

OUR FRIENDS

There are two things of which I speak now by me, and which I hold to be really the most important. One is the fact of our own degradation, and the other is the fact of our own redemption. I do not speak of our degradation in the sense in which you speak of it, but in the sense in which I speak of it. I do not speak of our degradation as a matter of fact, but as a matter of principle. I do not speak of our redemption as a matter of fact, but as a matter of principle. I do not speak of our degradation as a matter of fact, but as a matter of principle. I do not speak of our redemption as a matter of fact, but as a matter of principle.

How Cincinnati Became a City.

In the settlement of new countries, it often happens that the most trivial circumstance produces important results. According to Judge Burnett's "Notes on the North Western Territory," the question whether North Bend or Cincinnati should be the seat of the government was decided by the commandant of the military station at North Bend, who became strongly attached to a "black-eyed" woman who lived with her husband at the Bend, where he was stationed; and the husband becoming somewhat alarmed at the attention which the commandant paid to his wife, removed to Cincinnati. Finding his lady-love had fled, the officer thought North Bend unfit for a commercial town, and moved with his troops to Cincinnati, and from that day the glory of the Bend departed, and that of Cincinnati arose.

Judge Burnett remarks: (page 56): "The incomparable beauty of a Spartan dandy produced a ten year war which terminated in the destruction of Troy; and the irresistible charms of another female transferred the commercial empire of Ohio from the place where it now is. If this captivating American Helen had continued at the Bend the garrison would have been erected there—population, capital and business would have been centered there, and there would have been the Queen City of the West."

Wheat and Wool.

These two farm products can be well grown together. Probably the best rotation would be to sow all wheat land with clover and timothy seed, at the rate of four to eight pounds of clover and half a bushel of timothy seed per acre, and let that remain in the field three years, and then break and sow again to wheat, with a light dressing of lime and a renewal of grass seed. The pasture, there will be no better than a sowing of clover seed, as the ground. No two things grow together so well as wheat and wool, and we need fear nothing for the future.

OUR CAREERS.

The only serious consideration of our careers, in Greenville, we have seen in the West Greenville (over the mountains) will also have the papers, or at least their doors. I do not think it is worth placing a single subscription list. This is sent to a great many subscribers. They need to be given their own papers. We will in no way assist in your career with the

MOUNTAINEER.

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LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

Below will be found an extract from a letter written by our fellow-townsmen, JOHN H. GOODLET, Esq., now in California, to Dr. R. D. Loxo, of this place, to whom we are under obligations for his kindness in permitting us to make the extract. He says that he was "enjoying good health, and doing very well," when he wrote. RICHARD BRUNHAM, who left Greenville in his company, was still with him, and sent his respects to his old friends in Greenville. It is always interesting to hear from these pioneer gold-diggers, and we know it is the heart-wish of all whom they knew, and were acquainted, that they may return well rewarded for their enterprise and industry.

SAD ACCIDENT.

HENRY COBB, son of Josiah W. Cobb, of Williamson, accidentally shot himself, on Saturday last, while out gunning. It seems that he had jammed the gun upon his breast, and was in the act of raising his foot in order to tie his shoe-string, when the gun discharged, and the whole contents buried under his right arm. At first no hopes were entertained of his recovery, but we have since learned there a little possibility of his living.

THE GARDENS AND RAINS.

The rains with which we have been visited so copiously within the past few days have somewhat revived our gardens from the lethargy into which they had fallen on account of the late frost. They now present a promising appearance.

THE MILITARY BALL.

This handsome corps, arrived in the village on Saturday afternoon, escorted by Col. B. BOWLSON, and his staff, and other officers detached for that purpose. The Cadets, under command of Maj. CAPERS, were met in the suburbs of the town, and were led to the school by Col. BOWLSON, in a few minutes, and proceeded to the residence of Col. B. BOWLSON, where they entered Main street, and marched in beautiful order to the Court-house, where our Bandmaster, A. B. BOWEN, made them an address, replete with interest, tendering them the hospitalities and arrangements which our citizens had prepared for them. Maj. CAPERS, on the part of the Cadets, replied in a laudatory style, returning the gratitude and acknowledgments for the honors shown them, and attentions which would be given to their town. Amidst the shouts of the people they repaired to the grounds prepared for them in the rear of our academy.

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SOME STORIES.

The New York Spirit of the Times tells a story of a sportsman who was recently shooting ducks in North Carolina, and when wading through the reeds he saw six ducks. He waited for a good shot, when a coon came paddling along, and the ducks pitched into him to fight him away. At this interesting time the sportsman fired his two barrels, and charged three ducks and one coon.