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From the St. Louis Republic.
The Ubiquitous Boy.

As might have been expected, the statement in our columns, a few days since, concerning a boy in this city, possessed of the marvelous faculty of appearing in two places at one time, has been received with a limited degree of credulity by a number of readers. We did not vouch for the truth of the article, and only made public a narrative that we had from others.

Many persons have addressed us inquiries concerning the boy, and one gentleman whose letter we gave in full, stated a similar circumstance of a lady with whom he was personally acquainted.

Yesterday we received a visit from Mr. Eulow, Sangamon county, Illinois, who confirms some of the startling statements which we have already made. He says the boy (whose name we must still withhold out of respect to the earnest wishes of his parents) was seen at his house several times during three days in April last, at which time his parents assert solemnly that he was home in this city and momentarily expected to die. In one instance he was seen walking in the road near the house. A little girl who knew him, thinking he had suddenly come on a visit, ran out to meet him; but returned in a few minutes, saying he had disappeared, and that she had seen a ghost.

Mr. Eulow, uncle of the youth, further informs us that on last Sunday evening, while sitting in a private chamber conversing with the parents, the boy entered the room as if in perfect health and walked up to the table in presence of them all. The mother almost fainted, and rushing into the next room, found her boy in a violent spasm. He is daily wasting away and cannot long survive.

The writer has had an interview with the family and has seen the boy, together with a number of gentlemen in this city, who will vouch for these statements.

A few facts concerning his history may be of interest to superstitious persons and those fond of the wonderful. His mother states that he learned to talk with difficulty and has always been strangely abstracted in manner, and yet in all other respects he is not unlike any other child. Two years ago he was drowned in a pool, while playing with other children, and was brought out of the water and restored to life after having been dead eight minutes. He is not the "seventh son of a seventh son," nor anything of the sort. He is simply flesh and blood. Prof. Wilhelm, of Virginia, has, we learn, written to parties in this city informing them that he was coming hither to investigate the case.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVELY WOMAN.
The organ of fine society and fair women, the Home Journal, has this illustration of the progress of civilization and woman's rights:

"In the bar-room of a first-class hotel at a popular island summer resort, there was seen at 10 o'clock one Sabbath evening, a few weeks since, a merry party of something like twenty ladies and gentlemen, about equally divided, enjoying, with sparkling conversation and gay laughter, the usual variety of 'drinks' appropriate to the season—'punches,' 'cobblers,' 'sours,' etc. There was apparent no ribaldry or obscenity, no intoxication, no bawling—nothing to disturb the prevailing quiet and sanctity of the day, save at times a rather boisterous merriment and familiar sociality; but the incident was of serious importance, and provocative of serious thought, as showing the tendencies of our modern fashionable society, and especially the female portion of it."

DRING.—There is a dignity about that going alone, we call dying—that wrapping the mantle of immortality about us; that putting aside with a pale-hand azure curtain that are drawn around this cradle of a world; that venturing away from home for the first time in our lives; for we are not dead—there is nothing dead to speak of, and we only go off seeing foreign countries not laid down on the map we know about.

There must be lovely lands somewhere starward, for none ever return that go thither, and we much doubt if any one would if they could.

DICKENS.

Miss Louise M. Alcott, daughter of A. Bronson Alcott, of Concord, and herself quite well known as a writer of several novels, writes from London respecting one of Charles Dickens' readings as follows:—
Mrs. Blimber never longed to behold Cicero in his classical retirement at Tusculum more fervently than I had for years desired to see Charles Dickens; therefore my satisfaction was intense on the joyful evening when I went to hear him read Dr. Marygold and the Pickwick Trial. St. Jones' Hall was crowded with what the papers call "a brilliant and fashionable audience." Every one being in full evening dress added to the effect, and gave me another opportunity of admiring what we seldom see in America—an assemblage of really beautiful women; for health is the charm which makes them superior to our girls, who all look, with their pale cheeks, hollow eyes, and bent shoulders, as if utterly exhausted by incessant poring over endless ologies and isms.

