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### THE TELL-TALE VISION.

'Tis the kind of night for a ghostly and mysterious story, and if you will listen patiently, I will tell you one which took place well-nigh thirty years ago, away up yonder on the bleak moors of Assynt, across the Sutherland hills. Barren moorlands, and gray sterile beaches with flinty sands; troops of forlorn pines along the hill sides where the red deer keeps his ward; rents of blue sea sprinkled with green desolate islands—a "God-forgotten land," as Sidney Smith might say. Thirty years ago, however, the monotonous lives of the simple islanders were rudely disturbed by one of those startling crimes which seem to be long more peculiarly to an advanced and complicated civilization. The case still figures in the criminal records as the Assynt murder, and presents many features of curious and picturesque interest.

John McDonald, a well-known itinerant pedlar, had, on a dreary winter evening about this time of the year, attended a rustic wedding and merry-making at the "farm town" of Assynt, where, among the fair damsels assembled, he had contrived considerably to lighten his pack. No one had observed him leave, and for a month afterwards nothing was heard of his movements. His absence excited no surprise among the country people, as it was supposed that he had gone to visit his relations who lived in Ross-shire. They, however, ignorant of his movements, and seeing him only at distant intervals, were of course not troubled at his customary absence, and the pedlar might have been away much longer before any suspicions could have been excited. But exactly four weeks after the festivities at Assynt, a farm-servant, passing a deep and precipitous turn on the mountain road which lies between the farm-town and the Chachan of Assynt, observed, by the imperfect dawnlight, a bundle floating upon the water, then unusually low and clear. A rude raft was constructed, and with its aid the neighbors dragged the corrupted body of a human being to the shore. Though much decomposed, all who were present immediately recognized the body of the missing pedlar. The clothes were the same which he had worn when last seen, but the pockets had been carefully turned out and rifled, and nothing of any value was found on the corpse.

Notwithstanding these suspicious appearances, the simple people, among whom a murder had never been committed, concluded that the unfortunate man had fallen accidentally into the tarn. So confirmed were they in this opinion, that they at once buried the body, and John McDonald and the tragedy connected with him were in a fair way of being forgotten. The parish minister, however, had accidentally learned of the discovery, and he forthwith forwarded information to the proper authorities. The sheriff of the county and the public prosecutor immediately came down to the district, and commenced a searching investigation.

Under the guidance of John Cameron, the schoolmaster—who was recommended to them by the minister as a skillful and trustworthy person, on whom perfect reliance might be placed, and accompanied by the medical men of the island, the sheriff visited the spot where McDonald's body had been buried. It was disinterred in his presence, and on examination several deep wounds were discovered on the back of the head, any one of which the doctor reported would have been sufficient to cause his death. Coupled with the fact that the clothes had been plundered, no reasonable doubt could remain that murder had been committed. It was well known in the island, and that McDonald, who had made considerable money, carried his fortune on his back—banks and stock being unknown institutions to these primitive people. But for many days all the ingenuity of the law was baffled to obtain any trace of the murderer. No one had been seen with McDonald after he left Assynt; no article of any kind could be identified as his property. The search appeared fruitless. Several murders, however, had been recently committed in the northern counties; they had remained unpunished; it was therefore a matter of much public importance that to this case an example should be made. The sheriff established himself en permanence at a roadside hotel in the vicinity, and announced his determination to examine every resident in the island.

how he had come to have the money in question, and parentally denied any knowledge of the transaction. His statement, though made without apparent embarrassment, excited suspicion, and he was arrested, charged with the murder.

