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THE SNAKE-BITTEN DUTCHMAN.

Some years ago, near the town of Reading, Berks County, Pennsylvania, there lived a cosy old farmer, named Sweighoffer—of German descent, and accent too, as his speech will indicate. Old man Sweighoffer had once served as a member in the legislature, and was therefore "no fool;" and as he had also long commanded a volunteer corps of rustic militia, he should hardly be supposed inclined to cowardice. His son Peter was his only son, a strapping lad of seventeen; and upon old Peter and young Peter devolved the principal cares and toils of the old gentleman's farm, now and then assisted by the old lady and her two bouncing daughters—for it is very common in that State to see the women and girls at work in the fields—and upon extra occasions by some hired hands.

Well, one warm day in haying time, old Peter and young Peter were hard at it in the meadow, when the old man drops his scythe and bawls out—

"O, mine Gott, Peter!"

"What's ter matter, fader?" answers the son, straightening up and looking at his sire.

"Oh, mine Gott, Peter!" again cried the old fellow.

"Dunder," echoes Peter, hurrying up to the old man.

"O mine Gett, der snake bite mine leg!"

If anything in particular was capable of frightening young Peter, it was snakes; for he had once nearly crippled himself for life by trampling upon a crooked stick, which cramped his ankle, and so horrified the young man, that he like to have fallen thro' himself.

At the word snake, young Peter fell back nimbly as a wire-drawer, and bawled out in turn—

"Where is der snake?"

"Up mine trowsis, Peter—O, mine Gott!"

"O, mine Gott!" echoes Peter, junior, "kill him, fader, kill him."

"No-a, no-a, he kill me, Peter; come—come quick—get off my trowsis!"

But Peter the younger's cowardice overcame his filial affection, while his fear lent strength to his legs, and he started like a scared locomotive to call the old burly Dutchman, who was in a distant part of the field, to give his father a lift with the snake.

Old Jake, the farmer's assistant, came bounding along as soon as he heard the news, and passing along the fence where old Peter and his boy had hung their "linsey woolsey" vests, Jake grabbed one of the garments, and hurried to the old man Peter, who still managed to keep on his pins, although he was quaking and trembling like an aspen leaf in a June gale of wind.

"O, mine Gott! Come, come quick, Yacob. He bite me all to pieces—here up mine leg."

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear, but few people, young or old, are dead to alarm when a "pizenous" reptile is about. Gathering up the stiff dry stalks of a stalwart weed, old Jake told the boss to stand steady, and he would at least stun the snake by a rap or two, if he did not kill her stone dead; and the old man Peter, less loth to have legs broken than to be bitten to death by a snake, designated the spot to strike, and old Jake let him have it. The first blow broke the weed and knocked old Sweighoffer off his pegs and into a hay-cock—cobin.

"Oh!" roared old Peter "you broke mine leg and de snake's gone!"

"Vere? vere?" cried old Jake moving briskly about, and scanning very narrowly the ground he stood upon.

"Never mind him, Yacob; help me up—'ll go home."

"Put on yere vhest, den; here it is!" said the old crout-er, gathering up his boss and trying to get the garment upon his lumpy back. The moment that old Peter made this effort, he grew livid in the face—his hair stood on end—"like the quills upon the frightful porcupine," as Mrs. Partington observes—heshivered—heshook—his teeth chattered—and his knees knocked a staccato accompaniment.

"Oh, Yacob, carry me home! I'm dead as nits!"

"Vat! Ish nodder snake in your trowsis?"

"No—a—look, I'm swelt all up! Mine

vhest won't go on my back. O, O, mine Gott!"

"Dunder and blixen!" cried old Jake, as he took the same conclusion, and with might and main the old man, scared into a most wonderful feat of physical activity and strength, lugged and carried the boss some quarter or half mile to the house.

Young Peter had shinned it home at the earliest stage of the dire proceedings, and so alarmed the girls that they were in a high state when they saw the approach of the old dad and his assistant.

