

THE NEWS.

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APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE HOLLYWOOD MEMORIAL BAZAAR.

I have received the following circular, with the request that I should bring the object of it as prominently as possible before the people of this portion of North Carolina.

Contributions of money, fancy articles, agricultural productions, manufactures, &c., are solicited from all portions of the State.

Agents of the Hollywood Memorial Association for the Eastern portion of North Carolina.

It is hoped that in this undertaking, which appeals so touchingly to the ladies of the South, and those who sympathize with them will be manifested a becoming enthusiasm.

Any articles which can be forwarded more conveniently from North or South Carolina to Wilmington than the points designated, can be sent to Mrs. Julia E. Oakley, care of A. H. VanBokkelen, who will see that they are credited and appropriated to the proper State.

LIFE IN A GERMAN VILLAGE.—A letter written from Germany says: "Walk through the poor quarters of English or American villages and the female population is crowded in dens of filth and wretchedness, passing the time in brawling with one another and screaming after their children. They are pale and diseased from the effects of poverty and crime, and two-thirds of their offspring find an early grave. Here the health and blooming vitality of the poorer classes is wonderful; their children begin to work almost as soon as they can walk, and before that time they are no trouble to their parents, as each town of any size has a "child garden," where, by paying two cents, a peasant can have his child washed, fed and kept in a comfortable manner the whole day. If he has ten children, as most poor men have, he can send them all away for a reduced price. When he and his grown up children come home, there are the little ones all clean, and not hungry. Now, it seems to me, such an institution ought to flourish at home."

A GOOD LIBRARY.—Says Southey, "I no sooner set foot in a good library and fasten the door, but I shut out all those vices of which idleness is the mother and ignorance the nurse; and in the very lap of eternity, among so many illustrious souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit that I then pity the great who know nothing of such happiness."

GOVERNOR HOLDEN ON THE SITUATION.

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 26, 1865.

Gentlemen.—I have been an attentive reader of the Journal since the close of the rebellion. I admire its broad national spirit, and respect it for its ability and dignity. But you will pardon a suggestion or two from a Southern Union man?

It seems to me it is beneath the dignity of Congress to pass Judge Spaulding's resolution. The fact that Tennessee has eagerly adopted the Howard amendment, ought to satisfy the most captious. Besides, is it proper, by resolution, to announce that a constitutional amendment, when adopted, shall be binding? Do you know, gentlemen, that the leaders and instigators of the rebellion, who now have absolute control of these insurgent States, utterly condemn and scorn the proposed constitutional amendment? They are hostile to every provision in it, especially the one that excludes them from office. If they should adopt it, they would not, themselves, elect members to Congress who could take the oath, but would leave this dishonorable business, as they would regard it, to the persecuted Unionists. They might condescend to elect some very ignorant white men who could take the test oath, or some negroes they would elect some two or three of the latter race. It would cause general rejoicing at their tournaments and other gatherings, to hear of two or three negro men who could take the test oath claiming seats in the House.

The Unionists of this State are for the Howard amendment, although it excludes nearly all of them from office. As this will no doubt surprise you, I will explain: The great body of the Unionists, who remained here during the rebellion, were obliged to "engage in the rebellion." They did not do so voluntarily or willingly, but to save themselves and their children from conscription, imprisonment and death. Like others, many of them had, previous to the rebellion, taken the oath to support the Federal Constitution. My own case will furnish an example. I took the oath in 1846 when a young man, (I am but 49 now,) as a member of the State Legislature.

But, you say, Congress will relieve me. Granted, but here is the peculiar hardship. There are thousands of young men, steeped to the ears in treason, who have never taken this oath, and they would beat me for office easily on two grounds: First, because they have been "true to the Confederacy;" and secondly, because of the supposed stigma on me, the result of being relieved by a "Radical Congress." Do you see it? The very Confederate officer who led the troops that mobbed me in 1863 for my Unionism, would proclaim me a traitor,—would say that Congress had so declared me, and would distance me for office. The Unionists go for the proposed amendment because it is a national proposition, and because we heartily approve of every part of it that does not, in effect, bar us.

Now, gentlemen, Mr. Stevens is right. He is a "bold old Roman." Thirty thousand loyal white men and forty thousand negro men in this State look to him and to his bill as their only hope. If you expect, as I know you do, to reestablish the Union on a lasting basis, take Mr. Stevens' bill.

