The Sentinel.

JOSIAH TURNER, Jr., Editor.
JOHN SPELMAN, Associate & Local Editor.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1872.

TERMS.

Daily, one year	$10 00
" six months	5 00
Semi-Weekly, one year	5 00
" " six months	2 50
Weekly, one year	3 00
" six months	1 50

STATE CONVENTION.

The State Convention of the Democratic-Conservative Party of North Carolina will meet at GREENSBORO', on WEDNESDAY, the FIRST day of MAY next.

Delegates to the convention will be passed over the several railroads for one fare.

COUNTY CONVENTION.—The Conservative and Democratic citizens of Wake county will hold a convention at the court-house, in this city, on Saturday, April 13th, 1872, for the purpose of selecting delegates to represent the county in the approaching State Convention, at Greensboro', and to form a more perfect organization for the coming campaign. Chairmen of township committees are requested to hold primary meetings in their respective townships and select delegates to attend this (county) convention.

G. H. SNOW,
Ch'm. County Executive Committee.

QUALIFICATION FOR OFFICE.

The time is fast approaching, says the Goldsboro' *Messenger*, when county conventions are to be held and candidates for the various offices to be put in nomination. So thorough is our conviction that *honesty* should be an absolute pre-requisite in every aspirant for public office that we are impatient of anything even remotely implying the contrary. We have sometimes urged our views on this point with a warmth which has perhaps seemed to our friends uncalled for. But we see no reason to change them. The candidates, no matter of which party, should be true and *honest* men, and this appears a propitious time to reiterate a truth which, more than any other, needs to be worked into the public mind, viz: that integrity should be held as essential in every man who aspires to hold public office that his name should never be mentioned as a candidate without it. Our remarks are directed to both parties, but more especially to those honest men who have acted with the radical party and have witnessed the high corruption among the men whom they helped to place in office.

If a man has not sufficient integrity and honesty we should talk of him as a fit subject for a criminal prosecution, but never as a nominee; bid him to think of the state prison, but not of the offices within the gift of the people. Dishonesty, or even well-founded suspicion of it, is such a qualification that no guilty man should ever think of receiving the votes of any party for any place.

"LIBERAL REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT."

In a card which appears in the Salisbury *Watchman* addressed "to the people of North Carolina," Daniel R. Goodloe and Hardie Hogan Helper, Esqs., urge all who concur with them to meet in their several counties and congressional districts at an early day, and appoint delegates to the "liberal republican national convention," which will assemble at Cincinnati on the first day of May next. They also call upon who sympathize with the liberal republican movement to meet at Greensboro', May 1st, 1872, for consultation, when and where they will be in telegraphic communication with the Cincinnati convention. In their card they say:

"The time approaches when it will become necessary for the people of the United States to meet in conventions for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of president and vice-president. The undersigned republicans, and friends of union and liberty, irrespective of race and color, are deeply impressed with the opinion that the administration of General Grant has signally failed in the performance of its high duties; that it has governed for the benefit of a party, and a section, and not for the good of the whole; that the president has neglected his duties in the pursuit of pleasure; that he has practiced nepotism to an unprecedented and odious extent; that he has received gifts, which have biased his judgment, and which have caused him to take some of the worst men in the republic into his confidence; that under his rule official corruption has become the order of the day, and integrity the exception; that he has become blind to the faults and the crimes of those who profess devotion to his personal ambition, and closes his ears to the complaints of the people; that it has become the policy of his administration, and of his supporters in Congress to suppress investigations into the conduct of his subordinates, and shield guilty peculators from exposure and punishment; that for base partizan purposes he and his friends have trampled on the rights of the southern people, and shown a disposition to degrade them to the condition of slaves; that laws have been enacted with his approbation, which violate some of the plainest and most essential guarantees of constitutional liberty; that the writ of habeas corpus has been denied and resisted, and the trial by jury taken away; and that throughout, he and his friends have displayed a purpose to turn this federal republic into a centralized despotism, in which the states are to be treated as counties, and the people as subjects.

FOR GOVERNOR.—A correspondent of the Greensboro' *Patriot* says:

We see among the names mentioned for Governor Judge Merrimon, Judge Warren, Col Cowan, Gen. Scales, Gen. Leach, Jarvis, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and others—all true men, and, all things considered, Judge Merrimon is the man for this section and Dr. Nelson Mendenhall or John A. Gilmer for Lieutenant Governor, and the state will be

WHAT NEXT?

