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WILMINGTON POST ADVERTISING RATES.

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All advertisements will be charged at the above rates, except on special contracts.

Special rates can be had for a longer time than one week.

All communications on business should be addressed to THE WILMINGTON POST, Wilmington, N. C.

The subscription price to THE WILMINGTON POST is $3 00 per year for single copies; for clubs of 10 or 20 $2 00 per copy. The circulation of the Post is the largest of any paper in North Carolina.

W. P. CANADAY, Proprietor.

MUSTERING OF THE FAITHFUL DEMOCRACY.

S. D. Pool, Waddell, Ransom, Vance, Buchanan, Peebles, Latham, Pipkin, Robbins, McCall and Van Halburn. And still they come.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

Third Congressional District Convention meets at Magnolia on the 30th of August.

A REQUEST.

Persons writing for the POST will please make their communications short as we are receiving a great many that we cannot publish on this account.—Long communications are not read, short ones are.—EDITORS.

COMMUNICATIONS

Correspondents of the POST must remember that it is an inflexible rule that the name of the writer *must* be sent with all communications. We do not publish the names of the writers when we are requested not to do so, but we do not publish any communications unless we know who they are from.—Neither do we undertake to save or return communications that we do not publish, they go into the waste basket and are used for kindling fires. Correspondents will save themselves and us both trouble and annoyance by observing our rule and governing themselves accordingly.—THE EDITORS.e

A CARD.

We request the honest men of this State to send us the names of all the defaulters of public moneys, all the bribe takers and givers, or any other frauds that have been committed. We want the names of the parties, the amount of money used, and the county as well as the office held, if any. This we want in the interest of an honest government of North Carolina. Send at once.—EDITORS POST.

We publish a list of Republican papers published in North Carolina, and shall keep it standing during this year:

"The North Carolinian," edited by Dr. P. Johns, Elizabeth City, N. C.

"Times," edited by E. Hubbs, New Berne, N. C.

"The Era," edited by Major W. R. Richardson, Raleigh, N. C.

"Spirit of the South," edited W. R Terry, Rockingham, N. C.

"New North State," edited by W. S. Hall, Greensboro, N. C.

"Statesville American," edited by Eugene B. Drake, Statesville, N. C.

"Ashville Pioneer," edited by Pinkney Rollins, Asheville, N. C.

"The Surry Visitor," edited by Thos. J. D. & T. J. Lowry, Mt. Airy, N. C.

"The Central," edited by Col. F. W. Henderson, Lexington, N. C.

"The Roan Mountain Republican," edited by C. T. C. Deake, Bakersville, N. C.

MR. DANIEL F. BEATTY, manufacturer and proprietor of the Beatty Piano and Beatty's celebrated Golden Tongue Parlor Organs, Washington, N. J., is certainly a very reasonable and generous man to transact business with. He makes this very fair proposition to any who may favor him with an order, as follows: "If the instrument does not prove satisfactory after a test trial of five days after receiving it the purchase money will be refunded upon the return of the instrument, and he will pay freight charges both ways." This is certainly an exceeding, generous, and safe manner in which to transact business with him. He warrants his instruments for six years. See his advertisement. jan. 29-6m.

Again we call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Daniel F. Beatty, Esq., of Washington, N. J., of his Pianos and Organs. The reputation of Mr. Beatty as a manufacturer of instruments is very substantial, he takes great pains with their construction, selection of material, and efficient and trustworthy employees, their various departments being arranged for service, and not for artificial purposes. They contain not the slightest intrigue, but are substantially and perfectly arranged in their various departments, behaving for his fundamental aim durability, and perfect richness of tone. See his advertisement in another column. 2w.

WHAT IF THE OTHER OX WERE GORED?

If some morning a military company composed of Gen. M. C. Butler and other chivalry of Hamburg, S. C., were to be parading on the principal street and a negro should come along with his market cart and tell them to get out of his way as he had a right to the highway; and they should not; and the negro should have the said chivaly arrested and brought before a magistrate, and the chivalry declaring they had committed no offence; and the market-cart negro should get together a few hundred of his friends all armed, and send over to Augusta and get two howitzers and more armed negroes and bombard and capture Butler and his chivalry; and after five days of cooling off should take out the said Butler and four others of his chivalry and shoot them one by one;—what then? That would be the boot on the other leg. That would be the goring of the other ox.