Old man Peter was carried in, and began to die as natural as life, when in comes the old lady, in a great bustle, and wanted to know what was going on. Old Peter, in the last gasp of agony and weakness, opened his eyes and feebly pointed to his leg. The old woman ripped up the pantaloons, and out fell a small thistle top, and at the same time considerable of a scratch was made visible.

"Call dis a snake! Bah!" says the old woman.

"O, but I'm pizenous to death. Molly! See, I'm all pizen—mine vhest—O dear, mine vhest not come over my body!"

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared the old woman, "Vat a fool! You got Peter's vhest on—haw, haw, haw!"

"Bosh!" roars old Peter, shaking off Death's icy fetters at one surge, and jumping up!

"Bosh, Yacob, vat an old fool you must be, to say I vash snakebite? Go 'bout your bishness, gals. Peter bring me some beer."

The old woman saved Peter's life.

How Prussia was Tricked out of the Spoils of War.

The Hamburg correspondent of the *News*, in a letter dated the 21st ult., has the following:

Just before the flight of the King of Hanover from his capital, the Minister of Finances, who appears to have been the only one that had his wits about him and knew his duty, packed up the money in the Treasury, to the amount of a million and two hundred thousand dollars, and sent it off in charge of Herr von Klencke, one of the functionaries of the finance department, to Bremerhaven by railway, for shipment by the North German Lloyd's steamer Bremen, by which it was landed safely at Southampton, whence it was conveyed by railway to London, and deposited for security in the cellars of the Bank of England.

Prussia now claims that property as money belonging to the State, and demands its delivery to the Prussian legation in London as part of the spoils of war taken from Hanover, already so seriously crippled as to be nearly ruined in a financial point of view. A correspondence on the subject has been carried on between the Prussian Civil Commissioner in Hanover, Privy Councillor von Hardenberg, and King George, who is still residing at the country seat of his father-in-law, Duke Joseph of Saxe-Altenburg, at Rummelshain, near Altenburg, in which the former demands the bank receipt for the 85 chests of treasure, threatening in case of non-compliance to make the King personally responsible, and to seize and retain possession of the royal domains and other private property of the crown until the money in question is given up to Prussia.

Yesterday, a long special train, containing a large quantity of tools and utensils for the sappers and miners, passed through this city en route for Dresden, which is to be fortified on the new system of detached earthworks. In the course of the day the train was followed by another special one, conveying 800 workmen (civilians) engaged in the ditches for the construction of the forts.

Captured military stores continue to arrive here every day from the arsenal at Statede, and yesterday two barges loaded with 5,000 cannon balls of heavy calibre (24 and 32 pounders), being part of the lot, were dispatched up the Elbe in tow of steam tugs to Madbuge, where they will be conveyed by railway to the seat of war on a special requisition from the war office at Berlin, which would seem to imply that their own stock of ammunition was running short.

Arrangements are making at Altona by the Prussian civil functionaries for the establishment of an official organ there, on the model of the "Provincial Gazette" in the other parts of the monarchy.

A TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

The New York *News* replying to one of Forney's editorial attacks upon our ladies, makes the following remarks:

"It never has been the habit of the women of the South to attend political meetings, and we have never heard that they did so during the war. But the other charges brought against them are true—to their immortal honor be it said. The fervent love of country, the devotion to principle, the unaffected piety, the generous self sacrifice, the calm courage, the womanly tenderness, the unflinching fortitude they exhibited whenever circumstances provoked their exercise, which this man Forney imputes as crimes to the women of the South, will form their crown of glory in the ages to come. And long after Forney shall have gone down.

To the vile dust from which he sprang. (Unwept, unshared, and unused.) poetry and art shall combine to do honor to the memory of that splendid sisterhood—the Women of the South."

