., and [were the guests of C. S. Brown, proprietor of the Boyden House, and turned up in Monroe on the 26th, safe and sound, well pleased with our trip and the brethren of the press.

The next Annual Association will be held in the beautiful town of Asheville, with Dossey Battle, of the *Tarboro Southerner* as President, and Messrs Creevy, Furman and London Vice-Presidents; and Jordan Stone, Secretary and Treasurer. Col. Creevy was chosen Orator for the next Convention; Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke was requested to write an ode, to be recited at the next Convention.

"Judging from an editorial in the Raleigh News of a late date, headed 'Wanted—A Governor,' we would say it was evidently calling for a 'Ho!' in the Governorship business!"

## The Key Note of 1880—A Radical Call for the Destruction of the States.

PEABODY, MASS., August 1, 1879.

Hon. Senator Hill, Hon. Sen. Sumner—Will you have the kindness to send me a copy of your report about the feeling of the North on the subject of Centralization? I have seen public allusions to it, but not the full report itself. I have received from men, high in station, warm approval of my object.

One of the chief reasons why I do not wish to see Gen. Grant again at the head of the government is, that he did not do, when President, what he should have done constitutionally and consistently with his oath of office—to promote the formation of a National Constitution, superceding and annulling the Federal Constitution of the United States. This ought to have been done at the close of the war—certainly before the expiration of eight years from the close. A National Constitution should have been the work and the pledge of a "reconstruction," not of the South alone, but of the whole nation.

The main duty of the Republican party, when the war was over, was, by constitutional and historical precedent, to destroy the Constitution of the United States, whose deadly and exactly logical work the civil war was. It should have been put out of the way of doing any more mischief just as the Articles of Confederation were put out of the way, when their work, both for good and evil, had been done.

For the neglect of its plain duty to destroy the Constitution of the United States, the Republican party deserved its reverses. I shall greatly rejoice if there truly be reason for fear, and any hope, that the Republican party, if again in the ascendant, will make a better and more thorough use of its power than it did before—that it will bury the Constitution of the United States in the same grave with slavery. This is the proper place for it, and there I hope it will lie.

I shall rejoice indeed if there be a good reason to believe that the Republican party is determined to do what it can to secure a National Government, in which the States shall be thoroughly subordinate to the National sovereignty—as much so, certainly, as the cities and towns of any State are to any State government, and probably much more so.

Every person connected with the civil administration of the State should be a national officer, from the Governor of the State to the humblest police officer. It may be well enough that the Governors of the States should be chosen as they are now, by the people of the States—but the Governors, once designated by the popular vote, should receive their authority and commission from the National Government. So the mayors of cities and superintendents of all towns may be chosen by the cities and towns; but their commission should come from the Governor of the State himself, under the supposition, a representative of the National Government.

You see, honorable sir, that I advocate a system of national government which shall modify the executive authority of the States, and completely abolish State Courts, State judiciaries, State laws, State militia, and State constitutions.

Of course, you understand me as speaking for myself. I have no right to speak for the Republican party, and do not seek to do so. Nevertheless, I shall be glad if the Republican party shall take my ground and advocate the confirmation by organic law of the Imperial sovereignty of the nation in all departments and to the remotest acre of the national domain.

If this shall be done, of course the Federal Senate will entirely disappear, and its place will be supplied by a National Senate, at least half of whom ought to hold for life by executive appointment, the rest to be chosen by Senatorial districts, without regard to the States.

I am perfectly willing you should publish this letter. I should have sent it to some paper to be printed as an open letter to you, but that, contrary to your wish, a senator required me to send it to you in this way.

Let me say, in conclusion, that I fully coincide with the views general at the South, that the Constitution of the United States recognizes, at least by logical inference, the doctrine of State sovereignty. I have no reason to withhold my judgment, not hastily formed, that in the great constitutional debate Webster had the best of the patriotism and nationality of sentiment and inspiration, and Calhoun had the best of the argument. This is one reason why I wish to see established a National Constitution. I hope before I die to have the right to believe I am a citizen of one country, and not of forty or fifty, more or less.

Very respectfully yours,  
WILLIAM GLAZE DIX.

## An Appeal to the People of the United States.

I am aware that in order to read this appeal must be short. I shall therefore condense as much as possible. The reading public have been made familiar with the main facts and disastrous results which attended the storm by which our town and county were visited on Monday morning, the 18th instant. It is true that many of the statements sent forth have been inaccurate as to details, but as the general wreck and ruin could not well be exaggerated or overestimated, I shall not attempt to correct details.

