

THE WANDERER.

[The following weird, melancholy poem is from the pen of the late Wm. F. Whitman, formerly well known as editor of the North Carolina Standard, published in this town. We reproduce it at the request of many who knew the author, and admired his rare powers of imagery and expression.]  
Home! where is my home? the lone wanderer cried.  
As he stood on the strand in the silent evening tide,  
And methought an echo's sad cadence replied,  
From afar o'er the face of the dark rolling tide:  
On the foam! On the foam!  
Is thy home! Is thy home!  
Then the wanderer joyfully hailed far away  
O'er the waters, and watched the bright waves in  
[Their play]  
As they merrily danced in the smiles of the day,  
Or decked each crest with a star's tiny ray.  
But he found not a home on the blue rolling deep,  
Where the winds never rest, and the waves never  
[Sleep]  
Where the storm-spirits' vigils of death e'er keep,  
And the mermaid-oid victims unnumbered doth  
[weep]  
Home! where is my home? the lone wanderer cried,  
As he strayed through the forest, a streamlet led,  
And an echo as soft as the voice of a bride,  
O'er the murmuring water seemed gently to glide:  
Here's thy home! e'er roam  
Through thy green forest-home.  
Then the wanderer dwelt in the green bow'd wood,  
Where the forest-king in his majesty stood,  
Where the turtle dove sat and lovingly cooed,  
And the mocking bird gleefully sang to her brood,  
But he found not a home in the leaf-curtained shade,  
Where the waffling sunbeams stealthily played,  
And no voice of affection came sweet from the glade,  
Or mingled loves tones with his own as he strayed.  
Home! where is my home? the lone wanderer cried,  
As he moved with the throng in the great human  
[flood]  
Where wrong trampled right, and pride wrestled  
[with pride]  
Into power and place to triumphantly ride;  
But no echoing answer came back to his heart,  
And he found not a home in the city's great mart,  
Where love has no resting-place, virtue no part;  
Where friendship's deceit, and religion is art,  
And selfishness reigneth supreme in the heart,  
And he turned with a soul full of sadness away,  
From the place where man's his brother-man's prey,  
Where vice revels wantonly day after day,  
And honor and truth are but words of a play.  
Home! where is my home? the lone wanderer cried,  
As he stood in the churchyard, an old tomb to  
[side]  
Where the grass had all withered, and the flowers  
[had fled]  
And the autumn wind swept with a moan by his  
[side]  
And a strange, chilling whisper crept faint from the  
[soil]  
To his ear, as he bent down his sorrow-bowed  
[head]  
In the sorrowful house of the calm sleeping dead:  
Here's a home and a bride waiting to be wed,  
Then the wanderer stood at the gloom-curtained  
[door]  
And the veil of its darkness he gathered him o'er,  
And the days and the nights came and went as he  
[fore]  
But he wandered away nevermore; nevermore!

The Household.

A GOOD METHOD OF COOKING MEAT.—A good way to cook meat is to seal it in a vessel hermetically tight. Cooked thus a long time in its own juice, it is rendered very tender, and has a peculiar, appetizing flavor. Take an earthen jar that will stand heat, with tight-fitting cover. If beef is to be the dish for dinner, cut it in convenient pieces, lay them in the jar, rub each piece with salt and pepper and a large lump of sugar, and put in a little water; then lay on a piece of thick buttered paper, and press down the cover. If you think it will allow any steam to escape, mix shorts or rye meal with water to a paste; press strips of this all round the edge of the cover. Bake in a moderate oven four or five hours, according to tenderness of meat. Chickens and turkeys are excellent cooked in this way. The toughest meat is rendered tender by this process; and none of the nutritious matter is lost, as in many of the forms of cooking.

SAUSAGE.—Two cups of sugar, half cup, one cup, sweet milk, three cups, whites of four eggs, half teaspoonful soda, one of cream-tariff; bake in four shallow tins; when cold put the following mixture between them: To the grated peel and juice of two lemons put one cup of sugar; wet one and a quarter table-spoon corn starch with a very little cold water, and turn over it half a coffee cup of boiling water; add a trifle of salt, and butter size of a walnut.

BUTTERMILK MUFFINS.—One quart of sour buttermilk, 1 teaspoonful of sour cream, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, flour enough to make as thick as pound cake. Bake in muffin rings placed upon tins in the oven, from twenty to thirty minutes, according to the temperature of the stove.

WASHINGTON PIE.—One egg, 1 cup of sugar, 2-3 of a cup of sweet milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1-2 teaspoonful of soda. This makes three pies, and is nice, simple and cheap.

