

Miscellaneous News.

INTERVIEW WITH OLD THAD.

Mr. Drake, one of the editors of the Union Springs Times, who is now traveling in the northern States, had an interview a few days since with Thaddeus Stevens at his home. We copy:

I visited Lancaster, and obtained an audience. Radicals have a good deal to say about the close relationship some of the former slaves bear to their masters' friends. They tell southern people that numbers among their servile class are too yellow to be white, and too white to be black. They must stop this. It is horribly unkind to their great leader and master. In the city of Lancaster, Penn., in the godly North, high into the purple city of Philadelphia, Thaddeus Stevens has for years lived in open adultery with a mulatto woman whom he seduced from her husband, a full blooded negro. This mulatto manages a household in Lancaster and at Washington, receives or rejects his visitors at will, proclaims Mr. Stevens and herself as "two," and in all things comforts herself as if she enjoyed the rights of a lawful wife.

I told him I had come to hear from him whom I regarded as the great head and master of his party, just what his party demanded, and where their demands would stop; upon what terms and at what probable time his party would recognize the southern States as equal members of the Government, and ask his interpretation of the present measure of reconstruction. Then prefacing the question with the remark that it was an indelicate one to put to a gentleman, I asked:

"Do you pursue your harsh policy as a party measure for the purpose of intimidation?"

He answered at once: "I do nothing merely for party purposes. I regard my proposed action as equitable."

"But, Mr. Stevens, what provision of the Constitution are you warranted in perverting a war made to reach a doubtful question, and the right itself to make which was done into an excuse for going beyond its purpose, in treating the defeated so harshly as you propose?"

"The Constitution does not enter into the question—has nothing to do with it at all. You made an issue of war. The North—whether wisely or unwisely it is no use now to enquire—accepted the issue and conquered you. By a thousand acts, which some of my party seem now to forget, the Government recognized you as a legitimate nation, and your defeat left you no rights under the Constitution nor any claim to be treated by its provisions. While you were belligerents, I regarded you also as great criminals, who had forfeited all rights to deal with you entirely by the laws of war, and though not caring to have those laws executed to the full extent of hanging the poor devils, I regard as a matter of the simplest equity to punish you by fines at least sufficient to indemnify you for the damage sustained at your hands."

"Will you persist in your confiscation measure, Mr. Stevens—will you be satisfied with no less?"

"No, sir! Anything less would be unjust to those wronged by your crime."

"Will you be able to bring your party to your support?"

"I do not know—we had a hard work to secure the passage of the military bill—but I shall take care of myself, and devote all of my strength and ability on this measure of justice."

"Well, Mr. Stevens, there are good men in the South—honest men, who took an oath of loyalty to the United States Government in good faith, upon the assurance that they would be treated as citizens. The unsettled condition of politics bears hardly upon them. Lands are valueless, and industry is discouraged. If you—and I say you because you are your party—intend to perfect the proposed confiscation, don't quickly do not torment the South by delay and deception. Bring Wilson home, and don't let him tell any more lies to honest people. Let the issue be distinct and well understood. You are consistent, and have been frank at least."

Mr. S. now complained of being overworked. I begged him to answer one or two more questions.

"Would you be pleased to see organized in Alabama a government similar to that of Tennessee, under such men as Brownlow, a few of which I am sorry to say we have among us—M. H. Safford for instance?"

He replied hesitatingly: "It is not a matter of men at all; it would depend upon circumstances and public opinion. We would inquire whether you had a State, and—"

I there interrupted, feeling that he was dodging, and asked the following question:

"Suppose, sir, Alabama should organize a government enfranchising the negro, providing for his education, and giving ample guarantees for his position before the courts and in society, and under that government, should send good men, who could take the first vote to Congress, would you admit her representation?"

Without a moment's pause he responded with strong emphasis: "No, sir, I would not admit her representation."

The City Bride went off, penitentiary, at Chicago is so full of prisoners that seventy had to be set at liberty a few days since.

A child three years old was choked to death with beans in New Albany, Ind., one day last week.

THE RUSSIAN BATH.

MARK TWAIN'S EXPERIENCE THEREIN.

