THE SENTINEL.

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1869

CHIEF JUSTICE PEARSON TO GOVERNOR HOLDEN.

"I am sorry, Governor, that the Court has ordered one of your officers to jail for contempt."

Governor Holden: "Court or no Court, Chief Justice or no Chief Justice, d——n me, Sir, if my officers go to jail until you go over the dead bodies of my militia."

Governor Holden as he is hurrying to the mob on Market Square, followed by a posse, meets a Minister of the Gospel, and without the least provocation raises a big black stick, and cries out with the voice of a white-livered coward, "Who are you, Sir?"

SECOND ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE.

Has the Governor issued the pardon in advance, spoken of by Gen. Estes, for our assassination? Estes said, if Joe Turner were shot in the back, a pardon could be obtained for the assassin; or he might, perhaps, have it in his pocket before committing the crime. On Wednesday, the 24th day of March, a bold attempt was made to assassinate us in broad day light. On last night a second effort was made to shoot us, where Estes said, in the "back." At 12 o'clock, last night, we were fired upon from our room window. The window is only four feet from the ground. The ball penetrated the blinds and glass, and then into the bed. We sat by but lamp only ten feet from the window. The assassin got our range by looking through a narrow crevice in the blinds. The muzzle of the rifle or pistol was placed against the slats of the window, just above the crack, and fired. The ball, from the hole in the window, appears to have been of good size and well aimed, and by coming in contact with the blind seems to have been diverted from its course, and we live to tell about it this morning. We tell the carpet-bag ruffians their poniards have no terrors for us. We shall continue to expose their baseness, venality and corruption. You are mistaken in supposing your victory is complete, and that your system of calumny against the good, and your purchase of the venal and the base, among the natives, can long hold the State in the galling chains of party despotism, which, with the aid of the negro and the sword, you have, for a time, fastened upon us. We tell you carpet baggers, your presence, after your march with "Sherman to the sea," which can be traced by lone chimneys and smouldering ruins, is, itself, an insult to the brave people of the State. Those of you who come, with good intent, to cultivate the soil and cicatrize the wounds of a four years war, shall be well received, but those who come to cultivate the political field with the African hand and ballot shall not be welcomed, except by the cowardly and the base.

We match our pen against your poniards; we put the virtue, intelligence, and irreputability of the people against your bribes, largesses and gold. In such a contest we may perish, but he never dies who falls in such a fight. We have had enough of the furies of your fanaticism and vengeance, pillages and incendiarism, to be exempt from the furies of your cowardly assassinations. Carpet baggers, Holden men, and renegade secessionists, will learn, ere long, that there is some virtue, courage and self-respect left among the people of the State, despite the calumnies with which you have sought to degrade, and disgrace them. You will feel the force of their indignation as we feel the force of your poniards and bullets.

"WHY DID YOU SHOOT AT THE TREE."

The *Standard* seems much exercised about our "target shooting," as he is pleased to call it, and asks "Why did we shoot at the tree," &c. We have only to say, we never shot a pistol but few times in our life. We are not familiar with that sort of weapon. When we heard, in Smithfield, that Joe Holden and a mob would attack us at the Depot, we walked to the Smithfield bridge, and fired at a post of the bridge, and, although it was a foot and a ball wide, we came near missing it.

The two pistols which we had when Joe Holden, Cabe Harris, Farris, the Keeper of the Capitol, Bozier, the Governor's Militia Captain of the Alamance expedition, young Jenkins, son of the Treasurer, Davis, Senator from Montgomery, B. F. Menninger, brother of the Secretary of State, and Lieut. Pike, all stood halted, until the police interfered, would not fire when we tried them at a tree. Every few days we take a fire at a target; not that we want to kill a Northern man, for Kilpatrick's Adjutant-General says, "if we do, we will be a corpse in five minutes, with 50 bullet holes in our body." Nor do we want to kill a native, but were Governor Holden, Cabe Harris, Dave Jenkins & Co., to come, or to send out their secret League forces to assail us, we wish to be able to make a good defence. Our last defence was made with pistols that would not fire.

If the last advanced with his red stick he would have had the victory, and Lieut. Pike would not have left, as he says he did, feeling like a "d——d fool."

Pike, by-the-by, is the only man who does not appear to be proud of the feat in Davie Street. He has confessed to more than one that it was a discreditable affair.

General Estes and Governor Holden are the only men who approve of it. The two make a sweet couple. Holden published, in 1861, asking "Who would plot for the head of Abe Lincoln?" Estes says, "the man who will shoot us, even in the back, can be pardoned or, it may be, have his pardon in his pocket when he commits the act."

Because of these things "we trust in the Lord, as to our proud glory," and practice a noble forgiveness.

WHAT NORTH CAROLINA WANTS.

