The People's Press.

VOL. XVIII. SALEM, N. C., AUGUST 12, 1870. NO. 31.

The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms:—Cash in advance.

One copy, one year,.....$2 00
" six months,.....1 00
" three months,..... 75

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Ten lines or one inch space, or less, to constitute a square.

One square, one insertion, $1 00
Each subsequent insertion, 50

Court advertisements will be charged higher than the regular rates.

SPECIAL NOTICES charged 50 per cent. higher than ordinary advertisements.

Liberal deductions made my special contracts, to large advertisers.

POETRY.

I'm Old To-Day.

[An aged man on reaching his 70th birthday, like one surprised, paced his room, exclaiming "I am an old man! I am an old man!"]

I wake at last; I've dreamed too long
Where are my three score years and ten?
My eye is keen, my limbs are strong;
I well might vie with younger men:
The world, its passions and its strife,
Is passing from my grasp away;
And though this pulse seems full of life,
I'm old to-day, I'm old to-day.

Strange that I never felt before
That I had almost reached my goal,
My bark is nearing death's dark shore;
Life's waters far behind me roll:
And yet I love their murmuring swell,
Their distant breaker's proud array;
And must I, can I say "Farewell?"
I'm old to-day, I'm old to-day.

This house is mine, and these broad lands
That slumber neath yon fervid sky;
Yon brooklet, leaping over the sands,
Has often met my boyish eye:
I loved those mountains when a child;
They still look young in green array;
Ye rocky cliffs, ye summits wild,
I'm old to-day, I'm old to-day.

'Twixt yesterday's short hours and me
A mighty gulf hath intervened
A man with men I seemed to be;
But now 'tis meet I should be weaned
From all my kind and kindred dear,
From these deep skies, that landscape gay
From joys and hopes I've cherished here;
I'm old to-day, I'm old to-day.

O, man of years! while earth recedes,
Look forward, upward, not behind!
Why dost thou lean on broken reeds?
Why still with earthly fetters bind
Thine ardent soul? God gave it wings
'Mid higher purer joys to stray;
In heaven no happy spirit sings,
I'm old to-day, I'm old to-day.

Select Miscellany.

A Fight with a Rattlesnake.

HUNTING IN AN ALABAMA SWAMP—ATTACKING A RATTLESNAKE EIGHT FEET LONG—A DESPERATE FIGHT—DEATH OF THE HUMAN COMBATANT.

[Clopton Correspondence of the Eufala News.]

Last Saturday morning I was the witness of such a scene as I pray never to see again. I beheld a combat between a young man and a rattlesnake, in which the former was bitten, and died in ten minutes thereafter. The particulars of the terrible affair are as follows:

On Friday last a young man named Graynor asked me to spend the night with him and go coon hunting with him the next morning, to which request I readily assented. We started out about 3 o'clock a. m., and near day the dogs opened on a trail in the swamp of Bear Creek. Just after sunrise the deep baying of the dogs informed us that the game had taken a tree. We proceeded to make our way through the bogs and tangled brush and vines in the direction of the dogs, until we came to a small space of firm ground, which was covered with a low growth of oak bushes. Here we halted a moment to listen for the dogs.

We had barely paused, when we were startled by a loud, strange, rattling sound issuing from beneath a low, thick bush, within a few feet of us. Though I had never heard the peculiar noise before, I knew instinctively that it was a rattlesnake; and I sprang back in terror, remarking, "Graynor, let's leave here."

"What, S——," said he, "are you afraid?"

"Yes," said I, "I *am* afraid?"

"Well, S——," he coolly remarked, "I am going to kill the snake; it would be a pity to leave such a fine fellow here. So, here goes.

While Graynor was speaking, I caught a glimpse of the snake, which, as nearly as I could judge, appeared to be about eight feet in length, and three inches in diameter in his larger part. He was lying coiled up in perfect circles, with his head drawn back in a terrible graceful curve, his small eyes sparkling, his slender forked tongue darting swiftly back and forth, and his brown neck swollen with fatal wrath, while ever and anon he twirled the warning rattles in the air, with a harsh, blood-curding sound.

"For God's sake, let's go," said I, shuddering at the terrible sight.

"Don't get scared," said G., "just climb a tree, and he won't bite you. It ain't every day that a fellow meets with such a fine, large snake as this, and it wouldn't do to lose him."

