THE FAYETTEVILLE NEWS.

VOL 1.] TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1866. [NO 32.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

H. L. & J. H. MYROVER,
Editors and Proprietors,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

TERMS:

Weekly,	One year,	$3 00
Do.	Six months,	2 00

Rates of Advertising.

One Square, [1 inch or less] first insertion,	$ 1 00
" " each subsequent insertion....	60
For one year, one square.....	15 00
For six months, "	9 00
For three months, "	6 00
For Quarter Column, 5 squares, 3 months,	$25
" " " 6 "	40
" " " 9 "	60
" " " 12 "	75
For Half Column, 10 squares 3 "	40
" " " 6 "	75
" " " 9 "	100
" " " 12 "	125
For One Column, 20 squares 3 months,	75
" " " 6 "	125
" " " 9 "	1500
" " " 12 "	20

COMMUNICATED.

FOR THE FAYETTEVILLE NEWS.

NOTES AND ITEMS OF TRAVEL IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

[BY COSMOPOLITANA.]

I left Wilkesborough on Saturday afternoon, October 6th, and arrived at the pleasant country seat of Mr J Hicks, four and a half miles from town, in a south-western direction, on the road leading to Statesville. Half a mile from his house, Mr. H. has a machine worked by water power. The mill site, dam and channel of the stream are all composed of one huge solid rock covering a space of eighty (80) square feet—a most perfect production of nature, and looks as if designed for the express purpose to which it is applied. Straight up and down this monarch of boulders are parallel lines running, dividing it into natural blocks cut with as much precision as if line and plummet had been used.

In other words imagine an immense loaf of bread, prepared for a holiday feast of giants, through which a carving knife, in the hand of one stouter than his comrades, has passed, dividing it into regular slices, and you have a clear idea of this natural curiosity. Running transversely across these slices, (from south-west to north-east,) of the rock, are distinct tracks like those made by a chariot. The first impression is that a vehicle has just been driven over it, the absurdity of which in a moment appears, as no living animal could possibly climb over the smooth and almost perpendicular surface. But whence these tracks? What warrior of the olden time, flushed with victory or mad with the excitement of pursuit, urged his reeking coursers over this fearful place, and performed, through very recklessness, this daring feat which the gods opposed and stamped with the seal of indelibity. Warrior and coursers have vanished away like morning vapours, but those chariot tracks are fresh as if evening dews of ages had not descended upon them.

I have yet another curiosity to mention. About eight miles from Wilkesborough there is a Rock Mound, six miles in circumference at the base, and rising upward nearly one thousand feet. The people living near it take but little interest in it, and have never entirely explored it. Persons who visit it rarely have time to look at more than one side. It is composed apparently of one solid stone, perfectly bare of verdure; on approaching it, it presents the appearance of having once been cleared and cultivated; little gallies seem to have been worked down the sides, and rows running round like corn hills often seen in very old fields. Those too, running from the foot towards the top, are distinct roads, bearing plain impressions of wheels; and stranger still, the perfect impressions of a human foot, the heel and toes distinctly marked, and measuring one and a half feet in length, are found in several places. I make this simple statement (I offer no comment) the correctness of which I can support by the testimony of many responsible citizens. Who can solve this mystery? Here is a rich field for speculation and antiquarian research. Was this rock once a mound of earth which by the chemical process of the atmosphere, has in the course of centuries become petrified? Has it grown in size? Was the impression of the foot, when fresh, of ordinary size—or was this land once peopled by a nation of giants? Were these men who rode the kingly mastodens of the primeval wilds, and led them about as we do horses, and drove them in wagons and ploughed their fields with them? Was it those men who in battle, or from sport in these extensive base-ball grounds, hurled these great rocks about, and burst them asunder. Did they live and flourish before the flood? Were they all destroyed and blotted out forever, with only one skeleton of the mastoden and these few impressions of the lordly race left to tell the tale? As yet all is involved in mystery.

The finger of secresy is laid upon the lips of Tradition, and she is silent. What abundant food for speculation are these still remote coverts of nature! Many relics of a departed race are found occasionally in this and neighboring counties. A gentleman at Wilkesboro' has quite a handsome collection of Indian curiosities. For the most part the people here care little about such things; being plain practical farmers and working people, they have neither time nor the taste for philosophical or historical research.

