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THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,

Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,

And fiery hearts and armed hands

Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Aid never shall the land forget

How gushed the life-blood of her brave—

Gushed warm with hope and courage yet,

Upon the soil they sought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;

Alone the chirp of fitting bird,

And talk of children on the hill,

And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by

The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain:

Men start not at the battle-cry;

Of be it never heard again.

Soon rested those who fought; but thou

Who mingled in the harder strife

For truths which men receive not now,

Thy warfare only ends with life.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,

And blench not at thy chosen lot.

The timid good may stand aloof,

The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,

The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn;

For with thy side shall dwell, at last,

The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,

The eternal years of God are hers;

But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,

And dies among his worshippers.

Yes, though thou lie upon the dust,

When they who help'd thee, flee in fear,

Die full of hope and manly trust,

Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,

Another hand the standard wave,

Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd

The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

Confession and Death of an Army Chaplain.

M. M. Pomeroy, the able editor of the La Crosse (Wis.) Democrat, gives the following death bed scene, which he was called to visit in his recent visit to Chicago:

The Rev. Henry Clannard, an ex-army chaplain who left off expounding Bible and recruiting for the Saviour, and by endorsing the nigger and abolitionists became an army chaplain in one of the Wisconsin regiments, passed from life to a home beyond a blessed immortality, the other day, and thus shuffled off his mortal coil.

A physician has called on him two or three times a day for a month, doctoring him for an ague brought on while stealing cotton in Arkansas while with Gen. Curtis. On learning that the ex-minister and ex-chaplain would hardly live the night out, we called with the physician.

In a little wooden looking room not over twelve feet square, in an obscure boarding house in Chicago we found the invalid. The room was bare of furniture except a poor bed, a little dirty washstand, two wood-bottom chairs, an old trunk, a pine table, on which was spread a newspaper on which lay an old Bible; a pair of old snufflers, some pill boxes and such stuff. The dying man was propped up in bed, while a faithful negro woman sat on the foot of the bed. As we entered, he rallied a little and asked the doctor who he had brought with him. On being told that it was "Breck" Pomeroy, he sank back, closed his eyes—rallied a little and said: "Perhaps it is as well. He might as well know it as any one."

And he proceeded to make his dying statement, which was in these words, as we took them in our memorandum book as the physician requested:

My name is Henry Clannard; I am forty one years old. I a Methodist minister—at least I was one. I was once happy and contented, and loved Christ, my Master, with all the zeal a Christian ever had. At last I grew cold in religion, selfish and envious of the good fortunes of others. I wanted to make money and have some fun. I had no particular education, so I thought I would be a Republican politician. I began by preaching politics from the pulpit, and praying for the negro. It paid me in money, but I lost influence at the Throne of Grace. But I did not care for that, if I could only have influence with the Republican party. I forgot Christ and became interested in the negro. I had influence with a few members of my church, and talked politics to them. I was paid by office-seekers to influence Christians. Sometimes I have made as high as fifteen dollars at an election for my influence with Christians.

At last I found politics better than religion, and I worked for the chaplaincy of a regiment and got it. Then I let religion

go and went to war. There I wrote letters home denouncing Democrats as copperheads. An I stole cotton and silver ware, and pictures, and books and dresses for my wife and sisters, and horses and mules for my brothers, and a piano for the Governor who gave me my commission, and a gold watch for my captain, and a lot of household furniture to send to my colonel. And I fobbed the soldiers of jelly and such stuff sent down to them to use while in hospital, and I had my share of goods stolen from the Sanitary fairs and made lots of money. Please give me a little piece of that pounded ice!

The physician gave it to him, when he continued:

"But I was not happy. I drank whiskey with the boys when away from home, and indulged in some of the vilest liquors mentioned, and laid up quite a pile of money. And I was taken sick while out stealing cotton from a plantation where a widow lady lived. I had coaxed her niggers to runaway, and they are all dead now. When the war was ended I came home to Chicago. And I grew sick and I have got to die. I have called on Christ—I have prayed to God, but somehow I cannot get relief for my soul. The door of mercy seems shut against me. I forsook religion for politics, and now God has forsaken me. I pray to my Saviour, but he don't hear me. I talk to this faithful negro woman—she says, 'Yes, massa!' and that is all I can get out of her. I know I can't live long. I feel that I am dying. I feel certain that I am going to hell. Please give me a little piece more of ice before I go. I want these things written down as a warning to others who forget Christ for politics. I feel that the negro can't save—that Christ won't save me. I was unfaithful to my religion and am forgotten. I was faithful to the negro; but alas! the negro can't help me where I want help; he can't ease my guilty soul. I am going to hell, I know it. I expect to meet many persons there who forgot religion for politics. I do not expect to see you again in this world or the next, but I want this confession printed. Please give me—a small—small—small—piece—of—of—of—of—ice!" And thus died the Rev. Henry Clannard!