WHAT IS A BOY?—Some writer asks "What is a boy," and defines the genus as follows:

A boy is the spirit of mischief embodied. A perfect teetotum, spinning round like a jenny, or tumbling heels over head. He invariably goes through the process of leaning over every chair in his reach; makes drum heads of the doors; turns the tin pans into cymbals; takes the best knives out to dig worms for bait, and loses them; hunts up the molasses cask, and leaves the molasses running; is boon companion to the sugar barrel; searches up all the pie and preserves left from supper, and eats them; goes to the apples every ten minutes; hides his old cap in order to wear his best one; cuts his boots accidentally if he wants a new pair; tears his clothes for fun; jumps into the puddles for sport, and for ditto tracks your carpets, marks your furniture, pinches the baby, worries the nurse, ties fire-crackers to the kitten's tail, drops his school-books into the gutter while he fishes with a pin, pockets his school-master's "spes," and, finally, turns a sober household upside down if he cuts his little finger.

He is a provoking and unprovokable torment, especially to his sisters. He don't pretend to much until he is twelve. Then begins the rage for frockcoats, blue eyes, curly hair, white dresses, imperfect rhymes, and dickies. At fourteen he is too "big" to split wood or go after water, and at the time that these interesting offices ought to be performed, contrives to be invisible—whether concealed in the garret, with some old worm-eaten novel for company, ensconced on the wood-pile learning legerdemain, or bound off on some expedition that turns out to be more deplorable than exploratory. At fifteen he has a tolerable experience of the world, but, from sixteen to twenty, we may clear the track when he's in sight. He knows more than Washington; expresses his opinions with the decision of Ben Franklin; makes up his mind that he was born to rule the world, and new-lay the track of creation; thinks Providence is near-sighted; understands theology and science of the pronoun I; informs his father that Gen. Jackson fought the memorable battle of New Orleans; asks his minister if he don't consider the Bible a little too orthodox. In other words he knows more than he will ever know again during his lifetime.

Just hail one of these young specimens "boy" at sixteen, and how wrathly he gets! If he does not answer you precisely as the little urchin did, who angrily exclaimed, "Don't call me 'boy,' I've smoked these two years," he will give you a withering look that is meant to annihilate you, turn on his heel, and with a curl of the lip, mutter disdainfully, "Who do you call boy?" and oh! the emphasis!

But, jesting aside, an honest, blunt, merry, mischievous boy is something to be proud of, whether brother or son; for, in all his scrapes, his good heart gets the better of him and leads him soon to repentance, and be sure he will remember his fault—at least five minutes.

A HUNDRED HOURS AWAKE AND WALKING.

The Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal says that Mr. John Seavor of that place, for a wager of \$500, last Tuesday commenced walking one hundred miles in as many consecutive hours. How he was affected is thus related:

"On Wednesday afternoon, at the close of the first twenty-four hours, he seemed weary and felt a stronger disposition to sleep than he afterwards experienced. This was driven off, but the effort produced a severe headache, which continued during the remaining days. On Thursday he felt drowsy, but was so excited that he would sit down without napping. Every hour the circuiting the room forty-two times was regularly performed in times ranging from twenty to thirty minutes. On that morning he began to be discouraged, and expressed a wish to abandon further effort. His advisers persuaded him, and he renewed his efforts, and as he expressed it, with a determined will to succeed.

"Friday, the third day, he was more wakeful, his nervous excitement having increased—probably by the strong tea which was his only beverage. His head was banded and bathed in rum and alum frequently. He stumbled from weakness and weariness, but got up without help. Saturday, the fourth and last day, was one of weariness, aching limbs, aching head and prostration. He required to be supported as he went his hourly rounds. In the ninety-fifth hour, he fainted and fell. Every hour of the last four he was bathed all over with rum and alum. In the ninety-ninth hour he again fell in faintness. The last hour at length arrived, and with his assistants he completed his forty-two circuits in thirty-three minutes. He now received fresh energy from the idea that he had accomplished his feat, and unaided he literally dragged his limbs once more around the hall, to show that he was still awake, and amid the cheers of a large audience, he retired after 9 o'clock.

He didn't recover from the sickness that ensued for several days.

ABSENT-MINDED.—The latest case of absent-mindedness of which we have heard, was that of a young gentleman of this city who, on getting up from the supper table, put his cup and saucer on his head, instead of his hat.

From the New York World. THE GREAT POWERS.

