Wilmington Journal.

WILMINGTON, N. C.:

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1872.

STATE NEWS.

Corn has "riz" in Newbern.

Eggs 17 cents in Newbern.

Corn $1 a bushel in Winston.

Shad 70 to 90 cents in Newbern.

Cotton in Tarboro', 19 to 21 cents.

Elizabeth city is to have a bookstore.

Grand parade of the Newbern Fire Department on the 22d.

Horse thieves are getting numerous in the Western counties of this State.

Snow and hail in Hillsboro' last Saturday.

Hickory Tavern is to be made a money order office.

Tournament at Fremont yesterday.

Elm City Council, F. of T., are flourishing finely.

There is to be a tournament at Pikeville, Wayne county, on the 28th.

Wilson is to have a branch of the newly chartered State Bank, with a captal not to exceed $30,000.

Rutherford College, Burke county, has 130 students, and more expected.

The first issue of the Raleigh *Carolinian*, under Messrs. Stone & Uzzell, will appear March 1st.

Mr. Eugene Morehead will open a tobacco warehouse, in Greensboro, about the first of March.

A very valuable marl bed has been discovered on the land of Mr. W. C. Carroll, near Magnolia.

Augustus Savage, a very worthy young citizen of Edgecombe, was drowned last Thursday, as we learn from the *Southerner*.

Mr. William Culpepper, of Charlotte, was accidently, but not dangerously, wounded on Thursday by the discharge of a pistol in his pocket.

The Hillsboro *Recorder*, without cracking a smile, tells of an old woman living on Reedy Fork, in Alamance county, who cures burns, by blowing over them.

The Newbern *Republican* learns that Lieut. Charles A. Abbey, at present commanding the revenue steamer "Stevens," now at Newbern, has been promoted to a captaincy.

The Greensboro *Patriot* is in receipt of a letter from Durham, which states that tobacco is being shipped from that place to China regularly, and is very popular with the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire.

The Hi *Recorder* says: General Joe Holt, aged about sixty-five, died in Salisbury the other day. He lived in Alamance till since the surrender. He moved from Thomasville last Tuesday and died on Friday.

The Magnolia *Advertiser* says: We learn through a friend, that D. D. Wells, Esq., of this township, slaughtered a few days since, a drove of seven hogs, whose aggregate the entrails was two thousand one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

The Goldsboro' *Messenger* says: We have just received necessary materials for our new paper—*The Masonic Monitor*—and its first number will appear on the first of March, and on the first of every month thereafter.

The Raleigh *Ext* says: Mr. Murray Upchurch, of Chatham, fell dead on Monday last, while in the act of entering the store of Mr. Basil Yates, who lives in this county. Mr. Upchurch was seemingly in perfect health. He did not breathe after he fell to the ground.

The Goldsboro' *Messenger* says: The book for subscription to the capital stock of the Bank for this place, was opened at the office of A. Day, Esq., on Monday last—$44,000 had already been subscribed, up to yesterday morning. A new bank building is to be erected during the Spring.

The Elizabeth city *Economist* says: A foreign vessel, name not known, is ashore on the beach, two miles to the north of Body's Island light. Her cargo is sugar and oranges. It is also reported that there are two other ships ashore on the same beach. They were driven ashore in the severe gale last week.

The Salem *Press* says: A number of the Guilford farmers have been trying tobacco with the most gratifying results. Mr. Buchanan worked last year three acres and a half, and realized from the crop, in the Danville market, $1,450. The total expense of cultivation was $250, thus making a net gain to him on 3½ acres, of $1,200, or nearly $400 per acre. Will anything else on the farm pay as well?

The Elizabeth City *Economist* says that on Monday morning about 3 o'clock, a house on Main street, the property of Dr. Wm. G. Pool, was discovered to be on fire. It had made such progress when discovered that it was impossible to arrest the flames, and it was entirely consumed. The fire originated on the inside, and was unquestionably the work of an incendiary. The house was unoccupied and partially insured.

The Raleigh *Sentinel* says: We are informed that on yesterday K. P. Battle, Esq., sent a communication to his Accidency declining the appointment as a member of the board of directors for the Insane Asylum. Mr. B., we are told, intimated very plainly to his Accidency that he regarded his election to that office by the General Assembly as in every way legal and constitutional, and would act under no other authority. The other members of the present board, who were so unfortunate as to have Tod's appointments thrust upon them, concur, as we are informed, in Mr. Battle's views. Poor old Tod, your hash is almost settled.

