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FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30 1868.

The Editor of the Eagle returned yesterday evening (Sunday) and has not time this morning to prepare matter for the paper.

Robbers in Robeson.

We learn that house-breaking and robbery have become very common in a portion of Robeson county.

The house of Neil Buie, near the Charlotte Railroad, in Robeson county, was also robbed on Monday night, the 23rd inst.

Some ten or more persons, disguised forcibly entered the dwelling house of Maj. James H. McQueen, in Robeson, late at night, on the 16th inst.

The recent Sunday School Celebration in the Eastern part of our county has occasioned quite a controversy with "Outside Judge," "Observer" and others.

"Outside Judge" and "Observer" have shown ability and skill in their discussion, but like all similar disputes, it is a losing battle.

The Fayetteville, N. C., Thursday, December 3, 1868. Weekly No. 17.

Vol. I.—No. 30.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1868.

Weekly No. 17.

The Editor being absent, ye Local undertook to run the machine, and at the same time carry on his usual business.

While very busy in our morning trade the Devil came in wanting Copy. On account of Thanksgiving day, we had but few exchanges, but we out with a knife and whacked something from an old paper, what it was we knew not, and sent it up.

Foreman wants 3 quarts of lasses to fix the roller. Molasses was furnished, and mine sold. Presently, as we were selling and weighing a lot of hides, he rushed in.

Foreman had let his composition "bile" over, and wanted another quart molasses. This was furnished, and we began to fix up our Bank account, and was again interrupted by the devilish boy calling for copy.

Exciting.—Last Thursday, Hay street was thrown into great excitement at the sight of a horse running away, with a boy on his back, hallooing "catch him, catch him!"

ATTACKED BY A SQUIRREL.—Last Saturday, in this vicinity, two boys, Frank and James, were in the woods getting wood, when Frank discovered a large fox squirrel making towards him.

The tragedy at Richmond. Particulars of the Killing of H. Rivers Pollard, the Excitement—Sketch of the Life of the Deceased.

It was stated yesterday that Mr. H. Rivers Pollard, formerly of the Richmond Examiner, was shot and instantly killed, about nine o'clock on Tuesday morning in front of his office.

Mr. Pollard, accompanied by Mr. J. Hanna, came to the city this morning from his residence in the country, on Grove road, in his carriage, and halted at the corner of Main and Fourteenth streets, in front of his office.

When the war broke out, Mr. P. was news editor of the Baltimore Sun, but strongly espoused the Confederacy, and came South, and linked his fortunes with John M. Daniel, of the Examiner.

Mr. Pollard, when he was shot, was well armed, with two revolvers, a couple of deringers and a bowie knife, but this was not an unusual armament for him.

At twelve o'clock a jury of inquest was summoned, and rendered a verdict that Mr. Pollard came to his death at the hand of some person, to them unknown.

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Important Decision—Military Tribunals Unconstitutional. During the recent session of Baldwin Superior Court, Judge Robinson delivered his opinion in the case of W. J. Brannan, who, being confined in the State Penitentiary, sued out a writ of Habeas Corpus, on the ground that his confinement was illegal.

The main facts of this case are these: The new building in a street front in the town of Burlington, killed a man named Bell, for which he was immediately arrested by the civil authorities and bound over to stand his trial at the ensuing term of the Superior Court of that county.

After he had been arrested and had given bail, he was, by the order of Gen. Meade, re-arrested by the Military commandant at that post, and subsequently tried for murder by a Military Court organized by Meade.

While being conducted through Florida by a military guard to a shipping point for the Tortugas, Brannan's friends sued out a writ of Habeas Corpus from a Judge of the Superior Court of that State, who, upon a hearing of the case, ordered the release of the prisoner.

During the session of Putnam Court, Judge Lechman argued the case before Judge Robinson for the prisoner and the Solicitor General Jordan for the State. The opinion was held up until last week when, as we have said, Judge R. sustained the writ and ordered the prisoner to be remanded into the hands of the Sheriff of Deaneur county.