For some time, however, no facts appeared to confirm the suspicion. Cameron's house, which stood on a hillside by itself, was minutely searched, but none of the pedlar's property was found in it. His sister, who lived with him, was perfectly ignorant and innocent. She was a young and pretty girl, and, for her station in life, intelligent and cultivated. When told of the charge, she indignantly refused to believe that her brother was guilty, and in deep distress followed him to the prison. One or two casual incidents, however, of which she spoke, proved of unhappy importance on the trial. Even then, however, though well aware of the fatal effect of her answers, she spoke fearlessly and truthfully with Spartan-like honesty, meeting out her brother's doom. A fearful dilemma, indeed—one where even falsehood cannot be rigorously judged, but where stern and rigid truth cannot be too highly esteemed. A noble Highland heroine, with her bloodless lips and white, tearless face—all honor to the gentle woman honesty that is yet too noble in its maiden honesty for a lie!

Cameron, though anxious to account satisfactorily for the money, was on the point of being liberated, when a singular incident occurred. A workman, McLeod by name, had on three successive occasions dreamed that he had seen Cameron follow McDonald to the water-side, strike him a number of heavy blows with a hammer, rifle his pack, cast the body into the tarn, and conceal the articles he had taken in a cairn near his own house. The story was soon bruited about, and the dreamer was brought before the sheriff. So strong and vivid, he said, was his recollection of the incidents of the dream, that he could undertake to point out to the criminal officer the exact stones under which the property was concealed. They went together, and ultimately discovered the articles in question concealed under several large stones which McLeod declared exactly resembled those impressed on his memory. There was an important fact to begin with—the property of the murdered man found in the immediate proximity to Cameron's house. Next day another link was obtained. A week or two previous to his apprehension Cameron walked on rainy morning to the other side of the island, got wet, and at a country inn obtained from the landlady a pair of stockings, leaving his own behind to be dried. These were now produced, and after some hesitation a cotter's wife declared that, from a peculiarity in the work, she could depone that they were of her own making; and added, that the day before his disappearance the pedlar had bought two pairs from her for his own use. That now produced was one of them; the other was discovered in Cameron's house. A variety of similar circumstances gradually came out; and after considerable delay, occasioned by the difficulty of the case, Cameron was brought to trial.

The trial took place at Inverness. It lasted from ten o'clock on the first morning of the assize till the same hour next day—twenty-four consecutive hours, during which the jury, and spectators sat uninterrupted. The prime interest to the spectators lay in the mysterious object of special interest, and the seer was an object of special interest when he appeared in the witness-box. He suffered a severe cold, without the substantial value of his evidence being affected. No one who heard his examination could doubt that he was stating what was actually true; no one could believe (and this, of course, was the object of the cross-examination) that he himself was the criminal, or in any way implicated. It was a protracted and difficult case of circumstantial evidence. The candles (gas was not in those days) which had lighted them in their vigil through the long autumn night were extinguished, and the sun was high in heaven when the jury returned into the court, finding the prisoner guilty, as libelled. The verdict had been recorded, and sentence of death pronounced, when Cameron (who persevered throughout the trial the most profound composure) rose, and with the utmost solemnity and calmness called God to witness that he was a murdered man.

The sheriff—to whose exertions the success of the prosecution was mainly to be attributed—was making his way to his hotel through the excited crowd, when a message came to him from Cameron, requesting to see him. When he reached the cell, Cameron, who still manifested the same complete composure, at once said, "I am now going to tell you what I have never breathed to mortal man; the verdict was quite right—I did the deed." He then made a full and detailed confession, relating the whole story with perfect frankness—a demeanor he preserved till his execution. The murder, he said, was committed on the night of the Assynt wedding. He had seen McDonald leave; had followed him unobserved; had made up to him, and walked along with him to the tarn; then, with a heavy hammer which he was carrying home, he had struck him several blows from behind, and after rifling the corpse, had thrown it into the water. For some weeks it had remained at the bottom—at least, he could see nothing of it, and he had gone once or twice every week to look for it. The evidence of McLeod surprised and startled him. The property had been hidden the same night—a dark, wet, misty night—immediately on his return home; and it was impossible, he thought, that McLeod, with whom he was merely acquainted, could have come by his information in any way. The fact is curious, and may furnish a problem for those who are curious in psychological mysteries. The murder had, of course, been the main topic of interest in the island for many weeks—it had no doubt become strongly impressed on McLeod's imagination; some slight link of fact, a word or gesture, probably existed; and out of these inchoate materials the story might gradually shape itself into a form not unlike the actual, because a natural and logical arrangement of the whole facts known or surmised at the time. And, going with the story to its close, the dream would accompany the murderer after the commission of the crime, depict his horror and contrition, his frantic desire to put away from him any evidence of the accused deed which lay heavy on his soul. The place where he concealed the property was that he would naturally select—out of his own house, indeed, but not so distant from it but that the articles might be easily recovered after the first dread had been subdued. People who have disintegrated the unseen,

