The Semi-Weekly Sentinel.

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THE SENTINEL.

AT ATHERSTONE.

How many Stanleys are standing at Atherstone? At the battle of Bosworth Lord Stanley, commanding 7,000 men, posted himself at Atherstone, as convenient to the camp of Richard as to the camp of Henry. His purpose was to go over to the winning side. No man ever read that page in history without a feeling of scorn and contempt for Stanley. We have information of some unknown men who are now standing at Atherstone, Stanley like, waiting to go to the winning side.

Many of the unknown are lawyers, looking for places. The political character of Holden is so horrid and so shocking to every sentiment of humanity that the ninety-nine are unwilling to go even so far in friendly political relations as the fearless hand of the Governor. Stand, gentlemen, a little longer, for you are sure to regret it if you go over to Holden's camp. The offices are all filled at present. There is no place for you unless the Governor will put you on his detective staff. The office and service of a detective are such, that you will not be pleased with them.

Holden, Rodman, Pilgrim Ashley, Littlefield and the *Standard*, backed by eighty thousand negroes, and the Committee who purchased 8,000 acres of land for the Penitentiary, can't control the destinies of North Carolina.

Holden was elected Governor as Maximilian was elected Emperor. If Maximilian had issued the order to Gen. Bazaine to have him Emperor he would have met with the same success. As Provisional Governor he called your best citizens liars and threatened to seize their property and "apply it to State purposes and charitable uses."

Such a threat to seize the property of a citizen has not been made by crowned heads and tyrants in Europe these hundred years past. Yet it is done with impunity in North Carolina. No crowned head of Europe can, to-day, call his truthful citizens liars and threaten to seize their property as Holden did, without danger of losing his crown.

It is the slave that makes the tyrant, and if the people had not bowed their neck to Holden and the sword, Holden would never have threatened the press; Holden would never have appointed magistrates, many of whom had been in jail almost as often as they had been in the Court House. He would never have threatened to seize the property of George W. Mordecai and Dr. Hawkins, if they did not behave themselves.

He became insolent and daring because he saw the people were submissive under the strong hand of defiance. He belongs to that class who presume to domineer and tyrannize over the helpless and depressed. When dealing with men they are cowards and sneaks.

EXTRAORDINARY LAW!—"BLOATED CAPITALISTS" LOOK SHARP!!!

The attention of our readers is called to the following law, which seems to have escaped public attention. It is taken from section 12, paragraph 5, of "an act to provide for the collection of taxes," &c. Ratified March 13, 1869.

After providing for listing credits, &c., the paragraph referred to reads as follows:

"If any credit be regarded as not entirely solvent, it shall be given in at its estimated value. *Provided*, That no Judge of the Superior Court, or Justice of the Peace, shall *give judgment on any credit, for more than it was valued at, when given in; that no officer shall collect, on executions, or otherwise, more than aforesaid value.*"

Holders of notes on their fellow citizens, must remember, in listing their taxables and valuing such rates, that their own estimate of value may be brought against them, when seeking to collect their securities.

We presume the lawyers may try to bring the Constitution of the United States to oppose and vanquish this most novel law, but certainly there seems to be fun ahead.

CUTTING THE EYE TEETH.

Some of the colored people are beginning to understand what a cats paw they have been in Radical hands. The more intelligent now perceive that they and their race were extremely useful in procuring office for the carpet-bag gentry and the weak kneed whites of the South, but were not expected "to partake." You are a very clever fellow, says the carpet bagger, very clever indeed! Help me to office, and I will help you to the ballot-box. But when the "friend and brother" asks in turn for a favor, and says: "May I not, if qualified, hold office too?"—"Narry time, my good sir. The offices are for us—your liberators."