I tell you that the Rebel leaders who are controlling these States are "totally regardless of political duty, and totally bent on mischief." You must govern them, or they will at last again govern you. If you permit them to have their own way, your blood and your treasure will have been sacrificed in vain. I am not mistaken when I inform you that our loyal people are in favor of Mr. Stevens' bill. I should be greatly gratified to see the Journal and every Republican paper take ground for it. Let the Democratic party go where it belongs, to the same level with secession traitors. It seems to me you hold a position as patriots, and that you should at once blast that disloyal organization. I don't, of course, mean those gallant Douglas Democrats who fought and suffered for the Union; but those Breakridgers who embarrassed the government during the rebellion, and who are now in sympathy with Southern traitors.

Excuse the liberty I have taken, and believe me truly yours, W. W. HOLDEN.

THE TOBACCO CROP OF 1866.—The St. Louis Democrat publishes some statistics of the tobacco crop of the present season. In Missouri it is reported at from 12,000 to 15,000 hogheads. This is far below an average crop, but it is said that the quality of the tobacco is unusually good. In Virginia the crop has fallen off one-third—it is reported at 70,000,000 pounds—but is "the best ever made as respects quality." In some counties of North Carolina lands which had been previously devoted to tobacco were this year planted with cotton. The yield for that State is 35,000,000 pounds. The yield in Maryland is placed at 35,300,000; Tennessee, at 39,500,000; Texas at 90,000; Kentucky at 61,000; Alabama at 270,000; Arkansas at 1,700,000; Florida and Georgia each 600,000; Louisiana 40,000; South Carolina 35,000; and the Northern States at 52,150,500 pounds.

BRITISH CAPITAL SOUTH.—Last winter the Legislature of Tennessee chartered the American Industrial Agency with very valuable franchises. The purpose of the company is to aid in an increased production of Southern staples, by advancing money to planters on favorable terms. Mr. M. J. McHaffie has recently arrived in this country, commissioned by large British capitalists to examine into and report upon the American Industrial Agency, and is now making a tour through the Southern States in company with Col. Benj. E. Green, solicitor of the American Industrial Association, to satisfy himself as to the present and future financial responsibility of the people of that section.

STRANGE BUT TRUE GHOST STORY.

I am not about to enter into a disquisition on the truth or falsehood of ghost stories in general, but merely to relate a few facts, which, as they happened in my own family, and under my own personal observation, I can safely affirm to be true.

Many have been the writers on warnings, "presentiments," &c.; and to the readers of "The Night-side of Nature," or of the still more venerable "Mysteries of Udolpho," I am well aware that the following facts will appear very tame and unexciting. But as they are facts, I have no hesitation in offering them to the public, believing that even those who sneer at ghost stories will have some reliance on, and interest in, what is simple truth. I have omitted nothing in the following story but the real names of the parties concerned.

A few years ago, in the north of England, near the little village of G—, there resided a widow lady and her two daughters. Their income being moderate, they had chosen their present abode on account of its distance from any fashionable and consequently expensive place. The house itself was certainly anything but a romantic or "ghostly-looking" one. It stood on a hill, surrounded by a few dark fir-trees, and was principally remarkable for its unpresuming yet comfortable appearance. It was a square sand-box-looking abode, of modern date, with a pretty flower-garden—looking, it must be confessed, rather bleak at the time of which I write (which was the beginning of December)—and a small green house and stables adjoining. The country round was barren-looking, and the house standing on high ground, with a few trees to protect it, the wind in general struck cold and cutting, and was very apt to give tooth-ache, rheumatism, and various other unromantic ailments to those staid individuals who pretend never to care about the weather, and who think it necessary to go out every day for their "constitutional." The interior of the house certainly belied the appearance of the exterior, as Mrs. Egerton and her two daughters had managed, like the generality of women, to surround themselves with various little home comforts and feminine luxuries, which it is my firm belief would make a comfortable and cheerful abode of a barn or a log-hut.

