

Referring to the manner in which Decoration Day—as they call it—was observed by some of the Northern people, the New York Times eloquently declares that it can never become national so long as such scenes as were witnessed at Washington City are enacted—“that it is an appeal to the patriotism of one section at the expense of the pride and feeling of the other section. It is a memorial of the triumph of Northern loyalty over Southern rebellion. It is a method of reminding the North that it is a conqueror, and the South that it is conquered. It is an attempt to convert even the graves of the dead into testimony affecting the history of millions who are living. As managed by reverend gentlemen here and at Washington, and elsewhere, it is an occasion for heaping epithets of infamy upon one set of graves while piling flowers upon another set—for reviving the bitter memories of conflict, scattering abroad the seeds of hate, and, under the presence of glorifying Union heroes, invoking curses upon the misguided but scarcely less heroic Confederate dead. Such a ceremony might have its uses in the midst of war. But it is incompatible with the restoration of peace—utterly incompatible with that renewal of cordial feelings between the peoples of the two sections, which alone can impart lasting vitality and strength to the Union.”

The University.
It amuses us no little to read the editorials of men lecturing the people of North Carolina in regard to their duty towards the University—who know nothing of the people of the State, and never heard of the University either until their unexpected elevation to the Editorial tripod through means as unexpected to them, as it was in violation of natural and social laws. They founder about through all the generalities of the usual newspaper witticisms and political slang, and convey as little knowledge of the subject as might be expected from men who know nothing and care nothing of what they write, except so far as it affects their party relations. They pretend to criticize and reflect upon the motives of those who are connected to the institution by every tie which can bind men to their Alma Mater, and who cherish for it not only the memory of pleasant association, but gratitude for benefits conferred.

Is it, as alleged, prejudice which keeps our young men away from Chapel Hill? And if so, prejudice of what? Certainly not of the institution, or of the place, or of the citizens of Chapel Hill. Its past history will sufficiently refute any such charge. Aye, but of the Faculty. Is it because of the politics of the men who compose it? There are more students from North Carolina at Cambridge, at Hartford, at Yale, at Princeton, and at numerous other places in the North, than there are at Chapel Hill. Yes, leading North Carolina Radicals, now high in the confidence, in the pay of the party, have more sons at Princeton than the whole number at Chapel Hill. Have we any assurance of, or do our people concern themselves in regard to, the politics of the Faculty of these various colleges. Do the parents of our young men stop to inquire what are the political opinions of the President of Yale, of Cambridge, of Princeton, or are their inquiries directed to their qualifications.

When editors attempt to hide the incompetence of Pool, and Patrick, and Brewer, and Martling, behind silly flings at the disloyalty and prejudice of our people, they not only do the people injustice, but destroy their own influence for good in building up the University, and make more ridiculous the nincompoops whom they have placed over that institution. It would be well for them to consider whether their defence of such men as fit for the charge of the University is not prompted by political prejudice. It certainly could not be induced by a truthful and correct knowledge of the facts. Being a Radical can no more qualify the Rev. Solomon Pool for the Presidency of the University than it qualifies Jaybird Jones for a Judgeship. Yet Jones doubtless goes through the forms of his office entirely with as much credit and ability as does Pool; the former with as much satisfaction to the bar as the latter would to parents if they would only give him the opportunity.

Yes, Congress may reconstruct North Carolina to suit its fanciful purposes.—Negroes may be placed in control of the government. Ignoble interlopers may revel in high places. Deceives may be sent to Congress. Touzgee may sit on the bench. Pool may be President of the University. Jones and Sloan may preside over railroads and handle millions of money. Degradations may be heaped mountain high. Yea, Holden may be made perpetual Governor, but thank God, the same influences cannot reach and contaminate the education of our sons. The fountains of learning can and will be kept pure from the poison of its destructive and disgraceful reconstruction. The University may and we trust will be again built up, but it cannot be done by making partisan ephyrae a stepping-stone to the Presidency or to a Professorship. It cannot be done by denouncing the only people able to support it as being disloyal and prejudiced. Until all these evils are reformed the young men will find that Davidson, Trinity and Wake Forest will afford them advantages more conducive to their moral and intellectual welfare.

