THE SENTINEL.

JOSIAH TURNER, Jr., EDITOR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

THE RECEPTION, &C.

At the earliest moment after the excitement of the demonstration is over, we present our readers with the best abstract of the thrilling speeches made by Messrs. Vance, Turner, Kerr, Ransom and Robbins, which we can furnish; our position at the time being too inconvenient to make such notes as we desired. With the exception of Mr. Turner's, which he had written out, we can give the reader but a faint idea of what was said, from our own notes and those furnished us. Judge Kerr finds it impossible to aid us at all, after the exciting scenes have passed which prompted the speech, and we are compelled to rely upon our own rough notes, which furnish no proper idea of his able and eloquent speech:

Gen. R. B. Vance being introduced to the audience, arose and said in substance:

Messrs. Turner, Kerr and others,

Gentlemen:—A pleasing task has been imposed upon me to-day, the more so, because this grand demonstration is not that of the proud and arrogant victor. We have not met to assert that baneful doctrine "to the victors belong the spoils." No! this is a day of good feeling and good fellowship. Here, under the old flag, the flag of our fathers, and of our common country, the flag that *we love* notwithstanding the assertions to the contrary, we come with glad hearts and joyous spirits to bind up the wounds of the past and mollify them with ointment. This is to us a day of profound gratitude to the Giver of all good, and this sentiment is shared in by this vast concourse of human beings, whose upturned faces so indicate gladness and kindness. We have cause for gratitude, gentlemen, that you have again been restored to us in health and in the exercise of your freedom, and that, though some of you have been incarcerated in filthy dungeons, some chained to the floor, and some hanged by the neck to compel disclosures of which you had no knowledge, none of you have perished amid these perils, nor has the taint of crime been fixed upon a single one of your number.

Another cause of gratitude is this: Present the *truth* to the people fairly—let them understand its proper bearings, and in times of the greatest peril, *they can safely be depended upon—thank God!* Many a head and many a heart has been bowed in our land through fear that the people themselves were corrupt. The late grand uprising of the people in their power and integrity has demonstrated that they are the main pillars and supporters of human liberty and justice.

We look upon the pages of history and our souls are thrilled as we read of the deeds of renown which have filled the world with admiration. Conspicuous among them are the struggles of our Anglo Saxon fathers as they wrested from reluctant Kings the glorious principles of human right and human justice. The grandest thing recorded in history, gentlemen, is *the right of trial* by jury, and connected with it is the sacred writ of *habeas corpus*. We mourned because it appeared as if the work of ages was lost. But, sirs, the thunders of the ballot box yet echoes in our ears, proclaiming that these holy bulwarks shall be perpetuated forever.

Then, gentlemen, rejoicing in these glorious and happy assurances, in the name of this sea of beaming faces, this beautiful bouquet of ladies—yes, in the name of our entire people, from the splintered peak of Mount Mitchell to the rocky coast of Cape Fear, I bid you welcome to our hearts and our affections.

Gentlemen! the jewels—the priceless jewels of our dear old State, consist in the worth and integrity of her sons, of which you are a part, and in the beauty and virtue of her daughters, of which these are a portion, and I ask you to join me with full hearts in the sentiment—the old North State and her people forever!

Three hearty cheers were given and then Mr. Turner responded as follows:

SPEECH OF HON. JOSIAH TURNER, JR.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, or, may I not hail you, as you are, my neighbors and my friends?

The language we speak is so poor, so wanting in compass, force and elegance of diction, that the tongue cannot tell half the heart feels on this occasion. Words cannot express my profound and grateful acknowledgments for this mark of your approbation and this manifestation of your regard and hearty good will. To each individual in this vast assembly I make my acknowledgments. With this right hand extended, as if clasping each of yours in a hearty grasp, I reciprocate your friendly greetings and your hearty good wishes.

If the language is too poor to thank the men, where shall words be found adequately to thank you, my fair friends, for your presence, flowers and approving smiles. Even if I had the command of words, I want the charms of eloquence and graces of oratory befitting their delivery to such an audience. So, remember ladies, if you [illegible] want of civility but want of words, and a tongue fitly attuned to soft and gentle speech.

If, however, you want proof of the appreciation of your presence on this occasion, look at this sea of upturned happy faces; and see, though every lip is closed, every eye is turned to you and speaks the joyous welcome of the heart which good men feel when patriotism, innocence and truth cheer them on to action and to duty.

