

### Beauties of Radicalism.

If the Radical Convention lately in session in Raleigh is a fair index and representation of the party at present in the State, then we say, God save the State from the further curse of their control.

Yesterday, in the Radical Convention here, Pool, native, and Abbott, carpet-bagger, unmuzzled their dogs in Tucker Hall, as will be seen from the proceedings. Such swearing, howling and confusion was never witnessed out of Pandemonium. It lasted all day and was continued by broken squads throughout the night.

All this grew out of disaffection, revolt and mutiny against Holden and his son-in-law, Louis, the former aspiring to Abbott's nest in the United States Senate, and the latter trying to renew his hold on the Attorney Generalship.

The fight broke out on the attempt at a permanent organization of the Convention. The question was: Who shall be President, Senator Pool or Senator Abbott?—the selection of Pool being a Holden triumph, the selection of Abbott, the guaranteeing to carpet-baggers their present status.

Galloway, colored Presidential elector, and "brains of the party," was anti-Holden, or pro Abbott. Governor Holden, being chairman of the Executive Committee, availed himself of the position to steal a march on the Abbott-Galloway mutineers, and nominated Col. W. J. Clarke for temporary chairman, against which nomination many of the mutineers voted.

Treason, sedition and factious opposition to Holdenism prevailed all the morning. Passion, envy, venom and malice, showed their heads in every corner of the Hall, until, at the reassembling at four o'clock, the Lieutenant Governor, as chairman of the Committee of permanent organization, made their report. Then Bedlam broke loose afresh and the demon of discord and anarchy assumed control of the assemblage.

Even Marshal Carrow, with his portly form elevated on a chair, could not restore order, although he "cussed" and begged and begged and "cussed," it all did no good. A. J. Jones, who bought the cotton of Dr. Sloan, pointed in vain to the motto, "Let us have peace," suspended over the chairman's head.

Col. Clarke, the chairman, who served in the Mexican war, and in the late Confederate army, (and who is now undergoing a severe service than either), was not to be overruled or run over by a negro; so, when Galloway, sometimes called "the brains of his party," but recently dubbed by some of his brother Radis, "big yaller," moved to strike out the name of his friend Mabson, as one of the secretaries, the chair ruled him out of order.

"Big yaller" persisted in his motion, when the chair again called him to order and told him to take his seat.

"Big yaller" being "union," and the chair being "secesh," "big yaller" being right and the chair being wrong, the former would not "down" at the bidding of the latter.

White secesh ordering union negro down, was like the match to the train; it brought up every union negro at once, and a scene ensued; "big yaller" cursing worse than our pious Governor. He said he had the Bible and the Constitution to back him, and a revolver in his pocket, and he'd "be d—d if he didn't mean to have his rights."

He said he was not afraid of Joe Turner nor the Ku Klux, and if Gov. Holden was assassinated he would burn the house of the biggest Conservative in Wilmington, with his whole family.

Sam Morris, a decent colored man from Orange, after repeated attempts, got a chance to suggest to Galloway, that he had "never been to Orange yet."

Great confusion again ensued, and "the brains" went out to cool off, accompanied by Mayor Harrison, who counseled him to moderation. But "big yaller" swore, like the Governor, that New Hanover should "have her rights."

The devils all seemed broke loose again, and the uproar reached its acme. Many became alarmed and left the Hall hurriedly; among them the Governor was seen to take his hat and retreat behind the scenes. In the midst of the confusion, one delegate was heard to cry out, "break up the d—d concern in a row; it was just got up to make Holden Senator and Olds Attorney General!"

James Fontenry was seen in the moving mass, floating round like a cork in an eddy, and crying out, "Let Rameat be heard! Let Rameat be heard! and gentle peace will again wave her balmy wings over the Convention."

Clubs, sticks and pistols were visible, and oaths as deep as those used by the Governor to the Chief Justice, were heard in various parts of the Hall.

James Harris spoke, but his speech, though well worded, seemed to add fuel to the fire.

French spoke his old Wilmington speech modified, defying the natives and putting forth the claims of carpet-baggers. It was sufficiently conciliatory, however, to bring Harris to his bosom.