The South and Cotton.
The New York World considers the speech in the Memphis Convention by General Alcorn (Senator elect from Mississippi, and, in the judgment of the World, “the acknowledged leader of the Republican party in the Southern States”) the most startling speech delivered in this country since the close of the war. It is, indeed, says the World, an immense sensation. The speaker showed that the Southern cotton interest—which, before

the war, used to bring in \$250,000,000, in gold—has been demolished by the results of that collision; that since the outbreak of the war, a colossal conspiracy, initiated by British capitalists and manufacturers, and joined in by the governments and capitalists of other nations, has been at work for the establishment of cotton culture abroad and the breaking down of the American cotton monopoly; that this conspiracy has so far succeeded that, even in 1864, thirty-nine sources, exclusive of the United States, contributed, for instance, to the supply of cotton at Manchester; that Australia, Jamaica, the French West Indies, Greece, Turkey, Brazil, Portugal, Morocco, Egypt, Italy, Austria, Hayti, Malta, Japan, China and Venezuela, were among the producers; that the average fibre of foreign cotton in fourteen instances, were equal, for average purposes of manufacturing, to the American fibre; and that in several, in fact, in most of the countries named, cotton can be cultivated and exported to England at cheaper rates than American planters can afford. General Alcorn thus illustrates how the war and the policy of repression pursued by Congress towards the South, has paralyzed an industry which furnished over three-fourths of the exports of the country. He proposes as a remedy, which he defines to be a national duty, the construction of levees along the Mississippi. The uplands at present available for cotton, yield from 200 to 500 pounds per acre. The rich bottom lands would yield from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds per acre. This enormous yield, in his opinion, would enable American planters to underbid once more the markets of the world.

The Dignity of Labor.
Our people hardly as yet fully realize the great moral and social revolution which is going on in this section in regard to labor. In the opulence and indulgence of former times we were too prone to forget the truth and force of the primeval injunction, “in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.” But in the necessities of the present we begin to be amazed that the Divine command should ever have been to such an extent disregarded or contemned. And as these old ideas are passing away upon the subject of labor, the revolution has been and is so rapid that there has hardly been a state of transition; and those who blindly wrap themselves in the vestments of ancient and effete prejudices, and shut their eyes to the mighty changes which are going on around and about them, will open them but to find themselves as well laggards in the race of improvement as just objects of contempt and ridicule for their fatuity. We must keep pace with the great strides of progress, and to do this, we must cast aside every trammel and incumbrance that erewhile left us loitering in the wake. We of the South must invite as well as organize associations of capital and enterprise; we must recognize the fact that industry—it matters not of what description, let it be ever so humble or menial, honest—is the crowning honor of life; is, at once, in a certain sense, religion, respectability, position, and the avenue to distinction and confidence.

In the South, and especially in North Carolina, we have hitherto known but little of the power and influence of associated capital and numbers in the advancement of the industrial and utilitarian arts. This fact accounts, to a very great extent, for the absence of all those evidences of thrift, enterprise and prosperity in our midst, which crowd and adorn the naturally sterile plains of other portions of the country. The combination of individual powers and resources for the common good has always accomplished what detached and individual efforts were powerless to effect. It is associated wealth, enterprise and labor, fostered by government, that have elevated Old England to her lofty position in the scale of nations, and enabled her to write every sea with the sails of her commerce. And it is the same power that has covered New England with work-shops and factories, and extracted from her granite soil the means of luxurious life. And possibly the happiest result produced by such associated effort lies in the position to which labor is thereby elevated—its investiture in the public mind with that dignity to which it is entitled.