I only got over a calamitous cold in the head yesterday, and to-day I felt like the breaking up of a hard winter. I had the blues and a ceaseless drumming and ringing in the ears, and a deadening oppression on the brain, and a horrible sense of suffocation. The weather was cold, and the gases from the villainous coal fire were stifling. Besides all these little inconveniences, my thoughts persistently ran on funerals and suicide. I was in a fit frame of mind for any desperate enterprise, and with a recklessness that even stirred a sort of admiration within me, I resolved to go and take a bath. In five minutes I was breathing the frosty wind and plunging through the soft new snow, and in fifteen I stumbled upon the place where they kept the man called the Russian Bath. This was rather more than I bargained for, but I hesitated only a moment and went in. I went up stairs, in the stylish building, and along a carpeted hallway entered a large and sumptuous room, with pictures hung round the walls, and a general air of comfort and luxury visible all about the place that could not be otherwise than exasperating to a man in my frame of mind. A very polite man entered my name in book, taxed me a dollar and a quarter, took charge of my watch and portmanteau, gave me a ticket and turned me over to an attendant, who conducted me into another part of the house and gave me a neat state-room wherein to undress. When I came out of there, a fine, healthy young descendant of Adam (I think he had a descendant of Adam, because he hadn't anything on but a fig leaf made of a rag) took me into a large apartment that was as hot as sin, and gave me a basin of cold water to wash my face in, and a cup of ice water to drink, and then left me. The place had a latted floor, and a great plunge-bath in the middle of it, and two long rows of high board marble benches running down the sides—sort of stairways that reached half way up to the ceiling. The room began to fill with steam, and I began to sweat. I looked drops of water from every pore as large as marbles—marbles of the small kind. I climbed up on one bench, and then on the next, and finally to the third—and the higher I went the hotter it got. The fog grew thicker and thicker, till the gas lights were only faint blurs in the mist. I could not breathe through my nose any more, because the steam was so thick; I had to inhale it through my mouth—and if I hadn't a mouth like a ship's hatchway I must have suffocated anyhow. I was a little scared, thinking about steamboat explosions and such things, because I knew I was carrying about a hundred and sixty pounds of steam to the square inch, and if I ever saw a steam boiler explode on a single moment I was bound to collapse a due. But it was a comfort to me to know that I had such a head on by this time that if I did let go I would be likely to blow the most of that bath-house over into Jersey somewhere. At this critical period Adam appeared, and I was uncommon glad to see him, notwithstanding he loomed so vaguely through the shrouding mist that I could not swear that I saw him at all. He put me under a cold shower-bath and turned a deluge loose on me. But it felt good. Next he laid me on a marble bench and soaped me and scrubbed all over with an implement that was rough for a brush but soft for a curry comb. I got another shower-bath after this, and then the out-cast stood me up and shot me in the back with a spray of hot water that made me face around—well, quick, as you might say—and instantly shot me with a spray of ice water—and when I whirled again I caught a blast of hot air above, a spray of hot water below and a jet of ice water like a thousand needles in the middle. This operation makes a man get around as spry as anything I know of. But it is exquisite torture. Then this inhuman Russian posted me in a corner and discharged a volley of boiling hot and ice cold streams of water against every part of my body. To say that this makes a man frisky is to use language of unspeakable lameness. Then I was told to jump into the plunge bath. I said, with some irony, that if I was to go into a furnace next, and afterwards into an ice-chest, and then suffer an earthquake and be struck by lightning, I would prefer to tackle those outrages first and get them off my mind, if it would be all the same to the Russian Bath Company. But the foreigner said No, and looked perplexed—delicate sarcasm always perplexes a foreigner—and I plunged in. After this, I had to climb up on the marble benches and sweat and steam, and work again for fifteen minutes, and then Adam came back and put me through the same old complicated system of tortures again, winding up with a Niagara of a shower-bath that must have washed all my sins away—unless they had got catched on me—because I felt like a regenerated man a moment afterwards. Adam took me into a room of gentler temperature next, and rubbed me with his hands and kneaded me all over with his knuckles as if I were dough, and sprung all my joints and tried to pull my limbs out by the roots. Then he brushed me gently all over with a soft brush, and finally set me up and scratched and scratched and scratched my head for ten minutes with his finger nails, but I had him there—he never caught anything. I dressed and went into the drawing-room and got my valuables, and as the polite Superintendent insisted on my taking a drink with him—he asked me once, anyway—I did take just a small taste to make him happy, and went my way. I appreciated that young man, because

polit-ness to a stranger is rare in New York. The sharp wintry wind never felt so bracing or smelled so delicious as it did when I went striding up the street, and if there was anything dismal or cheerless about this old world it was not present to any of my senses then. The Russian bath will do.

HORRORS OF A MUMMY PIT.