But Pompey now smiles at this game. He begins to see through it all, and he means to hold office, provided he can get office. Certain negroes in Alexandria, Virginia, have met and resolved as follows, to which we call the attention of the colored voters of North Carolina. Like your Virginia brethren, resolve, that you will have office as well as your carpet-bag deceiver, or scallawag manipulator. But read their preamble and resolution:

"Whereas, we hold the balance of power, between the great political parties in this State, it is our duty to ourselves and posterity to take a stand in maintaining our political rights:

'We, the undersigned, do pledge ourselves not to co-operate or vote with any party of white men, be they called Republicans or Democrats, unless we shall have assurance from the party that in the distribution of official positions the claims of the colored people be regarded equal to that of those of our white brethren, due regard being had at all times to fitness and qualification.

CARPET BAGGERS.

If the author of "Hudibras" were alive, he would find in the Carpet Baggers a fit theme for his satire. They ought to be forever embalmed, not in the kind recollections of a grateful and appreciative people, but in the wit and ridicule of some living Cervantes or Butler.

We can but think that the vices, the crimes, the follies, the unblushing effrontery, the delightfully refreshing impudence and trickery of the genuine North Carolina Carpet-Bagger would furnish as good a subject for the graphic pencil of a Hogarth, or the pitiless rid icule and raillery of a Butler, as could be found in "merry England" at any period of her history. Why, in some of our Yankee Generals, who have hoisted themselves conspicuously upon the public, we have characters every way as valuable to the satirist, critic and poetic handling as were Sir Hugh de Bras, or any other of the valorous Knights of King Arthur's fabulous Round Table. All a satirist born would have to do that he might write a most laughable *jeu d' esprit*, a second European "Cyclops," would be to hold up in faithful colors the venality and vice the opinions, the sentiment and the manners, of those "birds of prey" who have grown plethoric from the prosperities they gathered from an honest and confiding people. Lord Byron said that

"Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away;
Oh, for some Cervantes to fetch away our Carpet Baggers—the chivalry of Nantucket and Cape Cod.

But here they are, and for the present at least we must make the best of a very bad job, and if we can do no more, we must watch them with an eagle eye and if possible restrain them in the great division of their unmeasurable depravity and corruption.—Bit.

"What man can hold Boanerges back?
When down the axe he holds his floors attack?"

But we draw consolation from one consideration—the reign of the carpet-bagger is not to continue forever. We believe we shall be relieved of his presence after his present term of office has expired. The people are beginning to get sick of them all; the negroes are finding them out, the scallawags are becoming jealous of their power; the Ajax of Longueduc has struck them a mighty blow, as Col. Sinclair proclaimed, and in a year or two, a carpet-bagger will have become a curiosity from hurtity as he is now a curiosity because of his unvarnished impudence and rapacious proclivities. Speed the day when such a deliverance shall come!

But we only took pencil in hand to write a paragraph which occurs in the Chicago *Tribune*. Its editor, Joseph Medill, is in Louisiana, and he thus writes concerning the Carpet Baggers in that State. The reader will see how very like the creatures are wherever found. If we had published this extract as a part of a letter written from Raleigh whilst the hands were in session, everybody would have said at once as the description was read: "There now, that refers to *our* Carpet Baggers!" But to the passage from Mr. Medill's letter, and mind you, he is a *Radical*, but of the better sort we take him. He says:

"In regard to negro office holding, the ex rebels are more sensitive than about negro voting; still, they declare that they prefer negro crooks to local office rather than carpet-baggers. They entertain an irrevocable animosity toward carpet bag office-seekers, and I really cannot blame them, for it is a deplorable fact that a very large majority of these gentry are scamps and thieves—rotten driftwood, who have been floated down the Mississippi, and squatted on the offices. They being disgrace on the party to which they profess to belong. They possess as keen a scent and as ravenous an appetite for plunder as the vultures who fill the air have for putrid carcasses. The difference between these birds of prey is that the former feast on the substance of living men, while the latter content themselves with the carcasses of dead animals. It would be safe to enter the Louisiana carpet baggers for pilfering, peculating, and scoundrelism, in competition with any of the tribe in any other part of the South."

ANOTHER APPOINTEE.