Blooming as they were, however, I found more interest in the crimson desk, before a crimson curtain than in any rosy face about me; and when a stout gentleman walked rapidly in, with a business-like air, the great hall might have been empty for anything I saw of my neighbors.

At the first glance I received a shock, and my idol tumbled off the pedestal whereon I placed him long ago, when I wore his hair in a locket, and thought Shakespeare an idiot beside him. I did not expect to see the handsome, foppish young man who once paid us a visit, and caricatured us so capitably afterwards; but I did think some sign of the genius would be visible—some glimpse of the genial creator of Little Nell, Tom Pinch, and the Cheerful Brothers would certainly appear. Far from it, youth and comeliness were gone, but the foppish remained; and the red-faced man, with false teeth and the voice of a worn-out actor, had his scanty grey hair curled; a posy in his button hole; diamond ring, pin and studs; a ruffled front, and wristbands *ala* "Cousin Felix." I had been told that he was "Clayner, you know, but a loose fish won't associate with Browning, Tennyson, and that set, but prefers actors, and such low company, you know." I had refused to believe the Englishman's account; but when I saw Dickens I believed it, and after the first dismay resigned myself to disappointment, hoping that Dr. Marygold might revive my faith.

He did, partially; but being a new acquaintance, my attention was distracted by trying to follow the story, as well as the actor of it—for Dickens used no book, but recited it in the most natural and dramatic manner.

In the midst of a droll passage he stopped abruptly, caught up the glass of water on his desk, hurried to the edge of the stage, and handed it down, exclaiming to an usher, "Here, Peak, quick; a lady is fainting!" And as the pretty, pale girl was taken out he looked over after her with an expression of fatherly solicitude, so different from his stage manner that we caught a glimpse of the real man, and gave him a hearty round of applause, for that little bit of Nature pleased every one.

The minute he began to read the famous Pickwick Trial I found Dickens, and heartily enjoyed every word. Here he seemed at home, and his audience also; for this, in spite of age, still has the inimitable drolery and spirit of his early works. How people laughed! English merriment is as sonorous as English speech, and the roars that shook the walls spoke well for the health of aristocratic lungs. Old gentlemen mopped their faces; stout dowagers leaned back exhausted; dandies dropped their glasses to wipe tears of genuine laughter from their eyes; belles, forgetting their flushed faces, laughed like girls; and every one looked about them with an expression of hilarious good will, which it was impossible to resist. My companion grew hysterical in vain efforts to restrain his shouts; and I soon became entirely reckless of my personal appearance, bent only upon enjoying myself to the utmost.

Buztuz was an exact copy of an English attorney, and Dickens has made it a study. Justice Starleigh was as much like an owl as a human being could be. Winkle—poor, bashful soul—got into a pet, and stammered in a way that must have convulsed the court, as it did us. Mrs. Cluppinn was not so well done as I have seen it on a private stage in America; and Sam Weller was not spirited enough. But old Weller's gruff, wheezy "voice," spectrally roaring, "Spell it with a We, Sammy, spell it with a We," was a thing to shout over long afterward.

Dickens never laughed himself; and when a perfect gale of merriment blew through the hall he stood looking at his audience with a droll wrinkle in his eye, and the benign expression of one who sincerely enjoyed seeing his fellow creatures happy. The moment he was done he made a hasty bow, put the book under his arm, and walked briskly away; and I found myself wondering whether he would finish the evening "declining and polling" with Mr. Boffin, or drop in to supper with that human Phoenix, Wilkins Micawber.

The Sunday Atlas, in a fit of revolutionary enthusiasm, says:

"Hurrah for the girls of '76."
"Thunder!" cries a New Jersey paper—that's too darned old. No, no—hurrah for the girls of '16."

A WONDERFUL STORY.

The following wonderful story is said to have been taken from the log-book of a vessel which arrived in New York.

