THE DAILY SENTINEL

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The Daily Sentinel.

VOL. VIII. RALEIGH, N. C., SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1873. NO. 323.

THE DAILY SENTINEL

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted in the Daily SENTINEL at the following rates per square of one inch, or ten minion lines.

One square one time $1.00
" " each subsequent insertion less than a week 50

1 square,	1 week,	$ 3.50	1 square,	7 mos.		$32.00
1 "	1 month,	8.00	1 "	8 "		36.00
1 "	2 mo's,	12.00	1 "	9 "		40.00
1 "	3 "	16.00	1 "	10 "		44.00
1 "	4 "	20.00	1 "	11 "		48.00
1 "	5 "	24.00	1 "	3 "		0.00
1 "	6 "	28.00	1			

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC NEWS ON 4th PAGE.

☞ S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., 10 State Street, Boston, 37 Park Row, New York, and 701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, are our Agents for procuring advertisements for our paper (the SENTINEL) in the above cities, and authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates.

Post Office Directory.

RALEIGH POST OFFICE ARRANGEMENT.

Office hours from 7:30 a. m., to 7 p. m., during the week (except while the mails are being distributed.)

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING THE MAILS.

Western—New Orleans, La., Augusta, Ga., Columbia, S. C., Charlotte, Salisbury, Greensboro, Salem, Chapel Hill, Hillsboro, &c., due at 1:00 a. m. Close at 7 p. m.

Eastern—Charleston, S. C., Wilmington, Newbern, Beaufort, Goldsboro, &c., due 5:20 p. m. Close 2:00 p. m.

Northern—New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond, Petersburg, Norfolk, Weldon, &c., due at 3:30 p. m. Close 9 15 a. m.

Chatham Railroad—Fayetteville Jonesboro, Apex, Osgood, &c., due 10 a. m. Close 3 p. m.

Miscellaneous—Eagle Rock, Monday and Thursday, due 11:30 a m, close 1 p. m. Roxboro, every Wednesday, due 11:30 a. m., close 1 p. m. Leaksburg, every Wednesday, due 11:30 a. m., close 1 p. m. Aversboro, close 8 p. m. Thursdays, due 6 p. m. Fridays.

Office hours for Registered Letter and Money Order Departments, from 8:30 a m to 5:30 p m.

As no mails are received or sent on Sunday, the office will not be opened on that day.

W. W HOLDEN, P. M.

HOME AFFAIRS.

WEATHER REPORT.

WASHINGTON, July 5, 1873.

For the South Atlantic States south and southeast winds, partly cloudy and clear weather.

CITY ALMANAC

July 5, 1873.

Sun rises . . . . . 4 50.
Sun sets . . . . . 7 19.

METEROLOGICAL.

[REPORTED AT PISK HARDIE'S CIGAR STORE.]

RALEIGH, July 5, 1873.

6 a. m.	9 a. m.	12 m.	2 p. m	9 p. m.
76	80	83	85	86

CITY COTTON MARKET.

Reported daily by W. C. Stronach, Grocer and Commission Merchant, Fayetteville Street:

RALEIGH, July 5, 1873.

Price of cotton in our market to-day:

At 12 m. 18
At 4 p. m. . . . . "
Sales . . . . . 25 bales.
Market firm.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.—John Peoples, Chatham, Frank Camfreighs, N. C.; A. Brown, Chatham; Mason Moore, Chatham; B. Thomas, Chatham.

CITY HOTEL.—C H Perino, Richmond, Va.; McLean, Potter, city; Arthur Descon and son, R H Freeman, Asbury, Jas Livesey, Halifax

YARBOROUGH HOUSE, *July* 5.—James Southgate, E L Jones, Hillsboro'; Att. Remuck, N. C. R. R; J B G Roulhac, Baltimore; C G Joyner, Greenville; Eugene Morehead, Greensboro'; Miss S M Kirkland, Hillsboro'; Jno M Rose, Jr., Capt A P Hunt, Fayetteville; Right Rev Bishop Gibbons, Richmond; Rev Mark S Gross, Wilmington; Ben Bryan, So. Exp; J W B Watson, C Howard, F Busbee, P Babcock, J Riley, A Blake, T Lee, city; D Bassett, Va.; Wm Morgan, Ohio; A S Bett, Baltimore; J Brook, T Langly, Kittrells; G N Watt, Charlotte; T M Jones, Warrenton; A EIppitt, J Campbell, Baltimore, A B Andrews and family, N. C.; E G Blacknall, N. C.; Judge G S Bryan, Charleston.