COURTEOUS RETORT.

A lady in full dress, which means, as a general thing, the reverse of what the term indicates, was at Newport, our great seaside watering place, and having just returned from Europe, took great airs upon herself. One evening, at the tea table, a gentleman sat down near her, and the butter-plate before him happening to have no butter-knife by it at the moment, he, instead of calling the waiter and waiting for one to be brought, used his own perfectly fresh, bright knife to take a bit of butter. He was a man of culture and social standing, but whose social pretences she wished to flout. She seized the opportunity, and calling a waiter, said in an elaborately subdued but decided tone, "Take away that butter, that gentleman has had his knife in it." He took no notice of the remark, which drew all eyes upon him and upon the lady. But, by and by she stretched out her hand and took from the plate some chipped dried beef, which stood between her and her victim. This was well enough of course, but he turned at once, and calling a waiter, said, only as if asking for more tea, "Take away that dried beef—this lady has had her fingers in it."

In this encounter, such as it was, he was thought to have the best of it, and should not forgive or forget. So a few days afterwards, (I should have mentioned there was the slightest possible acquaintance between them) they being at dinner, she, conspicuous in the full dress she had adopted since her tour to Europe, and which was so very "full" that it would have attracted attention under any circumstances, took one from a dish of fresh figs before her, and putting it on a plate, handed it to him with an expression of complaisance, but, saying in a tone of unmistakable significance, which could be heard all around her, "A fig for you, sir." He accepted it graciously, and taking in his turn a leaf from the garniture of the dish, offered it to her with "a fig leaf for you, madam." She fled the table, and kept her room until her intended victim left the hotel. It was generally agreed that he had done what a gentleman would shrink from doing; but the provocation was such that he was held guiltless of offense and applauded for his wit.—*Memphis Ledger.*

A wedding took place in Meadville, Pa., the other day, the parties being a widower who was about to marry the third time, and a widow who had invested her affections for the second time. When the husband in prospective entered the parlor with the Squire, the widow was seated reading a novel. She got up, joined hands, and went through the ceremony, after which she sat down, picked up the novel, and remarked, "Now I'll go on with my story," and gave no further attention to husband, magistrate or spectators.

A Missouri editor summing up the virtues of a soap boiler, late deceased, concluded his eulogy with the usual phrase of "peace to his ashes!" The remark gave great offence to the family of the dead man, one of whom threatened the editor with personal violence.

RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

The following bills were reported in the Senate on Monday last, by Mr. Fessenden, of the Reconstruction Committee:

A Joint Resolution Proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Be it resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of United States of America, in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring: That the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid as part of the Constitution, viz:

Article.—Section 1. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Sec. 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included in this Union according to the respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed, but whenever in any State the elective franchise shall be denied to any portion of its male citizens, not less than twenty one years of age, or be in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation in such State shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens not less than 21 years of age.

Sec. 3. Until the fourth day of July, 1870, all persons who voluntarily adhered to the late insurrection, giving it aid and comfort, shall be excluded from the right to vote for members of Congress and for electors for President and Vice-President of the United States.

Sec. 4. Neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation already incurred or which may hereafter be incurred in aid of insurrection or war against the United States, or any claim for compensation for the loss of involuntary service or labor.

Sec. 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article.

A Bill to Provide for the Restoration of the States Lately in Insurrection to their Full Political Rights.

Whereas, It is expedient that the States lately in insurrection should be readmitted to the Union consistent with the future peace and safety of the Union be restored to full participation in all political rights; and

Whereas, The Congress did by joint resolution propose for ratification to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, an article in the following words, to-wit: [The constitutional article is here inserted.] Now, therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That whenever the above recited amendment shall have become part of the Constitution and any State lately in insurrection shall have ratified the same and shall have modified its constitution and laws in conformity therewith, the Senators and Representatives from such State; if found duly elected and qualified, may after having taken the required oath of office, be admitted into Congress as such.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That when any State lately in insurrection shall have adopted the foregoing proposed amendment to the Constitution, any part of the direct tax under the act of August 5th, 1861, which may remain due and unpaid in such State may be assumed and paid by such State, and the payment thereof, upon proper assurances from such States, to be given to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, may be postponed for a period not extending ten years from and after the passage of this act.