A young Philadelphia, traveling in Egypt, writes to the Enquirer, of that city, that he was recently let down into a cavern used as a sepulcher for mummies. He says:

Imagine a vaulted chamber about twenty-five feet square. Away down in the very heart of this granite rock, dimly lighted by our two flickering tapers, filled almost to the roof, was a countless pile of mass of uncoffined mummies. Here they lay in all shapes and postures. Some had burst the twining ligaments of some, and their bony arms and fleshless fingers seemed struggling up from the mass, as if to lay hold of the disturbers of their slumbers. Some were placed upright against the wall, and in the weird shadow, thrown by the candle's light, their features twitched and moved, and their long-soled lips, seemed opening to denounce us. The Arab drew a long knife from the sheath on his arm, and commenced cutting and tearing off the wrappings in search of scarabæus; and, as his naked limbs sank among the dry bones, and his swarthy arms tossed about the bodies, he looked like some hideous vampire at his nightly meal.

The air was very bad; and I was about to beat a retreat, when suddenly a thought flashed across my mind that almost froze my blood with horror. I am not a coward, but for a moment my heart stood still. The cave was filled with a thousand mummies; drier than the dryest tinder, and soaked in bitumen, each one wrapped in many folds of mummy cloth, as inflammable as gun cotton. A single spark from one of the candles would have spread like wildfire, and no power upon earth could have saved us from fearful death; we would have been roasted alive in five minutes. I remarked this to Harry; he saw it instantly and yelled to the guide to be careful of the lights, while I started for the opening. On I went, through the narrow passage, tearing knees and garments against the sharp stones, shudderingly expecting each moment to lay my hands upon the slinky coils of a serpent in the dark, and every now and then sticking fast, and feeling (in imagination) the scorching breath of the fire fiend on my back. At last I reached the hole and was drawn up, very glad to breathe the pure air and feel the warm sun again.

MR. VALLANBHAM AND THE REBELLION.

The following letter is published in the Huntsville (Ala.) Democrat:

DAYTON, Ohio, June 8, 1867.

J. Withers Clay, Esq., Huntsville, Ala.

Sir: In the speech of Huntsville of Henry Wilson, now Jeremiah Colbeth, as published in your paper (the Democrat) of May 31, 1867, are three deliberate falsehoods relating to myself, in substance as many lines.

1. I am not one of those who encouraged the rebellion, said there would be no war, &c., but just the reverse. I never expressed or held the opinion that northern or western democrats would assist the South in a war for secession and independence. So far as the war waged on the part of the South, for this purpose it never had my sympathy. As waged by the North, I was opposed to it at every point, from beginning to end, for reasons which Time is now vindicating every day.

2. I never said that the Northern troops should march over my dead body.

3. The pretended incident related by Wilson, about an Ohio regiment passing my house, never had an existence, for even a shadow of foundation.

My crime during the war was that I consistently and persistently loved and defended constitutional liberty and the old federal republic throughout.

I beg your pardon, and my own, for condescending to notice anything from this vulgar itinerant changeling. My only apology is that he is the successor of Daniel Webster in what remains of the United States senate—and has lately "experienced religion."

Very truly, &c., C. L. VALLANBHAM.

MATRIMONY.—A confirmed old bachelor used the following argument against matrimony: "Mulin is a great promoter of laziness. If young men wish to accomplish any thing of moment, either with head or hand, they must keep clear of the institution entirely. A pair of sweet lips, a small waist, a swelling chest, a pressure of two delicate hands, will do as much to unbalance a man as three fevers, the measles, a large-sized whooping-cough, a pair of lock-jaws, several hydrophobias, and the doctor's bill."

Bangor is to have a hydrographic survey of its harbor.

Three thousand Brazilians have died of cholera at Curuzu. Curuzu in evidence not curative.

Miss New York went to see "All Right" in New York. He is slowly getting well.

While waiting for a letter in the Boston Post-office, George Carter was jostled by a crowd and had his pocket picked of \$5.00.

Another Coal Mine Disaster.—A fearful accident, which resulted in the immediate death of ten men and lads, occurred at Washington colliery, on the Weir, in England, May 31. Sixteen men and lads had been barred up in the Maudlin seam, and were prevented from getting up with the men who came out of the pit in the afternoon. About 6 o'clock, the fall having been cleared away, the men and lads had been sent to the foot of the shaft to go to bank, and ten of them were in a cage of two decks, between 7 and 8 o'clock, and were drawn up the shaft by the engine. Instead of stopping his engine when the cage got to bank, Tudor, the engineman, had let go on, and the result was the ten poor creatures were run up to the pulleys in the cage. Upon passing the bank the men shouted with all their strength, but no notice was taken of them, and as soon as the cage struck the chocks near the pulleys or wheels, which it did with considerable force, the wire rope broke, and the whole of the men in the cage were precipitated with it down the shaft, to the sump, a depth of two hundred and fifty yards, and it is needless to say that they were killed on the spot. The cage crashed from side to side as it was precipitated down the fearful chasm, pitched the men out, smashed through the bunting, and fell into the sump. Immediately after the occurrence the brakeman disappeared, but he was apprehended during the night, and was brought before the Gateshead magistrates on Saturday and remanded. The bodies of the men were got out of the pit on the following day.

