# The Semi-Weekly Sentinel.

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## THE SENTINEL.

### "GOV. HOLDEN—LAW AND ORDER."

This is the caption of an article in the Standard of over a week ago, weakly defending, and modestly praising the Governor. We can't say positively, but we think the Governor wrote the article; it is very much in his style. It is certain Joseph, the editor, didn't write it, for he was in no condition at the time to write newspaper articles.

This article of the Standard charges Sheriff Murray, of Alamance, with cowardly fear of, or sympathy with the Ku Klux, and the falsehoods of the Governor's proclamation are again repeated. Hear what this writer says: "The civil officers of the county (Alamance) were powerless. Menaced by armed bands rising at night in disguise, these officials have not dared to perform their duty. The Sheriff of the county, who is well posted as to these outrages, has never called on the Governor for aid, whether from fear of these midnight marauders, or on account of sympathy he may have with them, does not appear."

Did Tim Lee, the Sheriff of Wake, arrest anybody last week, when Mr. Bledsoe's mill and cotton gin were burned to the ground, the flames from which, kindled by the incendiary, threw their rays upon the dome of the Capitol, the Governor's palace and the Court House! Did he make any ar- [illegible] dwelling was burned? Will any honest man censure or impute blame to Sheriff Lee [illegible] he is afraid of them, or in sympathy with them?

Within the last six months, at least, sixty burglaries and larcenies have been committed within horn blow, as it were, of the Sheriff's bedroom—is he afraid of the perpetrators, or in sympathy with them, that he has not found and arrested them? Are Mayor Harrison and the city police afraid of or in sympathy with the rogues that are nightly committing depredations in the city, because they have not caught them all? Nobody believes such a preposterous proposition, and yet, the logic of the Standard's article in regard to the Sheriff of Alamance would with equal force involve the Sheriff of Wake and the city officers of Raleigh in the charge that they are afraid of, or in sympathy with, the authors of all the undetected crimes that have been committed in the city and county.

Will the Governor say that it is because the Sheriff is afraid of the incendiaries or burglars, or in sympathy with them, that they have not been arrested? Not he; and if he did, no one would believe him, and yet he expects to be believed when he charges the Sheriff of Alamance with being in fear of or sympathy with the authors of crime in Alamance, because he has not detected and arrested them all. Bah!

When old man Briley, of Pitt County, was shot, did the Radical Sheriff of that county call on the Governor for aid? And, if not, did the Governor accuse him of sympathy with the murderers for not doing so?

When Col. Nethercutt was murdered in his own house, did Colgrove call on the Governor for troops? Or, was he accused of sympathy with the murderers? Did he arrest anybody for that atrocious murder?

When the Foscue family—father, mother, daughter and grandson—were all murdered, was the Sheriff of Jones in sympathy with the assassins, or did he apply to the Governor for aid?

Was Grant called on for troops, or to suspend the writ of habeas corpus in any of these cases? No; no such thing was dreamed of.

But how is it in Alamance, when a negro was whipped for putting his hand, with evil intent upon a respectable white lady? Mr. Badham, a leading Republican of that county, said, "if he were in the place of the father of the lady, he would lie behind a log until the moss grew upon his back but what he would have killed him."

Old Mr. Corless, who had to leave Edenton and Franklinton for his inflammatory teachings to the ignorant blacks, settled in Alamance to force the irrepressible conflict of social equality upon the people there. He walked into church with a negro woman and his daughter and took prominent seats with them in front of the pulpit. A christian gentleman and elder of the church, told him if he had come to join in worship he was welcome, but if for strife and to force unpleasant issues upon the congregation, he had better have stayed away, and in the mean time the colored woman was shown a seat in the part of the Church for colored people.

Some rude boys went to old Corless' house and scourged him with many stripes; the old man didn't like it, so he left.

This was against law and order, but it was no worse than Governor Holden's driving Prof. Hedrick from the University because he expressed a determination to vote for Fremont for President!

Outlaw, President of the League, was hung in Alamance for shooting at the Ku Klux; so one of the Governor's Radical J. P.'s assured us. For this the Sheriff of Alamance is denounced, the county declared in a state of insurrection, and troops quartered among the people, and the Governor wants the further power to arrest, try and hang whom he pleases without the form of even his own new Radical Code! All this because Abbott and Littlefield Laflin, Deweese and their allies think it necessary to excite bad blood between the races and thus prevent, if possible, the disintegration of the leagues.

