

THE WILMINGTON HERALD.

WILMINGTON, JULY 24 LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

City Provost Court, July 22. Soldiers.—Three soldiers were disposed of for eight offences this morning. These were all there was in the soldier line. The Crazy Negro.—Tom Robinson, the crazy negro who rode the horse off a few days ago...

produce illness; and exposure to the sun, with proper exercise, will not produce illness. Let any man sleep in the sun, and he will awake perspiring and very ill; and if it be a hot climate he will probably die. Let the same man dig in the sun for the same length of time, and he will perspire ten times as much, and be quite well.

SACRILEGE.—It is with regret that posters of almost every kind are to be seen upon the walls of one of our city churches. It is certainly in bad taste, and will be abandoned hereafter if attention be called to it. It looks really bad and speaks badly for morality to have the church of God, so defaced.

THE STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—We have been requested to state that a special train will be run for the accommodation of the stockholders of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad who desire to attend the meeting of the stockholders in this place on Tuesday the 1st of August.

PICKING THEM UP.—The patrol guard were yesterday picking up all soldiers found on the streets without their belts being exposed.

REMOVED.—The office of the city Provost Marshal has been removed from the City Hall to the office on Market street occupied by Maj. Pierce, the District Provost Marshal.

LAW NOTICE.—The law card of A. Empie, Esq., appears in to-day's issue. During many years at the bar here Mr. Empie has ranked with the first, and nothing further is needed of this paper than a notice of a resumption of his business. He is welcomed back by many warm personal friends.

THE FIREMEN.—We have received several communications from members of the white fire organizations of this town in reply to the strictures we made use of in our last issue.

PARDONED.—Among a batch of nearly one hundred repenting rebels, who have found favor with the good old man, Uncle Sam, and received his pardon, is Mr. P. K. Dickinson of this town.

RAIN.—A heavy rain storm, attended with thunder and lightning, passed over the city yesterday afternoon. The lightning was very rapid and fierce. No damage was done as far as could be learned.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Wm. B. Cutter, our enterprising and public spirited townsman returned from New York on Saturday evening, and yesterday proceeded to Raleigh on business of a private nature.

Jeff. Davis. The Herald of the 19th says: The Health of Jefferson Davis is said to have been failing rapidly of late, though he is supplied with plenty of fresh air, good food, and such opportunities for exercise as the contracted limits of a Fortress Monroe casemate will permit.

From South Carolina. One of the Charleston correspondents of the N. Y. Herald states that the majority of the South Carolina planters, though so recently the most uncompromising advocates of slavery, have already begun to look on emancipation as really a benefit to them, and are inclined to the opinion that compensated labor will in the end be far more profitable and satisfactory to the landowners of that state generally.

The Dog Days.—As the dog days are at hand, and the sun is going to work it is hoped in good earnest, it will do no harm to understand that the sun will do what he now pretends to do: The first thing the smiling sun wishes us to know is, that his commission is to do us good, and not to injure us; and that we must take care not to injure ourselves.

ST. DOMINGO. An Invasion of the Country Expected by the Haytiens. New York, July 12. The rumors of an invasion of St. Domingo by the Haytiens were daily increasing. It was reported that the President of the Republic, with four of his ministers and an escort of 250 men, had come within two miles of the capital, to confer with the Spaniards, and had proposed to make new treaties, but the result was unknown.

STATE ITEMS. SERIOUS SHIPWRECK.—The steam propeller, Quinebaug, left Morehead City about 6 o'clock Thursday morning bound for Baltimore, with about two hundred and eighty discharged soldiers, belonging to the following commands; fifteen to the Third United States Artillery, nine to the Ninth Maine, seven to the 169th New York, and three companies of the 76th Pennsylvania.

THE VALLEY AT THE END OF THE WAR. Shortly before the close of the war I was up in the county of Frederick, Virginia, and the all-pervading misery of the once blooming but now blighted valleys of the valley state shocked me most thoroughly. From Winchester to Richmond, whichever route you took, there was nothing to note but the devastating marks of war.

