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THE NEWS.

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COMMERCIAL HONOR.

If all the laws for the collection of debt were abolished we believe it would be vastly better for the commerce of the world.

Only men of Christian honor and integrity could then obtain credit, litigation would be diminished, and financial crises would be unknown. The Watchman and Reflector has the following bearing upon the subject:

Two centuries ago it was thought an insult in the Highlands of Scotland to ask a note from a debtor. It was considered the same as saying, "I doubt your honor." If parties had small business matters to transact together, they stepped out into the open air, fixed their eyes upon the heavens, and each repeated his obligation, with no mortal witness. A mark was then carved in some rock or tree near by to be a remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as a breach of contract, we are told, was then very rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honor, and so truly did they fear Him beneath whose eye they performed such acts.

When the march of improvement brought the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by these innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer who had been to Lowlands and learned worldly wisdom. On returning to his native parish he had need of a sum of money, and made bold to ask a loan of a gentleman of means, named Stewart. This was cheerfully granted; and Mr. S. counted out the gold on his library table. This done, the farmer took a pen and wrote a receipt, and offered it to the gentleman.

"What is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, sternly eyeing the slip of paper.

"It is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back yer gold at the right time," replied Sandy.

"Binding? Well, my man, if ye canna trust yerself I'm sure I'll na trust ye! Ye canna ha' my gold!" and gathering it up he put it back in his desk and turned his key on it.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favor of his new wisdom; "and my sons might refuse to pay it to ye. But this bit o' paper wad compel them."

"Compel them to sustain a dead father's honor!" cried the high-minded Scot. "They'll need compelling to do right if this is the road yer leading them! I'll neither trust ye nor them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money! But ye'll find name in this parish that'll put more faith in a bit o' paper than in a neighbor's word o' honor and fear o' God!"

A Boy's First Composition.

The Terre Haute (Ind.) Album gives the following essay on "The Ox," from one of its young contributors, just as it came from his pen:

"Oxen is a very slow animal, they are good to break ground up. I wad drather have horses if they didn't have kolick, which they say is wind collected in a bunch, which makes it dangerous for to keep horses than an ox, if there was no horses the people would have to wheel there wood on a wheelbarrow. It would take them two or three days to wheel a cord a mile. cows is useful to. I have herd some say that if they had to be tother or a ox, they wood be a cow. But I think when it cum to have their tits pulled on a cold morning they wood wish they wasn't, for oxen don't generally have to raise caves. if i hed to be enny I would rather be a heffer, but if i coodent be a heffer, and had to be both, I'd be a ox."

They have a remarkable dramatic taste in Italy it would seem. "The Death of Maximilian" is now being performed at Milan, with the following plot:—Maximilian falls in love with the wife of Juarez, and the two lovers adore each other in spite of obstacles. The Empress Carlotta is sent to Europe, so as not to interfere with the intrigues of the Emperor. Juarez swears vengeance. He shuts up his wife in a nunnery, and lays siege to Queretaro. Thanks to the treachery of Lopez Iscarito, Juarez captures Maximilian, and has him shot in the presence of his wife, who plunges a dagger into her heart and falls dead on the body of her Imperial lover, calling on Heaven to avenge her and her country. This hideous drama is said to enjoy great success, and is about to be produced in Florence.

H-E-R-E WE COME

There was a wedding in a church in a village near Chicago, recently, which was attended by a crowd of people, the bride being the famous belle in that section, and the bridegroom an ex-volunteer captain. There is a story about him that was revived with great effect at the wedding. He was in the frontier service, and one day (so the story goes) he went out to hunt a bear. He had been away a few hours, when his voice was heard faintly in the distance exclaiming—

"H-e-r-e we come!"

In a little while the same voice was heard again, but nearer; then it was repeated at intervals, nearer and louder; when finally the captain emerged out of a bit of woods near the camp, running at the top of his speed, without a hat, coat or gun. In he came to camp, shouting, "Here we come!"

"Here who come!" inquired a brother officer.

"Why me and the game," gasped the captain, pointing to a big bear which showed himself at the edge of the woods, took a long look at the camp, and then with a growl at missing his expected meal off the captain, disappeared in the woods again.