Who in view of all the facts connected with this case—except the Governor himself, or his son Joseph, could have the hardihood of countenance to couple Gov. Holden's name with the terms "Law and Order," especially when his driving Prof. Hedrick from the State, and his harangue to the mob in the City Hall, his call for Lincoln's head and his clamor for the impeachment of Andy Johnson, are remembered?

We believe that the Governor's flimsey pretext for his grand military movement is seen through and understood, both at home and abroad, and that it will fail of the object [illegible] will have will be to add one more variety to that stenchy odor that will cling to his administration as long as posterity will be able to remember it.

### WHO MAY BE MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The 14th amendment of the Constitution declares, "No person shall be Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States or any State, who having previously taken oath," &c.

Such persons cannot, it is clear, be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or [illegible] hold any office, civil or military, under the United States or under any State, as the [illegible] be forbidden to be a Senator or Representative in a State Legislature?

The solution of this question depends upon whether such membership of a State Legislature is an office "under the State." Judge Reade, in Worth vs. Barnett, page 201 Phillips' Report, says it is not. His expression is "members of the Legislature are not officers."

It is true, on page 208, he says, "members of the Legislature are excluded from office, although they are not officers, by the express terms of the 14th article."

The expression obviously should be, "Those who were members of the Legislature before the war, are excluded from office." But a seat in the Legislature not being an office, they are not now barred from that by the amendment.

The exclusion of Messrs. Brown of Caswell, Turner of Orange and Allen of Duplin, by the present Legislature, at its commencement, amid the excitement of the times, is no precedent by which to settle such a question against the plain reading of the words, and the clearest maxims of Judicial construction.

The inhibition forbids the person affected from holding a seat in the National Legislature, but is silent as to a seat in the State Legislature—*expressio unius est exclusio alterius.*

Penal and disabling provisions are to be construed strictly, and must be extended no further than their literal import. The range, therefore, for the selection of candidates, if this reasoning be correct, is wider than many have imagined.

ANOTHER FALSEHOOD.—The SENTINEL of Monday distinctly states that Gov. Holden commissioned Chas. H. Snead, of Johnston county, a Justice of the Peace while said Snead was confined in jail at Smithfield, on the charge of horse stealing. The statement is utterly false. Governor Holden has not issued any commission of that character for Johnston county since the election for magistrates, held by the people of the Townships in August last. Snead was confined in jail some months after that date."—*Standard of yesterday.*

The SENTINEL "distinctly stated" no such thing; but here is what it *did* state: "Chas. H. Snead, a Holdenite and Justice of the Peace for Johnston county, and actually commissioned by the Governor when he was in prison," &c.

It is really provoking for the Governor's son to defend "Dad" by telling a falsehood on us, and then charge us with falsehood!

We did not charge that Snead was in Smithfield jail for horse stealing when the Governor commissioned him as a magistrate. We said he was in *prison*, not in *jail*. We repeat the charge, he was in *prison*, in the guard house in this city, though not for horse stealing. We are bound in this instance to say, Joseph, "you are another."

For the Sentinel.

JOHNSTON COUNTY, April 12th 1870.

MR. EDITOR:—The people of this county read with great interest all you say of editorial Billy, or as you call him, "Blow-your-horn Billy."

They remember when Billy was blowing his horn and no free citizen of this county could go to or from the Court House without a permit from him. They remember, too, that when the farmer should have been turning up the earth preparatory to sowing his seeds, Billy was tearing it up with Jeff, Lid, and Sal, in hot pursuit of deserters.

Billy is charged with running two newspapers, the Standard and the Recorder.—When he was down here, some time ago, he was heard to say, in speaking of the night's work before, him that he should have to "write editorials half the night, and whip J. Turner like h—ll in the morning, if he bothered him!" We now call him "Editorial Billy." Since, however, he carried off Swepson to the woods in an *extra* train, to serve as a scape-goat for all radicals, we think he should be called "extra" Billy.

YOURS,
KIRBY DISTRICT.

We shall not "bother" Billy, and we tell Billy, "shoo fly; don't *bother* me."—EDITOR.

Jacob Spotsenhooter, of Adams county, Indiana, having been rejected by a Miss Ella Bristol on account of his name, assaulted the lady, and afterward attempted suicide.

