

Mr. Eaton did not see how any loyal man could object to the section as it stood. It was substantially the same as the provision contained in the Constitution of the United States upon the same subject. The language is almost identical.

The amendment was rejected. Mr. Buxton moved to amend Sec. 24 by inserting after the word "Treasurer" the word "Comptroller." Not agreed to.

On motion of Mr. Phillips, this section was further amended by striking out the words "and Council of State."

On motion of Mr. Ferebee, Sec. 19 was amended by striking out the words "before the meeting of the General Assembly," and inserting the words "when ever the General Assembly is not in session." This section was further amended, on motion of Mr. Eaton, by inserting the words "of election" after the word "writ."

On motion of Mr. Furches, Sec. 2 of article III was amended by striking out the words "or above" and inserting the words "of at least."

Mr. Logan moved to amend the same section by striking out the words "five years" and inserting the words "ten years immediately preceding his election." Not agreed to; yeas 33, nays 62.

Mr. Logan moved to strike out, in the same section, the word "five" and insert "ten." Not agreed to.

Mr. Moore, of Wake, offered a substitute for article IV, except sections 3 and 4, of the Constitution, as reported by the committee to revise the Constitution. (This amendment was ordered to be printed and referred to the committee on revision of the Constitution.)

Article IV in relation to the Judicial Department was then passed over informally for the present.

On motion of Mr. Moore, of Wake, section 1st of article V was amended by striking out after the words "Almighty God" the word "or" and inserting the word "and" in its stead.

The Convention adjourned until 10 o'clock to-morrow.

[The Reporter, in giving the names of the committee appointed on Mr. McDonald's resolutions, was mistaken as to one of its members. Mr. Winston is not a member of the committee. For Mr. Winston the report should have said Mr. Thompson.]

#### So Say We.

The Charlotte Democrat says "some member of the State Convention has introduced an Ordinance creating the office of Lieutenant Governor in this State, and we regret to see that the Raleigh Sentinel is advocating its adoption. As the office of Lt. Governor will demand an additional expenditure of public money, it may justly be termed a proposition to increase taxes. The Sentinel argues that the additional expense will be but very little, and therefore the office ought to be created. "Little additional" expenses added on now and then is the cause of present high taxes, and we think it time to stop adding on another dollar.

Instead of creating new offices, the Convention (if it has any regard for the present condition of our people) will abolish some of those now in existence—for instance, that of State Geologist and Adjutant General, and also repeal the law or resolution of the late Legislature appropriating seven thousand dollars a year, for four years, to the N. C. University.

Let the people resolve to vote for no man hereafter who advocates the creation of new offices or giving away of the public money.—And let them pledge the candidates this summer that they will vote for a repeal of the appropriation to the College at Chapel Hill, as well as oppose an increase of salaries of offices.

The people have the power, and let them demand that the State, County and Town Governments shall be administered economically so as to reduce taxation."

SALEM FEMALE ACADEMY closed its session, on Wednesday evening last, with a grand Musical Entertainment.

During the session, just closed, the number of pupils were 244, from the following States: North Carolina 116, Georgia 28; Virginia 13; Tennessee 12; Mississippi 10; South Carolina 9; Alabama 9; Arkansas 3; Texas 1; Salem, N. C. 43.—244.

In this connection, we would express the deep regret of this community, that the Rev. Robert DeSchwainitz has vacated the Presidency of Salem Female Academy, having received and accepted an appointment to take charge of an institution of learning at Nazareth, Pennsylvania. He carries with him the best wishes of our citizens for his future prosperity and happiness.

Rev. Mr. Grubert, the newly appointed President, is about to take charge of the responsible duties of his predecessor. He is a gentleman well qualified for the position, having also had much experience in the educational line, is a ripe scholar, and will, no doubt, sustain the popularity of the old Institution. For the past nine years he has ably filled the office of Assistant Principal.—People's Press.

## WESTERN SENTINEL.

WINSTON, N. C.

FRIDAY JUNE 8, 1866.