FREEDOM CAKE.—(This cake will keep a year of more)—One and a half cup of molasses, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of butter, 4 eggs, 1 lb. currants, 1-2 lb. of citron, 1 teaspoonful of salaratus, all kinds of spice.

STEAMED PUDDING.—Two cups of sour milk; 2 cups of flour; 2 cups of corn meal; 1-2 cup of molasses; 2 small teaspoonfuls of soda; a little salt. Steam one hour and a quarter.

LOAF CAKE.—One cup of butter, 1 of sugar, 1 of molasses and 1 of sweet milk, 3 cups of flour, 2 eggs, 1 lb of currants, 12 teaspoonfuls of soda, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste.

SUPERIOR DRESSING FOR CHICKEN SALADS.—Beat the yolks of six eggs very light, pour over them a teacup of boiling vinegar, and return to the saucepan, stirring it constantly for a few minutes, then set it away to cool. Rub a large table-spoonful of mustard with six spoonfuls of oil; grate in half a potato; add a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper; harden the whites by boiling the eggs; chop them up and scatter among the salad; then sir it together and pour over just before serving.

Field and Farm.

From the American Farmer.

WASTE OF FERTILIZERS.  
In the able report of Prof. Goessman of the Mass. Agr. College, on Fertilizers, he says that "experiments have proved that each fertilizing agent has its peculiar limit in promoting growth; and that a large accumulation of any one of them in the soil is, if not directly harmful, at least bad economy," and gives the following evidence of the position he assumes—he says: "Stockhardt, in experimenting with guano on potatoes, noticed that, in using 163 lbs. of guano per acre, each pound of that fertilizer produced an increase of 25.2 pounds of potatoes; in using 340 lbs., but 12.2 pounds; in case of 520 lbs., but 2.5 lbs.; and in case of 695 lbs., but 1.75 lbs. increase of potatoes was obtained. Mr. Laves' experiments with ammonia compounds, &c., gave similar results."  
We will hereafter transfer to our pages liberal portions of Prof. G's report. In the meantime we would remark, that he gives the analysis of samples of five of the best known manufactured 'superphosphates' in the State. The valuation of these articles was made in conformity with the prices of late recognized by dealers and consumers in that vicinity—these prices are, 16.25 cts. per pound of soluble phosphoric acid; 13.2 cts. for every pound of reduced phosphoric acid; 30 cts. for each pound of nitrogen, and 8 cts. for each pound of potassa. We annex his analysis and estimated value of sample of *Guanope Island Guano*, but in this instance his estimate of the value of phosphoric acid is but 12.64 cts. per lb., though no reason is given for fixing this price, instead of those elsewhere given:

Moisture and volatile mat'r.	57.38	54.17	54.98
Non-volatile matter.	42.62	45.73	45.02
Sand.	10.94	12.47	13.10
Total phosphoric acid.	11.59	12.08	11.35
Nitrogen (11.78 ammonia)	0.70		
Potassa.	3.02		

Valuation per ton of 2000 pounds.

238.80 lbs. phos. acid (at 12.64 cts. pr. lb.)	\$30.18
104.00 " nitrogen (25.60 ammonia)	68.20
40.40 " potassa	3.23
	\$91.61

FARM PROFITS.

A friend of the *Farmer*, who works a farm of about 80 acres in Maryland, sends a statement of his expenditures and receipts for one year, as bearing upon the question whether farming pays:  
From May 1, 1872, to April 30, 1873.

FARM—DR.	
3 tons bone dust for wheat at \$10.	\$120.00
3 carboys oil of vitrol	12.75
1 ton plaster	5.25
Manures for wheat.	
Seed wheat	138.00
Hands	42.00
Threshing	19.77
Threshers	10.00
Wheelwright's bill	20.00
Blacksmith's bill	32.50
Incidentals	40.00
Harvesting	35.00
Expense of spring crops '73.	70.00
	\$652.27

FARM—CR.	
Fruit	\$ 77.11
225 bushels wheat at 82	450.00
3 loads hay, about 1 1/2 tons each	125.80
2 stacks hay, sold on the place	140.00
Straw sold	17.50
Oat and wheat chaff.	9.00
Road money	45.00
Extra hauling with team.	20.00
Rent of tenant house	25.00
Part pay of horse sold	25.00
Butter sold, so far as known	133.60
Eggs, estimated	50.00
Vinegar on hand (9 bbls.) say.	50.00
	\$1168.01

The correspondent says: "We consider last year a poor year. My hoped-for potato crop of 400 bushels turned out about 50, and the 35 tons of hay, 10 or 12. I have only saved my hay by feeding the horses on straw and the cows on fodder, but this showing encourages me to pick the flint and try again. Bacon 1512 lbs.; wheat, 35 bushels; corn, 20 bushels, and poultry, butter and eggs, sold in the family, I do not put down." He adds: "I think the farm is worth \$300 more than it was this time last year—that is, has improved that much."

