The Semi-Weekly Sentinel.

VOL. 4. RALEIGH N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1870. NO. 81

THE SENTINEL.

EMPLOYING A SPECIAL EDITOR.

"Say, sas, Joe," editor of the *Standard*, wrote to the pious Welker, of Guilford, a fellow preacher from Ohio, that he would, if we recollect, "employ some man to edit Jo. Turner," while he, Jo, would "assume the responsibility."

A few days after this promise to Welker, Snead, the Johnston county horse-thief, appears in the *Standard*, calling us all manner of hard names, and assailing our character only as a horse-thief, the Governor, or his drunken son Joe, could do.

Next appeared an editorial in the same strain, evidently written by the Governor, himself, for it seems the "Governor" has arisen, and Joseph employs the horse-thief and "Dad," to "edit Jo. Turner."

It would be a matter of some slight gratification to know what Joe gives "Dad" for "editing" us. He is certainly giving considerable attention to the *Standard*, just now; even this morning he was seen coming from the *Standard* office where he had been, no doubt, to leave the editorials he wrote yesterday, (Sunday.) We shall be able to decide as to the correctness of this conjecture when the *Standard* makes its appearance to-morrow morning.

Some weeks ago, a colored man reported the Governor as going to the *Standard* office, down a back street, and when he got ahead of being seen [illegible]

[illegible] the subject now, and may be seen daily at the *Standard* office, where Gen. Clingman's address is published and "dad" himself is praised and flattered; perhaps to read the proofs of these incubrations.

Last week we published "dad" for going in at the back door of a drinking saloon, and, in retaliation, Joseph republishes, this morning, "dad's" article "editing" us, in which we are called a "public drunkard, coward, &c.

We tell Joseph, "dad's" old political stock in trade isn't marketable; even Welker won't bid for it; it is as flat as Radical State bonds.

There is not a man of any prominence in the State that "dad" has not calumniated, slandered and abused, at one time or another. In times of great party excitement and political blindness, some may have believed him, but now, there are none so low or stupid as to be caught by his old tricks.

We cannot allow His Excellency, "dad," to draw us away from our work of exposing his Littlefield operations and villeness, by [illegible] charges of drunkenness and cowardice. It is a right cute trick of "dad's" to endeavor thus to draw us off, but it won't take.

We have no doubt Joseph was drunk last Saturday, when he republished "dad's" old editorial. Shakspeare "never repeats himself," but Joseph does; and not only repeats himself, but repeats "dad" also, by copying his false and foul editorial twice within ten days.

Joseph declares, in his peculiarly classical style, that we "lied," when we stated he was drunk, on the occasion of his buggy "zig zagging" through the streets like Judge Set le's did on a certain occasion. If he was not drunk, we owe him an apology; but we were told he was. We can only testify personally to the fact of the buggy's "zig zagging," for we saw that.

But, if Joseph was not drunk on this occasion, he is compensated for our publishing him so, by our omission to publish that little bout he had with Pike in a drinking house, the same week the buggy "zig zagged." You remember it, Joseph; it was the time when Pike, the one-legged man, kept you off of him by drawing a pistol on you.

Yes, Joseph; if we published you drunk once, when you were not, you can put it down as a set off to the various times we omitted to publish you when you were; and then you can have no cause to complain.

Pike says he knows enough to commit certain distinguished supporters of the Governor's administration to the penitentiary. We have no doubt of it; and that the Governor does, too. But the Governor is like Pike; he can't tell. But he will yet be compelled to speak; the public robbery of which he is cognizant cannot remain secret forever.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

The people of the mountains may look out for Gen. Clingman. He is coming among them on a speechmaking expedition, with Littlefield's note for $15,000 in his pocket.

This fifteen thousand dollars properly belongs to the contractors for the work on the great Western Railroad, or to the farmers who furnished bread and meat for the hands of the contractors on the work, as it came as a bonus from Littlefield who took the money designed for building the Road and appropriated it to his own use.

Littlefield was a bankrupt adventurer when he came here; and he acquired very little money, honestly, after he got here.—Gen. Clingman is well aware of this fact.