"But why didn't you shoot the bear and bring him in?" inquired one.

"What's the use of shooting your game," said the captain testily, "when you can bring him in alive, as I did?"

The story got home before the captain did, and was in every body's mouth. The other night as the bold captain led his intended bride into the church, with the pride and grace so readily inspired by the occasion, some wicked wag sang out from the gallery:

"H-e-r-e we come."

Which was followed by such a shout of laughter as that old church never heard before.

TRICKS OF A JUGGLER.

The far-famed Robert Heller, who is now delighting crowds by his weird performances, cannot be satisfied with his legitimate triumphs before an audience, but occasionally does a neat thing for his own amusement, very much to the surprise of those who happen to be present.

A short time since, while passing an itinerant vender of cheap provisions, Mr. Heller suddenly paused and inquired:

"How do you sell eggs, auntie?"

"Dem eggs," was the response, "dey am a peanyun apiece—fresh, too, de last one o' em; biled 'em myself, and know's dey's lust rate."

"Well, I'll try 'em," said the magician, as he laid down a bit of fractional currency.

"Have you pepper and salt?"

"Yes, sir, dere dey is," said the sable saleswoman, watching her customer with intense interest.

Leisurely drawing out a neat little pen-knife, Mr. Heller proceeded very quietly to cut the egg exactly in half, when suddenly a bright new twenty-five-cent piece was discovered lying embedded in the yolk, apparently as bright as when it came from the mint. Very coolly the great magician transferred the coin to his vest pocket, and taking up another, inquired:

"And how much do you ask for this egg?"

"De Lord bress my soul! Dat egg!—De fact am, boss, dis egg is worth a dime, shuah."

"All right," was the response; "here's the dime. Now give me the egg."

Separating it with an exact precision that the colored lady watched eagerly, a quarter eagle was most carefully picked out of the centre of the egg, and placed in the vest pocket of the operator, as before. The old woman was thunderstruck, as well she might have been, and her customer had to ask her price for the third egg two or three times before he could obtain a reply.

"Dar's no use talkin', mars'r," said the bewildered old darkey, "I can't let you hab dat dar egg, nohow for less dan a quarter. I declare to de Lord I can't."

"Very good," said Heller, whose imperturbable features were as solemn as an undertaker, "there is your quarter and here is the egg. All right."

As he opened the last egg a brace of five-dollar gold pieces were discovered snugly deposited in the very heart of the yolk, and jingling them merrily together in his little palm, the savant coolly remarked:

"Very good eggs, indeed. I rather like them; and while I am about it, I believe I will buy a dozen. What is the price?"

"I say price!" screamed the amazed daughter of Ham. "You couldn't buy dem eggs, mars'r, for all de money you's got. No! dat you couldn't. I see gwine to take dem eggs all home, I is; and dat money in dem eggs all b'long to me. It does dat. Couldn't sell no more of dem eggs, nohow."

Amid the roar of the spectators, the benighted African started to her doornail to "smash dem eggs," but with what success we are unable to relate.

An effort is being made, in Paris, (and there is ground of reason to hope it may be successful), to establish on the shore of the Mediterranean, and in some approved neighborhood of Southern France, a commodious mansion, where the wearied toilers with pen or pencil may rest from their labor long enough to recruit their exhausted strength. Care will be taken to make the expenses so low that even the poorest may bear them.

From Hall's Health Tract. BRAIN WORK.

Hard study does not, of itself, shorten life, but does of itself tend to increase the longevity of man. When hard students die early, it will be found that in some way they had fallen into the habit of violating some of the laws of nature, or began their study with some inherited infirmity. The pursuit of truth is pleasurable; it is exalting and promotes serenity. Of all men, natural philosophers average the longest lives. The great, governing reason is, in addition to the above, that their attention is drawn away from the indulgence of animal appetites; their gratifications are not in that direction, hence they are neither gourmands, drunkards nor licentious. Sir Isaac Newton had often to be reminded that his dinner was ready; the call to eat is often a most unwelcome one to literary men; they consider eating a secondary consideration; they literally eat to live, and the process of dining is often gone through with as a task.

