The Semi-Weekly Sentinel.

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THE SENTINEL.

THE MEMORIAL CEREMONIES.

Monday was a lovely, balmy, mellow day. Our city, with its beautiful rows of shade trees presented an unusually attractive appearance. The sky was clear, nature was serene, everything was propitious for the tender, solemn services that were to take place at 4½ o'clock, P. M. An hour or more before that time had arrived, ladies and gentlemen began to wend their way to the cemetery of the dead, where lie "in their narrow cells" the heroes of our dear "Lost Cause." The gathering was large; the ceremonies were simple and touching. Mr. G. H. Snow, in appropriate remarks, announced the object of such an assemblage in such a place. Rev. H. T. Hudson, pastor of the M. E. Church, next offered to the God of the living and the dead an impressive and tasteful prayer. Mr. Fabius Busbee, in stirring and happy words, introduced the speaker, Maj. W. M. Robbins, of Salisbury.

The speaker then for some half hour held spell bound a large and interested audience. We saw strong men weeping under the incantation of his oratory.

We do not know that we ought to express all we think of this effort. We give it to our readers in this issue and they can judge for themselves as to its appropriateness and excellence. We prefer generally to read a production after we have heard it, especially when it is delivered on an occasion like that of yesterday when our heart is much unusually tender by the sad associations of the day, and when "memory wakes with all her busy train." Loving North Carolina, our native State, with an ardor only known to those in whom local attachments are strongly developed; being one of those who held with nearly all of our people that our greivances were many and great, and our cause precious and just, we gloried in the unsurpassed heroism and endurance, and pluck and devotion of our soldiery; feeling a manly pride in the general good name of our people, and remembering so acutely what our brave defenders had borne, and suffered and dared for truth and right and liberty, we were possibly too impressible to judge Major Robbins' effort with that candid and well-poised decision which we might be able to consider less affecting circumstances, when we could sit calmly down and measure deliberately the structure of his sentences and the character of his utterances.

We make these remarks, because if we were to write now as we felt then, a severer and less sensitive criticism might deny the correctness of our taste or the wisdom of our *dictum*. We will trust ourself however, to write this, and we think every open-and conscientious man will echo the opinion.—It was excellently conceived and admirably delivered. His elocution had the genuine dash about it—that *élan* our boys in gray so often displayed when in serried ranks and with that never to be forgotten Confederate yell, they went at the enemy with an impetuosity that was wholly irresistible. The sentiments throughout were manly, just, elevated, appropriate and touching. No true man from the North who had delivered battle against our fallen braves would have objected to the noble spirit of this eloquent address if he had been present.

We venture the opinion that General's Sherman and Hancock, and Ewell and McClellan, would have felt a kindred glow of enthusiastic pride if they had stood among the graves of the Confederate fallen on yesterday, and remembering that they too were American citizens, would have honored that patriotism in a conquered people that could still love the memories of, and do honor to, their sacred dead.

"No! no! not they were brave for us
And bright were the lives they gave for us;
The land they struggled to save for us
Cannot forget
Its warriors yet
Who sleep in so many a grave for us."

After the address our fair gentlewomen, some of whom mourned a husband, or brother or son, who had breathed out their souls amid the fiery pangs of war—these the truest and best of our race, then with floral tributes decorated the graves of the dead heroes. May the memories of our grand soldiery be ever green! May it be long many long years to come, before our mothers and maidens shall fail to lay annually these richly scented offerings of love upon the graves of the dear one's who fell for us, and for human liberty.

Surely it is a beautiful and pleasing sight to behold matronly dignity and sunny hearted youth standing amid the graves of Heroes-sleepers, and adorning the last resting place of such victors of a hundred fights with their votive offerings, and with pious care. Upon each recurring Tenth of May let the wives and daughters of North Carolina make garlands of flowers and lay them gently upon the graves of the fallen who "slumber in glory untying;" and with the perfume of flowers may there ascend to the God of victory and of peace, the pure incense of prayer for blessings upon the wives and children, the mothers and sisters of those who sleep in consecrated ground.

"Your dust is with us, and upon the grave
Which keeps it, we have come again to strew
Memorial flowers—all that ye had ye gave
For us—'tis little, loved ones, we can give to you."

These gallant men had been reared among a people who had taught them the centuries of blood and convulsion through which our English ancestors had passed, before the bright guerdon of liberty was wrested from the mailed hand of oppression. They had heard of the stormy debates and secret conclaves that had been held that the spirit of liberty might be forever crushed. They had been told from lisping childhood at the fields of carnage and the gory foot prints of hero martyrs who had died in vindication of the rights of man. With them, as Dryden says, "The love of liberty with life was given." Thus nurtured and reared, they rushed to arms at their country's call, and clung for four long, panting years of tribulation to that cause which they held as sacred, as the mother clings to her child through peril and storm.