General Sheridan's Protest against a Reopening of the Registry Lists—A Sharp Argument against the Attorney General's Opinion.

New Orleans, June 22, 1867—12 o'clock P. M.—Gen. Sheridan sent General Grant the following to-day:

HEADQUARTERS 5TH MILITARY DISTRICT, New Orleans, June 22, 1867.

General U. S. Grant, Washington.

GENERAL:—I am in receipt of a telegram from the President, through Brevet Major Gen. Townsend, Adjutant General United States Army, directing me to extend the Registration in this city and State until August 1, unless I have some good reasons to the contrary, and ordering me to report success and such reasons for his information, and also stating that in his judgment this extension is necessary to full and fair registration, and that the time should be thus extended because other district commanders will not get through before that time.

My reasons for closing registration in this city are because I had given the city two and a half months, and there were no more to register. I have given the State two and a half months, and registration will be exhausted by that time. I did not feel warranted in keeping up boards of registration at large expense to suit some issues coming in at the eleventh hour. The registration will be completed in Louisiana at the time specified, unless I am ordered to carry out the law under Mr. Stanton's interpretation which practically in registration is opening a broad unexamined road for perjury and fraud to travel on.

I do not see why my registration should be dependent on the time when other district commanders get through. I have given more time for the registration of Louisiana than they propose to give in their commands, and I commenced six weeks before they did. I regret that I should have to differ with the President, but it must be recollected that I have been ordered to execute a law to which the President has been in bitter antagonism.

If after this report the time is to be extended, please notify, and it will be done. I would do it once, but the President's telegram was conditional, and there is sufficient time left to issue the necessary orders.

P. S. SHERIDAN, Major General U. S. A.

THE SOUTH OF THE FUTURE—WHITES AND BLACKS—WHAT OF THE NEGROES.

That thorough-going radical paper, the Philadelphia Inquirer, in late article on the south and its future, intimates that the negroes must be driven out. After referring to the movement of southerners to the north, it argues thusly:—By removal to the north they escape from many disagreeable associations, and really will not suffer as much in their feelings among a population hostile to their sentiments as they do at home. While, therefore, the south actually needs emigration in order to recover its prosperity, it must suffer by the abstraction of its population, white and black. The negroes, finding that they can go where they please, strike out in considerable numbers to the west. Large delegations are going to Florida, which bids fair to be overrun with them. The south will never become thoroughly prosperous until it is repopulated with white settlers. In twenty or twenty-five years, when that section shall become thoroughly prosperous, the leading men will be non-southerners by birth, and the tone of society may be entirely different from what it now is. Northerners and persons of foreign birth will represent southern interests; and the old aristocracy, for whose benefit the rebellion was commenced, will have but little influence.—Change will beget change. The south had peculiar and sectional interests to give it in the hope of forming a southern empire. These hopes have been totally overthrown, and with them will pass away the ideas and objects which cemented the union of the southern people. These suggestions may show that no proper idea of the future of the south can be formed from its condition at the close of the war. As the future of America could not have been foreseen while it was governed by the Indian princes, so may the future of the south be

wondrously different from what it was expected to be in the dreams of its leading men when they undertook a rash and momentous experiment.

A SENSIBLE VIEW OF RECONSTRUCTION.

The Richmond Whig has arrived at the following sensible and practical conclusions:—Our opinion is that the present is the proper time to heal the wounds inflicted by the war, to build up what is destroyed.

In the great process of reconstruction, upon which we are about to enter—a reconstruction not only political, but social and industrial—we of the South are required to play a part—an honorable part that is agreeable, or that has been our wont—but still an important part. We must, however, remember in the beginning that we cannot, by any action of ours, change the status of the northern people or of the southern negroes. Their status is fixed, and will be maintained, no matter what we may do. But we can make our own condition agreeable or disagreeable, that is, our action will be influential in moulding the action of those upon whom it devolves to determine our future position in the Union. We must remember by day and by night that we are in their power, not they in ours. Any opposition we make to them will be unavailing for good, and can only harm ourselves.