CARE OF HORSES AT NIGHT.—Few men who handle horses give proper attention to the feet and legs. Especially is this the case on farms. Much time is spent of a morning in rubbing, brushing, and smoothing the hair on the sides and hips, but at no time are the feet examined and properly cared for. Now, be it known that the feet of a horse require more care than the body. They need ten times as much, for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail any thing if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will become disordered, and then the legs will get badly out of fix; and with bad feet and bad legs there is not much else of the horse fit for any thing. Stable prisons are generally severe on the feet and legs of horses, and unless these buildings can afford a dry room, where a horse can walk around, lie down, or roll over, they are not half so healthy and comfortable to the horse as the pasture, and should be avoided by all good hostlers in the country.—*North British Review.*

FARMERS SWINDLED BY MEASURE.—Can any one estimate how much is annually lost to the producers and the consumers of the country by the practice of selling vegetables and fruit by measure instead of weight. I believe that "heaped measure" is a disgrace to the statute books of the country, and assert that it means whatever the heaper may choose. It is easy to put forty pounds of potatoes into (and on to) a half bushel measure, and on the other hand it is possible to make twenty-five pounds of the same vegetable fill a measure. So much for sealed half bushels. But when retailers and speculators discard the half bushel, or only produce it when hard pressed, and make the bushel basket a standard of measure, the evil is magnified still more. Manufacturers make that which finds the readiest sale; and if three peck, and five peck baskets are called for, they

General Intelligence.

TOTAL AREA IN WOODLAND.—The census of 1871 was the first in the history of American Agriculture to show what part of our farms is in timber—of the "unimproved lands." Of 407,735,041 acres in farms there are 159,310,177 acres in woodland, or 39 per cent of the whole. The Southern States, on the whole, are by far the best wooded; the twelve States from Maryland to Tennessee inclusive have 52 per cent; the New England States have 32 per cent; the Middle States have 28 per cent; the Central States, from West Virginia to Nebraska, average 32 per cent. West Virginia 51 per cent; Ohio, 31 per cent; Kentucky, 48 per cent; Indiana, 39; Illinois, 19; Iowa, 16; Kansas, 11; Nebraska, 11; California, 4. The Territories are not rich in forests, except Washington, which has 44 per cent of farm-areas. Few are aware of the immense and rapidly growing value of the natural forests and grasses in the United States. The Territories alone contain more grazing lands in prairie than all the enclosed fields in the Union. Many million acres of our vast treeless plains will soon be planted in forest trees, which are found in Utah and elsewhere to improve the climate in many respects.—Timber, grass, and improved farm stock are soon to form prominent features in our Western landscape. American parks will be formed in the boundless West on a scale never witnessed in Europe, with its comparatively dense population.

Dr. Elder, good statistical authority, says: "The annual consumption of wheat in the United States is five bushels per head, while England, since 1865, takes of our wheat, one peck per head of her population. In 1864 she took from Turkey 6,843,200 bushels, and from the United States only 549,291 bushels. She thus bought from Turkey about twelve and a half times as much wheat as from us."

SLAG.—The "slag" from iron furnaces, till lately only a nuisance to iron founders, has become of great value in several departments, and is no longer left in unsightly heaps at the roadside, or drawn off with great labor to some out-of-the-way place. It has been found admirable material for making roads after the fashion of the macadamized road; and has also been manufactured into ornamental brick at a moderate expense. It is now made into an artificial porphyry of great beauty, and its strength has been thoroughly tested. It resists a pressure of 600 to 1,200 pounds per cubic centimeter. All the directions are given in a scientific paper for making of it an elegant and very cheap building stone.

THE COW TREE.—Among the many curious phenomena presented to the traveller, none affect the imagination more powerfully than the "Galactodendron Utile," or Cow Tree. This useful tree grows on the parched side of rocks among the mountains of Venezuela, and has dry, leathery foliage, with large woody roots scarcely penetrating into the ground. For several months in the year the leaves are not moistened by a shower, the branches look dead and withered, but when the trunk is bored a bland and nourishing milk flows from it. The vegetable fountain flows most freely at sunrise, and at that time the natives are seen coming from all quarters provided with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at the surface. Some empty their vessels on the spot, while others carry the contents to their children.