Even now, either from inability or the want of desire, there is not the proper effort being made among our people to associate capital and energy. In former times, when the surplus capital sought investment in lands and slaves, other enterprises were neglected, either from choice or want of confidence and experience. Education and habit led the thoughts of the wealthiest and most enterprising of citizens to follow that occupation at once the most independent and believed to be the most lucrative, and which was endeared to them by hereditary pride, and by taste and culture. But this condition of things no longer exists. Surplus money must find other avenues for investment. Lands are for sale, and but few of our people are purchasers. The wealth of our soil and the mildness of our climate must give to the industrious agriculturalist prosperity and plenty. Money must seek investment in other branches of business. To meet this expected result, charters for manufacturing associations of all kinds, have been liberally granted by the Legislature of the State. Yet there seems to be an indisposition to encourage their formation. This should not be the case. The stock should be taken and the various companies organized under the most efficient officers. Wilmington alone pays enough money for insurance, for goods and implements which could be advantageously manufactured in this immediate section, to support several such institutions. By this means the money would be expended at home; employment would be given to thousands of our needy people; labor would be dignified and honored, and affluence and prosperity would adorn our country with increased improvements, education and comforts.

Hon. George H. Pendleton is still confined to his room in Cincinnati, in consequence of the injuries received by him a few weeks since.

The Nineteenth Century.
The first number of this new Southern Magazine has been received. It is published in Charleston, and Mr. F. G. de Fontaine, the well known army correspondent, “Personne,” of the Charleston Courier, is the Business Manager and one of the principal contributors. The initial number of the Nineteenth Century places it at once in the first rank of American Magazines. Its Literary department is in charge of men of ability and taste, while careful attention is bestowed upon the departments of Agriculture and Science. A distinctive feature of this Magazine will be a series of articles upon the many adventures of Blockade Runners, the first of the series appearing in the number before us.

Under the title of “Shoulder to Shoulder” “Personne” begins a series of pleasant reminiscences of Confederate camps and fields, and many personal incidents which have never found their way into other histories. Under the suggestive title of “Improvements of the XIX Century,” we have a series of illustrated representations of reconstructed Legislatures—“Sooty-graphs” from the South Carolina Legislature. We know not which most to admire, the speaking accuracy of the artist or the accurate speaking of the sable orators. It is an amusing but instructive lesson of “the times.” We desire to call the attention of our readers to this new Magazine. We hope to see it for sale at our Bookstores and Newsstands. It is equal to the best, and superior to most of the similar publications of the country, and should be sustained.

N. B.—We learn that the Magazine can be had at Heinsberger's Bookstore.

Commencement of Wake Forest College.
WAKE FOREST, June 9th, 1869.
Dear Journal:—The annual address before the two Literary Societies of the College was delivered to-day at 11 a. m., by Rev. J. C. Hiden, of Wilmington. The address was unique—just such a speech as nobody but Mr. Hiden would and could have made—and was admirably well received. The only objection to it was that it was too short. His theme was “Symmetrical Education,” and he treated it wittily, satirically, learnedly, sensibly, and at times, very humorously.

At 3:30 p. m. Capt. B. W. Justice, of Raleigh, addressed the Alumni Association on the “Social History of Man.” His address was well written, full of classical allusions, bristling all over with stubborn historical facts, and after the usual style of literary addresses, was too learned and abstract to be other than dry to a promiscuous audience.

At night Dr. J. B. Jeter, editor of the “Religious Herald,” of Richmond, Va., delivered the valedictory sermon before the graduating class. His sermon was based upon 1st Corinthians, 1st chapter, 22d, 23d and 24th verses: *For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom, but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block and unto the Greeks foolishness, but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God.* As a plant is developed from the germ, so beautifully was this excellent sermon of this occasion developed from the text.

Drs. Fuller, of Baltimore, and Curry, of Richmond, are more eloquent than Dr. Jeter, and Dr. J. A. Broadus, of South Carolina, and N. M. Crawford, of Kentucky, are men of more learning than he, but the Baptists of the South have no wiser man than Dr. Jeter, and there is no name more honored among them.

