

A number of our cotemporaries have for some time been urging the speedy and thorough organization of the Conservative-Democratic party for the approaching campaign. In all they have said we most heartily concur; except that we would urge the organization not merely of the party for party sake; but the necessity of all honest and good citizens to rally under the banner of opposition to the present administration of public affairs, on account of the ruinous extravagance, frauds, peculation, and swindling that characterizes the administration and the conduct of officials in every department of the government from the highest to the lowest. It is now boldly asserted that the U. S. Treasury is minus the snug little sum of one billion of dollars, that ought either to be there, or to have been paid out on the national indebtedness, amounting to near one fourth part of the entire national debt. Whether this charge, which has been made in Congress, shall prove true or not we presume will soon be ascertained. No administration journal that we have seen pretends to deny its truth, or to express much concern about it. So corrupt has the great bulk of the leaders of the present party in power become, that if an official is detected in his frauds and peculations, and his guilt made so plain that his retention in office becomes impossible, his place is immediately filled with some one else generally of doubtful character and surroundings, the bloody shirt brought into requisition, the passions stirred, the clear proofs of fraud and corruption sneered at, and the corruption of a large part of the voters practically asserted, by using the money filched from the people by dishonest office-holders in buying up enough votes to carry the elections, in all doubtful contests. And now, as if fearing that these resources may all fail, we see that attempts are making, with the approval of the Radical organ at Washington, to secure the entering wedge to female suffrage, which with us at the South would be but another name, for the right to buy up the votes of the negro wench, the more permanently to secure the reign of maladministration and corruption. So we say it is high time to organize, if the government of this country was not specially intended to be run for the benefit of knavish office-holders. If the people, the tax-paying masses, are entitled to any consideration it is high time for them, one and all, who are opposed to having their hard earnings taken from them as tax, and then applied to hamper dishonest officials, and to buy up votes to perpetuate misrule, to organize and prepare to march shoulder to shoulder to the polls, and by their votes, purge the high places of the nation of the frauds, peculations and corruptions, that now prevail there.

The good people of Raleigh have recently been having quite a lively time of it. A report is put in circulation that the Secretary of State has been making a good thing out of a purchase of stationary on State account. The *News* gives publicity to the matter. The Secretary of State, W. H. Howerton, publishes a card in the *Sentinel* explaining and denouncing the *News*; whereupon suits and counter-suits for slander or libel are commenced. Bad blood between our otherwise interesting and useful cotemporaries at Raleigh no doubt had something to do with getting up all this broil except the part which Secretary Howerton plays in it. We have read the Secretary's card, exculpating himself. In that card he levels a blow or two at the Treasurer, Jenkins. It is all a fight about which we care nothing, and in which we take no interest, except in so far as it concerns the public generally. It did occur to us on reading the statement of the Secretary's friend, Gen. Gorman, that the defense of Howerton would have been much more complete if the General, who says, that on his trip North he had called for bills of similar stationary from several good houses, had given the figures, rather than his surmises and "opinions" without them. But the time for the meetings of the State Conventions is approaching, when candidates are to be put in nomination for State offices, and a grave charge had been made against Mr.

Howerton. So somebody else, on the other side must be struck, Gen. W. R. Cox, is Chairman of the State Democratic-Conservative Executive Committee, and his name has been mentioned in connection with the nomination for the office of Lieutenant Governor; so a blow at him is likely to hit the party, and of course he is the man; but, there must be some pretext. Well, the high-sounding address of the fifty Radical members of the late Constitutional Convention, against the ratifications of the amendments consisted largely of high sounding rhetorical flourishes over the fraud assumed to have been practiced in regard to the returns of the Robeson county election. Strip the address of this and it would at once appear as empty as it really is. So here is a suitable pretext, if it can be made successful. A warrant is accordingly issued by a U. S. Commissioner in Wilmington for Gen. Cox, he taken from Raleigh to Wilmington for trial. There, after some delay in taking testimony and some partial side shows, the U. S. District Attorney confesses that there is no evidence on which to hold him to bail and enters a *nol. pros.* Here ends this as ridiculous and contemptible a political farce as was ever enacted before an intelligent people. We have not made the foregoing remarks because Gen. Cox is a special favorite with us; on the contrary our acquaintance with him is but limited.