He had picked up a small stick about a yard long, and while speaking, was drawing back the bushes from above the snake so as to get a sight of him. He threw his foot around over the bushes, and tramped them down in such a manner that the monster was fairly exposed to view; but just as he did so, and before he had time to strike, the snake made a sudden spring at him, and I turned away my face in horror. The next instant Graynor exclaimed, "I've got him, by George!"

I turned to look, and with his right hand he was grasping the snake by the neck in such a manner that he could not bite, while the monster was gnashing his teeth most furiously, and twisting and writhing in huge folds around Graynor's arms. All of a sudden, in some unaccountable manner, the snake freed his head, and quick as lightning plunged his deadly fangs into G.'s right cheek; when, dropping on the ground, he glided a few paces and again coiled himself up, keeping his head erect and ringing his fearful rattles. G. turned deathly pale, paused a moment, and then with a little stick advanced toward the snake. As he did so the snake made a spring at him, but G. struck him with the stick and knocked him back. A second time the snake sprang at him, and he again knocked him off with a stick; but before he could strike a third blow, the snake had made another spring and inflicted another wound in Graynor's arm. This time Graynor again managed to seize the monster by the neck; and dropping the stick, he drew forth his knife with one hand, opened it with his teeth, and then deliberately cut off the snake's head. Blood spurted from the trunk, and G., still grasping the snake, whose huge folds flapped and writhed around him, turned towards me, staggered, and fell. I rushed up to him and asked him:

"What in the name of God can I do for you?"

"Nothing," said he calmly, "I am dying. Tell them good ——," and his features became frightfully contorted, his eyes rolled over as if starting from their sockets, and his black swollen tongue protruded from his mouth. Then he fixed his red, wild, staring eyes upon me, and heaved a deep, piercing groan; a shiver passed over his frame, and then all was still. I was alone with the dead.

Marking the place as well as I could, I hastened to a house we had passed on the road, some half a mile distant from the fatal tragedy. Runners were sent through the neighborhood, and in the course of two hours some twenty of the neighbors had gathered. We proceeded to the place which I found no difficulty in pointing out.

Good heavens! what a sight met our view. The face and body had turned to a deep purple, and were swollen to three times the natural size, presenting the most horrible appearance I had ever witnessed. The snake lay where he had been thrown, and was still writhing.

Clay and Prentice.

John Russell Young, of the New York *Standard*, who attended the Associated Press Convention in Louisville, thus writes of two Kentucky celebrities:

"We saw much of Louisville, which is an interesting city, with its substance and shadows. The shadows of Clay and Crittenden and Tom Marshall, and the men of '98, and all that race of fine gentleman who once stalked these streets and made Kentucky a power in American politics. Here Clay lived his noisy, bubbling, rapturous career—the same Henry Clay about whom we so loudly sang—actually dead, and never a song to his memory—his work over and forgotten—poor foolish day-dreaming work as much of it was—and he,—drifted far into silence and night, the gaudiest sea-bubble that ever caught the sunshine,—so long on the crest, ever gaudy and shining, only to break at last into foam. No party, no policy, no one living speech, no one hearty deed, only his bright, cheery Kentucky smile—a bubble once and only foam! We stood in the room where Prentice worked and slept—a kind of journalistic monk, where he cooked his steak on a ramrod until it was half done, and baked potatoes in the coals.—We saw the cupboard where he kept fresh bread and raisins and nuts; where day and night he lived and labored, in the aroma of ink and dampened paper. We stood by his grave on Cave Hill, the greenest and sunniest spot in Kentucky, sweet and quiet and peaceful, but a grave quite forgotten, for no stone marks his tomb. A simple, sodded mound, with fresh June roses struggling over it, and only known to the eyes of affection and friendship as the resting place of George D. Prentice.

Description of Boston.

The N. Y. correspondent of the St. Louis Christian Advocate gives the following as Wendell Phillips' descripton of Boston:

"Boston is a city in which every tenth person is a criminal and every seventh a pauper. Three-quarters of our farms are mortgaged for drink, two thirds of the pulpits are filled with drunkards, and the bench of justice is nearly vacant, because one half of the judges have died drunkards."

