The Semi-Weekly Sentinel.

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THE SENTINEL.

BEAUTIES OF RADICALISM.

If the Hatchett Convention are to sustain in this city is a fair index and representation of the party at present in the State, then we say, God save the State from the further curse of their control.

Yesterday, in the Radical Convention here, Pool, native, and Abbott, carpet bagger, unmuzzled their dogs in Tucker Hall, as will be seen from the proceedings. Such swearing, howling and confusion was never witnessed out of Pandemonium. It lasted all day and was continued by broken squads throughout the night.

All this grew out of disaffection, revolt and mutiny against Holden and his son-in-law, Louis, the former aspiring to Abbott's seat in the United States Senate, and the latter trying to renew his hold on the Attorney Generalship.

The fight broke out on the attempt at a permanent organization of the Convention. The question was, Who shall be President, Senator Pool or Senator Abbott?—the selection of Pool being a Holden triumph, the selection of Abbott, the guaranteeing to carpet-baggers their present *status*.

Galloway, colored Presidential elector and "brains of his party," was *anti*-Holden, or *pro* Abbott. Governor Holden, being chairman of the Executive Committee, [illegible] march on the Admiral Galloway mutineers, and nominated Col. W. J. Clarke for temporary chairman, against which nomination

Treason, sedition and factious opposition to Holdenism prevailed all the morning. Passion, envy, venom and malice, showed their heads in every corner of the Hall, until, at the reassembling at four o'clock, the Lieutenant Governor, as chairman of the Committee of permanent organization, made his report. Then Bedlam broke loose afresh and the demon of discord and anarchy assumed control of the assemblage.

Even Marshal Carrow, with his portly form elevated on a chair, could not restore order, although he "cussed" and begged and begged and "cussed," it all did no good. A. J. Jones, who bought the cotton of Dr. Sloan, pointed in vain to the motto, "Let us have peace," suspended over the chairman's head.

Col. Clarke, the chairman, who served in the Mexican war, and in the late Confederate army, (and who is now undergoing a severer service than either,) was not to be [illegible] or run over by a negro, so, when Galloway, [illegible] his party," but recently dubbed by some of his brother Rads, "big yaller," moved to strike out the name of his friend Mabson, as one of the secretaries, the chair ruled him out of order.

"Big yaller" persisted in his motion, when the chair again called him to order and told him to take his seat.

"Big yaller" being "union," and the chair being "secesh;" "big yaller" being right and the chair being wrong, the former would not "down" at the bidding of the latter.

White secesh ordering union negro down, was like the match to the train, it brought up every union negro at once, and a scene ensued; "big yellar" *cussing* worse than our pious Governor. He said he had the Bible and the Constitution to back him, and a revolver in his pocket, and he'd "be d—d if he didn't mean to have his rights."

He said he was not afraid of Joe Turner nor the Ku Klux, and if Gov. Holden was assassinated he would burn the house of the biggest Conservative in Wilmington, with its whole family.

Sam Morphis, a decent colored man from Orange, after repeated attempts, got a chance to suggest to Galloway, that he had "never been to Orange yet."

Great confusion again ensued, and "the brains" went out to cool off, accompanied by Mayor Harrison, who counseled him to moderation. But "big yaller" swore, like the Governor, that New Hanover should "have her rights."

The devils all seemed broke loose again, and the uproar reached its acme. Many became alarmed and left the Hall hurriedly; among them the Governor was seen to take his hat and retreat behind the scenes. In the midst of the confusion, one delegate was heard to cry out, "break up the d—d concern in a row; it was just got up to make Holden Senator and Olds Attorney General!"

James Pontleroy was seen in the moving mass, floating round like a cork in an eddy, and crying out, "Let Rameat be heard! Let Rameat be heard! and gentle peace will again wave her balmy wings over the Convention."

Clubs, sticks and pistols were visible, and oaths as deep as those used by the Governor to the Chief Justice, were heard in various parts of the Hall.

James Harris smoke, but his speech, though well worded, seemed to add fuel to the fire.

French spoke his old Wilmington speech modified, defying the natives and putting forth the claims of carpet baggers. It was sufficiently conciliatory, however, to bring Harris to his house.

