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Thursday, January 13th.

New Advertisements.

AFFAIRS OF STATE.

What's Going on in Raleigh—A Virtuous Representative—The State University—Gov. Caswell's Grave—Other Legislative Topics.

RALEIGH, January 27.—The Senate on Thursday killed the negro drummer bill on its third reading by 24 to 18. The same day Senator Mebane, of Alamance, offered a bill against the desecration of the Sabbath day, tying up all railroad travel and even preventing a mail train from carrying passengers. He believed the country that treated the commands of God with contempt would finally be destroyed; it was only a question of time. He believed that God was then present in that Senate chamber as much so as the president was sitting in his chair. Sabbath-breaking was worse than liquor-drinking. It filled more jails and strung more necks to the gibbet, and he warned Senators not to dodge the bill, but to face the music and vote it through, notwithstanding the committee had reported unfavorably. Mr. Davidson opposed it in that there was already sufficient legislation on the subject, and the Senate voted it down by a decided voice. There are signs of virtue and a high regard for the marriage vows showing themselves in legislation. One Senator has introduced a bill, and I learn it meets with favor from the committee, making adultery in the husband good cause for divorce by the wife. I hear that the joint committee on the judiciary favor Hon. Thomas Ruffin, of Hillsboro, Judge Bynum, of Mecklenburg, and Mr. Henderson, of Rowan, as the commission to codify the laws. The salary is $1,500 per annum, with a clerk at $700. The resolution instructing Congress for the public land appropriation for the common schools, was up again in the House on Thursday and passed. The friends of the University would not antagonize it.

THE ALUMNI

of the University held their annual meeting in the hall of the House of Representatives Wednesday night. A good crowd was present, and about 50 of the alumni. Mr. Paul C. Cameron, the venerable president of the meeting, read a most admirable paper. He is a strong thinker with the pen, and can condense more good English and squeeze as much solid, sound sense into his well-rounded sentences as any other man in the State. This is the third paper I have heard from him on public occasions since the war, and each I thought the best; all were finished productions of the brightest polish. In telling of a letter once written him by Judge Murphy he said the judge closed the letter with these lines of advice: "Never be seen wearing a ring, walking with a gold-headed cane, or riding a pony." In closing he introduced Mr. Kemp P. Battle, president of the University, who delivered a very interesting historical address.

THE SUPPER

at the Yarboro, after the addresses, was prepared in Dr. Blacknall's best style; every dish was an appetizer, and the light delicacies of beef tongue, cold sauce, lobster, and oysters in all the styles, washed down in frozen punch, were soberly enjoyed by as happy a crowd as ever gathered around the festive board. I never heard better speeches; they were all good. The Rev. Dr. Skinner, a graduate of Chapel Hill in 1847, responded to "The Clergy." He opened mouth on "the good old times" of those college days.

A voice—"There was no prohibition then."

"No," said the doctor, "there was no prohibition." He told of celebrating the 22nd of February, 1845, by the college getting drunk. As he went up the steps to his room that night he threw out his hand to light a match, and fanned down a gentleman at the head of the stairs; fortunately the match didn't catch the alcohol on his breath. As he was in his room looking out of the window with an innocence that would seem to know nothing of the racket going on in the campus, the Rev. Dr. Deems, who was then a tutor, entered and stood at his side, and the first thing he knew he had his arms around the Methodist preacher's waist and was cantering with him on the floor for a waltz. They fell—he on top—and Dr. Deems said: "Mr. Skinner, you've been drinking."

"Well, sir," he replied, "I've been celebrating the 22d of February—who wouldn't?—haven't you drunk some too?"

"I've taken one glass of wine," said Dr. Deems.

"That's my awful offense," said Skinner.

"Let me out of here," said Deems.

"Only on one condition," said Skinner, "that you pledge me your word and honor as a gentle"—

"I'll pledge nothing!" said Deems.

"But listen!" said Skinner. "I'll let you out if you'll pledge your word and honor to report me to the Faculty the first thing in the morning."

"I'll do it!" said Deems. "And he did do it, and they retired me from the Hill for three weeks, but Deems stood by me in the Faculty meeting," said the doctor.

THE GRAVE OF GOV. CASWELL.

A resolution was introduced to-day and passed the House proposing to provide a monument or slab for the grave of Gov. Caswell, the first Governor of North Carolina, who now lies in an unmarked grave in Lenoir county. Mr. Joyner, of Johnston, was the introducer.