We think it likely that Gen. Clingman would be listened to with much more complacency and satisfaction by the mountain people, if he would turn over the fifteen thousand dollars to the contractors, or to the State Treasurer. It would help to restore the State credit, and would be no discredit to the General himself.

"CALL ME PET NAMES, DEAREST."

The pious old Welker, one-eyed preacher from Ohio, State Senator from Guilford, and editor of the *Republican* newspaper at Greensboro', having become tired of serving the Lord, has now engaged in the service of Holden, the Radicals and the devil.

He is trying to change fronts and to make some pretence that he is honest, and as a part of his plan, refused to attend the Radical meeting in this city, last week.

To curry favor with the moderate men of Guilford, in the last issue of his paper, he made a blackguard fling at his friend, Joe, and the *Standard*.

The *Standard* thus replies to brother Welker: "The *Republican* of Greensboro' sees fit to indulge in scandalous remarks concerning us, which are in character with the former course of its writers. It is always in a squabble with its friends. Now, the editor of that paper wrote us from Company Shops, better than a month ago, to assail Jo. Turner. In fact he found fault because we did not do so. We wrote him that we would do so in due time, and, if necessary, employ some man to edit Turner, while we would be responsible. But the *Republican* now flings up its hands in horror. We don't care if it is shocked.—The advice was gratuitous, because we were able to paddle our own canoe."

We did not know before that Joseph's blackguarding us was of "divine" suggestion. The truth would have been [illegible] to edit the *Standard*.

The worst and most corrupt men of these corrupt times are so-called ministers of the gospel, who have forgotten God and the sanctity of their calling, and taken to Holden and gone to gambling in politics for a living, like this man Welker and the pious Sinclair.

We call the attention of the Grand Jury of Guilford to this man, Welker, who made war speeches and encouraged his neighbors' children to take up arms against the government, and afterwards, as we are informed, took the test oath, swearing he never "gave aid, countenance nor encouragement to the rebellion."

If he did this thing, why not present him for perjury, as they did Starbuck?

Will some Guilford friend give us the preaching devil's war record, and inform us, certainly, whether he took the test oath?

We are studious to avoid controversies with preachers, but when we are assailed by them, we shall deal with them as we [illegible]

HOOD, THE CONNECTICUT NEGRO.

The attention of the public has been called to the fact that, without the shadow of law or authority of any kind from the Constitution or the General Assembly, a colored man, Hood, a preacher, has been for some time, by the appointment of Gov. Holden and Pilgrim Ashley, kept in the office of Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction at a handsome salary. The Legislature has but lately closed a long session, and yet nothing was done so far as the public know, to legalize that office, or to inquire into the necessity for it. So far as Hood is concerned we have heard nothing alleged against him until recently. He is intelligent and we presume ordinarily conducts himself well. But it has lately come to our ear, that as there is nothing for Ashley or Hood to do towards Superintending the public Schools of the State, (there being none in operation) that Hood, while travelling about at the public expense, professedly to address the people on the subject of education, is engaged in renewing or forming the secret Leagues among the colored people.

We hope this is not so, and if it be shown us that it is untrue, we will willingly give him the benefit of a denial, as we would not knowingly injure any innocent man. If this rumor, however, be true, we call upon the peaceable and quiet people of the State to mark him. If it be true, we want to know the facts, as it might be a fit case for a Grand Jury.

DISSATISFACTION.

There is manifestly dissatisfaction among some of the colored people in regard to the nomination of James Harris for Congress. They charge him with selling them out too cheap at the last election. Besides this, they do not like James's early declaration, that the colored people do not wish or look for social equality.

Galloway speaks the sentiments of his party on this question. He thinks a man who sits in the electoral college, or in the Congress of the nation, with his white brethren, is decent enough to sit at the same dinner table with them.

MAN SHOT.—We are verbally informed that, as the train on the North Carolina Railroad left Goldsboro', last night, a colored man who had no ticket, and who refused to, was unable to pay his fare, was about to be put off the train by conductor Waitt, when he drew a pistol and fired on the conductor, the ball badly mangling two of his fingers. Thereupon a colored baggage hand fired on the negro, the ball taking effect in the head, inflicting a wound which it is thought, will prove fatal.