### KU KLUX RAMPANT IN WASHINGTON N. C.—TERRIBLE STATE OF AFFAIRS—CHAOS AND CONFUSION REIGNS.

*Disorder, anarchy and dogmatism prevalent—dogs, hogs, fleas and thieves run riot, no protection for life or property—absolute necessity for federal troops—awful.*

As the *Standard* has advertised for reports of ku klux outrages, throughout the State, we copy the following from the Eastern *Intelligencer* for its benefit, fearing the extract may have escaped its notice and thus fail of being chronicled in the ponderous records that paper is getting up for the Summer campaign:

Last week some hungry Ku Klux, too lazy to work, broke into the Ware House [illegible] of four barrels of pork.

They even invade the sacred precincts of grave yards and disturb the repose of the dead.

They, on Saturday night last, attacked the wood pile of the editor of this paper, and were kind enough to leave six sticks out of a half cord.

They last week made a murderous onslaught on Jack, our pet *Dorig*, and wounded him sorely, hip and thigh.

With thievish hands, they attempted, some time since, to kidnap a black eyed, slick nose Poodle belonging to a lady of this place.

They have stolen Bro. Arthur's dorig Steve, and sold him back to him three consecutive times.

They surreptitiously entered a certain hen house, and borrowed therefrom a ma- [illegible] They purloined, last Friday, from a store, a small piece of old Rag Carpeting, cherished for its [illegible] don't know how much.

These are a few of the many outrages perpetrated upon a defenceless and peaceable people; and as a political campaign is just about opening, it is found very convenient to place them upon the head of a certain imaginary organization, or scape-goat, called Ku Klux!

TOO FAST—A RADICAL WARNING.—We would respectfully suggest to the leaders of the Republican party that they are crowding the "colored person" a little too fast for their own good and for his good. Negro suffrage is a bitter pill for at least one-half of the men who have hitherto voted the Republican ticket. Hence time should have been given them before another and a worse dose was exhibited. This crowding of the negroes into office while there are white men quite as deserving and as well qualified won't win in the long run. It will break the Republican party down. It will reduce the negro to a worse condition than he occupied in a state of slavery, if that were possible. It will sooner or later lead to his extermination. Politicians and fanatical idiots who cannot read the signs of the times may elevate the negro to the United States Senate, and to the platform of conventions; but they can't find indorsement at the polls for such disgusting conduct, and they will find it out when too late. It is probable that both parties will strive for the negro vote. We predict that this foolish policy of elevating negroes to office and of catering to them for their votes, will result in the formation of what will be termed "The White Man's Party," which will be strong enough to carry the next Presidential election, if wisdom in the selection of candidates is observed, and there is not too much rebel Democracy mixed up with it. Such a movement is imminent, and if made will break up the Republican party, which would be a deplorable event for the country. Let us secure the negro in his right to the ballot, but for the salvation of our party—for the welfare of our country—for the good of the negro—let us dissuade him from seeking or accepting office.—*Seymour (Ind) Times, Radical.*

Some of the newspapers are telling of a young New York journalist, now dead, who during the Johnson convention in Philadelphia," having left his note-book at home, took down a speech on his shirt collar and cuffs by the light of a flickering gas lamp, and while jostled by the surging crowd. It is a little strange that this should strike anybody as a feat worth mentioning. It was Secretary Belknap we believe, who, at the battle of Atlanta, when shot and shell were flying everywhere, at the rate of nine hundred to the square inch, coolly and quietly stepped upon the rebel fortifications, and seizing by the coat collar a rebel Major-General, weighing about three hundred and eighty pounds, lifted him over the breast-works, ten feet and flung him into a pile of hay standing some fifty yards within the Federal lines. That night the rebel General, having stabbed himself to the heart with a bar of soap, jumped into a spittoon and his remains where never recovered. General Belknap however survived the other perils of the struggle, and subsequently became Secretary of War. Oh, yes, these incredible things are of common occurrence now-a-day.—*Lou. Cou. Jour.*

THE LARGEST CITY.—It is commonly believed that London is the largest city in the world, but the belief is erroneous. Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is without exception the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains the vast number of 1,000,000 dwellings, and 5,000,000 human souls. Many of the streets are nineteen Japaneseries in length, twenty two English miles. The commerce of Jeddo far exceeds that of any other city in the world, and the sea along the coast is constantly white with sails from the Southern portion of the empire, where they are laden with rice, tea, sea coal, tobacco, silk, cotton and tropical fruits, all of which can find ready market in the North, and then return freighted with corn, salt, isinglass and various other productions which have a market in the South.