THE EXCITEMENT. A large and excited crowd of people, immediately after its occurrence, gathered around the scene of the homicide, which increased as the facts were spread through the city, until the streets in the vicinity were completely decked up with people—mostly the better class of our citizens—from scarcely any of whom, we regret to say, did we hear a word of sympathy for the slain editor, or the least condemnation of the deed, though few denounced the manner in which it was done, and thought it seemed to be such like secret assassination and fear on the part of the concealed perpetrator.

Mr. Pollard was a young man of good appearance, of very decided character, about thirty-five years of age—was the son of Major Richard Pollard, formerly an officer in the United States Army, and brother of E. A. Pollard, the Southern historian. He was also a brother-in-law of the late Admiral Bell, of the navy. He was born in the town of Buena Vista, Nelson county, about 29 miles from Lynchburg,

where he passed his early life. He finished his education in the Military Institute of Virginia, and then went to Washington, where he was for some time employed as a clerk in the Post-office Department. During the Kansas troubles he was engaged on a newspaper in Leavenworth. His mother was a sister of the Hon. W. C. Rives, after whom he was named.

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person to treat his patient individually; they actually laid one adjacent that the simple movement of one of them would cause his neighbor to cry out in agony of pain. The confident and malignant type prevailed to such an extent of such a nature that the body would frequently be found one continuous slab.

The diet and other allowances by the government for the use of the prisoners were ample, yet the poor unfortunates were allowed to starve; but why, is a query which I will allow our readers to infer, and to draw conclusions therefrom. Out of the number of prisoners as before mentioned over three thousand of them now lay in the cemetery located near the camp for that purpose, a mortality equal, if not greater, than that of any prison in the South.

At Andersonville there was actually nothing to feed or clothe the prisoners with; their own soldiers forcing but little better than their prisoners; this, together with a torrid sun and an impossibility of exchange, was abundant cause for their mortality.

Our government allowed the prisoner of war the following rations (vide regulations, pp. 224, articles 1,190, 1,191): 1/2 oz of pork or bacon or 1 lb of salt or fresh beef, 1 lb of corn meal, bread or flour, or 1 lb of corn meal, and to every one hundred rations 15 lbs of beans or peas and 10 lbs of rice or hominy, 10 lbs of green coffee or tea, 10 lbs of roasted do, or 1 lb 8 oz of 15 lbs of sugar, 4 quarts of vinegar, 30 lbs of potatoes, and, if fresh potatoes could not be obtained, canned vegetables were allowed. Page 107, article 746, United States Army regulations—Prisoners of war will receive for subsistence one ration each without regard to rank, their private property will be duly respected, and each shall be treated with regard to his rank, and the wounded are to be treated with the same care as the wounded of our army.

How faithfully these regulations were carried out at Elmira, is shown by the following statement of facts: The sick in hospital were curtailed in every respect (fresh vegetables and other articles were dropped from the list), the food scant, crude and unfit; medicines so badly dispensed that it was a farce for the medical man to prescribe. At large in the camp the prisoners fared still worse; a slice of bread and salt meat was given him for his breakfast, a poor, hatched-up, concocted cup of soup, so called, and a slice of miserable bread was all he could obtain for his evening meal, and hundreds of sick who could in no wise obtain medical aid died, "unkilled, uncoffined and unknown." I have in no wise drawn on the imagination, and the facts as stated can be attested by the staff of medical officers who labored at the Elmira prison for the rebel soldiers.

EX-MEDICAL OFFICER U. S. ARMY. THANKSGIVING DAY.—Most of our readers are aware that this Thanksgiving Day, appointed such by President Johnson, as well as by His Excellency, the Governor of this State, because of the countless blessings which have been vouchsafed to us during the past year. It is unnecessary to recapitulate these blessings, especially those of a political character. Probably they are "disgested," but, as we are in a peculiarly pious mood to-day, and willing, just now, to accept all favors without "looking the gift horse in the mouth," we will not grumble, although we would really like to know what we have reason to be particularly thankful for, unless it be that things are no worse. They might have been, God knows, and because they have not been is no fault of the wise men in power.—Western Sentinel.