Here the heat was so intense as to cause Galloway to retire to cool off again.—While he was seated on the steps at Pepper's he was accosted by three colored Holdenites, who upbraided him for his course in the meeting. A debate ensued and a crowd of Holdenites gathered around; Galloway turned to go in, when one of the mob cursed him; he then returned to the door and began to talk loudly.

The Chief of the police came up and commanded silence; Galloway persisted, saying he knew his rights and would talk. The policeman then threatened to take him to the guard house.

Galloway said he was vindicating his honor, but would go when commanded, only he would not be arrested and dragged there.

He was finally arrested and marched off to the guard-house. As he was going a delegate from Wilmington, named Rurk, went up to speak to Galloway, and at the same time a red-shirted negro cried out to Galloway to shoot the police. "Chick" Haywood, colored, one of the most efficient policemen in the city, warned all black and white, to keep off. Rurk approached, as his friends say, to speak to

Galloway, when "Chick" gave him a tap with his "billy" and laid him on the pavement.

We saw and heard the blow, and thought at the time, it ought to have fallen on Pool, Abbott, Heaton, Tourgee, or some other white man of the party, who is active in calling these poor ignorant laborers into Conventions, in order that they may fatten on the spoils of office.—Raleigh Sentinel.

## The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1870.

GEO. WALTER SITES, - - EDITOR.

Any person procuring five new yearly subscribers, will be entitled to a sixth copy.

### 5th CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT!

The Convention to nominate a Conservative candidate for Congress in this District will be held in Greensboro on Thursday the 26th day of May.

The County Executive Committees are requested to report at once, to this Committee, their County and Township organizations, Post Office address of Committees, &c.

Address WILLIAM U. STEINER, Secretary of District Convention, Greensboro, N. C.

A. M. SCALES, M. S. ROBBINS, J. T. MOREHEAD, Jr. Executive Committee.

Wm. U. STEINER, Secretary.

There is a disposition on the part of certain very Conservative gentlemen to take exception to the tolerant and fair-minded course we have seen proper to pursue, and question our fidelity to the interests of our people. It is not for us, at this late day, to make either apologies or excuses for anything it may suit us to say or do. Our political record has not been hidden under a bushel, but for a dozen years past has been like an open book before the eyes of the community so that every one might read who had a mind to do so. In every respect we have done what we thought, at the time, was exactly right. We have not "gone back" upon ourselves, as some sapient gentlemen seem to imagine, but have simply progressed into a better understanding of our political duties; and if, in our onward march, we have left our carping friends in the rear, it is more their fault than ours. The truth of the matter is this—and we shall say it boldly—we have had more trouble than we ever intended to take again, to keep these very gentlemen—who are now so ready to censure us, in the straight path and up to the requirements of duty. They must not expect us to be pulling and hauling at them any longer. We know very well that in less than six months they will have crawled up to the very position which we now occupy, and perhaps, if we keep on progressing as we have done, we may still be considerably in advance of them. Be this as it may, we desire it to be distinctly understood, that we prefer to consult our own brains as to our proper course rather than the brains of gentlemen whose political vision is distinguished by a decided shortsightedness, and who belong to the slow order generally. All they may say of us will not change our convictions one particle, or cause us to deviate one hair's breadth from the path in which we have chosen to tread. Some of these days they will be ashamed of themselves, and will come honey-fugging around us for political countenance and support; then, perhaps, it will be our turn to inquire "who has changed?"

Congress is still tinkering away at the tariff question. The divergence of views between the East and West is marked, and members from both sections are aware that the tariff is a rock upon which the radical ship of state may yet founder. The feeling, however, is less demonstrative than deep, and this renders it the more dangerous.

The Executive Committee of this Congressional District have appointed every citizen who is in favor of retrenchment, reform, and an equitable administration of the laws, a Committee of One, to look after the interests of the Opposition in his own family and its immediate neighborhood, during this campaign. Those who desire to do so, will be permitted to extend their sphere of usefulness as far as they may find it either agreeable or convenient. Now that everybody is a Committee-man, we shall expect everybody to go to work.

R. C. Badger, Esq., of Raleigh, has given in his adhesion to the Republican party. Political suicide seems to be coming into vogue more than ever.