We did not ascertain the name of the negro that was shot. The occurrence took place when the train had nearly reached Boon Hill.

WHO WOULDN'T LIVE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Just read the following, and see if it don't look like a man can thrive and do well in North Carolina, if he will only go to work and try to live:

The Danville *Times* says Mr. R. H. Fleming, of Granville, sold 2,700 pounds of tobacco, made on four acres of land, for $1,566, averaging $391.50 per acre. Mr. John Peed sold 4,293 pounds for $2,184—portion of it selling for over $1 per pound.

It also says: "We know a gentleman of the county who had ten judgments on his land for as much as it would sell for, and had been trying to borrow money for twelve months to pay his debts. Not long ago he sold his last year's crop of tobacco for a sum sufficient to pay all his debts, and leaving him a large surplus."

Again: "Mr. A. J. Bunch, of Rockingham, cultivated, worked it by hand entirely; not a plough of any sort was put in it. He planted 12,000 hills of tobacco, and worked it entirely himself, except a little assistance he obtained from his wife in worming and suckering. His crop from the three acres brought him $880. How many acres of wheat would it take to bring $880?"

With such facts as these before them, we hope the farmers will depend not so much on the quantity of land planted for a crop, but on the quality of it; and that, seeking that manure which promises the best return for the investment, they will use it liberally and, acting in accordance with the advice of the merchants, furnish to them the article for which they have a steady demand at good prices.

The Louisville *Courier Journal* in giving [illegible]

REV. DR. T. H. PRITCHARD

is the popular pastor of the Baptist church at Raleigh, North Carolina, and is one of the leading spirits in his State. A graduate of Wake Forest College, North Carolina, he studied Theology with Rev. Dr. John A Broadus, then living in Charlottesville, Virginia. At the breaking out of the war he was the efficient pastor of the Franklin Square Baptist church, Baltimore. He was arrested for his Southern proclivities and sent through the lines to Virginia, where he at once began zealously to labor in those great revivals in Gen. Lee's army, in which fifteen thousand soldiers professed conversion.

He was next pastor at Petersburg, Va., from whence he was called to his present pastorate. Of genial manners, warm heart, and generous impulses, he is loved wherever he is known. A ready speaker, a popular preacher, and a working pastor, he fills well his important field, and exerts a wide influence in the State at large. Young and of vigorous health, we may hope that many years of usefulness are before him.

JOHN B. MILLS, ESQ.,

editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, the organ of the Baptists of North Carolina, was born in Halifax county, Virginia, in 1833, [illegible] first class, in 1854. Successively conducted a female seminary in Oxford, North Carolina, for ten or twelve years, and three years ago removed to Raleigh and mounted the editorial tripod. He is the son of Rev. J. Mills, famous throughout Virginia as a pulpit orator of great power, and has inherited much of the energy and will-force of his father.

Mr. Mills is a very large, loose jointed, firm looking man, and walks the earth with the tread of a giant. He has small respect for what Lawrence Sterne calls "the sweet little courtesies of life," and his manner is often so brusque as to be mistaken for coarseness and a want of sensibility; but, with all his apparent roughness, he has really a warm and tender heart. As a writer, Mr. Mills wields an independent, original and trenchant pen, not unfrequently waking up somebody rather uncomfortably by his tomahawk criticisms.

Mr. Mills is popular with the masses, has good talents for business, and is making his paper a success.

CONVICTIONS AT THIS COURT.—The following important convictions have been rendered at the present term of Edgecombe Superior Court:

Henry Draughon and Bryan Draughon, col., for burglary, five years in the Penitentiary.

Noah Eason, col., for burglary, eight years in Penitentiary.

Jim Shirley, col., for murder, sentenced to be hung on the 9th of July next.

Lewis Powell, col., convicted of manslaughter, sentenced to six months confinement in the County Jail.

Willis Harrisfield, col., for larceny, sentenced to Penitentiary ten years.