In the course of the voyage, that dreadful disease, the ship fever, broke out among the crew. One of the sailors, among the first victims, was accompanied by his son, a lad of fourteen years, who was strongly attached to his father, and remained with him day and night, and never could be persuaded to leave him for a moment.

A large shark was seen every day following the vessel, evidently for the purpose of devouring any one who should die and be committed to the deep.

After lingering a few days, the sailor died. As was the custom at sea, he was sewed up in a blanket, and for the purpose of sinking him, an old grindstone and a carpenter's axe were put in with him. The very impressive service of the Episcopal Church was then read and the body committed to the deep.

The poor boy, who had watched the proceedings closely, plunged in after his father, when the enormous shark swallowed them both. The second day after this dreadful scene, as the shark continued to follow the vessel (for there were others sick in the ship), one of the sailors proposed, as they had a shark hook on board, to make an effort to take him.

They fastened the hook to a long rope, and baiting it with a piece of pork, threw it into the sea, and the shark instantly swallowed it. Having thus hooked him, they hoisted him on board by means of a windlass. After he was dead they prepared to open him, when one of the sailors stooped down for that purpose, suddenly pausing, and after listening for a few moments, declared most solemnly that he heard a low guttural sound which appeared to proceed from the shark. The sailors, after enjoying a hearty laugh at his expense, proceeded to listen for themselves, when they heard a similar sound. They then proceeded to open the shark, when the mystery was explained.

It appears that the sailor was not dead, but in a trance; and his son, on making this discovery when inside the shark, had, by means of a knife, ripped open the blanket. Having thus liberated his father, they both went to work and righted up the old grindstone—the boy was turning; the father's axe, sharpening it for the purpose of cutting their way out of their Jonah like prison, which occasioned the noise heard by the sailor. As it was the hottest season of the year, and very little air stirring where they were at work, they were both sweating tremendously.

DEAD BROKE.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

We found a man seated on a curbstone near the post-office, last night, muttering to himself, apparently, as there was no one else to mutter to. We felt constrained to ask him what he was doing there?

"Hain't doin' nothin'," was the reply.
"Where do you belong?"
"Don't belong nowhere, and nowhere don't b'long to me."
"Who are you?"
"I'm broke."

"Well, suppose you are broke, you have got a name, haven't you? What is it?"
"I tell ye I'm broke—Dead Broke—that's my name, and that's my nature. My father was broke before me. If he hadn't been, I wouldn't be broke now—at least, not so bad. My mother was a Peesley, but she wanted a husband, and she got broke—that's my dad—and broke got me. I've been broke ever since."

For a few moments the unhappy Dead Broke buried his face in his hands, and seemed lost in the most doleful reflections. Then raising his head, he exclaimed bitterly "I wish I had been born a colt."
"Why do you wish you had been born a colt?"

"Because a colt ain't broke until he is two or three years old. I was broke the moment I saw the light, and I never got over it. It is hard to be broke so young."
"How did your parents come to call you 'Dead Broke'?"

"Well, ye see, as soon as I was born something seemed to tell me that I had got to be broke all my life unless I could get my name changed by an act of legislature, and that you know would be an impossibility."
"How an impossibility?"
"Are you such a blockhead as to suppose that a man can get any thing through the legislature when he is broke?"
"You are right. Go on!"

"When the conviction forced itself upon my infant brain, confused as it was by recent experience, that I must be broke all my life, I felt that there was nothing left to live for, and lost all consciousness at once. (I have found only a part of it since.)"

"He is dead," cried my mother, wringing her hands."
"Yes," groaned my father, "Dead Broke."
"I revived, alas! but Dead Broke became my name, and I have been dead broke ever since."
"My name has been fatal to me all through life. The smallest boy in school always broke me in playing marbles. I broke more windows than any other boy playing base-ball. I always broke down at recitation, and had my head broke every day by the schoolmaster. When I left school I

went to clerk for a broker. One day there was a heavy deficit in the accounts. I was afraid he might think that I had something to do with it—so I—broke. They caught me though, and put me in jail; but I broke out."