A Bill Declaring Certain Persons Ineligible to Office under the Government of the United States.

Be it enacted, etc., That no person shall be eligible to any office under the Government of the United States who is included in any of the following cases, namely:

1. The President and Vice-President of the "Confederate States of America," so-called, and the heads of departments thereof.

2. Those who in other countries acted as agents of the "Confederate States of America," so-called.

3. Heads of departments of the United States, officers of the army and navy of the United States, and all persons educated at the military or naval academy of the United States; judges of the courts of the United States, and members of either house of the thirty-sixth Congress of the United States who gave aid or comfort to the late rebellion.

4. Those who acted as officers of the "Confederate States," so-called, above the grade of Colonel in the army or Master in the navy, and any one who as Governor of either of the so-called "Confederate States" gave aid and comfort to the late rebellion.

5. Those who have treated officers or soldiers or sailors of the army or navy of the United States, captured during the late war, otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war.

SUGAR IN WINE MAKING.

On the subject of adding sugar to the must in making wine, the President of the Kentucky Horticultural Society writes:

"Some persons object to any addition in the manufacture of wine; but they would not object, I suppose, to any special fertilizer for the growing vine being added to the soil, which, when absorbed by the roots and incorporated with the sap, would finally be deposited in the cells of the fruit, and there be elaborated into grape sugar. Now if from any unfavorable season, or from natural deficiency in the fruit, there is not sufficient grape sugar formed to neutralize the acid and make a palatable wine which will keep well without going into the acetic fermentation, then it is perfectly proper and right to add the grape sugar to the must in such quantities as will correct the defect, for the result will be identically the same as though the sugar had been formed by nature in the fruit on the vine. Grape sugar, when thus added to the must or juice freshly expressed, is decomposed in the process of fermentation and converted into alcohol, thus giving body to the wine. And although it neutralizes the acid of the juice, it does not render the wine sweet. To prevent confusion, I would state that grape sugar is quite different from cane sugar in many essential properties, as well as in chemical composition; and therefore one cannot be substituted for the other in wine making.

In Europe artificial grape sugar is manufactured from starch; and such has been the demand for it, solely for manufacturing wine, that seventeen "Grape Sugar Factories" have been put in operation in Germany since 1860. The chemical composition and other properties of artificial grape sugar made from starch, is the same as that of the natural grape sugar. After a series of experiments, first introduced by Chaptal and afterwards improved upon by Dr. L. Gall, it has been ascertained that not only the best wines are improved by the addition of grape sugar, but, by a larger addition of sugar, even "a very good quality of medium wines can be made from grapes yet unripe." This improved system of wine making has grown into a most wonderful favor in France and Germany, and given "entire satisfaction" to the grape-growers and wine-dealers." Indeed, "the use of this artificial means to improve what Nature had failed to make good in quality," is regarded as a great scientific triumph. The importance of this discovery can be well conceived when we consider the immense value of the vineyards of those countries.

In this country there are no grape-sugar factories, or rather none that have been expressly established as such, but I should judge that the manufacture of grape-sugar has been entered into without their being aware of it, by the parties in New York who paid \$600,000 for the use of a patent process of making sugar out of corn. They expected to make crystallized or cane sugar, whereas they have only been able to obtain starch sugar, which is identical with glucose or grape sugar. This failure to accomplish the desired object can fortunately be diverted to the encouragement of wine making, and may be the future means of developing a new source of national wealth. While we cannot but regard the use of alcoholic stimulants as the great curse of the American people, still the true philanthropist would greatly prefer, if people will "drink," seeing the milder juice of the grape substituted as a national beverage for the fiery distillations of the still. By turning our corn into wine we will be applying it to a better purpose than converting it into "Old Bourbon."

The world is in a tumult. All over the continent of Europe, in South America, and in Mexico, there are wars and rumors of wars. Every day brings us intelligence of new complications and increased prospects of open ruptures. Austria, Prussia and the German States, Hungary, Russia, and India, all seem to be involved in difficulties which may result in bloody strife. England is watching the Fenian movement with intense anxiety, not knowing at what time the banner of rebellion may be raised upon her soil. The South American States are in a ferment and Spain is implicated in troubles in that quarter. France is looking out for developments upon the continent which may involve her. While such is the aspect of affairs, we, who have just emerged from a long and sanguinary war, are being criminally trifled with. Instead of seeking to cement our strength, combine our resources, and conciliate, harmonize, and unite our people, the Radical factionists are pursuing a policy, which, while it is entirely inefficient for any good result, tends fearfully to alienate the affections and interests of the people and weaken us both for offensive and defensive operations, and at the same time exposes us to attacks which, in our present condition, could only result in terrible and humiliating disasters.

