THE WILMINGTON POST.

W. P. CANADAY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE DEATH OF SENATOR MORTON.

A Sketch of His Career.

We condense from our exchanges the following biography of the late Senator:

HIS EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION.

The mere biographical facts and dates of Senator Morton's life, the record of his youth, his appearance in the field of politics, his elections and his defeats, and the salient points of his political career, if written down in colorless outline, without attempt to show the significance of these events or their proper relation to contemporary history, would require no extended space.—It was a career which demands more than this, however, particularly at the hands of a journal that has always labored for the highest interests, and assisted in the noblest work of the party of which he was so conspicuous a member. Mr. Morton was born in Wayne county, Ind., on the 4th of August, 1823. His grandfather, who came from England 100 years or more ago, and settled in New Jersey, bore the name of "Throckmorton, but his father, on leaving New Jersey for the west, cut in two this cumbersome surname, and ever after wrote himself down as William T. Morton. Oliver P. Morton was the offspring of his father's marriage with Sarah Muler, of Elizabeth, N. J., his second wife. When he was 3 years old his mother died, and he was sent to live with her father and mother in Ohio, near Glenville. In the district schools there he learned spelling, arithmetic a little geography, and the rudiments of grammar, and was then placed out to learn the hatter's trade with his brother. His mind was too active, too eager for knowledge, of which it had hardly tasted however, and in 1837 he was taken from his irksome toil and sent to the Wayne county (Ind.) Seminary. He remained several years at Centerville, and completing there his preparation for college, he entered, in January 1843, Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, where he remained two years, leaving before graduation, at the end of '45. At school and college he showed less mental readiness than many of his fellows, but none of them surpassed him in persistent application to study, and his final mastery of the topics to which he applied himself was complete. He was extremely fond of debate, and was the ablest extemporaneous speaker at Miami. After leaving college, he began at once the study of law in the office of Hon. John S. Williams, at Centerville, Ind. The growth and ripening of his mind under the severe discipline of the study of law was surprising. He read slowly and digested thoroughly and assimilated everything to such a degree that nothing escaped him. In the Fall of 1845 he was admitted to practice. The bar of the Wayne county Bar was then at Centerville, and he had to compete in practice with older and more experienced lawyers. But when the inevitable period of waiting for recognition and employment had been passed, he came out with extraordinary promise. The same stringent, untiring application and determined purpose of mastery characterized his professional labors that have often been evinced in the political labors of his later life; the same clear analysis and solid logical method that have made him so formidable an antagonist upon the stump or platform put him a head and shoulders above his legal brethren of Wayne county. His professional reputation quickly extended until his field of practice covered Indiana and Ohio, and within 10 years after he opened an office he was earning what were then regarded as large fees. A masterly plea of four hours in the case of Jacob Thompson, of Winchester, indicted for the murder of his child, is still a tradition in Wayne county. He was not a flowery orator, and depended for effect upon the jury on the solid qualities of his argument rather than on the tricks of rhetoric.

CONSPICUOUS BY THE DEMOCRATS.

Mr. Morton's first appearance in political life was as a Democratic candidate for Circuit Judge, in 1852. He was then a Democrat, and his first vote was cast for James K. Polk, in 1844. He was elected to the judgeship which he held for one year. The dignity and judicial calm of the Bench had few charms for his suggestive mind; he was a contender by nature, and loved better the strife of active practice; so he gladly returned to his labors as an advocate, and continued in them uninterruptedly until 1861. The Democratic party at that time was enjoying a long season of power, and to one ambitious of place a continuance within its lines offered opportunities infinitely more promising than an affiliation with the young Republican party, not yet organized or coherent. But the dominance of the slave power in the Democratic councils, its steady encroachments upon northern soil, and the alarming evidence of its purpose as displayed in the repeal of the Missouri compromise and the passage of the Kansas Nebraska bill, in 1854, compelled Judge Morton to forsake forever the party whose principles he had been reared to respect, and he became at once an active and influential Republican.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.