Here the heat was so intense as to cause Galloway to retire to cool off again. While he was seated on the steps at Pepper's, he was accosted by three colored Holdenites, who upbraided him for his course in the meeting. A debate ensued and a crowd of Holdenites gathered around; Galloway turned to go in, when one of the mob cursed him; he then returned to the door and began to talk loudly.

The Chief of police came up and commanded silence; Galloway persisted, saying he knew his rights and would talk. The policeman then threatened to take him to the guard house.

Galloway said he was vindicating his honor, but he would go when commanded, only he would not be arrested and dragged there.

He was finally arrested and marched off to the guard house. As he was going, a delegate from Wilmington, named Burk, went up to speak to Galloway, and at the same time a red shirted negro cried out to Galloway to shoot the police. "Chick" Haywood, colored, one of the most efficient policemen of the city, warned all, black and white, to keep off. Burk approached, as he intends say, to speak to Galloway, when "Chick" gave him a touch with his "billy" and laid him on the pavement.

We saw and heard the blow, and thought, at the time, it ought to have fallen on Pool, Abbott, Heaton, Tourgee, or some other white man of the party, who is active in calling these poor ignorant laborers into Conventions, in order that *they* may fatten on the spoils of office.

JACOBIN CLUBS AND LOYAL LEAGUES.

The resemblance between the Jacobin [illegible] the South, is so striking as to present itself at once to every, even the most casual observer. They are alike in [illegible] other; alike in the composition of membership, each being composed of preachers, politicians and ignorant and debased men.

At first, each was very popular, proclaiming liberty and equality. Afterward each became engines of intimidation, and then dens of murder and barbarism.

For years the Jacobin Clubs of France held the people of that country in bondage and confusion, and in the end they governed by terror.

The laws in France, under the Jacobins, as in this State and the whole South, under the Leagues, were new and constantly changed. The tribunals of the country, in the one instance, as in the other, were hampered, the consciences of men enchained, and everything and every body were put under the surveillance of spies and informers, such as Holden inaugurated in this State under Colgrove, Bill Huskey, Bother, Parrott, Tolon and others.

The French Jacobins boasted that they carried on their [illegible] by terror than force, and that a few timely murders and burnings had prevented the bloodshd of many battles.

Our Jacobins have imitated their French exemplars, by sending out troops to different counties, as in Jones, Alamance, and the negro troops to Scott's, in Wake. They have imitated them in their "timely" murders and burnings, as in the case of the murders in Green, Pitt, Craven and Jones, which are fresh in the memories of all.—And the burnings that have shed their lurid glare on the bosom of night, in almost every county in the State, from one end of it to the other.

In Orange three barns were burning at one time within sight of each other and the horses and grain were burned with the buildings. The Battle factory, gin and mills were burned in Edgecombe. In Chatham, last week, Mr. Boylan's barn with five horses was burned; in Caswell, this week, we hear of the burning of the barns of Mr. Lea and Mr. Hinton, together with all their tobacco, and last Sunday morning Mr. Branch, of this county, had his barn fired and was shot at fifteen or twenty times while attempting to extinguish the flames.

We shall notice further the analogy between these two organizations, as future developments may justify.

IN AT THE BACK DOOR.

We don't take turtle soup, but our Local does, and to-day, at 11 o'clock, he had a supply from Pepper & O'Connor's, (at which place, we learn there will be some more of the same sort to-morrow.) When the "devil" went to carry the dishes back, he saw His Excellency "Dad," with his State Treasurer and another converted secessionist, coming in at Pepper's back door.

We tell the Governor, his sin *will* find him out. He may go in at the back doors, and thus evade the observation of the editor of the SENTINEL, but he can't escape the notice of the "devil" nor of the Lord.

We learn from the Hillsboro' *Recorder* that on Wednesday, the 4th inst., three tobacco barns and all of the crop of tobacco of Gen. Wm. Lea, of Caswell county, were destroyed by fire, the work of an incendiary. Mr. Lea's loss is about $4,000.

The *Standard* will please put this upon its record of "outrages."

ANOTHER IDEA FOR THE STANDARD.—On last Sunday night, near Milton, the large double barn of Samuel Hinton, Esq., was destroyed by fire, evidently the work of an incendiary. Fortunately the barn contained only a small quantity of tobacco.