What should we see right here in Wilmington? The *Journal* would give forth the dull and murky flame. The *Star* would denounce those negroes with a virtuously indignant rhetoric.—There would be a public meeting to denounce the atrocity. The churches would resound with prayers. A general and undisputed indignation against this barbarity would pervade the community. Inasmuch as we are opposed to executing persons by mob law, or without law, we should without doubt join the indignants. Have we heard of any Democratic paper, or any Democrat in North Carolina denouncing Butler's barbarity in shooting three negroes in cold blood? They are as still as mice! They do not even countenance Lamar in his somewhat equivocal denunciation of it. Let us wait and see whether there is law enough in South Carolina to put Butler and his murderers at the lower end of a hempe pope.

DEMAGOGUERISM.

And now our little back alley Twinkler has a sour stomach. It eructates violently because men who shouldered their muskets in defense of the Union, believing that the Union is again in danger from the menacing attitude assumed by the Democratic party and its misrepresentatives in the Confederate Congress, have banded themselves together as a political organization as "Boys in Blue" with the purpose of electing Hayes as President of the United States. The "Boys in Blue" are kindly informed by the Twinkler that they have its permission and approbation as soldiers to form themselves into "genuine historical societies, and even into convivial assemblies," yet are they to understand that such societies and assemblies are not to be tolerated "when their purpose is as momentous as the one indicated." The "Boys", will no doubt shake in their boots when they learn that the Twinkler "unhesitatingly condemns" their action, which, it says, is "unfortunate, uncalled for and demagogical, and can result in not even temporary good."

We hope the "Boys" will not disband at this blast from the bugle horn of this ku klux paper. It will be a terrible blow to them to know that it condemns their action, but we hope they will preserve their organization nevertheless, and hold themseves in readiness, not only to vote for the candidates of the only party with patriotism enough to maintain the Union, but also to again fight for the perpetuity of the Union if the devilish Democracy should again attempt to destroy it.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

Certainly. Who does not want peace? This was the great legacy which the Divine teacher bequeathed to the toiling and sorrowing children o earth. "My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you." Why then, should there be so much turmoil and unrest in the land? Why so much crimination and re-crimination?

What does "peace" mean according to the Democratic standard? It simply means to let them have everything their own way. As long as they can make laws and have the execution of them all in peace and quiet; but when the people say that they are tired of Democratic rule and prefer some other than our is preferable to peace. We need only refer to secession and its results for proof of this assertion.

We need not however, go back to those dark days for proof that the Democracy will only consent to peace upon their own terms; and what are those terms? Elect the men whom they put forth for office. Vote for Tilden the copperhead; Vance who wanted to fight the yankees until enough of them were killed to fill the hot place so full that their feet and legs would be sticking out at the windows; and last, though by no means least, vote for Randolph A. Shotwell, the man who exerts, not only in his hatred, but also in his credulous towards all those who were not willing to prostrate the Democratic "shibboleth."

THE WHITE MAN'S PARTY.

A few weeks ago Major John A. Gilmer of Guilford, and Col. T. C. Fuller of Raleigh, ventilated their eloquences for the edification of the "faithful" in the town of Beaufort.

That Col. Fuller should support the claims of the great ring master, Samuel J. Tilden, is perfectly natural; for he has acted as attorney for the ring men in North Carolina ever since the war, and has grown fat upon the large fees paid him by the late Andrew Jackson Jones, Geo. W. Swepson and others. That *he* should support Tilden is just as natural as that he should become the law partner of Senator Merrimon, who has also prospered greatly as the right hand man of Swepson and those of his ilk.

But what has this to do with the "White Man's Party?" We are coming to that now. Major Gilmer in his speech, showed very clearly that he was not posted in the politics of Carteret county. The Democracy of this county held a large Convention in Beaufort on the first day of June 1874. The first resolution adopted by that Convention was in the words following:

1. *Resolved*, That the Conservative-Democratic party of Carteret county in Convention assembled, animated by that *liberal spirit* (whew!) that has characterized its history, extends a cordial invitation to all *white men* regardless of past political distinctions to join in its efforts to maintain the dignity and honor of *our race* and its *supremacy* as the ruling element in our political system.

Now the "liberal spirit" which had always characterized the Democratic party in Carteret county, could not stomach the "nigger" in 1874, and hence they appeal only to *white men*, to come forward and help swell the ranks of those who kept their eyes steadfastly fixed upon the "dignity and honor of our race &c."

