THE WEEKLY POST.

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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

Keep it Before the People.

The following article was published in the *Wilmington Daily Journal* of this city on Sunday morning July 21st, 1872. It is needless to say that the *Journal* is an ardent supporter of GREELEY and BROWN, and is one of the leading Democratic papers in the State.

We ask a careful perusal of this article by our brethren of the Northern press, that they may form a correct estimate of the "*kind of*" feeling in North Carolina.

SENATOR WILSON—21st JULY, 1861.

The presence of Senator Wilson in our city on this particular date, involuntarily brings us to the memories of other days. On the 18th day of July, 1861, was fought the preliminary battle of Bull Run, on the 21st of same month and year, we fought upon the banks of the same stream and over the same ground almost the first battle of the war.

Now it so happens that this large hearted Christian, this South loving Massachusetts Senator, who now calls himself Henry Wilson, but who was born to and bore name, just eleven years ago to-day, regaled himself much at Bull Run. Indeed, we never hear of Wilson that we do not think of Bull Run, and we never hear of Bull Run that Wilson does not at once spring up before our mind's eye. And we doubt not that our pious friend often returns in his dreams to the spot he visited this day eleven years ago.

The Sterling Union Thursday: "No braver men ever lived to fight you of the South. You gave your lives and property for your cause." Well might Henry Wilson say so to a Southern audience on the Anniversary of July, and with even more appropriateness may he repeat it to-day.

The Union soldiers of July are proud unwiver-arrayed veterans. It was upon this day, in the year 1861, that the little stream of Bull Run was made famous.

It will be remembered that on this day eleven years ago, the Northern army was ignominiously, shamefully and disgracefully driven back to the very gates of Washington, by the much despised Southern chivalry. The route and panic of that day will stand before the world without a parallel.

It will be remembered also, that this same Henry Wilson, Senator from Massachusetts, was one of a party of ladies and gentlemen who on that day left the Nation's capital, and went a pic-nicking on Virginia soil. The gay party went with carriages, and ambulances, and wagons, and wines and liquors, and hamper baskets of provisions, and ice, and music, and banners, and bethought them, after wining and dining upon the shady banks of some pretty creek, to see the fun of blue coats driving gray-jackets before them like chaff before the wind. This Christian, large hearted, South loving Wilson and his gay and festive party did proceed in carriages, and for a while all went merrily as a marriage bell. But the little stream bore no love for them, and onward its waters, as they purled and babbled and meandered, musically murmured "Run, Yankee, run, Beauregard catch you! Run, Yankee run, Beauregard catch you!"

And Yankee did run, sure enough, straight for Washington! And the Southern boys ran too, but they ran straight for the Yankees. The large hearted Christian, Senator Wilson, and his party, tried "to run" at once, but they had bad luck. The terrible Sudley bridge had to be crossed. Some of the ladies, it is said, lost their clothes in the terrible jam and panic. One lady, indeed, horrible to relate, was obliged to ride "straddle and bare back," and being unaccustomed to such exercise, it is said, suffered muchly. Finally, however, the party, no longer gay and festive, reached the Nation's Capitol without loss of life or limb.

Imagine the saintly Senator astride a horse bare-back, with blind-bridle, riding up and tuck, for dear life, with one of the gay and festive ladies mounted in like style, his long limbs dangling and protruding far through his breeches legs, in frantic efforts to quicken his jaded steed!

Of the lady's appearance we have simply to remark that it was summer time, and that large hoops were then much in style.

Then, as now, to Bull Run as to Wilmington, this pious, canting hypocrite, with his gay ladies, came to witness the defeat of Southern men, and to gloat over their death struggles and dying agonies.

Did ever mortal man, outside of the Cannibal Islands, deliberately select a fresh battle-field for a pic-nic ground, for a place to feast and dance, to eat and to drink, and to pop champagne corks and to enjoy the society of gentle woman?