PRICES FOR LAND IN HILLSBORO.—Go 'way with your poor land! we pay prices for land in this section. A lot of eight acres lying just outside of town was sold to Mr. J. W. Norwood the other day, one of the finest agriculturalists in the county, for eight hundred dollars. Only *one hundred as acre!*

HOLDEN RADICAL CONVENTION.

EVENING SESSION.

WEDNESDAY, May 11, 1870.

The Convention met at 4 o'clock.

The Committee on Credentials reported the counties represented by delegates, and the following counties failed to respond.

Alexander, Cleaveland, Duplin, Moore, Onslow, Person, Polk, Richmond, Rutherford, Stokes, Union, Hyde, Lincoln and others.

Hanson Hughes (col.) arose to a question of privilege and said,

Mr. President, Though little and unknown, yet I am a Republican, and have supported the Republican party ever since its organization in this State, to the best of my ability. I have been assailed on this floor to-day in a most unjust manner by A. H. Galloway, delegate from New Hanover. The cause of the attack is entirely personal and should not have been made here. Some time since not knowing that *Mr. Galloway was connected with the Standard office*, I wrote an article for that paper reflecting somewhat on Mr. Galloway's political course, which was pocketed by him (Galloway.)

Hughes was here interrupted by Mr. Sam'l. Carrow, who arose to a point of order, which was that the misunderstanding between Hughes and Galloway was not proper business for the consideration of the Convention.

The President ruled the point well taken.

A. H. Galloway (col.) moved that he be allowed to continue.

Numerous motions to lay the motion on the table and *under the table* were made.

The President ruled them all out of order.

Hanson Hughes then said if he could not be had left for justice, to wit, through the Public Press.

[illegible] Graham, Jo. Turner and the other Ku Klux, that if I do go to Orange and get killed or Ku Kluxed, *some of the will suffer for it.*

Sam Morphis. Howling have you belonged to that Clan?

T. R Caldwell made a *tender* appeal in the name of God and everything that was dear to Republicans, especially the spoils, for peace and harmony, (which quieted the hubbub, and apparently we had peace.)

The motion to strike out of the report the names of French, [illegible] and Hayes, prevailed.

On motion, the name of Jas. Bowman was also stricken out.

The Secretary called the roll of counties and the report as amended was adopted as follows: Ayes 71, nays 19.

On motion of Mr. Abbott, the vote was made unanimous.

Little John pool, intended to speak, and our reporter varied, but the Convention soon adjourned to get at 10 o'clock, to-day; the whole affair beg closed with a short fight for the amusement of the audience out of doors.

THURSDAY PROCEEDINGS.

THURSDAY, May 12th 1870.

The Convention met at 10 o'clock.

Delegates from the following Counties complained that although a list of delegates from each county had been handed to the reporter of the *Standard* no notice of them appeared in the published list in that paper, New Hanover, Cumberland, Montgomery, Halifax, Craven, Robeson and a portion of Lenoir.

Col. Arnold, (white) moved that C. L. Cobb, (white,) the hero of Cuban rights, address the convention. (It did not require much persuasion to bring him out, for he was already on the stage practicing positions before he was fairly called on, he spouted awhile and concluded by saying, that it was not a man of choice with him whether a man was white or black, these *damnable distinctions must be done away with.*)

Mr. W. R. Richards, (white,) moved that the Convention proceed to go into the election of Attorney General, and put in nomination L. P. Olds (white,) the present incumbent and made a touching appeal (so far as he knew he) to the convention, to sustain the nominee and endorse the selection of the Gover.

Mr. Olds, (white) came forward and declined the honor of a nomination.—(Sour grapes.) Spoke considerable length in denunciation of Klux as he termed the Conservative party and closed by saying that he would assert cordially any candidate this Convention or any other republican meeting might nominate, he was a Republican and expected to die one, and appealed to Republicans to stand up manfully for the cause as they would come out of the coming east victors and as pure as refined gold.

The President suspended the pending motion until the Committee on Resolutions had reported.

Mr. Abbott, (white) from the Committee on Resolutions presented a platform and series of resolutions for the consideration of the Convention.