And is it strange that North Carolinians should have thus acted? Was it not in our own mountain fastnesses and by our sounding shores that the nymph Liberty was nurtured? Let Mecklenburg and New Hanover answer. The one gave the first declaration of rights, the other the first exhibition of an overt act of resistance to the British crown. It was this blessed nymph who breathed into our hardy soldiery such steady courage, such a burning enthusiasm, such an indomitable will: it was this nymph Liberty who found in our patriot soldiery her chosen, her noblest champions. It was this nymph that stood by them and saw them fall at last amid the thickest of the fight. It is in part the influence of this nymph that carried our best and truest to the "Gods acre" on yesterday, where our soldiers sleep so quietly "in the alabaster arms of death," and caused gentle hands to lay the sweet floral decorations upon their graves.

Ah! that nymph still lives among our people. Her beautiful tresses are somewhat disheveled; her fair, sweet face still bears some of the marks of the violence of the long exhausting conflict through which she and her dauntless boys in gray together passed, but still she survives and dwells among us. To-day Hope may not sit upon her helmet singing as merry a song as it once did, but still waving its golden hair, nor the battle-light of victory may not flash from her eye, as in days that are gone, but she still lives; and will live among us, when she has no defenders elsewhere—when she has shaken forever from her sandals the dust of other thoroughfares.

But we are not disloyal. We are true to the government of the Union as any man in it. We are sincerely a friend to our whole country. We cheerfully obey the laws and bear our part of the public burdens. We thank God that we have peace. But before we forget the glorious deeds of our immortal dead; before we say one word to asperse their memories or do aught to rob them of those triumphant laurels and eternal fame which they purchased by their own hearts' blood, may our tongue forever cleave to the roof of our mouth and our right hand forget its cunning.

We repeat, we are profoundly grateful that after war we have peace—that after so much intense excitement and suffering we now have so much comparative tranquility and concord. May they forever continue! We may not have all we desire, but still there is a wonderful contrast between five years ago and the present. As Herodotus says: "Now no longer the old bury the young, but the young once more bury the old."

"Grim visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,"

and Peace, sweet, cheerful, bright eyed, halcyon Peace smiles once more upon us.—The plough share of war has given place to the plough-share of the husbandman; the spear of the soldier has been beaten into the pruning hook of the reaper; the savage implements of the battle field have been changed into the glad implements of industry. No longer do sad and silent funeral trains bear gallant captains to the grave, but in their stead, long processions of our loviest maidens annually visit the home of our sleeping heroes to lay with weeping eyes their memorials of gratitude and love upon the early dead.

We close our reflections suggested by yesterday's ceremonies with a stanza from the Ode, sung in Raleigh two years ago at the Memorial Celebration, and which was written by the best female poet of our State, Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke.

"Keep tears for the nation that, vanquished and ruined,
Can lay o'er its heroes no tablets of stone,
But buries them all in the true heart of woman,
Who honors the nameless as well as the known;
And makes every year this fragrant ovation
In memory of Jackson, the tenth of each May,
As with roses which bloomed when the hero lay dying,
She scatters the graves of his comrades that day."

P. S.—We expected to have published Maj. Robbins' address to day. Its length, and the lateness of the hour at which the copy was received, will prevent us from doing so. We may possibly publish a few extracts hereafter.

Special dispatch to the World.

ST. LOUIS, May 7.—To-day Gen. Bacon Montgomery left for New Orleans to arrange for the transportation of a fighting expedition to Cuba, under General Joe Shelby.—Montgomery was a Union general and Shelby a Confederate officer. They are working in concert, and can control twenty thousand men.

LONDON, May 7.—There have been several heavy robberies of arms, ammunition, &c., in various parts of Ireland during the past few days. At Belfast a large quantity of arms were stolen last evening. Five persons were arrested this morning on suspicion. Dispatches from Cork mention the perpetration of similar outrages. There seems to be no doubt that the culprits belong, in every instance, to the Fenian organization. The police have been ordered to exercise unusual vigilence.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON DOG BIT.

Holden and Brownlow were both alike in their vituperations of the late President: they were false alike by the fulsome flattery of him. The President made Holden Provisional Governor of North Carolina, and Brownlow's son a Captain of horse in the United States army. In 1869 Holden said "Abbot Lawrence had bought Andy Johnson to the Federal cause and paid down 1,000 dollars." In 1865 Holden takes the Governorship of North Carolina, under the President, and the Holden paper abounds in his praise. In 1868 Holden telegraphed, "there is no peace or security in the South except by the impeachment and removal of the President." But to make a long story short and show how the President was dog bit, we copy the 99th fable of Esop:

"THE MAN BITTEN BY A DOG.—A man bitten by a dog was going about asking who could cure him. One that met him said, sir, if you would be cured take a bit of bread and dip it in the blood of the wound and give it to the dog that bit you." The man smiled and said, if I were to follow your advice, I should be bitten by all the dogs in the city.

Moral—He who proclaims him ready to pay up his enemies will never want a supply of them."

When President Johnson gave heed to those two vets who had fit him, every dog in the nation snapped at him.

FORNEY ON HIS TRAILS.