and who consider a man's mind the best part of him, will probably explain the mystery in some such way. "The light of common day" has become too strong for the supernatural.

### A Gothic Castle under the Hammer.

The death of the late Earl of Shrewsbury has extinguished one of the oldest titles in England, which has been borne by the Talbot family unintermittently since the time of Henry II. The founder of the family was the celebrated John Talbot, who figures so conspicuously in Shakespeare's historical plays, and the name has always been strongly identified with the interests of the Roman Catholic Party in England, of which the late Earl was one of the leaders.

The death of the Earl without heirs has induced the necessity of bringing under the hammer a vast collection of furniture, paintings, armor, and all kinds of miscellaneous relics which have accumulated for centuries in the Talbot family. Among these are included the armor in which John Talbot, the first Earl, encountered Joan of Arc, and died under the walls of Poitiers, and the banners which have survived the wars of the Roses, or the Commonwealth. Alton Towers, the principal seat of the family, and which, according to London, "presents the finest combination of garden building with garden scenery anywhere existing in Europe," is now open for the purposes of the auction. We copy the following description of it from the London Times:

"Alton Towers is situated on a lofty eminence in the valley of the Churne, one of the steep commanding hills which form the base of Derbyshire Peak. The house overlooks a very steep ravine, which stretches southward for about a mile and a half, terminating in a wild, dark-looking gorge, like one of the mountain outlets in South Wales. The approach to the tower winds from the railway station at Alton up the steep ascent, which is so thickly wooded as almost to exclude the light, and give a sombre, melancholy aspect to the scene. The house stands on the very edge of the ravine, down either side of which are the terraced gardens, tier below tier, till the bottomless *parterres* are almost undistinguishable save for their brilliant colors. The towers themselves form a noble Gothic pile, vast as a little town, with a whole crowd of turrets and pinnacles stretching high into the air and visible for miles around.

"There is a wild and picturesque irregularity about the structure which gives it an appearance of antiquity far beyond its real age. The principal entrance is under a massive square tower of the Gothic type, the broad steps up which are flanked with the armorial bearings of the family, the *tyrke* or *talbot* rampant. Over the high Norman doorway the emblems of the still older families, from which the Talbots spring, are deeply cut in stone, he shields of the Furnivalls and De Verdons, whose names are foremost in the *Doomsday Book*, with the martlet of the great house of Neville, whose last heir, Warwick, the king-maker, fell at the field of Barnet. The entrance hall is an apartment as large as a modern hall, and nearly sixty feet in height. Hung around with weapons, stags' heads, and hunting trophies, it gives the visitor a good idea of the noble suite of apartments which are to follow, and can be seen from the door; for communicating with the hall is the picture gallery, forming one magnificent vista nearly five hundred feet in length, and lofty in proportion.

"The armory is a splendid chamber, with a vaulted roof of carved and polished oak, and with every minor fitting, even to the doors and doorlocks, in keeping with its severe and massive style of decoration. It is adorned with a collection of antique weapons and armor, second in extent, rarity and value only to those of Myrkyrd and the Tower of London. Twenty-four figures, shewn from head to foot in complete mail, stand in niches on each side of the hall, and look so fearfully grim and silent that one can fancy vengeful eyes are watching from behind the barred visors, and though of course not frightened, would prefer not being left alone with them. Some of these suits are most antique and valuable, complete in all the technicalities of pouldrons, gussets, lobster topets, cuisses, jambes, and sollerets. The rest of the hall is filled with dismembered portions of *cap-a-pie* suits, rich to look at and uncomfortable to wear, with halberds and maces, half-pikes, bills, wheel-guns, and double axes, all presenting the same general bloodthirsty features, and expressly constructed to gash or maim on the smallest provocation.

