

The Eagle

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1872. [Whole No. 189.]

THE EAGLE.

MONDAY, MARCH 18, 1872.

There are now ten prisoners in the jail at this place.

Bishop (Finson) confined 14 persons at the Episcopal church in this place on last Sunday night.

SHAD are still very scarce and high here. The weather it is thought has been too cold for them. Last year at this time shad and other fish were abundant.

Beef, venison, mutton and other fresh meats are remarkably scarce in this market at present. The butchers are doing very little as beefs are hard to procure. Beef sells readily at 15 cents per pound.

ROBERT MARTIN, employed on the Cumberland, an engine on the Western Railroad, in attempting to get on the cars while in motion, near what is called the junction in this place, his foot slipped and falling between the cars had his leg cut off below the knee on Friday evening last.

Not a bud, leaf or flower nor any sign of growing vegetation about here yet, although March is nearly passed. We have yet the heavy cold of mid-winter. Generally at this date we have the mellow odorous atmosphere of Spring, when plant, flower and forest begin to resume their beauty and growth.

IMPROVEMENT.—We see that Mr. J. C. Collahan has started a barrel factory in this town to be run by steam which will turn out rapidly a large amount of work. We are always ready to take by the hand any man who comes and invests his money in enterprises that will add to the material interests of the town, and we wish Mr. Collahan's enterprise success.

FOUND OUT.—We learn that Andrew Jackson Jones says that he has found out why they want to send him to the penitentiary. W. J. Hawkins, R. Y. McAden and W. McL. McKay are about to employ the convicts in the penitentiary for building railroads, and they wish to have Jones to superintend the bands as he is an experienced railroad contractor. They can thus have him detailed to take charge of the work, and pay no salary. He would be only serving out like the others. The proposition is a good one and the people should have a measure of so much

The people of Fayetteville have been for some time congratulating themselves on not having any fires during the fall and winter, and a certain editor in the state makes the facetious remark, "that with the rapid march of improvement that has been going on in Fayetteville everything is too green to burn."

But everything must have an ending, and on last Saturday about 9 o'clock A. M., the seeming quiet was broken by the cry of fire! We all ran helter skelter and at last found that the fire had originated from the roof of Mr. L. C. Jones' residence on Person street. It was soon overcome and peace and tranquility reigned once more.

Fayetteville has been singularly blessed in this, and the people should feel thankful. The whole fire department has consisted since the war of an engine company, a hook and ladder company and a bucket company, who have on all occasions worked faithfully, but the engine which has been used is very heavy, and is not worth the material required to build it.

Some three months ago the company appealed to the citizens for funds to purchase a new engine, but to no purpose, the citizens saying that they paid taxes and the town ought to purchase the engine. The company, composed of some 50 or 60 men, then turned over the engine to the town, refusing to give anything further to do with it, as we have been left to the mercy of a fiery element, which at any time liable to break forth, devastating the homes and laying low the business and wealth of the town. But thanks to an overruling power such has not been the case.

During the past week there has arrived at the port of Wilmington 27,300 bushels of corn, and we learn that fall 50,000 bushels more is on its way here.

FLORA McDONALD.

More than twenty years ago I spent an evening with a lady in Fayetteville, N. C.—the "oldest inhabitant" of that region, who was brought from Scotland while she was yet an infant. She well remembered Flora McDonald, and said, "As you pass from the Court house to the market building in the morning, you may see on the left near the creek, the ruins of her house which was swept away by a fire that destroyed a greater part of our town more than twenty years ago." She then stopped to a small chest of drawers, and taking out a ring paper and handing it to me, said: "This is the writing of Madame McDonald, every body loved and respected her. My mother was then a maiden, and this letter was sent to her by Flora from her new home in the Barbicue congregation up in Cumberland county. I read as follows:

"February 1, 1776. "DEAR MAMMIE—Allan leaves tomorrow, to join Donald's standard at Cross Creek, and I shall be alone with my three bairns. Canna ye come and stay with me awhile? There are troubles times ahead I woeen. God will keep the right. I hope all our friends are in the right, prays your good friend, "FLORA McDONALD."