Mayor Bowen to-day officially publishes an approval of an ordinance of the Washington city council allowing all colored persons to visit theatres, be entertained at all hotels and restaurants the same as white persons, and all persons refusing them such entertainment are liable to arrest and a fine of $50 for each violation, to be recovered in action of debt in the name of the Mayor and councils of Washington, one half to go to the informer.—*Wash. Cor. Balt. Sun, April 12th.*

Carr, who was hung in Belmont county, Ohio, the other day, admitted that his first sin was voting the Radical ticket.

From the New Evening Courier.

### DIXIE—EXPERNCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF A NEWARKER IN THE SOUTH.

*The Portis Gold Mine in North Carolina—Its present condition and capacities—Sentiments of the Southern people—Prospects for Emigration, etc., &c.*

MY DEAR COURIER:—On Saturday, March 5th, I left Newark, and took passage on board the "IsaacBell," Pier 37, N. Y., for Norfolk, Va., paying therefor ten dollars, state room and meals included. The captain, the steward and the engineer, I found to be most affable gentlemen; the state room nice, the bed good, the blankets plentiful, the supper excellent, and duly honored by my good appetite. When darkness prevented me from admiring any [illegible] to bed. Though slightly rolling, the sea neither sickened me, nor prevented my rest in the least. I rose early, chatted pleasantly with the officers and my fellow travellers, and at seven partook of a fine breakfast.

With the exception of seeing now and then some vessels moving in different directions, nothing remarkable occurred till noon, when a splendid and delicately cooked dinner was served to about forty passengers, about one-third of whom were of the fair sex, and mostly good looking, too.—Shortly after dinner, we came in sight of Capes James and Henry, then Fortress Monroe, the Rip Raps, Hampton Roads, the U. S. Marine Hospital, the buoy indicating the spot where the "Merrimac" was sunk, the hotel of City Point, Portsmouth, Norfolk, &c.

[illegible] I took [illegible] supper I surveyed that thrifty and growing [illegible] ton" of their own ere long.

For supper at "The National" the finest oysters I ever tasted, but the "steak" improperly cooked, the coffee horrible. Not liking rainwater for stomachic purposes, I revenged myself on those delicious bivalves with a bottle of Scotch ale; was provided with a clean room, a good bed, a poor breakfast. At 5 A. M. I paid my bill (only three dollars,) crossed the Elizabeth river per ferry boat to Portsmouth, where I took my railroad ticket for Weldon, N. C., at a cost of five dollars.

Stopping at Suffolk, Va, the neighborhood of the Dismal Swamp, where my first-born, my good Emil died, while serving the Union, I felt sad, very sad indeed—blessed his memory and shed many and warm tears. * * * * * At Weldon I took the cars on the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad for Warrenton; arriving at that station at 2 P. M. A negro woman there offered to the *voyageurs*, for sale, of course, a large dish of broiled Spring chickens, and another loaded with pies. There not being a Delmonico nor a "Grassy Mason" in the locality, and feeling as hungry as a hungry wolf, I devoured [illegible] half chickens "in less than no time," to the delight of the peddling restaranteur, whose only customer I proved to be on the train, who thanked me much and wished me all kinds of happiness for the dollar, the smile and good wishes I gave her.