"A fine old screen of pikes and partisans divides the armory from the picture gallery, a spacious building one hundred and twenty feet long and thirty feet high. It is lit from the roof, and all its decorations are rich and beautiful, harmonizing well with the fine paintings, mosaics and sculpture which adorn its entire length. Here are examples from the Roman, Tuscan, Venetian, Florentine, and Dutch schools of art; pictures by Raffaele, Domenichino, Titian, Raffaele, and Veronese; designs by Michael Angelo, and statues by Canova; in all, seven hundred paintings hang in the galleries of Alton Towers. Of this large number the fame and history of about sixty are chronicled in every work on art; the others are mixed works, such as one expects to meet in so large and well known a gallery.

"There are some remarkably fine specimens by Rubens, Wouvermans and Cuyck, among them. The greater part of these paintings were purchased by the Shrewsbury family in one lot, from the collection of Madame la Mere, Bonaparte's mother. Here also is the most celebrated Roman Mosaic table in the kingdom, on which the exotic birds and plants seem like pencilled drawings. At the end of the gallery is a magnificent statue of Raffaele, by Ceccarini, a crowd of busts by Canova, a superb candelabrum of variegated marble, nine feet high, and a copy of the great Warwick Vase, in statuary marble, of the same size as the renowned original.

"The picture gallery opens into the octagonal chamber, a copy of the Chamber-house at Salisbury. One noble column supports the gabled roof, over which its enriched capitals radiate in all directions. By the side of the column is a representation of the tomb of the first Earl—old John Talbot—Shakespeare's favorite hero, with his mailed feet resting on a couchant hound, and his stony gaze fixed hard and stern upon the intrusive crowd assembled to haggle over the effects of his last descendant. From this the visitor turns into the tribune of the Talbot gallery, then to the Talbot gallery itself, then to the Talbot corridor, which leads to the state bed and dressing rooms, the library, (two spacious chambers,

the ante-library, the poet's bay, small dining-room, music room, and so on, from room to room, till the visitor is bewildered amid countless chambers, all of which are furnished in a style to extort both admiration and wonder.

"No merely verbal description will convey an adequate idea of the rare beauty of the pleasure grounds. Though the ground they cover is little more than fifty acres in extent, yet the paths through them are so winding and so diversified as to appear almost endless. Both sides of the steep ravine down which they extend are divided into a series of terraces, each of which is named and distinguished for some surpassing natural or architectural beauty. Grottoes, statues, fountains, and temples, rockeries, statues, refuges, conservatories and pagodas, are disclosed by every winding path, or stand out boldly on little eminences overlooking the deep ravine. The conservatories are a noble range of buildings, ornamented in front with massive columns, and surrounded by seven large gilded domes, which seem from the opposite side of the ravine to impart to the whole structure the appearance of an Eastern mosque or palace. Above the terrace on which this stands is another row of conservatories, almost of the same size, with a portico in the centre, and two large gilded domes at either end.

"Amid the parterres in front of the great conservatory is erected a *fac simile* copy, in marble, of the Choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens, containing a bust of Earl Charles, with the appropriate motto, "He made the desert smile." Above the upper conservatory is a terrace decorated with double rows of marble statues and vases, and above this again is a terrace for the reservoirs filled with aquatic plants, and on the uppermost plateau of all a large imitation of Stonehenge has been erected. Lower down the ravine is the great screw fountain, the path from which leads up to the Gothic temple—a handsome solid structure, from the summit of which is the finest view over the grounds and towers beyond. Golden gates lead from the garden into the rock walks, which, winding for more than a mile, terminate at a rough mass of stone called Ina's Rock, in memory of the great battle fought on the spot between the Kings of Mercia and Wessex, Coelred and Ina. In the gorge of the ravine is a tall Chinese Pagoda, which has been converted into a fountain, and pours into the air all day a lofty column of water."