Thursday the graduating class delivered their orations according to the following programme:
PRAYER.
Latin Salutatory—William H. Pace, Wake Co. Music.
Oration—Laziness; R. S. Pritchard, Wilmington. Music.
French Oration—L'Empereur des Français; Alfred H. Hicks, Nashville, Tenn. Music.
Oration—The Search for True Happiness; J. Carlo Scarborough, Wake Co. Music.
Oration—Southern Literature; R. P. Thomas, Hertford Co. Music.
Oration—Gradual Development; Wm. H. Pace, Wake Co. Music.
Oration—The End of the World; Alfred H. Hicks, Nashville, Tenn. Music.
Valedictory Addresses—Robert S. Pritchard, Wilmington. Music.
Degrees—President's Address. Music.

The species of the young gentlemen were all good, and it were invidious to particularize, but inasmuch as Mr. Pritchard hails from Wilmington and is a son of Rev. J. L. Pritchard, whose memory is revered by many of our citizens, I may be allowed to say that his speech was inferior to none, and his valedictory addresses equal in taste and touching pathos to any I ever heard.

Take it altogether, this Commencement may be regarded as a decided success.—The audience was large and brilliant, and unusually quiet, and as to pretty women, if your reporter ever saw more together on one occasion, he does not remember the time or place.
I should like to speak of the Society Halls and the well selected libraries of eight or ten thousand volumes which adorn their shelves, but have not the time now. Suffice it to say that they are furnished with taste and elegance, and as the young people who gather here at these annual festivals, do not “trip on the light fantastic toe,” these halls, with the corridors of the College building, afford conveniences for conversation and promenade. When I shall have told you that the band on duty is a colored one from Raleigh, I will subscribe myself and retire.

Yours,
T. R. S.

OUR CLINTON LETTER.
North Carolina Hospitality.—District Conference—Bishop Wightman—Crops—Want of Agricultural Improvement, &c.

CLINTON, N. C., June 7, 1869.
Dear Journal:—We arrived in this pleasant little village after a hot and dusty drive, of fourteen miles from Warsaw on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, and the first difficulty we experienced was in deciding where to stay, for the District Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, was to commence that day and every house was thrown open for guests to choose. Such unbounded North Carolina hospitality we have not met since the war; though, before, it was a proverb.

Having decided where to deposit our valises, invitations crowded upon us to breakfast, dinner and supper, all of which were conditionally accepted, the condition being that if we staid three weeks we should hope to get round.

The venerable Bishop Wightman, of South Carolina, presided over the Conference with great dignity and with all the suavity and polish of a thorough Southern gentleman. His opening address was full of sound instruction and evinced a mind deeply and constantly exercised in his holy duty as an evangelist, and none could have listened to him without feeling that here was a man who had given all the powers of a cultured mind and sound body to the service of his Divine Master. His instructions to the Ministers, his exhortation to the Church showed his boundless Christian love for a lost and perishing humanity. The attendance from all parts of the District, both of Preachers and Lay-delegates, was good, only two Preachers being absent, (one from severe illness) and a few delegates. The statistics of the Church were gathered, the spiritual and temporal condition of every part examined into, and all the subjects referred to appropriate committees. Our fellow-townsmen, S. D. Wallace, acted as Secretary, and dispatched business as he usually does in the promptest manner.—On Saturday reports from committee were received, discussed and acted upon by his excellency, the Bishop, and with a harmonious and profitable session. Bishop Wightman preached on Saturday and Sunday sermons of great eloquence and power. Some of his flights of oratory were perfectly Websterian in the power and eloquence.

On Monday morning at day break we were off for Warsaw again. Copious showers of rain had fallen on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and the woods were vocal with the song of the birds, while the vegetable world in all its multitudinous forms seemed stretching its thankful hands to heaven. The crops in this section, though rather backward are looking pretty well. We saw farmers from nearly all parts of the county, and they looked cheerful and talked cheerfully. But after all there seems to be a great waste of the blessings God has given them, and we grieve to say that on the whole route from Clinton to Warsaw there is not much to be improved upon. With what would make the heart of a Wayne or Edgecombe farmer leap for joy plenty of woods mould, muck and ditchbank, there is no attempt to improve the land, and the crops look puny and weak. This state of things cannot continue in Sampson. With really no other means of improvement, and Grant at the head of the female college at Clinton, the time cannot be far distant when an enlightened intelligence will take hold of agriculture, and all these plantations be made to contribute to the wealth of the country.