Off to the Mountains.

Hon. A. M. Lewis and family will leave the city on Monday for Asheville and the mountain country. Mr. L. will be absent six or eight weeks.

Died.

Mr. Wm. Scarborough, who has been employed for some time as a clerk in the establishment of Mr. W. H. Overby on Wilmington street, did on Friday night at half-past 10 o'clock of typhoid fever.

Sad Casualty.

While a number of young gentlemen were at Penny's mill-pond, about six miles from this city on the 4th instant Mr. Theobald, a young man from this place ventured into a small boat on very deep water, and run the front of the boat against a snag, sinking the end in which he was setting. The water was 35 feet deep, he could not swim, none were near enough to save him and he therefore was drowned. We deeply regret this sad and distressing occurrence.

Censurable.

We are informed there are now in the county jail of Wake, two colored prisoners, who, after having suffered imprisonment for a considerable time, could not get a hearing of their case at the term of court just ended. These poor fellows, charged with some slight offence, and whether innocent or guilty must remain incarcerated in a loathsome county jail until the next term of the court. Our constitution provides that every man charged with violation of the law shall have a speedy trial This being true true is not somebody to blame in this case, and if so, who?

Frightful Accident.

We regret to learn that, as the excursion train of the Rescue Fire Company was approaching Fayetteville, a frightful accident occurred which did a great deal to mar the pleasure of the occasion. Mr. James Bidcout, who was assisting in firing, claims had his face burst and very badly lacerated by a premature discharge, caused by the gun not having been swabbed and the neglect of other necessary precautions in firing artillery. Mr. B. is in a very critical condition, but it is thought he may recover.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

Third Annual Excursion and Ball.

On the morning of the Fourth of July the members of Raleigh Typographical Union with their wives and sweethearts and invited friends, to the number of seventy-five, took a special train at 8:30 o'clock for Kittrell Springs. Arriving at the Springs at 10:30 a. m., the excursionists were welcomed to the hospitalities of this beautiful summer resort in a neat little speech by J. A. Harrall of the Henderson *Tribune*, on behalf of Maj. Blacknall, the gentlemanly proprietor. Mr. Harrall was responded to, in behalf of the excursionists, by Mr. Jos. W. Holden, of Raleigh.

Addressing Mr. Harrell, Mr. Holden said, in substance: In behalf, sir, of the Committee of Arrangements, the ladies and gentlemen accompanying this excursion, and the invited guests, I return through you to Mr. Blacknall and the people of Kittrells our sincere thanks for your most hospitable welcome Fleeing as we do from the heat and toil of the city to the breezey hills and cool sequestered vales of the country, it is especially welcome to us to know that the place of our retreat has been so happily chosen, and that we are so warmly greeted immediately upon our entrance on the festivities of the day. Indeed of all men the printer needs repose and recreation, and with his family no one understands or can better appreciate than he the privileges of such an entertainment as the present one. Here you behold the wives, sisters and sweethearts of their choice, a fair and lovely company, challenging comparison for beauty and refinement with any association for pleasure to be found in this State, [applause,] and while no word that I can say can detract from, it could not likewise add one iota to the loveliness of this assembly. [Applause.]

We are pleased to believe, sir, that when nature planted her spring of health giving waters among the hills of Granville, she directed a generous and chivalous population to inherit this favored spot, and we have been fortunate in coming thither upon each returning anniversary to commemorate the purposes of our order, to plant new associations, to form fresh ties of friendship, to revive pleasant recollections and to keep sacred the memory of *auld lang syne*. [Applause.]

Fellow-craftsmen: The "copy" for to-day is in hand, each man's "take" hangs from the "hook," a "full case" of pleasure is before him, no one is "out of sorts," and may we hope that when the "work" here is done that the great Proof-reader will find no "blemishes" on the pages of this "period" of enjoyment. [Applause.]

"Come, then, my friends, or sad or smiling,—whether
The load of life hangs heavier on you, day by day,
Or pleasures ever new, like Summer weather,
With flowers adorn, with fruits enrich your way,—
We go to meet the merry day together,
Then joy we, walk we happy while we may,—
Smoothly doth glide the golden hours before us,
While day grows softer; night hangs lovelier o'er us"

Again, Sir, in behalf of the Committee, I repeat our thanks for the hospitable manner of our reception.