### Duelling.

Since the death of the gifted Taber, who fell upon the field of honor, (as it is called,) the custom of duelling has excited much attention. The religious, as well as a large portion of the secular press, have denounced the practice in the strongest terms, while few, a very few, have openly advocated it, producing in some instances very plausible arguments in its favor.

When we compare the code of honor with the Divine Law, we see at a glance, that duelling is in direct opposition to the Word of God, and, therefore, is a heinous offence in the sight of the Supreme Ruler of the earth. "Thou shalt do no murder," is the Divine command. Let us see whether or not the duelist is not guilty of this crime. Murder is a premeditated act; a duel is a premeditated combat between two persons, and is fought with deadly weapons, with intent to kill.

This being the case, he who falls is murdered, and the survivor is the murderer, and will be held accountable for the life of his victim at the Bar of Jehovah. The code of honor subverts the Divine Law, and its teachings are directly the opposite.

The one teaches us to do good to our enemies, and to bear injuries with patience. This the world calls cowardice, and the code of honor teaches us that, unless we resent, and wipe out the reproach cast upon our reputation by an enemy, we are not fit to live among gentlemen. The one tells us to leave all revenge to God; the other bids us to trust our revenge to nobody but ourselves. The one plainly forbids murder; the other openly justifies it. The one strictly forbids the shedding of blood on any account; the other commands us to do so for the least trifle. The one is built upon humanity and comes from Heaven; the other is built upon pride and false notions of honor, and comes from the adversary of men's souls.

To consider duelling in a worldly point of view, we think the practice will hardly stand the test of reason or justice. Duels are fought for the purpose of obtaining satisfaction for supposed or direct insults. But where is the satisfaction? We place our enemy upon an equal footing with ourselves. If we, being the challenging party, should kill the challenged party, what do we gain? Are we then satisfied? Does the world admire us the more because we have sustained our honor by shedding the blood of our brother. Instead of obtaining satisfaction, we plant in our breasts a thorn that will produce a festering sore, which nothing save death will heal. Our peace of mind is forever destroyed, and we may roam through the earth seeking rest, but finding none. The duelist would have us think that he is "one who values his honor above his own life, the life of his antagonist, and the happiness of his family." Whether this is an enviable character or not, we leave for others to say; but we are inclined to the opinion, that of all characters, that of the professed duelist is the most deplorable.

As tedious as every man should be of his name and character, there is no odium or reproach which could be cast upon our own reputation that would justify us in taking the life of the slayer. Neither malicious nor inconsiderate slander can ever affect the character of the good and virtuous; and he who passes them by, or who calls out the person who insults or slanders him, and demands satisfaction at the mouth of the pistol.

—London Journal.

"Pitiful! but it's hot!" said Brown, pantingly, as he met Jones, a fat neighbor, who revels in heat like a salamander, and is always jolliest in the dog days. But Brown is another sort of man, and his warm weather as cats hate hot soap, or Satan hotly water. "Isn't it dreadful!" Brown said. "Why, I have gone through all the processes known to modern cookery within the last three hours; I've been steamed, par boiled, stewed, baked, fried and roasted! Isn't it dreadful!"

"Not at all," said Jones—"I like it. There's no weather too hot for me, that I ever found or heard of."

"That's lucky," said Brown, sarcastically—"for a man of your character and probable destination, it's extremely lucky!"—and Brown, having made this remark, wiped his brow and retired in disgust.