If we want peace we must practice the virtues of peace, and if we want to get back into the Union we must pursue the power to prescribe. All historical precedents show us that the conqueror only throws down his arms when the conquered succumb, and that he grants peace only upon his own terms. The general rule is not going to be relaxed in our case. Of this we may rest assured. We may also just as well banish from our minds the delusion that we can quarrel our way back into the Union. We have found out that we can neither fight ourselves out of or into the Union, and we will ere long find out that quarreling is just as fruitless, and not half so manly as fighting. Feeling convinced that it is impossible to fight, and not wishing to degenerate into common scolds, we have resolved, for ourselves to conform to the situation, and obey a necessity which is as irresistible as death.

REGISTER.

The Charlottesville Chronicle puts the whole question of registration in a nutshell by using this forcible and happy illustration: "When you march to meet the enemy you load your piece; if it is not loaded it will not fire." You ought to register, whether you vote or not; you ought to put yourself in a position to vote if the occasion demands it. If you do not register you cannot vote.—Remember this, North Carolinians when the books are opened.

Mr. Bush, of Chicago, was fined \$5 and costs for kicking his wife out of bed.—She had scratched his back with a curry comb.

The Wisconsin editors—200 in number—are visiting the paterfamilias in Minnesota—of course at the expense of the latter.

A conscript, being told that it was sweet to die for his country, excused himself on the ground that he never liked sweet things.

We rather think the most reluctant slave to vice that we ever saw was a poor fellow who had his fingers caught in one.

By the opening of the Pacific Railroad to Julesburg there are left but 190 miles of staging to Denver.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

Sixty thousand paying visitors attend the Paris Exposition daily.

Incompatibility of temperament is sufficient cause for divorce in Connecticut.

Another man has been buried alive by the caving in of a privy pit in Louisville.

Connecticut has 283 congregational churches, with 40,864 members.

An Indiana paper, edited by a clergyman, has an article on the "dam business."

The total Indian population of the United States was estimated in 1865 at 234,574.

For breaking a child's leg a New York horse rail-road has been compelled to pay \$1,375.

Susan King is the name of a colored actress on the Galveston stage.

Sonator Wilson has found another twin brother for slavery, viz whisky.

Two young ladies have been court-martialed in Florida for putting flowers on Confederate graves.

A negro who fished up a torpedo in Stone River, S. C., was blown to fragments by its explosion.

The battle fields about Richmond, having been ploughed with grape, are now sown with grain.

"Will you send father your newspaper sir? He only wants to read it."

"Yes, my boy, and ask him to lend me his dinner, I only want to eat it."

The Police of Troy seized on Tuesday, 12,500 cigars for not having the proper revenue stamps affixed.

The grasshopper army in Kansas and theroabouts was routed by a violent storm.

The Hudson River steamboats are racing. Somebody needs "blowing up."

Prince Salm Salm, one of the Mexican unfortunates, was a Brigadier in the U. S. A.

He that has tasted the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that has tasted the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.

Spiritual conditions are said to influence most of the suicides in New York.

Mr. Barnes, of New York, was recently relieved of a tape worm thirty feet long.

A duel was fought in Texas lately by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it was better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, but Shott swears that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott is shot notwithstanding

first of the eleven who succeeded, to come back again to the family brocade of the Union, and to day nothing is wanting for her to resume her ancient, honorable and most patriotic position in the family of the Republic, but the consent of the people of Massachusetts.

Now I know that all that is coming about is coming about very soon. I have seen the earth and the skies full of the elements of fertility of health and of vigor. And I saw in North Carolina the cotton spring up which is to supply next year the mills of Massachusetts. I have seen in New York the Wheat growing that is to supply the West Indies and the Southern States. I know that nature designs that this whole continent—not merely these thirty-six States, but that this whole continent should be sooner or later within the magic circle of the American Union.

THE WESTERN N. C. RAILROAD.—The Statesville American, speaking of the late meeting of the Stockholders of this Road, says:

"The resolutions adopted, look to an early completion of the road, and we are pleased to learn that vigorous work, under the superintendence of Maj. Wilson and his assistant Engineers, is going forward on both sides of the Blue Ridge. The energy of Col. S. McD. Tate, President of the Road, is a guaranty that the Road will be completed and the trains running to Ducktown, Tennessee, at an early day—thus opening direct communication between the seaboard and Missouri river.

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