Ambitious men love the applause and [illegible] of men, but allow me, ladies, to say, I would not give the delight, the joy, the elegance, the grace and the refinement which you impart to this assemblage for the plaudits of all the men.

Believe me sisters, don't think me extravagant in speech. As long as you approve, as long as you applaud me I can [illegible]

[illegible]

... [illegible] in their aspect menaced the peace of our firesides; the integrity of the Constitution and the perpetuation of liberty itself. The great writ of right, the sacred writ of *habeas corpus* has been suspended and endangered. This is a solemn moment. In common with you and every good man in the State I feel it to be such. [illegible] who has a home to defend or makes pretentions to the least concern for the peace, welfare and prosperity of his country.—Every intelligent friend of humanity and liberty on the continent—I almost said, in the world, is looking with wonder and amazement at the spectacle which North Carolina this day presents.

In a time of profound peace and tranquility, a wicked, usurping Executive declares two counties of the State to be in insurrection. He invited troops and commanders of troops from the State of Tennessee; men without occupation or character at home, to his aid; on the eve of the election they seized a hundred men or more and bore them off to prison. Among them, deacons, elders and members of the Churches of every denomination except the Roman Catholic. Among the prisoners were ex-members of the Legislature, ex-members of Congress, an ex Judge and an ex-Speaker of the House of Commons.

To extort confessions, George Rogers, William Patton, Lucian H. Murray, and others were hanged like dogs by the neck. Gray and Wheeden were manacled like convicted felons and thrown into felons' cells. The ex-Sheriff of Caswell County, instead of by the old common law process of warrant in the hands of an officer of the law, was found at his plow in the field, knocked down with a fence rail, his hands bound behind him, and his legs tied under his horse's belly and thus carried off ten miles to prison.

Your humble servant who now addresses you, was arrested in the streets of Hillsboro by ten white men and two negroes, who cocked and presented their guns before they came within a hundred and fifty yards of him. He was taken to Company Shops and, about 6 o'clock on Saturday he reached Yanceyville amid the shouts and cheers of the African population who assembled to exult over their white captives! He was at first committed to a room in which were confined twenty Alamance prisoners. In an hour he was transferred to the room in which Chicken Stephens was murdered. The three first days of his prison life were spent in reading and writing, and now and then a song. A soldier boy not sixteen who stood guard over him, asked his prisoner if he would write him a letter to his Mammy. The request was granted and the following letter was soon written for the boy.

"HOLDEN'S BASTILE, Aug. 6 1870.

My dear Mammy:—This is Sunday and I am standing gun in hand, guarding the "King of the Ku Klux." This cruel war must soon play out, as Col. Kirk said to Chief Justice Pearson. We have captured a hundred Ku Klux, and taken the King.—Among them is Judge Kerr, an ex member of Congress and ex Judge; he has a great eagle eye, bears himself proudly and is the finest looking man I ever saw. Hon. Samuel P. Hill, once speaker of the House of Commons, is also among them. He is tall and straight like an Indian. He don't value "cussing" Col. Kirk or Governor Holden any more than he would a corporal or a private. Right now, a little sentinel has picked up a two pound rock to throw at Mr. Hill, but the King of the Ku Klux tells him it is cowardly to throw at a prisoner and he drops the rock.

I think Mammy, there must be something wrong about this war; they have got us into it under wrong pretences. I send you a dollar which the King of the Ku Klux gave me. He said he was afraid I would open the letter and take the dollar, so he gave me a quarter not to do it.

The "King" says, every citizen and soldier should be able to read and write for himself and that if I could have done so I would not be a Republican or have entered into this war. He says you must have the switches cut for me when I get home, and give me a good switching for arresting him before he had thrashed his wheat or sowed his turnips. He says every soldier under seventeen should be whipped by his Mammy. If that should come to pass many of Kirk's men will be whipped, for there is a heap of us under that age.

When I draw my pay you shall have all the money you want. Give my love to Jim, Will, and Cling. The "King of the Ku Klux" says, change Cling's name, for nothing good can come of a boy named after the old man Clingman, and he's sure to be trickey.

Longing and sighing to see you all, I sign myself your dutiful and obedient son."

Wm. E. Pate, one of the guard, asked if I would write him a love letter. The lady was described as having blue eyes, rosy cheeks and tapering waste, she lived at Bridgewater in Burke County. With a little assistance from the lover, I made out the following letter:

"HOLDEN'S BASTILE, Aug. 6, 1870.