One would think that an ill spot for enjoyment, where the earth was freshly torn up by cannon ball—where trees were standing with shattered trunks and broken limbs still dangling, and falling at times—where dead men and dying were lying about everywhere—where the air was filled with moanings and groanings, and worse and more horrible still, that terrible, piercing cry which, when once heard, can never be forgotten so long as life shall last, the cry of a wounded man calling for water! water! water! No man who has lain a night upon a battle-field can fail to remember it.

We venture to say that outside of the Cannibal Islands, never before did a party of ladies and gentlemen ever seek such accessaries to social pleasure! And yet this man Wilson boasts himself to be overflowing with the milk of human kindness! To us he seems to possess the nature of a hyena, rather than that of a man.

The man who went with a party of ladies and gentlemen to junket and feast, and carouse amid dead and dying Southrons, cannot deceive us with a few soft words of cant and hypocrisy.

We well remember the stench of that same battle field upon which the Christian, large-hearted, South-loving Senator came for a pic-nic, but that stench came not from the bodies in gray jackets!

But the pic-nic did not turn out as the Senator anticipated. The agonies and [illegible] of the wounded [illegible] in his own [illegible] and [illegible] he saw how small a crowd was present to greet him here he thought that his present pic-nic gave plain promise of an ending like that at Bull Run.

The 18th July is a black day in Wilson's almanac, as black in 1872 as the 21st July, 1861, when he tarried not to listen to the sweet suggestive rippling of the brook as it murmured "Run, Yankee Run, Beauregard cath you. Run, Yankee Run, Beauregard catch you."

WE are charged with trying to injure the fair name of North Carolina, by publishing ku klux outrages. The Radical Liberal Republican Democratic papers are doing much worse, for every row in which Republicans become involved is denominated "Radical ku klux," etc. Now, in the first place, everybody knows that this ku klux organization was formed and managed entirely in the interests of the Democratic party. It has not even been denied that the success of this party was their sole end and aim. This is the more evident from the course of the Democratic press. When ku klux were brought before Judge BOND and punished, these papers denounced the Judge. When Judge BROOKS released some of them he was lauded to the skies. The former was one of "Grant's minions," and we heard much of "unconstitutional laws" and "despotisms." Was anything said against Federal interference when Judge BROOKS issued the writ of *habeas corpus* for ku klux arrested under a State law? Oh, no. He was a patriot, and the "upright and righteous Judge"—almost too good to live on earth.

Some other men charged with ku kluxing were tried before a United States Commissioner in Raleigh, and again the howl went up from the tender hearted Democracy, and again "Federal usurpations," "Despotism," and the various other choice epithets were spread out with a lavish hand by their papers.

Now, the boot comes again on the other foot. The barber CROSS claimed he was attacked, and a trial was immediately had before a United States Commissioner, according to law. Do we hear of "despotism," "Grant's minions," "a Jeffreys," or "anarchy," now? Oh, no! This is the proper thing. We have had occasion to speak of this CROSS case several times, and we now have the facts as sworn to by himself.—*He didn't even have to flee to the woods* to spend the night. He was in a noisy crowd, and was insulted, and drew a razor. He got hit and run. The crowd followed, and a policeman protected him. He went to the hall and heard the speaking, and "*went home unmolested between* 11 *and* 12 *o'clock.*"

Now, gentlemen, who is trying to make political capital out of a small row? The flaming editorials which have appeared all over the State about this man CROSS can be counted by scores, and it only amounted to a personal encounter, such as we often have in this city. We are perfectly willing that this matter should be investigated before a United States Commissioner. It is in accordance with our ideas, and what we have always advocated. If CROSS' assailant is guilty let him be punished, and when we capture ku klux with their fascinating disguises let them be punished, and don't let us hear such bitter denunciation of a most righteous law.

The College boat races are soon to take place. Havard, Yale, Amherst, Williams, Brown and other schools are to participate. Havard will win.