In 1856, when he was 33 years old, the Republican State Convention nominated him for Governor by acclamation. His opponent was Ashbel P. Willard, the strongest candidate the Democratic ranks could furnish. The two nominees canvassed the state jointly. Morton's massive strength as a debater was too much for Willard, though the latter was one of the most accomplished orators in the state. The Democratic candidate was elected, but Morton had organized a later victory by sowing good seeds of Republicanism all over the state. In 1860 the Republican state ticket was the result of a political compromise between the friends of Mr. Morton and of Henry S. Lane. The latter aspired to a seat in the United States Senate, and the result of the bargaining was that he was placed on the ticket for Governor and Mr. Morton for Lieutenant Governor.

Morton was consequently elected Lieut-Governor and succeeded to the Governorship when Lane was sent to the Senate.

In January, 1861, he was duly qualified as Lieutenant Governor, and took his seat as President of the Senate.—He occupied this position but two days, when, in consequence of the election, by the Legislature, of the Governor-elect—Hon. Henry S. Lane—to the Senate for a six years' term, he became Governor of Indiana, and took the oath of office.

In February, 1861—just after the adoption of the Confederate Constitution—Governor Morton spoke words that thrilled the loyalists from Maine to the Pacific. President Lincoln, while *en route* for the Capital, made a brief stop at Indianapolis, where he was addressed by Governor Morton, who laid down this broad principle:

"Submission to the popular will is the essential principle of republican government, and so vital is this principal that it admits of but one exception, which is revolution. To weaken it is anarchy, to destroy it is despotism. It recognized no appeal beyond the ballot box, and while it is preserved liberty may be wounded, but never will be slain."

Soon after Governor Morton visited Washington. He had no faith in the possibility of a peaceable separation of the states. He urged upon President Lincoln a vigorous policy, and pledged six thousand volunteers from Indiana to sustain him in putting down the nascent rebellion.

When the President issued his first proclamation calling for 75,000 troops, Morton issued a call which brought in eight days 12,000 men to the support of the government. Thenceforward he became the "great war Governor." His career was daring and splendid as it was effective. He hesitated at no risk, and he accepted with unflinching intrepidity all conditions. He was to the end of the war the great pillar of support to Lincoln.

The Democrats carried the state in 1862, and captured the Legislature, which refused to receive Gov. Merton's message, passed resolutions denouncing the war, and adjourned without making a single appropriation to carry on the government. Gov. Morton was equal to the emergency. He organized a bureau of finance, and appealed to the people. Towns made appropriations; a railroad loaned $15,000, and individuals proffered funds. Governor Morton went to Washington, was appointed a disbursing officer, and received $250,000 from the general government out of the special appropriation for military purposes. In this way the state was saved. History records no similar case of an Executive carrying a state for two years by individual effort, without any assistance from the State Treasury.

In 1865 he was seized with paralysis by which he lost the use of his legs.—He spent five months in Europe for the recovery of his health and on returning was elected United States Senator for six years, ending March 4th, 1873. At the end of this term he was re elected for six years.

During this period of service in that great body his acts have become a part of the history of the nation. It is impossible to recite that great and vigorourous narative in our space. He sat in the stern, a very Palinurus, his eye always out upon the troubled waters, never flinching and all the time striking heavy blows for right and justice.—While he has incurred the animosities of this section of the country by his boldness and his positiveness, any one who was in his confidence knows that he harbored no unkindness—nothing but a generous and lofty desire to do what was right.

Horatio Seymour, the great headlight of Democracy in New York, a few years ago, but now not so luminous, has written a letter to say that the Democracy of that state ought to condemn the fraud of Hayes' election. He represents in this the *true* Democracy of every state in the Union. They will say soft words and smile pleasantly on Hayes as long as there is a prospect for an office, but when it comes to voting or talking squarely on politics, their chief pleasure is in thinking and talking of "fraud." It is their political meat and drink. To prevent that would result in political starvation, and the party couldn't exist a month. That Horatio Seymour comes out at this early day and places himself on record in a proclamation to the effect that Hayes is a fraudulent President, indicates that he will probably be on the boards for 1880. The state of New York has furnished the last four Democratic candidates for the Presidency and why not the next.

