

THE NEWS. PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY. H. L. & J. H. MYROYER, Editors and Proprietors, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

TAKING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY DOWN A PEG.

The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, gave a lecture in Dumfries last month, on "The Good Old Times." We extract the following passage: "Men did as wonderful intellectual feats 2000 and 3000 years ago as are done in the present time."

rotten, the specimens of those metals which we sent them. In all these points the past compared favorably with the present. "No doubt the present had its achievements. It had the printing-press and railroads, telegraphs and extensive manufactures."

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE COTTON CROP OF 1866?

A considerable crop of cotton was made last year, and owing to the high price of the article it must have brought in market nearly two hundred millions of dollars. The Federal Union continues as follows: "What has become of this vast amount of money? It has not gone to pay old debts; if it had the money would still be in the country, and money would be plenty. But there does not appear to be any more money now in the Cotton States than at this time last year."

DELIGHTFUL LEGEND.—There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the Temple of Solomon was erected.

It is said to have been owned in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On the spot was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said unto his wife, "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take of my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge."

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER OF MR. MARK MILBURY.

Given at the office of Prof. Josh Billings, practical phrenologist, \$4.

AMATIVENESS.—Big. Sticks out like a hornet's nest. Yew ought tew be able to luv the whole human famlee with yure bump at onest. Yew will never be a wider long, not enny.

POLYTIKS.—Yew have got the natral wa. A splendif bump. Manny a man has got to be konstable with hally yure bump.

COMBATIVENESS.—Sleightually, very much. You might fight a woman, but tuif match. I should like to bet on the woman. This bump wants poultising.

VITLES.—Bi thunder what a bump! I should think yu cud eat a hoss and cart, and chas the driver three miles, without any practis. Thunder & Lightening! what a bump! Let Barum git his hand on this bump, and yure fortin is made.—What a bump! what a bump!

GREENBACKS.—Well developed. A gorgeous bump. A fortin to enny man. Ye kant help but die rich if this bump don't go back on you. Georgious bump! happy man! die when you feel like it; deth won't hev enny sorrows for yure rellushns that this bump won't heal.

ANOTHER WESTERN WONDER.—The greatest wonder in the State of Iowa, and perhaps any other State is what they call "Walled Lake."

There is an abundance of stone in Weight county; but surrounding the lake to the extent of five and ten miles, there are none. No one can form an idea as to the means employed to bring them to the spot, or who constructed it. Around the entire lake is a belt of woodland, half a mile in width, composed of oak; with this exception the country is a rolling prairie. The trees, therefore, must have been placed there at the time of building the wall.

DEATH OF A YOUNG MARRIED LADY WHILE WALTZING.—A Vienna correspondent relates the following melancholy story:

"At a ball the other evening a very charming and accomplished young lady, the wife of Ernest von Teschenberg (the editor of the Wiener Zeitung) was leaving the supper room with her husband, intending to return home. Whilst crossing the ball-room, where a brilliant waltz was being played, a friend asked her to take a single turn around the room. The temptation was too great to be resisted; so consoling her husband to her husband, she joined the dancers, and was whirled off with great rapidity by her partner. She had scarcely got half round when she fell from his arms as though struck by a thunderbolt—dead."

THEY RAISED HER FROM THE FLOOR GENTLY AND CARRIED HER INTO ANOTHER ROOM.

A dozen doctors were in attendance, and every expedient that science could suggest was tried to restore consciousness to the fair young form lying so strangely still in its gay toilette. All was in vain. She was dead—a smile upon her lips, flowers in her hair. I have now witnessed three sudden deaths in ball-rooms—the first two were, if possible, even more terrible than the last. In the first case, a lovely girl was shot through the heart by a man she was engaged to; in the second, the belle of the ball was burnt to death before her garments, which had caught fire while she was being whisked past the open fire-place, could be torn off. But the tragical episode of yesterday morning is rendered more melancholy than either by the remembrance that two little children, the eldest not three years old, are left motherless by the consequences of a waltz!

CATCHING COLD.—Perhaps there is no illness, says Dickens' All the Year Round, if illness it be called in ordinary circumstances, the management of which has been so beset by stupid prejudices as the lying-in of women.

This has been partly occasioned by the fact that monthly nurses have been formerly excessively ignorant persons, and that old women have been looked up to as the only infallible guides. The great bug-bear was always catching cold, and to avoid a chance of this, the most absurd plans were in vogue, some of which still remain, particularly among the poorer classes.

