Fayetteville Observer.

N. O. Wallace,] "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's." [Proprietor.

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The Herald and Douglas.

The N. Y. Herald of the 1st, speaking of the high hopes of the Black Republicans that they will carry New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania by the anti Republican vote being frittered away between Breckinridge, Bell and Douglas, says:

In support of this anticipation, it must be conceded that the stumping tour of Mr. Douglas, now drawing to a close in the West, has betrayed his object to be not so much the defeat of Lincoln as the prostration of the Breckinridge Democracy.—Thus, while he has instigated the nomination of the independent Douglas electoral tickets in some of the Southern States, the only effect of which, if they have any effect at all, will be to divert the vote of those States from Breckinridge to Bell, we find Mr. Douglas at every point the persistent enemy of any coalition with the Breckinridge Democracy in the North, a policy which, if followed up, can only result in the election of Lincoln by the solid electoral vote of the Northern States.

The plea of Mr Douglas in support of this singular course on his part is, that the Southern Breckinridge Democracy are scheming and reckless disunionists, and that the defeat of their candidate, therefore, is as essential to the peace of the country as the defeat of Lincoln. But as Lincoln cannot be defeated except through the assistance of the Northern Breckinridge Democracy, Mr. Douglas in withholding this assistance, is simply laboring to elect Lincoln. This can hardly be doubted when it is considered that in no possible event can Mr. Douglas or Mr. Johnson, in the settlement of this imbroglio, become the next President of the United States.

NEW ORLEANS Oct. 5.—The storm on Tuesday was the most severe that we have had for years. The walls of a new building, on Camp street, fell, killing two persons. Twenty-nine coal boats swamped; loss, 156,000. The back portion of the city is submerged. Eleven miles of the Jackson Railroad is washed off. A large number of houses swept away. Several lives were lost. The damage on the river is heavy. Several steamboats were blown ashore, and others were sunk. Thirty-five to forty sugar houses were blown down. The crops were greatly injured.

At Baton Rouge, twenty-one coal boats were swamped and four steamboats sunk.

Half a dozen prominent citizens of Carrolton, Illinois, sign a card saying that they heard Douglas, in 1844, denounce Henry Clay as "an old black-hearted traitor," "corrupt enough to be bribed with British gold."

LETTER FROM EUROPE

NO. XXXII.

LONDON, June 3, 1860.

As strange as it may appear, am again in London—this vast, busy, bustling metropolis. I arrived here on the 1st inst., and shall remain, perhaps a week or two. While at Berlin, I received a good supply of letters from the United States, some of which I answered; I promised to write you soon, which promise I am now seated to fulfill. I am, perhaps, as much surprised as you are to find myself here just at this time, as I had intended to have taken a northern course on leaving the continent for the Islands. My design was to go from Northern Germany directly to Scotland; but a protracted and furious storm on the North Sea, together with other circumstances, induced me to change my course towards London. As my last was from Berlin, I must now detail a few facts and incidents regarding my route from that city through Northern Germany. From Berlin I went to Hamburg, the great commercial metropolis of Northern Europe.—Here I passed two days most agreeably in seeing the town and studying German habits and customs. In this place I was most agreeably disappointed. I had expected to have found it an old, dirty, neglected seaport town, without interest or improvement, and I hesitate not to say that it is one of the neatest, most prosperous and well conducted cities of Europe. It has many beautiful buildings, and the old fortifications have been leveled, and where they were, are now excellent walks ornamented with trees, forming a lovely promenade nearly around the entire city. In fact there is nowhere to be found a spot more desirable or inviting; offering more inducements for an evening walk or drive, than this same old city of Hamburg. In the centre of the town is a lake or bay, in form, an oblong square, perhaps a mile in circumference, formed by excavating and widening a branch of the River Elbe. This is surrounded by a terrace planted with a double row of trees forming a fine promenade, and the streets on all sides, are lined with very large hotels, princely residences and gaudy furnished cafes, presenting to the eye, especially in the evening, a scene mostly lively and beautiful: I think much more so than any part of the Grand Canal in Venice. The costume of the peasant women and flowers girls, is singularly striking and peculiar, and is said to have existed from time immemorial. I visited the flower market expressly for the purpose of seeing them. They are arranged in rows as far as you can see—dressed in the gayest colors, the most comical, long waisted dresses, strange head-gear, and odd, quaint looking, inverted straw hats, exhibiting a group of picturesque and fancifully attired damsels intent upon the sale of their special commodities. I never saw a troop of comical masquerades more amusing. They certainly rival the grotesque attire of the Swiss peasant girls, or the brilliant head dress worn by the maids of Rotterdam. The peculiar dress worn by the peasantry in the different countries and kingdoms of Europe, is one of the most interesting facts that strikes the attention of travelers. These peculiarities have been long and dearly cherished, and adhered to with surprising tenacity. We have no class in America that answers properly to the peasantry of the old world; especially as regards the manner of dress. With us, all consult and use the same general style: in Europe the lower classes have their peculiar and unvarying fashion handed down from generation to generation. This refers mostly to female toilette, though, in some countries, the male peasant has quitly his characteristic in dress. For example: the French laborer has his blouse, the Italian his knee breeches and piratical looking hat, and the Hungarian his laced coat and cap ornamented with feathers.