Mr. Ingram, (white) rose to address the Convention, desired to know if the allusions made in the resolutions in reference to the late General Assembly were intended as a reflection on that body.

(Voices, Yes it were, yes, yes.)

A general cry was made for the question, poor old Ingram was hushed, and the platform and resolutions were adopted with only one dissenting vote.

Friday Jones obtained the floor and urged the claims of Judge Olds, for the office of Attorney General. Mr. Olds' name had been canvassed before the Republican party at some time when he was a candidate for the office of Judge, and through his (Friday's) influence, was defeated, because he had shown his hand, the Republicans did not like to risk any candidate when there was any doubt or uncertainty about his position, and another man was chosen *his stead.* But since that time Judge Olds had shown his hand, he had done well, whenever there was a Republican meeting, night or day, he was sure to be heard to lend his aid and counsel, he had been thoroughly tried and was a *true Republican.*—He should now use his influence to secure his nomination to the office of Attorney General, he has been tried, is a true Republican, and will be therefore entitled to our support.

A. H. Galloway raised the point that Judge Olds had declined the nomination, and the discussion of his claims before the Convention was not in order.

The President (Colored, white,) decided that the whole proceedings in reference to this subject was out of order, that the consideration of the merits of any particular candidate could not properly come before the Convention until it had first been decided to go into an election, and that was the question now pending. The question was put and carried unanimously.

W. R. Richardson, white, refused to withdraw the name of Judge Olds, and made another *affecting* and *tender* appeal in his behalf, and that of the administration. (No tears were shed unless it was done behind the scenes on the stage.)

Jacob Bowman, white, nominated S. F. Phillips, white, and urged the merits of his candidate in a long and labored speech.—(Applause.)

J. C. L. Harris, white, seconded the nomination and appealed to the colored delegates to stand by S. F. Phillips, who was among the first in the State to advocate the right of colored men to testify in Courts.—(We are of the opinion that the Hon. B. F. Moore was the first, and among the loud mouthed Radicals in that Convention, there were some who made themselves prominent in denouncing his course.)

W. R. Richardson, white, said, at the urgent request of the Wake county delegation (behind the scenes) he would withdraw the name of the Hon. L. D. Olds, though he did so with great reluctance.

J. C. L. Harris, white, moved that the nomination of Mr. Phillips be declared unanimous by acclamation.

The vote was put and the President (John pool, white,) declared it to be unanimous, though the Reporter heard distinctly, as well as others present, several noes.

Loud and continued calls for Phillips were made, but he was missing not having up to that date *fallen entirely over.*

T. R. Caldwell, (white,) said that Mr. Phillips had informed him that he did not [illegible] an over anxiety for the office, he was anxious that some republican should be elected, finally, on motion of T. R. Caldwell, was rejected.

ROTATING DICK.

R. C. Badger, white, was called for and responded to the call in a speech of some length, very extreme, (of course, young convert,) he closed by saying he would prove his devotion to the Republican party in the coming campaign, as he intended to urge the claims of his friend Jim Harris, throughout this Congressional District.—(Applause, long and continued.)

BIG INJUN.

G. Z French, white, made a long and conciliatory speech and endeavored to explain away the indiscretions of his leader (big yaller) which was received with applause and three cheers and a tiger for the New Hanover delegation, Sam. Phillips and the Republican party.

The Convention adjourned to meet at 4 o'clock. They met, and the remainder of the day was spent in abusing their enemies, Joe Turner and the SENTINEL, and they adjourned *sine die*, but paraded the streets until near day, making night hideous with their Scottish yells. Let us have peace.

For the Sentinel.

CELEBRATION AT CHAPEL HILL.