What has Gov. Caldwell on hand with which to amuse the city?

Ramsay whipped him out on the matter of printing; to the amusement of the white folks and the great disgust of the negroes at Judge Moore for making any such unrepublican decision.

Dr. McKee, and his board of directors of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum will whip him out.

Dr. Johnson and his board for the Lunatic Asylum whipped out his bald-headed excellency.

M. A. Bledsoe and his board for the penitentiary whipped out his accidency; but not until a poor deluded negro was shot by the guard.

Victories over the governor and his negro and carpet-bag adherents are becoming as common as roguery among radicals.

INFAMOUS LONG PERRY.

The carpet-bag Supervisor, Perry, of this state, has heretofore rendered himself odious, is daily outraging the sense of propriety of this community by his grossly immoral conduct, and has now made himself infamous by a wilful perversion of truth. We informed our readers a few days ago that he had made false entries upon his books in regard to the men arrested in Orange and other counties for illicit distilling—reporting to headquarters that his detectives and the troops accompanying them had been fired upon and otherwise resisted, and we stated also, on the authority of one of the parties engaged in making the seizures, that there was no foundation whatever for Perry's entries. The fact is, there was no resistance whatever, and Perry knows it, and he knew it, too, when he forwarded the following information to Washington, which we find in the *Patriot* of that city:

Under the date of the 25th instant, Supervisor Perry, of North and South Carolina, writes to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, that on the 19th instant the officers of the revenue, accompanied by a squad of soldiers, all mounted, left Raleigh and proceeded to a point in Orange county, in search of an illicit distillery known to be in operation there. The result of the raid was the capture and destruction of seven stills and fixtures, most of which were found running at night, 8,000 gallons of beer, 7,500 gallons of low wines, 165 gallons of whisky, 40 gallons of vinegar, about 100 bushels of corn meal, and 60 hogs.

Five distillers were arrested, three of whom are known to be dangerous and desperate men. Nearly every man arrested resisted and fired upon his captors. The party slept in the woods without shelter during the expedition, and one of the officers, it is said, swam the Haw river, amid floating ice, and brought over the ferry-boat, on which the party crossed to get at the illicit operators.

Long Perry is a fit representative of the class of office-holders Grant has cursed the South with.

CALDWELL'S MOVEMENTS.—Caldwell has sued out writs of *quo warranto*, by his appointees, against the Boards of Directors of the Penitentiary, the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, and the Asylum for the Insane, and also against Pat. McGowan, keeper of the Capitol. The poor stupid fool! He knows that these cases cannot possibly be disposed of by the time the general assembly again meets, and by that time he and all his crew will have been kicked out of place and power.

We learn, too, that while he has ordered the money appropriated to the penitentiary to be paid to the incumbents, fearing, doubtless, more blood, he still refuses to pay to the support of the unfortunate Deaf, Dumb and Blind one dollar! Is it the purpose of Caldwell to drive the Directors of this Institution to the necessity of sending the pupils home, and closing the institution? Does he know what he is about? J. N. Bunting, President of the Caldwell Board of Directors for this Institution, has become disgusted and resigned. Now, we would like to know of Judge Bunting what has become of the $5,000 he drew his warrant for some weeks ago. In whose hands is it, and who is responsible for its safe keeping and proper disposition?

By the way, how comes it that the $5,000 drawn by the pious Welker for the penitentiary has not been returned to the Treasury? What has become of it?

The Greensboro' *Patriot* says a caucus of the "loyal" party leaders of Wentworth last week resulted in the arrest of several men for kuklux offences said to have been committed *three years ago*. They have to go back three years in Rockingham for capital, and are prepared to resort to any device to keep up the kuklux cry, which is their sole stock in trade.

SAD ACCIDENT.—The following account of a sad accident which occurred at Davidson College a few days ago, is copied from a private letter dated at that place, March 25th:

"Dr. Phillips' oldest son, James, a student, was out hunting near the village, when lifting his gun over the fence it slipped, and the hammer fell on the rail and the gun discharged its whole load in his hand, going in a slanting direction through the palm, and coming out at the wrist. The doctor at first thought the hand might be saved, but on examining it while under the influence of chloroform, all the bones were found to be more or less shattered, and it was amputated that night a little above the wrist. It was his right hand, and will be an irreparable loss during his whole life."—*Salisbury Watchman.*

GRANT AS A DICTATOR.—Ex-Appraiser General Palmer, of New York, testified before the Retrenchment Committee to-day in detail relative to the combination of Federal office-holders in New York in 1870 for the purpose of controlling the party in the state, of which Collector Murphy was the head, and that the latter had declared at a conference that Grant had told him (Murphy) that he (Grant) was the head of the republican party in the country, and ought to decide who should be the administration candidate for Governor of New York, and that all the Federal officials and their subordinates should work to fulfill that purpose. *Washington telegram—Baltimore Sun.*

It is reported that Senator Wilson, Secretary of Interior, Delano, and some other republican members of Congress and officials, are to take a hand in the political

THE LOWERY OUTLAWS.