Peter Joiner, Burwell Hoskins, William Mason, James Johnson, William Clark, Alfred Knight, and William Thompson, all colored, were convicted and sentenced to confinement in the County Jail for terms ranging from four to eight months.

Joel Coggins, white, was convicted of an assault with intent to kill, and sentenced to confinement in Penitentiary for twelve months.

A. G. Adams, white, convicted of larceny and sentenced for 6 months.

The case tried on Thursday, State vs. Jno. Howell, white, charged with arson, (burning Battle's factory,) resulted in the defendant's acquittal; the jury were out 17 hours.—*Tarboro Carolinian.*

THE STATES TO BE ABOLISHED.—Senator Brownlow writes:

"Had I my way I would so reconstruct the Government of the United States as to form a strong central government here in the District of Columbia, and organize the States as so many colonial corporations, absolutely dependent upon and subject to the will of Central power at Washington as are counties to States. Thus I would wipe out and extirpate the whole theory and pretense of State rights and State sovereignty, to which we are mainly indebted for the late rebellion. While I only speak for myself, I believe that Congress and the country are looking in the same direction.

W. G. BROWNLOW.

Washington, April 25, 1870.

DEAF AND DUMB MAN SHOT.—We understand that Jesse Holder, a deaf and dumb white man, was shot on Saturday night last near Fayetteville by a negro. The buck shot entered the forehead and was extracted by Dr. K. A. Black. We have not heard the particulars, but understand that the wound is not serious.—*Fayetteville Eagle.*

For the Sentinel.

[CONCLUDED FROM SATURDAY.]

But Mr. Clingman says, in effect, that Gov. Graham signed the ordinance of secession which took North Carolina out of the union, and thus sacrificed his position in respect to the war. True, Gov. Graham signed the ordinance, but the war was then upon us to all intents and purposes. Mr Clingman's secession coolies and other causes that produced it, had wicked out their legitimate results. Already the cohorts of the North, with banners unfurled, were equipping for the terrible conflict; and armed foes were advancing upon our borders in the vain conflictions of an easy triumph. Prompt and vigorous action, therefore, on the part of all whose interest identified them with the South, became necessary. Unitedly the manhood of the country, without discrimination as to party, or previous political predilection, rushed blood from a hundred battle fields with proclaim to all future generations, the unprecedented valor with which they met their equally valorous foes in the deadly shock of battle. Shock after shock—terrible and sanguinary—followed each other in rapid succession. The unequal contest continued with unabated fury for some time, without any decided advantage on either side; but finally the valiant armies of the South were forced to draw in their lines with every inch of ground nobly contested. Gradually they were driven to the wall, and finally overpowered by superior numbers. The war had now closed, but it left the South one vast, wide-spread devastation. Secession with all its promised advantages had now proved a failure. The capital stock in politics from which Mr. Clingman had drawn his supplies of elo- [illegible]

Now in this day of great calamity, this hour of deep distress paramount, when secession has proved to be a mere mental hallucination, Mr. Clingman is ready to charge Mr. Davis or Mr. any body else, to adopt himself, with the cause of failure. I believe Mr. Clingman has never been known to lay blame for anything at his own door.

I imagine I see this distinguished secession leader, just after the close of the war, sitting on a stump, all covered with the dust of many a hard fought battle, with a few of his old political adherents gathered around him. He tells them first and last and all the time, that he is not the cause of failure; but he says Mr. Davis has not done his duty, General Lee has not done his duty, Stonewall Jackson has not done his duty, Governor Graham and Governor Vance have not done their duty, and a host of others have not done their duty. I alone of all the great men am blameless. His former political adherents—battle-scarred and dusty—shake their heads dubiously, and begin to walk off one by one, until finally the "old man" is left all alone in his glory talking to himself. Truly his condition is now pitiable in the extreme—defeated, politically isolated, forlorn and solitary. Indeed it makes [illegible]