The Greensboro Republican waxeth indignant at the presumption of gentlemen who offer themselves as candidates. It is something that Bro. Welker never did himself—no, never!

Forsyth Superior Court commenced on Monday last, His Honor Judge Cloud upon the bench. The bar made a strong turnout. Among the prominent "limbs of the law" whom we noticed in the throng, were Gens. Scalo, Poindexter, Scott and Leach, Messrs. Morehead, Clement, McCorkle, together with all our resident lawyers.

The State docket was taken up first, but is not through with at the present writing. Most of the cases it contained were of a trivial character, such as larceny, assault and battery, &c. One Ku Klux case was tried on Wednesday, the jury being hung all Wednesday night, with every probability of a verdict of acquittal. The case of Daniel Whitehart, for murder, came up yesterday; we will give its result in our next.

There is a very general attendance of our county people at this Court, attracted as much by the politics floating around, as by anything else.

His Honor, Judge Cloud, appears to give general satisfaction both to the bar and to the people. He tries his best—and what man can do more?—to do even and exact justice to all, and therefore he is appreciated even by his political opponents.

We hear it rumored that the chances of Gen. William M. Scott, of Greensboro, for the Republican Congressional nomination in this District, are increasing. There are prominent Republicans in this county who are enthusiastically in his favor, and we have no doubt that if his name should be brought before this convention, he would give other aspirants a hard tussle.

Billy is a first rate little fellow, a warm friend, a fine lawyer, and an honest man; his sole sin is a hankering after the "dark delights" of radicalism.

The Charlotte Democrat, referring to this Congressional District, says: "A Convention is soon to be held in that District to nominate a Conservative candidate, and it is said that the chances are decidedly in favor of Lewis Hanes, a conservative indeed and in truth, and a man who acts from principle and not impulse, excitement or prejudice."

It would be very gratifying to us were we certain that the chances are in favor of Mr. Hanes. Some of the gentlemen who have been managing affairs in this District seem to have an idea that nothing in the world will do but our friend Caldwell. Ours own objections to that gentleman have been already urged, and we have nothing to add to them further than that nothing has transpired to change our views. Mr. Caldwell as their standard-bearer, course the Opposition forces will gallant fight, but we do not think we will go into the contest with them, if they were removed, or as if we had a candidate against whom no such objection could be urged.

It is our hope that before making any nomination, the Convention will calmly and wisely deliberate over the claims of the several gentlemen who have been spoken of in connection with the Congressional canvass. Now that our old friend, Gen. Leach, has put on his war-paint and unsung his war-club, and as Col. Henderson is making a strong fight for a nomination by his friends, the fun promises to be "fast and furious." How it will all end, we cannot presume to say; but we are quite certain of one thing, and that is, unless the anti-radical Convention at Greensboro is particularly cautious; it will fall into serious blunders, and a blunder at this time would be very damaging to our hopes of success.

The Northern journals are howling in concert over the income tax, and demand its immediate abolition. We hope Congress will not abolish it. None but those who are in affluent circumstances, and fully able to pay it, are affected by it. It is about the only tax that fairly hits the bondholder, who, every six months, rakes in his gold interest for the shippers. Let the income tax be, for it is the least iniquitous of all the taxes imposed by Congress upon the country. If the Northern journals are sincere in their expressed desire that relief be accorded to the people, let them advocate the removal of taxes which directly affect the humble classes of the community, who are least able to pay them. These are the men who need to be relieved first—the farmer, the artisan, the tradesman and the laborer. Until they are relieved, the bondholder ought to take a back seat and keep his mouth shut.

The author of Lacon says: "Mystery magnifies danger as a fog the sun; the hand that warned Belshazzar derived its horrifying influence from the want of a body." That is true; and it is, in great part, on account of the mystery in which their movements are involved, that the secret societies of the present day exert their influence over the minds of those who are without their pale. In sober reality, these societies are less dangerous than they are imagined, but their actual weakness renders them none the less irritating and objectionable.

Maj. A. C. Avery has been recommended for Congress by the Conservatives of McDowell county.

Aspirants. Mayor.—Well neighbor, what's your opinion of this gentleman that is come to town, Don Quixote, as he calls himself? Voter.—Ecod! it rains in my head that he comes to run for parliament-man. Fiddler's Chronicle.