The Captive Herald Correspondent's Account of them.

[From the N. Y. Herald, March 25th.]

SCUFFLETOWN, ROBESON CO., N. C.
March 20, 1872.

* * * * * *

Before leaving Wilmington I prepared a letter, directed to H. B. Lowery, stating that I desired to interview him for the *Herald* and offered to give myself into his hands if he would grant me the interview. It was my intention to stop at Moss Neck and attempt to find a messenger who would deliver my letter, but on the train Captain Morrison advised me to go on to Shoe Heel where I would find better accommodations than at Moss Neck, and from where I could certainly send a messenger to the outlaws. I took his advice, but was unable to find any one in or about Shoe Heel who would deliver or who knew any one who would present my petition to the "King" of Robeson county. The reported killing of Boss Strong, it was supposed, had

SO ENRAGED THE OUTLAWS

that the time was particularly inauspicious for my visit. I met here James McQueen, or Donahoe, of Richmond county, N. C., who asserted he had killed the notorious Boss. He is a tall, awkward, shambling, dark complexioned man, of Scottish accent, twenty-five years of age; he has very small eyes, which he has a trick of dropping the instant he is looked at. His story will appear hereafter.

The next morning, March 14, I left Shoe Heel and came to Eureka, or Buie's Store, half way between Moss Neck and Red Bank. At the store, close to the railroad, the colored clerk, of whom I enquired the road to Patrick Lowery's, left the store to point it out to me. To him I stated the object of my visit, and asked him to inform any of the outlaws he might see what I was after.

THE FATHER OF TWO MURDERERS.

Soon after leaving the store I met an old negro who asked me if I was looking for anybody, when I told him I wanted to go to Pat Lowery's. He told me I was in the right road, and added:

"I's skeered of strangers most to deff, but you hain't got no gun."

This was Jack Oxendine, the father of Henderson, who was hung in Lumberton in 1870, and Calvin, who is now in the Wilmington jail, charged with being implicated in the King murder. At the conclusion of his introduction he said:

"Pore God, dis is a powerful bad country to live in; every now and den de Ku Kluck come in yer, and with their shootin' an' whippin' an hangin', an' de men out by deyselves totin' dere guns, I's scard to deff."

A short half mile from the station brought me to

THE HOME OF PAT LOWERY,

the oldest brother of Henry Berry, and a preacher. When I got there he was working in his carpenter shop, near his house, for he is not above honest labor, notwithstanding his profession. I at once unfolded the object of my calling, and asked if I could be permitted to stay with him a few days while I would make efforts to meet the outlaws. He was perfectly willing I should make his house my home while here, but thought my chance of seeing Henry was very slim. It had been reported for the past four weeks that he was dead, and many believed it, even some of his friends, while the majority thought the story had been originated by his wife and brothers to cover his escape from the county. Patrick told me Steve and Tom Lowery

HAD PASSED HIS HOUSE A FEW DAYS BEFORE,

but it might be a long time before they would be in their immediate neighborhood again. After a long conversation between him and James Oxendine, a well-to-do mulatto farmer living near by, it was decided that my best plan would be to go over to the home of old Mrs. Lowery, the mother of Patrick and Henry. They both assured me it would be perfectly safe, for the outlaws never interfered with any but those who troubled them. For a consideration Patrick consented to give me his horse on which to ride over, and his son Allen, a bright boy of sixteen, to guide me. After a dinner of

CORN BREAD, BACON AND COFFEE

we started on our journey, and I must confess to a slight sinking of the heart as I lost sight of the railroad and plunged into the swamps, the lurking places of the Lowery outlaws.

IN THE OUTLAWS' LAND.