After the excellent Italian band had discoursed one of its most beautiful airs, Mr. Needham B. Broughton, the orator of the day, was introduced to the audience, a large number of whom were from the surrounding country. Mr. Broughton was for a number of years an active and zealous member of the Union, but is now one of the proprietors of the *Spirit of the Age* and also of an extensive Book and Job office, and is very highly esteemed by the craft. We publish his address in full as it contains information which will prove interesting and instructive to those not of the fraternity.

MR. BROUGHTON'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, and Members of Raleigh Typographical Union; Ladies and Gentlemen:

Like Paul before King Agrippa, I think myself happy in being before those who know me best, and I can not regard this honor of being called upon to address you, as a compliment to me personally, rather than any known merit. But imagine my embarrassment, as I think of being chosen from among those who have filled, and are still filling high stations in the gift of the people. Our German, whose voice has been heard (and may soon) from every precinct in our county, and then in the Hall of the House of Representatives, Bunting and White. The first of whom, claims to have written a whole volume of originalities, and from our knowledge of the book and author, we are ready to credit the statement. And White—so often has he canvassed Wake county, that every old woman and hard-cider drinker in it, calls him "Cousin Billy." Neathery, who sits at the feet of Gamaliel from day to day, and Nichols, the Teacher, of whom it is said "how fortunate for North Carolina to have such a man in such a place." And last, but not least, the quill drivers, from the little fellow that writes up the days doings, "Century Whiskey," &c., to the wise man of the East, who writes on financial systems, "Rings," homestead exemptions, and latterly of Capt. Jack and the Modocs

But amid all this display—this array of luminaries, I have been called upon, and asking your patience and sympathy, I proceed with the task.

Another year has been numbered with the past, since we gathered last, for our annual festivities, and yet through the mercy of Kind Providence, none of those who met with us last year, have been called to their final rest. We gather, not to celebrate the organization of our Union; not to shout loud hosannas over some new victory, but simply to lay aside the cares and toils of life for a season. And, how propitious the day! Grander, more glorious than the celebration of any local organization is this the Fourth Day of July to every American heart—the Anniversary of American Independence. What a day to the printers of this land! The Natives true declaration of Independence is the daily newspaper.

Free journalism is but the expression of individual liberty of thought, judgment and criticism, and as such it has been the result of centuries of warfare—in its defence blood has been shed as freely as upon the battle-field, and in its purchase martyrdom has been met as nobly as in the cause of religion.

The history is but repeated in every age and clime; priest, people, and potentate recognize it as the great liberator, and the journal runs the gauntlet through every evil, beset with every obstacle and endangered by every missle that can be grasped by the hands of ignorance, power or prejudice.

The "Daily" has become veritably a part of our daily fare; it comes to the breakfast table as necessarily as the bread and butter, from the house-maid to the hostler, all must possess one as special property.

The very familiarity with the boon makes us forgetful of its blessings; it is difficult to realize the effect it produces upon our lives, and imagination can hardly picture the void which would be caused by its loss. All the pathos and poetry of the Ancient Mariner does not paint the dreariness of mid-ocean as vividly as the words of the sailor: "Dull, dull—nothing but water—no post office—no morning paper."

The relation of the individual man to humanity at large is usually compared to the leaf upon the tree, and the same figure is most applicable to the journal. The press lives and grows, ever extending its branches, while the journals severally are short-lived. The newspaper, although perennial, is ephemeral, and it most fully performs its function in being so perfectly the mirror of the day, that it can die with it in all the honor of completed service.

The world has been again and again indebted to the daring deed of a journal, which, when the act was done, lay like Winklereid, crushed to death, under the feet of those it had saved; while amid the fast thronging events the *hero* of the deed was well-nigh forgotten in the glory of the achievement. It is this singularly fugitive character of its particulars that renders the history of the press both dull and difficult, while the glory of its successes defies description. It is, in detail, but a record of dubious dates; and while embracing the whole progress of modern times, the trials and triumphs of generations, and the wit and wisdom of nations, its *own* story can hardly be rendered more attractive than that dreary entertainment a volume of anecdotes—which begins you, possibly, with a good laugh, but leaves you in that terrible state of "dry grins," from which deliver us.