The ladies at Chapel Hill having issued an invitation to their fellow-citizens to meet on the 10th inst., in the village graveyard, and assist in doing honor to the memories of the Confederate soldiers who lie buried there, at 4 o'clock that afternoon it appeared as if the whole village had obeyed the summons, a more general turn out of the community we have never seen. We thought it a very interesting spectacle—the ladies and little children all bearing [illegible] so much so that one would have thought every garden in the place must have been stripped of the scentless and [illegible] Methodist Church, who, after making a few appropriate and very interesting remarks, gave out a hymn, which all joined in singing, and then offered a prayer. Our good friend and neighbor Mr. Jones Watson, the grave of whose son Thomas Low, killed at the battle of Chickamauga, lay near, then advanced and gave us an informal and short address conceived, in the best spirit and full of touching reminiscences of the war and its sufferings. At the close, Mr. Cunniggim stepped forward with a very handsome wreath and cross made entirely of the laurel flower and leaf, that now adorns certain well known localities around Chapel Hill, and said that *these* were dedicated to the memories of the gallant boys of our town, who went out to return no more, but lay where they fell in unknown graves, but not less honored and mourned for. These decorations were hung on the branches of the trees, that overhung the speaker, and the assembly then dispersed to adorn the graves of the nine of our Confederate soldiers whose remains lie among those of their kindred. It was a pleasant hour and not an ill spent one that thus united the hearts of the people of Chapel Hill in firmer bonds of sympathy and a common regret. The outward tokens of tender [illegible] are indeed unavailing [illegible] but are very effectual for softening the heart and exalting the soul."

Patrick Henry, as is well known, was strongly opposed to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States as framed by the Convention of 1787, because he believed there was not sufficient protection thrown around the rights of the States, and that the Federal Government would tend to consolidation and the ultimate overthrow of republican principles. If he never claimed the prophet's prevision, he is certainly entitled to it in the verification of the following predictions:

"In time, as has happened in all other countries, the government will pass into the hands of some unscrupulous faction, bent on aggrandizing itself and its members at the expense of the country. * * They will rule your country with the sword. * * * Swarms of tax gathers will infest the whole land. * * The fate of all other Republics must be ours."

If such were his forebodings at the beginning of our political life, with the Constitution as it came undefiled from the hands of its patriotic framers, what would he now say, were he alive, of the dangers ahead, with the additional power attained by the imperialists in the last three amendments.—*Kentucky Yeoman.*

A BOLD ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY AND A NARROW ESCAPE WITH LIFE.—We learn that on Monday night about nine o'clock, an attempt was made to rob the crib of Mr. Wm. H. Shields, who resides near Scotland Neck, resulting in a very narrow escape from death on the part of Willie Shields, a youth some seventeen years of age. Mr. Shields was absent from home, and his son Willie learning that some one was attempting to enter the crib, and arming him'l with a pistol, proceeded to the spot and fired upon a person who was in the act of entering the crib. The party started to run, but at this moment a second party starting only some ten steps distant fired at the youth, the ball passing through the brim of his hat and narrowly missing his head. The parties then made their escape. This is one of the most dastardly attempts at robbery and murder we have recorded in some time, and we hope the desperadoes may in some manner be captured. We learn that Mr. Shields intends offering a large reward for their capture.—*Roanoke News.*

A CURIOUS MARRIAGE.—Just before the war a right funny as well as a mighty curious marriage came off at a place known as "the Depot" near Chapel Hill in this county. The bride-groom was a near sighted fellow who had been born with sore eyes; the parents of both bride-groom and bride were as blind as bats; the worthy and highly esteemed magistrate who united them was himself blind in one eye; and the fiddler and only waiter was Mr. Lemuel Yancy, of this county, who is deaf and dumb. The parties all got on the shady side of the house and in a few minutes were made man and wife.—*Hillsboro Recorder.*

Houston has a beef condensing establishment where a bullock is concentrated into twelve pounds of extract, one pound of which will furnish one hundred rations. The monthly shipment to Europe is twelve hundred pounds, which it is used in the French cavalry. Large quantities are also sold in New Orleans.

For the Sentinel.

May 11th, 1870.

MR. EDITOR:—I am under the necessity of writing you a few lines which I wish you to publish in your Daily and Weekly. My barn was set on fire on last Sunday morning, at half past 2 o'clock. It was discovered by my wife, and I ran out to save my horses. When I got to the barn, I thought I would try to put out the fire first, and went round the barn for that purpose.—There were five of the Holly Springs league and two other negroes, the last from near Middle Creek, lying about thirty steps from the barn. They commenced firing at me and continued it until after I had put out the fire. They then ran off in the direction of Holly Springs. I think they must have shot at least twenty times, and several of the shots and two minnie balls hit the side of the barn.