The day was mostly spent in the House hearing speeches from the colored republicans on the bill to elect magistrates by the people. Mr. Carter, of Buncombe, replied to them, and told them if they would only let the people elect everything, particularly the revenue officers and United States marshals, maybe in coming days, their race, which according to Judge Tourgee, was now in the grossest ignorance and unfitted for office, would be allowed by the west more scope in this respect, but the people, by twenty thousand majority, had settled that question for the present, and it must stand as it is. "Judge" Bunting, republican, made a warm speech for the bill, and told a funny anecdote about little Jimmy Jenkins, who bought a "shebang" in Raleigh and hung out his sign:

Little Jimmy Jenkins lives here,
He keeps porter, ale and beer.

But the people clamoring for cider, he made his sign wider, and tacked on cider. Some of the members being absent from sickness and other causes, the bill at the call of the roll, failed by a rather close vote to table, yeas 50, nays 42.

CLANCY.

SPRAGUE'S APPLICATION FOR A DIVORCE.

The Allegations Set Forth in the Document—Sweeping Charges Made Against His Wife in General Terms—No Names Mentioned in the Bill.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 27.—In the office of the clerk of the Supreme Court of Washington county to-day William Sprague filed a petition praying for a divorce from his wife, Katherine Chase Sprague. The petition recites the facts of the marriage, and says that he has ever since on his part kept or performed all his marriage covenants; but the said Katharine Chase Sprague, unmindful of her marriage vows, and disregarding her marriage covenants, hath violated the same in this: That she has willfully and without cause deserted the bed and board of your petitioner, which desertion, although not for a continued term of five years, yet was under such circumstances as to entitle him to a decree for divorce; that she has committed the crime of adultery and has been guilty of other gross misbehavior and wickedness repugnant to, and in violation of, her marriage covenants in this: That she has persistently and against the expressed wishes and commands of your petitioner, and after great public scandal had been occasioned thereby, kept company of and been on terms of close and improper intimacy

WITH OTHER MEN,

and of the same men whose names had been associated with her said public scandals aforementioned; that she had repeatedly declared, without cause, that she would never live with your petitioner again; that she had denied to him and his household the cares and duties incumbent on her as a wife and mother to fulfill; that she has, without cause, turned and driven her oldest child and son out of doors; that she has persistently and against the wishes of your petitioner squandered his property and means by engaging in most lavish, extravagant, and foolish expenditure of money; that since the financial embarrassment of your petitioner in 1873, and after repeated entreaty, request, demand, and command to the contrary by your petitioner, and after full explanation to her by him of

HIS FINANCIAL SITUATION

and the inevitable effect of such proceeding on her part, yet the said respondent, notwithstanding all the same, has still persisted, so far as possible, in the same reckless, extravagant, lavish, and foolish expenditure of money and style of living, thus further (as explained and pointed out to her in the manner aforesaid) embarrassing and defeating your petitioner in his effort to extricate himself and any remnant of his estate (commingled with the estates of others) from said financial difficulties and embarrassments; that she has many times since her marriage with your petitioner, and against his wishes, absented herself from his household for long periods of time, living abroad and at hotels, thereby subjecting your petitioner to further great expense and depriving him of her society and assistance, to which, as her husband, he was entitled; that she has

WILLFULLY PERSISTED

in a course of slanderous and abusive language and publications of and concerning your petitioner, with the view and purpose of harrassing, vexing, and annoying him with such effect, thus rendering his life miserable, and thus destroying his domestic peace and all the happiness incident to the marriage relation.

Wherefore your petitioner prays your honors to pass a decree dissolving the bond of matrimony subsisting between him and the said Katharine Chase Sprague, and for his other and further relief, as your honors may seem meet, and he, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

What She'd Say.

Reidsville Times,

Tom Wilson gets on sprees now and then, and when on them, he goes wild and imagines himself all sorts of things from a President to a town constable. His last turn the other day he thought himself a trooper. So he mounted an old gray horse, with a long cavalry sword buckled on, and two pistols at his side, and he took a jaunt over the country. He was in a pitiable plight as he returned to town. He came splitting the mud, leading the old gray up street, the saddle turned, and the old cavalry sword dragging the mud.

"Why Tom!" said his friends, "what in the world do you mean? What's the matter with you, man! Now what in the world would your wife say, could she see you in this fix?"

"She'd say," said Tom, steadying his corpulent little frame, and pulling one foot out of the mud;—"Dearest, (hic) with all (hic) thy faults, I love (hic) thee still!"