But with its monotony. I ask your attention for a few moments to a little of its history. Especially do I ask the attention of my younger brethren, and the "cubs" and "devils" to something of the rise and progress of the art of which we so proudly boast,—and I our "right there is none to dispute."

The discovery of the art of letter-press printing is the glory of the fifteenth century; but the germ of the art existed more than three thousand years before, when the Egyptians engraved raised characters and symbols upon tiles and cylinders which were afterwards *impressed* upon soft clay tablets, which were then baked and hardened. These are supposed to be records, and the use of stamps, from which many impressions could be taken, shows that the purpose was multiplication, to disseminate information. But who was the discoverer of letter-press printing? Harem claims it for Koster, (or Custos.) Strasbourg for Mentelin, and Mentz for Gettemberg. It is not intended at this time to more than mention the really important facts in the earlier history of the art. It is probable that many of the small tracts, printed on moveable type previous to 1440, were issued by Koster. The actual invention of letter-press printing is now, however, almost universally attributed to Gutteberg.

John Gutteberg, of Mentz, was the first to cut type from metal, and he afterwards cut matrices in which type were cast. He was a man of means, but these he exhausted in experiments. He then applied to John Faust a wealthy citizen, revealed his plan and induced him to become his partner. Afterwards they associated with them Peter Schoeffer, a scribe, to whom many attribute the invention of the matrice for type-casting. In 1455, or or thereabouts—for the volume has no date—this firm printed the famous "Mazarine Bible."

Faust and Schoeffer separated from Guttemberg, and, in August, 1457, issued the celebrated Psalter, printed on large, cut type, and the first book which ever bore the date, place of issue and names of printers. Together Faust and Schoeffer printed ten books, and after his death Schoeffer carried on the business for thirty-five years, during which he issued many books. The type used was what is called Gothic with illuminated initial letters, generally done by hand, though Faust and Schoeffer printed them in two colors.

Guttemberg died in 1467, poor, it is believed, and unhonored, it is known. It was reserved for a later century to rescue his name from the obscurity into which it fell. Not one of his books bears his imprint, and others derived the immediate emoluments, and for a long time the sole honor of his inventions.

Unless we except Mentelin of Strasbourg, who printed books as early as 1460, for a long time the Mentz printers had the monopoly of their art and were sworn not to reveal it. But the capture of the city by Count Adolphus, of Nassau, in 1462, not only interrupted the labors of Faust and Schoeffer, but scattered their workmen to other cities, so that within eighteen years, the art had so spread, that there were 94 printing offices in full operation, in different European cities. Nicholas Jenson, who learned his trade at Mentz, had the honor, at Venice in 1471, of introducing the Roman type which is used to-day. To the famous Aldine press established by Aldus Manutius, at Venice in 1488, we owe the italic letter. The earlier printers used only the period and colon. The coma was introduced many years later, and in the first printed books capitals were rarely used in beginning sentences.

William Caxton carried the new art to England in 1474, and printed the "game of Chess," the first book in London.

In 1639 the first printing press in the American Colonies was set up at Cambridge, Massachusetts. It was procured by subscription, from Amsterdam, and was given to the College, with a font of type of 50 pounds; so that it may be assumed to be the beginning of the present "University Press." The first issue from this press was the "Freeman's oath;" and on it was also printed the first edition of "Eliot's Indian Bible," 1663. It was wholly set by an Indian, was three years going through the press, and was the first Bible printed in America. Stephen Daye was the first printer at Cambridge, and he received a grant of three hundred acres of land on that account.

We must hurry on, and passing over many dates and through nearly a century, we bring you to Newbern, in North Carolina, in 1755, to the first printing press that was ever brought to our borders.

To go back briefly to the early European printers: Before the year 1500 almost every known manuscript of antiquity was printed. These were in quartos or in folios, generally on parchment, with initial letters superbly colored and gilded by hand; and this practice was long continued till very beautiful initial letters, cut on wood, were substituted. Many of these printed volumes, with all our boasted advance in the art," have never been surpassed in mere mechanical execution, and certainly not, as works of art. Some of these volumes exhibit now ink of a dense blackness, and colored inks of a brilliancy which no books of modern times can show. For in the days when the press was almost wholly devoted to the production of sumptuous Bibles for the Cathedrals, and superb copies of the classics, for libraries or for wealthy purchasers, printing was a luxury, and not as now a necessity. The march of centuries, and the universal diffusion of the art, have naturally compelled vast improvements in presses, paper, type and of fine material; but the art itself, in taste, correctness, and practical skill, has not greatly improved. Printing is printing, and those who compare the mere letter-press of to-day with that exhibited in the volumes of Guttemberg and his contemporaries will declare that the art sprang forth Minerva-like, FULL GROWN.