Flora McDonald (who always wrote her name "Flory") filled a conspicuous place in the world's history at about the middle of the last century. For it was she who chiefly assisted the escape from Scotland to France of Prince Charles Edward, grandson of James the Second, of England, who unsuccessfully attempted to regain the throne from which his grandfather had been driven nearly sixty years before.

The Young Pretender, as he is called, had landed in Scotland, drawn hosts of adherents around him, and fought battles with the English, but he was finally beaten, his followers were dispersed, and he was, for five months, a fugitive hunted from mountain to glen, from crag to cavern, among the Highlands, and at length found a hiding place in the island of Uist, one of the Hebrides, and a friend in Laird McDonald. To his house came Flora in June, 1746, a beautiful and romantic girl, fresh from school at Edinburg, to visit her relations.

The island was swarming with soldiers in search of the Prince, at the head of whom was Flora's step-father. The fugitive could not much longer elude them. Lady McDonald had conceived a plan for his escape, but found no one willing to have the consequence. "Will you undertake to assist the Prince?" she asked Flora. "I will," was the prompt reply, and she was joined in the perilsous enterprise by a young kinsman, Neill McDonald. Flora obtained from her step father a passport from the island with Neill and three others as a boat's crew, and Betsy Burke, a stout Irish woman whom she pretended she had engaged as a seamstress for her mother in the Isle of Skye.

Betsy Burke was the Prince in disguise, and on a bright afternoon the little party embarked from Uist. A terrible storm burst upon them that night, but they reached Skye in safety the next morning. Confronted by soldiers on the shore, they rowed eastward and landed near the house of Sir Alexander McDonald. Leaving the Prince concealed among the rocks, Flora told her stern guard, Lady McDonald, who sent a party guard with them to the Laird of Kingsburgh manly miles distant, who was also a keen eye and a bold man.

They never met again. Neill McDonald accompanied the Prince to France, married there, and long years afterward his son became Napoleon the First's celebrated Marshal McDonald. Flora's complicity in the escape of the Prince became known, and she was taken to London with McDonald of Kingsburgh and others, and cast into the Tower as a prisoner of state. Her romantic story touched the best hearts in England, and the warm sympathy was awakened in her behalf. The nobility of the kingdom became deeply interested in her fate. She was not a partisan of the Pretender, neither was she of his religious faith. She had simply followed the benevolent instincts of a woman's heart in helping the distressed and forlorn. When George the Second asked her sternly, "How could you dare to succor the enemy of my crown and kingdom?" she sweetly replied, "It was no more than I would have done for your majesty had you been released with her kindred, and became an object of great attraction in London. Her house was crowded with noble visitors who congratulated her upon her release, and poured money into her lap. A chance and fear horses were provided to convey her back to Scotland; and so the fair young girl

Word to Southern Young Men.

We find the following good advice in the New York Journal of Commerce to Southern young men in New York: "The Editor of the Journal of Commerce: There are many Southern young men engaged in business in New York. They are to be found in every branch of trade. The city is crowded with them, and the number increases every season. Scarcely a mail arrives that does not bring scores of applications for positions. As soon as a young man finishes his education down south, and in many instances before the completion of his studies at school, he makes it his aim to get out for a salaried position, and that New York is the appointed theatre in which to play his part in life.

Instead of remaining in his downtrodden state and helping to build up its lost fortunes and waste places; instead of devoting his energies and giving his labor to the suffering South, he chooses to desert her in the hour of need to seek out a precarious existence for a while, and then return home filled with disappointment and disgust.

It is fair to presume that a few of the young southerners act from an honest conviction that they can better their condition by coming north; but in a majority of instances the probability is that they act without proper reflection and desire to live in this city simply to see and be seen—to frolic and have fun. Let me give them a word of warning and advice.