LUMBER BUSINESS.—Few persons are aware how immense the lumber trade of the United States really is, and how rapidly increasing. Not only is this the case in the Atlantic States and in the North, but even on the Pacific Coast the demand, both for home consumption and for export, is very great. From Puget Sound alone the shipments of fir were, in the year 1869, nearly 137,000,000 feet, and this year will be 238,000,000. This timber goes almost over the world. It is shipped, according to the custom-house records, to Callao, Tahiti, London, Mexico, Australia, Russia, New York, China, Valparaiso, Honolulu, Panama, Calcutta and Victoria.

THE HIGHEST POINT.—It seems to be conclusively settled that Mount Lincoln is the highest point in Colorado, and among the highest points on the continent. Late measurements by Professor Dubeis give it an altitude of 17,300 feet. Other scientific men have placed it much lower; but its supremacy among the mountains seems to be undoubted. Its original name was Triangula, from its being the source of three rivers. The Platte and the Arkansas flow from its eastern slope, while the Colorado takes a western course through the great canyon to the Pacific.

RESPECTABLE.—There isn't much style about Commodore Vanderbilt, with all his wealth. His residence is a large-sized brick house in Waverly Place, N. Y., built in the heavy English style—plain as a barn, but full of comfort. All the fashion that surrounded the place when Vanderbilt bought it has gone away up town; but the railroad king prefers his comfortable home to style, and will probably never move.

TOBACCO GROWING.—There is a decided increase in the raising of tobacco in the Connecticut Valley. The farmers find that the great profits attending its culture easily overcome whatever conscientious scruples they may have on the subject, and so the tobacco fields broaden and lengthen.

Consumption of Silver in New York.

The sales of silver in New York, for consumption by manufacturers of silver-ware, (including bars of refined, and Mexican dollars), are said to aggregate \$5,000,000 annually. Including the consumption of precious metals by manufacturing jewellers of all sorts, this aggregate is increased several fold, the estimate of New York being alone \$15,000,000—that is to say, \$5,000,000 in silver and \$10,000,000 in gold; and this exclusive of what is known as "rolled stock," or "ribbons." The fact is asserted that there is more silver used for domestic purposes in the United States than in any other country in the world.

FIFTH AVENUE LOTS, NEW YORK.—To show the increased value of ground in this locality it is stated that eight years ago building lots near and opposite the Central Park could be had at about from \$10,000 to \$12,000 each, and street lots for \$5,000 each; such lots on the Avenue now cost \$60,000 to \$70,000, and, on the streets, \$25,000. At the intersection of Fifth Avenue and Broadway double these prices could be obtained. Where houses are erected on them, \$125,000 to \$150,000 can be obtained for a single house and lot. Of course, choice lots are limited, and to this is due the high price.

GREAT REDUCTION IN THE YIELD OF PEACHES.—CAUSES FOR THE FALLING OFF.—The peach crop of Delaware and Maryland, which gave such fine promises of an abundant yield in the early spring, has been so much injured by the late frosts and continued drouths, that not more than one-third of the number of bushels calculated upon at the commencement of the season will be shipped to market. The late frosts, which were encountered in every section of the peach growing counties, doubtless had their effects, but would not have been near so damaging as they are at present, had not a long continued drouth added to its influence. (The consequence is that those buds which were affected by the frost have brought forth a much more delicate peach than those unaffected, while the continued dry weather has prevented them from gaining sufficient strength to cling to the wood; consequently they have dropped off, leaving only a few vigorous peaches hanging on the trees. However, those that do remain on the boughs will be much larger in size and more luscious in flavor than they otherwise would.)

EUROPEAN TRAVEL.—The rushing tide of Americans to Europe has so nearly run itself out for the current season that we can make comparisons of travel this year with those of former years, and so get a sort of rough estimate of the influence of the Vienna Exposition. The number of departures from New York during this spring and summer by the various steam lines aggregate 18,533, which is a slight excess over the number for the corresponding period of 1872, when the total was 18,038. It will thus be seen that the Vienna Exposition has had no material influence in adding to the number of tourists from the United States to Europe.

STOCK IN OHIO.—The following were returned as the number of taxable horses, cattle, mules, sheep, and hogs in Ohio in 1871 and 1872:

	1871.	1872.
Horses,	711,349	718,157
Cattle,	1,646,440	1,761,623
Mules,	21,968	22,958
Sheep,	4,302,904	4,404,898
Hogs,	2,164,403	2,315,554

THE WORTH OF NEW JERSEY.—The valuation of real and personal estate in New Jersey in 1870 was \$624,868,971, against \$296,682,492 in 1870. The gain of population in the last decade is 234,053, of which 162,361 are of native growth, 66,153 from foreign immigration, and the remainder from an increase of native colored citizens.

EXPENSIVE.—The East River Bridge to Brooklyn will cost twelve millions—nine millions for the bridge proper, and the remainder for land damages in constructing approaches.