Some hundred years ago no lady was allowed to have her cap changed during the time of bed without having every curtain closely drawn, and a warming-pan held over the head. Every window was constantly kept closed, fires were perpetually burning, heaps of blankets piled on, and even the handles of the knives, forks and spoons to be handled by the poor lady were covered up with flannel or silver paper; even the hand-bell placed on the bed to summon an attendant had its neat flannel jacket, for fear the touch of the cold metal should make her catch cold. Cold water, cold air, cold drinks, anything cold that could be touched with the fingers, were all most scrupulously guarded against. Thanks to the improved education of the nurses, and the greater attention of the doctors, these absurdities have of late nearly disappeared, but it has only been a change of very recent date, and not yet completed.

The bills of mortality still show a large proportion of deaths from what are properly called avoidable diseases; but year by year matters are changing for the better, and the value of human life from infancy to old age is constantly increasing.

WHEAT CROP.—The growing wheat crop in this portion of the State is very promising. The stand is good and the plants green. We learn similar favorable accounts from all sections of the country. The winter, though cold, was altogether favorable, in consequence of the snow which covered the earth for a number of weeks.—Stateville American.

OUT OF THE SHADOW INTO THE SUNSHINE.

Ellen Wharton sat on her low window ledge, looking thoughtfully out into the deepening twilight. Her meditations were not pleasant, for when her aunt entered the room with a lamp, she turned round a face wet with tears. "No bad news from home, I hope, Ellen," said her aunt, taking up the letter which lay in her lap. "Nothing more than usual," she replied, "except that Henry is determined to leave home. He is getting very wild, mother says, and she writes very despondently too, about her own health and about George and Susie. They are moody and unhappy, she says; I hardly blame Henry," said Ellen, wiping away fresh tears, "for leaving such a dark, sad home. I always picture it in contrast with this pleasant home as anything but happy. And that is the place for me now, dear aunt." She continued—"ever since father's death—five years ago—you have given me a delightful home, with every comfort and advantage heart could desire; I accepted it gladly, for in doing so, I ceased to be a burden to mother. Now duty points me to her, and I must go."

Her aunt tried to persuade her to remain, but child almost, as she was, her will—in this instance because her belief—was strong. That day week found her at home. It was late one evening in the fall, as she paused in the gateway of her old home, and looked at the neglected walk, and bare, untrimmed shrubbery, up to the dark house, from one of whose chimneys only there arose a mere film of smoke, the only sign of life about the dreary place.

Before she reached the door, quick steps rustled up the leaf-covered walk behind her, and George, her younger brother, threw his arms about her neck. "I am glad to see you, Ellen," he said, "but I don't see what you wanted to come to this dreary place for. You won't stay long, I reckon."

"Indeed, I will; I never want to leave you all again," she answered affectionately, clasping his hand, and looking kindly into his face, that would have been handsome had it been less discolored. "This is mother's room," he said, leading her into a room, whose darkness was lighted only by a dim fire, that just enabled her to discern her mother on the low couch near it.

Where are Susie and Henry?" she asked when the tender greeting was over. "Henry spends much of his time with Capt. May, who has done much to persuade him off on his next voyage. They leave day after to-morrow." Just then Susie entered, having been aroused from her book by George.

"I intended to have a fire or light before you came," she said to Ellen, "but I got to reading and forgot it."

"You generally do," said George. "It's rather a matter of surprise than otherwise to find light or warmth when I come at night." One reason why home isn't happy, said Ellen, mentally. Henry then came in, just before supper; the discontent in George's face was supplied in his by a reckless hardihood that troubled Ellen.

"There! Susie," he said, as they sat down to the table, "you didn't make the cake I like, after all. I should think Ellen's coming would have made you remember that."

"Well, I would have made it, but George wouldn't cut any wood, and we had to have cold bread for tea, so I couldn't bake it."

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.—Dr. Franklin remarks that a man as often gets two dollars for the one he spends in forming his mind, as he does for a dollar he lays out in any other way.

A man eats a pound of sugar and it is gone, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended, but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men; it is the wisdom of the ages, and of past ages, too. A family without a newspaper is always a year behind the times in general information; besides, they can never think much nor find much to think about. And then there are the little ones growing up without a taste for reading. Who then would be without a newspaper, and who would read one regularly without paying for it?