**TWO STRONG MEN**—Whom do you consider strong men for the Democratic State ticket? was asked us a few days ago. Well, we will mention two men whose strength must be admitted by every one who has studied the political situation in this State. We refer to Dr. Worth, of Randolph, who would make a most excellent Treasurer, and Judge Wilson of Forsyth, the man above all others for Secretary of State. We do not believe any intelligent Democrat will question the availability of these gentlemen for the positions named. Whether they would accept the positions is another matter, but in an emergency like this no patriot should refuse to serve his country.—*Blue Ridge Blade.*

We concur fully with the "*Blade*" as to the availability of the persons named in the above article, for the positions alluded to. Yet the people of the Senatorial District composed of Randolph and Moore, insist that Dr. WORTH, shall represent them in the next Legislature. While it is important that the State officials, should be true and tried, it is no less important, that we should have able and efficient legislators.

The Raleigh *News* gives utterance to the following truths, in speaking of the "Wordy war" that has been raging with such fierceness for some time, between the *Sentinel* and itself:

"We answer the parties themselves must stop it. They must bow before the will of the people, and the will of that people is that this mess of personal feuds and wordy war is in the way of their success as a party, and they wish it stopped at once. Never before was the great body of white men in North Carolina so firmly united in thought and word and action against the Grant, Republican party with its Belknaps and Babcocks and Harries and Howertons, as now; and they stand ready to step off all together at the command march and walk into victory without firing a gun. And then to think of men, men with weapons of power in their hands, turning them against each other with an effect to align factions and sow discord and demoralization all through the ranks of that mighty host—it is simply foolish, suicidal—and the press say stop it—and the people say stop it—and it must be stopped. The public ear has had enough of it. It is neither business to their pockets nor good healthy morality for their souls. It is naught but a poison that breeds strife and will kill the Democratic party in North Carolina if persisted in. That's all."

## THE CASE OF GEN. W. R. COX.

THE RIDICULOUS PROSECUTION FALLS THROUGH—A NOLLE PROSEQUI ENTERED—A SERENADE TO THE GENERAL.

Friday, General W. R. Cox, of this city, Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee, was arraigned in Wilmington, whither he had been taken under arrest, before U. S. Commissioner Cassidey on the ridiculous charge of having conspired with the commissioners of Robeson county to defeat the will of the people of that county in the election of delegates to the late constitutional convention. The whole thing was such a barefaced piece of malignity that the better class

of republicans openly and bitterly denounced it.

Hon. O. P. Meares appeared as counsel for Gen. Cox, Col. W. F. French for the commissioners of Robeson, and Col. Ed. Cantwell for the prosecution. The prosecution based their action upon the affidavit of R. M. Norment, one of the unsuccessful convention candidates of Robeson county, who swears that he received a majority of the votes cast in that election, but was defrauded of his rights as a citizen by a conspiracy between four of the commissioners and Gen. W. R. Cox.

Mr. French urged that the trial be had before another commissioner, as Cassidey stood indicted in the Robeson county superior court for libel in falsely charging that these very defendants (Robeson county commissioners) were guilty of the very crime it was now proposed to try them, for.

Mr. Cantwell, of counsel for the prosecution, insisted that Mr. Cassidey should try the matter as he had been specially selected to do it.

Commissioner Cassidey denied the motion to go on with the investigation. Hon. O. P. Meares stated to the court that he appeared as the representative of Gen. Cox.

The warrant which was served on Gen. Cox was for violating the 5,512 sec. of U. S. R. Statutes, which relates simply to the election of members of Congress and there was none last year and he was entitled before leaving home to have gone before a U. S. Commissioner and been discharged on a question of jurisdiction. But feeling that this assault was not personal but made on the integrity of the party, he courts the fullest investigation into the merits of his action.

Judge Meares wanted to know what the defendant was charged with and what was the particular statute relied upon to convict him stating that this seemed to be a political war that had begun, and that for himself he wished the prosecutor and his counsel to understand that this should be a lay-on Macduff case, "and damned be he who first cried hold! enough!" He wanted to know the charges against his client. He intended to interpose no technical objections in this investigation. This could be easily done, but he waived all such rights and wanted a full, fair and complete investigation of the facts.