From Hamburg we went to Aix la Chapella, stopping on the route, at Hanover. Aix la Chapelle is among the noted watering places of Germany, and now is just the opening of the season. The springs are numerous and possess excellent medical qualities, some of a high temperature, sufficient to boil eggs fit for eating in a few minutes. Aix is a very old town, and is celebrated as being the birth place of Charlemagne—he also died and was buried here in 814. This great Emperor built here a magnificent city in the eighth century, second only in his vast domains.—In the Cathedral or principal Church are preserved many curious relics of surpassing interest. They are guarded with great care and looked upon with profound veneration. Our curiosity to see them was too great to be denied, therefore, with the multitude, we sought to gratify it. Among them are shown the skull and other bones of Charlemagne, his hunting horn, a silver cross enclosing a piece of the true cross, a lock of hair of the Virgin Mary, which, it is said, he wore around his neck when living as well as in his grave; the crown heavily set with jewels found upon his head in his tomb several hundred years after his death; the leather girdle of Christ, the cord that bound the rod which smote him, a nail of the Cross, the sponge that was wet with vinegar, a bone of Simeon's arm that bore the Infant Saviour, the blood and bones of St. Stephen, &c. The shrines, crosses and reliquaries containing these relics, are of immense value: made of massive gold and thickly set with diamonds, jewels and precious stones. In fact, the Church plate preserved in the treasury of this cathedral, is perhaps, the richest in the world. One small shrine was shown containing, as the Priest assured us, a piece of the true Cross, which was set all over with diamonds of great size, and of the first water, glowing and sparkling with light.—It was presented to the Church by one of the early Kings. But still more wonderful are the treasures of the Church containing what is called the "Grand Relics." They are deposited in shrines of silver and gold: they consist, as they assert and believe, 1st, of the robe worn by the Virgin Mary at the nativity; 2d, of the swaddling clothes in which the infant Saviour was wrapped; 3d, the cloth in which the head of John the Baptist was laid, and 4th, the scarf worn by the Saviour at the crucifixion bearing the stains of blood. The "Grand Relics," in the estimation of the Church, are of infinite value and so sacred that they are shown but once in seven years, and the present year happens to be the appointed time: the last exhibition having been in 1853. They are shown only in the space of ten days, and so great is the desire to see them, and so sacred is the ceremony in the estimation of the Church that, it is said, no less than from eighty to one hundred thousand pilgrims resort here to look upon these relics during the time of their exhibition. They are said to have been presented to the Emperor Charlemagne by the Patriarch of Jerusalem. As to the authenticity and genuiness of these relics, of course, many are exceedingly skeptical. Perhaps no harm, but good, results to the credulous and devout. It is certainly interesting to witness the unwavering faith and implicit confidence in their being genuine manifest in the entire Catholic Church, from the Priesthood down to the lowest order of the laity—from the Pope of Rome to the beggar in the streets. When they are being shown, the Priests are on their guard that no one touches them with any part of the person: this would be considered truly sacrilegious. In asking some questions, I was near putting my finger on the piece of the true cross, thinking it no impropriety, when my hand was hurriedly pushed away with a look of astonishment and horror at my temerity and sacrilegious propensity.