So far my journey had been easy, but now I had to meet the inherent troubles of traveling a distance of 25 miles without railroad, steamer or regular stage, through a country where the roads could be, partly, at least, a great deal better. John Plummer, an Octaroon and free man before the war, or one of the "old issue," as they call themselves there, had gone with his team and a party of capitalists from Pennsylvania to Ridgeway (a smart, rich Pennsylvanian settlement about 5 miles from Warrenton Station), and as John is the only *conveyancer* in that region, I had a very good chance of losing a day's time, had I been an inexperienced *tourist*, but I took bravely the lumber wagon, the old mule and the young darkey servant of the Grocer of "the place," and this trinity, for one dollar, brought me to the heart of the village of Warrenton (three miles from Warrenton Station) where I learned, as said above, that John Plummer had gone to Ridgeway! I accosted the first gentleman I met in the street, after the bad news the hotel keeper had given me, regarding Plummer's *non est ibus-ship*, asking him if there was no one but the "old issue" in the county seat of Warren to take me to the Portis gold mine. He kindly conducted me to a planter's house, whose owner agreed to let me have his team and "boy" for seven dollars—a reasonable price. This offer I immediately accepted and settled for. My driver, a negro boy of 17 to 18, did not know the way any more than I did; but being bound to surprise, with the least delay, my *friend*, Colonel William E. Sturges, at Ransom's Bridge, N. C., I took my courage in all my hands, not much afraid of the topographical exactness of the rights and lefts, etc., as were indicated to me and to my driver, and which were not easy of comprehension, I may assure the readers hereof. About three miles away a gentleman was talking to a white man, at the gate of his plantation. "Am I in the right road, Sir, to the gold mines?" "Yes, Sir, but you do not expect to go there this evening?" (it was then 4 P. M.) "I do, if in any way feasible." "Impossible, Sir; but come in a moment." I alighted instantly and shook the hand he extended to me. "My name is Alfred Alston." Announcing mine, and giving him the envelope of a letter (having forgotten my cards), "Mr. Labiaux," said he, "let us have a dram," and while sending for a pitcher of fresh water and putting a bottle of fine whisky and a bowl of sugar on the sideboard, he told me that he knew the roads, that the best team could not carry me that evening to the "mines," and that I had better stay with him over night. Such delicate attention almost confused me, yet, in my egotistical desire to see "Billy," I said: "Mr. A., as you are so very kind to me, would I not abuse my privilege as a stranger, in asking you if I could not this evening gain some miles upon to-morrow's journey, and find a hospitable roof on the way?" "Well, Mr. L., appreciating your anxiety to see Mr. Sturges, I will tell you what to do. Four and a half miles from here is my brother, K. P. Alston. Go to him; he will take *smart* care of you; but promise me, that on your return, you will at least stay one night with me." I promised so (unfortunately, I had to return by another road); we had another dram, he indicated me the way, and we had a hearty, hard, and *smart* handshaking.

At the point diagrammed, a fine oak lane, leading to a large mansion, from under the portico of which a gentleman looking at the setting sun perceived my buggy and came to the gate. I was struck with his noble bearing, and was almost going to cry out, "*Allons, Monsieur Victor Hugo!*" for he certainly bears a great resemblance to France's greatest author and best son.—Said I: "Mr. Alston, your brother Alfred has advised me to solicit from you the hospitality for the night, and I follow his counsel." "Be welcome, sir! Your name if you please?" The first thing was "a dram;" a glowing fire, in a huge parlor of high ceiling then invited us; after a very pleasant chat of about an hour, I was presented to Mrs., Miss and Mr. Alston, Jr., and partook with the family of a very good supper, finding all members of the family as charming as my Amphitryon; after supper Mr. A. lead me back to the parlor, and there we chatted (while puffing and *drumming once in a while*) on many topics, and of many persons (among others of Peter A. [illegible] the war,) till half past eleven, when Mr. A. showed me my bedroom, provided with a large smiling fire and every necessary comfort and luxury.—Next morning the fire was in perfect order before I arose; an appetizing breakfast; a hasty and admiring survey of a part of "the plantation;" hand shakings mutually heartfelt wishes of happiness, invitations, promises, &c., and off I went, with team and Sambo, for "the mines," only losing our way twice, and reaching Sturges' Hotel at 2 P. M.

Just imagine the scene, when, not at all expected, and the first Newarker (who was not interested in the "mines") who ever went there, I arrived, and was seen by "Billy." * * * * * * *

I stopped a whole week with Sturges; studied the people, the climate and the resources, the value of the Portis gold mine, [illegible] clusions I came to:

[illegible] The whites, a large number [illegible] Thomas, Avent, Davis, Wright, Rosser, Doctor Harrison, B. B. Nicholson, &c., &c., are all men of education, honor and good sentiments, and told me that any Northerner or European, be he a Republican or a Democrat, settling among them as a *bona fide* citizen (not a carpet bagger) will receive their hand of fellowship, and I fully rely on their word just as well as on my mother's. I shall never forget the respect, the fine sentiments, the friendship showered upon me at the house of Baldy Davis, Esq., who, on *that* Sunday, gave a real Balthazar feast to about twenty or twenty-five guests; neither shall I ever forget that an adopted son of Mr. Davis (a boy of about nine years) is the greatest prodigy I ever met with or heard of, and, could he only be heard once by Edwin Booth, or any other eminent tragedian, I predict that he will honor the stage and delight and astonish the world.