[illegible] attempt. Directly a very cheerful and kindly disposed gentleman rides up on a little speckled back bob tail pony. For convenience we will call this gentleman John Jackson Spriggins. Mr. Spriggins finds Mr. Clingman in a state of total abstraction, and to all appearance, a deep trouble. At the sight of such distress, Mr. Spriggins feels emotions of great commiseration welling up in his great soul. Mr. Clingman still talkes to himself. Finally he says something about old line Whigs. Mr. Spriggins naturally supposes Mr. Clingman is upbraiding himself for having gotten them into the war. This is enough. He springs from his pony runs to Mr. Clingman and says. Oh! do not blame yourself Mr. Clingman, we are ill whipped together and we will say no more about it. We do not upbraid you, indeed we do not. Mr. Clingman turns in hideat at the utterance of these words of sympathy, and after looking with startled gazder some time at Mr. Spriggins says, Your name is John Jackson Spriggins, I believe? Yes sir. You are one of the leaders of the old line Whig party—are you not Mr. Spriggins? Yes sir. Go way go way Mr. Spriggins; you has not done your duty in the war, as even if you have, I cannot endure a sader of the old time Whigs. Mr. Spriggin remonstrates, but Mr. Clingman waves he off. Finally Mr. Spriggins goes away crowful, pitying in his heart of hearts, the sep ingratitude of the human race.

But, if I am not grosy mistaken in the character of Mr. Clingman, he is not going to remain in this way (political isolation very long if he can help; that is if the public has any use for him; or rather if there is any place in the public service where he can be allowed to make himself useful. Doubtless he has been watching his opportunity for over a long, weary years, but no opportunity has it occurred. But at last, a little spark of hope—dim twinkling from the departed glory of the lamented Dewease, sends a flickering beam athwart the deep gloom that has long overshadowed him, and like a drowning man catching at straws, he clutches spasmodically at the phantom; but I believe the hope of his political salvation will prove illusory, and he will sink to rise no more, when only a momentary ripple will be left on the surface to tell the fate of the departed one. But I imagine on the shore of west deliverance from the public service, I will strike hands with the good (?) Dewease, where together let them sweetly sing of glory departed, so Mr. Clingman should view his political situation. In my opinion the fates have decreed no higher destiny for him; but it is to be hoped that in the Hon. Dewease he will find a congenial spirit.

While I believe Mr. Clingman is politically dead, and that his address was about the last "wag of the dog's tail," yet I desire to say something about the purpose of that production. Doubtless, it was intended to create division in the Conservative or Democratic ranks, and thus secure the triumph of the radical party at the next election. Certainly, if it had not fallen dead from the press, comparatively so, it could have produced no other result. Mr. Clingman well knew this when he flooded the state with his document. To give it effect he still calls himself a Democrat. He hopes by the power of a name, to which he now has no title, to arouse old political prejudices. But here are now no old political issues. Therefore this studied effort to relight the fires of old political strife which have long since gone out because there was no longer a thing to sup- [illegible]

For the Sentinel.

RALEIGH, MAY 13, 1870.

MR EDITOR:—I am a citizen of Newbern and a delegate to the Republican Convention. I called at the National Hotel, kept by Mr. Royse, and asked for a drink. The House being kept by a Northern man and a Republican, I expected to be treated like a friend and brother; but I was refused a drink.

I complained to Judge Thomas of the manner in which I had been insulted, and asked his advice as to what remedy I had. The Judge told me to consult my friends. I told him I thought I was consulting my friend then.

I next advised with Col. Clarke as to my remedy for the insult. The Colonel would hardly believe it, and to test the matter, he immediately ordered drinks at the bar for half a dozen colored gentlemen. Charles, the bar keeper, refused to let Col. Clarke have the drinks for his friends, on account of their color.

I desire you, Mr. Editor, to publish this letter, that Republicans may know what Republicanism is in Raleigh.

Resp ectfully,

E. JACKSON.

Special telegram to the Richmond Dispatch.

THE GEORGIA BRIBERY CASE.

WASHINGTON, May 14, 1870.

Governor Bullock, of Georgia, has not turned up yet to testify before the Senate committee to investigate the charges of bribery to defeat the Bingham amendment. The testimony thus far does not directly prove that money was paid to any Senator, but it does show that the proposition was made by a person on behalf of the Bullock party to purchase the vote of Senator Carpenter. The proof already produced and yet to be adduced, show that paragraphs were prepared and published here in the *Chronicle* which purported to come from Georgia, but which were manufactured here to effect public opinion and mislead congressmen as to the state of affairs in Georgia.