From Aix we went to Ostend, to take steamer for Dover, across the narrow part of the channel, and most fortunate were we in taking ths route; for, at that time, the storm on the North Sea, was terrific and most destructive in its consequences. A steamer pulling out from Hamburg and perhaps the very one we would have taken, was lost with many of the passengers.

LAFAYETTE.

Look Out for the Imposter.

EDS: COM:—You will confer a favor on the Relief Committee of I. O. O. F. of this city and Order at large, by giving place in your columns to the following.

Respectfully yours,
W. L. THOMPSON.

The I. O. O. F. of the United States and the public generally are advised to be on the alert for a man passing under the name of John Pincent and other aliases, and presenting cards purporting to be issued by Jefferson Lodge, No. 14, of New York. There is no such Lodge, and the swindler has already obtained in this vicinity by false pretences, several hundred dollars.

A. W. CHURCHILL Pres.
Signed. W. L. THOMPSON.
Sec and Treas Cin'ti Relief Com

P S—All papers friendly to the Order will confer a favor by giving the above circulation—*Cin Com.*

The New York *Journal of Commerce* says that the Union, as established by the Constitution, has no better friends than the men in the South who are called fire eaters. The men of the North who denounce the federal constitution as an agreement with hell, and resist its letter and spirit by personal liberty bills, are the only disunionists. No Southern man objects to the Union as made by the constitution, but to the Union proposed by abolition covenant breakers and tyrants. These are great truths, they proceed from the North, yet there are men in the South so blinded by prejudice, so deaf to the voice of sober truth, that they will not believe them.

FREE NEGRO NUISANCE IN INDIANA—The following notice has been issued at Evansville, Indiana:

NOTICE TO FREE NEGROES.—The laws of Indiana provide that after a certain date no free negroes shall emigrate to this State. Other cities and towns are expelling the negroes from among them, and owing to the laxity exhibited by our authorities and citizens generally, Evansville is being overrun and cursed by the worst class of this lazy, worthless, drunken and thieving race, and to such an extent that those who have suffered from their bad conduct are resolved to suffer no longer, and will take the law in their own hands. This notice is therefore given, that at the end of five days from the date hereof, every negro of either sex, who is not entitled by law to a residence among us, must not be found in the city, else he will be dealt with in a summary manner. THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

EVANSVILLE, IND., Aug 28, 1860

The self-constituted Douglas "State committee" of Pennsylvania have made up what they call a straight-out Douglas electoral ticket. What "regularity" is there in this proceeding, when there is a regular Democratic ticket in the field?—*Exchange.*

The Douglas men are great sticklers for regularity, and here is a case in point. The Democratic electoral ticket in Pa., was put in nomination before the National Convention met at Charleston, when there was no disunion existing or contemplated. It is regular by the strictest construction of party rules, in form and fact. If *regularity* has such force, why don't they support it then? They are afraid it will succeed (as we believe it will,) and "beat Lincoln."

An Opposition friend writing from Memphis, says, "Bell and Everett are all O. K. up here." Wonder if he means they are all "Old Know-Nothings?"

Temple of The Muses.

THE WITHERED DAISIES.

You ask me why I love them so
These little simple flowers,
That over every pasture blow
In April sunny showers;
And why a daisy wreath I twine,
Instead of dewy roses,
To hang above the holy shrine
Where our lost child reposes.

'Twas in the spring-time that she came,
And all the forest mazes
Were bright with flowers without a name,
The fields were white with daisies.
You knew how beautiful she grew,
How fair, how sweet and holy,
But the violet, wet with morning dew,
Is not more pure and lowly.