I am aware of who five of them are; they are negroes belonging to the Holly Springs league. It may seem strange to your readers that I do not take out a writ and prosecute them; but it would be of no use. I might prosecute them and lose two or three weeks attending Court, pay my own expenses, and convict them—what would be the consequence? Why, they are leaguers and Governor Holden would be sitting back ready to pardon them after conviction; he would do it, before Grasey Sam could take a drink, as he did Bill Beattie, convicted of stealing Wyatt Holleman's mule.

I think we are in a pretty predicament, when a man is to be shot at, and have his property burnt for attending to his own business, which I always do unless they bother me or mine, and then it is all equal [illegible]

I think it hard to have to pay taxes to keep up a government and then be shot for [illegible] or be on the [illegible] and not do so I did, when my barn was set on fire, when I went out without my gun.

I felt sure they had left after setting my barn on fire, but they were then waiting, and if I had had my gun, I could have killed a part of them. I will do a little better next time.

I will add but one thing more, and that is, if they want to shoot again, let them shoot, for my life is insured; and if they want to burn, let them burn, for my property is insured.

Yours,

R. C. BRANCH.

NOTE.—The above communication contained a number of "cuss words," but we so arranged it as to leave them out.

We advise our friend not to follow the example of the Governor in the use of profane language.

(From the Old North State.)

THE JUDGES UNDER THE NEW REGIME.

In the last number of the Supreme Court Reports, there are one hundred and twenty cases decided at January Term, 1870. By reference to the Reports, it will be seen that the District Judges are sustained in but one error in [illegible] Court. The number of cases decided by the respective Judges are as follows:

Jones	has	7 cases and	overruled in	4
Pool	"	4 do	do	2
Buxton	"	12 do	do	5
Mitchell	"	13 do	do	9
Logan	"	15 do	do	10
Tourgee	"	14 do	do	9
Cloud	"	14 do	do	5
Watts	"	25 do	do	21
Russel	"	2 do	do	1
Thomas	"	3 do	do	2
Henry	"	8 do	do	6
Cannon	"	2 do	do	2
French	"	1 do	do	1
Barnes	"	1 case and sustained.		

The average cost in the Supreme Court for each case exclusive of the employment of counsel is about forty two dollars. So it will be seen that suitors at a single term are compelled to pay three thousand one hundred and ninety-two dollars, besides their attorney's fees for the errors of the Judges below. Any one who desires to make a comparison between the average number of cases sustained or overruled under our old judiciary system, can readily do so, by examining a volume of our former Supreme Court Reports, and by so doing they will find that our new Judges *guess* wrong about five times as often, as was the case under the old system, when men were selected for their peculiar fitness, and not for mere party service rendered. The above figures ought to satisfy any one that the new order of things so far as the Judiciary is concerned is rather an expensive experiment, and that nothing short of a return to our old judiciary system, with competent men to administer the laws, who are not dependent upon the people for their tenure of office, will ever restore to us our former able and impartial Ministers of Justice. EX.

A curious story is afloat about the Baron James De Rothschild having sat for his picture some years ago, to Ary Scheffer, in the character of a begger. It is added, to complete the romance, that a chance visitor seeing the Baron in the artist's studio made up for a sitting, and believing him to be what he appeared, slipped a louis into his hand. The pretended model took the coin, kept it invested for ten years, and then sent back to the donor ten thousand francs as the accrued profit, with a note to the effect that a good action always brings good fortune. A distinct corroboration from the giver of the louis, published in a respectable Paris journal, alone prevents this tale from being incredible. Perhaps no more practical encouragement to charity has ever been recorded, even in connection with the family whose benevolence has passed into a proverb.

A specimen county in Florida has one genuine citizen as county judge and another as one of the commissioners, the offices being thus rotatorically distributed: clerk of court from Ohio; sheriff from Massachusetts; collector of taxes from Massachusetts; State Senator, an old Virginny nigger; members of Assembly, two Philadelphia negroes; county surveyor from Iowa; two negro county commissioners, one from Ohio and one from Iowa. "The county," says the local paper, "is almost hopelessly in debt, and its scrip is hawked about the streets at mere nominal prices."

A bar of red hot iron entered the abdomen and passed through a workman's body in a Troy mill recently. [illegible] physician [illegible]