Second. The colored people are industrious, sober, honest and more intelligent than I expected to find them. For an average of sixty cents they give a faithful day's work, on the plantations, mines or whatever the kind of labor it may be.

Third. The climate is [illegible] productive; the country very healthy; the fruits plentiful; the forests dense with all kinds of trees; the creeks fishy; the game abundant, and the land dirt cheap now.

Fourth, The Portis Gold Mine is a stock company, in which considerable Newark capital is invested; this mine has yielded, before the war, by surface mining, or rather scraping, a half a dozen fortunes. Since 1865 operations thereon have not been properly conducted; want of knowledge in mining, &c., but especially the insufficiency of water for sluicing has interferred seriously with the interests of the owners; an artesian well has been tried, but tube and money are sunk, and no water!

The new lessees of the company, Messrs. Thomas K. Thomas and Wm. E. Sturges, have just vigorously undertaken the *exploitation* of the "mine;" a charter has been granted to them by the Legislature of North Carolina, and they are pushing the construction of a ditch or canal, four feet wide, and fifteen miles in length; when this ditch shall bring the water in the reservoirs of the two hills, on the Portis property, *gold, and plenty of it*, they shall have; I know it, for everywhere we passed, I could see the gold with my naked eye.—The Water Company proposes to furnish water to the miners at a fixed price of ten cents to the square inch per day, and the Mine Company is willing to contract on royalty, with any responsible parties.—(This does not mean that it requires a big capital; only skill and honesty are wanted.)

Mr. Wardell, a practical California miner (and a Newarker,) who explored the Portis gold mine in the latter part of last December, said then: "Have water, I will come;" left from here on Monday, March 14, for the Portis gold mine, on his own account, to prepare himself for when the ditch shall be completed, and to look out for the proper sluicing.

Mr. Weissenborn, from Irvington, N. J., an Austrian miner and an experienced metalurgist, will go there in a few days, to superintend the crushing and the smelting of the quartz minings.

I believe in the opinion of the two practical men I have just named, and I believe in the rich future of the Portis mine.

And now for me. Taken in, with what is the description above given, I bought some land and a large building for my house and store, gave my orders before I left there, for certain alterations and improvements, and came North, leaving Ransom's Bridge and its peach trees in full bloom, on the 14th, by way of Enfield, N. C., (my shipping point,) thence to Weldon, where I took for $17, my ticket for New York; again passed at Suffolk, * * * * arrived at Portsmouth at 6 P. M., where the fine steamer Geo. Leary was in waiting for us; steamed up the Chesapeake Bay, witnessed a magnificent sunrise before breakfast; took the cars at Baltimore and reached home at 4:55, thus making the trip in less than 31 hours.

I am completing, now, my purchases of goods and other arrangements; have received my appointment of P. M. at Ransom's Bridge, and will move from my beloved Newark for my new home on the 2[?]d of April, assuring my friends that I ever will remember them and always will be happy to give them any information in my possession regarding North Carolina.

J. L. LABIAUX.

P. S.—Let me not forget to state:

A. That in my immediate vicinity, the Scuppernong, a native vine, produces abundantly, an excellent wine, resembling much the delicate and renowned Tokay.

B. That Ransom's Bridge is not even a village; besides the Portis mansion, now occupied by the white employees and as office of the Mine Company, there is but my house and store, about one hundred yards from the hotel, where, as Sturges says, "we have three good *square* meals per day" ($2 per day for transient customers,) good rooms and beds, and in the person of Capt. Avent, "a man who knows how to keep a hotel."

C. Within two hundred yards border the counties of Nash, Franklin, Warren and Halifax, and there is every probability that ere two years a new county will be made *there*, which shall be called Jersey county, in honor of the enterprising spirit of some Jerseymen.