HEATHEN CHINEE.—The 14,000 Chinese in San Francisco own \$74,000 in real estate; \$1,188,000 in personal property, and have lately organized a Young Men's Christian Association, with a membership of forty.

SODA PLENTY.—The newest wonder at the West is a soda lake near Rawlins, on the Union Pacific Railroad, several miles in circumference, and capable of supplying 65,000 tons of soda a year. This genial body of water is fed from countless springs bubbling from a species of granite rock which includes in its composition a soda felspar.

NOT TO FAIL.—India rubber is now put to a great variety of uses, 10,000,000 pounds of gum a year being used in England and America. But it seems that there is no danger of a lack of the material, for a belt of a thousand miles wide, abounding in trees which produce the gum, extends round the globe.

GAINS IN CIVILIZATION.—Bees and singing birds were not found in California when it was settled. Now the mocker, bobolink, lark, linnet, thrush, oriole, and common robin are there. The bees are so numerous that honey is an item of export.

THE REPOSE OF THE FLOWERS.—All most all flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning, and shuts at nine in the evening. The common daisy shuts up its "day's-eye" to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The crocus, tulip, and many others close their blossoms at different hours towards evening. The ivy-leaved lettuce opens at eight in the morning, and closes at four in the afternoon. It begins to expand its magnificent, sweet-scented blossom in twilight, it is full-blown at midnight, and never fails to open again with the dawn of day. In a cloverfield not a leaf opens until after sunrise. So says a celebrated English author, who had devoted much time to the study of plants, and often watched them during their quiet slumber. Those plants which seem to be awake all night he styles "the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom."

Fayetteville Ind. Light Infantry.