A telegram was published here a few days ago from Georgia in the nature of a threat from Bullock that he would prosecute the publishers for libel on account of paragraphs that have appeared in prints showing up the acts and purposes of Bullock, Blodgett & Co. No one fears any such prosecution. The half of the enormity of their conduct has not yet been given to the public, but the investigation now progressing will bring much of it to light.

CROPS IN THE SOUTH.—Our account from all portions of the South, from Virginia to Texas, give the most favorable reports of the condition of the growing crops. In Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, where, last year, there was such a damaging drought the wheat, oats and grass look unusually thrifty and strong. In Tennessee there is the same prospect. In Alabama and Mississippi the wheat is further advanced, and growing so luxuriantly that the cold spell of two weeks ago was declared a advantage to it, in arresting the flow of sap that might have produced rust. Some of the cotton and corn in Mississippi was injured by the late frost and had to be replanted, but as there was not much out of the ground this injury is trifling. In Texas everything is out of the ground and growing finely. The seasons, with the exception of the cold spell about Easter, have been favorable, and all along the Lower Mississippi, from Memphis down, the planters are in the most cheerful spirits. They declare that if there should be no more overflow to destroy their labors they will have one of the finest crops they ever raised. The colored people are, as a general thing, working steadily, and the demand for labor has been largely satisfied by the introduction of Swedes in many parts of the South. The April frost did not kill all the fruit, and it is now certain that in nearly all the Southern States there will be a fair supply. In one thing especially the Southern planters are exhibiting their native sagacity and good judgment. They are not appropriating their cotton to cotton. A great many of them are planting corn, as they did last year, showing that they have at last studied the true philosophy of keeping their money at home and at the same time assuring [illegible] of higher prices for their cotton.—*Nashville Banner.*

Mr. John T. Ford, has sent Mayor Ellyson a check for $3,470, that being the sum realized by the performance given at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, last Saturday for the benefit of the Richmond sufferers.

For the Sentinel.

WHITE OAK TOWNSHIP MEETING.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Conservatives of White Oak Township was held at Womble's store on Saturday the 14th inst.

On motion, A. D. Jones was called to the chair, and Dr. C. P. Dowd, appointed secretary.

On motion, a Committee of ten was appointed to draft resolutions for the consideration of the meeting, consisting of Capt. S. Mitchell, J. R. Penny, Redin Castlebury, John M. Ellington, A. Maynard, R. G. Sears, W. R. Suit, E. L. Mills and James Young.

The Committee then retired to prepare the resolutions. Capt. J. Q Dewberry being called for, addressed the meeting at length in an eloquent and acceptable speech.

Mr. Rigsbee, Gill and Lee, also addressed the meeting.

Capt. Mitchell, reported the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS the citizens of White Oak Township in convention assembled, for the purpose of nominating candidates to fill the offices of said Township, do hereby

Resolve, 1st. That we are opposed to all lawlessness, and mob law.

Resolved 2nd. That we shall endeavor to cultivate kindly relations between the white and colored races.

Resolved 3rd. That we are opposed to the policy of the Radical party in its extravagant waste of the people's money, and its abolishing the county Courts, and substituting Pineshop Courts.

[illegible] to the county Convention [illegible] to fill the various county offices.

The chairman in pursuance of the last resolution appointed the following delegates to the county convention: R. G. Sears, W. R. Suit, Capt. J. W. Mitchell, G. A. Upchurch, A. K. Clements, A. B. Freeman, E. L. Mills, Dr C. P. Dowd, James Young, Kader Olive, Hinton Hudson and John Sport.

On motion, the chairman and secretary were added to the list.

The meeting then went into the nomination of township officers, when the following gentlemen were selected without a dissenting voice:

For Magistrates, Alsey R. Freeman, Albert Counsel.

For Clerk, W. B. Lee.

For Constable, G. A. Upchurch.