My dear Miss Jane: When I left you at Bridgewater you granted my prayer to write to you. I now avail myself of the privilege so graciously granted.

I am on duty to-day guarding the "King of the Ku Klux," in the very room where Chicken Stephens was murdered. The King is a stout, fat man, not tall, bald-headed and blue eyed, and about 46 years of age. He is not as bad a looking man as I expected to see after all that Governor Holden and the *Standard* had said about his murdering people, getting drunk and breaking his bottle.

Give yourself no uneasiness about me, my dearest, for this cruel war is fast playing out. One wounded man makes up the sum of our casualties in battle. Bill Fox struck Wm. Jones across the nose with a tin plate and brought the only blood I have seen shed.

I thought the "King" would have hurt himself laughing at William's bloody nose.

Besides the "King" we have captured about one hundred Ku Klux. We have twenty confined in one room; they are called the "wheat threshers" because they were taken while thrashing wheat. The wheat thrashing was only a pretext to get together for murder and mischief.

Billy Johnson is the oldest of the prisoners; he has been a member of the Presbyterian church for thirty years, but the "King" calls him the class leader of the Ku Klux.

But, I repeat, my dearest, feel no alarm for me, the war is over and I can write home, as Cæsar did, "*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*"

But, my dearest, I have been writing you history instead of love. Tell me, when this "cruel war is over," and I come marching back to Bridgewater with a gay and gallant tread, may I take "all two" of your hands in "all both" of mine, and, looking in the blue windows of your soul, say as I now write, "my life, my Jinny, my Jane, I swear I love you!" Then I will sign myself, as I am, my charming charmer,

Yours to die for,

WM. E. PATE."

P. S.—I send you three water ribbons; (they call them belts down here,) the "King of the Ku Klux" gave me to give to the girl I love best. If they were gold and as long as from here to Bridgewater, I would give them to thee. I would girdle them about thy tiny waist and draw thee to my breast. Did Tom Nelson give you the poetry I sent? I feared he would keep it and send it to Miss Jane Stubbles, for he loves her [illegible] the original:

"[illegible]
[illegible] Jinny strikes the lyre,
Her hand alone can touch the part
Whose dulcet movements charm the heart,
And governs all this soldier with sympathetic sway."

Oh, Jinny, Jinny Jones, if you only knew when I left Bridgewater how my spirits deserted me, how my heart sickened, how low I hung my head, and how piteously I [illegible] you would write and say, "Come home, hold my hands, and say what you please." Then I could die in the contemplation of it. Say I may come, and then how sweet it will be.

[illegible]

Yours, my charming charmer, to live and to die for.

WM. E. PATE."

Monday night I was ordered out of the prison window where I was sitting, [illegible] and was ordered from the window. At 10 o'clock all the windows of the room were put down close, and the door shut. During the night a bucket of water was thrown upon me while in bed. I ran after the rascal who threw the water, to the door; the sentinel said he was asleep and did not know who did it.

When one of the guard remonstrated against such abuse of a prisoner, the sleepy sentinel said, "hush, it was one of the officers who threw the water."

The next night I was again refreshed with a shower bath in bed, in the same way. Before that, I had been alone; on Tuesday night, a special guard of seven, was placed in my room. I was forbidden to speak to any one unless to the guard, and to them only for water and food. Nor was I allowed to go to the windows of my prison. Capt. Franklin was in command of this guard. Lieut. Banner was the first man who ventured to speak to me; picking up a sheet of paper from the table and being told it was mine, he came to my bed and asked for it. I feigned sleep; he called aloud and when I did not answer he said, "you d——d old rascal, you are not asleep, I don't want your paper," and threw it down.

Getting up I went to the table and wrote for the sentinel, "tell him I am not allowed to speak."

Next, Capt. White came in and spoke; I told him it was against the law, he must get permission from the guard. The Captain said he was one of the Salisbury prisoners and was well treated, especially by the jailor and Sheriff of Rowan. I thought this Captain a clever man.

When dinner came I inquired of Capt. Franklin if I could ask a blessing; he said "yes," and I thanked God that if not allowed to talk, I was allowed to eat, and that I felt no fear of Holden, Kirk or their armed men who stood about my table. This blessing was repeated three times a day with a little variation.