Many hard students have become miserable dyspeptics, and have died while yet in their prime, but the tormenting disease was brought on by over eating, by eating too fast, or by returning to their studies too soon after a hearty or hasty meal, thus drawing to the brain the nervous energy, which ought to have been expended on the stomach in aiding it to prepare the food for nourishing the system, and not being so prepared it "lays heavy," feels like a load, or induces other discomforts which increase in intensity and duration until life becomes a burden and failure. The French Academy is perhaps the most learned body in the world, and the ages of the younger members average from sixty to seventy. Most of the clever men of France have in this year of 1867, reached a great age. Of the members of the French Academy, M. Vinet is 89; M. de Segur, 86; De Toungerville, 76; Lebran, 82; Villemain, 76; Lamartine, 76; Florence, 78; M. Guioi, 79; and M. Thiers, 69; Berryer, 74; the Duke de Broglie, 82.

This list might be indefinitely extended as to all nations—Lord Brougham, Humboldt, John Wesley, and many others. The circumstances most favorable to longevity among brain workers is the spending of a considerable portion of early life in out-door activities, travel and the like, and then by a temperate and plain mode of living the brain will work advantageously until past four score years.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.—Henry H. Haight, just elected Governor of California, is a native of Rochester, New York, and is about 45 years of age. He is a son of Fletcher M. Haight, formerly a distinguished lawyer in Rochester and in St. Louis, and subsequently eminent at the bar of San Francisco. He was, during the last years of his life, district judge of California, appointed by Mr. Lincoln. The younger Mr. Haight graduated at Yale College in 1844 or '45, studied law in Rochester, and has practiced most successfully at the bar both in St. Louis and San Francisco. He is said to be a man of very decided talents, most pleasing address, and irrefragable character.—Baltimore Sun.

Upon lifting one of the flooring deals in an old house about to be pulled down and rebuilt at Linnitigow, Scotland, paintings of a remarkable and interesting kind were discovered on the under side of the floor and across the oaken joints. The names of "Lord Fleming," "Erle Demas," "Lord Letoun," "Erle d'Argyle," etc., have been found apparently in connection with their coats-of-arms. The house, whose walls are above four feet in thickness, is said to have been a great resort of the nobility in the time of Queen Mary; and tradition has it that each nobleman sat under his coat-of-arms before proceeding in a body to the palace.—Home Journal.

There is a proposal to supply London with fresh air, by pumping it from the country to any required locality. Churches, chapels, hospitals, theatres, markets, underground railways, and other places, would be supplied by means of iron pipes. The inventor says that "it would employ a great number of mechanics to carry out this great undertaking." We should think it would. A grander idea, however, is proposed in New York—it is no less than to have pipes laid, under ground, and to be suspended in mid ocean like the cable, for the purpose of conveying the medicated waters, fresh and pure, from the springs at Kissingen, Vichy, Wiesbaden, etc.

Home Journal.

THE OCEANS.—The Pacific Ocean covers a surface of 88,000,000 square miles; the Atlantic 25,000,000; and the Indian Ocean 17,000,000. The surface of the sea compared to land is 160 to 40 or 4 to 1. The depth of the sea is supposed to be equal to the highest mountains—four miles. Where the sea is of a blue color, it is deep—where green it is shallow. Temperature in equal latitudes is from 4 to 8 degrees less in the southern hemisphere, supposed to arise from the extended surface of the water, and on passing through the southern signs seven and three, eight days less than the northern.

A piece of cloth saturated with carbolic acid and hung upon a liberty pole in New Jersey is said to have killed all the mosquitoes in that State.

From the Home Journal. ANECDOTES OF IRVING.

The genuine, though unobtrusive, modesty of Washington Irving is known to all readers of his works, this characteristic being one of the main charms of his writings; but it is not, perhaps, so well known that this trait, so generally admired by others, was to himself, at times, a source of infinite annoyance and mortification.

