

THE NEWS.

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WASHINGTON MATTERS.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

The territorial suffrage bill, which was presented to the President for his signature on the 12th instant, has, it is understood, become a law without his signature.

A letter was received in this city to-day from a broker in New York, whose name and address can be furnished, and who is vouched for as reliable, charging that the sum of \$50,000 was subscribed among the brokers in that city to induce the offering of impeachment resolutions in the House.

STEVENS' BILL.—Why he talks of withdrawing it.—The seeming check received yesterday in the House by the Radicals in their mad career of revolution is due solely to the tone of resolution recently perceptible in the public press, backed by unmistakable signs of a spirit of resistance in the masses of the people.

Although Mr. Stevens acknowledged the present defeat of his pet measure of practical revolution, let not the public, therefore, infer that the extreme element is powerless. The machinery of caucus dictation, I learn, will again be invoked, and it may be successful, as in the case of Ashley's proposition for impeachment.

REPORTED VIEWS OF SECRETARY STANTON ON THE SITUATION.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston Post sends the following to that journal:

"Hon. John Covode called upon Secretary Stanton yesterday, and there ensued a long and friendly discourse on the status of the country. Mr. Stanton appeared very desirous of discussing the current events of national import, and expressed himself freely. He confessed that from the very outset the disputations of the executive and legislative branches of the Government had caused him the liveliest alarm, which, since the movement toward impeachment, had increased to an apprehension of revolution and anarchy.

A MILLION PERSONS STARVED TO DEATH.—A Calcutta correspondent of the London Times, December 7th, gives some painful details of the recent famine in the district of Orissa, in India.

A picture more heart-rending, facts more hideous, could not be given. The commissioner estimates the deaths in Orissa alone at 500,000 to 600,000, and in some places he admits that three-fourths of the population have been carried off. Orissa had five millions. Add the mortality of Midnapore, which was as severely visited; of Ganjam and Chota Nagpore, which were terribly, yet more mildly, dealt with; of Calcutta, whose hospitals still tell so sad a tale, and of the other districts, where the sequelae, at least of starvation, carried off many, and remember that the deaths are still going on at the rate of a hundred a day, and you will agree with the rough estimate generally accepted here that the number of victims will not be under a million.

A special in the New York Tribune says the reconstruction committee are expected soon to make a report on the several plans now before them, looking to the restoration of the southern states. Their views have not, however, yet taken definite shape.

TRAGEDY OF LIFE.—A remarkable instance of the preservation of life without sustenance for a lengthened period has lately occurred at Ponnikra, near Grossenhayn, in Saxony. On the 8th of December last two brothers named Muschter were engaged in digging a deep well, when the earth fell in and completely buried them. A third brother went down immediately, but was not able to perceive the slightest sound. Some miners were then set to work, and dug for some days, but without success, and it was generally believed that the poor fellows could not possibly be alive. The well should be filled up and a monument to the memory of the Muschters erected over it. Eight days had already elapsed since the accident, but the mother of the entombed would not give up all hope, and some fresh hands began to work again, though only in the expectation of finding the corpses. To their astonishment, however, they suddenly heard from below, the words "Do not strike so hard." A conversation was commenced, the work was pushed forward with renewed diligence and at length crowned with success. On the 19th of December, after they had been eleven days and four hours in this living cave, the two Muschters were rescued and brought to the surface. The earth that had fallen in had left a kind of cave about them. Their only sustenance during this long period had been the water that had oozed through the earth, and a little tobacco which they had chewed. They had a watch with them, which they had wound up regularly, and were therefore able to keep an account of the time of their burial. At first they lighted lucifer matches to see the time, but when these had all used they felt the hands. They had heard the conversation about them respecting the filling up the well, and shouted, but could not make themselves heard. They had also sung hymns together, and the people at the surface had heard it faintly, but being not a little superstitious had attributed it to angels in the air.

THE SOUTHERN AID MEETING IN NEW YORK FRIDAY NIGHT.