Marshal Carrow came on Thursday and entered my prison with Col. Kirk. When he spoke I told him it was against the law and he must get permission to talk with me from Capt. Franklin. Kirk spoke and said he had permission, as the Marshal and the prisoner talked.

The people of Yanceyville and of Caswell were specially kind and shall long be remembered by the prisoners and their children's children.

On Saturday we marched for Company Shops, where Billy Smith blows his horn. We moved from Yanceyville about 8 o'clock, amidst the shouts and rejoicings of grinning negroes. The ladies appeared at the windows and cheered us with pleasant smiles and cheering words. Dr. John L. Williamson and Mr. W. B. Graves sent each a wagon for the prisoners. We camped at Slade's Hill Saturday night, seven miles from Yanceyville. Franklin, one of the seven men who guarded me, asked Col. Kirk to allow me to sleep in Dr. Williamson's wagon, and he and the guard would lay under and about the wagon. This was refused. I then refused to sleep under the tents that Kirk had pitched for the prisoners. Dolph Moore, for whose personal liberty Chief Justice Pearson exhausted the judicial power of the State, gave me his blanket and I slept on the ground and covered with the clouds. Singing a little song,

'Shout the glad tidings exultingly sing,
Holden now triumphs, Kirk is the King.'

We left our camp at eight o'clock Sunday morning. We witnessed a quarrel three miles long, between Lieutenant Banner and Dr. Clendenen of Alamance. Banner was thought to be the most offensive and brutal of all Kirk's men. He it was who struck Mr. Wiley over the head with a rail. Banner attempted to force one of the wagons for the prisoners to take up his soldiers. Dr. Williamson objected. Banner cursed him. The Dr. cursed back. Banner put his hand upon the hilt of his sword and threatened to run him through. The Dr. told him to pierce and be d—d. For three miles the quarrel lasted. Banner [illegible] his revolver. Banner [illegible] men in Dr. Williamson's [illegible], threw down his [illegible] interposed and the Dr. [illegible] until we reached [illegible] when Banner and his [illegible]. The prisoners in the [illegible] and fell into line on foot leaving the Dr. with his wagon. Banner soon left the wagon to catch up with the [illegible]. We reached the Shops about 4 o'clock Sunday evening in a drenching rain.

The citizens asked that we might go to the hotel; that was refused; to the Church, and that was refused; to the Court House in Graham, and that was refused. We stood in the mud and rain until sun down, when seven tents were pitched for our accommodation. I refused to take anything from Holden's Commissary. My good friends in Yanceyville supplied me with food. I refused on the march to sleep under one of Holden's tents; I slept soundly on Sunday night under a tree, until there was a general outpouring of the heavens, and my sleep was not so sound. It rained most of the day Monday, and near night Kirk and Douglas (Dutch, [illegible]) determined that we should strike tents and march to Graham and occupy the Court House.

We reached Graham after dark, wet and muddy. No prisoner had a dry blanket or shirt. All agreed that the move at that time was intended as a punishment instead of a comfort. On Tuesday evening about 8 o'clock a squad of soldiers under Capt. Franklin and Lieut Banner, called for Wiley, [illegible] and Turner and we were marched off to jail. We were locked up in the iron cages. Wheeden was manacled like a felon. A negro prisoner was put out of his cage and Wiley and Turner put in. [illegible] Banner was jailor.

I wrote a note to my friend Sidney Scott for a pitcher, wash bowl, soap and towels, two chairs and a table. These articles were sent to the jail door but never got in. Two blue buckets constituted the furniture of the prison. [illegible] I asked the [illegible] No candles [illegible] pipe and tobacco. [illegible] drink water [illegible] bucket until nature compelled us.

On Thursday morning, early, I was taken from my old cell and put into a fresh one with [illegible], chained in the middle of the floor. This man was condemned to be hung the next day [illegible] for death and said his many friends told him not to fear, the Governor said he should not be hung. He informed me there were creeping things and vermin a plenty in his cell as well as in the one I left. I soon had [illegible] demonstration and other *feeling* proof of the truth of what the felon said. At 10 o'clock Banner offered me water in a soldier's canteen, I declined and said I could hold out until night, by which time I would be in Salisbury before Judge Brooks. It is now ten days since I had a drink of water. I desired to see how long I could have held out before drinking from the foul blue bucket.

And now my friends this brings me to [illegible] of temperance, water and buttermilk.