On Monday last some of the larger political guns of this Congressional District reached Winston all cooked and primed, and on the next day, as a matter of course, there was a general fusillade. The people evidently expected to hear a loud noise and smell a little harmless sulphur, as they were out in very respectable strength.

Col. W. F. Henderson, the true, the wise and the valiant, his patriotic heart pregnant with great thoughts, and his no less patriotic bowels bursting with compassion for the people he loves so well, led off in the display, in that modest and refined manner for which he is so justly celebrated. He announced his intention to accept a nomination for Congress if tendered him by his Republican friends, though it wrung his soul with grief to be compelled to do so. Then suddenly expanding the pinions of his imagination, he flew over everything terrestrial, and flitted his tail over every spot of the known globe, out of which he could extract a metaphor, a simile or a crumb of comfort for the Republican party, and its worthy representative, Col. Henderson. His feelings soon overcame him, his wings became weary, and he finally fluttered back to the perch whence he had flown.

Gen. James M. Leach, the "big Injin" of this section, next arose at the call of his friends, and uttered a war-shout at which the unsophisticated trembled. In a characteristic speech of about one hour, he announced himself as an independent candidate for Congress, relying solely on the good sense of the people for his success, and soliciting the suffrages of all who thought he could serve them, as he had always done, with fidelity. He pitched into cliques and Conventions, and painted them in indubitably dark colors; said the want of the country was a little more moderation in all parties, and declared himself a moderate middle man, par excellence. He then turned suddenly upon Col. Henderson, scalped him in about ten seconds, crammed the scalp metaphorically into his belt, shook aloft his blood-dripping scalping knife, and sat down amidst a storm of applause.

The address of Gen. Leach was received with marked satisfaction by the large audience, from beginning to end, and it was easy to perceive that he had a strong hold upon the esteem of the people.

After dark, Maj. W. M. Robbins, took conservative ground, and Gen. Leach entertained a large audience in the Court-House. His voice was for retrenchment and reform, and for toleration and conciliation in all our political differences. Upon the whole we cannot exactly see wherein Gen. Leach and Maj. Robbins differ.

The Winston Brass Band enlivened the evening with fine music, and everything passed off good-humoredly, as was proper.

The following communication from D. F. Caldwell, Esq., was received a few days since, and we cheerfully give it a place in our columns. Mr. C. does us no more than justice in supposing that we "unintentionally" stated his position in the manner we did. Not that we misapprehended it at all, but we were simply negligent as editors are sometimes apt to be. We do not think the difference amounts to a great deal, but we will put it this way—Mr. Caldwell positively asserts that he will be a candidate provided his friends in the Convention tender him the nomination, and that is a thing which we feel quite sure, they are going to make a strong effort to do.

GREENSBORO, N. C., May 14, 1870. Mr. Editor:—I notice in your issue of yesterday an editorial, in which, unintentionally, no doubt, you do me serious injustice in saying that I have "positively" declared myself a candidate for Congress. For the complimentary portion of your article, please accept my acknowledgments, but if you read my card more closely, you will see that you have greatly misapprehended me. That I, on the contrary, asserted distinctly that I had never been a candidate on my own motion, but at the same time declined to say that my name should not go before the Convention. It is a matter I leave entirely with that body. I desire only the good of my country, and if that body should see fit to nominate me, under the impression that I am calculated to promote it, I shall esteem it a sacred duty, to devote my best energies and talents to her welfare. At the same time I do not ask the place, but shall cheerfully and contentedly abide the action of the Convention—acquiesce in its decision and cordially support its choice.

Very Respectfully, and Truly Yours, D. F. CALDWELL.

The Standard is raising its voice against the Klux outrages in Caswell. Very little credence is to be placed in the reports of tales of midnight whippings with which we are regaled by the radical press; they are something like the ghost stories which nurses tell to children in order to frighten them into quietness—very little fact and a great deal of fiction. We repudiate the imputation against the people of Caswell. That county borders on Virginia, and we do hope those restless and filibustering Virginians will keep away from Caswell—stay on their own side of the line—also they will get Caswell into trouble.