I had ridden about a mile, when the discomfort produced by my horse's miserable gait, and the banging of my valise against my legs became too great, and I proposed to my guide that he should ride awhile. But the change was not for the better, and it had scarcely been made when we came to one of the low places in the road that are so common here, called "branches," and which are feeders to the swamps. Along one side of these branches are laid, or erected in stumps, logs for the convenience of pedestrians. They are generally unhewn, all very narrow, many of them decayed, and very few that stand firm under any movement. At the first of these I came to, after dismounting,

I LOST MY BALANCE,

and got into the water knee deep. I remounted the horse, then, and, excepting the gait and banging aforesaid and crushing of my legs against the trees, first on one side and then on the other, as I followed Allen in the narrow footpath, through which he led me, I suffered no great inconvenience.

About two and a half miles from Pattoda we came to the "Back Swamp," where for about three hundred and fifty yards the black water crosses the road, flowing sluggishly through the brush and cypress trees. Along the foot logs here Allen ran, with the confidence inspired by long practice.

ANDREW STRONG'S CABIN.

About a mile from the Back Swamp we passed the cabin of Andrew Strong, one of the outlaws, where his younger brother, Boss, was shot the Friday before. We passed close to the house, and a couple of women came to the door, and stood there as long as the house was in sight. As I have since learned, there was another pair of eyes watching us from a thicket near the house. Andrew Strong himself, with

HIS GUN READY FOR A SHOT,

in his hand, studied me as I passed. Another long stretch of water, mud and sand, and we came to Henry Berry Lowery's house, now in the occupancy of his wife, Rhody. A quarter of a mile further and we reached our destination, the home of

OLD MRS. ALLEN LOWERY.

Here we were greeted by the loud and decidedly savage backing of three large dogs. Two or three very light mulatto girls drove them away, and opened the gate for me; as I passed in I was put in the presence of the old woman, who gave me a very hospitable reception, and assured me I was welcome to stay as long as I pleased, if I could put up with their rough fare.

Mrs. Lowery has the largest house in this section of country; it is weather-boarded, has four good sized rooms, and a kitchen attached, and a wide porch in front. It is on a plantation containing about seventy-five acres, and has numerous

There has been no division of the estate or property since old Allen Lowery was killed, the children

GIVING ALL THE PROFITS TO THEIR MOTHER.

One son, Sinclair, living near, superintends the farm, and assists her when necessary. This little plantation produced last year eight bales of cotton and four hundred bushels of corn.

Soon after my arrival I met Sinclair, who is a dark mulatto, with a good countenance. He told me he did not know whether Henry Berry was alive or dead; that no one had seen him for four or five weeks. Mrs. Lowery said the same. Sinclair added:—

"I will be glad if he is dead, for he is a very bad man, and has done a heap of harm."

He further told me he had not been on friendly terms with Henry since the marriage of the latter to Rhody Strong; the marriage, it had been announced, would be solemnized at his mother's house, and Sinclair, fearing that an attack would be made on the house by the officers in pursuit of Henry, objected to the ceremony being performed there. When Henry was arrested he accused Sinclair of having informed on him, and they had never been on good terms afterwards. Steve and Tom

TOOK PART WITH HENRY

in this quarrel; so that Sinclair could give me no information of the outlaws.

I would here remark that this band are known in their neighborhood by the name "outlaws;" their friends call them and they style themselves outlaws.

When I returned to the house after the conversation with Sinclair, who was working in a field, I was presented to Rhody, the wife of Henry Berry Lowery.

THE "QUEEN OF SCUFFLETOWN."

This young woman is remarkably pretty; her face oval, of a very light color; large, dark, mournful looking eyes, with long lashes; well shaped mouth; white, small, even teeth; well rounded chin; nose slightly *retrouse*, with a profusion of straight jet black hair, combine to make her a very pleasant object to gaze at. She has small hands and feet, and on the latter she wears No. 2½, though she could wear No. 2, and still cramp her feet less than the majority of white women. She is of medium height, with a very well developed figure, and is between twenty-one and twenty-two years old. When I add that she has a low, sweet voice, and a great many little graceful motions of her head and body, it will be seen that she is a *rara avis* in Scuffletown. To the above description I regret that I am compelled to add that this queen cannot write, and that she

SMOKES A PIPE AND RUBS SNUFF.

When Rhody learned the object of my visit said she would undertake to have my message conveyed to the outlaws, and she had no doubt they would grant me an interview. Henry Berry, she said, was away, and she could not tell when he would return. I walked home with her, and examined carefully the home of the notorious outlaw leader.