She flitted like a sunbeam bright
Around our cottage door,
Her footsteps, as a fairy's light,
Made music on the floor.
On every flower of wood or glade,
She lavish'd childish praises,
She loved all things the Lord has made
But most she loved the daisies.

How many thoughts beyond her years
That then were all unheeded,
We think of now with blinding tears—
Sweet teachings that we needed—
Three happy years we led her feet
Along life's thorny mazes;
The fourth we laid her down to sleep
Beneath the April daisies.

'Tis well and we are reconciled,
For He who gave the blossom,
Who lent to us our angel child,
Recalled her to His bosom;
And waiting till he calls for me
To sing with her his praises,
I keep her blessed memory
Embalmed in April daisies.

THE HEART'S GUESTS.

When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
And the evening twilight gathers
Round our departing day,
Then, while we sit and ponder
On the deep and shadowy past,
Within the heart's still chambers
The guests will gather fast.

The friends in youth we cherished
Shall come to us once more,
Again to hold communion
As in the days of yore,
They may be stern and sombre,
They may be bright and fair;
But the heart will have its chambers;
The guests will gather there.

How shall it be, my sister?
Who, then, shall be our guests?
How shall it be, my brothers,
When the shadow on us rests?
Shall we not, amid the silence,
In accents soft and low,
Then hear familiar voices,
And words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces,
Sweet smiling as of old,
Till the mists of that dear chamber
Are sunset's clouds of gold,
When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
And the evening twilight gathers
Round our departing day?

A Tough Story.

Ireland furnishes the following remarkable item, contained in a private letter written at Limerick:

"A most extraordinary transaction has just occurred within six or seven miles of this place. A farmer when going over his crops, accompanied by some of his neighbors, was so grieved at witnessing the injuries inflicted by rain, &c, prayed to God that he might be struck asleep until the fine weather would come. He had only uttered the prayer when he fell to the ground at full length fast asleep, and so firm in the earth that he could not be removed. A shed has been built about him, and hundreds are daily going to see him—He breathes as naturally as if he were lying asleep on his bed."

The Philadelphia Bulletin says: "The American markets are to be inundated with cheap silks this fall, the European manufactures having collected all the shop worn goods and old style goods and re-dyed them especially for the American trade."

A man winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.

One of the most dangerous of all levellers is the man with the gun in his hand.

Political Reading.

Thad Stevens on John Bell.

Hon Thadeus H. Stevens of Pennsylvania, is one of the oldest politicans and veriest Black Republicans in the Union. He was a Whig but now with three fourths of his old party friends he belongs to the Black Republican organization—He is now a Black Republican member of Congress from Pennsylvania. He made a speech before his Black Republican brethren of the city of New York on Thursday last in which thus refers to Messrs. Bell and Everett and other party friends:

Of Messrs. Bell and Everett I have little to say. I know the head of that ticket well. A more pure or able man can hardly be found—*In most things he agrees with the Republican party. He is in favor of protection of American industry. He believes that Congress has sovereign power over the territories. In one thing only do we differ. In hostility to modern Democracy we cordially agree. Hence it astonishes me to see his friends in the free States directing their hostility against the Republicans and coalescing with the Democrats. No where could he find truer or safer men. What Republican could object to Bell or Etheridge, Botts, Bates, Rayner, or H. Winter Davis? The protective system has no truer or abler men than the Southern Bell men. Why should Northern Bell men outlaw themselves from the sympathy and patronage of the Republican administration?*

These suggestions are intended for the *lice* men of the party. There is a small class of trafficking leaders—Hunt, Brooks and Fuller—whom they are not expected to reach, and also a very select and respectable class who dwell where merchants "most do congregate." They tremble when slavery frowns. They dread the black list, and fear the loss of the sale of bales of goods. They are the men who get up union-saving meetings when the South blusters. Those leaders have Swiss insects. They care not on which side they fight. In New York they sell them to Douglas; in New Jersey to Breckinridge; in Pennsylvania to the highest bidder. I have no fear that the real men of the party will follow these mercenary leaders. They will finally range themselves under the banner of Lincoln and liberty; Lincoln and protection—the only banner on which is inscribed "Protection to the poor man's labor and rich man's capital."