The town of Beaufort is situated on the Atlantic coast, and is county seat of Carteret county, North Carolina. It has a population of something over 2,000, and was incorporated in the year of Grace 1723. In all the years that have passed from that date to the present time, no appeal has gone from the citizens asking aid from abroad. The place has been visited by storms, devastated by fire, and once in its history the "pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that walketh at noonday," afflicted us; and yet the people have withstood all these without ever calling on their brethren at a distance for succor. From this statement the public can form some idea of the necessity which extorts the present call for relief.

I wish to say a few words about the town as a corporation. As a body "politic and corporate" we are helpless so far as finances are concerned. We are limited to a very small margin in our power to tax, and if we had the power the people have not the ability to pay. Everything we owned, except the pumps, has been swept away; our streets are encumbered with rubbish, our sidewalks obstructed, our treasury empty. What are we to do in our present bankrupt condition? If we had the funds we could employ the needy, clean up the town, and thus confer a double blessing.

Now, a word with regard to the citizens of the town. As a class, they were never wealthy, but as I have already stated, although they had to contend with adversity in years gone by, they have borne the burden themselves. Those who had the ability and the will to help a needy brother, a helpless widow, a friendless orphan, have suffered in common with others by the storm, and now are unable to extend the kindly hand of relief. In our present extremity we appeal to Mayors and chief officers of the towns and cities throughout the United States to call their people together and get them to contribute something, however small the sum, to relieve the necessities of those who must suffer unless such aid is extended.

The county of Carteret is a remarkably long one, extending from east to west nearly one hundred miles along the Atlantic coast. This fact alone will give some idea of what its citizens must have suffered by the storm. What I have said with regard to the pecuniary condition of the town may be applied with equal truth to the county. The citizens, as a class, are poor, and the county is heavily burdened with debt. Crops have been wholly or partially destroyed, fences blown down, houses washed away, and property of various descriptions swept away. When what little is left in both town and county is consumed, what are the people to do? I greatly fear the worst is to come.

Having said this much—I could not well say less—I leave the matter in the hands of those who have the will and the ability to help us throughout the length and breadth of this great country of ours.

I might close by describing scenes and incidents of our disaster, the wreck, the ruin, which meet the eye, look which way you will, but the public have been made acquainted with these, and so I here end my appeal.

L. V. MARSH, Mayor.  
Beaufort, N. C., August 26, 1879.

NEW COINS.—The new gold and gold coin proposed to be made by the United States Treasury are thus described: The double eagle \$20 piece is an orange gold, in color, and the most beautiful coin that can be conceived. The gold dollar is an equally beautifully finished coin, monetizing both gold and silver together as bimetallic money; so that one metal cannot expel the other from circulation, but maintaining gold and silver equally in use, on an equal basis, or ratio of sixteen to one, as a unit of the entire precious metals. They are metric weights as well as Troy.—N. Y. World.

Some kind-hearted editor who knows ought to be gracious enough to write to some of the editors in the State, and inform them that the Press Association of the State of North Carolina has held its Annual meeting!

## Washington News.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, who has been superintending the investigation of the Freedman's Bank suspension, has gone to Cleveland for a brief vacation.

He reports that he has already discovered evidence sufficient to fasten the guilt of the embezzlement of the bank's funds on men who were once prominent in this community. He thinks, however, that it will be a difficult matter to proceed against the criminals because of the intervention of the statutes of limitation. The Senator says he knows nothing about the Yazoo shooting affair, excepting what he has read in the newspapers. He says it was a matter wholly outside of his political party, and hence he paid no attention to it. His party in Mississippi, he says, since their defeat four years ago, have not really been in a state of organization, the politics of that country being left entirely to the Democracy.

Mr. Henry Smith, the journal clerk of the House of Representatives, returned here to day from long Branch, where he has been in attendance at the meeting of the committee on rules. He says the committee have planned a thorough revision of the rules of the House, with the idea of giving to the majority a better control of the body, as has already been stated, and also allowing more latitude in debate, curtailing the almost autocratic power of the speaker and taking from the two or three committees, who now practically control legislation, their power, and distributing it equally among the other committees.—Washington Dispatch to Baltimore Sun.

THE UNION DEPOT.—President Sibley and General Manager Foreacre, of the Air Line Railroad; President Buford, of the Richmond & Danville Railroad; President Palmer and Superintendent Kline, of the Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Railroad, and President Myers and Superintendent Gornly, of the Atlantic, Tennessee & Ohio Railroad, held a conference here yesterday in reference to a union depot for Charlotte. The determination to build the depot has been settled for some time, but there seems to be some difficulty about the details. One of the railroad men said yesterday, however, that all the points of any importance have been agreed upon, and that he had no doubt that the final arrangements would be made very shortly. The depot, as is generally known, is to be located at the West Trade street crossing. The chief difficulty that had to be overcome was in getting the right to run tracks to this point. This has been done. Nothing now remains but to have the work done. All the roads will go into the arrangement.—Charlotte Observer.