THE OUTLAW'S NEST.

The cabin of this man is built precisely as are all those of the poorer mulattoes—one story high, logs from three to eight inches apart, the interstices not filled in as in log houses at the North, but covered by boards on either the inside or on the outside, never both. This house had the boards on the outside. There are two doors, opposite each other, secured by modern bolts and buttons, and on the the third side is the capacious hearth or fireplace with chimney built of logs, limed and floored with clay. On the side opposite the fireplace stands the bed, and above and beside it are stretched several poles, upon which hang the clothes of the family.

There are no windows, nor any openings for light but the doors and chimney. Indeed, of some twenty houses of mulattoes I visited, I found but two, those of Mrs. Allen Lowery and Patrick Lowery, in which there were windows.

The house of H. B. Lowery is within a small enclosure, which is surrounded by a larger one, and is on his father Allen's estate. The furniture of this house consists of

A BED, A TABLE, THREE CHAIRS,

and three stools. Over the fireplace are pasted a number of pictures cut from the illustrated papers, while a colored print, labelled "The Two Beauties," hangs over the table. Rhody had left her "help"—a light mulatte, who had been engaged by Andrew Strong, to stay with her for six weeks for a pair of shoes and a calico dress—in charge of

HER CHILDREN—

Sally Ann, aged five; Henry Delany, aged three, and Neely Ann, aged one year and two months. They are all of a very bright color, strong, active and healthy, the boy being particularly bright. He is said to bear a strong resemblance to his father.

I spent an hour or more with Rhody. She told me, further, if I would come back the next morning she might have some information for me, and that in the meantime I might rest assured I would be in no danger from the outlaws or their friends.

BY THE OLD MAN'S GRAVE—OLD MRS. LOWERY'S STORY.

The next morning (March 15) old Mrs. Lowery took me to a small unenclosed grave in a field near her house, where, marked by four rails lying on the ground, was the grave of her husband and son William. The old woman's voice was broken, and the tears rolled down her withered face even now as she told me how they met their death. There had been no trouble between them and any of their white neighbors, except that some of their sons had fled from the officers who wanted to take them to work in the rebel fortifications at Wilmington. Patrick and Sinclair had gone with the officers, but Henry, Thomas and William had evaded them. Steve was a fireman on the Wilmington, Charlotte & Rutherford Railroad. The Lowerys had also been accused of assisting soldiers who had escaped from the rebel prison at Florence, S. C., to the federal lines. In 1864 a party of whites, commanded by James Barnes, came to the house and took the old man and William away, at the same time

THEY ASKED FOR SPADES,

and took some along with them; some of them returned directly and carried old Mrs. Lowery and her two daughters to the house of a white man, Robert McKenzie, where they were locked up in a smoke-house. While they were confined there they heard McKenzie propose that they burn them up in the smoke-house, but this was opposed by others, who said it would make too much talk; then McKenzie said there would be no use in killing the men if the women were allowed to live, because he could not get the plantation if any were left alive. McKenzie then went away saying he was going up to see how the Lowery men were faring. After he had gone, some one outside wondered if they were going to kill the old man and Bill, or only the old man, to which another answered:—

"McKenzie's got to kill both, and get the rest of the boys out of the way before he could get the plantation."

THEY HEARD THE REPORT OF GUNS.

Towards morning, a little after daylight, they were released with the threat,

"If you deny that your family has rob bed from no whites it will be mighty bad for you."

When they returned home, in a thicket,

made, shallow grave, in which were the bodies of Allen and William Lowery, lying one above the other, riddled with musket balls.

The next day they came back and took me out into the woods, and said they were going to kill me if I didn't tell them where the Yankee prisoners were hid. I didn't know, and I told them so, but they wouldn't believe. They blindfolded me and tied me to a tree, and said they were going to shoot me. I heard them firing, and then I fainted. When I fainted they untied me and sent the gun to bring me too."

This was old Mrs. Lowery's story, and all the mulattoes whom I met and questioned about it told me about the same thing. That its truthfulness is denied by the whites is no more than is to be expected, though several of them told me they had never heard of Allen Lowery being accused of stealing. He was said to be a consistent member of the Methodist Church, in which he was a class leader. Mrs. Lowery is a member of the same church and

SEEMS TO BE GENUINELY PIOUS.

She has family worship night and morning, in which she leads herself, and always asks a blessing at the table.