Mr Stevens and Mr. Bell have been in public life long together. No man in the country is perhaps more familiar with Mr. Bell's "past history connected with the public service" than Mr. Stevens. Men of the South, see the light in which Mr. Bell's political principles are viewed by the Black Republican leaders who have known him long and well—"What Republican could object to Bell or Etheridge?" asks Mr. Stevens. If Mr. Bell is not objectionable to the Black Republicans can he be acceptable to the South? Let every Southern man answer the question for himself.

A Senseless Committee.—The Prince of Wales' ball committee, in New York, have been measuring the Academy of Music, and calculating how many ladies may be admitted. We find that in their calculations they allow each lady a circle of five feet in diameter. Only five feet, and expect a lady to be dressed to see a Prince! exclaims the Providence Journal. Have the committee wives? Have they daughters? Nay, have they eyes?

Gen. Cass, at present Secretary of State, has been in high public position since 1802, a period of 58 years.

True to the Life.

The Philadelphia Merchant, a neutral paper so far as party politics are concerned, speaks of northern crazy, hypocritical fanaticism in the following terms. The justice and truth of the article will be acknowledged by every sensible person in the land:

ABOLITIONISM.—We never knew an abolitionist that was not a tyrant in his own family, or among those over whom he had control. We never knew an abolitionist, that did not strain his mental vision, to discover cruelty "way down south," when he could not see the suffering at his own door. We never knew an abolitionist who would treat a negro with any thing like fraternal regard, after he had enticed him from his master. We never knew an abolitionist, but who, while he thought and demanded the southern planters should give up millions of dollars to further his visionary ideas of freedom, was himself mean enough to take what he did not pay for.

Look now, at Lowell and Lynn, and throughout the east, which has been for years, the hot bed of that helpless fanaticism, and behold the meanness of the haters of slavery. Witness the present conflict between these abolitionists and their white slaves. Thirty thousand sons and daughters of toil are on a strike, for a fair compensation for their labor, which is denied to them by those who would spend large sums to import the "darkies from the south." Their white brethren around them are "guilty of a skin, colored as their own," and therefore they cannot feel for them. But if a "greasy nigger" should come along to labor on the wrong of his race, they would flock to his standard and sustain and encourage him by every effort. But "such is life." These people strain at the gate, but swallow the sawmill. Occasionally the judgment of outraged justice reaches them, when the wiles of the "darkie" are successful, and the rabid Abolitionist becomes father-in-law to his sable *proteges*.—It serves him right.

In all this we do not say that no honorable man can be opposed to slavery. By no means. But the fanaticism of those who live far from the peculiar institution, has wrought fully in the land, and when we speak of abolitionists, we talk of those of whom it may be said that "too much ignorance" has made them mad. And the further off, the more mad they are. We have long been of the opinion that there is more actual suffering in one square mile of Massachusetts, than in any ten miles of any southern State. The raid of Harper's Ferry, deplorable as it was, in many points of view, will yet result in much good. The whole country will be brought to see how few of all our citizens, are the madmen we have spoken of, how necessary it is for sensible men, both North and South, to frown them out of existence, and, what an overwhelming majority of our people are fraternal to the South, and loyal to the Union.

NOTHING IN IT.—The report that the negroes about Holly Springs, Miss, contemplated a rising on the night of the 15th inst., turns out to be little better than a Rootbeck. The citizens of the place armed themselves and patroled the streets but the whole affair was so insignificant and groundless that all alarm quickly and completely subsided.—So we learn from the Holly Springs Herald.

Strange things are sometimes seen in Court. A bear was brought in, in chains, at a justice's court in Washington, N.Y. last week and a few days after, at a justice's court, also, half dozen reptiles, including an alligator, were running about the floor. In both cases the animals were on exhibition, and had been levied upon to pay expenses.

The attempt to raise the Atlantic cable has been abandoned.