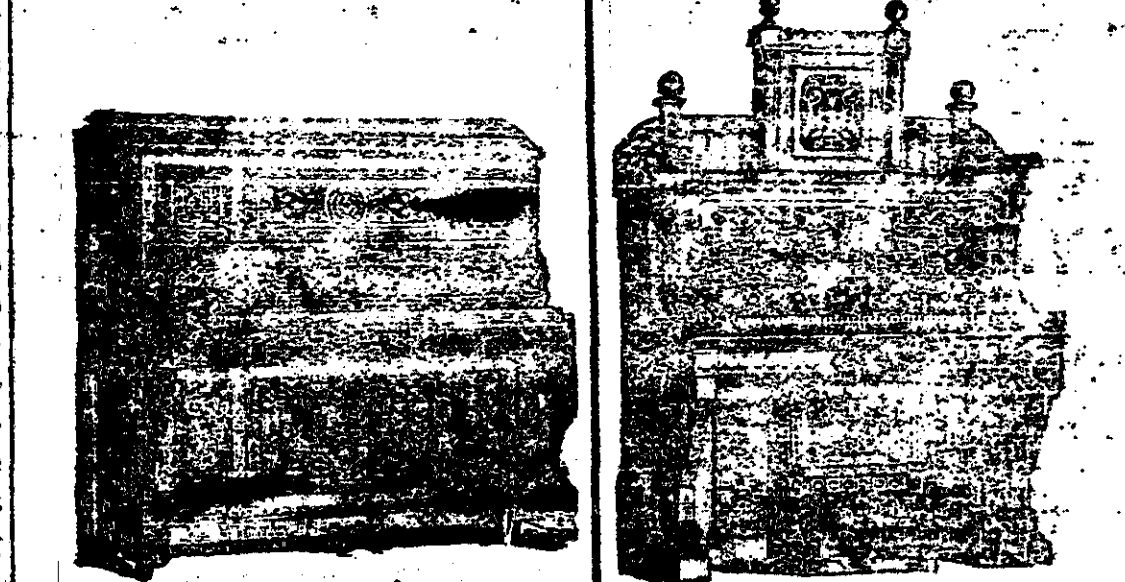
On yesterday the Supreme Court adjourned and the members are now relieved for a time from the arduous duties that they have so well discharged. We cannot contemplate its personnel without feeling that the present Court as a whole is certainly the equal, if not the superior, of any that ever met in North Carolina. To the distinguished gentlemen who compose it it must indeed be a satisfaction to know that their fellow-citizens repose the utmost confidence in their learning, wisdom and virtue, and that they carry with them where ever they may go the best wishes of our entire State.—Raleigh Observer, 27th.

—The Baltimore Sun says: The Republicans of North Carolina want to send one of their number—a colored man named Harris—to Ohio to take the stump and follow up Gov. Vance in his campaign in that State. Harris is said to be very glib with his tongue, and one of the best stump orators in North Carolina. The Republican committee here are willing that Harris should go, but no response has yet been received from the Republican managers in Ohio to his request.

CATTLE THUNDER BURNED.—This building, historic from its war associations, was entirely destroyed Tuesday morning by fire. It was used as a tobacco factory prior to the war, and during that trying time as a prison. Since it has been again used as a factory. The building was of brick, three stories high, and stood on Cary street. Castle Thunder was for many years a decidedly familiar name.—Richmond Dispatch.

—The Raleigh News says: Capt. R. D. Graham, owner of the site on which the Atlantic Hotel stood, arrived in that city Monday. He states that another hotel on a more enlarged and improved scale will be erected on the same spot before another summer season arrives, and that Beaufort will have lost none of her former glory as a summer resort. He estimates the loss from the storm at \$150,000 at least.

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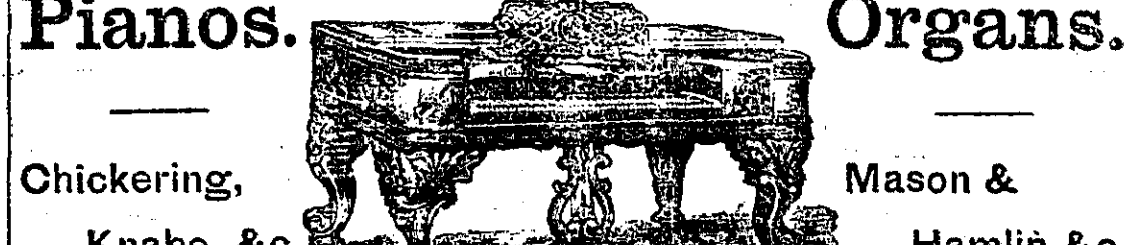
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