The drawing-room of Eastwood Grange, although not a large one, was comfortably and prettily furnished. Sofas made to lie on, and chairs made to sit on; a nice warm carpet of a rich crimson; the walls papered with a light paper, ornamented with a few well-chosen water-color drawings; plenty of books and works lying about; and last, but not least, a bright blazing fire, the curtains drawn, and the pet cat "Puffin" reclining at full stretch on the hearth-rug, formed a tout ensemble which on a cold December evening was most inviting. The occupants of the room now deserve some description. Mrs. Egerton, a middle-aged but still handsome woman, with blonde hair, yet untouched by the hand of Time, rippling across her forehead; bright, intelligent grey eyes, a high, aristocratic (but not beaky) nose; and a mouth which always appeared to have a smile lurking in the corners, was sitting in a large arm-chair close to the fire, busily working at some warm clothing for the children of the poor cottagers, while her daughters, Amy and Georgiana, aged eighteen and twenty, two bright and thoroughly English-looking girls, were sitting near her, engaged, the one in drawing, the other in reading aloud. Mrs. Egerton had married early, and her husband, a captain in the Indian army, died of the effects of yellow fever on his return voyage to join his wife and young children in their English home, about fifteen years from the time this story begins. His widow then, with her four children, two sons and two daughters, went to reside at their present abode, Mrs. Egerton wisely thinking it better to choose a quiet situation for their residence than to remain in London, striving to keep up an appearance in the "great world" on an income which was only sufficient to enable her to place her sons at college, and to live a comfortable, happy, although perhaps not what is termed a gay life, with her two daughters.

Alexander, the eldest son, had followed the profession of his father, and was now with his regiment in India, while William, the younger, was in London, studying for the law.

They were sitting, as I before said, one evening, happy in the anticipation of spending a merry Christmas with some friends in the neighborhood, and talking with delight of the balls and other amusements in store for them, when they were startled by the door in the hall, or front door (which was exactly opposite the drawing room,) flying suddenly open; and by hearing the distinct tread of a man's footsteps crossing the passage. The two girls looked at their mother, their faces blanched with terror, as they knew no friend would call at their house so late at night.

"Oh! don't you know whose steps those are?" said Mrs. Egerton.

"Yes, mamma!" cried both the girls; "of course, dear William's. It struck us directly we heard them. He cannot surely have come so suddenly to surprise us."

"We will soon see," said Mrs. Egerton, taking the light and opening the door. No one was in the hall; the door, it is true, was wide open, and the cold December air struck with a chill, like the chill of

death, upon the hearts of the frightened women. The housemaid at the same time came running down the stairs saying that she, as well as the other servant, had distinctly heard the door fly open and the footsteps cross the hall; and thinking how like they were to "Mr. William's" she had come down to see whether he really had arrived so unexpectedly.

"But mamma," said Amy, "perhaps he may be hiding in one of the rooms, because, you know, we did not open the drawing room door directly we heard the footsteps, as we were so startled."

"It is hardly likely, dear," said Mrs. Egerton, "that William would frighten us so; besides you know, in his last letter he said we must not expect him for the next three weeks, as he could not be spared until a day or so before Christmas day; however we will look."

She then led the way into the dining-room, from thence into the library, and all the bed rooms, looking even behind the curtains, and in every conceivable or inconceivable place where a human being could be concealed. Still, no one was to be found; and giving up the fruitless search, with heavy hearts they returned to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Egerton sank into a chair, covering her face with her hands. After remaining thus for a few moments, she said:

"I cannot tell why this should alarm me; you know I am not generally nervous, but the steps were so like William's that I could have been certain he was coming into the room."

"Yes," said Georgiana; "besides, William's is such a peculiar step—so firm and yet so elastic, that I even fancied I heard the swing he always gives his walking-stick."

After some time wasted in vain conjectures, they at length retired to rest, Mrs. Egerton striving to conceal from her daughters the anxiety she could not help feeling in her own heart.

The morning at length dawned, and the three met at the breakfast-table, feeling more cheerful than when they separated the preceding night. Such is generally the effect of the morning, accompanied, as it was that day, by bright gleams of sunshine, which at different times struggled to break through the wintry clouds, as the sunshine in their own hearts strove to dissipate the clouds that had gathered the night before. The post arrived, and with it some cheering letters, which tended still to raise their spirits, so that by the afternoon they all felt happier, and less inclined to imagine evil, than they had been before.

They had assembled in the drawing room as was their custom before dinner, when Amy, (who was standing near the window trying to catch the last gleams of daylight, in order to finish an interesting book) exclaimed:

"Mamma, Georgy, look! who can that man be who is riding so fast up the hill? Surely he is not coming to our house."

Her mother and sister joined her at the window, and still the man urged on his horse, until, almost before they had time to wonder, he drew up at their gate, and the servant entered the room, bearing in her hand that folded paper which most of us now-a-days know by instinct—"A telegraphic message."

To tear it open was the work of an instant, and the mother and her agonized daughters read, as it were in letters of fire, the following:

"LONDON, December 3, 1864.—"William Egerton, Esq., died here last night at eight o'clock."