### \$100,000 BANK BILLS ALSO \$10,000 IN SPECIE, WANTED AT THIS OFFICE.

For Cape Fear Bills 25 cts. on the dollar will be paid

Having been called from home this week, it has been impossible for us to give our usual amount of editorial variety, but in its stead, we have inserted the letter of "Bill Arp" so-called before the "destruction" committee at Washington, which, we think, will compensate our readers very well for any editorial omission.

In addition to the above an accident happened to our roller, which rendered it impossible for us to go to press at the usual time. This also accounts for the bad printing on the outside this week.

### Bill Arp is Called Before the Reconstruction Committee.

(SUPPRESSED TESTIMONY.)

To the Editor of the Metropolitan Record:

Mr. Editor: Murder will out, and so will evidence. Having seen Dan Rice's testimony before the Destruction Committee, I have felt sorter slighted because no mention aint been made of mine I suppose it has been suppressed, but I am not to be hid out in obscurity. Our country is the special jury, and by and by this business will go up before it on appeal. The record must go up fair and complete, and therefore I'll take occasion to make public what I swore to, I said a good deal more than I can put down Mr. Editor, and at times my language was considered impudent, but they thought that was all the better for their side, for it illustrated the rebellious spirit—I heard one of 'em say: "Let him go on—the ruling passion strong in death. He's good States evidence."

When I was put on the stand old Boutwell swore me most fiercely and solemnly to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and I observed that he was then entertaining about a quart of double rectified, and it looked like it had soured on his stomach. Old Blow was settin off on one side with a memorandum book, gettin ready to note down some "garbled extracts."

Old Iron Works was Chairman, and when he nodded his Republican head, old Boutwell says he: "Your name is Arp, I believe, sir?"

"So called," says I. "You reside in the State of Georgia, do you?" "I can't say exactly," says I. "I live in Rome, right in the fork of two Injun rivers."

"In the State of Georgia," says he fiercely. "In a state of uncertainty about that," says I.—"We don't know whether Georgia is a State or not, I would like for you to state yourself, if you know. The state of the country requires that this matter should be settled, and I will proceed to state."

"Never mind, sir," says he. "How old are you, Mr. Arp?"

"That depends on circumstances," says I. "I don't know whether to count the last five years or not. Durin the war your folks said that a State couldn't secede, but that while she was in a state of rebellion she ceased to exist. Now you say we got out and we shan't get back again until 1870. A man's age has got something to do with his rights, and if we are not to vote, I don't think we ought to count the time. That's about as near as I can come to my age sir."

"Well, sir," says he, "are you familiar with the political sentiments of the citizens of your State?" "Got no citizens yet sir that we know of. I will thank you to speak of us as people."

"Well, sir," says he, "I'll humor your obstinacy. Are the people of your State—"

"Don't speak of it as a State sir, if you please I'm on oath now, and you must excuse me for being particular." Call it a section.

"Mr. Arp, are the people of your section sufficiently humbled and repentant to come back into the Union on such terms as we may think proper to impose?"

"Not much they aint," says I. "I don't think they are prepared for it yet. They wouldn't voluntarily go to blind against your hand. They say the deal wasn't fair and you've marked the cards and stole the trumps, but at the same time they don't care a darn what you do. They've become indifferent and don't care nothin about your Gny Fawkes business. I mean no respect to you, gentlemen, but I was sworn to tell the whole truth. Fur people aint a nosein you only out of curiosity. They don't expect anything decent, or honorable, or noble from you, and they've gone to work diggin and plowin and plantin and raisin boy children."

Right here the man with a memorandum scratched down a garbled extract, and old Boutwell says:

he: "What do you mean by that, sir? What inference do you intend?"

"I'm statin facts," says I. "You must draw your own inferences. They are raisin boy children.—Any harm about that? Any treason? Can't a man raise boy children? Perhaps you'd like to amend the Constitution and stop it. Old Pharaoh tried to stop it among the Israelites, but it didn't pay. He finally caught the drosy in the Red Sea. We are raisin boy children for the fun of it. They are a good thing to have in the house, as Mrs. Toodles would say."