THE Philadelphia *Age* says: "Indiana is conceded to Greeley and Brown." By whom?

The Colored Vote.

If there are those who entertain the idea that any part of the colored vote of the country will be cast for Horace Greeley in the coming Presidential election, they will find themselves victims of gross miscalculation. The colored vote cannot be divided. The colored people have not learned the lessons of bitter experience in vain.

It does not always require literary education and culture to enable men to comprehend great political principles. The colored man is aware that the issues now pending are not questions of mere personal preference, but of vital principles, in reference to which he discerns his duty with a perception that no sophistry can obscure.

Why should the colored voter [illegible] the Republican party? What is there in the history of the democratic party calculated to inspire the black man's confidence? Is it supposed that he may be deceived into the belief (which nobody else entertains) that Horace Greeley is not, in fact, the leader and color-bearer of the pro slavery democracy. Those who expect this deceive themselves only. While the colored man remembers the past, he nourishes no spirit of revenge. The whole history of this unoffending race is a standing testimony to their amiable character.

These are apostate days, but to no such apostacy will the colored voters be reduced. They fully realize the exalted position to which they have been raised, and they will not forget the agency by which their elevation was accomplished. They recall the fact that when there seemed to be no hope for the slave, Abraham Lincoln, invoking upon his proclamation "the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God," declared that henceforth should no man be slave. They are conscious that to the Republican party is their gratitude due that they now enjoy the right peaceably to assemble together, to bear arms, to be secure in person, homes and papers, to be competent witnesses, and above all, and as the aegis of all, the great right of suffrage. Shall they now use this last great franchise to destroy its author. No sane man could for a moment entertain such a notion.

Come what may the colored vote will not be misled. The colored man knows that his future is not yet fully assured, and he sees no safety outside the Republican ship. He never deceived us "at the front" and he will not at the ballot-box.

THE days are speedily flying, and soon will come the important hour when the ballots are to decide whether this State shall live under a free system or not. A few short days more, and it will be decided whether our beloved Constitution is to be altered and shaped to defeat the great principles for which it was formed. Only a few more days to labor, and one day to cast our ballots, and then we must abide the result! Will it be for weal or woe? Are the rights now guaranteed to us by the Constitution to be endangered and swept away, or will it stand as a rock amid the billows, our defence and shield in time of danger. Do our friends sufficiently comprehend this great crisis? Are we to be overthrown, or shall our Constitution stand firm as our Western hills? A few short days will decide. Our enemies are jubilant and boastful, but they are divided in many counties of the State. If we are united and labor to our end—success—it will certainly be ours. Is it not worth working for? Let us forget minor difficulties, and press onward for success, and we shall attain it. On the local canvassers now devolves the labor. See that your men are all properly registered, and then see that they all vote! You must all labor hard from now until the Sun has set on Thursday night, and the ballots are counted. And may it be written of our canvassers in every township: "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

THE frauds, rascalities and corruptions of the Tammany ring in New York, was the scandal of the age, the shame of the country. All parties joined to overthrow this ring, and partially succeeded. Their unjust judges have been indicted and some already disposed. Yet this same Tammany ring has been foremost in securing Greeley's nomination, and most enthusiastic when it was accomplished.

What makes this class of people so eager for his election?

YESTERDAY was the anniversary of that memorable fight, the Battle of Bull Run, where the Federal army broke just before the Confederate army retreated, and of course it was claimed as a Confederate triumph. All thinking men admit that this was the most serious disaster that could possibly have happened to the Southern cause. Before this battle the Administration believed that the "erring sisters" could be induced to return to their allegiance, and that but little blood would be shed. Regiment after regiment was refused by the authorities at Washington and no authority could be obtained for the formation of fresh troops until after that battle. The Confederates, flushed with this doubtful victory, became more firm in their demands for "Southern independence," and the North, [illegible] lethargic, awoke and prepared for a bloody war. The result is well known. The Yankees did run at Bull Run; they ran fast and disgracefully, but they ran a different way afterwards and kept running Southward until they halted at Appomattox, to witness the unconditional surrender of their enemies. And how were the Confeds treated. General Grant with that magnanimity only common to great minds, paroled the vast army and said, tell your boys to take home their horses to make a crop!