To describe the following horror and distress would be beyond the power of my pen. On inquiry, it was ascertained that the unfortunate young man had quitted his office in his usual good spirits that evening, but shortly before he reached his own door, fell down in what was supposed to be a fainting fit, and breathed his last at exactly the same moment when his mother and sisters heard his well-known footsteps. The medical opinion was that death was owing to "disease of the heart," accelerated by overwork.

The story requires no comment. Whether it is to be regarded as merely a simple coincidence or a warning permitted by Providence, is not for me to decide. Although years have passed since it happened, the vivid remembrance of that evening never has been, and I am confident never will be effaced from my memory. That so many should have been struck by the same impression at the same time, without their nerves or imaginations being excited by any previous "evil tidings" is more than I am able to account for on purely natural grounds. That such warnings have been permitted, I have not the slightest doubt; but I trust that I may never again experience the terror I underwent on that eventful night.

ARE MEN THE CHILDREN OF MONKEYS—WHAT PROF. AGASSIZ THINKS ABOUT IT.

In his twelfth and last lecture on Brazil, delivered in Boston, Professor Agassiz devoted the closing portion of his lecture to the subject of the monkey tribes, and a defence of the Professor's theory that the different races of men have different origins. This, he said, was an awkward subject, and one which he dreaded to discuss, though it was relieved from some of the embarrassment which surrounded it while slavery existed, when the assertion of the inferiority of the negro was regarded as a defence of the system of slavery. The discussion was also unpleasant because it involved a dissent from the doctrine of common origin which the Christian world has so long held sacred. Yet he felt bound to express his conviction on this subject.

While regarding the monkey tribe as the highest of quadrupedal mammalia, and as next to men, he could not sanction the doctrine of the final transformation of monkeys into men, and was inclined to admit that we are the descendants of the highest monkeys. In this connection the lecturer remarked in an interesting manner upon the characteristics of the monkey, the orang-outang, the chimpanzee, the gorilla and the gibbon, marking them as families distinct from man, though in many points having affinity, yet having different parentage. Considering the regions from whence these monkey tribes derived their origin, it must be concluded that if they were allied to any of the races of men, it was to the Mongolian and the negro, and not to the white, but a critical examination of facts would not warrant the theory of transmutation, or the doctrine that men have a common origin. The fact that the progeny of a combination of individuals never resemble one or the other parent, warranted the inference that the different races bear to one another the same relation as different species of animals bear to each other, and that all have a different origin. Perhaps, indeed, different nationalities also have different origins.

In conclusion, the lecturer said that unless the fact of a common origin could be established historically, we must accept the conclusions deduced from the investigation of naturalists. If we could trace a plan of variation and succession through all ages, instead of regarding diversity as the result of accident, we should see the evidence of a thinking mind in the whole creation, and recognize ourselves as the children of God, and not as the children of monkeys.

GENERAL EARLY'S EGGS. Speaking of this recent publication, the Central Presbyterian, at Richmond, says: "We have read it with deep interest, not only because of the absorbing character of the subject, and relating as it does to our beloved Virginia, but also because of the superior style in which it is written. The whole production shows a vigor and clearness of mind, and a cultivated taste which entitle General Early to high commendation from friend and foe. One thing especially deserves warm praise, the considerate and generous manner in which he always speaks of his comrades, from President Davis and General Lee, through the whole catalogue. Whoever may have mortified his countrymen by the carping of a contracted soul, and forgot himself and his cause enough to strike at his discomfited and imprisoned chief, no stain like this can touch the brave old General Early: whatever faults his enemies may allege, or his friends admit, the day must soon come when both will acknowledge that he displayed, throughout the conflict, a high order of courage and military talent, and his reverses and trials with a manly spirit, and has written this history of his campaigns in a manner worthy of a soldier and patriot. If he now and then touch General Grant's accounts of military movements with gentle sarcasm, it is because there seems to be good reason for it. If he pour out a few vitals of indignation upon such outlaws as Butler and Hunter, it is only a small part of what every honest man in the world, acquainted with the facts, knows they deserve. We wish our Memorial Association would take immediate measures for printing a large edition of this able and interesting memoir. It would find a ready sale, and nothing—we know the truth of this—will more gratify General Early, in his exile, than to be able to contribute in this way to an object so noble and sacred to the hearts of our people, as caring properly for the graves of those who fell defending a cause which thickening adversity only ennobles the deeper in their very hearts."