What has been the progress in our Art since the dates I have given you. I cannot undertake to mention—so rapid, so wonderful, so grand has been its march. The newspaper is to-day what it has ever been,

"Mightiest of instruments—for weal or woe—
A nation's greatness, or its overthrow!
Not with the might of monarchs workest thou,
That sway to-day, to-morrow humbly bow!
Not with the might of edicts that the words
Of man may model as his will accords!
Their work is finished, and their great results
Cease with the beating of the actor's pulse.
But thine is absolute—for good or ill;
Eternally thy power must save or kill!
Lot but one thought, from out the womb of Time,
Leap to the PRESS—henceforth nor sky, nor clime,
Nor land, nor sea, nor king, nor serf, can stay,
Its course, or crush it in its onward way!
It is and shall be, till the heavens shall roll
Together in a vast and flaming scroll;
And on that scroll in words of living fire,
Shall blaze the thought till time itself expires."

Now I come to speak a few words to my brethren of Raleigh Typographical Union, especially. While you have been careful to fortify your own home, I fear, yes I know, you have not considered the employer as you should. A great door has been left open for imposition upon those to whom you look for support. I refer to the rule of admitting members who have served a given length of time at the business without regard to their *moral* character. And I rejoice to learn that at the last session of the International Union a resolution was adopted looking to reform in this respect—that is, subordinate Unions were requested to use all just and consistent means to abate the evil of intemperance among the craft. I blush to own that this curse has been a reproach and shame to us; that but for this one evil we might to-day occupy that exalted position in the public mind to which our profession entitles us. I speak this, not as a temperance lecturer, nor total abstinence fanatic—although I may be called the latter—but I speak to you as a brother, whose destiny is in common with yours. And besides depriving us of social position, think how many of our craft that have fallen by its power, and then think of the beyond. We are not to sweat and toil forever; soon the composing stick and rule will drop from the hand stiffened by man's last enemy, *death!* And then what? Is that all? No. There is that within that death cannot kill, the grave does not hide, nor eternity exhaust.

Brothers of Raleigh Union, take the lead in this work. Say to the apprentice who is looking forward to a brighter day, when he will take his seat among you—say to him, "If you would be one of us, *come up higher*. We desire that when we give you a recommendation for employment it shall bear upon its face skill, honesty, industry and sobriety."

Unless the employer happens to be personally acquainted with the man, our present card system is of no value to him at all. He may employ the man, and spend several dollars experimenting before he finds out he is a worthless scamp. And so on, trying one after another, until quite a good sum has been wasted on experiments. Fortify and build up yourselves, but never lose sight of your employer. Go higher, and you will find new beauties, new benefits. And many in that unknown future will rise up and call you blessed.

I feel highly honored to belong to the craft whose art has been aptly termed "the art preservative of all arts." How can any printer feel otherwise when he reflects on the mighty influence which our art has extended over the destinies of the world!

Beginning its resplendant career by unchaining the word of God and sending it forth on its noble mission, its subsequent acts have so accorded with its first, that it has far eclipsed all other agents in elevating our race from the degradation of barbarism and the blackness of ignorance, to the glorious light of liberty, civilization and enlightment which we behold to day.

Armed with a power all its own, it has become the fostering guardian of religion, science, learning, and whatever tended to the amelioration of mankind. In its arms these agencies have been borne up from the swaddling clothes of infancy, through the period of childhood, and the labor and cares of maturer years to the heroic deeds which mark a giant's course.

Does the orator sway the multitude with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn"—they would be lost in oblivion, did not the "art preservative" impress them on the printed page for the benefit of posterity.

Does the general lead forth his conquering hosts and electrify the nations with mighty deeds on the battle-field, the remembrance of them would pass away did not the printer send the story of his valor down to ages yet unborn.