From the grave of the Lowerys I went straight to Rhody's house. As I entered the gate of the outer enclosure I noticed a man standing in the doorway who stepped back within the house. As I reached the inner gate he again came to the door and

I CONFESS TO SOME NERVOUSNESS

as I saw his equipments. But it was no time to stop now, and in a moment I was in Henry Berry Lowery's house, in the presence of Steve Lowery and Andrew Strong, two of the famous swamp outlaws. With as composed an air as the nature of the case would permit I stepped forward.

"I believe these are the men" (I am not sure but that I said gentlemen) "I wanted to see," and extended my hand to the one nearest me, who grasped it cordially as Rhody mentioned his name, Andrew Strong, and mine, and then repeated the ceremony with Steve. Both of them offered me chairs; but I accepted that from which Andrew had just arisen, it being nearer the fire, and immediately

EXPLAINED MY PURPOSE

in seeking them. I told them the great paper of America had given some attention to them, and had published their histories as furnished by the white people of Robeson county; but that the people of the United States might have a clear and just conception of affairs here I had been sent down to see them, hear their stories and the circumstances that had made them outlaws and see how they lived. I told them further that

I HAD NO WEAPON BUT A SMALL REVOLVER,

which they could have while I was with them, but which they would oblige me by returning when I left them.

They replied that Rhody had told them the nature of my business, that they were glad of an opportunity of giving their story to the country, for the "papers were telling so many d—d lies about them," that I would be perfectly safe with them, and that I might keep my pistol.

THE MEN THAT I MET.

Steve Lowery is five feet ten inches high, thick set, with long arms and legs, and is very strong; he has a very dark yellow complexion, hazel eyes, bright and restless, black straight hair and thin mustache and goatee. He was armed with a Spencer rifle, two double-barreled shot guns, one of the latter and the rifle being slung from his shoulders, and three six-barreled revolvers in his belt, while two United States cartridge boxes hung from his shoulders.

Andrew Strong is nearly white, about six feet high, with rather mild eyes and reddish beard and hair, the latter cut short. He carried a heavy rifle and the same number of shot-guns, revolers and cartridge boxes as Steve Lowery, besides a heavy canvas haversack. His *impedimenta* ("turn," he calls it) weighs not less than a hundred pounds. He

ADJUSTED ALL HIS EQUIPMENTS ON ME,

and I could barely stagger across the floor with them. After a few general remarks, Andrew told me they would tell me all I wanted to know if I would question them. As the shooting of Boss was the chief topic I had heard discussed after leaving Wilmington, I told them I had seen James McQueen or Donahoe, at Shoe Heel, and had taken down his version of the affair, and would now like to know if it was correct. I read to them McQueen's story. (Here follows the story, essentially as heretofore published in the SENTINEL.)

THE BANDITS' COMMENTS.

While I was reading they interrupted me frequently with such expressions as—"Well, that's a d—d lie," "He is nothing but a robber himself," "Let me get a bead on him once," and at the conclusion Andrew said:—

"We can prove that Donahoe is a liar; gal (addressing Rhody's servant,) come yer; you was in the house when Boss was shot. Now, which of us got up from supper first?"

"Flory did," she drawled out.

"Did I hide in the corner?"

"No; you went to pick Boss up."

"Dar, now, he's proved to be a damned liar; and he didn't stay about dere no half hour. Why, I'll take you out dere to-morrow an' show you de tracks he made when he done run away. 'Pears if he

JUMPED SIX YARDS EBBY TIME.

I jumped for my gun as run out as soon as de shot was fired, an heard him g'wine fru de bushes powerful. I'll save him yet. Why, his back is full of shot holes now dat he done got up in Richmond county for stealing chickens. He had to go away from dere. He is a low, no-account nigger. He ain't no white man. He call hisself McQueen. I'd like to know what right he has to call himself McQueen when his mother's name was Donahoe, and she

WASN'T NEVER MARRIED TO MCQUEEN,

and his mother was a mulatto same as me is. If dey was anybody dey wouldn't marry niggers, would dey? His two sisters is bof married to niggers in Richmond county. By God! I'll lay for him. He didn't kill Boss neither, but he hurt him powerful bad. He hit him in the neck, but he aint dead yet. Now, Rhody, you was dere de nex' day when dey come after Boss. You tell dis gentleman about it.

RHODY LOWERY'S STORY.

