

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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A Sign of the Times.

We copy, in another column, an article from the National Intelligencer, noticing a call by a committee of the Soldiers and Sailor's Union of Washington, D. C. to their comrades, to attend a mass meeting in that city, on the 1st of December.

Such an organization is revolutionary, and the Intelligencer thinks, portends mischief. The spirit evinced by the Radical party, North, South or West, yet we are not prepared to believe that the Northern people are ready to sanction measures which would embroil the country again in a sanguinary conflict, which must result in a military despotism and the utter destruction of the Republic.

No human mind can foretell what destiny now awaits the country. The war spirit has been aroused in the land and its demoralization has hatched the egg of Jacobinism and misrule.

Where it will end, none can certainly predict, yet the friends of American liberty everywhere, North or South, have cause to shudder and fear.

Meanwhile, the condition of public affairs demands the earnest efforts of the wisest and best men of the land, to save the country. It is no time for mere partisan effort, but the Republic is in danger, and it behooves every man, who loves the country, to be cool, thoughtful and sober.

Wherever intelligent, enterprising men are to be found, with or without capital, who are seeking new fields of enterprise, whether they are citizens of the Northern States or of Europe, North Carolina has work for them and our people gladly welcome them.

The State needs greatly, intelligent, skillful artists and mechanics, to set in motion foundries, machine shops and mechanical operations everywhere. No country can thrive without intelligent, industrious mechanics.

The studied efforts of the enemies of the South to impress the Northern mind with the idea that Northern men are not safe among us, is a shameless libel upon our people.

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THE SENTINEL.

WEEKLY

"I WOULD RATHER BE RICH THAN BE PRESIDENT."—Henry Clay.

VOL. I.

RALEIGH, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1866.

NO. 44.

STATE NEWS.

The case of Capt. R. E. Wilson, familiar to most of our readers, and which has attracted much attention in portions of the State, came up before His Honor, Judge Fowle, at Rockingham Superior Court, last week.

He was detailed, during the last year of the war, with his battalion of Sharpshooters, to go into the Western part of the State, as many other officers were, into other sections of the South, under strict orders to suppress and put down all lawless conduct, to arrest and return to the army all who had deserted their posts.

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The important witnesses for the prosecution, all being in attendance, and after due consultation and investigation, outside of the Bar, the Hon. Thomas Settle, the Attorney of the State, agreed to the rendering of a verdict of "not guilty," in all the charges whereof the defendant stood indicted.

Whereupon, Captain Wilson agreed to a compromise in all the civil suits for damages that had hitherto been instituted against him, by paying to the parties claiming such sums of money as were there agreed upon as being satisfactory.

And thus, (says the Winston Sentinel), one of the most unfortunate cases growing out of the late war has been brought to such a termination as can but be gratifying to all good men.

We are glad to learn that the statement that the Hon. John A. Gilmer was suffering from a stroke of paralysis is exaggerated. Mr. G. has been in bad health for several days, but is improving.

Mrs. Jane P. Davis has been elected President of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Newbern, with Mrs. W. P. Moore, Mrs. C. S. Primrose, and Mrs. J. E. Nash, Vice Presidents.

One of the prisoners, who escaped from Goldsboro' jail, on Thursday, has been re-captured. The Wilmington Journal speaks in high terms of a number of freight cars manufactured by the Brunswick Car Company, under the management of Col. T. C. McIlhenny, of Wilmington.

The Alabama Legislature will convene at Montgomery, on Monday, the 12th of November. It will elect a United States Senator to succeed Hon. George S. Houston, and will probably act on the constitutional amendment.

It appears that out of twenty-two, old, thousand votes cast in the Eighth District for Congressional candidates, Mrs. Elizabeth Child Stanton received eight.

In St. Petersburg, tippy people are lodged for the night at the police stations and in the morning obliged to do penance as scavengers. According to a writer in the "Lancet," serious contagious may be prevented by rubbing quickly smartly the end of the nose with a brick.

What Next?—And Next!

What will the Radicals make of their victory, now they have won it? As regards the South, they have already gone to the length of their bores. After passing over the veto of the President their Civil Rights bill, and their Freedmen's Bureau bill, they could proceed no further except by proposing amendments to the Constitution.

The South, then, has nothing worse to fear, as a consequence of the late elections, than a protracted exclusion from Congress. Negro suffrage cannot be forced on them except by an amendment to the Constitution, which they can checkmate. New penalties for treason are equally impossible, by the prohibition to pass ex post facto laws.

Congress being powerless to wreak additional vengeance on the South, will probably concentrate their hostility upon the President. If they could replace him by a Radical, they might deny the Southern Representatives without endangering their power, and thus escape the odium—an odium which will grow—of presenting a restoration of the Union. With every Southern Senator and Representative in his seat, the Radicals are too strong for the veto; with the South admitted, the veto would be too strong for them.