Mr. H. S. Sanford, nominated by General Grant, as Minister to Spain, does not meet with much favor at the hands of some of the Radicals. The New York *Evening Post*, and *Herald* condemn the appointee as wholly unfit for the place. So the President goes blundering on, picking up here and there obscure and incompetent men for places of high responsibility and honor.—When the President's own friends find fault you may well conclude that the case is deplorably bad.

STILL ANOTHER.

One Silas A. Hudson has been appointed Minister to Guatemala. We know nothing of him save the following which is from a Radical paper—the New York *Sun*. It says:

"Hudson became a war Democrat. He is an ignorant, unscrupulous fellow, without a single qualification for the office. It is his brother, Peter A. Hudson, who was on General Grant's staff. He is a loose, gambling loafer, and has for a year been a resident of California. He is to be Marshal of the United States for that State."

Comment is superfluous. Motley is bad, Sanford is worse, and Silas is worst. Go it Grant, who is the next incapable upon whom you propose to cast one of your best smiles?

Don Piatt writes: "The vilest Copperhead I ever encountered is an honest man by the side of Ben. Butler. The roughest rough of the Democracy is a gentleman by the side of Chandler. And the stupidest ass that howls 'nigger' at the cross-roads is a statesman by the side of Kelley.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

We continue our efforts under this head. We are encouraged to do so, because we have reason to know, that many of our readers, living in Raleigh, and everywhere, are pleased with them. What Raleigh journalism has long needed is a mixture of the literary element into our papers would make them more acceptable at least to one class of readers, and that class not the least influential in shaping public opinion, we mean those who prefer now and then, other matter than discussions of political questions of a purely State character. If you examine a London or New York paper, of the better kind, you will find discussions of scientific, literary and other subjects, that are neither partisan, nor of a local interest. We would like to contribute something in this direction, as far as opportunity and ability will permit. Our idea of a newspaper requires that there should be variety at least. We are ready to regard the *Sentinel* as neither newspaper, and we are glad to know, that many of our friends think that we are succeeding in our endeavors. We desire, furthermore, to contribute towards the gratification of those whose curiosity is not prurient, and whose taste is not morbid.

And now reader, we will collate for you some few things that appeared first at the time we met with them, as being good reading you will agree with us.

1. Every man of respectability reading knows all about Professor Wilson. He was singularly genial and lovable man. One of the many descriptions of him is the following from the "Biographical Sketches of Miss Martineau, whose portraiture is most true, but not so elaborate and satisfactory as that by Thomas De Quincey, but here is her sketch of this versatile and vigorous Scotsman:

"Such a presence is rarely seen, and not than one person has said that he reminded them of the first man, Adam, so full was that large frame of vitality, force and sentiment. He tread as one half asleep on stone the streets, his eye almost saw through stone walls; and as for his voice, there was no hearer that could stand before it. No his striking was it to see him in a mode of repose, as when he stood the old jacket lout that used to pass between Bowness and Ambleside. Sitting motionless, with his hand upon the rudder, in the presence of gentlemen and market women, with his eye apparently looking beyond everything into nothing, and his mouth closed under his beard, as it be meant never to speak again, he was quite as impressive and oriental as image as he could have been to the traveler to-day."

2. Lord Brougham was almost equally well known, but far below old "Kit" in genius. Miss Martineau has given also, a sketch of him that will not be distasteful to any one but a regular dolt who ought never to read a book or newspaper, for, some are so, he would never understand the one or the other:

"Lord Brougham was at his chateau at Cannes when the first introduction of the daguerreotype pieces took place there, and an accomplished neighbor proposed to take a view of the chateau with a group of guests in the balcony. The artist explained the necessity of perfect immobility. He only asked that his Lordship and friends would keep perfectly still for five seconds, and his Lordship vehemently protested that he would not stir. He moved about the room however, and the consequence was a blur where Lord Brougham should be, and so stands the daguerreotype view to this hour. There is something mournfully typical in this. In the picture of our country, as taken from the life by History, the very man should have been a central figure."