### THE FORM OF CONTINENTS DETERMINED BY THE SEN.—Professor Pierce's Discovery.

The scientific circles of Cambridge have been recently interested in an observation of Professor Pierce, not yet published, upon the form of the Continents. If we elevate a terrestrial globe until the Arctic and Antarctic circles are tangent to the wooden horizon, and then cause the globe slowly to revolve, we shall find that the major axis of the lines of elevation in the earth's crust—i. e., coast lines and mountain ranges, will, either as they rise or go down, coincide in passing with the wooden horizon. For example, the main coast of the United States trending northeast will, if carried on in a great circle, graze the Arctic circle, and the coast of Florida and Labrador trending northwest will graze it on the other side. The same is true of the east coasts of South America and Africa, the coasts of the Red Sea, of Italy, of the Black Sea, of Hindostan, of New Zealand, &c. The Arctic and Antarctic circles are also coast lines, being always tangent to the horizon.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of this fine discovery, proving as it does, by geological facts, that the obliquity of the ecliptic has been essentially unchanged since the dawn of creation, and that solar heat was the agent to carry out the command on the second day to let the dry land appear. The line of separation between light and darkness, between solar heat and the coolness of night, travelling daily for two months in summer, and again for two months in winter, in such a position as to coincide in passing with the lines of upheaval, indicates unmistakably that it was connected with the determination of those lines; the slight expansion and shrinking being sufficient to determine the line of rupture of the crust. From a comparison of the forms of the continents, Professor Pierce also draws the order of their upheaval; showing, for instance, that the Western Continent is older than Europe, and that the Gulf Stream, during the second day of creation, caused the great variety of climate in that continent.

—Christian Examiner for July.

### THE NEW HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND NEW SENATE CHAMBER.

The new hall of the House will occupy the centre of the south wing of the capitol, and will be rectangular, one hundred and thirty-nine feet long from east to west, ninety-three feet wide, and about thirty-six feet high. It will be lighted by skylights in the ceiling and a glass roof, and at night by large chandeliers suspended between the ceiling and the roof. The speaker's chair will be situated on the south side of the hall, and the members' seat, three hundred in number, arranged in the semi-circular gallery on three sides of the hall—the north, east and west, capable of seating twelve hundred persons, and a separate gallery for reporters behind the speaker's chair. The walls of the hall, under the galleries, will contain panels for paintings, and, above, niches for statuary. The hall itself will be nearly surrounded by a corridor, affording convenient communication with the post office, the retiring rooms, and the committee rooms. The public galleries will be entered from a corridor surrounding them in the second story, which will be reached by a splendid staircase. The present state of the work was briefly stated in our issue of yesterday morning. We can but add to-day that workmen are employed in preparing the floor for the seats of the members, in putting up the galleries, and in covering the walls with an ornamental finish of cast iron.

The new Senate chamber is situated in centre of the north wing of the capitol, and is constructed on a similar plan with that of the Hall of the House of Representatives, only smaller, being one hundred and twelve feet long by eighty-two wide. This leaves more room in the building for corridors and other apartments. The Senate retiring room, situated in the north front of the wing, is to be a magnificent apartment. It will be thirty-eight feet in length by twenty-one and a half in height. The ceiling is to be of pure white Italian marble, and is to be supported by polished Corinthian columns and pilasters of the same material, with richly carved capitals. The walls are to be of the richest Tennessee marble, set with large plate glass mirrors, and at each end of the room are to be niches filled with statuary. The other rooms on the north and east side of this wing are designed for private reception rooms for the Senators.

—Union.

### A SPECIMEN FROM MR. SPURGEON.

As an illustration of the style of sermoneering which characterizes Mr. Spurgeon, the following will answer pretty well, both in respect to matter and manner: "Now," we quote from one of his recent sermons, "I wish to test you all, and might ask you only one question, I would ask this: 'What is your righteousness?' Now come along single file. What is your righteousness? O, I am as good as my neighbor. Go along with you; you are not my comrade. What is your righteousness? Well, I am rather better than my neighbors, for I go to chapel regularly. Off with you, sir! you do not know the watch-word. And you next, you, what is your righteousness? I have been baptized, and am a member of the Church. Yes, and so you may; and if that is your hope, you are in the gall of bitterness. Now, you next, what is your hope? O, I do all I can, and Christ makes up the rest. You are a Babylonian; you are no Israelite, Christ is no make-weight; away with you. Here comes the last. 'What is your righteousness?' My righteousness is filthy rags; except one righteousness which I have, which Christ wrought out for me on Calvary, imputed to him by God himself, which makes me pure and spotless as an angel. Ah, brother, you and I are fellow-soldiers. I have found you out; this is the watch-word—Your righteousness is of me, saith the Lord.