The key to the political situation is the ability of the Congress just elected to pass, in the winter of 1869, a joint resolution declaring that the Southern electoral votes shall not be counted. If they were insured against a veto, they could pass that or any other resolution they chose, even if the South were represented; but the inconsistency of admitting the Southern States to Congress, and at the same time excluding them from the Presidential election, would be too damaging to be incurred.

Seeing that they cannot inflict new punishments on the South, the Radicals will probably try to make a scapegoat of President Johnson, and accumulate their vengeance on him.

Being profoundly impressed with the importance of the struggle through which the country is passing, and of the necessity of preserving the results gained by its triumphs in the field, and more recently at the polls, the undersigned, a committee appointed by the Soldiers and Sailors' Union, Washington, D. C., do in their name earnestly invite their comrades, the loyal veterans of the Republic, with all other friends of the great cause of the Union and Liberty, to meet in a national mass meeting and council to be held in this, the Federal Capital, on Saturday, December 1st, proximo.

We ask your presence to honor and assure protection to the loyal majority in the Thirty-ninth Congress, in whom we recognize faithful guardians of our sacred institutions and able supporters of the principles involved. Come in your might! By your presence show how loyal you are to the cause of the people. Declare that you are not intimidated by the threats and insults of a treacherous Executive against the legislative branch of the Government cannot intimidate a free people. Here, in the Federal Capital, must our great struggle culminate in wise and equitable legislation. Here, then, should we assemble to encourage and strengthen Congress—to whose hands the Constitution wisely entrusts the power—to such just action as will make peace permanent and liberty universal.

We are pained and shocked to announce, from many sources of reliable information, that the above call looks to the establishment here, in person, of an organized force, to be subjected to the orders of Congress. What they may be, and what disastrous calamities impend over our beloved country, Heaven only knows. But the patriotic councils of Butler, Wade and Fremont may be carried out by the "ward" men, with bloody execution.

We are reminded by this of the threats once made by partisans in New York, to organize an army of ten thousand men to encamp upon Capitol Hill to overthrow the administration of Andrew Jackson.

Artemus Ward at the Tower of London.

I recently read from you that your excellent Tower is very popular with the people from the agricultural districts, and it was already then classed with "I found wafers at the gates the other morn."

"You have no Tower in America?" said a man in the crowd, who had somehow detected my denomination. "Alas! No," I answered, "we boast of one superior and improvement, and yet we are devoid of a Tower. America, my unhappy country, thou hast got no Tower! It's a sweet boon."

"The gates were opened after a while, and we all purchased tickets, and went into a waiting room. "My friend," said a pale-faced little man in black coat, "this is a sad day."

"Inasmuch as to how?" I asked. "I mean it is sad to think that so many people have been killed within these gloomy walls. My friend, let us drop a tear!"

"No," I said, "you must excuse me. Others may drop one if I cry feel like it; but as for me I decline. The early managers of this institution were a bad lot, and their crimes were trooly awful; but I can't see for those who died four or five hundred years ago. If they was my own relatives I couldn't. It's absurd to shed tears over things which occurred during the reign of Henry the Third. Let us be cheerful," I lectured.

"Look at the last Wardens, in their red flannel jackets. They are cheerful, and why should it not be thus with us?" A kindly glimmer now took us in charge, and showed us the Trator's Gate, the armers and things.—The Trator's Gate is about wide enough to admit twenty trators abreast, I should judge; but beyond this, I could not see that it was superior to gates in general.

Traters, I will here remark, are a unfortunate class of people. If they wasn't they wouldn't be traters. They conspire to bust up a country—they fall, and they're traters. They bust her, and they become statesmen and heroes.

Takes the case of Gloucester, afterward Old Dick the Three, who may be seen at the Tower, as Gloucester's case, in a heavy iron cage. Mr. Gloucester's case, Mr. G. was a conspirator of the basist dye, and if he'd failed, the world have been hung on a sour apple tree. But Mr. G. succeeded and became great. He was slewed by Col. Richmond, but he lives in history, and his equine finger may be seen daily for a six-pence, in conjunction with other eminent persons, and no extra charge for the Warder's able and bootiful lecture.

There's one king in this room, who is mounted onto a foinain steed, his right hand grasping a barber's pole. I didn't learn his name. The room where the diggers and pichers and other weppis is kept, is interesting. A model of this collection of choice, cuttlers, Laotist, the bow and arrow which those hot-headed old chaps used to conduct battles with. It is quite like the bow and arrow used at this day by certain tribes of American Indians; and they shoot me off with such an excellent precision that I almost signed to be a Injun, when I was in the Rocky Mountain region. They are a pleasant lot, them Injuns. Mr. Cooper and Dr. Cassin have told us of the red man's wonderful eloquence, and I found it so. Our party was stopt on the plain of Utah by a band of Siouxes, whose chief said, "Brother! the pale face is welcome. Brother! the sun is sinkin in the West, and Waa-buckey she will soon come speakin'—Brother! the poor red man belongs to a race which is fast becoming extinct." He then whooped in a shrill manner, stole all our blankets and whisky, and fled to the primal forest to conceal his emotions.