After a great deal of sparring among the lawyers, the court decided to amend the warrant by making the affidavit upon which it was issued, a part of it, and then adjourned until the following morning.

At 10 o'clock Saturday morning the court was again in session. The examination of a number of witnesses resulted in Major R. C. Badger's directing a nolle prosequi in the case of Gen. Cox.

Judge Meares called the court's attention to the fact, and he wanted the U. S. commissioner to bear witness that he, as counsel for Gen. Cox, had at no time during this investigation asked, and did not now ask, for the discharge of Gen. Cox; and he wanted the record to show that he was discharged by the court because there was no criminal charge proven against him. Maj. Badger said that he assumed the entire responsibility of entering the nolle prosequi.

The case was then, late Saturday afternoon, adjourned over until this morning, when other testimony as to the commissioners of Robeson county was to have been taken.

At 8 o'clock in the evening a large number of the citizens of Wilmington, accompanied by the Cornet Concert club, proceeded to the Purcell house and gave General Cox and the Robeson county commissioners a serenade.—Gen. Cox was introduced to the crowd by his able counsel, Hon. O. P. Meares, and made a short but brilliant speech. *Daily Sentinel.*

## WHY ONE OF GRANT'S CORRUPT CABINET OFFICERS RESIGNED.

[From the Washington Capital.] We publish some extracts from anonymous letters said to be written by the wife of a late Cabinet officer, and now we call attention to the transaction that is being investigated, which tells why he left the Cabinet and how these letters came to be written.

A wealthy gentleman in New York, by the name of Lamar, since dead, had cotton claims being adjudicated that amounted to some four or five hundred thousand dollars. These claims were, with many others of like sort, at last decided in Lamar's favor, but from this decision an appeal was taken to the Supreme court. As the case turned

on this appeal, upon the same law and evidence, affected a class almost alike, a test case was selected and argued before the Supreme Court and eventually decided in favor of the claimants. But Attorney General Williams neglected or refused to dismiss the appeals.

Mr. Lamar, anxious to secure his money, left New York for Washington, saying to his friends that he could afford to expend fifty thousand dollars to secure the dismissal. Arriving in Washington, he employed, of course, Benj. F. Butler, and then, of course, went in search of Judge Louis Dent. He found the last named confined by the sickness that eventually terminated in his death. He, (Lamar) however, approached Mrs. Dent, saying that he wished to retain her husband as his attorney, and tendered her a written contract, in which he agreed to pay a fee of twenty-five thousand dollars contingent upon the dismissal of the appeal. Mrs. Dent said that her husband was too ill to approach on business, but as the Attorney Gen. Williams was in the habit of calling almost daily to inquire after Judge Dent's health, she would consult him and give Mr. Lamar an answer next day.

The Attorney General called, was consulted, and advised Mrs. Dent to accept the proposition, as sooner or later the appeal would have to be dismissed, and her husband might as well secure the fee as any other attorney, and so Mrs. Dent closed with Mr. Lamar.

A few days after Mrs. Grant called on her sister, Mrs. Dent, in some excitement, and said that Mrs. Williams had been to see her and complained that Mrs. D. was creating a scandal in the attempt to use the family influence to move the Attorney General in the discharge of his duty. Mrs. Dent, alarmed at this returned the contract to Mr. Lamar. Within a short time thereafter the appeal was dismissed, and Mr. Lamar returned to New York, reporting the expenditure he was called to make in securing an early adjustment of his claim.

Mrs. Dent was naturally indignant at the result, and bought an influence to bear that ended in Mr. Williams being forced from the Cabinet. All this was purely social, and among the enemies Mrs. Williams found the Belknaps and Robesons the most alive and bitter. The three ladies, in intellect, beauty and influence, were nearly equal, but Mrs. Williams had to give way to the higher power of the court. She was not the woman to retire without a struggle; hence the fight that began with anonymous letters, and ends in the disgrace of one of her opponents, and, if current reports can be relied on, the downfall of the other.

## OBITUARY.

Departed this life on the 26th inst., at her father's residence, (Clark Lamb), in Randolph County, Mrs. TOBITHA JANE DIFEE, wife of Alfred M. Diffee Esqr. aged twenty seven years, four months and twenty-eight days.