CELEBRATION OF 80th ANNIVERSARY. FIRST REUNION SINCE THE WAR.  
Target Exercises—Street Parade—Battalion of LaFayette and Independent Companies—Address at the Seminary by Col. W. S. Mullins—Dinner at the Fair Grounds—Speech by Lieut. Gov. Brogden—Toasts, Fun, and Hilarity—Prizes Presented at the Fayette Nat. Bank by Capt. N. W. Ray—Speech by Hon. A. M. Waddell, &c. &c.  
The day which had filled the people of Fayetteville and the surrounding country with anticipations of pleasure and enjoyment came at last, and on Saturday the 23rd inst., the Independent Light Infantry celebrated its 80th anniversary, and held its first reunion since the war. The day was bright, and though very warm, the sky was cloudless and there were no indications of rain. The streets became crowded with the citizens of the town and many visitors from abroad. The F. I. L. I., at 6 1/2 A. M., marched to Camp Eccles, and engaged in target exercise, the results of which will be given in another portion of this article.  
After the target firing, the company proceeded to Military Green to meet the La Fayette Co., where a battalion of the two commands being formed, it was marched, under command of Maj. Wright Huske to the Seminary, to hear the address of Col. W. S. Mullins of S. C., (formerly of Fayetteville.) Our special reporter recorded Col. Mullins' oration entire, but, as we find on examination that it would occupy four or five columns of space, we must content ourselves with a synopsis of its substance.  
Col. Mullins commenced by saying that the incident which delivered this address had been received by him only 9 days before, five of which were occupied by previous public engagements. He had however, without consulting his interest or convenience, responded instantly by acceptance, for he regarded the invitation in the light of a command from his country, and he felt that he would not be disregarded. What memories were evoked by this occasion and by this visit! How his whole nature was thrilled by the surroundings—by the faces which greeted him on all sides. 30 years ago he departed from this noble old town, and became involved in the busy scenes of life elsewhere, and identified with the interests of other communities. But through all, he had never forgotten the place of his birth, and the dear old town where his youth and his early manhood were spent. And today he stood there to raise his voice, not as one asking courtesy of being heard as a stranger, but as one who had a right to stand there, and a right to speak, for this was his own home, and these were his own people. A man's birth-place is not an accident—it is a circumstance that is woven into the very texture of his life, and which it brings in its train are indissoluble and not to be ignored. We all come with a mission; however humble be our sphere of life, that mission involves certain duties not to be delegated, and which we would be some delinquent if we spoke of this task with diffidence but with pride; to speak of this; to honor the memories of those that were gone, whose names were carved on the white tablets in your side street "City of the Dead." How would we would be some delinquent if we failed to rescue these names from the corrosive and obliterating fingers of time, and gave them new, for the love and veneration of posterity.  
The first address to the early history of Fayetteville—the first Scotch settlement, by Rev. H. McDonald—a noble Christian woman. He spoke of the just prosperity of the town, its important position as a great trade centre, its large importations and wealth; he feelingly and eloquently gave a graphic description of the place, and the independent Light Infantry Company, and the best of all; its martial and imposing street parade it was always selected as an escort for the fair maidens in their May-day festivities, and when sadder occasions took place, and any of his soldiers distinguished themselves by heroism by death, it always acted as the guard of honor to the grave.  
In 1857 it appeared upon the streets to receive and bear its proud banner—the gift of the fair and beautiful Fayetteville, and in the past, as it must be in the future, was the pride and light of all classes. He spoke of the Company's honorable conduct in the war of 1812, and in later years, of its bearing, in the greatest struggle which history has ever had to record, when, in 1851, without having been invited, it went forward in the ranks of the famous 1st (Bethel) Co. of Regulars. He came then to the war and its results; and he wished to speak of this war—its results. Let it be understood that it was not his intention to talk politics, or to make a partizan harangue; but he wished, in the face of God, and in the sight of his liberated judgment, to recapitulate the lessons taught by the war, and to point out what he thought the plain duty of the people of Fayetteville and the South. Our present condition was not the result of accident, or of the coming conflict was an inherent and inevitable in the Constitution of 1787. Patrick Henry opposed the adoption of that Constitution and predicted its consequences; in the first Convention which was held in Hillsboro, July 21, 1788, it was rejected by a vote of 184 to 84, after the States had adopted it in the second Convention held here in the North State House, and then called here, in this town, it was adopted as a necessity. The States were then weak, and the Constitution, as a safeguard from oppression, held them together. But when wealth and prosperity came, when danger and the selfishness of men, and growth and power, then came diverse feelings, diverse wants and interests, and inevitable conflict.  
The war was fought and ended; and if at the North there had been wisdom and true statesmanship; if they had been actuated there by a feeling of justice for the slave, and a care for his own interests, the struggle might have been followed by a half century of peace and physical prosperity. But the Government represented the worst and basest elements of the Northern people; he would not deprecate their character and honor, and would not deprecate the patriotic and heroic feelings they believed that in no other way was there safety for themselves. Our best defence lay in maintaining that high character and that honor, for ourselves and our children. "We must always be free. 'He is a freeman whom the truth makes free.'"  
The North, too, from her partizans, she has already receiving the rebound. Serious troubles, growing out of the policy pursued since the war, were already striking home to that people. He would let them fight out their own difficulties; he would not prevent them from pursuing their own course; but he would not interfere, and he only hoped that the people of the South would have the wisdom to drink to the dregs the bitter chalice which he had commended to our lips. It was now said that Ben Butler's political aspirations were about to be crowned with success. "He hoped so, for he thought Ben Butler was the only man able and fit to govern Massachusetts. It would be said that he was making an unnecessary speech; if any man supposed that he counselled resistance to law under any circumstances, he greatly mistook his spirit and intention. He saw before him his old friend, Mr. A. M. Waddell, whom he knew and loved, and impulsive in his younger days, but to whom he was certain ripen years had brought ripen wisdom, and he would be the first to condemn such a course; and he was sure that he could not do so. He would let him on the occasion, as he would do hereafter." The speaker alluded in eloquent, earnest terms to the past glories and present degeneracy of the University of North Carolina; he paid a touching tribute to the memory of many of Fayetteville's prominent citizens, now passed away—Eccles, Winslow, Buxton, Gilchrist, Dr. Robinson, Dolbin, Strang, Colton, Huske, Broadfoot, Haigh, and his own late closed with an appeal to the young men to value character, integrity, and principle above all wealth and temporal prosperity.  
The battalion then reformed and marched to the Fair Grounds, invited guests bringing up the rear