The meeting of the Cooper Institute last evening was less successful as a mere meeting than we had hoped; but it will answer the only purpose which such a meeting can serve, that of calling general attention to the magnitude and urgency of Southern destitution. The great famine in Ireland, which caused the charity of New York and other American cities to gush forth in abundant streams, near twenty years ago, had less in it to touch commiseration—to say nothing of the fact that the present sufferers are our countrymen. There are large areas in the State of Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia where the supplies of food are insufficient to last through the month of March, and cases were recited, at the meeting, of families who have already passed successive days without food. Besides the States mentioned, there is a wide-spread dearth in the two Carolinas and the whole area of destitution comprises hundreds of thousands of square miles. Unless there is early relief, on a large scale, tens of thousands of people must, before the spring blossoms appear, die weekly of starvation and the diseases which follow in the train of famine. The almost total failure of the corn crop in several of the States, and the scantiness of the other crops have brought to the doors of the South a spectre more hideous than the carnage of war. Respectable clergymen are fleeing from their parishes on missions like that for which reluctant Jacob sent the son of his old age into Egypt. We call attention to the pictures of distress presented to the meeting in the remarks of Rev. Mr. Bright and of Mr. Greely.

Henry Ward Beecher was the crack speaker of the evening, and we trust we may never again listen to a crack speaker on a topic which appeals so touchingly to human sympathies. We have heard Mr. Beecher on many occasions, often with amusement, sometimes with admiration, but we never heard him make a speech so misplaced or so bad as that last night. It seemed to be his aim to use this opportunity to atone to the Plymouth congregation for the Cleveland letter, which raised about his ears such a frenzied howl last autumn. When they read his speech in this morning's papers we trust they will be pacified. We could pardon his rant and his touches of low comedy, if the spirit of his remarks had not jarred on all the proprieties of the occasion. He began by a sneering allusion to the great "Union saving" meeting at Castle Garden, some sixteen years ago, and proceeded to rake into the defunct fugitive slave law, and tear open and expose all the old political wounds mutually given and inflicted, between the North and the South, from that day to this. We noticed that Mayor Hoffman and some other gentlemen on the stage very soon left, probably not perceiving the connection between such a harangue and the objects of the meeting. Those who sat it through had an opportunity to discover that Mr. Beecher's chief argument for relieving starvation in the South was, that it was a refined method of inflicting revenge. He seemed rather to rejoice, on the whole, and glorified God that famine had overtaken the South, partly because it afforded an opportunity to practice what he was pleased to call "Christian revenge," and partly because famine is a necessary means, in the Providence of God, of compelling the lazy Southerners to learn habits of industry!

He professed that he could not exactly see the reason of this wise-ordinance, but some other divine mysteries, he said, are equally beyond his depth, which he exemplified by a string of illustrations. He did not know for instance, why every apple blossom does not grow to be a ripe apple; he did not know why all babies, "since they take the trouble to be born," do not grow to be men; and he quoted as embodying some very deep philosophy, a scrap of tomb-stone literature, to the effect that a wonder-struck father in composing an epitaph did not see what his child "was begun for" since he "was no sooner done for." But such buffooneries were the least objectionable part of Mr. Beecher's remarks. His Plymouth flock must be a cross between the wolf and the tiger, if they needed a labored argument to prove to them that it is consistent with their abolition principles to feed the starving ex-rebels. So far as Mr. Beecher's speech was argumentative at all, this was the sole drift of his argument. Mr. Greely's remarks deserve more commendation. In following Mr. Beecher, he began by administering a quiet and very neat rebuke, saying that there were so many topics which it was wise not to touch on such an occasion, that he felt embarrassed lest he should say something which had better be omitted; and he spoke for the first two or three minutes in amplification of this thought. He said nothing which would not have been appropriate if he had preceded Mr. Beecher instead of following him: but the garment was so perfect a fit, that Mr. Beecher's quick eye did not fail to catch his own image in the smooth mirror. His whole face was suffused by a prolonged blush. He relieved himself by frequently whispering jocose remarks to General Anderson, who sat on the platform at his side; but whether he was making fun of Mr. Greely's manner, or amusing himself with other topics, the audience could not know.

Mr. Greely's remarks were full of genuine clarity and practical good sense. His shambling appearance, and flat uncouth delivery, were redeemed by an air of artless sincerity, which secured the close attention of the meeting, and was more impressive on such a subject than oratorical accomplishments could have been, had Mr. Greely possessed them. The idea on which his speech was framed—if an effusion so inartificial can be said to be framed at all—was, that the generous city of New York needs no other persuasion to charity than to be made fully acquainted with the distress that requires relief. Putting out of view all the political questions on which men differ, and every topic of remembrance which has any brier of irritation in it, he gave a clear and pertinent explanation of the present distressing condition of the South and of its causes, and pointed out the means of relief which have the best chance to be effective. Nothing could be more considerate, humane and judicious than his kind and clumsy remarks, which can grate on no man's sensibilities, either in the North or the South, and which assume that minds of ordinary generosity need no other incentive to relieve their perishing countrymen than a faithful description of the facts.