There is now a pretty little steamer on the Thames which runs ten miles an hour without paddle-wheels or screw. She takes in water well forward, and expels it aft under each quarter, and can steer without her rudder, and can stop in less than her length when going at full speed.

It is reported that U. S. officers are seizing mules and horses in the Eastern countries in this State, which have been condemned and sold by the U. S. government.

EMIGRATION.

Gov. Allen, through the Mexican Times says to his friends in this country, "To be plain and candid, if you have no money, don't come; stay where you are until you accumulate some." The New Orleans Crescent's remarks on the subject strike us in the right place:

Very naturally, Allen and his friends desire to induce emigration from the United States to Mexico. One reason is, that they feel lonely and wish the companionship of those who speak the same language with them, and who have been associated in the same ill-starred enterprise. We have observed that immigrants to our country associate according to their respective nationalities. The company of their compatriots solaces, to some extent, their longings for the home which is quite natural and commendable. Even when familiar with our language, as the most of them readily become, they prefer to converse in the tongue taught them by their mothers. The wide world over, the want which clouds the brow and saddens the heart of the emigrant is the want of companionship. This abiding sorrow for the homes they have left may lessen from year to year as new ties are formed, but is never entirely cured. None can know the full meaning of the word home until they have been long and far away from the places and persons endeared to them by early associations.

It behooves those who think of emigrating to Mexico or Brazil to reflect well over the very important movement. We have discussed the subject repeatedly in its economical aspects, and have said enough to convince our readers that Southern people who are making a bare support cannot reasonably expect to improve their condition by going to any other country. Considered in its sentimental aspect, emigration from our Southern States to any of the Spanish American countries promises nothing but a weary lifetime of regret. It will involve the surrendering of very many ties of association and kindred and promises a legacy of companionless solitude. The people of the South who can emigrate with means enough to secure comfort abroad are few in number. If colonies are formed the colonists will be strangers to one another. Families may in many cases go together, but even they must leave their other relatives. This inevitable separation from kindred and friends is hard to bear by those who only remove from one estate to another; it will be found far more painful when going among scenes and people entirely strange, foreign and uncongenial.

The disastrous events of the past few years have endeared all Southern men and women to each other. A common cause and common sufferings have created a vast fraternity of the South, and every survivor of those who labored for the same object looks upon each other with far more affection than before the war. We do not wish to see these new bonds of brotherhood severed by voluntary exile. We would rather greet the return of those already gone than hear of more departures. Let our heroes come home even though they come to an impoverished country badly governed, as ours is, by untried and relentless legislators of the North. This is by no means the only people ruled in contravention of their will and in a manner not their own choice. Such has, in all ages, been the lot of mankind, with few exceptions. Yet far greater and more oppressive tyranny will not reduce these noble States of ours to the level of Mexico or Brazil.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN IN PARIS.—A Paris correspondent writes: "The female head has become a sort of museum for gold bands, cameos, butterflies and pendulous wreaths which hang under the chin. On the forehead of the fair one may be seen a number of small curls with a comic twist, whilst the back of the head displays an enormous lump of hair, which, instead of being kept together by the cabbage-net of three or four months ago, is now allowed to assume a more wild and picturesque aspect. On the crown of the head, and between the two distinct compartments of the hair-dresser's creation, a small dab of something which is still called a bonnet, makes a fantastic 'get-up' which is exquisitely eccentric.

The barber has become a personage who gives himself all the airs of a Minister of State. He grants his audience and accords his counsels upon the same principle that M. Drouin de Lhuys receives the diplomatic world. Before a Parisian barber of fame and name will receive a fashionable lady, she must solicit the honor by placing her name on his list for a certain hour and day. He will then not ask what particular head toilet she desires to adopt, with the decisive voice of a great general, he will tell how her hair is to be dressed—an edict from which there is no appeal. The domestic brush and comb, the cosmetics of ordinary times, lie neglected in the dark drawers of bedroom furniture. We have got an elaborate mode of hairdressing that no lady attempts to design and execute, what may be called the landscape gardening of the capillary shrubbery of the head. Humble dressmaker girls, and those who used to be called grisettes in more primitive times, now spend their ten sous in having their hair dressed and somebody else's hair stuck on the nape of the neck. For their locks must now be rolled in many a curious fret."