The subjoined anecdotes, never before published, we believe, (one of which is quite timely,) are illustrative of his modesty, or rather his diffidence, as exhibited on two memorable occasions when confidence and self-possession appeared to him peculiarly necessary. On the occasion of the visit of Charles Dickens to this country, a grand dinner, as will doubtless be recollected by old New-Yorkers, was given to him at the City Hotel, at which a large number of literary and other celebrities assembled to do honor to the distinguished foreigner. After the guest himself, the most important person present was Washington Irving, who had been selected to preside, and from whom a felicitous and interesting welcoming address was expected. To the utter surprise of everybody, however, when he arose to speak he was scarcely able to express a coherent word, and after two or three attempts, sat down, amid the laughter of the party, completely discomfited. His failure afforded Dickens an excellent opportunity to show his humor, and amiability at the same time, which he did not omit to do when he got up to respond. The next morning Irving wrote to Parke Benjamin as follows:

"Dear Parke:—I broke down last night, just as I knew I should. IRVING."

Some time after this, the democratic party of this city, feeling the need of a strong candidate to enable them to carry a pending mayoralty election, chose the author of the "Sketch Book," and a committee composed of some of the leading politicians of the day, were dispatched to Sunnyside to apprise him of his nomination and obtain, if possible, his acceptance. Arriving at his residence, they were met at the door by the housekeeper, who after eyeing them suspiciously and asking divers questions, ushered them into the library, where they found the illustrious author reclining on a lounge. After the usual civilities, the spokesman of the party made known the object of their visit in the most unexceptional set phrases. Whereupon, Mr. Irving commenced to reply, and had got as far as "I thank you, gentlemen, for the complimentary manner in which you have conveyed to me this honor, but—" and pausing for an instant, he was relieved by the housekeeper, who at that moment entered the room to announce refreshments, and said, evidently having overheard the conversation: "But you shan't go, sir," when Mr Irving again resumed, and in these words: "Gentlemen, you have your answer"—and then politely led the way to the dining-room.

RETRIBUTION.

A curious case of retribution took place the other day at a country seat near Gratz, in Austria. The proprietor of this country seat, Baron Prangen, had in 1840, been a colonel in the Austrian army, and chief of the military police of Verona. In that position he had displayed extraordinary cruelty, and had repeatedly inflicted severe corporal punishment on prominent ladies of the Italian aristocracy. Among other instances he caused the punishment of the verges to be administered to the Countess Rovina, who had been arrested for concealing a young relative of her's, a member of the revolutionary. The sentence was carried into execution with unheard of brutality. The countess was stripped almost naked, tied to a bench in front of the military barracks, and whipped unmercifully by three Croats, in presence of a large crowd of jeering soldiers. The poor lady was almost crazy with shame and indignation at this infamous outrage; and the speedy death of her husband, an officer in the Sardinian army, brought about her death a few months after the horrible scene in front of the barracks of Verona. She left a young son, two years of age. When the boy grew up, and heard of the cruel fate of his mother, he made a solemn vow to avenge her. A few weeks ago he repaired to Baron Prangen's country seat and struck him several times in the face, in presence of a number of witnesses, for the purpose of compelling him to challenge him. The challenge was sent, and the young Italian had the choice of weapons. He chose Turkish sabres, in the use of which he had, by long practice, acquired particular skill. When the duel took place the Italian told the Austrian who he was, attacked him furiously with the formidable sabre, and hacked him almost to pieces. The authorities only heard of the horrible affair after all was over.

FRENCH WASHING MACHINERY.—The linen of several hotels and cafes in Paris, is washed at the rate of forty thousand pieces a day, at the Blanchisserie de Courcelles, three miles or so from the St. Lazare terminus of the Western Railway. The linen is boiled with soap and soda, and then washed in hollow wheels, rinsed, partly dried by centrifugal machines, and, for the rest, in hot-air ovens, which carry off nearly three pounds of moisture per pound of coal burned. It is finally ironed between polished rollers, and then returned to Paris.

From Dickens' All the Year Round. SIR BOYLE ROCHE'S BLUNDERS.

Many of these are happily preserved. "Sir, I would give up half—the whole of the constitution to preserve the remainder." This, however, was parliamentary. Hearing that Admiral Howe was in quest of the French, he remarked somewhat pleasantly that the Admiral "would sweep the French fleet off the face of the earth." By-and-by came dangerous times of disaffection, and honest men's lives were insecure. Sir Boyle writes from the country to a friend in the capital this sad view of his position: "You may judge," he says, "of our state, when I tell you I write this with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other." On another occasion, when the famous letters in the Public Advertiser were attracting universal attention, Sir Boyle was heard to complain bitterly of the attacks "of a certain anonymous writer called Junius." He it was who recounted that marvelous performance of gymnastics, when, in a tumult of loyalty, "he stood prostrate at the feet of his sovereign." He it was who denounced in withering language the "apostate politician, who turned his back upon himself." He it was who introduced to public notice the ingenious yet partially confused metaphor of a rat.