The Asheville Pioneer, which is uncompromisingly radical, looks sadly around upon its demoralized forces, and moaneth: "As far as our Legislature is concerned, we have not had the best of rulers." Thank you, Dowell, you are improving in grace, and begin to feel that "an honest confession is good for the soul."

"Did we all do our duty, the Government of this State would reflect credit on every citizen in it—would cost less, and would in due time, by the judicious development of our resources, bring more of wealth and prosperity to all. We can lay down a single rule, which, if observed, would secure us all that any system of Government can accomplish: Select honest and competent men."—Asheville Pioneer.

A most excellent rule, and one calculated to do all that is claimed for it, "if observed," but the trouble is that you have not observed it. You had the chance once to "select honest and capable men," but you failed to improve it. Your intentions might have been excellent, in their way, but your performances are open to most unfavorable criticism. It is too late now to hoodwink the people of this State again into the support of your measures, by any such pretty talk, especially while they are groaning in body and spirit under the burdens and exactions which your non-observance of the rule hitherto has imposed upon them. You have been judged, not so much by your professions, as by your practices, and the popular verdict is by no means flattering to your prospects.

The recent Republican State Convention, if it was not quite as harmonious as its friends desired, managed to make a good nomination for Attorney General. Hon. Samuel F. Phillips, of Raleigh, is an honest and capable man, and it will be no easy task to defeat him. His greatest sin, in our eyes, is that he straddled the fence up to the very day of his nomination, and then went it blind. It looks much as if he was seduced into Republicanism by the offer of position. However, he is now fairly before the people, and if the Opposition expect to beat him, they will have to be very careful wise they select to do it with.

The agent of the associated Press telegraphed to all parts of the country that the proceedings of the Republican Convention in Raleigh were "very disorderly and tumultuous," whereupon the Standard lectured the aforesaid agent, and tells him, in plain words, "to go to the devil." The Standard should not let its angry passions rise to such an extent as that, else we shall doubt its piety.

Our exchanges from all parts of the State are barren of news. Of course this makes them a little dull, but the indications are that we have lively times ahead.

The delegates from Stanley county to the Republican Convention of this District, have been instructed to cast their votes for Col. W. F. Henderson for Congress.

The Charlotte Democrat alludes to the seizure of the large steam distillery at that place, and says: "We do not know of our own knowledge, the cause of the seizure, but it is said that it was in consequence of some informality of proceeding, and not for wilful violation of the law. We are informed that this distillery, within the past year, has paid forty or fifty thousand dollars tax to the Government."

Wendell Phillips, it is said, is becoming more and more rheumatic as he grows older. We think it probable he is becoming more and more ism-atic.

### MAGAZINE NOTICES.

PURFAX for June opens with a clever sketch of travel "down the Danube," followed by "Birds of the North" conclusion of "The Tale of a Comet." "Shall we have a more readable Bible." These articles are creditable to their various authors, and evince a thorough good taste throughout. G. F. Putnam & Sons, New York. \$4 per annum.

Gony for June calls forth the usual congratulations among its friends, who are highly delighted with its engravings and literary matter. It is just the thing for the season.

The June number of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE is as fresh and beautiful as a bouquet of newly plucked June roses. The profuse display of artistic engravings, elegant Summer Fashions, and other entertaining features, is perfectly bewildering. We do not wonder that the ladies are so partial to Demorest's Monthly, and call it a model magazine. Demorest promises extraordinary inducements in the way of premiums, among which is a Grover & Baker Sewing-Machine for only twenty subscribers. Address "Demorest's Monthly," 838 Broadway, New York.

DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA for June, just received, furnishes a grand entertainment for the juveniles. The beautiful engravings, stories, puzzles, games, and "Talks to his Readers," together with a beautiful chromo picture of "Audubon's Birds of America," are among the numerous attractions of this elegant juvenile monthly. Extraordinary premiums are promised for the coming year. Address W. Jennings Demorest, 838 Broadway, New York.