Bidding adieu to my kind host and his interesting family, I turned southward and entered Alexander county, after crossing the range of Brush Mountains. The road is very good, excepting now and then a steep rocky hill. The traveller is accompanied all the way by mountain ranges, knobs, knolls and steep hills, and nearly all the way by 'brawling brooks,' sometimes crossing the same stream four or five times; anon, driving down, or up, the stream for a considerable distance. The crops are very good—corn, cotton, wheat and oats, are the principal products. Fine Irish and sweet potatoes and cabbage, are also cultivated; also flax and hemp. Brandy made of fruit and whiskey of grain, have usually been made in large quantities, but high taxes will greatly reduce the amount this year. The people are kind and hospitable, but far behind the times in point of education, refinement and general improvement.

During the late war a band of lawless men, deserters and others, formed themselves into a regularly organized company, and made themselves a fort, called "fort Hamlin," from which they would sally to plunder and murder the helpless citizens. The most atrocious acts of violence were committed by them. They actually tied and began to peel the skin from the back of an old man who refused to tell where he had concealed his valuables. Several worthy citizens were slain by them. They were finally surrounded, beseiged and taken by stratagem; the leaders were tied to a stake and shot instantly; the others were imprisoned or returned to the army. Direful scenes of horror and bloodshed were constantly enacted during the latter year of the war in all the western portion of the State.

I had an opportunity of observing the features of the murderer, Thomas Dula, and the murderess, Mrs. Ann Melton, mentioned in my last communication as arraigned for the murder of the girl Laura Foster.

The man is of medium height, stout, well knit frame and bold, well marked features, eyes black, restless and daring, large mouth and thick lips, wears a moustache and thin beard nearly the color of his hair, which is very dark. His eyelids are thick, puffy, and edged with short lashes—eye-brows black, heavy and long—his forehead recedes, sloping inward from the brows. He was evidently putting on his dignity, studied his attitudes, and looked uncoucomedly on the people assembled about him, raised his hat and bowed gracefully to those who approached him. His accomplice, Mrs. Ann Melton, is quite a handsome woman, apparently about twenty-five years old, slight frame, and well-cut, delicate features, dark flashing eyes and fresh complexion. Six years ago she was considered the beauty of Wilkes county, among the swains of her class. She is the natural daughter of one of the most prominent citizens of this county. Her husband, it is rumored, will espouse her cause. She has one child, a daughter five years old. Her maiden name was Hendricks. This case is removed to Statesville.

Taylorsville is the county village of Alexander. One hotel kept by Mr. Imes, two stores, three churches, and about four dozen private houses comprise the town. The court house, a very genteel brick building, occupies the centre square—a neat brick jail stands near it. There is also a handsome college edifice near the town in a fine grove. A few weeks ago it boasted a good number of students, who have now returned to their respective homes to enjoy a short vacation. This school is known as the York Collegiate Institute for Girls and Boys.

I again resumed "my winding way" on Thursday, Oct. 12th, taking the road to Statesville. At Taylorsville I bid a final adieu to the mountains, which I left with regret. Lying east of the Blue Ridge on the Suarie-town and Brushy Mountain chains, they present several considerable elevations; Pows Peak is the highest of the Brushy Mountains. After leaving Taylorsville the country becomes quite level, pines and scrub oaks appear, sassafras and persimmon bushes grow in the old fields, portions of the road become sandy, altogether reminding me of the sections of the Cape Fear country. The crops are very good, the road excellent. I passed several good churches (Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist) on the road-side which gave a favorable impression of the good morals and intelligence of the people.

The people, though plain and extremely simple in their habits, are intelligent, industrious and extremely hospitable; for the most part they live comfortably and independently on the produce of their farms.

On account of the unsettled condition of the political affairs of the times, the uncertainties connected with the future destiny of the State, owing to the action of the Radical Congress, large numbers of the best citizens are emigrating to the north-west—a circumstance much to be deplored, threatening to interfere seriously with the future prosperity of this portion of the country.

On Monday morning, Oct. 15, I reached Statesville, and was quite glad to hear once more the familiar sound of a locomotive, as it rushed furiously to the depot with all the "pomp and circumstance" *of steam.*

Statesville is beautifully situated. The houses stand at liberal distances from each other. There are several handsome and many pretty residences. The new Presbyterian church is a neat and spacious building; near it stands the Concord Female College, an edifice that would adorn any city or town in the Union. It is similar in appearance to the State capital, the only difference in the plan being one wing left off. From the college dome a fine view of the surrounding country and the mountain ranges, including the Pilot, is obtained. The number of inhabitants is estimated at 700. The main street runs north and south. There are several handsome brick stores filled with goods of every description.