"Sir," he said, addressing the Speaker of the Irish House, "I smell a rat. I see him floating in the air—but, mark me, I shall yet nip him in the bud." There was the famous speech which confounded generations, "I don't see, Mr. Speaker, why we should put ourselves out of the way to serve posterity. What has posterity done for us?" He was a little disconcerted at the burst of laughter that followed, and proceeded to explain his meaning. "By posterity, sir, I do not mean our ancestors, but those who are to come immediately after them." His invitation to the gentleman on his travels was hospitable, and well-meant, but equivocal. "I hope, my Lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house, you'll stay there all night." He it was who stood for the proper dimensions of the wine bottle, and proposed to Parliament that it should be compulsory that "every quart bottle should contain a quart." Very pleasant and yet perfectly intelligible was his meaning—though it unhappily took the fatal bovine shape—in his rebuke to the shoemaker when getting shoes for his gouty limbs; "I told you to make one larger than the other, and instead of that, you have made one smaller than the other; the very opposite."

Philadelphia, Dec. 24, 1799.

The Theatre, last evening, joined in the public testimony of regret for the loss of the Hero of America. The House (which was extremely full) displayed a scene calculated to impress the mind with the utmost solemnity of sorrow. The pillars supporting the boxes were encircled with black crape, the chandeliers were decorated with the insignia of woe, and the audience, particularly the female part of it, appeared in mourning. At 7 o'clock, the band struck up Washington's March; after which a solemn dirge was performed, when the curtain slowly rising, discovered a Tomb in the center of the stage of the Grecian style of architecture, supported by trusses. In the center of it was a portrait of the General, encircled by a wreath of oak leaves; under the portrait, a sword, shield, and helmet, and the colours of the United States. The top was in the form of a pyramid, in the front of which appeared the American Eagle, holding in her beak a scroll, on which was inscribed *A Nation's Tears!*—The sides of the stage were decorated with black banners containing the names of the different States of the Union, in golden letters, and over which mourning trophies were suspended—A Monody was recited by M. Wignell, accompanied by solemn airs; and the tragedy of the *Roman Father* concluded the business of the evening.

AIR IN THE MONODY.

Slowly strike the solemn bell,
Nature sound thy deepest knell;
Power of Music, touch the heart,
Nature there will do her part.
God of Melancholy, come,
Pensive o'er the Hero's tomb:
In saddest strain his loss deplore,
With piercing cries rend ev'ry shore,
For WASHINGTON is now no more!

Glory, bring thy fairest wreath,
Place it on thy Hero's urn:
Mercy, in soft accents breathe,
"He never made this bosom mourn."
E'ry Virtue here attend,
Bending o'er his sacred earth;
Gratitude, thy influence lend,
Make us feel his mighty worth!

END.

Long ago Judge Dudley of the Superior Court of New Hampshire, charged a jury as follows: "There was one good thing said at the bar. It was from one Shakespeare, an English player, I believe. No matter. It is good enough almost to be in the Bible. It is this: 'Be just and fear not.' That, gentlemen, is the law in this case. 'Be just and fear not.'

EMIGRANTS FOR LIBERIA.—The names of about five hundred applicants for a passage to Liberia in November are now upon the books of the American Colonization Society. These are residents mostly of the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia, and are nearly all of the class popularly known as "freedmen." The society has made an earnest appeal for funds to enable them to send these applicants to Liberia.

CHEAP CORN.—It is stated that a gentleman living in Greene county, Alabama, has offered his entire crop of corn at thirty-five cents a bushel in the field.

POETRY.