Does a nation by its humane laws, and the protection which it extends to all its citizens, and by its lessons of patriotism, honor and virtue entitle itself to a place in the hearts of all generations—its history would be untold, its lessons unheeded, did not the recording angel of the press gather them up for the admiration and guidance of the Future.

Are the children of to day to be educated in the great duties that await them in life, and fitted to discharge these duties with honor to themselves and usefulness to their fellow-men, how can this task be accomplished without the aid of printed books and maps?

Then let us cherish our noble profession, which has and is accomplishing such grand results, and feel honored when we reflect that we are humble disciples of an art that shall remain illustrious through all time.

Let us be the true men, true to ourselves and to our fellow-men, standing up in the true nobility of manhood—living nobly, dying gloriously.

"Only a Printer!" How common the phrase, and yet what an open Sesame it is in our power to make that saying. Remove from the race that man that is only a printer, and into what an abyss would this world fall! Stop all those little members, from whose ends words are framed. Hush forever the click, click, of those leaden voices, with their little nicks. Throw off the impression for the last time. Lock up the last form. Distribute, the last word, and where would we drift. And yet, while this shall not come to pass perhaps till time itself shall be no more still to each and every one within my hearing, it will come. But a few more days or years, and the proof sheet of that life of yours will be called for its last revise. How are you preparing it, with care and diligence, and will it do for the more perfect sheet, or, shall it be pronounced *foul!*

Fathers are you better fathers because you are "only a printer."

Husbands are you better, kinder, more forbearing, forgiving and loving because you are only a printer?"

Young men, are you more gallant, and attentive to the young lady whose heart you seek, because you are "only a printer?"

You should be all this. For from your finger's ends go all those lessons. Shall the pupil be better than the teacher?

"Men of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day;
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
CLEAR THE WAY!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing into grey;
Men of thought and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unhonoured glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it paper—aid it type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play,
Men of thought and men of action
CLEAR THE WAY!"

And now I must conclude. As rough as have been my remarks, with my inexperience at public speaking, I doubt not I have already said too much, but I must be allowed to say a few words to these ladies who have so kindly honored us with their presence to-day. I'll promise not to say much to you now, for like the lady who was solicited to become a lecturer. I never like to talk to more than one at the time; and besides the gentleman who follows me has my promise to leave this work to him. But ladies I intend telling you why these printers are such excellent fellows:

It has been truthfully said that there is no excellence without labor, and I may as truthfully add, that there is no intelligence without printers.

It may be further remarked, by reversing the language, that there are no printers without intelligence.

There are no books that printers have not read, no published theories that they have not studied, no printed problems that they have not elucidated, no author's manuscript that they have not deciphered. The book which is in your library, or the paper that you find upon your doorstep was naught but hieroglyphics until interpreted by the printer.

In fact ladies, these printers are very singular *cases*. The married ones, I presume, may be called *double cases* or *small cap cases*, as the *case* may be. A lady friend suggests that the unmarried ones might be styled *lower case*.

Notwithstanding their continual use of *quoins* and the frequent *fat takes* they get they are continually *out of sorts*. They are great admirers of ladies, judging from the fact that they often *chase* around *full forms* in the endeavor to make a *favorable impression*. It has been established that they make good husbands on account of their disposition to *stick* to rules, and keep a good supply of *furniture*. The worst that can be said is that many of them are in the habit of *setting up* late at night.

But to be serious with you ladies; man, in whatever station he may be placed, and with whatever social and intellectual attributes he may be invested, cannot successfully accomplish his laudable purposes without the smiles and approbation of those

"Fairest and loveliest of creation things,
By one great Author in the image formed
Of His celestial glory, and designed
To be man's solace."

Then let us ask of you "in whom the the mind's all gentle graces shine," to cheer us onward with your brightest smiles into the haven of our highest aspirations; lend us your lovely presence on our festal days; give us such generous sympathy as we may deserve; and may the star of hope, that dwells with you, shed lustrous purity about our lives.

Finally,

Then, Brothers, Friends, stand proudly by the Press,
Fraught with such power to benefit and bless!
The people's guard and guide, fall not to see
The full importance of your ministry,
Though virtue be at times its own reward,
Work on in hope, nor call at fortune hard;
Some seeds grow slowly, and the harvest, late,
May tried and toil poorly compensate;
But, with a conscience clear and motive just,
Press on and ever with unfaltering trust,
Not the cursed word the jubilee frowns upon,
That he would banish from the lexicon—
Trust that kind Heaven, beneficent and good,
May crown your efforts with fruitlands
And bring to fruitage all the seed you've strewed.