New York is not a place for running around loose. It is not a city for enjoyment and ease. Work, hard work, constant work, is the word in the great metropolis. Of all the cities in the United States, it is the poorest for simple minded, do nothing salesmen. A young man here finds his level quicker than water. It may create some surprise among those who, after many perplexing failures to obtain situations, cling to the idea of coming, to be informed that New York is not only filled to repletion with Southern salesmen, but that hardly one in fifty of those who succeed in securing places make more than a scanty salary. Yet such is the fact. Making money is the exception—not the rule—and that, too, after years of patient industry and incessant activity. There are salesmen in this city to-day who have honestly toiled for fifteen or twenty years and cannot to save their necks show anything but an empty purse. The rapid influx of raw and inexperienced young men from the south is gradually but surely rendering the financial condition of the old salesmen more precarious. It is like overloading the life boat—the cargo is coming and all will go down together.

Sound judgment dictates that this state of things should cease. The error is manifold and egregious. It deprives the South of men who should be engaged in developing her vast resources, who should be planting cotton and corn and raising meat. It is full of anxiety, disappointment and final disgust, and it works harm and damage to those who, after hard struggles, have built up a trade that scarcely does more than support them, their wives and children.

To such as are meditating this grave mistake the writer (who has some experience in such matters) would offer a kindly word of advice: for the sake of your state, for your own sakes, stay at home. This advice is cheap, it costs you nothing, but if you do not heed it, your unwise refusal will cost you much loss of time and abundant vexation of spirit. SALESMAN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28. RICH—Holden has aspirations to the Vice Presidency, and has his strikers at work with a view to bringing him before the Radical convention in June. In an article in the Washington Transcript, rather favoring his nomination, we find the following resolution, passed by a Radical meeting at Goldsboro on the 24th ult: "Resolved, That in the estimation of this republican assembly of his fellow citizens, there is not a man in the nation who, next to President Grant, deserves to be honored in preference to our ostracized Governor, W. W. Holden. We therefore recommend him for the honored Vice Presidency. We claim this for him as an appreciation and recognition not only of his wrongs, but of the sterling loyalty, patriotism and Union-loving principles of the men of North Carolina; and we ask our fellow citizens throughout the state and nation to endorse our choice, and thus give the world a proof that republics can be grateful."

For cool, unadulterated impudence this resolution lays over anything we have seen in a twelvemonth. This is not a matter of party loyalty and Union-loving principles. Well, what next? Where is that pen that we transcribed up as an "an heirloom for posterity," and the "\$10,000 reward for Lincoln's head"? Make him Vice President, by all means. He and H. U. G. would make a sweet team.—Greensboro Patriot.

17,000 pounds of tobacco were sold at Morehead's Warehouse Wednesday last, prices ranging from \$3.00 to \$17.00 per hundred.—Greensboro Patriot.

From the American Historical Record.

Flora McDonald. Four years after her escape, Flora married Allan McDonald, the son of the Laird of Kingsburgh, and not long afterward she became mistress of the mansion where Prince Charles had spent the Isle of Skye. There, in 1773, she entertained the Johnson and Boswell, and allowed them to occupy the same house which the Prince had occupied, though he had been a wife twenty years; she was the mother of many children, her guests spoke of her as a beautiful, blooming woman. After her husband's death in em-barrassed circumstances, and they contemplated leaving their countrymen who had secured a large number to North Carolina. Thither they went in 1776, but died in finding no rest in the house of Harrow or Brunswick; and she was greatly instrumental in arousing her countrymen in the vicinity of Cape Fear, to take up arms for the crown. She and her kinsmen suffered great calamities after the battle of Moore's Creek, in February, 1776, in which they were defeated; and soon after the decease of her husband from Halifax jail, they and their children embarked in an English sloop-of-war, for Scotland.

The vessel was attacked by a French cruiser, and its crew becoming disheartened, were about to surrender, when Flora appeared on the quarter deck, and by a stirring appeal animated them with such fresh courage that they beat off the assailants and reached Great Britain in safety. While on deck Flora was severely wounded in the hand, but she paid no attention to it until she had seen her companions victorious.