Altogether, it is a bright, cheerful looking little town, and presents many attractive features to a transient sojourner. The society is high-toned, refined and marked for sociability and hospitality. I found many pleasant acquaintances, among whom were the urbane and courteous Editor of the "American," Mr Drake, and his accomplished lady; also, Mrs. V. P. C., whose amiability, intelligence and great personal attractions render her the especial favorite of a large circle of friends. I enjoyed a visit to the elegant country seat of Col. A—n and Capt. D—s, and his amiable lady, with whom I spent several delightful hours. I also enjoyed the privilege of spending an evening in the charming society of "Luola" and her interesting family. She lives in a spot that forms a fitting bower for the muse of poetry to cull bright thoughts from "the rare flower's cell." The house is reached through a succession of winding walks bordered by a variety of handsome flowers and shrubs.

Luola is a soft, sweet name, and well describes the character of her who has assumed it. Her manner is noted for quiet simplicity and natural grace. Her eyes are large, dark, and remarkably brilliant, unmistakably "in the fine frenzy rolling" of poetical genius. Her looks, more than her manner, indicate the gifted woman. Quiet, gentle and unassuming, she wins insensibly upon the affections—attracting the love of those around her, more by her rare excellence of heart, than her high attributes of mind.

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE FAYETTEVILLE NEWS.

ST. LAWRENCE,
Chatham Co., N. C.,
Nov. 2, 1866.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I had the pleasure of attending a meeting of delegates from several counties at Mount Vernon Springs in this county, on yesterday, which met for the purpose of devising means to extend the Western Railroad from Egypt in this county, to some point on the N. C. R. R., and may say [illegible] developing the resources of North Carolina is not dead. That the freeing of our slaves and the loss of our bonds have not yet made our people give up in despair. The resolutions which were unanimously adopted by the convention were excellent and will be published in due time. I will only add that they were everyway worthy of the source from which they emanated; I will say this much for our good old county, that had the people known that such a meeting was to take place it would have been very fully attended. I only found it out through my Wilmington Dispatch but a few days previous to the time appointed for its assembling. The iron will and sound judgment of the excellent gentlemen who was chosen to preside over its deliberations, together with the enterprising spirit of the gentlemen composing the different delegations, and especially those from old Guilford and Cumberland, showed to me most conclusively that they are determined to build the road, and I sincerely trust that at no very distant day the iron horse, whose food is fire and whose breath is steam, shall be seen passing through the valleys and over the hills of old Chatham, bringing to the doors of our farmers the rich fertilisers of foreign climes, and in return go laden with the products of honest industry. These people ask nothing new from the people; no new taxation or any thing of the sort. Then the question arises shall we build it? "We will" should be the response from every farmer in the land. Let not the cry of taxation that has been hurled at you for years past by designing political demagogues deter you from making yourselves a prosperous and a wealthy people. The time has been in this county when men would band themselves together and for pure personal self aggrandisement—yes, the name of saying, "I am a legislator, I defeated Mr. so and so,' would mount the stump at every precinct in the county, and actually frighten them from doing things which would eventually redound to their prosperity and happiness. I hope and believe that time is past, and the people of the eastern portion of our county will soon have a railroad from the coal fields to Raleigh. The people of the Northern portion are not very far distant from the central road; the southern portion are already benefited by the present terminus of the Western Road at Egypt, and now will the farmers of western Chatham refuse one? Will they lie still and follow the practice of our grand-fathers, pulling what little we make for market through the mud and over the hills for sale, and shall we forever be kept from using fertilisers that will increase our crops three fold and pay expenses? We believe they will not, but we must be up and doing. If there were no other reason for building the road but the mingling of the good people of Guilford, Cumberland and Chatham, it would be incentive enough, but there are other good and powerful reasons. Shall we still build up sea-port towns in Virginia and South Carolina, or shall we turn our attention to our "alma mater" shall our Fayetteville and our Wilmington be given the go by for Charleston and Norfolk? We trust not. Now what do the good people of Fayetteville want this road built for? I think I well know; it is to rebuild their ruined fortunes. This is highly commendable and worthy of all emulation; their fortunes were greatly shattered by the lavish hand used in supporting our beloved South in the bloody drama through which we have just passed. I know of no people who did more for the war worn soldier than they. I myself chose to fight under her Strange, her Baker, her Lutterloh and her Williams, and I have been the recipient of her donations; my feet have been warmed on the tented field by the work of her noble women, God bless them forever. Yes, the grey haired matron with her glasses perhaps bedewed with tears over the loss of a fond and beloved son, vied with the little girl who had just emerged from the cradle in seeing which could do most for the southern soldier. Now to increase their fortunes by giving a helping hand to build this road, will be to increase ours. What do such people want with more than a competency; do they want to hoard it up in vaults as the miser would do? No, I know them too well for that. A part of their money would be spent in building monuments in commemeration of their heroic slain—part of it would be used in making beautiful and sacred the last resting place of their chivalrous dead; large amounts would be consumed in educating the poor fallen soldier's orphan child; no small sum of it would be applied to sending the sacred word of God to benighted heathanlands, and many dollars would be given to charitable purposes of all kinds. And then we ask should such a people be cut off from a chance at honorable competition to trade in the products of a state, which through their representatives have invariably given aid and comfort to other works of internal improvements, and she has received what? A poor little plank road, and I expect paid the most of that herself. They ask nothing but honorable competition in the trade—give it to them? The want of gratitude has been said, truthfully too, to be the worst of crimes, and would it not be ungrateful to refuse such a people so little a request? The people of Cumberland, Guilford and Chatham, are large tax paying counties; they have borne it without murmur in building works of internal improvement.