RAPIDITY OF WAR'S RAVAGES. Though it shocked it did not surprise me to discover such universal and dismal havoc.—Hardly a mile of the country between the James and the Shenandoah and the Rappahannock and the York rivers, was exempt from the trail of carnage. Many a little farm have I seen in bloom and promise and peace this week, which in yet another week could only be recognized by some bold points in the landscape beyond the reach of description.

DEWELLING HOUSE BURNED.—The Dwelling House of Mr. Charles J. Harris, in Cabarrus co., about 8 miles from Concord, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night last, and all its contents consumed, except two beds. The family barely escaped, for when they awoke one side of the house was in flames.

Sudden Death of a North Carolina Woman at Jarratt's Hotel in Petersburg. The Petersburg Express of the 4th inst., contains the following: A very sudden death occurred at Jarratt's hotel yesterday morning, which led to the suspicion that poison had been taken. On Saturday afternoon last, a young woman, with a fine boy about seven months old, arrived in Petersburg on the Southern train, and took a room at Jarratt's.

STOCK OF ROSIN IN THE SOUTH. Mr. Coppell, Acting British Consul at New Orleans, has sent a report to the Foreign Office, stating the results of his investigations as to the quantity of rosin in the south. He says that within that portion of the Southern States bounded on the west and east by 90 deg. 15 min., 88 deg. west longitude of Greenwich, and on the south and north by 30 deg. 45 min., latitude north, there are about 25,000 barrels, and the greater part of it in barrels and ready for shipment.

Sea Disasters. On Sunday last, the fine steamship Ben DeFord, bound to Morehead City, fell in with the steamer Prince Albert off Cape Hatteras, from Washington to New Orleans, in a helpless condition, her engines being broken.

CONDICION OF THE SOUTH. Interesting Narrative by one of the staff Officers of the Rebel Ex-President. Tour of Observation Through the Conquered States. The State of Virginia. HOW THE COUNTRY LOOKS.

What the People Say and Think, and What the Prospect Is. (Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald, July 14.) A recent tour through large portions of every Southern state west of the Mississippi has given me ample opportunity to survey the whole field as it looked soon after the smoke and din and dust of battle had cleared away. It was, indeed, a sad and sobering sight—everything witnessed during that journey—the aspect of the regions of conflict and the condition of the people who survive amid its ruins.

THE DOUBTING LADY KNOWS NOTHING. The inscription above given, and therefore could not tell me who or of whose force was he who carved it. Nor did she know any other name for the place than Oak Top Hill. Hunter's forces had been latest in that vicinity, and some of Early's men a short time previously. They were so often to and fro there of both sides that it might be one of either.

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How the Country Looks. What the People Say and Think, and What the Prospect Is. (Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald, July 14.) A recent tour through large portions of every Southern state west of the Mississippi has given me ample opportunity to survey the whole field as it looked soon after the smoke and din and dust of battle had cleared away. It was, indeed, a sad and sobering sight—everything witnessed during that journey—the aspect of the regions of conflict and the condition of the people who survive amid its ruins.

THE VALLEY AT THE END OF THE WAR. Shortly before the close of the war I was up in the county of Frederick, Virginia, and the all-pervading misery of the once blooming but now blighted valleys of the valley state shocked me most thoroughly. From Winchester to Richmond, whichever route you took, there was nothing to note but the devastating marks of war. Lines of rifle pits and entrenchments carefully or hurriedly flung up by either arm, and ghastly mounds of inhumed slain scarred the fair face of as rich and rarely diversified a tract of country as graces the earth's surface.

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forces of Hunter and Brockenridge had many a sanguinary skirmish.

FALLEN HOSPITALITY. Turning down the hill I espied a little house nestled in a dell, over a purling stream, about two hundred yards beyond the valley, at the foot of the height I was leaving. I went to it, and there is a lesson in what transpired distinctly in keeping with the illustrative character I proposed for these sketches.

A white lady—her bearing and features and manners (rather than her dress, which was scant and coarse) declared her of the social rank usually implied by the term "lady"—a venerable looking lady, then, and two negroes, old and pinched, were its occupants. As I opened the miserable wicket admitting to the weed-grown little yard around the cottage, the old lady warned me that they had nothing for me there.