3. Here is an anecdote about the most charming writer of fiction that ever employed the English language as the vehicle of his thoughts. A writer who still holds the place he has occupied in the world's heart for fifty years, and whose works are read as generally now, as at any former period. This fact is remarkable, for since Scott's day, a perfect host of novels have come forth, many of which have obtained large audiences, and have been able to avail themselves of contemporary excitement, thought and prejudices to give popularity to their creations. But in spite of Bulwer, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and Charlotte Bronte, and Miss Muleck and "George Elliott," Sir Walter is still supreme. But here is the anecdote. It is not new, but good:

"Sir Walter Scott was, in one of his walks, leaning on the arm of his faithful attendant, Tom Purdie. Tom said: "Them are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me." "I am glad to hear it, Tom." "Yes, sir; for when I have been out all day hard at work, and come home very tired, and take up one o' your novels, I'm asleep directly."

One of the acutest epigrams in our language originated in the shabby treatment which poor, unfortunate Samuel Butler, the author of the immortal "Hudibras," received from his ungrateful countrymen. The great wit in his latter days lived in great poverty and obscurity in one of the filthiest and most miserable parts of London. After his death, he was buried by a friend who kindly supplied what Butler's extreme poverty could not procure—a grave. But after he was dead, his genius was greatly praised and a monument was erected to his memory, upon which was engraven an inscription highly eulogistic of his uncommon parts. It was this tardy and, to him, useless recognition, that brought out the following epigram, one of the best yet written:

"Whilst Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive
No generous patron would a dinner give:
Starved at his house, neglected in the street,
He died for hunger and scarce had meat.
Pressed with a monumental bust,
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He asked for bread, and received a stone."

For the Sentinel.

FROM JONES COUNTY.

Mr. Editor: Please allow a quiet, peaceable and law-abiding citizen of Jones county (one well reputed in the county) a small space in your paper, to correct the many exaggerations pro and contra, circulated and published in the Raleigh papers with the view of misrepresenting the state of society in this county.

In some of your "stories of disorder" in Jones county, you speak of Lynch as the executioner of Mrs. Sikes's power over the administration of "law," regulating matters in Jones. As to April 7th, there are at least three points published relative to affairs in this "Green Isle" county.

Do we think we are oppressed, indeed they are, such perhaps as no other community or people in the U. S. "but our whole cry is, we have peace," and as a new current of affairs, unknown to our quiet community, appears, we protest in the name of the good and peaceable citizens of the county, against being dragged into the vortex of a disturbed state of affairs, to our detriment, and to the disparagement of our peaceable and law-abiding citizens.

I can propose to give you a true and succinct account of affairs as large as far I expected to be oppressed and down trodden myself. I must necessarily be short, as it would take a volume to put down a full history. In detail as it should be, to be needed down "to date" "Reconstruction."

According to the estimate of the Raleigh papers, the state of affairs in Jones county, is as follows: A gang of men (a portion of the community) in Trenton, on May last, there murdered a peaceable, inoffensive young man of good character, and shot down in cold blood, as his wife fondly, surrounded by his family.

But two colored men of good character, as far as the writer knows, have also been murdered, within the past few years, viz: David Wilson and Cato Bryan. These two murders were deliberate and condemned by all citizens, both white and colored, and no charge in their murderers, or the reason for it, have ever been developed, and the only way have been other than robbery, as not a dollar, or more, or anything else, was taken, so far as the writer ever learned.

So far for recent events in this "degraded county." First, "Trent," in the *Standard* of the 21st of March, says: "It is well known that there has been a band of horse thieves, murderers and robbers in Duplin, Jones, Lenoir, and Onslow counties, operating on a large scale." If there is any such band existing in this county, it is unknown to any but "Trent" and his coadjutors. If such a fool exist here, it has no friends nor sympathizers with peaceable, orderly and law abiding citizens. As to other counties, cited, they can answer for themselves. It is strange that a vigilant Grand Jury, composed in part of 7 or 8 negroes from all sections of Jones county, at the last term of the Superior Court, should, after 4 or 5 days session, be unable to ferret out one single instance of this horse thief band. Don't we know, didn't every one know that were there such a band in this county, summed these negro Jurymen would have had them indicted, they being the down trodden class.