The second resolution of this Convention reads as follows:

2. *Resolved*, That in view of recent events all white men should come together as one man, recognizing the important fact that "in division there is danger, but in unity strength," and that if they wish to preserve their rights uncontaminated and unimpaired, and unbroken front must be presented to the foe.

The "recent events" referd to in this resolution was the failure of the Democracy to cajole the colored people into the support of Horace Greeley, and the more recent nomination of John A. Hyman for Congress.

We suppose that Major Gilmer was ignorant of the *high moral ground* occupied by the Democracy of old Carteret. He would not have made such earnest appeals to the colored people in his recent speech at Beaufort. The Major seemed to be in dead earnest about the matter. You could see the tears (in imagination) roll down his manly cheeks (so we are informed) as he pleaded with the "darkies" to forsake the Republican fold—enlist under the banner of reform—and vote for Tilden and Vance. How is this for the white man's party?

Some of the Democratic journals in the South shed tears copiously over the untimely death of Gen. Custer although he was such a terror to rebels in the Valley of Virginia. But like "old Spinola," Gen. Custer was a Democrat, and hence, the difference between his death, and that of his brave comrades who were not born as Democrats. To show that we are not unjust to the chivalry, we quote from the Shreveport (La.) *Times*:

"The names of the two men, (Lieuts.) Hodgson and McIntosh) are among the list of the killed in the recent bloody fight between the United States troops and the Indians. The names are familiar to our readers. Both played an infamous part in our election in 1874. They were the base, at brutal and willing tools of Dog Merrill in committing the most unwarrantable outrages upon the respectable citizens of North Louisiana to frighten them from the polls on the day of election. * * However much our people regret to read of such wholesale slaughter of human beings of their own race and color at the hands of the savages, we fancy they will shed no tears at the death of these two men. It is the deeply regretted that *Phil Sheridan* or Dog Merrell or both, were not the fight and killed in the place of the Custers."

This must be healthy thing for Democratic officers in the United States army. If they should get killed the southern Democracy will bewail them in the highest style of the art, as they have no tears to shed over such men as Phil Sheridan, but on the contrary, many regrets that he, and other Republican officers, could not have been slain instead of the Custers.

Herein is southern loyalty displayed—we mean Democratic loyalty. Gen. Custer operated under Sheridan in the famous campaign in the Valley of Virginia. During the period no epithet was too vile for use by southern and confederate papers, in speaking of the gallant Custer. He was held up as the embodiment of all that was cruel, wicked and devilish. When the war was over, it turns out that the gallant cavalryman was a Democrat. Now, this fact wrought a great change with the unterrified and divested the conduct of Gen. Custer of all its harsh features.—True, some of the "rank and file" of the chivalry go so far as to express their gratification at the death of Custer, but the leaders—especially the editors—who knew him to be a Democrat, are too crafty to give vent to such feelings even if they inwardly cherish them.

It is a matter of astonishment to us, how such men as Gen. McClellan, Gen. Hancock and others, can co-operate with a party which not only cherishes, but loses no opportunity to express such sentiments as we have quoted from the Shreveport Times. No tears to shed over Sheridan had he been killed, but only regret that he was not.

"AND STILL THEY ARE NOT HAPPY."

We see it stated that the Hon. Mr. Neal, a Democratic member of Congress from Ohio, will not support Tilden and Hendricks.

It is also stated that the Hon. Franklin Sanders, a very prominent Democratic Congressman from Indiana has declared his purpose to bolt Tilden and Hendricks, and support grandfather Peter Cooper for the Presidency.

The Fort Scott (Kansas) *Pioneer* has dropped Tilden and now warmly advocates the election of "grandfather" Peter Cooper. It is said that other Kansas papers are following its example.

But perhaps the "unkindest cut of all" will be found in this item.

Hon. Geo. W. Houk, a Delegate to the St. Louis Convention from Ohio, made another speech at Dayton on Tuesday evening. A telegram says, "that he denounced the Convention, platform, and candidates, and the treachery of the *gold bags* of New York, and stated his determination to oppose, with voice and vote, the election of the candidates who represented the treachery of the many sharks to the Democratic party."

"The gold bags of New York!" We have no doubt but Tilden bought his nomination at St. Louis, though we do not think he found it necessary to use his "gold bags" in order to effect the object. Greenbacks, and a plenty of them, in the hands of a skillful manipulator like John Morrissey, was all that was necessary to insure success.

BACHELOR TILDEN.