Altho' we haven't much faith in anything that Wendell Phillips can say, yet we are willing to credit him with candor in what he says about Boston, because it tallies with our preconceived opinion of the place. These people—these "criminals," "paupers" and "drunkards" come themselves and send missionaries down to teach us morality and law. If this description had been given by a Southerner, he would have been denounced as a traducer from Cape Cod to the Bay of Biscay.

Colonel David Crockett.

About fifty years ago, there came to the surface, in the politics of Tennessee, a new man from a new section. It was Davy Crockett, of the Western district. He appeared in the State Senate at Nashville, a rough, uncouth backwoodsman, of parentage and lineage so obscure that he could perhaps hardly trace them himself, but a hale, stout, athletic, fine looking hunter, without education, save in shrewd, sound, common sense and woodman's craft. He was in the prime of life, about 34 or 35 years of age; had shot deer, hunted bear, fought Indians, skinned coons, soldiered to New Orleans under Jackson, (flat-boated some we expect,) and was known to be the finest rifle-shot, best hunter, and best humored rough joker on the frontier. He was the representative man of his people. (Would that our people in later days had been as truly and honestly represented.)

This legislating was a new thing to Davy, but he had plenty of good sense, and he applied himself with effect and learned.

In 1825 he was a candidate for Congress, and came within two votes of being elected. His friends advised him to contest the seat, but he told them he would never sneak into Congress. He must have the clear voice of the people, or he would not go at all. His motto was "be sure you're right and then go ahead."

In 1827 he was again a candidate, and was elected by a majority of over 2000, and was re-elected in 1829. In 1831 he was beaten, owing to his opposition to Andrew Jackson, who was then President; but in 1833 Col. Crockett was re-elected to Congress. He was quite fond of politics and public life, and made a good Congressman. He attended regularly, and kept an eye to the business in hand, and improved every day he stayed there. When he first entered Congress he was almost as much a "curiosity" as a bear or an Indian would have been. His dialect was broad, his manners unpolished, and his general get-up decidedly awkward. But a few years later he was a pretty fair speaker, and used the language of educated gentlemen. He says himself, in a book which he wrote and published about 1834 or 5, that knowing he was "green," he at first quietly watched other men, whom he knew to be well-bred, and then acted as near like they did as he could without attracting attention. (How many thousands who have been "through the schools" want the sense to imitate Davy Crockett in this particular!)

At Washington he dressed in the usual style of other people of his position, but quite plain, and be the style what it might, he would wear his shirt collar turned down over his stock, and his hair parted in the middle.

In 1835 he made his last race for Congress, and was beaten by Adam Huntsman. The majority against him was only 230, but Col. Crockett concluded that the "Western district had gone back on him." A month after the election he was on his way to Texas, where he gave his life, a few months afterwards, in the struggle for independence, which the patriots of that State were then making. He was in the Alamo, which Col. Travis held with 150 men, against Santa Anna with the Mexican party. After a long siege the Alamo was carried by assault at daylight on the morning of the 9th of March, 1836. There were but six live men in the fort, and Col. David Crockett was one of them. He was overpowered, and taken with his trusty rifle ("Betsy," the gift of a Whig club in Philadelphia,) in his hands, and the dead bodies of no less than twenty Mexicans lying around. He was carried before Santa Anna, who allowed him to be butchered in cold blood.

Thus ended the eventful career of one of the most remarkable men that West Tennessee ever produced.

He was a citizen of Obion county, and the site of his "log cabin" is still pointed out near Crockett Station on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. We believe the debris of the "historic shanty" was removed to make way for the road bed, some fifteen or twenty years ago.

He was dead before we were born, but we have had his life and his history, his tragically heroic death, and his wonderful feats of bear hunting in "the shakes" about Reelfoot Lake and the cypress swamps and the cane-brakes of the bottom recounted to us, in infancy, by his old pioneer comrades and admirers, (now mostly in their graves) until to doubt them would be "a sin to Crockett." Some of these days a new county is to be made out of portions of Haywood, Madison, Gibson and Dyer, and named after him.