A suggestion just here may not be out of place; I know it will be received with the spirit in which it is given, whether adopted or not. In a casual conversation a few days since with the very gentlemanly agent of the road at Egypt, I was informed by him that six hundred bags of guano had already been delivered at the depot alone to the farmers of Chatham. Now let us reason together; let us see how much this small amount will increase the freight on the road next summer and fall. Each bag will, properly used, unquestionably increase the crop twelve bushels of wheat per bag. This will make seven thousand two hundred bushels. This quantity will make about fourteen hundred barrels of merchantable flour to be added to the freight list. So much for that. Now is it not reasonable to suppose, had notice been given, say 1st of July, that guano would be brought to any depot on the road free of charge for freight, that there would have been brought to Egypt one-third more than has been brought? I think it beyond doubt; farmers are easily [illegible] for there are great risks to be run in a crop of wheat—insects, storms &c &c. But when they have made the produce and are on their way with it to market to procure the money for it, they care not a fig for freight.—This suggestion is not made in any spirit of complaint, for we well know the worthy president and directors of the road are doing all they can for the interest of the farmers, who are beyond question the life and profit of all roads. And while I have digressed I might suggest another thing. When this road touches the N. C. R. R. of course it will do its best honorably to turn the tide of produce by Fayetteville. Suppose a line of steamers were put upon the Cape Fear to connect with an ocean line of steamers to N. York city; then let that connecting line transport guano free to any point on the road. Would there, could there be a man so cold hearted, so ungrateful as to ship his produce by any other line? I think not. This would unquestionably treble the quantity used and treble the freight on the road. Let the farmers see by the acts of the officers of the road that it is a farmers' road and that he is greatly benfited by its operation, and they will fly to it from every quarter; let them see that it is an agricultural road (If I may be allowed the expression) and not a political one. I know I have digressed, and what I have said in relation to freights would have been more appropriate in a meeting of the president and directors, but, my only apology is I feel deeply interested in the enterprise—fully as much as any one can be. To the farmers in the Western part of Chatham, I would say let us adopt the will of one whom you have delighted to honor, one who to will a road was to build it, one who wanted a road from Greensboro to Danville, and was met by all kinds of opposition, but who faced the opposition, and said by his indomitable will and perseverance, "it shall be done," and then all opposition fled as chaff before the wind. I allude to the lately departed and much mourned Morehead, of Guilford. Let us take courage from his example set us and let us go to work, never doubting our success. Rest assured it will repay lands, that to-day yield from five to seven, and very rarely ten bushels of wheat can be made to average forty. None of us are so poor but we can do something, a month's labor, if nothing more. There is life in old Chatham yet. Let us arouse from our slumbers, let us develop what God has given us and then let us enjoy it. We have fallen in good places; we have every ore known almost to the mineral kingdom; we have fine waterpower; we have lands capable of being made to produce crops that will compare with any country in quantity and quality; we have fine water and a healthy climate; we live in a christian land, surrounded by good schools. What more can we ask? God has given us minds capable of developing our resources and shall we pause, shall we see other states grow rich over the downfall of our Fayetteville and our Wilmington—our natural markets? The Cheraw and Coalfields road will be built, and now will you, the honest, hard working, industrious men between Egypt and the N. C. Road, let this pass to increase your wealth and happiness. Will you, by your acts, say that we cannot build a little short road forty odd miles—will you forever be cut off from the means of using fetilizers that will make you rich? Will you remain shut out from the world in the isolated position we now occupy, with no chance for market but the old wagon? Let us arouse from our slumber produced by the war. Men who become careless and indifferent over the losses of a few slaves, are not suited to such blessings as we have. It may turn out that their freedom is our fortune.—Come to the rescue and build the road, and when the call is made for another meeting relative to preparing to build the road let us hold meetings and appoint our best men, our working men, men who will go heart and soul in the matter, and let us try and build up our ruined fortunes, let us not think of chances of War and Politics, but let us go to work and build up our dear old mother. She is powerful in character as a brave and chivalrous old state, she is powerful in her character for honesty and virtue and morality. Now let us make her great in internal improvements and mighty in the production of all crops, fruits and luxuries necessary to the sustenance and enjoyment of her people.