A MIRACLE NEAR MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, C. E., Jan. 28. A document has been published by authority of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec, giving at great length the particulars of a miraculous cure effected last New Year's day by the Immaculate Virgin Mary, and the authenticity of which is certified by Dr. Lachaine, a graduate of the Laval University. The scene of the miracle was the Jesus Mary Convent at Point Levi, opposite Quebec. In November, 1862, a nun of that institution, Sister Mary F. Thomas, after an attack of pleurisy, went into a consumptive decline. Last May, hemorrhage of the lungs commenced. In the month of December she had to take her bed, being unable to dress herself. The symptoms became worse, and her confessor began to administer the last consolations of religion. At this stage, the Superior of the convent told her to pray for a cure. She did so, addressing herself to the Immaculate Mary. The other nuns did the same, and all were inspired with a firm faith that New Year's day would witness a cure. On the 31st of December candles were kept burning all day before the image of Mary. At 6 o'clock on New Year's morning she arose, after a refreshing sleep, perfectly cured. When the doctor came, she opened the door to him, and, on seeing her, was thunderstruck, and believed he was dreaming. He now certifies that on the 31st of December she was in the last stage of pulmonary consumption, and that on the 1st day of January she was instantly cured, and that the cure is a miracle.

We trust the committee appointed last night will be prompt and diligent, and that New York will set a noble example which other Northern cities will nobly emulate.

GENERAL ALBERT SYDNEY JOHNSTON.

REMOVAL OF HIS REMAINS FROM NEW ORLEANS.

On Wednesday afternoon last, the remains of General Albert Sydney Johnston were disinterred at New Orleans, and taken to Texas. The Crescent says: The body, it was now seen, had been buried in a zinc case and a mahogany coffin. The latter was found to have been greatly decayed during the past four years. But, to understand its condition, it should be remembered that the body had been buried only about a month before the arrival of "Butler" in this city, and that it was to him that the idea had occurred of instituting a search for treasure in the resting place of the dead. Acting upon this thought a provost guard appeared before the present sexton (according to the statement which the latter now makes), and ordered him to conduct the party to the grave of the departed soldier. The sexton did so; he was then made to open the tomb, and the coffin was removed therefrom. Without waiting for the formality of unscrewing the lid, it was violently prised open; one of the side pieces was forced from its fastenings, and it was not until a hole was cut in the zinc case, which was placed inside of the coffin, that the curiosity of the party was satisfied. The coffin, thus partially destroyed, was then returned to its resting place, and the act was subsequently recognized by the then existing authorities, by the payment of the ordinary fees to the sexton for his services upon the occasion.

The coffin and zinc case, when disinterred, still betrayed the rude treatment it had received, and as it was otherwise almost destroyed, a new one was provided, made of black walnut, covered with velvet and adorned with silver mountings. About an hour previous to the time appointed for its departure from the graveyard, the coffin was exposed to public view, and was soon covered with chaplets and bouquets strewn by woman's hand.

The usual religious exercises of the Episcopal Church were read, commencing "I am the resurrection and the life," by Rev. J. W. Beckwith, of Trinity Church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Leacock, of Christ Church. The following named gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: Gen. Benneberg, Gen. Maury, Gen. Briggs, Gen. Gibson, Gen. Hood, Gen. Chilton, Gen. Lockett, Gen. Longstreet, Col. Geo. Deas, Gen. Dick Taylor, Col. Ashbel Smith, Gen. Buckner, Col. D. W. Jones, Major Tom Ochiltree. Reaching the street, the body was deposited in a hearse made of black cypress, very richly mounted with silver, and which had never before been used. The silver mounted harness was also new, and with the black horses used upon the occasion, constituted an equipage which was fitting to convey the remains of a departed hero. The crowd had now swelled to, perhaps, a thousand strong, and a tribute of respect was here paid to the memory of the great leader which has never before been witnessed in this city—his never before Col. Charles Dreux was interred—the first of the war victims from the State, and one of the most popular men that has ever lived in our midst. The mark of respect which was shown upon the present occasion was the marching in procession, and on foot, of the ladies of the city. In this extraordinary procession we observed many ladies of advanced years, and all, young and old, walked through mud and mire in the middle of the streets. Such a spectacle has never been seen in New Orleans within our observation. We are told that at the funeral of the wife of an illustrious general, which occurred in the midst of the war there was a like exhibition of womanly sentiment, a sentiment expressing admiration for heroism, and respect for every one allied to the hero, but with the exception of that sad solemnity, which we did not witness, no such spectacle as that of yesterday has been seen in New Orleans during the last quarter of a century, and perhaps never before.