The noble animal no longer need precede the plow. A planter near Midway, S. C., about 70 miles from Augusta, Ga., has discovered an addition to the list of domestic animals. Employed as a 'substitute' in war times for the beasts of the field which disappeared during Sherman's march, this novelty to the stud has proved himself a great success. "His furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke," and this year he served alone in the operations of plowing and cultivating the entire farm. Respecting these statements, the Augusta *Chronicle* and *Sentinel* is responsible for their truth; as for the poetry—the animal is a 350 pound alligator. The pet works kindly in harness; as yet the driver does not need to "put a hook in the jaws of the leviathan," though he may in case of need; as, for instance, if the animal should acquire the trick of throwing his tail over the driving lines.

The New York papers say that A. T. Stewart made a million of dollars by the late rise in gold, which he bought when it was down to the lowest figures.

The Grave of Osceola.

In a late number of Leslie's Illustrated News appears a sketch of the grave of Osceola, the Indian chief, near the walls of Fort Moultrie. Accompanying the sketch is an account of Osceola's life and death; from which we gather that he was 36 years of age at the time of his death, and during his life had slain a large number of white persons in the glades of Florida. His father was an Englishman named Power, and his mother the daughter of a Cherokee chieftain. While on a visit to an American fort she was seized and sold as a slave. This aroused the anger of Osceola, and from that time to his capture he waged a bitter war against the whites. On the 23 of October, 1837, while holding a conference with General Jessup, near St. Augustine, he was seized with a number of his followers, and taken to Fort Moultrie, where he was closely confined until his death. Osceola died as he had lived, a hater of the race from which his father had sprung. He lay on the couch in the cell assigned, and with a frown as dark as a cloud on his not unhandsome face, he folded his arms across his ample chest, and thus his spirit passed quietly away to the happy hunting grounds of the Seminoles, where all his braves were impatiently awaiting his presence.—*Charleston News.*

Grabbing a Fly in Church.

The Lima (Ohio) *Gazette* says: "A lady in one of our churches rested her head on the back of the pew in front, as all devout people do in time of prayer; but in a pew before her sat a young man who neither bowed his head nor kneeled. A beautiful plume nodded and danced upon the head of the fair one behind him, occasionally touching the neck of the youth, who evidently considered it a fly, or some other troublesome insect. For a time he bore the unpleasant sensation without a murmur; but at last patience ceased to be a virtue, and from the flash of his eagle eye one could plainly see that the hour of 'that fly' had come. Instead of saying 'Shoo fly, don't bodder me,' cautiously his hand moved toward the supposed offending insect; then followed a frantic clutch, a spring behind him. Imagine the horror of the youth to find in his hand the bobby hat of the fair one, which he had torn so violently from her head, sadly disarranging the contour of braids and chignon.—The lady was indignant, of course, and the youth could have been purchased at an immense sacrifice about that time. Explanations and apologies followed; the disorganized was put in order as soon as possible, and the devotional exercises were resumed."

Very silly are the bold assertions made in pulpits, of Mr. Dickens' constantly continued dissipation. The great writer left $400,000—every farthing of it earned by almost daily literary toil. When do these critical and clerical gentlemen suppose that men of letters do their work? Such slanders refute themselves. Look, for instance at Burns. Prof. John Wilson long ago pointed out how impossible it would have been for Burns to have written so much and so well if his days and nights had been given to inebriety. He had his faults—most people have—but he lived at a convivial time and in a convivial country. It would be a good thing (for them) if ministers of the Gospel could comprehend that men of letters are not always indulging in dissipation. Moreover, as Christianity is supposed to be charitable, it would be well for professed Christians to understand something of the peculiar trials and hardships of a purely literary life. When clergymen have the dyspepsia they can preach old sermons or 'go to Europe,' with all their expenses paid by their affectionate flocks; but the work of a literary life is never done until the door has sunk to rest himself in his grave. The world makes enormous demands upon popular writers, and then wonders that they sometimes seek relaxation of the kind which is most agreeable to them. It may be, often is, bad for them; but they are entitled to a charitable judgment.

Serious Railroad Accident.

RICHMOND, August 6.—As the train which left Richmond this morning was crossing Jerry's Run, on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad last night, the car next to the rear was precipitated down a precipice 100 feet high. Twelve persons were instantly killed and twenty wounded. Major Paxton and son, of Lexington, were were mortally wounded.

A lady made her husband a present of a silver drinking cup with an angel at the bottom. When she filled it for him he used to drink it to the bottom, and she asked him why he drank every drop.—"Because, Ducky, I long to see the dear little angel at the bottom." Upon which she had the angel taken out and a devil engraved at the bottom. He drank all the same, and she again asked him the reason. "Because, I won't leave the old devil a drop," he replied.