There is a paper away out West whose editor is not at all inclined to submit to the inevitable, and who is in a dyspeptic state generally. He grows pathetic over the misfortunes of the country, and asks "When will the spirits of Tell and Winkelried rise like a Phoenix from the ashes of our liberties, and swear on their blades, if necessary, that America shall be a white man's country?" We should like to witness "the spirits of Tell and Winkelried" rising from the ashes of our liberties, for it would be a curious spectacle seldom vouchsafed to mortal eyes. It would shake our incredulity regarding ghosts and such like, and, then, too, it would give us such a stunning chance to write a sensation description of the remarkable event. When we reach that part where they "swear on their blades" we might make it highly dramatic, to say nothing of the pathos, patriotism and fervor that we might throw in. We don't know the name of that editor, but I think it must be something like J. Ackass, Eng.

Lord Derby says that the American system of diplomacy is defective, for the reason that it employs men whose public qualifications are "accidental, not professional."—Exchange.

Lord Derby may be an astute statesman and accomplished diplomat, for aught we know to the contrary, but it is evident that he does not understand the American system. Perhaps if the English system had been modified upon the more liberal and simple plan of our own, it might have saved that government from many of its difficulties. It is true that our system has its defects—what system has not?—but it is not defective for the reason alleged by Lord Derby. The following words of Coleridge, spoken years ago without the slightest reference to the American people, are a full justification of our diplomatic practice, and a sufficient reply to his aristocratic countryman: "The sure way to make a foolish ambassador is to bring him up to it. What can an English minister abroad really want but an honest and bold heart, a love for his country and the ten commandments?" Washington Irving, who was at one time Secretary of Legation at London, and afterwards Minister to Spain, expressed very much the same opinion.

The name of Mr. W. H. Bailey having been used by the Salisbury Examiner, and he having been spoken of as a "prospective candidate for the House of Representatives," from Rowan county, publishes a card in which he says: "Seeing a disposition to 'show under' LIBERAL men and run extremists, I withdraw my name from the consideration of the County Convention."

### GENERAL NEWS.

The New Internal Revenue bill was reported in Congress on Monday last. It takes the tax off nearly everything except fermented liquors, distilled spirits, tobacco, cigars, stamps and incomes. The tax on sales, except as to liquor dealers, is abolished; also, the tax on legacies and successions, the gross receipts from railroad corporations, &c. The tax on receipts of theatres and lotteries is retained. The income tax is fixed at five per cent, with an exception of fifteen hundred dollars; but all the inquisitorial features of the tax are abolished. The tax on gas, pianos, carriages, watches, &c., is done away with. A tax of three per cent per annum is levied on all public messages deposited in banks. The amount reduced is about three hundred and thirty-nine millions of dollars.

On the consideration of the Legislative appropriation bill the Senate, by a vote of 41 to 15, passed the amendment providing for the erection of a new building for the State Department. This is considered a decisive blow against the plan of removing the Capitol from Washington.

Messrs. Scott, Williams & Co., of Columbia, S. C., offer six thousand dollars for the recovery of the currency, gold and bank bills stolen from their bank on the night of Saturday, the 16th ult., or ten per cent upon the value of any portion thereof, and one thousand dollars for evidence to convict the thieves.

The Army bill, as it passed the Senate, costs some two hundred and fifty officers from drawing two salaries. Mr. Morton said during the debate that it was a blow at the Administration.

The city of Paris has been very much disturbed since the vote was taken endorsing the Emperor Napoleon, and confirming his dynasty upon the throne. Efforts were made by the agitators to get up revolts in various parts of the capital, but they were quietly crushed by the iron hand of the government. It is almost time that the *ars civica* of Paris had found out the vast difference existing between a Bonaparte and a Bourbon.

A terrible collision occurred on the Missouri Pacific Railroad on the 12th inst., by which nineteen persons were killed, and some twenty-five wounded. Among the killed we find the names of Milan Holt and Thomas Perrett, of Chatham county, N. C.

The citizens of New York held a large and enthusiastic meeting on the evening of the 12th inst. in favor of the annexation of San Domingo. Speeches were made by a number of prominent gentlemen, among whom were Gen. N. P. Banks, Hon. Thomas Fitch, and Judge Fishkin. Hurrah for the "moolatter" island!

### LOST.

In Salem, on the 16th inst., a small BOOK-SHAPED GOLDEN LOCKET, containing a likeness. The finder will be handsomely rewarded by leaving it with Mr. E. A. VOGLER, May 20, 1870.