To-day two men stand before the people of the United States, as candidates for the Presidency. One, the editor of a newspaper, used all his great influence in urging an advance of the Federal army when it was not in a condition to move. The *Tribune's* "On to Richmond" will not soon be forgotten. HORACE GREELEY had already done what he could to arouse the passions of the North and but a few weeks before this battle had said that the rebels "must find poverty at their firesides, and see privation in the anxious eyes of mothers and the rags of children." The other candidate, General GRANT, met these "rebellious traitors"—according to Greeley—and conquered them. Did he desire to see "privation in the anxious eyes of mothers and the rags of children?" No. A thousand times no! He prevented ANDY JOHNSON from arresting General LEE and other prominent officers, insisting upon the sacredness of his parole, and told the men of their commands to go to their homes and make crops! Look at the contrast between the two men. And what a strange position we are in to-day. The men who followed Gen. Grant to victory, still love and sustain him in his acts of kindness to the confederate soldiers, while a majority of the confederate soldiers have forgotten all about the magnanimity of the great General and are throwing up their hats and shouting the praises of HORACE GREELEY! To our mind it is the most astonishing action we have ever witnessed, utterly unaccountable unless it be a sacrifice of all principle, and a raid simply for office! How can it be otherwise when the Southerners are living upon their own soil, by the influence of General GRANT, when GREELEY said that "an allotment of land in Virginia would be a fitting reward to the brave fellows who have gone to fight their country's battles."—*Daily Post 22d inst.*

A FEW months ago, Voorhees speaking of the proposed nomination of Greeley by the Democracy, denounced such a step as most despicable, and boldly stated that of the two Grant had much greater claims on the Democracy both North and South. Now Voorhees goes for Greeley.

Nice teachers, these Democrats, and noble are the principles they inculcate, like that parent who, sending his son into the world, said: "My son go forth, "be honest and make money, *but make* "*money anyhow.*"

Work.

An infamous article, with the above title appeared in the Raleigh *Standard*, in 1868, which was immediately repudiated by the proprietors of the paper, and the writer discharged. Although this was done immediately and the article denounced by every Republican paper in the State, several Democratic papers keep extracts of this article standing at the head of their editorial columns. We are reliable informed that the writer of this article is one of the editors of the New York *Tribune*, now the leading Greeley organ of the United States.

Reception Speech of Judge Cantwell, to Senator Wilson, Wilmington, N. C., July 18, 1872.

We have been requested by many of our friends to publish the remarks of JUDGE CANTWELL at the reception at the City Hall, and although we have not published the full speeches made that day, we give room for this report with great pleasure.

After the vast crowd in the City Court Room had become quiet, Judge CANTWELL called the meeting to order, and said:

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—On behalf of His Honor, the Mayor of the city and the several committees of reception and arrangement, I am to announce the arrival here of Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, (cheers) and the Hon. John Pool, our own distinguished representative in the Senate of the United States. (Cheers.)

Senator Pool requires no introduction to the good people of North Carolina. He is one of them, and their associate, their counsellor and their shield. I do not propose to introduce him to the bad people, because they know him already, and desire no further acquaintance.