New York politicians are admiring the taste of a crow, which belongs to a retired sea captain, of Brooklyn, which takes grog like an old salt and seems to thrive on it. At a political meeting a few days ago one of the candidates offered to treat the crow. A glass was half filled with old rye whiskey; the crow made for it, drank it up greedily, gave a hoarse croak of maudlin delight, and fell over on one side. Its recovery was rapid, and it soon walked off. This dissolute bird is in the habit of getting drunk two or three times a day during the campaign, while whiskey is plenty, and takes as naturally to political meetings as a watt hummer. A speaker who watched the crow's wa actions heard to remark: "There's a good deal of human nature about that bird."

We are informed by a London society paper that the ex-Empress Eugenie "is enjoying the society of Cowes." The fact that we long ago shore of indulging in slang prevents us from observing that she must have a "bully" time.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

The following Thanksgiving Proclamation has been issued by the President of the United States:

The completed cycle of summer and winter, seed time and harvest, has brought us to the accustomed season at which a religious people celebrate with praise and thanksgiving the enduring mercy of Almighty God. This devout public confession of the constant dependence of man upon the Divine favor for all the good gifts of life and health and peace and happiness—so early in our history made habit of our people—finds in the survey of the past year new grounds for its joyful and grateful manifestation, In all the blessings which depend upon benignant season, this has been a memorable year over the wide territory of our country, with all diversity of climates and soil and products. The earth has yieldes a bountiful return to the labor of the husbandman; the health of the people has been blighted by no prevalent or wide spread disease; no great disasters of shipwrecks upon our coasts or to our commerce on the seas have brought loss and hardship to merchants or mariners, and clouded the happiness of the community, while sympathetic sorrow has been exhibited in all that concerns our strength and people. This is our greatness as a nation in that it touches the permanence of the government and the beneficent institutions on which it rests, in all that affects the charter and dispositions of our people, and tests our capacity to enjoy and uphold the equal and free conditions of society now permanent and universal throughout the land. The experience of the last year is conspicuously marked by the protecting providence of God, and is full of promise and hope for the coming generation. Under a sense of these infinite obligations to the Great Ruler of tides and seasons and events, let us humbly ascribe it our own faults and frailties if in any degree that perfect concord and happiness, peace and justice, which such great mercies should diffuse through the hearts and lives of our people, do not altogether and always and everywhere prevail; let us, with one spirit and with one voice lift up praise and thanksgiving to God for his manifold blessings to our land—his manifest care for our nation. Now therefore, I, Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, do appoint Thursday, the 29th day of November next, as a day of National Thanksgiving and prayer and I earnestly recommend that, withdrawing themselves from secular cares and labors, the people of the United States do meet together on that day in their respective places of worship, there to give thanks and praise to Almighty God for His mercies.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this 29th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1877, and of the Independence of the United States one hundred and second.

[Signed] R. B. HAYES.

By the President:
WM. M. EVARTS, Secretary of State.

Mars and Saturn, as any observer may see, are approaching very rapidly. They will pass each other, or in astronomical language, will be in conjunction in right ascension on Saturday evening at 11 o'clock and 11 minutes, Mars passing over Saturn at a distance of 11 minutes of an arc. A common telescope covering a field of about 30 minutes of an arc will of course, take in both of these celebrated bodies.—Their common right ascension at the moment of passage will be 23d. 3m. 33s. nearly. The declination south of one will be 8 deg. 24m., and the other 8 deg. 11 min. nearly. Mars is going north at the rate of about 11 minutes of an arc per day, while Saturn is going south at the rate of one-half minute for the same time. Mars' gain in right ascension is above a minute of time, one-quarter of a degree per day, while Saturn is retrograding at the rate of about six seconds for the same time.