It-greeting that time would not permit us to make a more extended visit, we departed, invoking a blessing on a people who seem so united in social feeling and open hospitality, and we are again over,
IN TRANSIT.

Drift in to an Empire.
The Tendency of the Times A Remarkable Letter from the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens.

The Hon. A. H. Stephens has written a long and elaborate letter to the National Intelligencer, giving his views as to the causes of the war, and the character of the South, and closing with some speculations as to our political future. We copy the concluding paragraphs of the letter:

And now, Messrs. Editors, do you ask *deu bene?* Why so much written upon the cause of the war, when questions of so much magnitude as the present character press upon the public mind? If so, the reply is twofold. First, to vindicate the truth of history, which is itself a high duty on the part of any one who has it in his power to do it; and in the second place, to show the cause of the war, in its relation to the history of the world, and the real *causa causans* of the late war, but the real cause of their present troubles.—The Federal machinery for the last ten years has been abnormal in its action. It must be brought back to the Jeffersonian standard, and managed in accordance with the organic principles of its structure, before there can possibly be a return of the days of peace, harmony, prosperity and happiness which formerly marked our course. There is no other hope for constitutional liberty on this continent. Judge Nicholas may “dream dreams” about another constitution, amendment, providing a new mode of electing the President, but the remedy lies in no such device as that. It lies simply in bringing back the government in its administration to original first principles. This is to be done not by the sword, but by the power of the truth, and the remedy that might be. That is abandoned. Nor is it to be done by force or violence of any kind, except the force of reason and the power of truth. It is to be done, if at all, at the ballot-box. Free elections, and not generally lost than established, or strengthened, by physical force. They are eminently the achievement of virtue, patriotism and reason. That our institutions, and even nominal form of government is now in great danger, the prudent sagacians, and wise statesmen of the day, are all too ready in your own paper, not long since, to say the pertinent and grave question, “Whither are we drifting?” To this question I take occasion for one to give you a direct and positive answer. We are drifting to consolidation and empire, and will land there in no distant period, certainly as the sun will set this day unless the people of the several States awake to a proper appreciation of the danger, and save themselves from the impending catastrophe by arresting the present tendency of public affairs. This they can properly do only at the ballot-box. All friends of constitutional liberty, in every section of the State, must unite in this grand effort. They must seriously consider and ever reconsider many questions to which they have given but slight attention heretofore. They must acquaint themselves with the principles of their government, and provide security for the future by studying and correcting the errors of the past.

This is the only hope, as I have stated, for the continuance of even our present nominal form of government. Depend upon it, there is no difference between consolidation and empire! No difference between centralism and imperialism! No difference as well as the people of the overthrow of liberty and the establishment of despotism. I give you the word of truth in great earnestness—words which, however received or heeded now, will be rendered eternally true by the development of the future.

Yours, respectfully,
ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.
Judge Jeremiah S. Black's arm, which was broken on the cars near Louisville, a few days ago, will have to be amputated.

Wm. F. Ritchie, Esq., formerly editor of the Richmond Register, is now at Bellevue Hospital, New York, on the treatment of a painful injury to the knee.

Great Breach of Promise Case.
One Hundred Thousand Dollars Damages Awarded.

Our readers were yesterday informed by telegraph of the termination of the celebrated Sprague-Craig breach of promise case, at Wheaton, Illinois, on Tuesday. The sum of \$100,000 was awarded the fair plaintiff by the jury as an equivalent for the damage which she alleged she has sustained.

Miss Amanda J. Craig, who has been thus fortunate, met the defendant for the first time in 1859, while teaching school at Cincinnati. It was clearly a case of love at first sight, for he invited her to the theatre on that same evening, and visited her frequently until 1861 and 1862, when he made overtures of marriage, which were not then accepted. On the principles, however, that faith heart never wavered, he continued his attentions at intervals, and in 1865 his perseverance was crowned with success—they became engaged.