"Flory come over in de morning an' tole me Boss was shot, an' when I went dere Andy an' Steve was jus g'wine to tote him away; he wan't dead, nohow. Den we dose scrub de flo'; peoples kin scrub they's flo's if dey want to, I reckon. Den when Donahoe's party come up dey stopped 200 yards from de house an' axed if dere was any men about, and den dey come up. None of us didn't tell dey Boss was killed; we jus said dey had toted him away. Den dey searched de house, but all dey found was a pair of boots and shoes and a bottle of peach brandy dat Andy had bought at Floyd Oxendine's sto' dat day, as you kin prove if you ax him."

"YOU PUT DAT ALL IN DE PAPER, MISTER,

and den put in dat we is g'wine to kill Donahoe sure; we'll find him an' we won't shoot him through a rat-hole, neither," said Andrew, to which Steve, who had been perfectly silent before, added,

"Yes God damn him, his life is g'wine to be powerful short."

"WHERE IS HENRY BERRY LOWERY?

It is reported at Shoe Heel that he is dead, and most of the people seem to believe it. Mr. Hayes though told me he had seen him last Wednesday night, about ten o'clock, near Oxendine's store."

"Well, sir," answered Steve, "he ain't dead, but he's went away; he went nigh onto four weeks ago, and he 'spected to be back in five or six weeks. But he ain't dead, nohow."

"Have you any objections to telling me what he went away for, if he expected to return?"

"Well, he didn't tell nobody his business, I reckon; he'll be back some of these days; you put in de paper dat Henry Berry Lowery ain't dead."

SPENDS THE DAY WITH THE OUTLAWS.

I spent the day with these men until 4 o'clock. About noon Steve, Andrew, Rhody and I sat down to a dinner of fried eggs, bacon, corn bread and coffee. Andrew, for Rhody, apologized for the dinner, saying if she had known I would be there she would have "done killed a chicken." Steve, who was very taciturn for an hour or more after I met them, gradually became more loquacious and has ever since been the most communicative, most friendly and

JOLLY OF THE PARTY.

After dinner Steve asked to see my pistol; he examined it and pronounced it rusty, whereupon Andrew took it apart, oiled it and returned it to me. Steve wanted to buy a plated gold ring I wore, but upon telling him it had been presented to me, he said I should keep it, but he would like to have a gold ring and asked me the prices of them.

They gave me much information as to their way of living, the hunting parties that had been in search of them, and their successful and often narrow escapes from their pursuers and from jail, which I will make the subject of future letters.

THE OUTLAWS HOLD A COUNCIL.

Before they left they went out of the house and held an animated conversation of perhaps half an hour's duration in the garden, after which Steve addressed me:

"We've trusted three men before and ebery one of dem betrayed us, an' we swo' we'd neber trust no stranger agin, but you look honest, an your story pears to be all right, an' we is gwine to trust you some. Now you's got about Donahoe's shootin Boss, we are gwine to keep you heah till you can

PUT IN DE PAPER HOW WE KILLED DONAHOE.

We won't hurt you, an' you kin travel about whar you hab a mind to in dis place, but you must swear an oath dat you won't try to go away without 'us lettin' you. We'll treat you well an' show you whar Sander was captured an' killed an' whar Make Sanderson an' Taylor and all de rest of dem was killed, and tell you all about dem. But you hab got to stay heah a week, and we is gwine to send a telegraph to de paper for a joke dat we hab got you, so dey will see the outlaws ain't all dead yet.

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY, NOHOW,

without our knowing it, and den it might be powerful bad for you."

I was somewhat dismayed at this speech, but expressed myself satisfied with the arrangement. I saw I would have an opportunity of seeing wild life not often enjoyed by northern men, and felt that I was in no great danger if I acted honestly towards my captors.

PART TO MEET AGAIN.

The outlaws then slung on their equipments, and after promising to meet me at the "New Bridge," three miles distant, the next morning, strode into the heavy pine forest, and I went back into the cabin, where Rhody taught me how to rub snuff.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STONE WORK.

Parties Building, Altering or Repairing, and needing any description of

STONE CUTTERS' WORK

Or Masonry, well promptly and cheaply done, are invited to address the undersigned, a practical stone-cutter, who will give immediate attention to their calls.

MONUMENTS

set up to order, or repaired, and foundations for same supplied. Fences and enclosures for Cemetery Lots furnished at low prices.

Orders may be left at Hardware house of Thos. H. Briggs, Fayetteville St., or addressed to JOHN CAYTON,
mar 26-1m.* Box 303, City Post Office.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine. It has never failed to arrest decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the hair.