From Howitt's Journal.
THE DYING CHILD.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.—TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

Mother, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom soon;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
Here it is cold; the tempest raves madly;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright;
I see the angel-children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and listen!
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely those wings were given him by our Lord!
Green, gold and red are floating all around me;
They are the flowers the angel scattereth.
Shall I have also wings while life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?
Thy cheek is hot and yet thy tears are flowing;
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!
Do not sigh thus—it marreth my repose;
And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!
Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing;
—Look! mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

LANCASTER, PA., Aug. 27. The following correspondence will appear to-morrow in the Herald and Examiner:

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Aug. 24.—Hon Thaddeus Stevens.—Dear Sir: Several of your intelligent constituents in this region, no doubt by want of proper information, are complaining of mistakes made by Congress in not passing laws at the last session restraining the removal of certain officers engaged in reconstruction. I contended that you had passed an act at the very close, providing for that very contingency, but which is not executed. Will you be so kind as to inform me how far our representation is responsible for this omission, if omission, if omission it be? You know we are in the habit of dealing familiarly with a member from the ninth district. A brief answer will much oblige your friend,

SAMUEL SCOOCH.

LANCASTER, PA., Aug. 26.—Col. Samuel Scooch, Columbia, Pa.—Dear Sir: You are right in supposing that Congress made mistakes, as is the inevitable lot of man, but you mistake in supposing that there is any law to prohibit the removal of district commanders without the consent of the Senate. Soon after the commencement of the last session of Congress I reported a bill from the committee of House of Representatives, which contained a provision prohibiting removal without the consent of the Senate. It passed the House and was sent to the Senate. The Senate struck it out and returned it to the House, who refused to concur in the amendment. The result was a committee of conference, where an animated contest ensued.

There were several other questions in controversy between the houses, which the House offered to yield if this could be granted. The Senate persistently refused, declaring that they would sooner lose the bill. As that would frustrate all our legislation it could not be allowed. The House yielded, with a warning of the evils it would inflict upon the country. Some of the members of the Senate seemed to doubt their power under the constitution, which they had just repudiated, and outside of which all agreed that we were acting, else our whole work of reconstruction was usurpation; or perhaps they had a desire to be thought gravely conservative and magnanimous.

These ideas seemed to control the action of some half dozen Senators, who preferred trusting the President. My dear Colonel, a few Senators of great ability, undoubted patriotism and purity, have become so saturated with what they were pleased to call "conservatism," (whose meaning I confess I am unable to understand,) that I fear they will forget the monster that was slain in 1776, and again in 1861, and will thus do great damage to the creation of a government now so capable of being converted into a political paradise. This is liable to happen, not so much by direct and palpable attack upon its framework as by gradually forgetting the vital principles of the Declaration of Independence.

Strike out one of the living sparks which give life to our Goddess of Liberty, and the mysterious and intense heat whose welding fires, nearly a century ago, and at present, are fusing principles of freedom and reducing despotism to cinders, will gradually cool, until the most conservative despot could thrust his sword into it without affecting its temper. I have said above that I did not know the meaning of the word "conservatism." I have since seen the report of a speech said to have been made by an Ohio Senator, at Canton, Ohio, which, if it be truly reported, and is to be considered a definition of the doctrine, then it to me is very alarming—worse than copperheadism. It is legislation without authority, and reconstruction by usurpation.

I am, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,
THADDEUS STEVENS.

BALTIMORE AND THE SOUTHERN TRADE.—The trade of Baltimore with the Southern ports has been rather on the increase during the month of August. The receipts of cotton foot up 3,369 bales, of which 1,751 bales came from Charleston, 564 from Norfolk, 589 from Savannah, 802 from New Orleans, 103 from Richmond, and 100 from Wilmington and other North Carolina ports. Of tobacco there were received 676 hogheads and 5,437 packages from Richmond and 277 packages from Norfolk. Of naval stores, 1,433 barrels rosin, 1,178 barrels tar, 763 barrels spirits turpentine and 54 barrels pitch came from Wilmington and other North Carolina ports, and 401 barrels rosin and 48 barrels tar from Norfolk. Besides the above there were received during the month from Southern ports large amounts of grain, wool, lumber, shingles, staves, &c., and a great quantity of vegetables and fruits.

DROUGHT IN NORTHERN NEW YORK.—While along the Atlantic coast we are running over with water, a serious drought prevails throughout Northern New York, and the people are complaining of dusty roads, shrivelled pastures, falling streams and dry wells.