Again: "*Deeds of the down trodden respectables* were acted lately, on a charge of highway robbery and presumptive evidence of murder against one of them, not from colored fashion, says "Trent," but from respectable white men as there are in the county." Only one man was arrested, no charge against him of murder, but for some other offence, and he dragged from his home in Lenoir county, by order signed by no one, and directed to Sheriff of Jones county (see proceedings in *Journal of Commerce*, transcribed by A. Murphy, of Marion Bar, which please publish.)

Again "Trent says referring to the trial of Joel R. Hill at Trenton, "some of the parties after raising a criminal, committed highway robbery on their way home, &c." I assert as no rescue was made of any one in custody of the law, none attempted, nor one threatened. As to committing highway robbery on their way home, "Trent" has charged this same crowd with the crime without any evidence whatever. Trent is the only one that I can find that can tell we state the rule.

Swift on wheels of these transactions, arms and ammunition are sent to Newbern by what authority we know not, silently and secretly in the late hour of the night from the depot or express office and brought to Jones as we suppose to defend us from the attack of citizens of Lenoir, the loyal negro wish ordered to render young Hill a lifted on Trenton heavily, their own and employers work, as they say, under compulsory orders to drill for the new war in embryo, and on the evening of the 2nd of April, twenty five or more of the sable recruits marched into the village armed with muskets and other implements of war, stacked their lines in one of the principal streets of the village, and took formal possession of the village. I am certain they felt something like a certain commander did when he marched up the hill with thirty thousand men and then marched them back again.

So pleased are these new recruits, that with their guns and *bayonets*, some of them are walking about the streets and attending their church, on the Sabbath, with the bayonets at their side. Mr. Editor, will you please to inform us whether the order of Gen. Schofield, Secretary of War, forbid deep armed bodies from drilling or organizing has been repealed or not. Also infform us whether there is any law in force to compel negroes, exclusively, to drill and do military duty, as employers cannot afford to lose hands to turn out to other work unless it is authorized by law. But, let us have peace.

In the *Standard*, of April 7th, there are two articles relating to the same subject, first, that a man named Sykes was liberated from the jail, in Jones county, which states that Sykes was liberated by an armed mob of thirty or forty white persons from Lenoir county, the second is headed another mob in Jones, Sykes taken from jail by men not living five miles from Trenton. Both of these articles are credited to the Newbern *Times*, and both purport to be from the same author, yet them reconcile it. The true history of the affair is as follows:

Sykes made some expressions relative to the trial of Hines, which was heard by one of the negro mobish, who took umbrage at it and made some insulting reply. Whereupon, Sykes, being somewhat in liquor, said he would not take his impudence, took his gun, but did not use it or attempt to use it. The negro applied for a warrant, arrested Sykes, he being a stranger and no one to bail him, he was put in prison, the second night after he was liberated, but by whom is still unknown. The jailor says he only saw five persons. The prisoners, in jail, swore that the jailor turned Sykes out himself, but that, however, is not credited.

But now Mr. Editor, prepare yourself for something startling! *Waft, waft ye winds the story!* Let Etna, Hecla and Vesuvius reserve their pent up lava to pour on the devoted heads of the oppressors of the down trodden, over the signature of Trent in the *Standard* of the 7th of April. There is an article headed "A cry from Jones County," against the wicked moccasins. Hemp is invoked to suppress mule stealing and avenge the wrongs of an Jacob Load, who had, Trent says, two mules stolen from him, cut the throats of oxen, left him helpless, and this *coward* out Herod's Herod. No mules were stolen, no oxen's throats cut and Jacob has not been harmed.

I have seen both white and colored from his immediate neighborhood since this is said to have happened, who have conversed with him and heard not a word about it, and the article excites as it deserves a smile of scorn and derision, that any one should attempt to rob the public and slander the county, started in Lenoir County, and was located at or near one M. Kilpatrick's, some 25 or 30 miles distant. Whether true or not I do not know, but the latitude did not suit, so it was carried to Jones, increasing in enormity as it travelled on.