GOOD FOR HOGS.—Dr. Johnson was one day dining at the house of a lady, when she asked him if she did not think her pudding good. 'Yes' growled the great moralist; 'it's very good for hogs.' 'Shall I help you to another plateful then?' asked the polite hostess.

A Sunday School teacher, deploring the lack of attention on his ministrations, appealed to the few present: 'What can I do' said he, 'to get the boys and girls here?' 'I know,' said one of the urchins. 'What is it' 'Give em five cents apiece.'

'I say, conductor, do you know that good looking lady there with a book?'

'Yes, I have seen her a few times.'

'By Jove! She's splendid.'

'Yes, I think she is.'

'Where does she live?'

'In Chicago, I believe.'

'I would like to occupy that seat with her.'

'Why don't you ask her.'

'I don't know but it would be out of order.'

'It would not be if she was willing to have you occupy it. Of course you claim to be a gentleman.'

'O, certainly. If you are acquainted with her, give me an introduction; that is, if you have no objection.'

'Certainly not.'

Fixing his hair, moustache and whiskers in becoming style, he followed the conductor, who, on reaching the seat where the lady sat, said with a peculiar twinkle in his eye—

'My wife, Mr. ——, of New York, who assures me that he will die before reaching Detroit if he does not form your acquaintance.'

The gentleman stammered, stuttered, grew red in the face, faltered out some excuse, and returned to his seat, leaving the lady in company with her husband to enjoy the joke.

A young couple had been married by a Quaker, and after the ceremony he remarked to the husband: 'Thou art now at the end of thy troubles.'

A few weeks after, the young man came to the good minister, boiling over with rage, (his wife was a regular vixen,) 'I thought you told me that I was at the end of my troubles?'

'So I did, friend, but I did not say which end.'

At a trial in an Alabama town not long since, one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the opposing counsel relative to the clearness of her eyesight. 'Can you see me?' 'Yes,' she answered. 'How well can you see me?' persisted the lawyer. 'Well enough,' responded the lady, 'to see that you're neither a negro, an Indian, nor a gentleman.' The answer brought down the house and silenced the counsel.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of the auditors commended. 'Yes,' said the gentlemen to whom it was mentioned, 'it was a good sermon, but he stole it.' This was repeated to the preacher, who resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract. 'I will,' replied the aggressor. 'I said you had stolen the sermon. I find I was wrong, for on referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, *I found it there.*'

The Post Office Department of the United States has lost $294,458.79 in one year on the sale of stamped envelopes. The contract was awarded to 'others than the lowest bidders,' and the people must pocket the loss. But who pocketed the consideration for letting the original contract? That's the point.

An Irishman, near Boston, becoming greatly alarmed, recently, at the severity of thunder and lightning, fell suddenly upon his knees, and exclaimed, "O, Lord, forgive us, and stop this."

GENERAL NEWS.

The recent General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, set off all the colored preachers and members into a separate and independent General Conference, with full and equal powers to elect Bishops, and discharge all the functions of a Christian Church.

Hon. Joseph Segar, of Virginia, pitched into Hon. W. S. Lincoln of New York, in the streets of Washington city, on the 4th inst., and gave him a severe caning on account of some slanders alleged to have emanated from Mr. Lincoln. The militant Virginian was subsequently arrested, and bailed in the sum of five thousand dollars.

The Committee appointed by Congress to investigate the charges against certain white cadets at West Point for treating colored cadets in an ungentlemanly manner, have concluded their labors and sentenced the offending cadets to be reprimanded by the authorities.

A fool, named Comstock, tried to rival the celebrated Sam Patch, at Buffalo, N. Y., on the 3rd inst., by jumping from the roof of an elevator into Buffalo Creek, a distance of 135 feet. He lost his balance, when about two-thirds down, and falling upon his side on the water, was seriously, if not fatally, injured.

Albert T. Morgan, white, a distinguished radical Senator in the Mississippi Legislature, was married on the 4th inst., to Caroline Highgate, a colored damsel. The pair immediately left for Cleveland, Ohio, Morgan's former home.

The State debt of California is two and a half millions—one million less than it was last year. This is one of the results of a Conservative State government in which California rejoices.