"Mr. Arp are not the feelings of your people very bitter towards the North?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you'll have to split the question, or else I'll have to split the answer. Our people have a very high regard for honorable men, brave men, noble hearted men, and there's a heap of 'em North, sir, and there's a heap of widows and orphans there we are sorry for; but as for this here Radical party, they look upon 'em like they was byenas a scrubbin up the dead for a livin. It's as natural to hate 'em as it is to kill a snake. It's utterly impossible for me to tell the strength and length and height and breadth of their contempt for that party. They look upon a Radical as—as—as well as a beggar on horseback,—a buzzard sailin round a dead eagle—a suck egg dog creepin up to the tail of a dead iron. They talk about birn Brownlow to abuse 'em, to use language on 'em, like he did a few years ago when he spoke against Pryue. If they do birn Brownlow he'll spatter 'em, he'll daub 'em all over, and slime 'em and slobber on 'em about right, and it will stick, for the pores are open and their morals spongy.—I'd like to stand off about ten rods and bear him spread himself. It would be worse than a squirt-gun full of cow slop, and I have no doubt would give general satisfaction."

"That's sufficient, sir," says old Boutwell. "Et it was in their power to do so, would your people renew the fight?"

"Not unless they could fight the Radicals all alone, and all the world agree to hands off. Even then there wouldn't be no fight, for we couldn't catch 'em."

"What do your people say upon the subject of negro equality?"

"They say it is a lie, sir—it dont exist by nature and never can in practice. Folks were not created free and equal. That may be a theoretical truth, but it's always been a practical lie. There's grades of society everywhere. There's men I give the sidewalk to, and there is men that gives it to me. There is men that I vote, and men that vote me, and the grades go up, up, up, step by step, from my sort to Mr. Davis and Mr. Stephens, and General Lee, and Howell Cobb, and Ben. Hill, and their sort; for they are the highest in the nation; and then again it goes from me down, down, down to the niggers, and the Republicans and the Radicals, and that's as low as they run. There aint no equality, and you cant make one. We'll vote the niggers certain. I'll vote Tip, and Tip's a head center. He'll vote about forty, and the first thing you know we'll elect seven big, black, greasy niggers to Congress. We'll do it certain—seven of 'em 18 carats strong, with African musk. The other rebel States will do the same thing, and you'll have about fifty of 'em to draw seats with, and you can all stick your legs upon your desks together, and swap lies and vermin, and be shampooed at the same shop, and the fair sexes can set together in the galleries and mix odours, and tan their scent about promiscuous. We'll give you a full benefit of your Civil Rights bill, see if we dont. You go on—play your cards. We are bidin out time. We are payin your taxes and your duties and back rations for 1864, and licenses, and your infernal revenue, and obeyin your laws without havin any hand in makin 'em, and we are cut off from penions, and public lands; and you sold a poor man's still in my county the other day because he couldn't pay your tax on some peach brandy he stilled for his neighbors two years ago; and soon you'll be sellin the land for the land tax, and you are tryin your best to play the devil generally; but you'll catch it in the long run. See if you dont. Talk about Fenians, when the good men of the North and the South all get together, they will walk over the track so fast that you wont have time to get out of the way. You'll subside into obscurity, and your children will deny that their daddies ever belonged to such a party. Excuse me, gentlemen, but I am a little excited. Five cents a pound on cotton will excite anybody that makes it. Tax on industry—on sweat and toil. Protection tariffs for Pennsylvania and five cents a pound tax on Southern cotton—half its average worth—and your folks will manage some way or other to steal the other half. My advice to you is to quit this foolishness and begin to travel the only road to peace."

Old Blow couldn't keep up with his garbled extracts.

What makes the President so popular at the South?

Contrast, sir—contrast. The more he aint like your party, the more popular he is. He would treat us about right, I reckon, if you would let him alone, but you bedevil him so, that sometimes he

dont understand himself. I dont think he know for a while whether his Peace Proclamation restored the writ of habeas corpus or not. But do you go on and impeach him, and that will bring matters to a focus. I'll bet you'd be in Fort Delaware in a week, and the Southern members be here in their seats, and they'll look around at the political wreck and ruin and plunder and stealage that's been goin on, and they might exclaim, in the language of the poet,

Who's pin here since I sh pin gone?