D. That the whole expense of my trip (11 days) only amounted to seventy one dollars.

J. L. L.

### THE AMNESTY PROCLAMATION—IT IS TO ISSUED.

[illegible] of the Baltimore Sun, writing from Washington, says:

A telegram from the Associated Press denies the truthfulness of a paragraph in these despatches relative to the President's proposed Amnesty message. Your correspondent has taken the trouble to get from the "best authority" the truth on this subject, and finds that what has heretofore been stated in these despatches is correct. As was stated before, the President informed Senator Johnson, of Virginia, and Senator Boarman, of West Virginia, that he had prepared a message to Congress recommending universal amnesty, and that he would transmit it to that body after the admission of Texas and Georgia; that in his opinion the time for general amnesty has arrived, and he thought Congress should pass a bill enabling all political offenders to become enfranchised by going to the nearest court, registering, and taking a [illegible] amnesty among a few senators and Representatives [illegible] to have the message delayed or set aside altogether. Notwithstanding the unqualified denial by the Associated Press of the real facts, it is nevertheless true that the subject of amnesty has been several times talked over by the President and his Cabinet, and General Grant adheres to his original purpose, and the draft of a message to Congress on the subject is now lying upon his table. Meantime accounts of outrages alleged to have been committed recently in North and South Carolina and Alabama, upon colored persons, have been brought to the notice of the President by Senator Warner and others as a reason why the Amnesty Proclamation should not now be issued. Senator Warner vouches for the reliability of some of these accounts, whilst others are not credited. Secretary Fish had an interview with the President on the subject to-day, and approves the course proposed by the President. General Sherman also approves the Amnesty message, and to-day remarked that Amnesty would tend to soothe the two or three hundred thousand persons disfranchised in the South, and would cause them to assist in putting down lawlessness, and this class of people would no longer be found saying: "We [illegible] are violated." Admiral Porter [illegible] marked that general amnesty ought to be granted at once.

A BALL IN THE FAR WEST.—The local editor of a very far West journal, having attended a ball on the frontier, has felt moved after the manner of Jenkins, of the metropolitan press to furnish a report of some of the dresses worn by some of the eminent ladies present:

Miss A. was everlastingly scrumptious in an underskirt of red calico, flounced with blue muslin, surmounted with an overskirt of linsey hooped in the rear *en soddledag* with yellow bows. Waist *a la smarygoo bumsie de buster*. Hair in a chignon resembling half a cabbage head. Extraordinary betty.

Mrs. B. wore a skirt of home-made flannel displaying in a very beautiful manner her No. 11 moccasins. Corsage *de sanpanosh* ornamented with soldier buttons. Hair *frissees* perfume of cinnamon drops. Exclusively hifalutin.

Madame C., a noted half-bred belle, attracted an all-fired sight of comment by appearing in a hoop skirt ornamented with fox tails *en circumbendibus*. Waist of yellow flannel, slashed with strips of buffalo hide. She carried a big sun flower, and danced with great *looseness*. Terrifically magnificent.

That is a queer story about GRANT and the Cabinet refusing to pay fare on the Hudson River Railway when *en route* to General THOMAS' funeral, and, but that it is so very circumstantial, might be taken as a hoax. The statement is that, having vainly endeavored to get his fare, the conductor proceeded to uncouple the Presidential car at Poughkeepsie, and would have left it on the track had not some higher official of that road taken the responsibility of ordering its freight of "dead heads" forward. Perhaps, as it appears the party left New York at midnight, they were, like the men in the pirate song, "all very merry," and so far above the baseness of the slave who pays; but be this as it may, the incident would be justly characterized as unprecedented did not memory recall how the great heart of the nation once whipped up his bobtailed grey in Philadelphia and went tearing down the street with a swarm of policemen, anxious to maintain the ordinance against fast driving, at his tail. Of course, if there was no attempt to bilk this Hudson River Railway conductor, a denial is in order. We take the story from the Poughkeepsie *News.—World.*

CLOVER AN ECONOMICAL CROP.—Red clover is recognized as ranking highly as a fertilizing crop. Prof. Voelcker, in a report of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, in 1868, said, in substance, that experiments made showed the largest crop of clover removed from the soil appeared to increase its wheat capabilities. From this, as well as from other deductions of the Professor, together with his own experience in the same line, a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* comes to the following conclusions:

"The best result to be gained in the use of clover as a fertilizer, comes by letting the growth remain as long as possible on ground, without even mowing or feeding. In this way the roots attain their greatest development, and the dense shade to the top soil is favorable to the deposition of nitrogenous matter. I would produce as dense and luxuriant a growth as possible, let it remain untouched by scythe or hoof until the last of summer, then plow and sow with wheat, or better still, work thoroughly in the autumn, and next spring, sow with barley and follow with wheat."