Mrs. DIFEE had gone to her fathers on a visit for a week. While there she was seized with that fatal disease, "Hemorrhage of the lungs."

Her sufferings at times were intense, but she bore them with that meek submission and christian fortitude, which characterizes the true believer in the atoning blood of a crucified redeemer.

The writer has known Mrs. DIFEE intimately since her husband became Clerk of the Superior Court. She was a quiet unobtrusive lady, an affectionate wife, devoted mother and kind neighbor.

In the death of Mrs. DIFEE was beautifully exemplified, the peace and happiness of the dying christian. In her last moments, she exclaimed, "what a beautiful sight. I have nothing more to do. Heaven's door will open directly."

The remains of Mrs. DIFEE were followed to the burying ground at Giles' School House by a large number of sorrowing friends.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. J. L. Giles, assisted by Rev. A. J. Laughlin. The text used on the occasion was, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." The ceremonies throughout were very solemn and impressive. Her body now lies in the silent tomb there to await the resurrection morn. May her sudden and unexpected death be sanctified to the spiritual welfare of her disconsolate husband. G.

The *New North State* and *Durham Herald* please copy.

A single grateful thought towards heaven is the most perfect prayer.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### For the Regulator. BACHELORS.

Sure of all classes that come under human observation this one excites and deserves most of our sympathy. I have often wondered if Jehovah, the All Wise and powerful Creator of man ever ordained that any of his creatures should belong to this forsaken band of lost and undone mortals, indeed if such was intended from the beginning they may well exclaim, Lamentable fate! Unavoidable misery! And most cursed of all men are we. But if not, if God has cast all lots alike then besides exciting our sympathy they provoke our censure; for whoever has been bred in an intelligent community and mingled in cultivated society will be bound from a sense of justice to acknowledge that no society or home is quite complete without woman. Still with dismal sighs and cheerless faces you carry your burden of adamant hearts and frozen natures around, yet unwilling that the genial warmth of some true woman's love should penetrate and soften even so much as the surface of that hidden and chilled affection which when rightly approached and fully won is comparable to the love of God which "passeth all understanding."

To me there is a shrouded mystery hanging around the lives of all you bachelors, a something unseen, an untold story, and one that I much prefer would remain so should it prove as gloomy as your faces and manners suggest.

The cause of your single wretchedness I have never been able to understand; the thought has sometimes suggested itself that probably you are the refuse cucumbers in the pickle stand, but I have always repulsed that idea as being absurd and without foundation. Now let me conjure you all to repent, even if with some of you it is the "eleventh hour," and remember oh! bachelors that this is leap year, and should some tenderhearted lassie who pities your forlorn condition and blighted prospects, and who possesses a heart keenly alive to all your trouble and misfortunes, take advantage of this her right and privileged season for wooing and make such advances as you cannot fail to understand, be prepared for the worst—and though it is against your inclination don't suffer yourself to say No! For pitying fate may never send another blessing across your path.

Go then prepare a little home,  
With twining vines and mosses;  
And win for you a little wife,  
To help you bear your crosses.

Then farewell care! and farewell strife!  
Farewell tough beef and mutton;  
No tattered coat shall shield your back,  
Nor vest without a button.

But whole shall be your garments all,  
And glad your hearts and merry;  
And happy the many hours you spend,  
By the side of your blithesome "dearie."

Now may Heaven in merciful pity lend,  
To you a helping hand;  
And success I pray to every man,  
Who numbers one of the band.

### PSYCHE.

It has been the boast of the Republicans that the widows and orphans of the dead Union soldiers were the wards of the Republican party. But unfortunately for the republican party Belknap, one of its chosen chiefs, has made every soldier's grave a stubborn witness to its treason to the government these heroes died to maintain. Scarcely a soldier's headstone but, by the recent revelations of Belknap's peculations, has become a monument that, while marking the resting-place of the Union's dead fallen braves, also commemorates the rascality of the political organization that has speculated upon their blood and sacrifices.—*Landmark.*