Mr. Wilson is the candidate of the Republican party for Vice President of the United States. Cradled in the stormy scenes which immediately preceded our second war for National Independence, and nurtured, and it may be a little hardened too by the civil and uncivil conflicts which mark the successive eras of our subsequent history, he has reached the full stature and estate of manhood, self-made and self-poised; clothed and fitted with all those glorious attributes which in all times and places men wear who master men. In the republics which have preceded ours, the masters of the State were accustomed to advance their favorites to the imperial purple upon their shields and spears. Our illustrious guest and favorite rises to the highest honors of this republic by the mere force of intellectual gravitation, and his advent to power is hailed by the acclamations of millions of men, busy toilers of brain and muscle in the old world as well as the new; a mechanic and a citizen; Senator and statesman; a heroic American Republican, and a friend of mankind; our hearts swell with gladness when we consider the opportunities he has enjoyed, the illustrious example he furnishes, and the splendid services he has achieved. Fortunate man, we welcome you to-day to the metropolis of a New North State! We greet you as once Cineas the Epirote was greeted by the Senators of Rome, when he came charged with a similar mission of peace and reconciliation. They said of him that he had conquered more cities by his eloquence than had his sovereign by the sword; and posterity will say of you that on this spot you enjoyed a pacific triumph grander than any your victorious legions had achieved.

Five years ago you came here a stranger, and encamped outside a tall citadel of slavery and caste. Those walls have been leveled with the dust. We stand on the burdens we then bore; another wall encircles you, but it is composed of living hearts and loving hands, to whom the name of Henry Wilson has become a glad and a familiar sound! [Immense cheering.]

We want to carry you to Hilton, where Cornelius Harnett, once Governor of our State, lived in '73, and where he died a captive. We want to show you the house where he and a citizen of Massachusetts, Josiah Quincy by name, originated the grand scheme of Colonial independence. You come from the cradle of liberty; we will show you, at Hilton, the place where liberty was born! May your words of fire there to-day revive in our bosoms that sacred flame of patriotism and nationality which burst out in 1776 and enwrapped a continent.

Meanwhile enjoy this triumph. You live to see your banners lifted by your former foes. "Dinna ye hear their slogan?" It is your own familiar battle cry. Yes, John Brown's soul keeps marching on. We are all Republicans, they say. All are enlisted now in the same great cause of human rights and human liberty, to which your life and labors have been always dedicated!

The Alabama claims are being forced through the Board of Arbitration, at a pace hitherto unknown in the annals of diplomatic legislation and the American public will soon be made acquainted with the results of the Tribunal.

GOOSEY GREELEY.

AIR—"*Royal Charlie.*"

Come through the heather,
And round him gather,
Come rebs and roughs quite freely,
Come weal, come woe,
We'll gather and go
Along with Goosey Greeley.

Let Baltimore display once more
Her Blood-Tubs in their freedom;
The Ku-klux Klan shall be the van
While Jeff's on hand to lead 'em.
Chorus—Come through the heather, &c.

The late Cabal and soreheads all,
Their griefs we must remember,
And for boiled crow "you bet" they'll go
From now until November.
Come through the heather, &c.

The Tammany ring its hordes will bring
To vote both late and early,
We'll rally and sing with the Tammany ring
"*We goes for Goose and Greeley.*"
Come through the heather, &c.

Then through the heather
And round him gather,
Come one and all quite freely,
And as you run
The GOOSE is Horace Greeley.

COMMERCIAL.

WILMINGTON MARKET.

THURSDAY, July 18.—1:30 P. M.

CRUDE TURPENTINE—Same as previous quotations. Sales of 413 bbls at $3.75 for Virgin, $3.50 for Yellow Dip, $2.50 for Hard, ₽ 280 lbs.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE—No sales reported. Dealers hold at 45 cents, 44 cents has been offered.

ROSIN—Is without change in price. Sales of 1,375 bbls at $2.25 for Strained, $2.50 for No. 2, $2.75 for Opaque, $3 for low No. 1, $3.25 for No. 1, $3.50@$3.75 for Extra No. 1, $4 for low Pale, $4.50 for Pale, and $5@$5.50 for Extra Pale.

TAR—No sales reported.

COTTON—No sales.

FRIDAY, July 19.—1:30 P. M.