All speculations as to the future balance of power and influence in Europe must necessarily be unsafe and superfluous until we learn, in a plain and positive way, upon what terms peace has actually been made in Germany. Meanwhile, however, it may be worth while to correct the loose fashion in which the English press and a portion of our own have begun to talk about the reduction of Austria to a second-rate and even to a third-rate position in Europe. Such language is quite unjustified by any of the propositions for peace which have yet been published to the world. Neither by her withdrawal from the German Confederation, which is but fifty years old, nor by her surrender of Venetia, which she never possessed until the end of the last century, can she be justly considered as having lost her position as a great European power.

To see this plainly, let us glance for a moment at what constitutes a "great power."

On the 8th June, 1866, there existed in Europe five states recognized as being of the first rank, and styled in diplomatic parlance, "great powers." There were: France, England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. Numerical population, of course, was one element in deciding the pre-eminence of these states over the rest of the European political family; but it was not the only element by any means. The population of Turkey, for example was more than twice as great as that of Prussia; but Turkey was not regarded as a power of the first rank.

The population of Italy was larger by three millions than that of Prussia; but the claims of Italy to a seat by the side of the five great powers on equal terms, though pronounced 1859, has not yet been acknowledged. Considerations of geographical situation, of political organization, of general civilization, of commercial energy, all enter into the determination of this hierarchy of nations. All these considerations being taken into the account, there can be no doubt that, at the conclusion of such a peace as is now expected to be made at Prague, Italy will take her place at once as a sixth great power in Europe; and just as little doubt that Austria, while she must lose prestige, relatively to Prussia, will still retain her absolute rank as one of the most formidable states of the Old World.

Relative density of population is one of the most important elements of that sort of available strength which is the basis of calculation in deciding upon the rank of states, and since the establishment of the railway system the relative extension of that system which supplements density of population by mobility of population must also be considered. Hence it is that the United States, with a population numerically equal to only about one-half the population of Russia in Europe, and with a relative density of population inferior even to that of Russia, must yet, by reason of our vastly more perfect system of mobilization, be regarded as a more powerful empire than that of the Czar. The weakness entailed upon Russia by her sparseness of population and her wretched internal communications, threw her, with her sixty millions, at the mercy of her enemies in the Crimean war; and any European conflict beyond her own borders would put her on a footing of inferiority to equality with such a well organized power as Prussian Germany or Austria. The predominant position of France, on the other hand, rests mainly upon the extraordinary degree in which the French Empire combines all the elements of available strength. Russia has a larger population; Turkey a population at least as large; England has a more minutely complete system of internal communications; Prussian Germany has at least as thorough a military organization; and Austria has a territory at once more easily defensible, and more abounding in natural wealth. But what each of these states possesses in a measure larger than France, France possesses in a measure nearly as large; while of all the European States, France is the only one which stands in the front rank in regard to each and all of these national advantages.

If we confine ourselves, however, for the present, merely to absolute population and to density of population, we shall find Europe represented, according to the programme now proposed at Prague, after Austria shall have given up Venetia and Prussia formed her German realm, by these six great powers following:

Population.	Pop. to Square Mile.	
France	39,430,706	175
Great Britain	31,305,298	265
Prussian Germany	26,073,978	186
Austria	37,965,000	167
Russia	59,330,752	31
Italy	22,776,953	198

Upon the same line of comparison, and to show how important is the part played by other elements than these in the decision of the point under notice, we may add two striking illustrations of the two extremes of civilization and internal communications:

Population.	Pop. to Square Mile.	
United States	31,445,080	19
Turkish Empire	40,000,000	20

An appropriate song for a toper who is just getting over the effects of whiskey toddy, "Coming through the rye."

A NEW REMEDY FOR BLINDNESS.—A bold surgical operation for the cure of blindness is described in a paper addressed to the French Academy of Sciences by Dr. Blanchet. The object in view is to restore the faculty of vision to a large class of blind people, not merely afflicted with cataract, but it would seem, with amaurosis. "All the blind," says Dr. Blanchet, "whose optic nerve and retina have not suffered any very serious deterioration, may generally be relieved by this operation in a greater or less degree."