The position of these bodies just now is in the constellation Aquarius, and near the star, in the Psi-Chi group of fifth-magnitude stars. A third magnitude star, Delta, is about ten degrees south to the right, and two bright stars of the same magnitude, Gamma and Alpha, are seen about eight degrees north and fifteen degrees to the right. The latter stars are what is called the "urn," or the "bottle," of the Waterbearer. The bright first magnitude star almost directly south from the planets is Fomalhaut, in the Southern Fish, and almost overhead is the Square of Pegasus.

On Saturday evening Mars will be on the meridian at 8h. 9., and Saturn one minute later.

Asthmatic Remedies.

Steeh apfel (thorn apple) leaves smoked in a common clay pipe and the smoke inhaled into the lungs will afford relief for asthma; the dry leaves can be procured of any German druggist.—Mullen leaves dried and smoked and inhaled in the same manner are also excellent. Chewing the root of dogs' bane, or wancering silk weed, is highly recommended for asthma. An inhalation of a mixture of tincture of myrrh and spirits of turpentine has proved beneficial in stubborn attacks of asthma. A raw onion eaten before retiring at night will exercise a very soothing effect, and calm any irritating state of the nerves, from which this complaint proceeds. Raw onions are also a specific for kidney complaints and stone in the bladder, but must be eaten liberally for some time before a cure is effected. A tea made from chestnut leaves which have been gathered in the fall, and drank constantly in the place of water will, with perseverance, effect a cure in time. It is a mild, pleasant, and harmless beverage, and can be sweetened with sugar and milk to suit the taste. It will take at least six months before a beneficial effect is felt. Two teaspoonfuls of salt in half a glass of brandy mixed and drank rapidly will prevent and avert an attack of asthma.

"Love is an internal transport!" exclaimed an enthusiastic poet. "So is a canal boat," said an old forwarding merchant.

MRS. GEN GREEN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

The Many Changes Noted by Her in Washington Society.

(Washington Letter to Chicago Times.)

