

L. L. NELSON, Editor.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1876.

NOTICE — We cannot be responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents, in every instance; personal matter, or puffing business houses, by correspondents, will be consigned to the proper place—the fire.

We cannot supply back numbers of THE SUN—if you want the paper regularly, send us One Dollar, and it will be sent to you one year.

EDITORIAL REVIEW.

OUR TICKET.

For Governor:
ZEBULON B. VANCE,
of Mecklenburg.

For Lieutenant-Governor;
THOMAS J. JARVIS,
of Pitt.

For State Treasurer:
J. M. WORTH,
of Randolph.

For Secretary of State:
JOSEPH A. ENGELHARD,
of New Hanover.

For State Auditor:
SAMUEL L. LOVE,
of Haywood.

For Attorney General:
THOMAS S. KEENAN,
of Wilson.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction:
J. C. SCARBOROUGH,
of Johnston.

FOR CONGRESS—6th District:
WALTER L. STEELE,
of Richmond.

ELECTORS AT LARGE:
D. G. FOWLE, of Wake,
J. M. LEACH, of Davidson,

THE REPUBLICANS.

The National Republican Convention held at Cincinnati last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, succeeded in making their nominations on Friday. Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, is their choice for President, and W. A. Wheeler, of New York, Vice-President. Now the country is safe; give us a resting spot!

THE COUNTY.

Now that the State ticket is made out, it is getting time to look into county matters a little. The aspirants are trying their hand with the people. It is getting to be a nuisance—the thing of literally trying to shake the vote out of an honest man. The pump handle business will not do any longer. That dodge is played out. When the people want a man to fill an official position they know where to find him. Let us have good and worthy men to fill our county offices. For the Senate and Congress let us have representatives, men who have the good of the country at heart, and not those who have some private ends to accomplish or a selfish ambition to gratify.

We do not see why the professions should always represent the people to the exclusion of every class of citizens. We know men outside the professions who probably could't electly worth cent if they were set up on their legs before an audience, but who can give an intelligent a vote as any doctor or lawyer in the land. Yes, and they love their country just as dearly. They have got that part of it in a very aggravated form. It works on them in a very insidious way—not after the rattled thunder style. Let us try a farmer's boy and just see for once how the thing would work. Matters can't get much worse, and while the public is on us it will be a good time to try the experiment. We think the country can stand it one time.

THE NOMINATIONS.

The Richmond Whig and Norfolk Landmark tell us to be of good cheer; and, in fact, the press of the whole country is all abuzz, and from the many flattering articles of reference to our ticket in all of the papers that we have seen, we are satisfied that the Conservative ticket of to-day gives more universal satisfaction than any that has been presented to the white people of North Carolina since 1860. We have reason to believe, now, that when we are called upon next November to bug Radicals in North Carolina we can make a decent job of it—bury them face downward, and as they scratch for light and liberty, they will go h—wards, into eternal darkness. With Vance at our head, with able supporters, the miseries of the Radical party will be thoroughly ventilated in every nook and corner of our State. The Radicals are beginning to get shaky and some of their big guns are very nervous and fearfully tremulous. They see the gulf widening and preparing to swallow them up. See what the Radical Convention at Cincinnati did last week. Do you ask: what was that? Why, it was this: They assembled in Convention on Saturday night, to nominate a President and a Vice-President; it was generally believed that the nomination would be made without much trouble, and that the utmost harmony would prevail throughout. But such was not the case. The Convention was in session two days and a half before the desired object was attained, and then, to the astonishment of everybody, Gov. Hayes, of Ohio, received the presidential nomination over Blaine, Bristow, Conkling, Hartman, and Morton. And Hon.

W. A. Wheeler, of New York, received the nomination for Vice-President.

We allude to the Radical Convention to show how they "scattered" in the beginning, and if the great Republican party is half-way demoralized now, how much will it "scatter" this Summer and Fall when Vance, Jarvis, Worth, Englehardt, Love, Keenan, Steele and a host of other true Conservatives get after its demoralized leaders! The thing will "scatter" into fragments, and but few of its many boasted leaders will survive the Winter!

But to our State Ticket. You all know that Z. B. Vance is a host in himself; Jarvis is a fine lawyer, a good debater and a hater of Radicalism. J. M. Worth is a brother of the late Gov. Worth, and a noble man. Joseph A. Englehardt is great worker—having spent the past ten years in the interest of the Conservative party as editor of the Wilmington Journal, and is as true as Steele; Samuel L. Love, lives in Haywood, hates Radicals, but loves the Old North State, and will be heard in thrilling accents during the campaign; and Thomas S. Keenan, of Wilson, is an able lawyer and thorough Conservative, who will do his part in the coming campaign.