"Out of jail?"
"No, d—n it, broke out with the small pox."

"What did you do next?"
"After the court had disposed of my case I was allowed to go into the brokerage business again."

"How was that?"
"I broke stone in the penitentiary, dog on it. After I got out I broke everything. I broke my promise, broke the Sabbath, and broke the pledge."

"Was you ever married?"
"Yes, (sighing deeply), matrimony broke me up worse than anything else. My wife was a regular ripper. She broke up my dishes, and nearly broke my back with a flat-iron, and finally broke my heart."

"By running away?"
"No, indeed, by sticking to me."

"You have had a hard time of it."
"All owing to my name. But bad as I dislike it, it's mine; I came by it honestly. You wouldn't think anybody else would want to be in my place, would you? but there are thousands of imposters all over the country trying to pass themselves off for me."

"In what way?"
"When they tell their creditors they are 'Dead Broke.'"

There was another pause, during which the unhappy possessor of an unfortunate name could be heard to sob. At length he broke out:

"It will be a simple and fitting inscription for my tombstone, though."
"Dead Broke."

A CONFIRMED GRUMBLER.

Some time ago there lived in Edinboro' a well known grumbler named Sandy Black whose often recurring fits of spleen or indigestion produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability which were highly relished by all except the brute's good, patient little wife. One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel. The haddies and eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening; and breakfast passed without the looked-for complaint.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" said Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband.

"Roast, or boiled?" asked the wife.
"Confound it! madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife, you'd have known before this, what I liked." Sandy growled out, and slamming the door behind him, left the house.

It was in the spring, and a friend who was present heard the little wife say, "Sandy's bent on a disturbance to-day; I shall not please him, do what I can."

The dinner time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner. The fish was eaten in silence, and, on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion, he called out, "boiled chicken; I hate it madam. A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled."

Immediately the cover was raised for another chicken roasted to a turn.
"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken," roared Sandy; "you know how it should have been cooked."

At that instant a broiled chicken, with mushrooms, was placed on the table.
"Without green peas?" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are dear," said Mrs. Black.
"How dare you spend my money in that way?"

"They were a present," said the wife, interrupting him.
Rising from his seat, and rushing from the room amidst a roar of laughter from his friend, he clenched his fists, and shouted, "How dare you receive a present without my leave?"

A WONDERFUL FLOWER.—At the horticultural exhibition on Tuesday night, was shown a single specimen of the Japanese lily. The exhibitor was H. A. Dreer, Esq. All the adults in their boyhood will remember the flaming "tiger lily" that ornamented the country gardens. This grand flower is the tiger lily upon a scale of triple magnitude, but with an equal hue, in which a delicate softness in the base of the calix is gradually lost in the snowy white. The calix itself is fully nine inches in diameter; the petals are delicately spotted with black; the pistils are upholsterers, hammers in miniature. The odor of the flower is exquisite. It has all the volume of that emanating from the tuberose or violet. To the flora of this country it is a most valuable addition. Horticultural Hall is by no means small, yet the perfume from this single blossom pervaded every part of it. Excepting only the blossom of the Victoria Regia, it is the largest flower we have seen.
Phila. North American.

On one occasion a gentleman was relating a painful story of a little boy who was called from his play to go to a neighbor's for some milk. As he was returning from his errand the cars ran over him, killing him instantly. The gentleman was very pathetic, and at the close of the narrative there was a dead silence in the room, broken at last by one of the ladies of the company asking gravely, "And what became of the milk?"

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURE.

About four years ago, while I was practicing law in Illinois, on a pretty large circuit, I was called on one day in my office by a very pretty woman, who, not without tears, told me that her husband had been arrested for horse-stealing. She wished to retain me for the defence. I asked her why she did not go to Judge R——, an ex-Senator of the United States, whose office was in town. I told her that I was a young man at the bar, etc. She mournfully said that he had asked her a retaining fee beyond her means; besides, he did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected of belonging to an extensive band of horse thieves and counterfeiters whose headquarters were then at Moore's prairie.