A few days ago there came up from a plantation near Raleigh, N. C., Mrs. Gen. Green, a lady years ago well known in Washington society. She has not been in the Capital for many years.—She is crippled with rheumatism, and poor as Job's turkey, she says, but I never had a more enjoyable conversation than this veteran of fashionable life. She took me into the past with her. "This old hotel," referring to the National, "is a historic place. Here have been the great men of the past. I have seen Clay and Webster walk arm in arm up these stairs, and in a room on this floor Henry Clay died. Those rooms opposite the parlor were the President's rooms. Buchanan is the last one who lived there. Hamlin occupied them awhile. These dark, quaint corridors, and circular lights over the doors, look just as they did, when, a bride, I first saw them. The frescoing, the painting on the walls, is unchadged. The fruit and flowers above the chandelier on the brown ground, and the painted cupids in the hall. Every face in the house is strange to me. All my friends are dead and gone. Mr. Crittenden I can see now standing in the hall receing her friends after marriage. Her shoulders were superb; her dress elegant, her manners charming, and by her side that little ugly man, with tobacco juice running from one corner of his mouth, and his cravat twisted around under his ear. And Mme. La. Vert was in her glory here in those days. I was so ill one time that my life was despaired of. Into my room came Mme. Lavert. "I could not go, Mrs. Green, without showing you my lovely shoes." She lifted up her party dress, and daced about in her pink satin boots, and asked if they were not pretty, and last danced off like a fairy to her ballroom. I began to mend from the time I saw those shes. Poor Mme. La Vert died last year in poverty so bitter that she had not a cent to call her own. Mrs. Crittenden lost her beauty, was paralyzed and died not long ago. Mrs, Mills was a habitue of the hotel. She was very rich. Her daughter married Fernado Wood, and for this reason became so bitter that there was no communicrtion between mother and child, and she willed even her pictures to a gallery, so that Wood never should have them to adorn his walls. Once she sat in her carriage while I went in to call on her daughter. The carriage stood at a little distance. The elegant house wos crowded. It was reception day. When I reached the corriage Mrs. Mills said excitedly. 'How is se? How does she look? How did she receive you? What did she say?' 'Why don't you go and see her yourself?' I said, 'your own child—how can pou be so bitter?' 'I will never go to see Alice so long as she is that man's wife. It is nothing to me how she is,' she said coldly, drawing her furs about her neck. Mrs. Wood is now insane, and Mrs. Mills fell from a hotel window and killed herself one Fourth of July—two years ogo or thrae. That very Fourth I was on the plontation far from any neighbor. I made the negroes take turns ringing the big dinner bell that hangs in the yard. I had flags on the house and bonfires all night, and the servants said, 'La, ole miss done gone crazy shure, keepin' up that clatter all day.' But I felt lonesome. I wanted to celebrate some way. The next night three young northern men came in the darkness up the lane to the house. I had been sitting alone, yawning and waiting until the clock should count 8, so I could go to bed, for there is nothing going on at night in that dismal great house in the swamps. I was surprised to have visitors, for anybody that knows the country don't go out after night if they can help it—the roads are so dangerous. But these men had not been long in the country, and they rode up. They said they had heard me speak of Mrs. Miller, and they had got news that she was killed; and they started over right away to tell me. How remorseful I felt. I had been ringing bells and burning fire in the cypress brakes while my old friend was dying, mashed and bruised beyond recognition. They said Fernando came to see her just before she died, but she would not have him admitted. In this hotel lived also Myra Gains, poor as a mouse, running up bills to be paid when she came into inheritance. She owes Charles O'Conor about $75,000. She owes board bills every place in Washington, and he stare bills have been running for twenty-five years. One night she had been put out of a hotel, and I took her in with me. That was long after my husband's death. Myra was bright as a cricket. Her having been turned made her even grayer than common: We were dressing to go to a hop. Mrs. Grass had a handsome large breast-pin containing General Gains' picture surrounded by pearls. She was stirring over things in her trunk and dipping them up by the handful—she was a most untidy thing. 'Oh! Mrs. Green, have you seen Gen. Gains?' said she, 'Gen Gains?' 'Yes, his picture. I have lost my pin.' I smiled at he expressing her loss in that way, but while she was still rummaging I discovered that I had mislaid a smaller of Gen. Green. It was valuable, and I was alarmed. 'Oh! Mrs. Gains, I have lost Gen. Green,' I sain. We both found the brooches at the same moment, and I don't suppose it seems very wifely when I say we sat on the bed and laughed until the tears came, over the loss of Gen. Green and Gen. Gains. Gen. Scott was at the hotel a great deal. I never shall forget a compliment he paid me. He told General Green that I was the handsomest and most richly-dressed lady at the ball. My husband was so proud that he couldn't keep it, but had to come and whisper it to me. Now I come back to the house an old decrepit woman. Nobody remembers me. Children are grandparents, and the gay old crowd that lived here before the war are all gone. Then champagne flowed like water. Six boys were kept busy in the wine room. Now a popping cork is seldom heard. Then the ladies all made grand dinner toilets; low necks, jewels, pink and blue silk the ladies wore, or sheer lilac organdies. The gentlemen waited in dress suits and gloves to conduct the ladies to with ceremony in the dining room. Every family had negro servants, coachmen, and maids. Those were times af slendor which will never return. Then I wore a white brocaded silk and diamonds, and was led into dinner by Lord Baltimore. Now I go in alone in a plain, black water-proof dress.

PROVIDED FOR.

One Man's Sentences Aggregating One Hundred and Fifty-nine Years.

Jim Brassel, whose proper name is Ned Gaulsby, he having belonged to a rich farmer in Jasper county, is a born desperado. In 1868 he killed a man in Houston county, and was tried and sent to the Penitentiary for life, or for ninety-nine years, as the old style sentencing was.

