

# The Daily Sentinel.

RALEIGH, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1867.

VOL. III.

NO. 2.

## THE SENTINEL.

WM. E. PELL, Proprietor.

From the Nashville Banner.  
TENNESSEE—**HOW THE NEGROES VOTED.**—HUMORS OF SUFFRAGE,

Yesterday the first general negro ballot ever cast in this country was polled over the State of Tennessee, and although from the returns and from our own personal observations, the farce is, as was expected, sufficiently complete, yet it does not lessen the exceptional significance and interest of the occasion. The day, whatever may be its consequence, is historic. We cannot shut our eyes, and we ought not to close our eyes, to the fact that the negroes voted in most cases like sheep, following the rinkles of the Radical bell, and jumping altogether from the Brownlow pen to the ballot box.

Cuffy seemed to have arisen from the towels of the earth. He not only came in from all parts of the country, but from the neighboring counties and adjacent States. He was here from the "old Kentucky home," with a bullet in one hand and a bow handle in the other. He was here from Alabama, no perhaps.

"With a banjo on his knee," but assuredly with a "cluster," a pack, and a certificate of registration. He came in all sorts of costumes and in every way of countenance. Here was the respectable body servant of the steady citizen, with the old black switchtail coat of his master, "borrowed" for the occasion; here the jolly god-damn "shirt tail Bill," without a coat, wearing a red vest and a pair of checked breeches to sport. The style of hat worn for the most part, was unique—a cross between a dress silk and a haystack. We saw one young man "from the low country," he said he was, who had on a bandana handkerchief, a black velvet jacket, and white domino under breeches trimmed with blue, the flourished a Brownlow ticket and an empty bottle of whiskey. "Now, Squire," says he, "just Bill it up, will you? All de shop is shut up, an' I'm d'ry as a biscuit, if you'll Bill, I'll vot just's you say."—Another old countryman had his wife with him. "She can't vote," said he, "but, bress God, I fetch her along to see dat I kin, ay go!"—We met three coming in abreast on the Muffinhouse's pike, about two o'clock. They were sweating profusely, and had evidently walked fast and fast.—"Where are you all bound for?" we asked. One of them, a half grown boy, stopped a moment and replied, "to Nashville to vote. We're about east at Lawrence, and wants to get to do city so dat we kin git 'm another poppin' for Brownlow. It's four o'clock yet, sir!"

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(From the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

**INHUMAN TREATMENT OF PRISONERS—HORRORS OF THE ROCK ISLAND PRISON.**

During the time that rebel prisoners were confined at Rock Island barracks, the Argus, on several occasions, called public attention to the condition of these prisoners, and every time was met with the reply that its rebel sympathies made it unduly solicitous of the comfort of rebels. When we, by request of the commandant of the prison, appealed to the public for donations of proper clothing for the unfortunate men who were sent in dead of winter, in boxes, with no fires, from Tennessee to Rock Island, many of whom died on the way, and all suffered terribly, we were denounced by very "loyal" men for sympathizing with rebels. When, on another occasion, we denounced the shameful course of the commandant of the Rock Island barracks, who refused to furnish the men with vegetables or permit them to purchase them with their own money, and thus brought misery upon a great number of them, we met with the same treatment—but we followed up the complaint to the authorities at Washington on this subject until an order was issued permitting the prisoners to buy vegetables, and the sorry scene was remedied.

The prisoners at Rock Island barracks were confined with shameful cruelty, though their sufferings were greatly mitigated by humane people who, at the risk of being mobbed by the "loyal," furnished them with food and clothes to a considerable extent.

We will briefly enumerate some of the inhumanities practiced here:

The manner in which the prisoners were brought here was cruel and inhuman, causing the death of a large number of them.

They were sent here before suitable buildings were prepared for their reception,

and living suffering horribly, a number died from this cause.

Their money was taken from them and used as capital to carry on a profitable trade with them.

They were not supplied with sufficient food and clothing.

They were starved, in the hospitals and in the barracks, and one of the surgeons says the head doctor declared, when appealed to by his associates to permit more food, that he intended to starve them to death, in retaliation for the suffering of our men in the south.

They were cruelly and inhumanly punished, and numbers were shot down without the slightest provocation.

These are only a few of the facts in regard to Rock Island prison. The full details of the horrors endured there will never be known. But the Congressional Committee can, if they wish, obtain enough to satisfy any unprejudiced mind that great cruelty was practiced right here in Rock Island.

Two thousand—dust Confederates now moulder to dust on the island, attest that greater numbers died here than in Andersonville, or any other Southern prison, in proportion to the number confined and the time occupied. And thousands of men throughout the Southern States can give this committee valuable and interesting and truthful revelations as to the practices in Rock Island, if they will take pains to get it.

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