Let an impartial public decide who is the oppressed and the down trodden. We have forborne to write a line heretofore in defence of our county, which is as peace slide and law abiding as any community in the State. But when the character of the whole county is slandered by such writers, forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

CANDOR.

WHIM WHAMS.

Liberia has reason to be disgusted with Grant. Accustomed, himself, to smoke nothing worse than the most peerless principes of the most majestic meerschaums, he puts off the African colony with a colored Clay.

The Nabob of Bengal has just been dining with the English Ambassador in Paris—that is to say, his Highness *assisted* at a dinner; for, as usual, his dishes were cooked by his own servants, neither he nor any of his suite dared to touch the viands. It will be remembered that one of the causes of the revolt in India, some years ago, was the suspicion among the native troops that animal grease had been used in the preparation of the cartridges served out to them. Perhaps the Nabob considers John Bull a "greaser," and feared the forbidden fat in the food placed before him.

Two darkies of Augusta, Ga., went out to fight a duel the other day, but when they were shaking with palsy in their hands, a shrewd old negro, after examining the challenge and acceptance, called a halt, remarking, 'Dem dar papers ain't fixed up 'cording to di code, and dis fo dishoss is 'bout to git some nigger in jail;' when upon the belligerents jaculated each to his second, "Tank de Lord!" and went home.

FROM THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.—The other day an Irish woman call at the Post Office in this city for a letter for herself.—"An' is there anything here for me?"—"What name?" "Bridget McGarty." "Yes, there's a letter here for you from the Dead Letter Office." The poor woman's face fell, and she burst into tears,—"An' sure an' I thought some of them mought ten dead that I didn't hear from them before." The clerk soothed her with a few legal remarks, explaining the nature of the Dead Letter Office, the woman wiped away her tears and went away with one of her old letters, happy in the thought that the "folks at home wasn't dead.—[Lewiston (Me.) Journal, April 8.

"Do you ever take anything?" asked Sharp of Sozzles. "Never, sir, except I'm unwilling, and then my weakness is cognac. Just now I'm troubled with hollowness, and I don't care if I do."

Rev. Mr. Ross, is an Episcopal clergyman of Indiana, who has been tried before an ecclesiastical court, and sentenced to be admonished by the Bishop, for having gone to see the "Black Crook."

It has been decided by the Princess Metternich, leader of fashions at Paris, that dresses shall be still lower in the neck and still longer in the train.

Hepworth Dixon writes a letter to the London papers to explain away the impression created by his books, that he had charged a general looseness of thinking, upon the subject of the relation of the sexes, upon the people of the United States.

STATE NEWS.

SUDDEN DEATH. We regret to announce the sudden and untimely death of Mr. Micca Padgett, of Polk County, N. C. He left this village last evening, in apparent good health and was found some afterwards, about one mile from this place, on the road leading to Shelby, dead. Doctors Craton and Twitty were promptly on the spot, and every available means, to restore him to life, but without success. His sudden death was owing, most probably, to a diseased heart, under which he has been labouring for some time.—*Rutherford Star.*

RAILROAD IRON.—The ship Alexandria and a bark are discharging railroad iron at Messrs. R. J. & W. Neely's wharf, destined for a railroad in North Carolina. The iron is being placed on board, and the Revenue officials are at present receiving it.—*Norfolk Journal.*

CAPE FEAR AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—We publish this morning the act of the Legislature incorporating the Cape Fear Agricultural Association. The Executive Committee are very busy holding frequent meetings and urging forward measures and work in order to hold a Fair next Fall. The grounds are being cleared, and soon the labor of cleaning up and draining will be commenced.—*Wil. Journal.*

The action of the Stockholders of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad Company in accepting the acts of the Legislature as amendments to their charter, will have an important bearing upon that work. We trust that the money received from the State (for whatever may be the true intent of the acts, we are satisfied that the States' subscription will be four million of dollars of bonds) will be sufficient to complete the road to Rutherfordton, for the universal anxiety to hoist this great line of railroad at an early day was the controlling influence with many, which induced their support of the amendment.—*Wil. Journal.*