President M. V B. Gilbert and Father McNamara followed with some very appropriate remarks, after which one of the Marshals read letters from Rev. A. W. Manguin, Ex-Gov. W. W. Holden and E. C. Crump, regretting their inability to be present and join in the pleasures of the occasion. The speaking ended, the party scattered over the grounds, and amused themselves in diverse ways. Most of the ladies repaired to the spring to *enjoy the delicious water*, others with their escorts visited the ten pin alley and played their first game at ten pins. Some of the gentlemen amused themselves with the fascinating game of billiards, while others, who preferred out-door exercise, amused themselves by "shooting mark just for fun." After an hour spent in this way, the ringing of the bell summoned us to the spacious dining room, where was spread and tastefully arranged everything that could please the eye and tempt the palate of the most fastidious—the fare being sumptuous and in perfect keeping with the reputation of the Blacknalls.

Dinner over, the shooting match for the gold headed walking cane was next in the programme. The distance was 100 yards with a Spencer rifle. Some of the printer's shots were very good, and it was thought for some time that Mr. W. J. Edwards would win the cane, but "Prof." Harrall, editor of the Henderson *Tribune*, who held the last chance, came forward, raised the rifle, and after sighting about ten minutes fired, winning the cane by the sixteenth of an inch.

Mr. W. J. Edwards won the silver cup, making the best shot of the day.

The party assembled in the ball room at four o'clock and dancing, to the music of the Italian band, with Mr. Henry Slater as director, was kept up until about six o'clock. At the supper table some appropriate toasts were offered and responded to. At 8 o'clock the party again assembled in the ball room to witness and participate in the Annual Ball. The dancing was very good, and the ladies, dressed in their snowy white robes, presented a beautiful picture in the brilliantly lighted hall. The most interesting event of the evening, however, was the dancing of the *petite mademoiselles* the Misses Blacknall and Miss Florence Slater, a trio of little fairies, who were beautifully dressed, and performed the Highland-fling, polkas, waltzes and other fancy dances in an almost faultless manner. They were under the training of Mrs. Slater, and the grace, symmetry and harmony of their movements gave evidence of the pains bestowed on their culture. The audience enjoyed the performance highly and many encomiums were lavished on the diminutive belles, who fairly eclipsed their older rivals in the delightful mysteries of the light fantastic art. Dancing was continued until about 11 o'clock when vivid flashes of lightning and a dark and threatening cloud admonished us to cease festivities and hasten to the depot.

The train reached Raleigh at half-past two o'clock, all having enjoyed themselves to their hearts satisfaction, and the third annual excursion and ball were at an end.

Sunstroke.

A horse attached to a two-horse wagon from the country, fell down and died on Hillsboro street, on the evening of the 4th of July, overpowered probably by the heat.

Crowded Out.

Owing to the heavy pressure upon our local columns to-day, we are compelled to defer until Tuesday our special report of the proceedings at Fayetteville on the Fourth.

George H. Snow.

As will be seen by a reference to our advertising columns, George H. Snow, of this city, has declared himself an independent candidate for the House of Representatives to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of R. C. Badger. We learn from members of the Wake County Democratic Executive Committee that the Conservatives will not hold a Convention and that no nomination will be made. It becomes, then, the duty of every member of the Conservative party to exert himself to see that a full vote is polled, to see that every man, of whatever party affiliation, who desires to see some reform in our county government and finances, who desires to see some end to the corruptions which have for years "fatigued the indignation" of the good citizens of the county, shall vote for the candidate who is not bound by his party record and party obligation to sustain those abuses.

Mr. Snow is a young man who has already attained an enviable reputation in the county and in the State. He is emphatically a friend of the working-man, as his past has proven. If he shall be elected he will be enabled to be of great service to the entire people of the county, as he will not be in the minority in the Legislature.

Young men of Wake County! is it too much to ask of you that during the next four weeks you will make some exertion to redeem the county? We can say truthfully that the prospects for carrying Wake County are brighter to-day than they have been since May, 1868. All that is needed is work and hope.

MARKETS.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

Noon Report.