Everybody who reads newspapers has heard of Forney—Colonel Forney. He is the same disreputable fellow who figured so largely many years ago in the Edwin Forrest trial. He is now a marvellously prosper ous man with Radicalism. He runs two papers—one in Washington and one in Philadelphia. We published the other day an article about him which we copied from a Harrisburg, Penn., paper. It represented him as cruel and vindictive towards the South. He is just that class of Northern men to whom honest and Independent Southern men will never take. He is vile, unscrupulous, malicious, and revengeful. He is as well known North as he is South. A paper before us, published in Baltimore, says:

"Forney, if we recollect aright, wanted, soon after the war, to send three additional columns of "Northern travel" to the Southern States—one to burn, one to slay, and one to confiscate. Perhaps the reason the South looks so woe begone now is, that this programme was not carried out. However, let us not despair of the future—Where the carcasses is, the buzzards will in due time be gathered together, of which the southward flight of the advance guard, Forney & Co., gives hopeful augury."

This Forney is writing letters for newspapers, we have not read any of his lucubrations, and come out with the following extract which we find quoted in an exchange. It occurs, as we are informed, in one of his letters written from Wilmington. This is certainly queer:

"We feel, as we suppose how nearly the South has still real, from the absence of Northern travel during the last fifty years."

"A little civil good apothecary." If Forney is not a "good" one, where will you find such a specimen? That is the most impudent sentence Forney ever penned, and he has penned many a one. It is beyond all comparison the sauciest piece of downright irony we ever read. We cannot do justice to the subject, so we hand him over to our friend of the Wilmington *Journal*.

ADVERTISING RATES GREAT REDUCTION.

From this date, 11th of May, our advertising rates will be as follows

One square—1 insertion $1; each subsequent 50. One square—1 week $3.50. 2 weeks $5.00; 3 weeks $6.50. One square—1 month $8.00, 2 months $15.00, 3 months $20; 4 months $30. One square—1 year $40. Two squares—double rates for from one day to two weeks. Two squares—3 weeks $10, 1 month $12, 2 months $20, 3 months $25, 6 months $40, 1 year $60.

Three squares—treble rates from one day to three weeks. 3 squares 3 weeks, $14. 1 month, $18. 2 months, $30. 3 months, $40. 6 months, $50. 1 year, $70.

One quarter column—1 week, $10. 2 weeks, $15. 3 weeks, $18. 1 month, $20. 2 months, $35. 3 months, $45. 6 months, $80. 12 months, $110.

One half column—1 week, $16. 2 weeks, $25. 3 weeks, $32. 1 month, $36. 2 months, $55. 3 months, $70. 6 months, $120. 12 months, $230.

One column—1 week, $30. 2 weeks, $45. 3 weeks, $55. 1 month, $65. 2 months, $100. 3 months, $130. 6 months, $225. 12 months, $400.

Advertisements inserted three times a week (e. o. d.) for a month or longer period, will be charged three fourths of above rates.

Advertisements once or twice a week, will be charged as new for each insertion.

"Special" or "Bishop" notices will be charged 50 per cent. additional to above rates.

Yearly contracts will be made at above rates, with *an additional charge* 15 cents per square *for each change*.

Local notices 15 cents a line.

Five squares estimated as a quarter column; 10 squares as a half column.

☞ All bills for advertising, whether by day, or quarter, or year, are payable in advance unless by special agreement.

George Myers and Henry Black, colored, have been appointed messengers in the Post Office Department.

For the Sentinel.

CHAPEL HILL, in the new county of Swain, Fourthday of May.

Joseph Turner, Esq.—SIR: You hev not answered my last letter, nor fuck a dog's notice on it; sense it was writ, an the Ku Klux most of rolled me into pankakes, sept me in sorrygum molasses an scattered me totally up for all the help you hev got. I've come into the new county now, and I wish you to no that when you git elected again I will use my influence with the hed men of the Sunth to hev you set aside again, cause you didn't answer my last letter. I want you to no that no man kin pass my letters by with impunnity. Thats about all I've got to say, and I feel better since I've writ it. But I'm not knocked to be without letting you no how Billy Barlow cums to be of the persuasion of larnin, an cum to reach this peek of human nater.

Well, sence I got the letter from the Ku Klux an got my answer sent to my letter, sayed, "Billy," says I, "you are a dern sucker of yourn, cum down here, an speak some how, but what's the matter?" says the ole lady, "Billy, cum in out of the rain, come to the Ku Klux meetin to-nite, and go to Graham an hear a speech with Mr. Badham about this here matter. He is an uncommon smart chap an I reckon you can larn it some how," says I, "you go to Hummon Fetch the cows." But it seems the ole Lam a most commonly high feller, an the ole lady she are a common hoss an then there was all sorts a round the waist, so I reckon it would be a good deal for me to go. But I'm a going to Graham to-night, an if I can git my things stuck out slick of view from the inspection of our local police, I'm a going for Graham. Will be there to-night and will look at Mr. Badham and hear his speech. Then I'll return to Chapel Hill an go to work for you. Will be back in a week, and will look after your interests. Will be back in a week, and will look after your interests. Will be back in a week, and will look after your interests