I am with very high regard
Your obt. servant,
L. B. T.

A "SMART" YOUNG WOMAN.

A young lady of twenty-two, Miss Sylvie Vidal, the honor of whose birth-place may be claimed by the department of the Lozone, has just given to the Tribunal of Correction Police of Paris the opportunity of forming an opinion upon a very clever and artistic plan of obtaining money. Miss Vidal, in the month of August last, lodged at the hotel of N. Bourg in the Rue de St. Germain, and happened, from some cause or other, to be a little in arrear with her rent. On the 6th of that month M. Bourg had to congratulate himself upon the termination of his anxiety in regard to it, for on that day he received a letter signed Casimer Rouvere. The letter informed M. Bourg that M. Leopold, who was the lover of Miss Vidal, "had died of his wounds" at Clermont. He had, however, provided for the dear child. His relatives, who had mourned at the foot of his death bed, had fully approved of the legacy he had made to the lovely and affectionate girl, of 30,000f., which had been paid into the hands of a notary on her account.

The writer was too grieved to announce the news to Sylvie, but he begged M. Bourg to do so gradually. At the same time he told that gentleman he should come to Paris in a few days, pay the rent which was owing by Sylvie, and at the same time, according to Leopold's dying request, bring a silk gown and a shawl to Madame Bourg. This affectionate letter excited Monsieur Bourg very much, and had the very same effect upon his wife when he showed it to her. Indeed, when she came to the passage about the silk gown and shawl she then shed cascades of tears.

When M. Bourg announced the sad news of her lover's death to the innocent girl she was overwhelmed and thunder struck at first, but collecting herself she said: "If she had money she would not wait for Cassimir's arrival, but she would go herself back to Clermont and bring back the gown and shawl for M. Bourg's dear wife." M. Bourg immediately cut short the difficulty, and not only lent Sylvie 1000f. bank note, but insisted upon her making temporary use of a gold watch and chain in order that she might look respectable."

A few days after Sylvie's departure, it came to the knowledge of M. Bourg that her supposed lover, Leopold, was in perfect health, and that the letter from Clermont was imagined and written by Silvie herself. This fact was admitted to the President of the Court by that young lady, who said that she should not have written it if M. Bourg had not "bothered" her for the money due to him, and she was compelled to get cash somehow.

She, however, could not think of returning him more than 500f., for she had laid out 500f. for various articles on his account, including 120f. for a handsome new wooden leg (M. Bourg has but one leg) and the rest for the silk gown and shawl for his wife, and her own journey to Clermont to see her dead lover. Miss Sylvie was sentenced to imprisonment for 13 months, and a fine of 50f.—*Paris Times.*

TOO OLD TO BE TRIFLED WITH.—An old army surgeon, who was very fond of a joke if not perpetrated at his own expense, was one day at a mess after the decanter had performed sundry perambulations of the table, when a brave and accomplished officer, and a great wag, remarked to the doctor who had been very severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of some of the officers:

"Doctor are you acquainted with Captain G?" "Yes, I know him well," replied the docter, "but what of him?" "Nothing in particular," replied the officer, "I have just received a letter from him, and I'll wager you a dozen of old port that you can't guess in five guesses how he spells cat."—"Done," said the doctor, "it's a wager." "Well commence guessing," said the officer. "Ka-dou-ble-t." "No." "K a-t-e?" "No, try again." "C-a-t-e?" "No, you have missed it again." "Well, then," returned the doctor, "C-a-double-t." "No, that's not the way; try it again—it's your last guess." "C-a-g-h-t." "No," said the wag, "that's not the way; you have lost the wager."—"Well," said the doctor, with much petulance of manner, "how does he spell it?" "Why, he spells it c-a-t," replied the wag, with the utmost gravity; amid the roars of the mess, and almost choking with rage, the doctor sprang to his feet exclaiming: "Gentlemen, I am too old to be trifled with in this manner!"