Flora McDonald lived until the 5th of March, 1790. At her request her shroud was made of the sheets in which her remains were followed to the grave in the cemetery of Kilmartin, on the Isle of Skye, by at least three thousand persons. For eighty years their resting place was covered only by the green sward. In 1871 a beautiful monument was erected over them to the memory of her loyalty, bravery and virtue.

Such is a brief outline of the story of Flora McDonald's life. A volume would be needed to render a record of its stirring incidents in detail.

Western North Carolina.

It may be a long time before the resources of North Carolina will be known to the country. It is remarkable how ignorant the outside world is of the mineral wealth of our state, of her natural advantages, her health, her climate, her fertile lands in the east and her matchless scenery in the west.

We have recently read with much pleasure an article in the March number of the Advertiser descriptive of some of the magnificent scenery along the Linville and Wataga Rivers, and in the counties adjacent. The article is illustrated by faithful sketches of the Falls on the Linville, the Happy Valley, South Mountain, Wataga Falls, and a view in Morganton. While these localities are described as beautiful and grand, we are assured by those who are familiar with the facts that in the very section in which these sketches were made, there are other places and points of interest which surpass them in grandeur and magnificence.

The mountain scenery in Western North Carolina cannot be excelled anywhere. If a skillful artist would visit that section and give to the world faithful portrayments of the wonderful beauty and sublimity of the natural scenery of our mountain regions, it would be a matter of astonishment that such splendid and magnificent works of nature have been permitted to slumber in our midst in obscurity and silence, while those less imposing and less wonderful, in foreign lands, have received the tributes of enthusiastic admiration and praise from travelers, historians and poets.—Raleigh News.

DEBATING SOCIETY.—A number of Wilmington boys, 12 to 15 years of age, are about to form themselves into a Debating Association, under the supervision of several young gentlemen experienced in such matters.—The boys of Raleigh would do well to follow their example.—Raleigh Sentinel. So would the boys of Fayetteville.

OUT OF DEBT.—Edgemore county is now practically out of debt. That is, so far as the general fund is concerned. The only balance that remains has been contracted since the beginning of 1872, and that will not amount to much, as the sheriff has already taken up most of the claims.

The Tichborne Case.

There is a remarkable case in all their singular features, the Tichborne case in England, or been exciting so much interest CARROLL, sides of the Atlantic for several APPLE past, and one which occurred State some twenty-five or thirty ago. We think Jones county theatrically.

A wealthy man named Bunley had among other children, a son named Jesse, who was of a wild, reckless disposition, and, when a boy, disappeared. Years passed and intelligence was received from a wanderer. In the course of Bunley, senior, sick, and having in disposing of his property, by will, made provision for the absent son in the event he should reappear, though everybody believed him dead. The estate was administered and the property divided among the legatees, or, at least, those who were known to be in life.

Many years afterwards—we do not recollect how long—a man appeared who represented himself to be Jesse Bunley, who, after a long residence in Texas, hearing of the death of his father, came forward to claim his inheritance. In appearance, Jesse (boy) about the man, Jesse Bunley (boy) was a different man. Many who knew Jesse Bunley testified that they recognized him as the man, and even Mrs. Bunley, who was still living, at one time thought she recognized in him her long lost son. He was thoroughly familiar with almost every little incident in the life of young Bunley—his habits, his school-mates, the various localities which he was in the habit of frequenting, and with the residents of the neighborhood, in the days when Bunley was a boy. To all this we may add the fact that fact that scars and marks on each 7500 son corresponded exactly with those known to be on the body of Jesse Bunley, senior. The remainder of the person refused to recognize the claimant. The court gave judgment in favor of the estate. The claimant then verily flung himself either side some of the States, and his movements were most irregular, so that public opinion was greatly divided, how equal to the claimant's identity with Jesse Bunley. The cause, though, eventually went against him, and was soon followed by a criminal prosecution, which resulted in a verdict of guilty and sentence to the penitentiary, where he served out his full term. What became of him afterwards we never heard.