THE FAST YOUNG MAN.

Trouble, trial and temptation have followed each other in rapid succession; sorrow has succeeded to joy; adversity to fortune; but in all times, whether of war or peace, the "Fast Young Man" has remained calm and imperturbable, unchanging and the same. Events that altered the destinies of nations have not thrown awry one lock of his sweetly perfumed hair, and the dust and labors of war, have left no stain upon his delicate hands.

At the commencement of the war, the "Fast Young Man" was rapidly increasing in self-importance and self-assertion. But as soon as the first gun was fired, those who were fast in all the follies of fashion were fast in meeting without doubt or fear the imminent dangers of battle. The same feeling which made the "Fast Young Man" fashionable in hat, coat, and gloves, caused him to volunteer as a soldier in the army—not from any sense of right or duty, but because to be a Southern soldier was then the "proper thing," and perfectly *comme il faut*. Those who knew these people better than they pretended to know themselves, felt that beneath the upper crust of affectation and fashionable foolishness, there was the strong, honorable nature of an upright man, and that, as it had been the practice of their lives to misrepresent themselves, they had rather die, nominally because it was *a la mode*, than acknowledge that they were in reality guided by the same principles of truth and rectitude which then, as now, formed the Southern code of honor.

Months passed on! The gay uniform was tarnished, the braiding torn and dingy, the buttons knocked off by bullets or brambles; the champagne and cognac was replaced by apple-jack and creek water; the delicious bouillons and ragouts, and rois, were exchanged for bacon and corn bread; but the "Fast Young Man," true to his principle, was a cool and patient soldier. Still, in all his marching and fighting, there was the hope that the day would come when he might return to the idols of his soul; and that moment has now arrived.

Some little hoard of cotton or tobacco, or perchance good luck alone, has put money in the pockets of the "Fast Young Man," and, in all his little glory, he now reigns supreme. The four years of war, has, in external appearance, left him the same. There is the same closely-brushed hair, with its symmetrical parting behind, the well-waxed moustache, the carefully combed whiskers. There is the same immaculate glove and polished boot. But while the outward seeming is the same, in thought and manner the "Fast Young Man" is seriously changed.

The truth of the matter is, that the "Fast Young Men" of the South are at this time both a nuisance and a failure, and it is time that such such useless folly as theirs should come to an end, and the ladies will be the surest and most effectual means of securing it. They possess the control and the power, and if they will but exert their influence, they can rescue the "Fast Young Man" from the sea of vanity in which he is plunged, and convert him into a sincere and honorable man. The young man, whoever he may be, who shuns and avoids ladies' society, is going rapidly to grief, and the time that might in all honor be spent with them, is given up to the billiard-room, the drinking-bar, or general lounging. He who jests at and scorns at that which he had always been taught was worthy of reverent affection, is rolling rapidly down hill, and the more guilty, the less sincere he is in his vaunted principle of "Cubano? forever."

Richmond Dispatch.

A LECTURE ON CHOLERA.—Dr. J. G. Webster delivered a lecture on Monday evening in New York, on the phenomena, causes, mode of propagation and contagious character of cholera. The disease he said, is seldom known to attack persons of good constitution and correct habits. But there were predisposing causes of cholera, which ought not to be overlooked. An atmosphere loaded with animal effluvia was one of the elements by which the disease was developed. The abodes of the poor, crowded with the vicious, intemperate and squalid, were strongholds of the pestilence. Besides, persons exhausted by an excessive amount of physical or mental labor; artisans and working girls who followed sedentary occupations, and the large class debilitated by the use of medicines, by continual or occasional sickness, by drinking tea, coffee or liquor, were all predisposed to take cholera.

THE REMAINS OF THE GREAT NULLIFIER.—The Tomb of Calhoun stands in a cemetery connected with a church in the vicinity of Charleston. It consists of a plain, elevated brick parallelogram, covered with a large marble slab, some eight feet by ten on which is the simple word, "Calhoun," cut in large, deep letters, without ornament or finish of any sort. There this grandfather of the rebellion lay in the quiet of his solitude, until the evacuation of the city, when the plain slab was removed, and the hermetically sealed iron coffin, which was found floating in the water that had worked in through the crevices of the marble and the brick work, was taken out and carried up in the country to Cheraw, from which it has not yet been returned.

The Wilmington Dispatch states on the authority of a surgeon, that the small-pox is decreasing in that city.