Mr. Frelinghuysen has not yet accepted the mission to England, owing to the unsettled condition of his private affairs.

A large brick and wooden building in Boston, gave way with a tremendous crash on last Friday afternoon, and, falling across the street, knocked out the fronts of two or three stores and a hotel. One man was killed, and several injured.

The cows in the vicinity of Lynchburg, Va., are said to be dying off from a disease brought there by Texas cattle.

Late advices from the Indian country show that the fears of an approaching Indian war are pretty well dissipated. Red Cloud has exerted himself earnestly to produce good feeling in the minds of his people towards the whites, and they are less disposed for war than they were two months ago.

An order has been received in St. Louis by a prominent mercantile firm, from the French government, to purchase fifty thousand tons of hay for the French army.

The woolen mills throughout New England are starting up, the war news making a prospective demand for their goods.

It has been ascertained that the murderer of Mr. Nathans, the New York millionaire, obtained about $60,000. Immense rewards are offered for the detection and arrest of the assassin, but thus far the efforts of the police have been futile.

The expense of taking the census in 1860 was about $1,700,000 in round numbers. To defray the expense of taking the census in 1870, the sum of $3,000,000 will be required. Quite a difference between Radical and anti-Radical rule.

On each Wednesday of the present month, the Government will sell $1,000,000 of gold coin, in New York.

The Knoxville *Whig* says that East Tennessee has raised this year five millions of bushels of wheat, and will have a surplus of three millions of bushels to sell.

Indiana expects to come pretty nearly up to two millions of inhabitants by the census now being taken, an increase of considerably more than a million in ten years.

A Rev. Mr. Demorest is actually on trial before a Synod in New Jersey for the awful crime, rarely committed, of "preaching dry and uninteresting sermons."

A man, at Bloomsburg, Pa., was caught in a thunder shower the other day, and struck by lightning. Strange to say, the fluid stripped him stark naked, but did not injure him a particle.

Four men were instantly killed, and a fifth dangerously wounded at Fortress Monroe, on the 3rd inst., by the explosion of a bomb-shell which they were handling. The building was set on fire, and the flames communicated to five other buildings all of which were filled with shells. Nothing could be done to stop the flames, owing to the continual bursting of the bombs.

Illinois is the largest wheat growing State in the Union, and Iowa ranks next.

The city of Philadelphia expects to exhibit a population of one million of souls by this census. Its area is greater than New York, and comprises the entire county.

A riot occurred at Harrodsburg, Mercer Co. Ky., on the 1st inst., in which one white man and four colored men were killed, and some twenty others severely wounded.

The boiler of the Steamboat Silver Spray exploded on the night of the 31st ult., about thirty miles above Memphis on the Mississippi river. Twenty one lives were lost and a large number of passengers badly injured. The boat was about three hundred yards from shore, and as she immediately became wrapped in flames, the survivers were compelled to plunge into the river with boards, chairs, boxes, &c., and make their way to the land.

The Secretary of the Interior proposes, if authority shall be conferred upon him, to take Indian boys of suitable age, apprentice them to farmers until they learn how to till the soil, and then return them to their tribes with implements and other things necessary for farming. In this manner he thinks the Indian can be civilized.

The government is fitting for service in the Charlestown (Mass.) Navy Yard, twelve of the most powerful war vessels we have in our navy. There is something in the wind.

The U. S. government has addressed an energetic note to Spain demanding indemnity for Americans who were illegally expelled from the island of Cuba by the Spanish authorities.

Three young Japanese princes are staying at the Worchester, Mass. Military Academy, and have made such marked progress that they have been placed at the head of of the academy in every department.

The amount paid to contestants of seats in Congress during the late session, was $25,300. The whole expense of these contests does not fall far short of $250,000. The radical party has inaugurated a very expensive and improper system regarding these contests, which ought to be abandoned.

The long continued drought in the New England States is making bad work in that section. Gardens are all drying up, the pastures are crisp and burned, feed for horses and cattle is getting short, the fruit is dropping prematurely from the trees, and in some places the wells are giving out.

The radicals in Virginia have quarrelled over some of their Congressional nominations, and their State organ openly repudiates the renomination of Porter in the 3rd District. The signs now are that the Conservatives will carry every Congressional District in the State, except, perhaps, the First.