### THE LAST SCENES OF THE APPOMATTOX SURRENDER.

John Esten Cooke, in his new book, 'Hammer and Rapier,' says:

The day passed, and the sight—on the 10th the army surrendered formally, stacked arms, abandoned their columns, and dispersed to their homes. The Federal commander had acted throughout all with the generosity of a soldier and the breeding of a gentleman. Not a cheer was heard, not a band played in the Federal army. When far off a shout rose over the woods, one of the federal officers hastened to apologize for it.

'That is the rear guard—those fellows did none of the fighting,' he said.

Those who fought—the veteran Army of the Potomac, tried in battle, in victory, in defeat, in all the hard life of the soldier—they did not cheer when their old adver- [illegible] They were silent, and saluted when a ragged Confederate passed. They felt what surrender must be to the men of that army which they had fought for four years—and not a cheer or a brass band was heard.

Why humiliate their old enemies?—Why make more bitter their misfortune?

On the 10th of April, 1865, the old soldiers of the Army of the Potomac stretched the hands of comrades to the foe they had fought so long. To-day they are ready to do as much, if the civilians would only let them. There is a personage more ferocious and implacable than the fiercest soldier—it is the man who had staid at home and never smelt gunpowder; who, while the rest fought, clapped his hands, saying:

'Fight on, my brave boys! You are covering yourselves with glory, and we are watching you!'

'If the civilians had been at Appomattox [illegible] the men of Lee would you have [illegible] You would certainly have split the air with [illegible]

'Well, see the difference between men who fight and men who do not. The old soldiers of the army of the Potomac kept quiet—when Lee appeared at Gen. Grant's headquarters, every head was uncovered. Victory saluted defeat.'

### RISING IN THE WORLD.

You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to earn our livelihood by the sweat of the brow.—What reason have we then to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be—as now and then one will be—endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and, if they never have that opportunity the harm is not very great to us or to them. Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upwards is steep and long to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence in the present parent, lay the foundation of a rise under more favorable circumstances for the children. The children of these take another rise; and by-the by the descendants of the present laborer become independent [illegible] melancholy catastrophes [illegible] the top at a single leap [illegible] much misery is produced in the world, and the propensity to make such attempt has been cherished and encouraged by the strange projects that we have witnessed of late years for making the laborers virtuous and happy by giving them what is called education. The education I speak of consists in bringing up children to labor with steadiness, with care and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible, to teach them how to do all in the best manner; to set them an example of industry, sobriety, cleanliness and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they shall never be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them the temptation to get at the goods of others by violent or fraudulent means, and to keep far from their minds all the inducements to hypocrisy and deceit.

The Hartford *Post* tells a story of a deacon who once got drunk in New York on the Fourth of July. It was at a time when ice was unknown in summer in the country. The deacon confessed his fault, but pleaded in palliation that it was a prodigiously hot day, and the lemons and ice in the punch did look so cool and inviting that he couldn't resist the temptation, and he supposed he did actually drink to intoxication. A brother on a back seat listened attentively but incredulously to the defence, and at its conclusion rose. "I hain't no objection," said he, "to a man's getting drunk, if he owns up to it and is sorry for it; that's a thing a man's liable to, and p'raps some times he can't help it; but when the the deacon comes in here and undertakes to excuse himself in any such way as that—talking about seeing ice in July, I go for jerkin him out for lyin."

MEDICINAL PROPERTIES OF EGGS.—The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe pain and effectually exclude the burned part from the air. This simple remedy seems preferable [illegible] even cotton. [illegible] Healing properties, told of the healing properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolk of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, and the yolks are then removed, crushed and placed over a fire where they are carefully stirred until the whole substance is just on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and may be poured off. One yolk will yield nearly two teaspoonfuls of oil. It is in general use among the colonists of South Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises and scratches.

A story is told of an old hunter in Michigan, who, when the country was new, got lost in the woods several times. He was told to buy a pocket compass, which he did, and a friend explained to him the use. He soon got lost and lay out as usual. When found, he was asked why he did not travel by the compass.—He stated that he did not dare to. He wished to go north, and he "tried hard to make the thing point north, but 'twant no use; 'twould diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, right round, and point southeast every time!"

NEW SLEEPING CARS.—Two new sleeping cars have been procured for the accommodation of passengers on the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad going through to Savannah via Charleston on the new route. They will run from this city to Charleston, via Florence. One of the cars has already arrived and been placed upon the route.—The other is daily expected.—*Wil Jou*