A man in Erie, Penn., has come to life after his funeral was advertised and the hearse came for his body.

From the Richmond Dispatch. Straining the Governor's Back. The ultra Radical journals have for some time been propagating the proposition to amend the Constitution so as to limit the power of the Governor. Some of these journals have even gone so far as to propose to limit the Governor to a single term of office.

We have seen the Governor's back straining under the weight of these proposals. It is the measure which, perhaps, will bring most glaringly before the eyes of the people the abyss which yawns to engulf all States which value personal liberty along with them.

If Congress ever gets control of the question of suffrage as to federal elections, it will be master of the whole question. The rule of Congress will inevitably be the general rule, and the States, having lost the authority over this important subject will become mere agencies of the Federal Government—reversing the original theory of the framers of the Constitution, that the Federal Government was the agent of the States.

We honor the consistency of these Radical papers in proposing to make all the States submit to Congress on the question of suffrage. They are more conscientious than the unprincipled Chicago Convention, which claimed that Congress was right to force any sort of suffrage they deemed proper upon the South, but that the Northern people should be allowed to control that question for themselves. It has been plain to all reasonable and intelligent men, that a distinction so unjust could not prevail in a confederacy of States held together by a common government. Sooner or later the same supremacy that had been exerted over the helpless South must be extended to the Northern States, which, by occurring in the prostration of their sister States, had but placed in their hands of Federal power a weapon for their own destruction.

We repeat, it is a very acceptable time for the origination of this proposition. We hope it will be presented. It will be a capital test of the sense of "the people of the States" who, by the inordinate number of amendments, or of the existence in their breast of a "sober second thought" that may arouse their energies and resolution to a grand and successful effort to obstruct, at least for a period, the headlong course of the Republic towards despotism.

Eloquent Extract. "Writing the 'closing scenes' in the history of General Lee's army, J. Quintan Moore, Esq., thus thrills a chord that will vibrate forever—thus bequeaths a gem to the literature of the South: "There stood the mournful remnants of that once glorious army, that had dipped its conquering banners in the crimson tide of eight and twenty sanguinary battles, and shown its heroic slain from the feet of the Pennsylvania mountains to the gates of its own capital city; that gave Manassas to Beauregard, and twined the fame of the Seven Pines battle in the laurel wreath of Johnston; that had caused the waters of the Shenandoah eternally to murmur the name of Stonewall Jackson; and, stretching its right arm out to the distant West, had plucked victory from the drooping banners of Grant; that had witnessed four gigantic campaigns, and through all their shiftings and tragic scenes, and under all difficulties and dangers, had remained steadfast and faithful to the last. And, after having witnessed the rising of the Southern constellation, as it loomed dimly brightly on the horizon of war, pursuing, to its splendid zenith, the happy path of Mars now behind, now unmoted, its declining splendor going down into the gloom of eternal night. And he, its illustrious chief, whose lofty plume was ever its rallying point in battle, and around whom its affection warmly clustered, now commended it to his past devotion, and bade it abide forever. Slowly and sadly he rode from that mournful field, and the cause that he fought for was beneath the foot of Power. Few were the eyes that gazed not moist at witnessing that departure. It was the agony of a great cause, finding expression in the sublime soul of its great defender. And, though that cause be dead, yet will its memory continue to live, and ever honored will be those names that were sacrificed at its altars; and, on the scroll of fame, no name among the list of eminent worthies will shine in a purer, nobler, or more resplendent light than that of Robert Edmund Lee. His name will be placed by the side of those great captains of history—of Marlborough and Saxe, of Tilly, and Eugene; and as long as the name of the Southern struggle shall linger in tradition and song, still his memory be cherished by the descendants of the Southern men; while his character will stand up in the twilight of history, like some grand old Cathedral, lifting itself up in its majestic beauty above the surrounding scene, in its solemn stateliness, sublime in its severe simplicity."