Apprehending at once that she took me for one of the army stragglers or wayfarers, who, when most needing Virginia's boasted hospitality, found it least, I replied—"Madam, I want but a little information, and am not unwilling to pay even for that."

"Indeed! and in what currency?" The drift of that question I understood; but not sure that I ought to show my colors until I saw here, I answered—"I am not much burdened with either currency, but I have a little of both that passes in this section."

"You have, have you? And what may your haversack contain? Anything one can buy?" she asked, pointing to my pliothetic wallet.

"Provisions for three days, madam, for self."

"Ha, and with so much good, too, I presume. Are you not afraid to circulate around here where you'll find fewer fed people than hungry?"

"I am not alone, madam, and our party is not unwilling to share with those they meet in want, although we have no common stock, each one carrying only sufficient for himself."

"And what sort of things have you? Come onto the stoop and take a glass of good water, which is about all that Virginia hospitality has been left to offer."

I thanked her, and took a seat in the shade and a glass of delightfully cool water from a gourd, presented by one of the negroes. Then opening my wallet—a combination between a large hunting pouch and a haversack—requesting the lady to honor me by helping herself.

"No," said she laughingly, "until I know to what side you belong. I judge from your having so many good things and money it is the other."

There, I had her side at once; yet I distrusted it, I am ashamed to say, for I took the flash of her bright gray eye as something more sinister than it meant. Therefore I thought fit to answer:—

I am of a profession which has a shield in its pursuit for neutrality, and would be glad if you regarded me at present as an observer belonging to neither side."

"An observer is another name for spy. Do you wish me to regard you as one?"

"I should even doubt the suspicion."

"The side, however, would make a difference with me."

"I cannot see, madam, how there remains another side, since the surrender of Lee."

"You are mistaken. It may get hidden, but will never cease to exist. At all events, your answer satisfies me you are not on the right side. Beware, these hills have men yet, and neither Hunter nor Stoneman is near enough to protect strolling observers," with a stress on the word.

"That remark, madam, sets me free. Be pleased to read this," and I handed her a paper which at once made us friends.

Taking me as a more harmless and less objectionable person than "a spy" for either side, she consented to pick out a few biscuits, preserved meats, and pickles, in return for which she pocketed in my wallet some corn bread and butter. My claims were now good for information, and I urged them.

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HER OWN STORY. That was all with which she could gratify my curiosity, but forth with she plied me with personal grievances. She was the daughter, tenderly reared, of an eminent Virginia, and the widow of a State Senator and rebel major, who had been killed, in 1861, at Harper's Ferry.

Her home was formerly in the valley, near Winchester—the valley alluded to in the opening of this sketch. It was no longer a home fit for anyone, though it was reputed one of the dimmest in that wealthy region before the war. The shanty in which she now lived had been the residence of a confidential negro, who had charge of a tobacco growing tract of land which became hers by inheritance. She sought shelter there from the horrors of the valley, but greeted her fallen and forlorn position to no great extent. Twice was she driven from her valley home, which at length was converted into a stable on the ground floor and a fodder loft on the upper. She said she was only guilty of speaking what they deemed insolence and disloyalty, and she admitted that none of the valley inhabitants fared much better at the hands of either army when military convenience or necessity controlled their movements or motives.

This incident, and what pertains to it, gives a fair representation of the greatness and the nature of the sudden social changes effected even before the war terminated. I left the old lady in kindly terms, but weeping bitterly as she contemplated the consequences of Lee's surrender, which she was most unwilling to credit. "And my poor husband died in vain," was the burden of her lamentations.

HUNGRY NEGRO HIGHWAYMEN. Making all haste to rejoin my comrades, and weary enough to resume my seat in the saddle, which a negro attendant filled for me, I came to the forks of a road. Which way now? The negroes were coming up one of the roads, and I sat patiently to wait for such instructions as they could give. On asking them for information they looked at each other, having first eyed my wallet. Unfortunately my pistols were in the holsters of the saddle, and I had no weapon but a rude look-

(Continued on fourth page.)