Mr. Arp, suppose we should have a war with England or France, what would the rebels do?

They'd follow Gen. Lee, and Gen. Johnson, and Longstreet, and Bragg and old Bory. My opinion is, that Gen. Lee would head the Union army, and Gen. Grant would be his chief of staff, and General Buell would rank mighty high, and—

What would you do with General Sherman?

Sorry you mentioned him. We'd have to hire him, I reckon, as a camp fiddler, and make him sing *Hail Columbia* by fire light, as a warnin to the boys how mean it is to burn cities and towns and make war upon defenceless women and children. No, sir, our boys wouldnt fight under no such.

At this time the man with the memorandum put down some more garbled extracts.

Do you think, Mr. Arp, that if the South should ever hold the balance of power, they would demand pay for their negroes?

I cant say, sir. But I dont think the South has lost anything that way. We got their labor before the war for their vittels and clothes and doctors bills, and we get it now for about the same. Its all settled down that way, and your Bureau couldn't help it. The only difference is in the distribution. Some of us dont own as many as we used to, but everybody has got a nigger or two now, and they'll all vote 'em or turn 'em off. A nigger that wouldnt vote as I told him, shouldnt black my boots.

At this time the Committee looked at one another, seemin to be bothered and astonished. Garbled extracts were put down with a vim.

Mr. Boutwell says he, Mr. Chairman, I think, sir, we are about through with the witness. I think, sir, his testimony settles the question as to what we ought to do with Southern traitors.

The chairman give me a Republican nod and remarked, Yes, sir, I think we do. The scoundrels burnt my iron works.

Whereupon I retired, having given general satisfaction. Yours truly,

BILL ARP.

#### The Fenian Excitement.

It is a pretty hard matter to get at the true status of Fenian invasion of Canada, which is now being attempted. The Fenians, as our readers are aware, is an association whose ultimate and only object is avowed to be the liberation of Ireland from the control of the English government, and the placing of the people of that island under a government of their own selection. This being their purpose, it must strike every intelligent person as the height of folly in the brotherhood, to commence their operations over in this country, and against the provinces of Canada, which are, without doubt, as loyal to the British crown, as any people over whom the British sceptre is sway-ed. They will find fewer sympathizers and less encouragement in Canada, should they be able to hold their ground any length of time, (which is very doubtful) than almost anywhere else. The whole affair looks to us more like the wicked machinations of evil disposed persons, who seek to involve the English government in trouble with this country, and if possible to bring on another war, than any feasible attempt to free Ireland from her present rulers. The Fenians may succeed in some instances and create a great amount of excitement for a while, but the whole bubble will explode ere a great while and bring the brotherhood to grief, and to their proper senses too.

We annex an extract or two of the latest news we have concerning this extraordinary movement:

The long-threatened invasion of Canada by the Fenians has begun.

The Fenians, under cover of night, crossed from Buffalo, N. Y. at the head of Niagara river, into Canada at 1/2 past two in the morning June 1st.

New York, June 2.—Intelligence respecting the Fenians is conflicting. There are reports that they are at Fort Erie and dispersing; others that Niagara river was filled last night with small boats, carrying reinforcements. A Buffalo dispatch says, fifteen hundred British regulars have arrived at the Suspension bridge aiming to capture the Fenians, who had vacated their encampment.

The U. S. gunboat Michigan is patrolling the river, with orders to sink everything attempting to cross.

Sweeney was here yesterday, but has probably left for the scene of action.

Gov. Fenton, of New York, it is said, will issue a proclamation to-day, warning our citizens not to countenance the invaders; and twelve regiments of militia will be sent to the border.

Twelve hundred Fenians have left here for Canada.

Fort Erie is a village of 200 inhabitants opposite Black Rock, and is entirely unprotected.