JUDGE TOURGEE AS AN EDITOR.—We understand that the Judge formed such a partiality for a "yaller gal" in Yanceyville that he prevailed on her mother to let him take her home with him and "educate" her. He said if she remained at home the probability was she would marry a negro, whereas he would take her and, educating her, marry her off to the best advantage." Pole is generous in his Judge—very generous! Is Tourgee a married man?—*Milton Chronicle.*

CHURCH BURNED.—We regret to learn that the Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church, in the Southern part of this County was burned on Thursday night the 8th inst. It is supposed to have been the act of an incendiary, as there was no fire in the woods and no chance for it to have been done by accident.—*Rutherford Star.*

GRACE ON HORSEBACK.—We have always thought that if we excel in anything, it is the graceful manner in which we ride a horse. We are, therefore, surprised to find Joe Turner publishing it to the world in his paper that "Harry wouldn't consent to have that in court, then; those who have seen it know that is enough, then; those who have not, we hope, for the sake of the horse, will never see it."—*Milton Chronicle.*

NEW HANOVER MEDICAL SOCIETY.—The regular monthly meeting of the Medical Society of New Hanover will be held in this city on Wednesday evening next, the 21st instant. Essays will be delivered by Drs. Thos. F. Wood and Chas. S. Kerr.—Important discussions upon several interesting medical subjects are also expected.—*Wil. Journal.*

Wilmington has velocipedes.

Bentley, the Forger, is on trial in Wilmington. Hon. S. J. Person, prosecuting. Col. F. D. Moore, for the prisoner.

Oliver Dockery, M. C., is to have a public reception in Wilmington. What for?

LUNATIC ASTRAY.—A correspondent of the Wilmington *Journal* writes that paper as follows: "McConville, who claims to be the wife of James McConville, daughter of James McCowen, mother of Eli and Preston McConville, and a captive of the Yankees sometime during the war, came in Stump Sound District, Onslow county, N. C., about the year 1865.

She expresses a desire to return home, but is unable to find the way herself, or to tell the county, State or town in which she lived during her sanity.

For further information of the above named lunatic, address Elijah Williams, Wilmington, N. C., care Huggins & Co.

Southern editors will please copy."

BOLD ROBBERY.—On Saturday night last, the store of Mr. A. W. Jamison, merchant of this place, was entered with a false key, and his iron safe, which contained a considerable sum of money and valuable papers, belonging to W. P. Caldwell, Esq., District Attorney, removed to a vacant lot in the Northern part of the town, and there broken open with a sledge-hammer, which was obtained, without leave, from Mr. Woodward's blacksmith shop, and with the demolished safe found next morning.—No guards were missing. The safe would take two stout men to carry it. The door was found locked next morning.

Mr. Caldwell's loss in money has since been learned to be $400.—*Charlotte Democrat.*

TWO MILLIONS FOR A RAILROAD FRANCHISE.

Much indignation continues to be expressed in the New York journals at the evident determination of the State Legislature to pass the so-called Broadway railroad bill giving to favorites, as a gratuity, that valuable franchise. Though opposed to the project of such a road in that crowded thoroughfare as injurious, Mr. A. T. Stewart offers to give two million dollars for the franchise, and pay down the money within thirty days after the passage of the bill, or he will pay any higher sum which the franchise may command at public auction. Notwithstanding this offer, it is alleged that the original gratuity bill for the ring will pass, the votes having been already secured, though the price for them may now have to be a little higher. And so we go, all over the country, from Congress downwards.

Sheridan Knowles was one day walking with a friend—a well known London actor—in the Strand. Knowles suddenly detaches himself from his friend's arm, and pours forth a volume of hearty salutations on a gentleman passing by, whom he buttonholes on the spot. The gentleman, instead of reciprocating, looks somewhat stiff and aggrieved. "No doubt you are glad to see me, Mr. Knowles," says he; "but I hardly thing you have treated me with very great courtesy. When I met you last I asked you to dinner. You fixed your own day and your own hour. We waited for hours. You never put in an appearance, and sent no apology whatever.