Tilden is worth his millions, yet he has never been obedient to the Divine command "go forth, multiply and replenish the earth." If Tilden has ever done anything in this line it has been without the sanction of law. He is now sixty-five years of age, and the presumption is, that his heart has become callous to the charms of female loveliness. We wonder if he was "crossed in love" in early life and resolved never again to bestow his affections upon the gentle and the fair? Cannot the recent pervert, Parke Godwin, get up a first class sensation love story, and enlighten the public with regard to the matter? Something must be done, or the gentle sex will not be satisfied. Now if Mr. Godwin will only come to the front and inform the public that Mr. Tilden once loved—yes, that he loved truly, devotedly—as few men ever loved—but that the object of his early affections was attacked by disease—consumption for instance—that she gradually faded away; that Mr. Tilden watched the fading flower with a broken heart; that when at last the "dread summons" came his intended cast a last, loving, confiding look upon him, which spoke more eloquently than language, saying "forever thine;" that from that day to this, Mr. Tilden has worshipped at the shrine of his lost Love; that there has never been room in his heart for another;—if Mr. Parke Godwin will fill out this sketch the ladies will be pacified, and all will be well.

THE WAY TO HAVE PEACE.

Let the Democratic journals and the Democratic orators of the South, say just what they please about Republicans and the Republican party but do not resent it; do not even notice it, for if you do it might disturb the peace of the community. Republicans have no rights which Democrats are bound to respect. Let them call you a carpet-bagger, a scalawag, a civil righter, a "nigger worshipper," or anything else they can think of, but don't you return "railing for railing" or you will be regarded by the kid glove gentry as an enemy to good order and quietness in the locality where you live. If an Arbitocratic Democrat should smite you on one cheek, do not smite him back again, but turn the other cheek that he may smite you on that also. Unless you do this there might be a "row" and as the "pure and undefiled" Democracy are always in the right, you cannot expect to come off any better than the "niggers" at Hamburg in case there should be a rumpus.

When Democratic orators come ranting around and manifest their horror at the very mention of civil rights, don't say anything about *social* rights, or social equality. Don't remind them of their *amours* with the colored damsels, for this would be impolite and might lead to unpleasant consequences. Have that charity which "suffereth all things and endureth all things"—and that is the way to have peace with Democracy.

The Modern Queen of Sheba Makes Her Speech at Town Creek, Pender County—By Close Arithmetical or Algebraical Calculation 120 Persons Present—So says She.

The *woods* resound with vibrating echo—the elegance of this modest *extremely* and *characteristically modest* Queen.

We notice in the *Morning Star* of the first instant, a report of the meeting of "*Reformed Democrats*," held at Town Creek, *Pender county*, on the 29th ult., in which our "little" friend Macks eclipsed the elegance of *Cicero*, in telling that crowd of men, or rather those tall turpentine trees, that as soon as he had fully embraced the word "Reform" and posted himself somewhat on Blackstone, or the black letters of England, he would be a candidate for "*Congress*."

On course that modest little speech lasted *one hour and ten minutes by his gold watch and chain*.

Whilst the modern Queen of Sheba is digesting the true spirit of "*reform or deform*," we suppose King Solomon (Bear) is cooling his overtaxed "political" *brains* in the mountains of North Carolina.

King Solomon says "all is vanity," especially when green apples are about.

Modesty, young man.

We are informed that it was not the Treasurer of the Western Road who defaulted, but the General Freight Agent.

From our Western Correspondent

Settle and Vance at Rutherfordton.

MARION, N. C., July 26, 1876.

To-day, for the first time, Judge Settle and Zebra Vance met as candidates for Gubernatorial honors. The crowd being very large, were escorted to the square by a South Carolina brass band, procured by Zebra for the occasion; the carryance in which the band were seated was drawn by four horses flagged VANCE, the band playing Dixie. Many said to me that it reminded them of 1861, when South Carolina would come *en masse* over the State line to overawe Union men, and having forced North Carolina to follow her in 1861, the same element is to be used in an attempt to coerce North Carolina into the support of such men as Zebra, and others of like ilk.