"Water, bright water, for Bob Vance and me,
And wine for the drunken debauchee;
Water cooleth the brow, and cooleth the brain,
And maketh the faint one strong again.
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea
All freshness, like infant purity.
[illegible]
Fill to the brim, fill to the brim,
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim,
Give water, bright water to Bob Vance and me,
Give wine, give wine to the Court and the debauchee.
So hurrah boys for water, hurrah, hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art ribbon and star.
Hurrah, for bright water, hurrah, hurrah!"

Ladies and gentlemen one and all I drink to your good health in water. And you my little children—blessed of God—and your mothers, I drink your health in *butter milk* This is certainly a primitive drink I pity the persons who so far depart from first principles and early teaching as to prefer hot coffee and tea, to cool butter milk. So here's your health, and God's blessing on you my little children.

A word to you my friends who do not confine your drinking to butter milk and water. It is all idle to say you cannot endure cold, heat, labor, fatigue, trouble and war without strong drink. I stand before you a living example to the contrary, I have taken, and only as medicine, one drink during the whole of this Holden-Kirk war.

There is but one cup that you should drink, and that is the cup of disappointment.

When disappointment fills thy cup,
Undaunted, nobly drink it up;
Truth will prevail,
And justice show her tardy honors
Sure though slow.

But to resume the history of the war.—On Thursday we started for Salisbury.—Judge Pearson having "exhausted" the judicial power of the State and the writ of *habeas corpus* having "played out," Judge Brooks determined to play a hand and ordered Kirk to bring his prisoners before him.

It was after this order and while Kirk was on his way that he tortured his prisoners with manacles and the dungeons, giving them such water only as he knew they would not drink. When we arrived at Salisbury, after an imprisonment on the part of some for five weeks, Judge Brooks broke the chains with which Pearson had bound the people hand and foot. Never before was a people and a State so inhumanly outraged, never before was there such a combination of crime, ambition, despotism, and wickedness to crush out the liberties of our unoffending people.

The Constitution and the people have won the victory. Truth, at last, prevails, and justice under Brooks and the Stars and Stripes have shown her tardy honors, at last, at last!

We stand to day in the midst of a great movement of the people. A revolution in public sentiment is on foot which cannot be checked or stopped in its progress until the people are restored to their lost rights and constitutional privileges. This excited state of the public mind is not local nor confined to this city, this county, or this district, it extends in every direction from the North to the South, from the East to the West, from Currituck to Cherokee.

It is falsely said that I have raised this stormy indignation of the people against the rulers who pretend to act and speak for them. With both hands I deny it. It is Holden, Kirk and Pearson who have raised the storm. Under the cry of "peace," "let us have peace" they have raised this storm. If this is peace what would they call war. Let me ask, is the present condition of North Carolina "peace?" Is the arrest of one hundred citizens without warrant, law or the shadow of law, "peace!" Is garrisoning this city, "peace?" Is the hanging of Patton, Rogers and Murray "peace!"

If the Executive and the Judiciary put their trust in such principles of "peace," let them do so, as for me and mine we will put our trust in God, the Constitution and the law.

I have talked long enough; but before concluding I must say a word of thanks to my counsel, Messrs. Bragg, Graham, Battle and Merrimon. I cannot [illegible] to them [illegible] of praise they deserve. I thank them for myself, I thank them in behalf of these persecuted prisoners who stand around me. I thank them in your name, ladies, and in the name of this multitude of men. Yes, I thank them in the name of all the good men of the State who love law and order.

And, now thanking you all again and again for this hearty welcome, I quit the stand for others, asking God's blessing upon you all.

Hon. John Kerr was now loudly called for, and he came forward and delivered a most eloquent and thrilling speech. Upon reflection, our notes of the speech are so poor and incomplete, we cannot do the author the injustice to attempt a notice of it.

REMARKS OF GENERAL RANSOM.

Gen. M. W. Ransom arose and said in substance:

It was no time for him to speak, that vast concourse was there to see and hear Josiah Turner, "the fearless champion of civil liberty," who had passed the furnace with his garments brightened by its fires. The hearts of North Carolinians beat for him and with him and no friend of free Government failed to recognize in his courage and fortitude an example of the highest devotion to the rights of men.