ROSIN—Sales of 1,846 bbls at $2.25 for Strained, $2.30@$2.40 for low No. 2, $3.00 for No. 1, $3.25@$3.50 for extra No. 1, $4.25 for low Pale, $5.00 for Pale.

CRUDE TURPENTINE—No change in price. Sales of 424 bbls at $2.50 for Hard, $3.50 for Yellow Dip, and $3.75 for Virgin.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE—Sales of 320 casks at 45 cents ₽ gallon for Southern packages.

TAR—No sales.

COTTON—No sales.

SATURDAY, July 20—1:30 P. M.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE—Sales of 293 bbls. sold late last evening, and 187 bbls sold to-day, at 45 cents per gallon for Southern packages.

CRUDE TURPENTINE—Sales of 607 bbls at $2.50 for Hard, $3.50 for Yellow Dip, and $3.75 for Virgin, per 280 lbs.

ROSIN—Sales of 875 bbls at $2 25 for Strained, $2.50 for No. 2, $2.75 for low No. 1, and $3.00 for No. 1.

TAR—Sales of 50 bbls. 1 lot of 25 bbls at $2.50 and, 1 lot of 25 bbls in order at $2.75.

COTTON—No sales reported.

MONDAY, July 22—1.30 P. M.

CRUDE TURPENTINE—Is unchanged in prices, and we report sales of 445 bbls. at $3 75 for virgin, $3 50 for yellow dip, and $2 50 for hard, per 280 lbs.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE—Sales reported of only 112 casks at 45 cents per gallon for Southern packages. The market is firm at this figure, and factors generally holding at higher prices.

ROSIN—For strained there is a better enquiry, and prices tend upward. The sales are 843 bbls at $2 25 for strained, $2 75 for extra No. 2, $3 25 for No. 1, $3 75 for extra No. 1, $4 a $4 25 for Pale, and $4 50 a $4 75 for extra Pale.

TAR—No sales that we can hear of.

COTTON—Nothing reported.

CORN—Sales from vessel of 2,000 bushels at 85 cents, and 1,500 do. inferior at 80 cents per bushel.

TUESDAY, July 23—1.30 P. M.

CRUDE TURPENTINE.—Market firm, with an upward tendency. Sales of 673 bbls at $3 75 for virgin, $3 50 for yellow dip, and $2 50 for hard, per 280 lbs.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE.—Sales late yesterday afternoon of 226 casks at 46 cents per gallon for Southern packages. To-day no sales have transpired, and factors are firm in holding at above figure.

ROSIN.—No sales reported in strained—$2 30 is offered, and factors holding for higher prices. In other grades we quote sales of 591 bbls at $2 35 for No. 2, $2 40 a $2 50 for extra No. 2, $3 50 for No. 1, $4 00 for extra No. 1, $5 for Pale, and $5 75 for low window glass.

TAR—Is in better demand, and the price has advanced 25 cents. Sales of 143 bbls at $2 75 per bbl.

COTTON.—No sales reported.

WEDNESDAY, July 24.—1:30 P. M.

CRUDE TURPENTINE—The market is firm with an upward tendency in prices. The sales are 183 bbls at $3 75 for virgin, $3 50 for yellow dip, and $2 50 for hard, ₽ 280 lbs.—with the privilege of the advance.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE—Sales after yesterday's report of 283 casks at 46 cents. To-day the market is firmer and the price has advanced, with sales of 100 casks at 46½ cts. and 237 do. at 47 cents per gallon for Southern packages.

ROSIN—Sales late yesterday afternoon of 1,000 bbls strained at $2 40. To-day we quote sales of 673 bbls at $2 35 a $2 40 for strained, $2 55 for No. 2, $3 50 for No. 1, $4 for low Pale, and $4 50 for Pale.

TAR—Only 28 bbls sold at $2 75 per bbl.

COTTON—One lot of 15 bales sold at 20¼ cents for middling.