"Why bless my soul!" answered the Irish dramatist, "ye don't say so! But I've such a memory! A thousand pardons! A thousand pardons! Come now, my friend, when do you dine at home again?"

"Wednesday, and we shall be delighted to see you."

"At what hour?"

"Six o'clock."

"Six o'clock—done! I'll be with ye, my boy. God bless you!"

The gentleman walked off and Sheridan Knowles joined his friend. Says Sheridan Knowles to his friend, a minute afterwards, "I'd give ye a thousand pounds, me boy, if ye'd tell me *who that man is!*"

A translation of the Aeneid, which Bismarck made twenty-six years ago, is only now to be published, probably on the principle of Lord Derby, that a writer's success in politics will float his demerits in literature.

The New York *Post* says Prince Louis of Bourbon, recently married there, is the direct heir to the Brazilian throne, in case the present Emperor dies without heirs.

Miss Dorothy L. Dix is about visiting California and Oregon to labor for the better care of the insane in these States.

Major General Sickles is retired from the army on the full pay of his rank. He has declined the mission to Mexico and the command of the Military District of Louisiana.

Breckinridge's friends talk of purchasing him a residence in Lexington.

Miss Evans has a new novel, which contains a picturesque summary of all the cyclopedias extant, and for which she has been offered $15,000.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For all the purposes of a Laxative Medicine.

Perhaps no one medicine is so universally required by everybody as a cathartic, nor was ever any before so universally adopted into use, in every country and among all classes, as this mild but efficient purgative *Pill*. The obvious reason is, that it is a more reliable and far more effectual remedy than any other. Those who have tried it know that is enough; those who have not, we hope, for the sake of the horse, will never see it. We have, and can show, thousands upon thousands of certificates of remarkable cures of the following complaints, but such cases are known in every neighborhood, and why should we publish them? Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates; containing neither calomel nor any deleterious drug, they may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar coating preserves them ever fresh and makes them pleasant to take, while being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

They operate by their powerful influence on the blood, to purify the blood and eliminate it into healthy action—remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, restoring their irregular action to health, and by correcting, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first origin of disease.

Minute directions are given in the wrapper on the box, for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia** or **Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor** and **Loss of Appetite**, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaints** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice** or **Green Sickness, Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers**, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa**, but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back** and **Loins**, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings** they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression** a large dose should be taken as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a **Dinner Pill**, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels into healthy action, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus. There are numerous cases where a positive cure has been effected which we cannot enumerate here, but they suggest themselves to every body, and where the virtues of this *Pill* are known, the public no longer doubt what to employ.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Probably never before in the whole history of medicine, has anything won so widely and so deeply upon the confidence of mankind, as this excellent remedy for pulmonary complaints. Through a long series of years, and among most of the races of men it has risen higher and higher in these estimation, as it has become better known. Its uniform character and power to cure the various affections of the lungs and throat, have made it known as a reliable protector against them. While adapted to milder forms of disease and to young children, it is at the same time the most effectual remedy that can be given for incipient consumption, and the dangerous affections of the throat and lungs. As a preventive against sudden attacks of *Croup*, it should be kept on hand in every family, and indeed as all are sometimes subject to colds and coughs, all should be provided with this antidote for them.

Although settled *Consumption* is thought incurable, still great numbers of cases where the disease seemed settled, have been completely cured, and the patient restored to sound health by the *Cherry Pectoral*. So complete is its mastery over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the most obstinate of them yield to it. When nothing else could reach them, under the *Cherry Pectoral* they subside and disappear.

Singers and Public Speakers find great protection from it.

Asthma is always relieved and often wholly cured by it.

Bronchitis is generally cured by taking the *Cherry Pectoral* in small and frequent doses.

So generally are its virtues known that it is unnecessary to publish the certificates of them here, to do more than assure the public that its qualities are fully maintained.

Prepared by

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

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