He could not let the occasion pass without returning to Mr. Turner and the other prisoners his thanks and those of the country for the manly and patriotic manner in which they had [illegible] through this ordeal. They had nobly forgotten themselves and only thought of their county. Their [illegible] however, was a great event in our history. It was the triumph of law and right, and in rejoicing over it, it was proper to refer to that high-minded, pure and patriotic Judge, who [illegible] faction and passion has faithfully and conscientiously performed his duty in ordering the discharge of the prisoners. The name of Judge Brooks for all time to come would be associated with the great writ of *habeas corpus*, and with the purity and independence of an enlightened judiciary.

The speaker then referred to the late election. He said it was the most remarkable result accomplished under similar circumstances anywhere and at any time.—The bayonets of the Imperial Guard of France controlled their elections. The soldiers of the daring Tribune around the Forum had silenced the Roman orator. But amid bristling bayonets, military arrests, the suspension of the writ of right, the people of North Carolina, with undaunted constancy had like their fathers before them nobly, most nobly asserted their rights and vindicated them at the ballot box on the 4th August. The triumph was above all party; it was the triumph of law, of the Constitution, of civil liberty itself. Its influence would be felt everywhere. A new light had broken in upon us—it was the great light of peace, of a restored government, of faith in popular institutions, and filled us all with new hope for our State and the country. It was fortunate that in a time of the greatest peril to liberty itself, a Federal Judge had been found to stand by the law and the rights of all men. It would teach our people to look to the general government and to feel that we had a common country, which we would maintain and which was ready to render us protection. It was time for passion now to subside; justice was due to all men; it was above everything else. Through moderation—regard for law—forbearance to all, we had achieved a victory, signal and complete. Let the same spirit and principles still govern us. Courage in danger, fortitude in adversity, were great virtues, but magnanimity in triumph was still greater and above them all. It would illustrate and honor our triumph. The result was too important, the issues too serious to permit passion, prejudice or party feeling to bias our action. We ought to show that we are as generous, as magnanimous in victory as we have been firm and determined in the trials through which we have passed. We invoke the co operation of all good men in the great work of building up North Carolina, and let us proceed without bitterness, with no thought but of love for the State and constant fidelity to the whole country and every section of it, to make our State as proud as the proudest and to make still greater and nobler this grand Republic of America. It was no time to think of the broils and criminations of the past. Let us enter a new future of peace and moderation, and show the whole world that we are devoted to civil liberty and free government and are determined to do justice to all men, white and colored, and that we can and will conquer and subdue our passions, prejudices and every bitter memory for the good of our country.

Again, returning thanks to the noble men who have suffered for us, he closed with a renewed appeal to the people so to conduct themselves that no human being could truly charge that they had any motive but patriotism and public virtue. This course would make us a great, good and happy people.

MR. ROBBIN'S SPEECH.

Mr. Robbins said, he united most heartily in the general congratulations upon the release of the prisoners. He did so on account of those worthy gentlemen themselves being relieved from a disagreeable and humiliating situation. But there is even a higher reason than this for our joy and rejoicing. Civil liberty stands vindicated, and the most sacred rights of all of us, have been rescued from beneath the feet of a hireling soldiery.

We have certainly passed through a most remarkable and trying crisis. Evidences abound to show that our high officials, entered into a deliberate conspiracy against the peace of the State and the personal liberty of the citizens. The reckless manner in which they have outraged and trampled on the sensitive feelings of our best citizens indicates, clearly, that they sought to provoke retaliation and bloodshed. The pretence was that violators of the law must be put down! But our honest laws have been easily violated by these officials themselves, under pretext of upholding law.—Strange way to teach the people reverence for law, for the rulers of the land to set the most flagrant example of lawlessness themselves! The evident aim and purpose of all this was to secure the triumph of a party. How selfishly partisan it was to seek a mere party victory at such a cost! The wicked plot has signally failed.—Political defeat and personal odium have come down upon the heads of the guilty plotters. Thanks to God for this marked and speedy meeting out of justice to desperate public criminals!

This victory has been achieved by our patient self-control. We conquered our own passions, restrained our just indignation, refused to take up the bloody gauntlet thrown down by our rulers, sternly resolved not to be provoked into violence; and calmly and firmly North Carolinians marched up to the polls and saved themselves free again. It was the sublimest act in the history of North Carolina!