BACK.—Gen. Cox, chairman of our state democratic committee, has returned from Wilmington, the freshest and jolliest looking martyr we ever beheld. He really seems to like it. The pitiful radical attempt to mix him up in a conspiracy has kicked back harder than it could ever have shot forward. It is highly probable that it will end in the conviction of some of his loyal prosecutors for the very crime they were trying to saddle on him. Norment and Kehoe were the real intermeddlers with the freedom of election. Cox has come out fully vindicated, cleared even of a suspicion. He had a gay time, was serenaded, wined and dined, and returns with a first-of-May smile illuminating his face in this raw March weather. *Real Sentinel.*

## A SINGULAR DREAM.

### NEGRO'S DREAM OF A LOTTERY, AND WHAT RESULTED.

A singular occurrence, indicating the curious characters of dreams, and how they sometimes come true, is reported in the case of John White, a colored whitewasher, residing on Fourth avenue. Like many of his race, he is an inveterate purchaser of lottery tickets, and speculates in policy. And like all gamblers, is most superstitious in regard to dreams of numbers and omens of luck. At the recent drawing of the New Orleans lottery, White, like most of his fellows was in an ecstasy of excitement over the lottery, and contemplated an investment. The thing pervaded his sleeping as well as his waking thoughts, so that it is not surprising that he dreamed of the lottery. One night he dreamed that he was present at the drawing, and that the two capital prizes, aggregating \$150,000 fell to two numbers that he distinctly saw—12,586 and 4. He was naturally impressed by his dream; still more impressed when for the next two nights it was repeated without modification in form. This any psychologist or student of cerebral phenomenon knows was less remarkable than it seems, but a singular coincidence, or rather series of coincidences, followed. That morning as he went to his work, passing by the Lake Shore depot, he noticed the numbers of the engine and baggage car on the Elkhart accommodation, and they were 258 and 641. The numbers of his dream, though in a different circle, and two houses where he was employed for the day happened to be 125 North Sangamon and 864 West Harrison streets. There is perhaps nothing really remarkable or unaccountable in this, as a rational explanation would make the dream the consequence of a previous knowledge of and reflection upon these numbers. He saw the same train every morning on his way to work, and had probably noticed the coincidence of the numbers of the houses where he was engaged to work. This coincidence, through the process of unconscious cerebration, undoubtedly begot the dream with all its harmony of detail.

So possessed was he with the idea of those numbers proving the fortunate ones that he collected all the money he could scrape together, raised more on a chattel mortgage upon his scanty furniture, and bought two full tickets, casting \$100 in the lottery, securing to his great joy, the numbers of his dream. The news speedily circulated, and there was intense excitement in Africa. Everybody went to the policy-shops and played as his numbers, 12-58-66. The evening of the drawing came at last; not an eye was closed in Ethiopia, and next morning by daybreak the whole population had secured copies of this paper containing the official report. "Read it out, Brudder Washington," exclaimed one anxious gambler. "Spit it out! What's 12,586? What's done become ob 4?" "What's they!" replied the patriarch with a groan; "dey's not hyah! My chillen, dis is wuss dan de Freedmen's Bank!" It was alas! too true. The sun that had risen on a population flushed with hope set on a busted community. Such a scene has been unknown since on the 17th of April last—4-11-44 was drawn when there wasn't a penny played on it. The pawnbroker's shops are crammed, and there is hardly one pair of lavender to be seen on Clark street in an afternoon's walk, and when last Sunday a reverend exhorter rose and announced as his text, "Dem that makes haste to get rich shall not be innocent," the effect was electrical.

## A PIGMY GRAVEYARD IN TENNESSEE.

An ancient graveyard of vast proportions has been found in Coffee county. It is similar to those found in White county and other places in middle Tennessee, but is vastly more extensive, and shows that the race of pigmies who once inhabited this country were very numerous. The same peculiarities of position observed in the White county graves are found in these. The writer of the letters says: "Some considerable excitement and curiosity took place a few days since near Hillsboro, Coffee county, on James Brown's farm. A man was plowing a field which has been cultivated many years, and plowed up a man's skull and other bones. After making further examination, they found that there were about six acres in the graveyard. They were buried in a standing position. The bones show that they were a dwarf tribe of people, about three feet high. It is estimated that there were about 75,000 or 100,000 buried there.—*Woodbury Press.*"