THE MILITARY COMMANDERS.—Delta, of the Baltimore Sun, states authoritatively that there is not one word of truth in the rumored difficulty or controversy in the cabinet relative to the appointment of military commanders in the South under the Foran Bill.

As the matter now stands, the officers in command of districts will be Generals Sherman, Meade, Hancock, Schofield and Sickles. This arrangement will not affect General Thomas in the command of his department, nor probably General Sherman, both of whom have departments under their control. Per contra the supposed intelligence supplied by the special correspondence of the Baltimore Sun of Saturday: "The selection of military commanders for the Southern States, and the rules for their action, were considered in Cabinet on Friday, but the matter was not definitely settled. It is not true, as reported, that Gen. Grant recommended the appointment of Gen. Sherman, Meade, Hancock and Sickles as commanders of the districts. Gen. Grant will be consulted in the matter, but he has not undertaken to advise the administration on the subject; besides, General Sickles is not eligible for the position of a commander of a district, under the law, which makes a brigadier in the regular army a qualification for the position. Gen. Sickles is a Colonel in the regular army."

ROTATION OF CROPS.—Benefits.—Why is a rotation of crops beneficial? We find that in planting the same soil, year after year, with the same kind of crop, that we produce less in each succeeding crop; the reason is explained thus: The soil contains certain elements in greater or less proportions; now one plant growing in such soil takes into its construction a certain proportion of one of these elements in a greater quantity than it does of the other elements; a continued draft of this one element in larger quantity than is returned to the soil exhausts it, so that the plant can no longer draw a supply. Another plant will find it in the same soil, and feeding thereon will produce an abundant crop. So of all the different classes of crops; one has an excess of one element which is drawn from the soil and enters into its structure, another class a different element, and so on down through. Now if only one crop of each class is taken off the soil, but a small portion of the particular element which is taken away is largely into its growth is taken away, an interval of some years will give the soil time and opportunity to recover what is lost, and thus the land is less injured by removing a small portion of any one element, than if a continuous drain were made upon the same elements. The growth of one crop often tends to prepare the soil for the introduction of another; and thus a rotation of crops tends to increase the product of each without materially decreasing the fertility of the soil. It is quite possible, that in virgin soil the same crop may be grown with success for years in succession, but it is found eventually to fail. Cultivation in time uses up any soil; and nothing is found equal to a change, in keeping up its fertility. In all long settled and cultivated countries, the success of farming rests upon the practice of the rotation of crops. The great object to be obtained in rotation is to produce the greatest possible product with the least injury to the productive capacity of the soil. We do not at present propose any particular crops to be grown in rotation for all sections; as what might be suitable for one soil and locality would be entirely unsuitable for a different one, so great is the diversity of soil and climate of our country. But this general principle should govern in all rotations, that the crops should succeed each other in the order of their dissimilarity.—Rural American.

IMPEACHMENT AT DISCOUNT.—The Radicals have no confidence in Ashley's impeachment dodge. The House caucus did not consider it of sufficient importance to risk a special committee on the subject, and the Senate seems determined to adjourn over to the first Monday in October to get rid of impeachment.

CONFEDERATE ELOQUENCE ABROAD.—The Hon. Mr. Benjamin was not the most popular man in the Confederacy at the date of the great disaster. In fact, he ranked high among the "best abused" men in the Confederacy; but the moment he became an exile the asperity of criticism became disarmed. It could not have been otherwise with a brave and generous people. Men thought of his eloquence, his learning and his sincerity, and forgave and forgot the blunders of the Minister. Viewing him in this light, it will please our readers to learn that on a recent occasion he was publicly complimented at the end of his argument in an English case by the Lord Chief Baron.—Norfolk Virginian.

SHAMEFUL DEGRADATION.—The heedless work which prevailed in the city cemetery, soon after the close of the war, was resumed on Saturday night last, when the private burial ground of the Ellis and Attmore families was despoiled. On that night some heartless villain broke open a brick vault, then tore under the coffin case, rent from the coffin the silver plate, and threw it into the garden, (in which the lot is situated,) then broke open the coffin itself, and left its contents exposed. A more heinous, senseless act we have never recorded.

BISHOP SOTEZ DEAD.—Bishop Sotez of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, died near Nashville, Tenn., on the 6th inst, aged 88 years. He was the oldest Methodist Bishop in the U. S.