The 15th of the following September was appointed for the consummation of the wedding bliss, but Sprague's heart failed him, and he turned up missing until February 20, 1866, when he returned to his allegiance once more, giving sickness as an excuse for his long absence. All now went well until April, when he went to Chicago, whither he had taken his wife and child, and him living on terms of intimacy with a servant girl. After much tribulation and a solemn promise to reform, Miss Craig restored him to his former place in her affections, but as soon as he got out of her clutches he incontinently cleared out, and she saw nothing more of him until 1867. As she had no inclination to perform his promise and marry her, she sued him with the result above stated. Some of the letters produced in evidence are exceedingly rare specimens in their way—his of orthography and hers of lovelorn poetry. We submit a few specimens of each:

Adams House Chicago, Ill.
my Dear Loved and respected Amanda, these few Lines are to inform you that it is with all the exertion that I can muster that I am able to attend to my Business and to write you a few lines. I will be thinking of you very often and the Buildings well I will tell you that Particulars first the Brick work is all Done the roofing is finished the floors are all Laid the Gas fixtures are in except the finishing of them By screwing on the Brackets and so forth and the windows are glazed and in good order. I have had the Light and Glass in front of the house Base to be Put Down that throws the Light in the Basement. The Plastering and sealing of 8th story and Base with ogee moulding and window caps and pillars and winding Starways with Black Walnut Rails sheathing and so forth. I have had now my Love have been thinking all day of you and the only comfort I have is to Look at your miniature I know you Dont want to see me any more than I want to see you Before now only I did not want to Loose what I had already saved and earned and layed up at the cost of my Life or in other words I had saved my Life for you and I want to support us when I get old and not be under any obligation for charity now my Love I shall come to Cincinnati as soon as I Possibly can Leave my houses you need not be afraid of myself undertaking another Job soon I think I am putty well and I hope I shall be able to do so I will do very well and Lett well I will I have the 2 houses rent to Different firm Paying me (12) Thousand Dollars a year Leasing each for (3) years for the small sum of (72) Thousand Dollars for Both Houses the Houses are Large Jobbing wholesale first goods. Both refused to Rent to me and I have had to go to the streets and using all of the Perseverance I have to Gitt the houses done I think it will take till the 15 Day of January if I dont Gitt them done By the 1 of January it will cost me \$70 Per day until I do get them done so I will not lett the Grass Grow under me. I have had my Love I want to be as happy as possible and cheerful is mother as young as ever and cheerful when night comes it is very seldom that I go out at all I have only been out 2 evenings since I have been in the Place.

Written in one corner of this letter was the following: “O Lord love art in heaven bless our 2 hearts and soles and be with us and guide us and Protect us. E. C. S.
HEARTACHE IN YANKEE LAND.
BOSTON MASS OCT 2 1865
Monday 100 o'clock a. m.
my Dear and Best Beloved and respected and Honored in my heart to Amanda J. Craig my dear you must pardon me for not written you at Chicago Before I left Place I left the second day after I wrote you my Love my heart has Ached and I have felt bad for so doing Butt uncle Elisha coaxed me to go with him East to see Doct Warren and I done so I shall leave in a few days for Chicago and then for your place. I hoap I will get a few lines from you Chicago I can not write the name of a Surgeon operation But I have my matters all settled it is a great risk so says Doct Warren and 3 others But I cannot Put it off longer than next spring at the farthest Love I will write you from Chicago and Lett you Doct of the Particulars about what my doct says Mandy now you have all of my love and Esteem and respect Keep good heart in order to keep up your spirits I have looked at your miniature at least 12 Dozen times o how I love you and you dont Believe one word of it o how I want to hear from you I know the way I feel there is a letter for me at Chicago from you I wish I had wings I would fly your arms and see you that is nearly all the happiness I have in in your company yours as ever you have had all of my love and sincere regard and I hoap always will you write me so I can get yours against I arrive at Chicago my love and regard and good wishes to your mother and father and your beloved Sister your as ever
E. C. S.
I am at the Tremont House Boston within in one square of my Doct.