APPRECIATION OF BEAUTY.—One day last winter, a boy from the South, on a visit to a Northern city, was taking a lesson in the art of "sliding down hill," when he suddenly found his feet in close contact with a lady's silk dress. Surprised, mortified and confounded, he sprang up from his sled, and, cap in hand, commenced an earnest apology. "I beg your pardon, ma'am; I am very sorry." "Never mind," exclaimed the lady; "there is no great harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do." "But, dear madam," said the boy as his eyes filled with tears, "your dress is ruined. I thought you would be very angry with me for being so careless." "No, no," replied the lady, "better have a soiled dress than a ruined temper." "Oh, isn't she a beauty?" exclaimed the lad as the lady passed on.

ARTEMUS WARD—HIS LIFE.—Artemus Ward gives the following choice morsels of autobiography in a late number of Punch.

I am fifty-six years of age. Time, with his relentless scythe, is very busy. The sexton gathers them in, he gathers them in. I keep a pig this year. I was born in the State of Maine of parents. As an infant I attracted a great deal of attention. The nobs would stand over my cradle for hours, and say "How bright that little face looks! How much it nose!" The young ladies would carry me around in their arms saying, "I was muzzer's berry darling, and a sweetie, leeth, little sing." It was nice, though I wasn't old enough to properly appreciate it. I am a healthy old darlin now. I have allers sustained a good moral character. I was never a railroad director in my life. Altho in early life I did not confine myself to truth in my small bills, I have been gradually growing respectable every year. I love my children, and never mistake another man's wife for my own. I am not a member of any meetin-house; and shouldn't feel safe to take a dose of laudanum and lay down in the streets of a village that had none, with a thousand dollars in my pocket. My temperament is bilious, although I don't own a dollar in the world. I am an early riser, but my wife is a Presbyterian. I may add that I am bald-headed. I keep two cows.

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.—Some time ago an association was formed, with committees in Paris and London, to promote the universal abolition of slavery. The first card of the committees was to send addresses to the Emperor of Brazil and the Queen of Spain, the sovereigns of the only two countries that still have slaves. That addressed to the former potentate has been answered by his Imperial Majesty's minister for foreign affairs. The reply states that the personal desire of the Emperor and the tendency of public opinion in Brazil are equally in favor of abolition, and says: "The emancipation of the slaves, a necessary consequence of the abolition of the slave-trade, is now only a question of form and opportunity." The minister promises that whenever the unhappy circumstances in which the country now is shall permit, the Brazilian government will consider as an object of the highest importance "the realization of that which the spirit of Christianity has long demanded from the civilized world." It has been stated since that the Emperor of Brazil had emancipated his own slaves as an example for his subjects.

A MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY.—We clip the following from the Union (West Virginia) Register: A letter from a gentleman in Mercer county, published in an exchange, states that some time last summer the remains of two persons—a man and a woman—were found about the Wyoming and Mercer county line, near the Bluff road. From appearances they had been dead two years—no garment could be identified except a few silk articles. The lady's satchel contained several pairs of shoes, three silk handkerchiefs, scissors, thimbles, rings, &c., now in possession of a Mr. Horvont, of Wyoming county. The writer supposes that these persons were from Monroe county; and that they were murdered in the spring of 1863, when trying to get through the military lines to the West. The man's skull had been broken in on the back and the woman's on the side. The woman's hair was of a sandy brown color. The rings are of gutta percha, with silver sets—one with the initials J. M. H. upon it, another with E. V. upon it.

A lady living near the Bluff road says that in April 1863 a lady and gentleman, the lady having red hair, splendidly mounted, asked to stay all night with her, and upon her refusing, passed on.

The affair is, as yet, involved in mystery—no clue whatever having as yet been found as to the perpetrators of the deed or the names of the murdered persons.

MEN WANTED.—The great want of this age is men.—Men who are not for sale.—Men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, on themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither brag nor run.—Men that neither flag nor flinch.

Men who can have courage without whistling for it, and joy without shouting to bring it.—Men in whom the current of everlasting life runs still, and deep and strong. Men too large for sectarian limits, and too strong for sectarian bonds. Men who do not strive, nor cry, nor cause their voices to be heard in the streets, but who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their place and fill it. Men who know their own business. Men who will not lie.—Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for.—Investigator.

Great Britain contains 285 persons in the square mile; Italy, 225; France, 189; Prussia, 179; Austria, 155; Spain, 84; Turkey, 16; the United States, 11; Russian Empire, 9; Russian Europe, 32; and Brazil, 3. The eight European countries named are said to contain over 200,000,000 inhabitants.