Helioprothesis (such is the name of this new operation) consists in reviving the sensibility of the retina by means of a puncture in the centre of the eyeball, and in then applying an apparatus, which the inventor calls, very inconveniently phosphorous, a word which must here be understood to mean, not the well known chemical substance, but a tube of enamel, closed at both ends by lenses of a focus, to be determined according to circumstances. The whole apparatus is evidently very small, since it is to be inserted into the eye.

PREDESTINARIAN ON QUARANTINE.—"Mr. Smith, you are a predestinarian, I believe; that is, you believe whatever is to be will be? Am I right?"

"Perfectly, sir—that is my creed."

"Then, why do you insist upon quarantine?"

"Quarantine? Why, what has that to do with the doctrine of foreordination?"

"Oh, nothing! Only if 'whatever is to be will be,' I don't see any use in quarantine; for if we are to have the cholera, we will have it; and if we are not to have it, we won't have it—so, where's the use of troubling ourselves about the matter?"

"All very good, and very logical; but then you know its our duty to prevent it if possible."

"Ah! then we can prevent what is fore-ordained? Well, for my part, if that be the case I don't see the use of fore-ordering events."

AN EXAMPLE WORTHY OF IMITATION.—In Milwaukee, a few weeks ago, a ragged boy called upon a merchant, and asked the loan of fifty cents, for which he promised to give his note and ten per cent. interest. The merchant was struck by the novelty of the proposal, and finding the boy intelligent and apparently honest, gave him fifty cents, and, as he insisted on it, took his note. A month afterwards, when the merchant had almost forgotten the occurrence, the boy again made his appearance and asked to redeem his note. Upon inquiry, the boy said he had invested the fifty cents in newspapers and oranges, and had already made about forty dollars. He was an orphan, but thought he was able to take care of himself. A more striking example of what energy will do among the poor and friendless we have seldom seen. It is worthy of imitation.

A SOUTH AMERICAN FARM.—One of the monster farms of modern times is that of Gen. Urquiza of Buenos Ayres. It is composed of an unbroken body of 900 square miles, over which countless thousands of horses, cattle and sheep are grazing. Of cattle, the farm sends over 50,000 annually to the slaughter. The horses would supply the cavalry of a large army, and from the wool of the sheep, shirts are loaded annually and sent directly to Europe. The buildings are ranged around two large squares, the open space of which is paved with dressed stones. The gardens and orchards are in keeping with the other features of the estate, and contain an endless variety of horticultural and floral treasures. Among other improvements is an artificial lake, 75 rods square, and from 20 to 30 feet deep, the cost of which was \$100,000 in silver. Near the main residence is a permanent encampment of soldiers under the general's immediate command.

We have a compositor at work in our office who sets from 15,000 to 20,000 ems per day, and thinks that a small days work.

15,000 to 20,000 ems per day will do very well for a "scrub," but we have a compositor in this office who sets so fast that he has to employ a boy to pour water on his elbow to keep the friction from setting his shirt sleeve on fire. Fact.

Waverly Democrat.

Slow coaches, both of them. We have a compositor in this office, the friction of whose movements over the type in his stick fuses them solid like stereotype plate. The only way to prevent this is to have his case submerged into water boiling and bubbling so that eggs have been frequently boiling in his space-box. Pipes lead from the bottom of his case to the boiler in the press room; and the steam generated by our last compositor's motions runs our power press. In one day he "set" so much type that it took all hands, from editor to devil, two weeks to read proof, and it wasn't his good days setting neither.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

INFORMATION WANTED.—Mr. R. Rogers, of Monroe, Union County, wishes information of his son, J. A. Rogers, who was a soldier in Ripley's Brigade, on Sullivan's island. He was last heard of just prior to the battle at Averasboro', in this State, after which he was missing. Any intelligence concerning him will be gratefully received by his distressed father. Will the press please circulate notice.