REPORT OF THE ADDRESS.  
1st. The day we celebrate: Embalmed in pleasant memories. We pause to scatter *immortelles*.  
Music—"Auld Lang Syde."  
2nd. The Founders of our Corps and their earlier successors: Exemplars of Patriotism and Duty, with cheerful fond recollections of their virtues.  
Music—"Washington's March."  
3rd. Our comrades on the field—who fell in battle or perished by disease. Hallowed be their memories!  
Music—"The Bonnie Blue Flag."  
4th. Our guests.  
Music—"Come, Haste to the Wedding."  
5th. Our absent friends: Here's a health to them that's avow!  
Music—"Oft in the Still Night."  
6th. North Carolina: Ever foremost in the right—ever mindful of her fealty.  
Music—"The Old North State."  
7th. Our Country, and its Beneficent Institutions.  
Music—"Dixie."  
8th. The Surgeon Corps: Apply typified by "Eagle's eye, the Lion's heart, and the Lady's hand."  
Music—"Annie Laurie."  
9th. The Press: the *Engine* of Intellectual Force. With motive power of vast capacity, its governor should be staunch and true to moral promptings.  
Music—"The Printer's Serenade."  
10th. The Bar: The threshold of the Temple where only the worthy crimson-clad should be enthroned.  
Music—"The Temple Bar Quickstep."  
11th. The Mechanic and Manufacturing Crafts: Embodiments of sterling worth and solid achievement.  
Music—"The Anvil Chorus."  
12th. Internal Improvement: The highways to commercial greatness.  
Music—"The Old Folk at Home."  
13th. Woman, the soldier's friend:  
"When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!"  
Music—"The Kiss Waltz."  
At 5 1/2 o'clock Maj. Wright Huske marched the battalion back to the Fayetteville National Bank, where Capt. N. W. Ray, in an appropriate, interesting speech, presented the prizes to the successful competitors at the target firing, as follows:  
1st Prize—A handsome silver goblet; won by Private John A. Sykes. Average 22 inches.  
2nd Prize—A copy of Dickens' "Best Thoughts" and "Among My Books" won by Capt. Jas. M. Vann, his average being 24.  
3rd Prize—Another copy of Dickens, less handsome, and Henry Thuro's Poems; won by D. S. Maultsby. His average being 24.  
4th Prize—Average silver watch; won by T. M. Landelin, 43.  
Best single shot was made by Maj. J. D. Cameron a single shot.  
J. W. Maultsby, for missing every thing, the poor "Angel in the Cloud," much better than he deserved.  
At the close of the presentation, Hon. A. M. Waddell, M. C. for this district, was called upon, and responded in a happy, eloquent little speech, which was warmly applauded. The Companies then filed off to their respective armories. We think all participants enjoyed the day. If any mistakes occurred, they grew out of excess of hospitality, and unbounded *bonhomie* and conviviality, for the different companies were uniting in their efforts to promote the pleasure of all. The new La Fayette Band performed splendidly. We believe that in six months, it will be the best in the State—the pride of Fayetteville. Among the honored invited guests from abroad, were: Hon. T. C. Fuller, Lieut. Gov. Brogden, and Messrs. P. A. Wiley and Fab Busbee, from Raleigh; Maj. Jno. D. Cameron, the genial, talented editor of the Hillsboro *Recorder*, (who covered the Press all over with glory, by the best single shot of the day at the target firing, made with the double saddle *la Georgia Seces.*) Hon. A. M. Waddell, and Jno. H. Robinson, Esq., of Wilmington, and others.

WE noted several little incidents during the day, which we shall make mention of in our regular issue on Thursday.  
INTERESTING LETTERS.  
were received from old members of the Company, and prominent former citizens of Fayetteville, now living abroad, of which extracts are appended below:  
NEW YORK;  
August 18th, 1873.  
Mr. Robert S. McRae—My Dear Sir;  
Your very flattering letter, expressing the wish of your comrades of the Independent Company, as well as of the community, that I would be present at the celebration of the 80th anniversary of the company, gives me more pleasure than any gratification I could expect. I can express to me again those who sympathize and friends who are still upon the stage of life, and their sons who have patriotically revived the most time-honored and useful institution of the good old town—the honorable and independent Light Infantry Company. Many of my most cherished recollections of early life are associated with its officers and men. Its history is replete with interesting events, the last of which, like the dying hues of the dolphin, was the most brilliant. It expired, after Bethel, in a blaze of glory. Its revival now is a gratifying evidence that the hand of military despotism is at last, after years of iron rule, removed. I trust that the Company will be hereafter, as it was formerly for the best part of its history. It is now composed of many of the "best and bravest" of Fayetteville's young men, and the reliance of its old men, women and children, for protection in every emergency, whether of peace or war. I beg to be remembered in your festivities, in the appended sentiment, which springs from my heart.  
THE OLD TOWN AND THE OLD STATE: If there be better people on the face of the globe, I have yet to see or hear of them.  
Yours Truly,  
E. J. Hale.  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,  
August 20th, 1873.  
Buxton, Gilchrist, Dr. Robinson, Dolbin, Strang, Colton, Huske, Broadfoot, Haigh, and his own late closed with an appeal to the young men to value character, integrity, and principle above all wealth and temporal prosperity.  
The battalion then reformed and marched to the Fair Grounds, invited guests bringing up the rear

SANFORD, N. C.,

August 13, 1873.  
Fellow Soldiers of the Fayetteville Light Infantry Company—I acknowledge the receipt, through your Committee, of an invitation to be present at the celebration of the 80th Anniversary of our Corps.  
More than thirty eight years have elapsed since I first shouldered a musket in your ranks. But few, alas! how few! of those with whom I first stood shoulder to shoulder are now to be found in your community!  
Fellow Soldiers, permit me to wish you a pleasant *Annivers*, and may your happy returns so joyful an occasion. And that your future career may be prosperous and happy, your drift, guided by wisdom and moderation, and your drift and excursions perfect, is the sincere wish of  
Your Friend and Fellow Soldier,  
J. B. Newby.