For School Committee, A. G. Jones, R. G. Sears, W. W. Holtsman.

Dr. Dowd offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted.

Resolved, Although we have not recommended any names to the County Convention that we pledge ourselves to support the nominees of said Convention.

The Chairman being called on addressed the meeting, in an able manner.

The Township Nominees [illegible]

On motion the SENTINEL was requested to publish the proceeding of the meeting.

After a prolonged but harmonious session the meeting adjourned, determined to carry White Oak Township at the next election by a large majority.

A. G. JONES, Ch'm.

DR. C. T. DOWD, Sec'y.

For the Sentinel.

MR. EDITOR:—The grand Radical rally, for the county of Randolph, occurred a few days ago at Ashboro', that quiet little town that brother "Ruff," in imitation of our "cousins beloved," calls "a d—d little place that nothing can be made of by Railroads or otherwise." Notices printed, chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. Solicitor J. B. Bulls, alias "*the State*," alias the "*loving man*," alias "*brother Ruff*," had been posted over the county for about a month, and some of the leaping aspirants had made desperate attempts to revive the leagues, to add numbers and weight to the occasion. The day was lovely and the ground rather wet to plough, thus far all argued well, except that the leaguers wouldn't rally.—The hour arrived, into the ring hobbled the "*ring master*," attended by "*brother Ruff*," Nat. H. Hill, negro drill master, his Justiceship Geo. W. Reid, Joel, "the unwashed," fresh from "*the people's mill*," his hopeful son Russell and other office-holders, something more than twenty in all, and some 12 or 15 privates, among whom Hiram of color was one of the most prominent. The meeting organized, resolved, on "*brother Ruff*" made a speech, and so powerful was it, [illegible] strange to say the Court House still stands, having successfully resisted destruction both from the effects of his graceful downward [illegible] tion, and the concussion of the air caused by his bellowing. These are the points in which his oratory is especially famous, where he has a free field, and no opponent. It has however been suggested, that if there was no explosion on this occasion, his bellows ought as a matter of safety to be patched before they are submitted to another such strain. His Justiceship Reid was called out but declined to make a speech, "because he had nothing to reply to;" which we construed to mean that the *turf* was all on his side, and he deemed it best not to stir it. Right your Justiceship once. One point in "brother Ruff's" speech we cannot omit to mention. Once when he had squirted himself down with his seat of honor within some six inches of the floor, his favorite gesture, he reared out in *sublime style*, that the Republicans, Democrats and Conservatives were "*there by side*" together. Wherefore we observed old Hiram, case his head, look hopefully, and smile, as if he thought the speaker alluded to that "joke" that he, Hiram, had recently stolen from Dr. Burns, and was lauding that fact to the skies, or suspicion of judgment for this offense, as he had always voted the Radical ticket, and had been baited on "Pot for the manner of "Parker Boy" and others of the "Ring." When the speaker contracted his materiality effort, he retired from the room, no doubt, exhausted, and Hiram soon followed. We have since understood that "brother Ruff," is strongly spoken of for Congress in this district.—Whether this originated with Hiram from the [illegible] business of otherwise we will not undertake to say as we are an

OUTSIDER.

Mr. Jesse Faison died in Wake county, a few days ago, aged over one hundred years. He leaves a large number of children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

LEAGUE OUTRAGE.—Jos. H. James and Alexander Merrett, two full blown white radicals, went to Germanton last on Saturday evening, and visited [illegible] colored grog shop keeper, and proceeded to place the name of [illegible] on the outside of a few glasses of his stock. After enjoying themselves with their colored friends for a time, they adjourned to the house of Joe Bitting, another colored man, and were drinking and swearing, but Joe being a respectable darkey, soon tired of them, and ordered them to leave his house, which they refused to do, until he used an argument in the shape of a spade. As soon as they got into the street they commenced cursing him, and rocking his house, broke down his door, knocked out his windows and broke up the crockery ware, in fact played smash generally, and finally drove Joe out, and compelled him to go and ask protection from the white Conservatives. A party of white gentlemen started with him and met them in pursuit of the negro, and gave [illegible] took the other and carried him down to Joe's house, but he also managed to escape.