It remains for us now to utilize this great political victory by pursuing the same course of moderation and good sense by which the triumph was won. We must be generous, we must be magnanimous; we must seek no mere party ends; indulge no spirit of personal or partisan vengeance; but let us strive to do promptly and faithfully that which will prove us worthy of power; let us seek to benefit and build up the State and promote the interests of all her people of both races. Let us prove, also, by our actions that we have been slandered in regard to our purposes, respecting the colored race. Let us prove ourselves the genuine friends of the colored man. Our opponents have sown distrust and jealousy between the races for party purposes. When we have held out the hand of friendship to the black man they have told him to spurn it! Thus two jealous and distinct races have lived in proximity to one another, cherishing prejudices and hatred against each other. Who can wonder that all this has led to some frightful outrages—some crimes, on each side? It is ours to end this unhappy state of things forever, and make the two races together in perfect amity, by pursuing a policy of fairness, justice and liberality to both, and living down the lies that have been spoken and printed against us in this matter.

I am the more willing to counsel against revenge because I feel a sincere commiseration for our fallen despots. They have played a desperate game and lost all, even honor itself! James the Second has found his parallel; "Kirke's lambs" of 1685 appear again in 1870; the weak judiciary of those times, pandering to the tyrant, seems also revived again. Can it be possible that the Hindoos are correct in the doctrine of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls? And that, by some mysterious Ku Klux process the actors in that drama of 1685 '89 have come back on the stage again to re-enact the scene?

The Chief Justice has made a record for himself in this matter. I will not speak a disrespectful word of a high judicial officer, but I will say that I blush for the weakness of the Judiciary of North Carolina in this great crisis. The Chief Justice had the chance to write his name on one of the brightest historic pages. Oh! that his narrow prejudices had permitted him to see it. But he lost the opportunity. No doubt he is a great man on small occasions, but he has shown himself a small man on a grand occasion! The chosen guardian of the law, he has permitted the law to be trampled on. He has said "this is the law;" and then said to the Executive you may disregard it if you choose! And the Executive did disregard it as long as he pleased, until Judge Brooks took hold of the matter; and then what a scramble have we witnessed on the part of Kirk, and the Governor, and the Chief Justice, to try to do what they ought to have done before. Bah! it is a pitiful, sorry record, and as a plain, blunt, Tar-heel, I independently declare that I am ashamed for the whole of it.

Thank God that one noble North Carolinian had the power, and the courage, and proved himself equal to the crisis. Judge Brooks' name will be immortal. With what mingled firmness and moderation has he proceeded in the noble work of vindicating the cause of civil rights. We have had justice done and liberty secured by a Federal Judge sitting beneath the folds of the "old Flag." It is an auspicious omen. Hitherto for the last five years we have looked upon that flag as the emblem of stern authority. We scarcely knew whether we might also find it a shelter and defence. Give me that U. S. Flag. (Here Mr. Robbins took hold of the flag staff and waved it, amid loud huzzas.) Thank God, for the "old Flag." We find its folds now wave over us for our protection. Will we not love it again? We have fought against it. We will fight against it no more. God bless the old flag. I call on all my fellow-ex Confederates here to join me in three rousing cheers for the "old Flag." (They were given in tones of thunder.) Three cheers also for Judge Brooks. (They were given with a will.) I predict that this act of the Federal Judge will do more to restore genuine loyalty and affection for the Federal government, in one day, in this State than Holden and "Kirk's lambs" would do in a hundred years.

Burgen is in jail. That is a good thing. It is God Almighty's retribution on a bad man. It is fitting that the man who came from another State and has made himself prominent in trampling on the rights and sensibilities of North Carolinians, should have brought up in a North Carolina jail.

I have no sort of respect for or patience with any of the band of lawless brigands. I tell Kirk and his banditti to go back to the valleys of East Tennessee, and let us have peace. They are the tools of a tyrant. (Voice, Kirk is listening to you.) Let him listen, and let him know that standing here beneath the folds of the stars and stripes, I defy him and his bayonets. If they arrest me, as they did Judge Kerr, merely for a speech, I will turn to this flag and to the Judge who sits beneath it and my appeal will not be in vain!

The fact is, three great rights, among others have been vindicated in this crisis. Liberty of speech in Judge Kerr's case, liberty of the press in Turner's case, and the liberty to thresh wheat, in the case of the wheat threshers! We may now talk, write and labor, in safety and peace, under the broad ægis of the "Old Flag," the beautiful "stars and stripes." Southern blood has often been poured out in defence of this flag, and will be again if need be!

[Many other things were said and points made by Mr. Robbins, but we have been unable to give them.]

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