GOING TO BLEND.
CHICAGO, April 20, 1866.—I cannot write much I cannot see one Bit out of my Eye Gutch the arriplice verry Bad it is Getting Beater I have 2 letters from you Butt can see to read them have not broken them open will so soon as I can read them I would trust to no one to Read them or to write for me I dont know how you will Read these Lines it is All Gess work. I feel well if my Eys wear the swelling is just Going Down a moy I worship the lord Jesus for the Laws of god must be obeyed after I Put this letter in—I will Gitt soon won to Duet.
E. C. S.

A FLIGHT OF NOAH'S DOVE, ETC.
CINCINNATI, Sept. 6, 1865, Tuesday evening.—Dearest and best loved—To-day's post brought me your letter written at Rockford, on Saturday last; and as I have never been so much encouraged, I shall thank you to one of my interesting letters—a great rarity, of course. I sometimes fear that you will weary of my tiresome and monotonous scribbles, for so little occurs that would prove at all entertaining to you that I am for making up a pleasing letter as rather scarce. I had very much to say that your visit has afforded you little pleasure. I do not feel happy when I think you are feeling lonely and troubled. I had been congratulating myself that my love would enjoy his visit so much. I am very happy to know that thoughts of the absent one are permitted to occupy your mind sometimes. It is very sweet to know that I am loved with a pure and unselfish love. It is the utmost happiness to feel that your heart is entirely mine. My constant prayer is that you may ever love me, and me only.

You are the dearest object this world contains to me—how dear and deeply I loved, you may never know. I trust that death may be my fate ere I am made to feel that you have ceased to love me, or your feelings become estranged. Life then will for me be a mere existence. I am astonished and hurt at the idea you have taken of me. I am dissatisfied with your manner of writing. Your letters are the dearest possession I have with the exception of your miniature. They are my only comfort, and I would not have them in any other form. The most artistic and prettiest could be penned by other hands as nothing to me when compared with the lines of love and affection your fingers have traced.

I will endeavor not to blame you for your seeming coldness and indifference, for I suppose you cannot help it, and if I could I would not. I am glad to hear of your soul, I trust I should find them to accord with my own. Truth and fidelity, while one pulse of life remains, I hope is written there.
So, my darling, I'll be happy, if heaven upon my path Will scatter all the treasures affection's garner hath.
AMANDA.
THE TWO PARTIES.
Mr. Sprague is a rich citizen of Chicago, and Amanda is represented as being soft and plaintive, a little touched with melancholy, and brown curls. She is not yet twenty-five years of age. Sprague is fifty-two.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.
The Municipal Election.—Radical Triumph.—Tendency to Imperialism.—Election Scenes.—More Extravagance.—Paying Election Funds from the Treasury, &c., &c.
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., June 8, 1869.
Dear Journal:—The municipal election, of which I have several times spoken in my letters to you, took place yesterday, and with the expected result, namely, the success of the Radical ticket. Every ward in Washington voted the Radical ticket.—The total Radical majority is about 5,000 for the negro Radical ticket. The total vote is a trifle over 14,000, just about 5,000 over 9,000 well known Democrats in this city who did not register (on account of the obstacles thrown in their way by these tricky politicians), and who own over nine tenths of the taxable property of the city, it will be seen that the city election went by default. Now the corollary to be deduced from this election is simply this—the very men most interested in preserving a republican form of government, are becoming disaffected and are unintentionally favoring Grant's conspiracy for Imperialism.—Between the supineness of the Democrats, the frauds of the Radicals, the result is overwhelming in favor of the latter. Is this a sample of the feelings of Democrats all over the country? Will the Grant men actually into the trap set by the Radical party? It is a universal rule that men will prefer a Monarchy with security to a Republic with anarchy. Thus the Democracy in certain parts of the country, are unintentionally lending themselves to Imperialism.