EDGEcombe CROPS.—There is little doubt that our county, Edgecombe, will produce nearly as much cotton and corn this season as ever it did. This is due to the energy of our planters, and the manner in which our freedmen have fulfilled their contracts. We will have plenty of money this fall, and any quantity of fun.

Tarboro' Southerner.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Times. How the U. S. Government Obtained Rebel Information During the War.

The country will remember that during the winter our Government obtained assurance of the hopelessness of the rebel cause by coming into possession of the testimony of General Lee before a Committee of the rebel Congress, which was never reported to the Houses, except in select session, if at all. A full history of the manner in which the Government obtained that information would be more interesting than any romance, but it is too soon yet to do more than outline it. The evidence of General Lee was taken late in the winter by this Committee, and long before the Committee had determined what course they should pursue—almost before the ink was dry upon their notes—the entire statement of the rebel General, word for word, was in the possession of President Lincoln at Washington. In the room where the Committee met was a closet, and from that closet, immediately after their adjournment, came the priceless information. Outside the house it at once changed hands, and a second party walked leisurely through the streets of Richmond with it; until upon the environs he encountered one of the common country carts of this section proceeding with the half of a newly killed beef toward the rebel line in Butler's front. No communication that the most lynx-eyed could perceive passed between the man and the cart, but the former gradually changed his direction and was soon walking back in the direction whence he had come. The cart went on, reached and passed through the rebel camps without molestation and reached the pickets where it halted as a matter of course. The beef was destined for the house of a planter just beyond the rebel lines and in plain sight of their outposts; and about equidistant between them and our own outposts. These explanations made and a careless search of the cart made by the rebel sentry, that is a look into it, the cart proceeded on its way. Just as it neared the house a small party of our cavalry made a dash at it, and to the utter surprise of the rebel pickets, who saw the whole affair, our men only hovered a moment around the cart then galloped back with one more than they came with, leaving cart and beef, and driver and mule behind them. They did not know it then, but under the beef was a man having a package, and the package contained the statements of Gen. Lee before the Committee of Congress a few hours before.

In outline, this was how the thing was done. It may seem strange, but Lincoln and Grant knew long before many of the highest officials of the insurgent Government the sworn statement of their commander as to the hopelessness of further resistance. Knowing that the Government and Grant had this information, explains many things in connection with the arrival within our lines of Hunter, Stephens, and Campbell, at the time of the Hampton Roads conference, which at the time were inexplicable. The feat of obtaining this information is unrivaled in the annals of war, and gradually, as the facts come to light, it will be found that Grant had every day such particular information from the rebel capital that he knew what Jeff. Davis was talking about each day in the most private of his conversations with his Cabinet and members of his Congress. E. C.

A SOLDIER GIRL.—A Florence journal says that after the battle of Custoza a surgeon of the Italian army discovered among the wounded a young corporal of bersaglieri still alive, notwithstanding three severe injuries in the neck, left arm and right leg. When about to dress those wounds, the surgeon perceived that the sufferer was a young woman, who then declared her name to be Hermia Manelli, and her age twenty. Just before the opening of the campaign, her brother, who was a corporal of bersaglieri, had fallen ill, and returned home to his family until his recovery. The sister, whose parents had previously had some difficulty in preventing her from joining the Garibaldians, took advantage of that circumstance, and cutting short her hair, dressed herself in her brother's uniform, and joined his regiment, her resemblance to him enabling her to pass unnoticed. Four hours later her regiment was engaged, and she was wounded on the field of battle. After the discovery of her sex by the surgeon, she was taken to Florence, where she died a few days after.

AN IMPROVED TELEGRAPHIC CABLE.—An improved cable for submarine telegraphic service has lately been patented, in which, although it is scarcely an inch in diameter, there are six distinct and separate conductors, capable of transmitting six dispatches at one time. By this plan six instruments can be attached to either end, and the number of words the cable is capable of transmitting is greatly increased. This cable is as inflexible as a good hempen rope, and its strength is said to be fully as great as that of the kind generally in use with a single wire. The breaking of any of the conductors in no wise affects the remainder.