The penitentiary was then in a rather loose condition, and after serving a few months of his sentence, he escaped and started out on a fresh career. He again got into trouble in Dooly county about two years later by shooting a white man It was not known that he had already been sentenced for life, and he was again sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty years. He began to work out this sentence like a man, but soon tiring of it he again escaped, to commence a more reckless andependent life. He next went to DeKalb county, where he broke into a house. He was caught and tried and sentenced again to twenty years in the Penitentiary for burglary in the night time. He was put in the hands of Smith, Riddle & Co., who were then the lessees of the convicts, and after remaining in their charge some months he effected his escape in spite of the closest watch on his movements.

Once more free, Brassel found his way to Macon, where a burglary in the night time, unsuccessfully performed, subjected him to capture, another trial, and another sentence of twenty years and hard labor. This time he was carried to the Dade County Coal Mines. The irrepressible Jim could not be kept down in a coal mine; and in January last he affected his escape, and began his operations on a larger scale. It is known that he has married at least three wives, two of whom live in Decatur, and one was at his house at the time of his capture. Most of his escapes were made by a combination of cunning and the most desperate recklessness. More than once he ran boldly in full view of the guards. He was several times fired upon, and once or twice severely wounded. There are said to be several bullet marks on his body as a lasting evidence of his narrow escapes. He has been the hardest man to hold that has ever been in the Georgia penitentiary.

His four sentences sum up the enormous space of a hundred and fifty-nine years, which he was condemned to serve in expiation of his crimes, or about the space of five ordinary lives.

An Ant Fight.

An interesting account of an engagement between a party of red and black ants is related by a correspondent of the *Forest and Stream*: "Last week, as I was coming in the gate," says the writer, "my attention was attracted by seeing a stream of ants moving across the walk, going in a belt about four inches wide, and moving very rapidly. Of those going in one direction, each had a large ant egg in its mouth. I followed the empty mouthed ones and found they were robbing a nest of red ants. The nest was about one foot across and was covered with red and black ants engaged in a most desperate battle—the red ants trying to defend their home from their thievish enemies. At times the ants would form in their little sliding and rolling over the ground. I observed that the black ants that were engaged in stealing took no part in the fight, but would seize the eggs and make for their own hill, leaving the fighting to be done by the rest of the band. The black ants in making these depredations had to cross one carriage drive, two plank walks, and climb up a terrace two feet in hight—the distance between the two hills being 152 feet through the grass of an ordinary lawn. Out of curiosity I killed one of the black ants, and took it to a jeweler and had it put on the balance with the egg it was carrying, when the egg was the heaviest; which shows the remarkable strength and endurance of these interesting insects. I once noticed a small red ant trying to carry a worm, several times as heavy as heavy as itself, up a small mound on the top of which was its nest. After trying several times without success, it ran up the hill and disappeared in its hole, and presently retured with quite a number of companions, who easily carried their captive into the nest in spite of his struggles."

An effort has been made in Mississippi to inaugurate an independent or national administration party. The Vicksburg Herald, in noticing the efforts, warns colored men against them, saying: "God never made the white race to submit to the rule of the black race, and that colored man who accepts this great truth, once for all will display wisdom. Of all colored men who have been taught by bitter experience this truth we ask, where would it lead to if the so called national administration party should succeed." The Herald means that the success of the independent party would make it necessary for the Democrats to persecute and bulldoze the blacks.

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CIRCUIT COURT—4TH CIRCUIT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, Eastern District of North Carolina, } In Equity

Harvey Terry, for himself and all other creditors of the Bank of Clarendon, against John D. Williams, E. J. Lilly and others, Stockholders of said Bank of Clarendon.

In pursuance of a decree made in the above entitled suit at June term, 1877, I hereby give notice to the creditors and stockholders of the Bank of Clarendon, to present and make proof of their claims before me at my office in the city of Raleigh, on or before MONDAY, the 14th day of OCTOBER, 1877. No proofs will be received after that day. GEO. M. SMEDES,
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