CAST THEM OUT.—If there are any diseases which deserve the name demoniac, Dyspepsia is one of them. It racks and tears the system like a veritable fiend, and renders life a burden. The medicines of the dispensary will not expel it. Cast it out with Dr. Walker's Vegetable Vinegar Bitters. There is no form of indigestion or liver complaint that can withstand this potent tonic and alterative.

NO LADY'S TOILET COMPLETE unless there be the fragrant Bouquet—unto the breath sweet odors it imparts, the gums a ruby redness soon assume, the teeth quick rival alabaster tint, and seem as pearls set in coral gums.

$50,000 WILL BE PAID for any remedy which will cure Chronic Rheumatism, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest, Sore Throat, Insect Stings, Croup, Dysentery, Colic, Sprains and Vomiting, quicker than Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment—established in 1847. Never fails. Sold by the Druggists. Depot 10 Park Place, New York.

CARBOLIC SALVE, recommended by the leading physicians and the President of the New York Board of Health, as the most wonderful healing compound ever known. Gives instant relief to burns, one small kinds of sores, cuts and wounds, and a most invaluable salve for all purposes. Sold everywhere at 25 cents. John F. Henry, sole Proprietor, 8 College Place, New York.

SVAPNIA is Opium purified of its sickening and poisonous properties, discovered by Dr. Bigelow, Professor of Botany, Detroit Medical College. A most perfect anodyne and soothing opiate. John Farr, Chemist, New York.

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE is the safest and best. It corrects the bad effect of inferior dies, while the black or brown tints it produces are identical to nature. Factory 68 Maiden Lane, New York.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL.—Safest and best illuminating Oil ever made. Does not take fire or explode, if the lamp is upset or broken. Over 150,000 families continue to use it, and no accidents of any description have occurred from it. Oil House of Charles Pratt, established 1770, New York.

THE PUREST and Sweetest Cod Liver Oil in the world is Hazard & Caswell's made on the sea shore, from fresh, selected livers, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others! Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in the market.

JOUVIN'S INODOROUS KID GLOVE CLEANER restores soiled gloves equal to new. For sale by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Price 25 cents per bottle. F. C. Wells & Co., New York.

"RISLEY'S PHILOTOKEN is an established, warranted remedy for Painful Menstruation; and equally efficient as a nervous antidote in all cases of Nervous Excitement, Stomach and Sleeplessness in male or female. Sold everywhere for $1 a bottle. Morgan & Risley, Druggists, New York, General Agents.

A YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE and a beautiful, clear complexion is the desire of everybody. This effect is produced by using G. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," a harmless beautifier of the skin. Will remove all discolorations, tan, freckles and sunburns. The use of this delightful toilet preparation cannot be detected. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers, Depot 5 Gold st., New York.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.—It relieves the little sufferer from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and during the process of teething it is invaluable. Perfectly safe in all cases, as millions of mothers can testify.
mar 5-6modtm

FOR SALE.
A few bbls Flour, cheap to close consignment.
mar 15-tf. W. H. JONES & CO.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.

DR. JOHNSON,

Physician of this celebrated Institution, discovered, when in the Great Hospitals of Europe, viz: England, France and elsewhere, the certain, speedy, pleasant and effectual remedy in the world for all excesses or abuses of the system.

Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affection of the Kidneys or Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those terrible Disorders arising from Solitary Habits of Youth—strange and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of the Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible, destroying both body and mind.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstacy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married persons, or Young men contemplating marriage, aware of Physical Weakness, Loss of Procreative Power (Impotency), Nervous Excitability, Palpitation, Organic Weakness, Nervous Debility, or any other Disqualification, speedily relieved.

He who places himself under the care of Dr J. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately Cured and full Vigor Restored.

This distressing Affection—which renders life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands this subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms of both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged, the Physical and Mental Functions weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility and Wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

A CURE SPEEDILY WARRANTED.

Persons ruined in health by unlearned pretenders who keep their trifling mouth after month, taking poisonous and injurious compounds, should apply immediately.

DR. JOHNSTON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate of one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the best part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TO THE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad melancholy effects produced by the earthly habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded. Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.

YOUNG MEN

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice, indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the pride of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyment of life by the consequence of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must, before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

Reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness. Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view, the mind becomes shadowed with despair, and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another is blighted with our own.

A CERTAIN DISEASE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame or dread