The people are of one opinion in regard to the nominations, and that is that the ticket is a strong one, and will be elected if the white people of the State do their duty—vote. The Whig, in speaking of Vance's nomination, says: "The nomination of this valiant and popular Conservative for Governor of the Old North State is an omen of good, and assures that noble State to the Democratic column next November beyond the peradventure of a doubt. Well done, bray old North Carolina. Yours is a sound Centennial position, indeed." The Landmark, speaking of Vance, says: "We can tell our friends across the border that we should be mighty proud to claim Vance as ours on this side of the line. And they are proud of him in the Old North State—proud of his courage and his humor, his genius and his devotion to popular rights, and they will give him a majority that will redeem Carolina from the last vestiges of the cruel usurpation under which she has suffered. The bare name of Vance is in itself a battle cry to stir the blood of friends and appall the hearts of enemies."

Now let us all go to work; we have the best ticket before us that we have had since the war, and the fact that the nominations were all made in one day shows that the Conservative party in North Carolina is unanimous in its determination to oust Radicalism from our soil. Our friends abroad expect at least this much from us, and let us not disappoint them. If we do not sweep the State next November we should, forever hereafter, be disfranchised—we would not be worthy

of the name of free (white) American citizens!

[FOR THE CONCORD SUN.]

Honey from the Hills.

JUNE 15, 1876.

The farmers are going on the hop step and jump notwithstanding the wet season now prevailing. Harvest is well nigh over and the farmers are calculating the number of bushels they will make, from the number of shocks they have. In this locality, late wheat is good and will make an average yield, but the "Old Spring wheat" is sorry and will not be sowed this Fall as it has failed for several years.

Corn and cotton are beginning to look very promising. We heard one of our neighbors say that there was cotton on his place that had "squares."

There is a new building erected on the public road near Little Bear Creek. They say it is a grocery. We are fearfully apprehensive that the "Wise" will become divided or distended.

Mrs. Isaac Lowder and Mrs. Howell Harwood are very sick. Mrs. L. has the cholera, and Mrs. H. the consumption. As we are informed blackberries, whortleberries and cherries are the choicest fruits of the culinary department at this time. They are abundant.

VERA.
Conviction of William Mesimer.

The trial of William Mesimer for the murder of Mrs. Sarah Heilig, in Rowan county, closed Saturday evening week. It appears from the evidence that Mrs. Heilig was murdered on Saturday morning, May 15th, 1875. Her body was found in the well in her yard sometime during the afternoon of Sunday. On the head was discovered a deep cut behind the right ear, and one above the right eye, also finger prints on the throat. Blood was found on the kitchen floor, and also on the well. The print of a bloody hand was found on the post of the well. The track of a club foot was found in the meadow a few yards from the house. This furnished a clue to the murderer. The prisoner's house was at once confronted by his daughter. The parent's instinct led him to recognize his children at once, and he clasped her to his arms, greatly to her astonishment, as she had no idea who the handsome, elegantly dressed dark gentleman with the unfamiliar accent could be. He explained that he was her father, but was compelled to make other explanations before he could convince her of his fact, but once assured, the poor girl's heart, which had so long been deprived of the loving sympathy of a parent, overflowed, and she wept with joy. Louisa had often remarked to acquaintances that "some day she would get a pile of money or some person would come and take her away," but she could give no reason for her belief, except that the "fate" of "No one paid any attention to her remarks, and she passed in the house for a good-natured girl with a secret history, no one pretending to surmise what that history might be." During all the years she had had the toll for acting she had lived a pure and honorable life, of which fact father took pains to inform himself. Then he told her to make hasty preparations to depart for Mobile, where he is possessed of a beautiful Southern home, a prosperous business, and enough wealth to live in elegance without being troubled with the cares of business, should he relinquish it. The father and daughter left for Wisconsin to get George, last evening, and tonight they will pass through the city en route for Mobile.

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The Sandersonville Ga. Herald says: On Friday, James Tompkins went to a plum orchard and ate freely of plums. During the night he was taken quite sick, vomiting profusely. Saturday he grew worse, and the disease assumed a very grave form. He commenced snapping and biting at, and trying to spit upon those who were waiting upon him, and finally got out of the bed and crawled under the same as if trying to hide. A physician was called and did all he could to relieve the sufferer, but his efforts were fruitless. The poor boy continued in this terrible state until death relieved him of his suffering.

At Port Jervis, New York, a strange disease of a very malignant type has broke out among the children. Several have died in a few hours after being taken, and the physicians have been baffled in their efforts to determine the nature of the disease.

Jefferson Davis arrived in Liverpool on the 12th, from New Orleans.

An Heiress Where Least Expected.

SUDDEN PROMOTION OF A SERVANT—FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE PALACE—TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Heiresses found among the servant girls are so plentiful that no well regulated city should be without one. In a majority of cases, however, the pedigree is hinted at so remotely and the incidents handled so gently as to leave doubts of the genuineness of the article. Chicago has been harboring an heiress among her domestics whose claims are not mere conjecture, but a proven reality, and who now on her way to claim her inheritance.