A Boston paper, speaking of some persons leaving the concert room in that city, while Thalberg was playing his last piece, a position into which very few of our own audience fell, says:

"Such persons must have been domestics, anxious to get home before their master and mistress. Next time they go to a concert, we hope they will get leave to stay until it is ended."

Our bachelor correspondent sends us the following:

"Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar, do ye know some spot where women fret no more? Some long and pleasant dell, some 'holier' in the ground, where babies never yell, and cradles are not found? The loud wind blew the snow into my face, and snickered, as it answered, 'nary place!'"

### OFFICIAL

Result of Election for Ordinary, held at Spartanburg, C. H. S. C., August 10, 1867.

Court House	236	163
Webber's	31	27
Green's	100	46
McGraw's	40	34
Carroll's	20	18
Hobby's	77	104
Woodruff's	90	27
Whitely's	37	47
Young's	25	24
Cook's	18	25
Poole's	26	2
Timmons	34	6
Glenn Springs	57	40
Johnson's	57	40
Tolson's	52	76
Cross Anchor	56	33
Thorn's	40	72
Grassy Pond	25	11
Rolling Mill	20	24
Cunningham	22	65
Rich Hill	42	13
Johnsonville	70	65
Veronville	20	13
Langham	9	35
Limestone Springs	56	50
Cherokee Springs	24	44
Beech Springs	38	58
Majority 50.	Total 1567	1517

A POSSIBLE CONSEQUENCE.—The Baltimore Sun has the following in reference to one of the consequences that would follow the success of England, if she were to produce the cotton in India. We give it for what it is worth:

In the second place, if Great Britain should ever be able to refuse our cotton, the result would be to be able to produce cotton, so that, in the end, they would be able to compete successfully with those of England everywhere on the globe. Our cotton planters, if Manchester declines to buy them, must, in self-protection, find a market elsewhere. They cannot afford to let their sides bleed, their farms sink up their substance, their wives and families sink into poverty and distress. They will either establish cotton mills at the South themselves, or hold out inducements to the North to take all their crop. The industry, enterprise, skill and capital of this country needs only, such a state of affairs to make it the great manufacturing centre of the world. Before long England would find the United States underselling her in Asia, Africa, South America, even in Europe itself. Her Manchester would begin to decline. English speculators would flock to our shores to find the employment which had deserted them at home, and thus another element would be added to our prosperity, and other sources attracted from that of Great Britain. The South would buy of the North, for the North would make those finer fabrics which Europe principally furnishes. This condition of things would have the advantage, too, of keeping the wealth of America within itself. It will be a good thing for the Republic, therefore, if Great Britain succeeds in raising cotton.

It may be said that it will take time to adapt ourselves to these changes, and that, in the interval, we may be ruined. But so also will it take time for Great Britain to grow cotton for herself. If she buys her cotton from the South, so, every year, will the North have more cotton offered to her, will the North build more mills. American enterprise, as she has shown, will keep even pace with England. By the time that Great Britain is able to do without our cotton, we shall be able not only to do without her manufactures, but to undersell her in every market of the world. The game which she has chosen to play at which two can play, and with which she has shown we can better her, at playing it, at present she has one, and only one, advantage over us, which is that capital is more plentiful on her shores than ours. But one of the effects of this war, and we are sure it is in this particular, and we are sure it is in this particular, her in other respects we shall soon have her in our power.

INSTRUCTIONS TO GOV. CUMMINS.—The instructions to Governor Cummins are brief and specific. He is to see the laws of the United States faithfully executed. No man in Utah is to be affected for his political or religious opinions, but he is to be able to enforce the laws, military forces are then to be employed.