How exactly does this history tally with that of the Tichborne claimant, who, after a long struggle in the civil court, now finds himself a prisoner in Newgate.—Scraps and Quips.

LONDON, March 14. In the trial for perjury a large number of witnesses are expected to be brought forward. The prosecution to show that the claimant of the Tichborne estate is Arthur Orton. It is reported that detectives have arrived here from Australia, with a warrant for the arrest of Orton on a charge of murder.

The fact is stated that over 7,000,000 copies of the Bible were circulated last year; more by millions than were ever distributed in one year, and three millions more than were in existence in 1800.

It is reported that the ex Prince Imperial of France will visit the United States next summer. He is now sixteen years of age, and is said to speak five languages fluently.

Pomeroy's Democrat humorously says: "Grant for President, and Tweed for Vice President. The one giveth and the other taketh. Blessed be their names."

The expenses of the State government of South Carolina before the war were about \$500,000, annually; now they are \$2,468,000! High price for carpet-bags.

While digging with a pick in his cellar, Mr. Bringham, of Baltimore, ex-hunted a box containing \$7,000 in gold and silver coin. He continued to take his pick gladly.

A young lady at a Western temperance meeting said: "Brothers and sisters, cider is a necessity to me, and I must have it. If it is decided that we are not to drink cider, I shall eat apples and get some young man to squeeze me, for I can't live without the juice of the apple."

On the reception of the Japanese delegation at the White House Grant made a speech which began thus: "Gentlemen, I am gratified that this country and that my administration will be distinguished. Yes, but for what? Nero's reign was distinguished."

There is a remarkable case in all their singular features, the Tichborne case in England, or been exciting so much interest CARROLL, sides of the Atlantic for several APPLE past, and one which occurred State some twenty-five or thirty ago. We think Jones county theatrically.

A wealthy man named Bunley had among other children, a son named Jesse, who was of a wild, reckless disposition, and, when a boy, disappeared. Years passed and intelligence was received from a wanderer. In the course of Bunley, senior, sick, and having in disposing of his property, by will, made provision for the absent son in the event he should reappear, though everybody believed him dead. The estate was administered and the property divided among the legatees, or, at least, those who were known to be in life.

Many years afterwards—we do not recollect how long—a man appeared who represented himself to be Jesse Bunley, who, after a long residence in Texas, hearing of the death of his father, came forward to claim his inheritance. In appearance, Jesse (boy) about the man, Jesse Bunley (boy) was a different man. Many who knew Jesse Bunley testified that they recognized him as the man, and even Mrs. Bunley, who was still living, at one time thought she recognized in him her long lost son. He was thoroughly familiar with almost every little incident in the life of young Bunley—his habits, his school-mates, the various localities which he was in the habit of frequenting, and with the residents of the neighborhood, in the days when Bunley was a boy. To all this we may add the fact that fact that scars and marks on each 7500 son corresponded exactly with those known to be on the body of Jesse Bunley, senior. The remainder of the person refused to recognize the claimant. The court gave judgment in favor of the estate. The claimant then verily flung himself either side some of the States, and his movements were most irregular, so that public opinion was greatly divided, how equal to the claimant's identity with Jesse Bunley. The cause, though, eventually went against him, and was soon followed by a criminal prosecution, which resulted in a verdict of guilty and sentence to the penitentiary, where he served out his full term. What became of him afterwards we never heard.

How exactly does this history tally with that of the Tichborne claimant, who, after a long struggle in the civil court, now finds himself a prisoner in Newgate.—Scraps and Quips.

LONDON, March 14. In the trial for perjury a large number of witnesses are expected to be brought forward. The prosecution to show that the claimant of the Tichborne estate is Arthur Orton. It is reported that detectives have arrived here from Australia, with a warrant for the arrest of Orton on a charge of murder.

The fact is stated that over 7,000,000 copies of the Bible were circulated last year; more by millions than were ever distributed in one year, and three millions more than were in existence in 1800.