Zebra led off in a speech of two hours, labored hard, vamped and spouted over his good union record and faithfulness in serving the people, little dreaming of what was to follow, for when Judge Settle arose amidst the prolonged cheers of the assembly he gave the people Zebra's Union record in black and white, from his own hand, letters written to his master at Richmond, Va., during the war, which letters were captured by the federal troops and carried to Washington, from whence Judge Settle has procured certified copies of them. Much has been said of the tyranny of Zebra during the war, yet from his letters any one can reasonably see that but for the want of co-operation in the General Assembly of the State, and the Confederate Congress, Jeff Davis & Co., his tyranny would have put to blush the cruelty of the Princes of the dark ages. As the Judge would draw one letter after another Zebra would frown and squirm. At the close of the discussion the crowd dispersed, the Republicans jubilant with victory beaming in every face, while the Democrats, with long faces, in groups saying, Vance has got his match, while others swore they would not vote him, and among them some of the leading men of the party. So, upon the whole, I am confident that old Rutherford will give to the Republican ticket some three hundred majority, and she will not be alone in the increase of her republican vote, for other counties will do likewise, despite the parade of Zebra's Dixie band, and his South Carolina chapeau.

The Sumter (S. C.) *True Southron* is proud of the conduct of the whites in the Hamburg butchery. It says: "As usual in all these contrcuts, the whites behaved with calmness and moderation. But we solemnly warn the colored people that these things occur too often. The white people of this State do not intend to be ridden over by the ignorant and foolish negroes who lead these riots. We may not be able to carry the State at the ballot-box, but whenever it comes to a trial of the cartridge-box we do not entertain any doubts of the result." Read the account of the massacre again, and catch the full meaning of the heartless braggart who wrote the above.

CITY ITEMS.

All business communications should be addressed to "THE POST," Wilmington, N. C.

STATE REPUBLICAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following gentlemen compose the State Republican Executive Committee:

Thomas B. Keogh, Chairman.
1st District—C. W. Grandy.
2d District—J. H. West.
3d District—L. E. Rice.
4th District—J. H. Harris.
5th District—D. H. Starbuck.
6th District—Daniel Jenkins.
7th District—J. J. Mott.
8th District—Pinckney Rollins.
At large—W. W. Holden, T. B. Keogh.
Secretary—J. M. Sorrell.

Headquarters, Raleigh, N. C., to which place all communications should be addressed.

BROGDEN GUARDS.—We are requested to state that the target practice of the Brogden Guards for three valuable prizes, which was defered from the Fourth of July, will come off at Hilton on the 15th inst. The same judges have been requested to act.

An account of the proceedings of a Republican meeting held in Cape Fear township a few days ago, came to hand too late for insertion in this issue of the POST. W. H. Moore, was endorsed as the choice of the meeting for Senator to the Legislature.

The President of the late Republican State Convention, Hon. S. F. Phillips, did a good thing when he appointed Col. L. E. Rice as a member of the State Executive Committee for this District. This appointment gives the greatest satisfaction to all Republicans.

FLAG RAISING.—A Hayes and and Wheeler, Settle and Smith, campaign flag pole will be raised in the First Ward on Monday evening next, and a large and handsome flag, with a suitable legend painted thereon will be thrown to the breeze. Bon fires, music and patriotic speech making will delight the hundreds of Republicans who will then and there "Rally 'round the Flag.

CAPE FEAR TOWNSHIP.—On the 2nd inst., at North East, in Cape Fear Township there was a splendid turnout of voters to organize for the campaign. A Hayes and Wheeler, Settle and Smith club was formed with John Pleasants, Esq., as President and the usual compliment of other officers. Speeches were made by W. H. Moore, Geo. Robinson, Jos. Sharpless and others.

REPUBLICANS ORGANIZING.—There was a rousing meeting of Republicans of the city of Wilmington on Monday night last, which formed itself into a Hayes and Wheeler, Settle and Smith, campaign club, W. H. Moore as President, with five Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and Treasurer. Books were in readiness and before the meeting adjourned two hundred and sixty-one voters enrolled their names.

And still there is room.

BRUNSWICK COUNTY.—E. W. Taylor and Isaac Murrill have been appointed from Brunswick county as delegates to the Republican Congressional Convention for the Third District, to meet at Magnolia on the 30th inst., with E. M. Rosafy and J. W. Davis, alternates.

The following gentlemen have also been appointed as Delegates to the Senatorial Convention to select with Bladen county a candidate for the State Senate: Jas. E. Moore, Ezra Thomas, S. P. Wright, John Brooks, Sol. Webb and Fred. Mills.

BOGUS TICKET.—The Democratic papers are trying to bring about a bolt in this county, but we are glad to learn there is no chance for them to accomplish their designs. There was no meeting held in the First Ward on Monday night, consequently no ticket brought out. This county will remain solid. All those who wish the State ticket defeated had better talk about independent candidates; those who are true and unswerving Republicans will support the nominees of the party.