Wouldn't it be well to submit his instructions to the popular vote of the Mormons for approval before acting on them?

GETTING AT THE TRUTH.—Small Joe is, was playing one sunny morning in a yard at the rear of his residence, when essaying to cast a stone high in the air, he found he had miscalculated his strength, or the weight of the stone, as that missile slipped from his fingers, and taking an entirely different direction from that he intended, went whack through a pane of glass in a neighbor's window. Mrs. Connolly, who was engaged in washing in the kitchen, hearing the smash of glass in her spare room, rushed hastily to the scene of action, and, through the broken pane beheld Joe's accented retreat.irate and indignant, the injured marion sought the presence of Mrs. L., and straight poured forth the story of her wrongs. Mrs. L.—assumed a dignified air, the culprit was called to "be present," and the inquest on the departed pane commenced. "Joseph," said Mrs. L. with awful solemnity, "did you break the glass in Mrs. Connolly's window?" "Yes," replied Joe, with promptitude. "Joseph," said Mrs. L.—"if you broke that pane of glass I shall certainly correct you; did you break it, sir?" Joe hesitated, but conscience was powerful, and he replied that he did. Mrs. L.—took a stick from the mantelpiece. "Joseph," said she, "if you broke that glass, I shall correct you most severely; I ask again, did you break it?" Joe looked at his mother, he looked at the stick; and hanging his head, he murmured, "No, ma'am." "There!" said Mrs. L.—triumphantly, "that boy never told me a lie in his life. I know'd he never broke no window; 'spect your little Guster broke it; she have a stone clear over our fence yesterday." That's a good style of encouraging truthfulness in a child, we don't think!

—Knickerbocker.

The Harrisburg Telegraph says that on Wednesday night last, a canal boatman named Tomash, a resident of Loyalsock, Pa., while lying asleep on the deck of his boat, came into collision with a bridge near Highspire, which struck him on the back part of his head, and knocking therefrom the parietal bone, which was found shortly after as free from extraneous substance as if it had been extracted by the hands of a demonstrator of anatomy. The wounded man was, of course, instantly aroused by the concussion, and what is most remarkable, rose to his feet, perfectly unconscious of the extent of the injuries he had received by the collision. A slight pain in the back of his head gave him no trouble whatever, and it was only after he had dressed himself, and one of his comrades had found the bone on deck, that he was made aware of the unfortunate mutilation of his head. After this discovery, the wounded man was taken to Highspire, where Dr. Rutherford, of our city, was summoned, who, after washing the man's brain and replacing it, and arranging the splinters of the adjacent parts of the skull in a proper manner, informed him that was all that he could do for him. With this the wounded man departed, in a perfectly rational state to his home at Loyalsock. We doubt if the experience of any member of the medical profession can show a similar case to the above.

ON THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF THE VARIOUS PREPARATIONS OF VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS.

This preparation is given to the country. The numerous testimonials from our various agents, informing us in their immediate neighborhoods, saying it is one of the best, if not the best, of any medicine now before the public, and that they have used it with the most successful results, and that they have seen it in the hands of the Druggists, Dealers in Medicines, and others, who have testified to its efficacy, and who have seen the effects of the medicine. It is the best medicine for the time he will tell you.

IT IS THE BEST MEDICINE YET.

Below we give a few extracts from letters we have received lately regarding the virtues of this medicine.

Dr. B. S. Olin, of Knoxville, Ga., says: "I have been using your Liver and Worm Pills very successfully in my practice for three years, and it is with pleasure I state my belief in its superiority over all other vermifuges with which I am acquainted, for which it is recommended."

Messrs. Fitzgerald & Benners, writing from Waynesville, N. C., say: "The Liver and Worm Pills is becoming daily more popular in this country, and we trust, very soon, all who have tried it speak in commendable terms of it, and say it is very beneficial in alleviating the complaints for which it is recommended."

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