COLUMBUS, GA.,  
August 18, 1873.  
Gentlemen—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your cordial invitation to join the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry Company in the celebration of its 80th Anniversary and first reunion since the war, on the 23rd inst.  
May your time-honored association, which enjoys an enviable National reputation, be transmitted to your latest posterity with the patriotic motto and noble record is the earnest wish of  
Your Friend,  
John Mann.  
MONTREAL, ALA.,  
Aug. 18th, 1873.  
Duncan G. McRae, Esq., Dept. of the Interior.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
I do not know of any man who has reorganized the old Independent Company and that you intend to celebrate the coming 23d, as heretofore.  
As I cannot be with you, I will please read the following sentiment, as my contribution to the occasion:  
THE FAYETTEVILLE INDEPENDENT LIGHT INFANTRY COMPANY—Like the Phoenix, has risen from its ashes, and its glorious old banner once more floats proudly on the breeze—so may it ever float. He that hath no stomach for this fight, let him depart.  
Jno. M. Frazier.  
NEWBERN, N. C.,  
Aug. 18, 1873.  
Gentlemen: I acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of your kind invitation to be present at the reunion of the F. I. L. I. on the occasion of the celebration of their 80th anniversary.  
I deeply regret that it will not be in my power to be with you on that occasion. Important business engagements prevent.  
With great respect, I am very truly  
Your obt. servant,  
John Higgins.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,  
Aug. 22, 1873.  
To the Anniversary Committee of F. I. L. I.  
Gentlemen: Gratefully acknowledging the honor of a courteous invitation to your annual celebration, I am exceedingly sorry to be prevented from attending.  
With best wishes for your success, and that many joyous repetitions of your festival may fall to the lot of all your members,  
I remain, gentlemen, very respectfully,  
R. D. Houston.  
NEW YORK,  
Aug. 18, 1873.  
Say to my old friends and comrades that I wish most heartily we could look at each other again on the 23d inst. I do not know of any man who has reorganized the old Independent Company and that you intend to celebrate the coming 23d, as heretofore.  
As I cannot be with you, I will please read the following sentiment, as my contribution to the occasion:  
THE FAYETTEVILLE INDEPENDENT LIGHT INFANTRY COMPANY—Like the Phoenix, has risen from its ashes, and its glorious old banner once more floats proudly on the breeze—so may it ever float. He that hath no stomach for this fight, let him depart.  
Jno. M. Frazier.  
NEWBERN, N. C.,  
Aug. 22, 1873.  
Accept my thanks, gentlemen, for the invitation extended to me, and convey to the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry Company, my sincerest wishes that the 23d inst. may be but one of our happy reunions, and that many anniversaries of your organization will pass, before any member of your company shall lay down his arms at the foot of the last conqueror of the human race.  
I am, gentlemen, with sentiments of great esteem,  
Very respectfully,  
Your obt. servant,  
S. D. Paul.

NEW YORK,  
August 18, 1873.  
Fellow Soldiers of the Fayetteville Light Infantry Company—I acknowledge the receipt, through your Committee, of an invitation to be present at the celebration of the 80th Anniversary of our Corps.  
More than thirty eight years have elapsed since I first shouldered a musket in your ranks. But few, alas! how few! of those with whom I first stood shoulder to shoulder are now to be found in your community!  
Fellow Soldiers, permit me to wish you a pleasant *Annivers*, and may your happy returns so joyful an occasion. And that your future career may be prosperous and happy, your drift, guided by wisdom and moderation, and your drift and excursions perfect, is the sincere wish of  
Your Friend and Fellow Soldier,  
J. B. Newby.

ANECDOTE OF AN EMINENT NEW YORK MERCHANT.—Horace B. Claffin, a prominent member of the Bald Headed Club, is as quaint and humorous as he is kept-witted and rich. They tell the following good story about him: On the 15th of February, about five o'clock, Claffin was sitting alone in his private office, when a young man, pale and care-worn, timidly knocked and entered.  
"Mr. Claffin," said he, "I am in need of help. I have been unable to meet certain payments, because certain parties have not done as they agreed by me, and would like to have \$10,000. I come to you, because you were a friend to my father, and might be a friend to me."  
"Come in," said Claffin; "come in and have a glass of wine."  
"No," said the young man, "I don't drink."  
"Have a cigar, then?"  
"No, I never smoke."  
"Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can." "Very well," said the young man, as