LIVERPOOL, July 4.—Sales of cotton for the week 69,000; export 7,000; speculation 4,500; stock 91,700; American 390,000. Receipts for the week 96,000 bales; American 39,000. Actual export 9,000; afloat 518,000; American 13,000.

Midnight Report.

NEW YORK, July 5.

The cotton market, during four days' business, presents no features of interest. Speculators took most of the spot cotton that was sold. Prices have not varied and remain the same.

Naval stores have been active, at better figures.

LIVERPOOL, June 5.

Cotton quiet and steady. Uplands 8 to 8 7-8. Orleans 9 1-8 Sales 10,000. Speculations and exports 2,000. American 6,000. Cotton to arrive dull. September and October delivery for Savannah and Charleston 8 15 16. July and August 8 15-16. Not below middlings 8 to 8 9-16 for September delivery.

Raleigh Market.

CORRECTED DAILY, BY G. T. STRONACH & BRO., MARKET SQUARE.

	July 5.
COTTON YARN, per bunch	1 65
" dry, per lb	18½
LEATHER SOLE	27a30
LEATHER UPPER	55a70
LEATHER HARNESS	50
LARD	11½a14
MULLETS	7.50
MOLASSES, per gal	27a28
GOLDEN SYRUP	60a80
MEAL, per bu	90a100
OATS, per bu	75a80
" Sheaf, per 100 lbs	1 35a1 50
PEACHES:	
Dried	10a15
PORK	10a12
CORN, per bu., 56 lbs	90a1 00
CHICKENS:	15@4
EGGS	25 a 30
FEATHERS	60a75
FLAXSEED per bus	1 25
FLOUR, per bbl, N. C	8 00a9 50
FODDER, per 100 lbs	1 65a1 75
HAY, per 100 lbs	1 25a1 40
HIDES, per lb Dry	15a16
POTATOES, Sweet, per bu	90a 100
SUGAR, Crushed	13½a16½
TALLOW per lb	8a10
VINEGAR per gal	60a80
RICE	10a12½
RAGS	3½
TIES	90a100
BUTTER, "A"	12½a15
	50a55

FIELDS OF DOCK.—The root of the yellow dock, so troublesome to farmers, is an effectual alterative and a most valuable medicine. In the neighborhood of Lowell Doct. J. C. Ayer & Co., have planted fields of it, where they raise many tons at a crop. It is grown like the carrot or beet, in drills, and its quality or properties have been much improved by cultivation. It is one of the ingredients in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, we are informed, the extraordinary virtues of this preparation are largely due to the extract of this root that it contains. The Sarsaparilla root, used by this firm, is grown on plantations of their own, in Honduras, to secure an article of superior and wholly reliable quality. One of the reasons for the universally acknowledged superiority of their medicines, may be seen in the watchful care that is used in preparing them.—*Vermont Statesman.*

MARRIED.

In this city, by Rev. A. W. Mangum, on the 3d inst, EDWARD MOSS to Miss MARY ANN HORTON.

DIED.

In Moore County, N. C., May 26, 1873, at his residence, near Jonesboro', Mr. DAVID W. WICKER, an aged, honorable and respected citizen He was a consistent member of Buffaloe Presbyterian Church for many years FRIEND.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AT THE REQUEST OF FRIENDS in different parts of the county, and believing that, if elected, I will be enabled to be of service to the entire people of the county, I hereby declare myself a candidate for the House of Representatives, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Richard C. Badger, Esq.

July 6 dawtwts GEO. H. SNOW.

THE INTEREST on the SHORT BONDS of the City of Raleigh will be paid on presentation of coupons at the Citizens' Bank.

J. P. PRIMROSE,
July 6-2t City Treasurer.

RUNAWAY

From the subscriber on the 23d of June, 1873, my son LOUVETT LOCUS, aged 17 years. I will pay $25 for his delivery to me, 7 miles West of Wilson, N. C., or lodged in some jail in the State so I can get him again. All persons are notified not to trade with said boy on my account, or hire or harbor him under penalty of the law.

July 5-w4t* DUNCAN LOCUS.

STRICTLY COMMISSION HOUSE.

R. M. WATERS & Co.,

56 Broad Street, New York,

BANKERS

AND

Cotton Commission Merchants.

Buy and sell exclusively for future delivery of Cotton. Deposit accounts of Bankers, Merchants and others are especially solicited.

July 6 d3m