It is a matter for serious regret that so many of our best citizens are leaving our borders. We need the services of every good man to help to fill the wasted homes of our people. If the victims and the would-be "there" could but dry their eyes, but the departure to distant States of so many of our best citizens is to be deeply deplored. Many of the most valuable men with whom we are acquainte have gone here to seek their fortunes in other States among strangers. We wish them abounding prosperity, but can but regret that they felt it necessary to leave their kith and kin and their native adopted State, for a far off home in a strange land. The writer of this has travelled through many of the Southern and Southwestern States, and after the best opportunities of which he is cognizant gives it as his opinion, that those who remain in North Carolina are better off than those who leave. For himself he could desire that to get after pretty much the same habits, principles and modes of living of his own people to those of the States referred to above. He would rather be in North Carolina in her days of widowhood, when by travel, and matches, and lucifers, staring to her penury and eating her substance with daily and nightly toil, than to dwell in affluence and courage and make strange alliances and among strange faces, although nice, and comfort and luxuries were to be the accompaniments. Let our people remain where they are, put forth in frugal, industrious and virtuous, and God's blessing will rest upon and abide with them, and the ruin and neglected lands of our own Carolina will yet be green with the rustle waving harvests, and our hills and valleys will yet echo the merry songs of a free, happy and contented people.

North Carolina, to be a great State very many needs only a few things. We will mention them briefly.

1. She needs labor. We have not enough of this class of men to do well the work that is absolutely necessary. The immigration now on foot, and which has been partially carried out, is more in the right direction. We learn that at the Guilford meeting on Friday last, a good many of Swiss immigrants would have been taken readily if they had been present. These kind of immigrants seem to be highly desirable, and we hope that thousands will be induced to come into our State before the year closes. There is a vast field to cultivate. Our mines and factories too are to be worked, and we need operatives of the better class—thrifty, economical, industrious men and women who are enured to labor and who have judgment and energy.

2. We need capital. We are a very poor people. Every observing man sees this, and every enterprising man looks it. If the rich men of the North would send down their countless millions and invest in our mines and lands, and thereby contribute largely, inside the speedy development of our great resources, they would not only add to their own fortunes, but would contribute greatly towards the recuperation of a despoiled and impoverished people.

3. We need a greater variety of crops. Our people have hitherto confined themselves too exclusively to the culture of the cereals, and the great staples, tobacco and cotton. They have neglected to a large extent the cultivation of the vine, and the orchard and the truck farm, and the raising of stock. A reform, a change is here needed. We have a soil and climate every way propitious. The culture of the grape, especially, invites the attention of all. The best grapes in the land are indigenous to our soil. The far-famed Catawba, and the Isabella, and the luscious Scuppernong are strictly North Carolina grapes. Other people have cultivated these with success and from it have realized fortunes; why can not our people, with every thing favorable, copy the example and reap the same fortunate results? They can, if only the same enterprise and care are exercised.

4. We need manufacturers. It will be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this point. In no State are there greater advantages than in our own for manufacturing purposes. We have the most abundant water power and the greatest facilities, and all that is needed are capital and enterprise. If politicians will cease to irritate and misrepresent our people to gratify their own selfish and sinister ends, we doubt not, that both capital and enterprise will be forth-coming. That the South, and no State surpasses North Carolina, possesses the greatest advantages for manufacturing no one informed has ever denied. It can be made the great manufacturing region of this continent. The loom is destined yet, we would fain believe, to go hand in hand with the plough and the anvil in unfolding the natural resources of the State. Northern men of sagacity are beginning to understand this, and we hope to chronicle before many months, that far-seeing and liberal capitalists from the North are investing some of their surplus funds in the manufacturing business in our State.

The Baltimore *Sun* recently said, and the observations are exceedingly suggestive:

"As a general thing, however, the great mistake was made throughout the South of concentrating labor upon a single branch of productive industry, costing that section one half of the wealth it might otherwise have obtained. It is the testimony of experience that no single result of organized labor, however important, is an equivalent for the smaller products of a diversified industry. Thus, for example, we find it stated in a report of the commissioner of agriculture that the cotton crop of Georgia, in 1867, was 791,846 bales, yielding it no more than $30,000,000, while the butter of New York, in 1865, one of several products of the dairy, was estimated at $60,000,000; and yet the census gave to New York but 370,914 farmers and farm laborers, and in Georgia, including all farmers and farm laborers, exclusively the males of the slaves, 316,478 persons engaged in agriculture. It would require dairy of ducks and smaller products of the farm, the corn crop of 1864 in New York was estimated at $88,000,000, the wheat at $27,000,000, the oats at $20,000,000, hops at $12,000,000, and hay at $90,000,000. In one year the whole products of the farms, including minerals, produce of orchards and gardens, poultry, &c., the estimates for the year 1860 being carefully prepared, were over $1,600,000,000, or more than one-fourth of the entire products of the United States. Of this amount the products of New York were $400,000,000, or more than one-fourth of the whole, and more than one-half of the products of the Northern States. The value of the farms of New York was estimated at $1,500,000,000, or more than one-fourth of the whole value of the farms of the United States, and more than one-half of the farms of the Northern States. The value of the farms of Georgia was estimated at $500,000,000, or less than one-third of the value of the farms of New York, and less than one-half of the value