GEORGE SAND.

Madame George Sand is now 62 years old.

In spite of her age, there is something youthful in her appearance, which she properly owes to her sparkling eyes and the curls, which, but slightly streaked with gray, encircle her brow and temples. She has a mild, pleasant voice, and expresses herself in conversation with much ease and simplicity. When a visitor calls, the first thing she does is to offer him a cigarette; she lights one herself, and takes undoubted pleasure in watching the little white clouds as they curl in the air. Was she ever beautiful? Heinrich Heine has expressed himself most decidedly upon this subject, and his critical eye could scarcely have been at fault. He beheld in her a miracle of incomparable beauty, a kind of suffering but brilliant divinity, who was worthy of all admiration. The expressive head, the face whose lineaments are now purified by age from the ravages of suffering and passion, incline us to believe that Heine was right. George Sand, in her youth, lived romance. She was married in her 13th year to an old close-fisted crumudgeon of a country squire. During one of his vacations, a young lawyer, Jules Sandeau, saw the young Aurore, and fell in love with her; she returned his passion and followed him to Paris disguised as a student. The two young people hired a garret, and set themselves to work to find means for their house-keeping. Jules wrote articles for the journals, which Aurore copied out, besides planting flowers, which she disposed of at a neighboring shop. At this period the great object of the student's ambition was to be able to go and see one of Victor Hugo's plays, in a fine velvet coat, while the dream of Aurore was to compass, for the same occasion, the acquisition of a beautiful turban of the same material, with a drooping plume, imitated from a custom of the 15th century. "What if I should try and write something?" suggested Aurore one day, when they had been discussing the ways and means of getting the garments. "Let us try our hands at a story!" exclaimed the future author of "Marianne," so they sketched out the plot of a novel, which they worked at jointly, and which, published under the pseudonym of "Jules Sand," is now well known as "Rosa et Blanche." Having thus broken the ice, Aurore soon found herself capable of driving the quill unaided; and, having adopted as her nomme de plume a modification of that adopted by the student, entered resolutely on the career of authorship, which has brought so much money and such renown to George Sand. But the two who began their distinguished labors together, after a few years parted, and each went a separate way. Jules has been named to that post of local influence and glory, the chancellorship of the French academy, and Aurore is—George Sand.

SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

The Sandersville Georgian gives the following favorable account of Southern enterprise: The Northern opinion of our enterprise and industry has always located the Southerner in the shade of some fence corner, listlessly watching a gang of negroes cultivating cotton, rice or tobacco, or upon horse-back riding over his broad acres, whose productive capacity was alone stimulated by the crack of his heavy riding whip. That the Southerner possessed the ingenuity of the working capacity necessary to sustain himself without the negro, never entered the brain of these speculators in moral philosophy and political economy.

But the Southerner in the midst of the desolation which was brought to his door by the vandalism of his "Northern brethren" friends, will demonstrate his self-reliance, his enterprise and independence of negroes and Yankees. Virginia is setting an example to her sister Southern States. Her magnificent water power is being laid under contribution by the hands of genius and industry. The hum of the spindle and the loom; the noise of busy machinery in every department of the mechanic arts, is waking the echoes of those lovely valleys, where, but a few months ago, "a crow in flying over them would have had to carry along its rations."

Tennessee, with the incubus of Brownlow and his hungry pack of "Loyalists," is reported to have twelve mills in operation, with an invested capital of \$700,000, and producing an annual aggregate of manufactured goods to the amount of \$1,000,000. South Carolina, upon whose devoted head Sherman poured out his vials of wrath, brings into play, from her ashes, eleven cotton factories, running 27,000 spindles and 996 looms. In the vicinity of Fayetteville, North Carolina, there are one dozen factories. At Raleigh, in the same State, a mammoth building is to be erected for the manufacturing of cotton and woolen goods—while Charlotte is now producing cloths and cassimeres of superior quality. This latter mill alone runs 25,000 spindles, and consumes about 3,000 pounds of wool weekly. Mississippi and Alabama are working out the problem of their independence, while Georgia, our own scourged State, sends out a loud amen from 72 mills in operation and twelve in process of execution. Of these latter some are projected on a scale to rival the notorious Lowell, or the pretentious establishment of the learned Senator Sprague. Three miles from Covington and but sixty from this office, has grown up since the war the village of Steadman. Under the magic touch of its founder, Mr.