I will remark here while on the subject of Injuns, that they are in the main a very shabby set, with even less sense than the Fenians, and when I hear philantrophists bewail the lack of every year's "charities" for the noble red man, the sentiment, "I simply have it say that I am glad of it, tho' it is enough on the settin' sun." They call you by the sweet name of brother one minute, and the next they call you with their Thomas-hawks. But I wander. Let us return to the Tower.

At one end of the room where the weppis is kept, is a flag of Queen Elizabeth, mounted on a flag-staff, whose glass eye flashes with pride, and whose red morocco nostril dilates bravely, as if conscious of the royal burden he bears. I have associated Elizabeth with the Spanish Armada. She, mixed up with it at the Survey Tower, where "Tro to the Core" is introduced on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, giving the sudden the idea that he intends to open a mousetrapp in Plymouth the women he conks to the town. But a very interesting drummer he "Tro to the Core" notwithstanding the conduct of the Spanish Admiral; and very nice it is in Queen Elizabeth to make Martin Tru-gold a baronet.

The Warder showed us some instruments of torture, such as thumb-screws, thumb-collars, etc., and I think we were shocked. From the Spanish Armada, and addin' t. at a crowd people the Spaniards was in them days, which existed from a bright-eyed little girl of about twelve summers, the remark that she she'd been rich to talk about the crookly of the Spaniards'usin thumb-screws, when we was in a tower where so many poor people's beds had been cut off. This made the War-fur stammer and turn red.

I was so pleased with the little girl's bright eyes that I could have kissed the dearest child, and I think it should have been six years older. I think my companions intended making a day of it, for they all had sad wiches, waddlers, etc. The sad-looking man who had wanted us to drop a tear after we started to go round, singled such quantities of amuse into his mouth, that I expected to see him choke himself to death. He said to me in the Beachamp Tower, where the poor prisoners writ their unhappy names on the cold walls, "This is a very sad sight."

"It is, indeed," I answered. "You're black in the neck. You shouldn't eat things in public without some respectable person and you manage it orderly."

"No," he said, "I mean this sad room. Indeed, he was quite right. The so long ago these things happened, I was very glad to get away from this gloomy room and go where the rich and sparkling Crown Jewels is kept. I was so pleased with the Queen's Crown that it occurred to me what a agreeable surprise it would be to send a similar one home to my wife; and I asked the Warder what was the value of a good, well-conditioned Crown like that. He told me, but on siferin' up with a small amount of fims I saw in the Joint Stock Bank, amounting to £1000 for a gentle silver watch instid."

And so I left the Tower. It is a solid and commanding edifice, but I deny that it is cheerful. I hit it adieu without a pang. I was drawn to my hotel by the most melancholly driver of a four-wheeled that I ever saw. He heaved a deep sigh as I gave him two shillings. "I'll give you six shillings more," I said, "if it hurts you."

"It isn't that," he said, with a hart-radin groan, "it's only a way I have. My mine's upset to-day. I at one time tho' I'd drive you into the Thames. I've been readin' all the deadly papers to try and understand about Governor Ayre, and my mind is totterin'. It's really wonderful I didn't drive you into the Thames."

I asked the unhappy man what his number was, so I would not find him in case I should want him agin, and he said, "My number is 12." Then I thought what a fellowmate day I'd made of it. Respectfully, &c., ARTEMUS WARD.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

The circulation of the SENTINEL makes it one of the most desirable mediums of advertising in the State.

Table with columns: Type of Ad, Price. Rows: For one insertion (4c); For two insertions (15c); For one month (50c); For two months (90c); For six months (1.25); For one year (2.00).

AD WORK executed with neatness at the Sentinel Office.

New Scientific Toys—Hints for the Coming Christmas. The London Lancet describes some new scientific toys, which are taking the place of Pharoah's serpents and the magic photographs. An eminently popular toy just now,—the "rainbow-bubble," is a passing fancy that was obtained in the course of some abstract experiments on the refraction of fluid media. It is of exquisite beauty, but its resources as an amusement are not half developed.

The President and the Elections. A good deal of speculation is indulged in here as to the feelings and opinions of the President with regard to the result of the elections of yesterday. Those who have visited Mr. Johnson this evening find him in very good spirits and not at all disturbed by the political aspect. Many suppose that in view of the results of yesterday's voting the President has some intention of recommending the Southern States to accept the proposed amendment to the Constitution; but those who look for such action on the part of the Executive will be disappointed.

The Heroes of the South.—We have been favored with an inspection of a copy of a most splendid painting of the heroes of the South, photographed by Mr. A. Hargues, of this city, in the highest style of art. The group consists of all the leading Confederate generals, with their beloved and far famed Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Lee, in the centre. This work of photographic art is one of the most valuable monuments of the late protracted struggle in which our Southern fellow-citizens risked their all.

The Venetians vote almost unanimously for annexation to the Italian Kingdom. The Venetians vote almost unanimously for annexation to the Italian Kingdom.

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