About twenty-one years ago a young Creole, resident of New Orleans, named George Martinez, wooed, won and wedded the daughter of a well known minister of one of the Evangelical Churches. The young couple unless portraits taken at that time do exist, were possessed of much more than an average amount of natural beauty, besides being liberally endowed mentally, and they were welcome members of the elite of New Orleans. Possessed of a liberal share of wealth and a good stock of contempt, they lived happily and prospered in many ways, and the breaking out of the rebellion found them the parents of two children, Louisa, a girl of five, and George, a boy of three, both the children being named after their parents. Mr. Martinez was one of those fiery Spanish Louisianians, who do first and reflect afterward, and when war was declared, scarcely waiting to bid his loved ones good-bye, he joined the Confederate army. Like a large majority of the Confederates, he confidently believed he was going but simply to participate in one brilliant series of victories, and in a few weeks, or months at farthest, would return a victorious warrior, and again clasp his wife and babies in his loving arms. The weeks speedily grew into months, and the months had become long and weary, and the end—the victorious end for which nearly all Southerners still hoped—seemed as far off as ever. In fact, to the young wife and mother it was repelling, and dangers immediately threatening New Orleans, from the advance of the Federal troops, admonished her to seek a safer retreat for herself and babes. In a short time an opportunity was presented of reaching St. Louis, where her father then resided, she had not heard from her husband since his departure, as he was in a branch of the army from which it was very difficult to get communications, and she had doubts that he yet lived, but did not give up all hope until death released her from the trials and tribulations of this world.

Owing to the unsettled condition of affairs in New Orleans, she was barely able to obtain a sufficient sum of money to carry herself and child to her father's house in St. Louis. There for a time she resided, but her father, never having approved of her choice or husband, soon made it anything but a pleasant home for her, and she was compelled to seek shelter elsewhere, and left, making neither effort to conceal him or apprise him of her whereabouts. She went to Wisconsin, and by domestic labor, for which she was ill prepared by training and nature, as her health was very delicate, she managed to support herself and children until after the close of the war, when the angel of death claimed her, and the children were left orphans among strangers. They had given but little to understand that their father was dead, and knew of no relative to whom they could reasonably apply for a home consequently they were placed in an Orphan Asylum, whence they were, however, soon removed, Louisa being taken charge of by a family in Delaware, and George by a kind gentleman in a town near by. When the war closed Mr. Martinez sought his loved ones, but, without avail. Their neighbors in New Orleans only know that they had gone to St. Louis, and Mrs. Martinez's father knew or pretended to know nothing of them. Later the father informed Mr. Martinez that his wife was dead, but professed ignorance as to the fate or whereabouts of the children. At intervals since the war, whenever his business—that of an extensive tobacco dealer in Mobile—would permit, the father had sought for his offspring, and in his travels has been all over the United States, from Boston to New Orleans, and from New York to Omaha, spending many thousand dollars endeavoring to find them.

About two months ago he again started out, with a faint however, as he had been too often disappointed to feel much encouraged. After searching some time, he made another appeal to his clerical father-in-law in St. Louis, and the old gentleman relented and informed him that the children had been placed in an Orphan Asylum in Wisconsin. Thence he proceeded, and by examining the register of this various asylum finally obtained a trace that led him to Delaware, where he learned Louisa had moved to Chicago and was employed as a domestic at a lady who rents furnished rooms on Clark street, within a short distance of the Grand Pacific Hotel. Hastening here, he found the place early yesterday morning, and rapping at the sitting-room door, was confronted by his daughter. The parent's instinct led him to recognize his children at once, and he clasped her to his arms, greatly to her astonishment, as she had no idea who the handsome, elegantly dressed dark gentleman with the unfamiliar accent could be. He explained that he was her father, but was compelled to make other explanations before he could convince her of his fact, but once assured, the poor girl's heart, which had so long been deprived of the loving sympathy of a parent, overflowed, and she wept with joy. Louisa had often remarked to acquaintances that "some day she would get a pile of money or some person would come and take her away," but she could give no reason for her belief, except that the "fate" of "No one paid any attention to her remarks, and she passed in the house for a good-natured girl with a secret history, no one pretending to surmise what that history might be." During all the years she had had the toll for acting she had lived a pure and honorable life, of which fact father took pains to inform himself. Then he told her to make hasty preparations to depart for Mobile, where he is possessed of a beautiful Southern home, a prosperous business, and enough wealth to live in elegance without being troubled with the cares of business, should he relinquish it. The father and daughter left for Wisconsin to get George, last evening, and tonight they will pass through the city en route for Mobile.

REMEDY for Neuralgia.—Prepare horse radish, by grating and mixing in vinegar, the same as for table purposes, and apply to the temple where the face or head is affected ed or the wrist, when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

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