This is a sample of the KuKlux outrages that are so frequently reported, and laid at the doors of the Conservative party. The only offence Joe was guilty of in the eyes of these men was that he is a Conservative and voted the Conservative ticket.

One of the men, Alex. Merritt, is the son of Tom Merritt, who said just before the election on the Constitution that if he went to the election and voted for the Constitution he hoped God would kill him and send him to hell before he got back home. But after using the expression he went to the polls and voted [illegible]

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—A man by the name of George King, from Maine, a seaman on board the schooner Clara Bell, now at this port, from Rockport, Maine, attempted suicide on Sunday, May 1st, at sea. He cut his throat with a razor, in his berth, partially severing the windpipe but not cutting the arteries, and then went on deck when the razor was taken from his hand, and the wound bound up. This occurred when off Newport, R. I. On the following Friday, the 6th inst., when just north of Hatteras, the man jumped overboard, but a rope was thrown to him, which he grasped, when he was drawn on board and then afterwards carefully watched, until yesterday, when he was admitted to the City Hospital.

From the testimony of those on board, it would appear to be a clear case of mental derangement, which, however, occurred only in the two instances in which the suicide was attempted and then quickly passed away. King states himself, that he was not in his right mind at either time, but that on the occasion of his jumping overboard, his reason returned to him the moment he touched the water. Hence his readiness to [illegible]

STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY.—This body of useful and intelligent medical gentlemen will assemble in this city on Wednesday morning, the 25th inst.

The occasion will be one of much importance to the Medical profession, as well as of interest to our city. The Association ranges in membership from the seaboard to the mountains, and leading and enterprising physicians from various portions will here assemble to a social reunion, and to discuss diseases and consider means for advancing medical science and for improving and elevating the medical profession.

Let our citizens vie with the physicians of this city and county in making their stay among us pleasant and interesting.—We are glad to know that many of our leading citizens are offering their homes to those who are expected. Wilmington has a high character to keep up for hospitality and kindness to strangers. Let it be more than maintained during this annual meeting of the Medical Society of the State of North Carolina.

The daily sessions will be held in the Court House.

The Annual Address will be delivered by Dr. C. T. Murphy, of Sampson county.—*Wil. Star.*

HAIL.—A terrible hail storm passed over this section yesterday forenoon. It was the most violent that has been known here for a number of years, some of the stones being as large as a pigeon's egg. They fell for about ten minutes, the ground being whitened by them. The first of the fall were not larger than a buckshot, but as the storm increased so did the size of those falling. We hear that serious injury has been sustained by the truckers in this neighborhood.

Since the above was written we learn that the storm extended some distance from the city, along the line of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad. At one point, 5 miles north of us, it continued for four hours—from 1 to 4 o'clock—and was the most terrific ever known in this section. The ground was covered with the hail to the depth of several inches, some of the stones measuring as much as 6 inches in diameter, and being described "as large as a hen's egg." We have been unable to learn the extent of damage, as yet.—*Wilmington Journal*, 14th inst.

"ONE ZEE" AND HIS DELEGATES.—Last Tuesday, the teachers and scholars of the Methodist Sunday School accepted an invitation, tendered by Mr. John H. Powell, our popular merchant, to go on an excursion to Raleigh. Gee Zee French, with about thirty other carpet-bag, scallawag and colored delegates bankered after the green sward of the Capitol square, but no train leaving this point before 8½ o'clock, p. m., they made application for passage on the excursion train. Through the courtesy of Mr. John H. Powell, they were granted the privilege of going on the excursion train, which by the way was very much crowded, Mr. French vouching for the good behaviour of the delegates, of course, no trouble was apprehended, still, at Selma one of them insisted on going into the baggage car, and after repeated warnings from the conductor, did not desist. After the third attempt to force his way into the baggage car, he was gently "set back," by the conductor, in a way not agreeable to his cranium. We are glad to state that this ended the difficulty and it was so quietly done that very few of the excursion party was aware of the occurrence.—*Goldsboro Messenger.*