E. Steadman, mills for the fabrication of prints, woolen goods, homespans and yarns are rapidly rising, and will soon supply a demand which has filled heretofore the pockets of our New England tax assessors.

Only keep your hands off ye self-righteous Pharisees, and we will soon demonstrate our equality, if not our superiority, in your own boasted art of manufacturing.

PEN PORTRAIT OF THAD STEVENS.

Under the head of "Capitoleum Gallery-graphs," a correspondent of the New York Times thus sketches the "Great Commoner,"—so-called—Thad, Stevens:

A tall, slim man with a high and projecting, though narrow, forehead. His eyebrows are bushy, and overhang a pair of deep set optics, dark brown in color, and very piercing in glance. His hair is a soft brown auburn, and it is plainly evident that it has belonged to somebody else sometime or another, although it is now becomingly arranged on the head of Thad, Stevens, the "great commoner" from Pennsylvania. His cheek bones are prominent and sharp, like those of a Scotchman or a Navajo Indian, while the flesh of his cheeks is sunken and narrows down to a square, decided chin. There is a deep line running down from the expanse of each of the nostrils, and the muscles of the upper lip immediately in front of the nose are prominent. The upper lip is closely set and thin, while the lower one is a little thicker and protrudes slightly beyond its companion with a sour, pouting expression. The nose is purely Roman, with a slight sensual indication in the thickness of the nostrils. The ears are large, indicating a stubborn disposition and a generous heart, but are covered up by the gentle and graceful waves of his wig, which also fall over the right temple and conceal a part of the forehead. This last feature of his facial appearance may account for the apparent narrowness of the forehead, as it is as broad at the base as at the eyebrows, but seems to grow narrow as it goes upward, and finally hides itself with a heavy frontal projection in the hair. His dress is rather "slipsided," generally consisting of a black cloth coat and vest, pants of the same color, and a black silk neck handkerchief, which he evidently ties himself in a loose sailor-knot fashion, forbidding calling to mind pictures of old-fashioned statesmen, and the dignity of times long gone by. He stoops not a little, and does not look gracefully when he stands up to address the House, which fact is superinduced, I suppose, by an infirmity in one of his pedal extremities. On his sound leg and foot he seems to rest his weight, and swings easily from right to left, half way round the circle, as if standing on a pivot. His gestures are made almost entirely with his right hand, never with the left alone, but some times with both together. His voice is weak, and somewhat shrill and squeaky, with monotonous tones which never would attract attention from the galleries, if they were not known to express the ground-down bitterness and sarcasm of Congressional opposition to the President. His manner of delivery is commonplace; but perhaps owing to his exalted prominence as a great radical leader, it is convincing, and every word that he utters seems to find the spot in the minds of his hearers that he intended it should find. His sarcasm reads sharper than it sounds as he speaks it, for as it falls from his lips in his weak voice, it seems to be struggling for an existence.

JOSH BILLINGS'S ESSAY ON SWINE.

Hogs generally are quadrupid. The extreme length of your antiquity has never been fully discovered; they existed a long time before the flood, and he existed a long time since.

There is a grate deal of internal revenue in a hog; there ain't much more waste in them than there is in an oyster. Even their tails can be worked up into whistles.

Hogs are good, quiet boarders; they always eat what is set before them, and don't ask any foolish questions. They never hev enny disease but the meazles, and they never hev that but once; once seems to satisfy them.

There is a grate menny breeds among them. Some are bill more apart, like a hemlock slab. They use to hev a breed in New England a few years ago which they called the striped hog breed; this breed was in high repute among the landlords; almost every tavern-keeper had one, which he used tew show tew travellers, and brag on him.

Some are full in the face, like a town clock, and some are as long and lean as a cow-catcher, with a steel-pinted nose on them. They kan awl rute well; a hog that kant rute well has been made in vain.

They are a short-lived animal, and generally die as soon as they git fat. The hog ken be leant a grate menny cunning things, such as basting the front gate off the hinges, tipping over the swill barrels, and finding a hole in the fence tew git into a corn-field; but there ain't enny length to their memory; it is awful hard for them tew find the same hole tew git out at; especially if you are at all anxious they should.

Hogs are very contrary, and seldom drive well the same way you are going; they drive most the other way; this has never been fully explained; but speaks volumes for the hog.