I asked her to tell me the whole truth of the matter, and if it was true that her husband did belong to such a band.
"Ah, sir," said she, "a better man at heart than my George never lived, but he likes cards and drink, and I am afraid they made him do what he never would have done if he had not drunk. I fear it can be proved that he had the horse; he did not steal it; another stole it and passed it to him."

I didn't like the case. I knew there was a great dislike to the gang located where she named, and feared to risk the case before a jury. She seemed to observe my intention to refuse the case, and bursted into tears.

I never could see a woman weep without feeling like a weak fool myself. If it had not been eyes brightened with "pearly tears," I'd never been caught in the lasso of matrimony. My would-be client was pretty. The handkerchief that hid her streaming eyes didn't hide her red lips; and her snowy bosom rose and fell like a white gull in a gale of wind at sea. I took the case, and she gave me the particulars.

The gang, of which he was not a member, had persuaded him to take the horse. He knew it was stolen, and, like a fool, acknowledged it when arrested. Worse, still, he had trimmed the horse's mane and tail, so as to alter its appearance, and the opposition could prove it.

The trial came on. I worked hard to get a jury of ignorant men, who had more heart than brains; who, if they could not fathom the depths of an argument or follow the labyrinthine mazes of law, could feel for a young fellow in a bad fix and a weeping pretty wife, nearly heart broken and quite distracted.

Knowing the use of 'effect,' I told her to dress in deep mourning and bring her little cherub of a boy, only three years old, into court, and sit as near to her husband as the officers would let her. I tried the game once in a murder case, and a weeping wife and sister made a jury render a verdict against law and evidence, and the Judge's charge, and saved a fellow that ought to have been hung as high as Haman.

The prosecution opened very bitterly, and inveighed against thieves and counterfeiters, who had made the land a terror to strangers and travelers, and who had robbed every farmer in the region of his finest horses. It intro-duced witnesses, and it proved all and more than I feared it would. The time came for me to rise for the defence. Witnesses, I had none. But I had to make an effort, only hoping so to interest the jury as to secure a recommendation to gubernatorial clemency and a light sentence.

So I painted his picture. A young man entering into life, wedded to an angel; beautiful in person, possessing every noble attribute. Temptation lay before and around him. He kept a tavern. There were many guests; it was not for him to inquire their business; they dressed well, made large bills and paid promptly. At an unguarded hour, when he was insane with liquor, they urged upon him; he deviated from the path of rectitude. The demon alcohol reigned in his brain, and it was his first offence. Mercy pleaded for another chance to save him from ruin. Justice did not require that this young wife should go down sorrowing to the grave, and that the shadow and taunt of a felon father should cross the path of that sweet child. Oh, how earnestly did I plead for them! The woman wept; the husband did the same; the jury looked melting. If I could have had the closing prosecution had the close, and threw ice on the fire I kindled. But they did not quite put it out.

The Judge charged according to law and evidence, but evidently leaned on the side of mercy. The jury found a verdict of guilty, but unanimously recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. My client was sentenced to the shortest imprisonment the court was empowered to give, and both jury and court signed a petition to the Governor for an unconditional pardon, which has since been kindly granted, but not before the following interesting incident occurred.

Some three months after this, I received an account for collection from a wholesale house in New York. The parties to collect from were hard ones; but they had property, and before they had an idea of the trap laid, I had the property which they were about to assign, before they broke, under attachment. Finding that I was a neck ahead and bound to win, they caved in and forked over \$3,594 18. (per memorandum book) in good money. They lived in Shawneetown, about thirty-

five or forty miles southeast of Moore's prairie. I received the funds just after the bank opened, but other business detained me until after dinner. I then started for C——, intending to go as far as the village of Mount Vernon that night.

