

The Weekly Raleigh Register.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2—NO. 13.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1868.

PRICE \$3 PER ANNUM.

THE RALEIGH REGISTER.

A WEEKLY

Family and Political Newspaper.

The Proprietors will accept of no other price than that offered by the Register.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE STATE.

Besides the able writers, we have secured the services of Rev. Henry Harris as Traveling Correspondent...

Special attention will be paid to our Local Correspondence from every part of the State.

Its Editorial will be devoted to the advocacy of sterling UNION, REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES...

It will also contain the

LATEST NEWS, LATEST MARKET REPORTS, POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, DOMESTIC RECIPES, HINTS ON AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, STOCK RAISING, INTERNAL REVENUE DECISIONS, GENERAL ORDERS,

USEFUL AND MISCELLANEOUS READING.

TERMS. WEEKLY, single copy, 1 year, \$3.00. To clubs of five, \$15.00. Of ten, \$30.00.

OUR BOOK & JOB DEPARTMENT.

Having added to our Printing Establishment a New and Complete outfit.

JOB MATERIAL.

We are prepared to execute every description of

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

SUCH AS PAMPHLETS, POSTERS, HAND BILLS, BLANKS of all kinds, PROGRAMMES, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING CARDS, VISITING CARDS, INVITATION CARDS, CIRCULARS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, COTTON LABELS, TOBACCO LABELS, Or any other kind of printing.

All work promptly delivered when promised, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Terms: C. O. D. Prices reasonable. Address: H. R. HELLER & CO., Raleigh, N. C.

NOVER.

BY H. Y. FICKELMAN. "At the place of execution he said he stood before him who created him; and standing he would yield up his spirit to him."

George seeing how bad he felt about it, good naturedly said to him: "Never mind, Jack, I wouldn't care, let it go, and the next time I go to the city, I'll get you another."

"At twelve o'clock the auctioneer appeared in company with those who were disposed to bid for the place. Immediately upon their arrival, John took the auctioneer aside and conversed with him earnestly for a few moments.

It was a bitter cold night in December, that they were seated around the kitchen fire. It was to be their last night at home, for the next day would be the sale, and then they would be homeless.

"John, give me back that book," these words spoken in a harsh tone by his father, caused John Morton to start in fright.

ADVENTURES WITH THE KU-KLUX

The following exposition is said to have been given by one of the "Klan." The report having been circulated that we were a member of the mystic clan that is creating some sensation at present, we give our experience and make a full exposure of the matter, relying upon the leniency of the brotherhood for excuplation.

"Whereas and what art thou exorable shape? That dost, though grim and terrible, advance Thy miscreant front 'twart my way?"

"You are right, father," said John. "I am worth, to-day, ten thousand dollars, all earned by my pen; while had I stayed by the farm, I should have been as poor—yes, poorer, than I found you; for you and George are good farmers; while I could never fix my mind upon it; in fact, it is evident that I was not born to be a farmer."

After having naturally considered the matter, he concluded to commence a correspondence with the object of his affection. Unfortunately, or fortunately, as he afterwards stated, he addressed the wrong lady. He had gone to the name transposed. The correspondence led to an engagement. The day was fixed for the wedding, and the grave and reverend D. D. entered his appearance at the proper time.

WIT AND HUMOR.

During the war a young Lieutenant, with a ban new shoulder strap, took his seat with a father plainly dressed lady in one of our railway trains. The following conversation took place between them—the shoulder strap leading off thus: "Madam, have you any relatives in the war?"

"Where is the person who was ever felt for by the heart of an oak?" "Was any barber ever applied to, to shave the beard of an oyster?"

"My son," said the elder Spriggles to his junior, thinking to enlighten the boy on the propagation of the hen species, "my son do you know chickens come out of eggs?" "Do they," said Spriggles junior, as he licked his plate; "I thought eggs came out of chickens."

At an adjournment of the Southern Press Association's meeting, from April 30 to May 4, is proposed. A heavy frost at Montgomery, Ala., on Tuesday night, materially affected the young corn, cotton and fruit.

MURDER AND PALLAGE ON THE PLAINS.

The Truth Suppressed by Indian Agents—In Alia. Outrages on the Bitter Cotton-Wood—Boys and men killed, Women Taken Prisoners, Houses Burned, and Stock Stolen.

ONAH: April 8.—The extent of the recent depredations by the Indians on the Bitter Cottonwood cannot be ascertained, as the Indian agents and contractors are suppressing authentic reports as far as lies in their power. A few of the particulars have been gathered, as follows: Last week, the station on the Bitter Cottonwood, 30 miles west of the Cheyenne and Fort Fillerman roads was attacked by Indians, who killed one boy, and carried off the ranchman and his wife.

WASHINGTON, April 8.—The Secretary of the Interior sent to the House to-day a communication from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, referring to the official reports of the 30th and 31st of February last, in which attention was made to the necessity of certain appropriations being made at an early day, so that the faith of the Government and the promises of the Indian Peace Commissioners might be kept good.

The Massachusetts Homoeopathic Medical Society rejected on the 3th, by 23 to 31, Mrs. Mercy B. Jackson's application for admission into the Society. Mrs. Jackson is a respectable and highly educated Unitarian physician.

THE VIGIL.

George felt hurt. "After all," he thought, "he has changed. He don't seem to care what becomes of us. Never mind—poor fellow, no doubt he has been hard times, until they have hardened his heart."

"I can't help it, father," he replied, "everything reminds me so much of childhood that I cannot realize that I am a man."

"I cannot hope for it, George," returned the old man. It will require years of successful labor, and I am old, and cannot last long. I had hoped to die in the old house, but I am afraid it cannot be. Sixty years I have passed here boy and man, and it is hard to leave now—"

"I can, sir," replied John, proudly, and the next moment he was folded in his father's arms. "I would give you a pair of my fingers for all of your book learning; but if you like it, go in, if the old man will let you, but as for me, I am bound to stick to the farm."