A Democratic paper cites it as a significant fact that the four military companies which volunteered to fight the Indians and avenge the gallant Custer were southern companies, commanded by southern men, all of them ex-Confederates, and among them was a son of Jeff Davis.

This is all bosh. Why don's these gallant ex-Confederates volunteer to go to South Carolina and assist Governor Chamberlain in arresting the murderer Butler and his gang of rowdies and cut throats? They would not have to go so far from home and could accomplish a great deal of good.

THE MILITARY COMMANDER.

In Gray's Elegy in a country church yard is the following:

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
A heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
A hand that rod of Empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre.

We cannot but think that the poet, with and by some unseen and, to ordinary mortals, incomprehensible power, looked far into the future while wandering among the old tombstones in Stoke Pogis church yard, and have stumbled over the monumental mound that is to cover the mortal remains of the brilliant genius that once aspired even to the command of the left-wing of General Joe Johnson's Confederate army. He must have known by intuition that the dust of Ben Moore was beneath his feet, and that the spirit of that illustricus genius was present and inspired him when he wrote of the celestial fire and the pregnant heart, and how that fire and that heart *might* have given impulse to a hand that *might* have swayed the rod of Empire. The allusion to the "living lyre" is truly prophetic.

No one doubts Ben's ability as a military chieftain, or his ability to do anything else, or to stoop to do anything whereby he could circumvent the common enemy. In addition to his exploits as a commander of Johnson's army, did he not achieve wonderful renown when he was strutting around Wilmington during the war in the uniform of a Lieutenant-Colonel of Infantry of the Confederate army? And didn't he "act well his part" until the enrolling officers began impertinently to ask him to "show his papers?" And when the Lt. Col. could'nt come that dodge any longer, did'nt he rush off to the Post Quartermaster and beg and entreat that officer to "do something for him," even if it was to make him a quartermaster's sergent and put him in charge of a lot of empty corn sacks? From which it is apparent that Ben, like his great rival, Zebra Vance, was willing to work anywhere so long as it was not at the front.

But the exploits of the Commander and Lt. Col., and would'be quartermaster's sergent have been no less brilliant as a civillian than as a military genius. We might tell about his financiering when he was a hog fisherman on the raging waters of the Cape Fear, and how he got that sein from Baltimore. That was a stroke that was truly brilliant. And when the gentleman aspired to wear the judicial ermine—ah; there his genius, his honor and his honesty shone forth like the beautiful phosphorescent light that is emitted from rotten fish of a dark night. We don't wish our readers to confuse the names and characters of two gentlemen who happen to bear the same name, but when Lt. Col. Ben R. Moore about two years ago made a proposition to Hon. William H. Moore who was a Justice of the Peace, looking to a "selling out" of the office of the latter to the former for the sum of seventy dollars C. O. D., and an equal division of all the fees, we are lost in admiration. Lt. Col. Ben is a lawyer, *so-called*, and Hon. William a very dark skinned colored man, and when Hon. William presumptiously told Lt. Col. Ben that such a transaction would be contrary to law and subversive of morality and good order, the would-be *Justice* used some vulgar and obscene cuss words. They tell it on the Lt. Col. that he made similar overtures to another gentleman who was also a magistrate, promising that he should be made a special constable and have all the papers of *Justice* R. R. Moore to serve! But "The best laid plans of mice men, gang aft agley," and Hon. William is still dispensing justice while Lt. Col. Ben aint had *justice* done him yet, not by a long jump, and because he has proven such an unmitigated failure at everything, and particularly in his desire to be known as "*Justice*" Moore, he rises up and makes a consummate ass of himself.

Probably the sneaking *Justice* has found his lowest level at last. In fact we don't see how he could get any lower than to be the "social" on one of the lowest, most bitter and most disgusting papers in the State. It suits him. He is not expected to confine himself to the truth in anything that he publishes, for that article would not be in consonance with the general tone of the paper, and if it was expected of him the expectation would be in vain. We don't recommend him to Dr. Gideon's treatment, for that gentleman is averse to trusting hopeless and helpless imbeciles. As to a writ of lunatic inquirendo as to him, such a proceeding would be entirely unnecessary, even before W. H. Moore, Esq., and Anthony Stowe, Esq., for a picked up jury on the street, composed of such gentlemen as Pompey Harris, Jo. Engelhard, Harry Hall and Col. W. T. Coller would render a true verdict of non compos mentis without leaving the box.