I had gone along ten or twelve miles, when I noticed a splendid team of horses attached to a light wagon, in which were seated four men, evidently of the high-strung order. They swept past me as if to show me how easily they could do it. They shortened in, and allowed me to come up with them, and asked me to 'wet,' or, in other words to help diminish the jug of old rye they had aboard; but I excused myself with the plea that I had plenty on board. They asked me how far I was going. I told them as far as Mount Vernon, if my horse did not tire out. They mentioned a nice tavern ten or twelve miles ahead as a nice stopping place, and drove on.

I did not like the looks of those fellows, nor their actions. But I was bound to go ahead. I had a brace of pistols and a nice knife; my money was in a belt around my body. I drove slow, in hopes that they would go on, and I should see them no more. It was nearly dark when I saw the tavern sign ahead. At the same time I saw their wagon at the door. I would have passed on, but my horse needed rest. I halted up and a woman came to the door. She turned as pale as a sheet when she saw me. She did not speak but with a meaning look she put her finger on her lips, and beckoned me to come in. She was the wife of my client.

When I entered, the party recognized me, and hailed me as an old traveling friend, and asked me to take a drink. I respectfully but firmly declined.

"But you'll drink or fight!" said the noisiest of the party.

"Just as you please; drink I shall not!" said I, purposely showing the butt of a Colt that kicks six times in rapid succession.

The others interposed and very easily quieted my opponent. One offered me a cigar, which I should not have accepted, but a glance at the woman induced me to accept it. She advanced and proffered me a light, and in doing so slipped a note into my hand, which she must have written the moment before; it was written with a pencil. Never shall I forget the words. They were:

"Beware—they are members of the gang. They mean to rob and murder you. Leave soon, and I will manage to detain them."

I did not feel comfortable just then, but tried to look so.

"Have you any room to put my horse?" I asked, turning to the woman.

"What! you are not going to stay here to-night?" asked one of the men: "we are going on."

"I think I shall stay," I replied.

"We'll all stay, then, I guess, and make a night of it," said one of the cut-throats.

"You will have to put up your horse; here's a lantern," said the woman.

"I am used to that," I said. "Gentlemen, excuse me—I will join you in a drink when I come in."

"Good on your head! more whiskey, old gal," shouted they.

I went out and glanced at their wagon. It was old-fashioned, and lynch pins secured the wheels. To take out my knife and pry one from the fore and hind wheels was but the work of a moment, and I threw them in the darkness as far as I could. To untie my horse and dash off was but the work of an instant. The road lay down a steep hill, but my lantern lighted me some; what.

I had hardly got under good headway before I heard a yell from the party I had so unceremoniously left. I put the whip to my horse. The next moment they started. I threw my light away, and left my horse to pick his way. A moment afterward I heard a crash—a horrid shriek. The wheels were off. Then came the rush of horses, tearing along with the wreck of the wagon. Finally they seemed to fetch up in the woods. One or two shrieks I heard as I swept on, leaving them far behind. For some time I hurried my horse—you'd better believe I "rid." It was a little after midnight when I got to Mount Vernon.

The next day I heard that Moore's prairie team had run away, and two men of the four had been so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of; but I did not cry. My clients got the money, but I didn't travel that road any more.

Horse racing in Italy is accomplished without any riders. The animals are started from an inclosure by attendants in waiting. An apparatus is attached to them composed of long reins running round the body and connected in the centre of the body by a stable girth, and the ends flap as the horse gallops. To these ends moderately pointed spurs are attached, and as the animal increases his flight, these become more and more troublesome. Some of our Italian citizens propose to introduce this system in New York. A track is to be purchased on Long Island, walled of course, to prevent the horses running off.

While Thelwall was on trial at the Old Bailey for high treason, he wrote the following note and sent it to his counsel: "Mr. Erskine, I am determined to plead my cause myself. Mr. Erskine wrote under it: 'If you do, you'll be hanged.' To which Thelwall replied: 'I'll be hanged, then, if I do'