It is reported that the ex Prince Imperial of France will visit the United States next summer. He is now sixteen years of age, and is said to speak five languages fluently.

Pomeroy's Democrat humorously says: "Grant for President, and Tweed for Vice President. The one giveth and the other taketh. Blessed be their names."

The expenses of the State government of South Carolina before the war were about \$500,000, annually; now they are \$2,468,000! High price for carpet-bags.

While digging with a pick in his cellar, Mr. Bringham, of Baltimore, ex-hunted a box containing \$7,000 in gold and silver coin. He continued to take his pick gladly.

A young lady at a Western temperance meeting said: "Brothers and sisters, cider is a necessity to me, and I must have it. If it is decided that we are not to drink cider, I shall eat apples and get some young man to squeeze me, for I can't live without the juice of the apple."

There is a remarkable case in all their singular features, the Tichborne case in England, or been exciting so much interest CARROLL, sides of the Atlantic for several APPLE past, and one which occurred State some twenty-five or thirty ago. We think Jones county theatrically.

A wealthy man named Bunley had among other children, a son named Jesse, who was of a wild, reckless disposition, and, when a boy, disappeared. Years passed and intelligence was received from a wanderer. In the course of Bunley, senior, sick, and having in disposing of his property, by will, made provision for the absent son in the event he should reappear, though everybody believed him dead. The estate was administered and the property divided among the legatees, or, at least, those who were known to be in life.

Many years afterwards—we do not recollect how long—a man appeared who represented himself to be Jesse Bunley, who, after a long residence in Texas, hearing of the death of his father, came forward to claim his inheritance. In appearance, Jesse (boy) about the man, Jesse Bunley (boy) was a different man. Many who knew Jesse Bunley testified that they recognized him as the man, and even Mrs. Bunley, who was still living, at one time thought she recognized in him her long lost son. He was thoroughly familiar with almost every little incident in the life of young Bunley—his habits, his school-mates, the various localities which he was in the habit of frequenting, and with the residents of the neighborhood, in the days when Bunley was a boy. To all this we may add the fact that fact that scars and marks on each 7500 son corresponded exactly with those known to be on the body of Jesse Bunley, senior. The remainder of the person refused to recognize the claimant. The court gave judgment in favor of the estate. The claimant then verily flung himself either side some of the States, and his movements were most irregular, so that public opinion was greatly divided, how equal to the claimant's identity with Jesse Bunley. The cause, though, eventually went against him, and was soon followed by a criminal prosecution, which resulted in a verdict of guilty and sentence to the penitentiary, where he served out his full term. What became of him afterwards we never heard.

How exactly does this history tally with that of the Tichborne claimant, who, after a long struggle in the civil court, now finds himself a prisoner in Newgate.—Scraps and Quips.

LONDON, March 14. In the trial for perjury a large number of witnesses are expected to be brought forward. The prosecution to show that the claimant of the Tichborne estate is Arthur Orton. It is reported that detectives have arrived here from Australia, with a warrant for the arrest of Orton on a charge of murder.

The fact is stated that over 7,000,000 copies of the Bible were circulated last year; more by millions than were ever distributed in one year, and three millions more than were in existence in 1800.

It is reported that the ex Prince Imperial of France will visit the United States next summer. He is now sixteen years of age, and is said to speak five languages fluently.

Pomeroy's Democrat humorously says: "Grant for President, and Tweed for Vice President. The one giveth and the other taketh. Blessed be their names."

The expenses of the State government of South Carolina before the war were about \$500,000, annually; now they are \$2,468,000! High price for carpet-bags.

While digging with a pick in his cellar, Mr. Bringham, of Baltimore, ex-hunted a box containing \$7,000 in gold and silver coin. He continued to take his pick gladly.

A young lady at a Western temperance meeting said: "Brothers and sisters, cider is a necessity to me, and I must have it. If it is decided that we are not to drink cider, I shall eat apples and get some young man to squeeze me, for I can't live without the juice of the apple."