Washington yesterday presented a series of scenes ungracious to the spirit of the age, and well calculated to bring contempt upon the elective franchise. These scenes of lawlessness were part of the imperial programme well calculated to disgust the people and thus prepare the way for the new order of things now in contemplation. The houses were killed, houses broken open, their inmates driven into the streets, and Pandemonium let loose upon the city. Ashantee could not have been worse in its foulest orgies. But it deserves more profound reflection, because of being direct and legitimate results of the Radical conspiracy to prepare the way for Imperialism, making the people disgusted with Republicanism.

The Government has determined to put a few more millions upon the burdens which our taxed people have to bear. The forty-five Hydrostatic presses of the Government Printing Office, which cost \$2,100, have been condemned and are to be given away or destroyed. In their place fifty rolling printing presses, at two hundred dollars a piece, have been purchased. It will be remembered that there is now absolutely no check upon dishonesty in printing and circulation of Grant or the Radical party. The amount of money expended by the Secretary of the Treasury in this experiment will amount to eight millions of dollars, by their own estimate, if the truth were known it will be much more. After the repeated and costly experiments made during the administration of Lincoln and Johnson upon the matter of printing notes and currency, and the best possible mode arrived at, we now behold an entire change, involving the loss of millions of the public money. Is this the economy promised by Grant?

These things are done that some political advantage may be gained by Grant or the Radical party may be repaid with interest the sums liberally subscribed to the Grant election fund last Fall. This thing is nothing more or less than a big job: We will now have in addition to the other rigs, a printing ring, and New York will be the centre from which its power will radiate.

There never was a time when there was such a dearth of news. This city seems to be asleep, but the very stillness may presage a storm. The political heavens are somewhat overcast, and in a short time the deception, cunning and heartless duplicity of the Radicals will be manifest in the last lodge to hold together the fast disintegrating party to which they claim the special honor to belong. While Mr. Sumner was blathering in the Senate on the Alabama claims, there were those who saw a Yankee dodge through his nicely worded speech, and were ready to take to show his hollow pretensions and place him and his New England Puritans where they properly belong. Anon, we'll do it.

OUR ROBESON LETTER.
Almost Fatal Violation of Law.—The Crops, &c., &c.
LUMBERTON, N. C., June 7, 1869.
MESSRS. EDITORS:—The news about here just now is very scarce. A little incident occurred, however, the other night, which will bear recording. One of our distinguished County Commissioners, William Rice, has been the first to violate the law made by the Legislature in regard to being disguised, painted, &c. A few nights since he was roaming about the streets of our city, at the hour of 2 o'clock with, his face painted so black that he was taken for a coal black darkey. Having struck his face, which was hideous, into the store door of one of our bar rooms, he came near losing his life by a pistol shot. The question seems to be would the murderer have been guilty under the law had he fired and killed his disguised but not recognized Commissioner.

Crime and robbery are looking very well since the late rain. Business, however, is dull.
John C. Breckinridge.
The visit of the Hon. John C. Breckinridge to Wisconsin is to look after land which he owns in the northern counties of the State, and in considerable quantities. Mr. Breckinridge appears to be an affable gentleman, and was the centre of attraction at the Newhall yesterday. Several of the old democratic wheel-horses visited him at his room and had a talk with him. One gentleman asked him what he thought of Grant and his administration, and the reply was that the President was smart enough to take care of himself. His cabinet, while none of the best, was just such a one as Grant needed, and was better for his purposes than one of more talent would be. It was not designed to make the administration a brilliant one, and Grant's ambition was to make it an every-day sort of useful affair. He was studying the best way to do this, and Mr. Breckinridge believed he would succeed in a degree sufficient to make the people feel easy, although they would be by no means satisfied.

Milwaukee Wisconsin.
The commissioner of internal revenue has decided that persons engaged in the business of preparing pork and lard for sale, who slaughter hogs, cut up and pack pork and render lard, packing same in barrels, kegs and otherwise, are clearly embraced within the definition of a manufacturer, and required to pay a tax on their sales annually in excess of five thousand dollars.

Small Savings.
Frederic Attenborough, for thirty-three years a private in the British Dragoon Guards, died recently at Nottingham, leaving a legacy of \$21,000 to the London General Hospital, in which he was once a patient. This handsome sum was the fruit of fifty-three years small savings.