A THRILLING SCENE.

Capt. Warem, in his report to the British Admiralty, relates the following: "In the month of August, 1775, I was sailing about 77 degrees north latitude, when one morning, about a mile from my vessel, I saw the sea entirely blocked up by ice. Nothing could be seen, as far as the eye could reach, but mountains and peaks covered with snow. The wind soon fell to a calm, and I remained for two days in the constant expectation of being crushed by that frightful mass of ice which was before us entirely broken up, and a large channel extending out of sight between its two sides. The sun now shown out, and we sailed away from the northward before a slight breeze. Suddenly, when looking at the sides of the icy channel, we saw the masts of a ship; but what was still more surprising to us, was the singular manner in which its sails were placed, and the dismantled appearance of its spars and manœuvres.

"It continued to sail on for sometime, then stopping by a block of ice, it remained motionless. I could not resist my feelings of curiosity. I got into my gig with some of my sailors, and went toward this strange vessel.

"We saw, as we drew near, that it was very much damaged by the ice. Not a man was to be seen on the deck, which was covered with snow. We shouted, but no one replied. Before getting up the side, I looked through a port hole which was open, and saw a man seated before a table, upon which were all the necessary material for writing. Arrived on the deck, we opened the hatchway, and went down into the cabin; there we found the ship's clerk seated as we had before seen him through the port-hole. But what were our terror and astonishment when we saw that it was a corpse, and that a green damp mould covered his cheeks and forehead, and hung over his eyes which were open!

"He had a pen in his hand, and the ship's log lay before him. The last lines he had written were as follows:

"11th November, 1762.

"It is now seventeen days since we were shut in the ice. The fire went out yesterday, and our captain has since tried to light it again, but without success. I is wife died this morning. There is no more hope——'

"My sailors kept aloof in alarm from this dead body, which seemed still living. We entered together the state-room, and the first object which attracted us was the body of a woman laid on a bed, in an attitude of great and perplexed attention. One would have said, from the freshness of her features, that she was still in life, had not [illegible] was dead. Before her a young man was seated on the floor, holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, and having before him several pieces of German timder. We passed on the fore-cabin, and found there several sailors laid in their hammocks, and a dog stretched out at the foot of the ladder. It was in vain that we sought for provisions and firewood; we discovered nothing. Then my sailors began to say that it was an enchanted ship; and they declared their intention of remaining but a very short time longer on board. We then, after having taken the ship's log, set out for our vessel, stricken with terror at the thought of the fatal instance we had just seen of the peril of polar navigation, in so high a degree of north latitude. On my return, I found by comparing the documents which I had in my possession, that the vessel had been missing thirteen years."

ASTOUNDING SENSATION.—Under the head of "Rebellion Rampart," the New Orleans Picayune thus happily takes off some of the sensation stories that appear in the Radical papers:

Armed organizations of ex-rebel soldiers are drilling nightly upon Canal street. It is reported that Jeff. Davis has escaped from prison and is in command. No Union man dare show himself on the street after sunset. A violent rebel threatened to pull down the Custom house, and but for the timely arrival of the Eighteenth Corps, would have executed his threat. Mayor Monroe hung himself and then killed his family, in order, as he afterward stated, to avoid the just indignation of the Union citizens. The commanding General takes his meals regulary in spite of rebel threats. It is stated on good authority that the Mississippi river is undermined. Several rebel cruisers came up the river yesterday to see whether the reported surrender of the Confederate authorities was correct.—Being told that it was, they cursed the United States Government, and after taking coal and provisions, went down to Barrataria.

Unfortunately, the war vessels in port were unable to get up steam in time to overhaul them. People here do not hesitate to speak openly in favor of President Johnson and the Constitution. One man went so far as to say "D—n the Radicals." The ex-Rebels are in a destitute condition, and in some portions of the city are eating their children.

That will do!

In Ohio a machine has lately been introduced by which a well sixteen feet deep and one inch in diameter may be dug in forty minutes; the machine sinks an inch pipe. The water thus produced is said to be pure and cool.