The *Sentinel* says: If it were not for fear of prejudicing the case of Theo. N. Ramsay, contractor for the public printing, which may ultimately come before the Supreme Court, we would call the name of a high judicial functionary who was seen very drunk at the breakfast table at a hotel Suday morning, amusing himself by talking law and quoting dog-latin to the servants.

The following is a corrected list of Gov. Caldwell's appointees to the Directory of the Insane Asylum: R C Badger, H Mahler, Thos H Briggs, Jefferson Fisher, Dr E B Haywood, K P Battle, Jos H Green, Dr Chas E Johnson, J P Prarie, G W Brodie, (col) and J W Hood, (col) of Wake county, Dr J G Ramsey, of Rowan, Dr Pride Jones, of Orange, John Norfleet, of Edgecombe, and Jos W Holden, of Omaha, Kansas City, Washington or any other place.

The Raleigh *Sentinel* understands that Gov. Caldwell, by and with the consent of the Council of State, has made the following appointments of Directors under the late decision of the Supreme Court:

Penitentiary.—Alfred Howe, negro, Gen. Dockery, John R Harrison, G W Welker and Jacob Allen.

Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind.—Handy Lockhart, negro, Timothy F. Lee, John Nichols, L D Heartt, J P Prairie, Dr W H McKee, and J B Neathery.

Asylum for the Insane.—The same board as year before last, except that Hood, negro, takes the place of Brodie, negro.

It is understood that no change will be made in the cases of the State Librarian and the Keeper of the Capitol.

Mr. Theo. N. Ramsey, State Printer, first entered the lists to resist Caldwell's usurpations, and has his case now pending before Chief Justice Pearson. The second conflict occurred yesterday at the penitentiary. Caldwell's appointees, or directors, on yesterday morning presented themselves at the stockade with their papers, but were told by the incumbents, "You can't come in!"

The Tarboro' *Enquirer* says: Capt. Thigpen's efforts in behalf of agriculture have again met the appreciation of the friends of that cause. The "Fair of the Carolinas" have attested their estimation by the presentation of a very beautiful silver medal, handsomely engraved, and bearing the appropriate inscription "To Jas. R. Thigpen the Friend of Agriculture."

South Carolina Items.

Slight snow in Marion on Monday.

Dr. J. M. Covert, a native of Charleston, died in New York recently.

The Comet Fire Company (colored) of Charleston, have a new steamer.

The 22nd was celebrated in Charleston by military parades.

Charleston is being lectured on Temperance.

The Isrealites in Columbia are about to erect a handsome synagogue.

The Abbott Pantomie Troupe appear in Charleston next week.

Spartanburg is moving for a Male Academy.

Major F. J. Percher, of Charleston, is dead.

The corner stone of a new market and town hall building, in Sumter, is to be laid to-day.

The population of the town of Union, by a recent census, is put down at 1,061.—Whites, 508; colored, 553.

The German Rifle Club, of Charleston, are to have a grand masquerade on the 29th instant.

The Columbia firemen gave a grand reception, on Wednesday, to the new fire steamer of the Palmetto Company.

Rev. Jonas Byrd, a highly esteemed colored citizen of Charleston, died on Tuesday.

Several cases of meningitis, nearly all of which have terminated fatally, have occurred recently near Spartanburg, as we learn from the *Spartan*.

The residence of Mr. Samuel M. Stevenson, near Marion, was accidentally burned on Tuesday. Loss about $4,000, as we learn from the Marion *Star*.

The Right Reverend W. B. W. Howe, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese, of South Carolina, preached and administered the rite of confirmation in Edgefield last Sunday.

The Yorkville *Enquirer* says: Mrs. Sechrest, who was so badly burned on the morning of the 4th instant, died on Sunday afternoon last from the injuries she sustained.

The Senate in Executive session on Wednesday confirmed the following named as trial justices: Joseph Erwin, Barnwell county; A. D. Addison, of Beaufort county, and James K. Wagner, of York county.

The Marion *Crescent* says: We are gratified to learn that Grand Master, R. S. Bruns, has appointed our friend, Major Solon A. Durham, District Deputy Grand Master, for the Tenth Masonic District of the State. This district embraces all Lodges in the counties of Marion, Marlboro, and Horry.

The Charleston *News* says: The German ship Palmerston, which arrived here yesterday from New York, has some peculiarities which are not usual, she being four masted, the fourth being bark rigged, and has no jibboom, but simply a bowsprit. She was built in England for a steamer, but was altered into a sailing ship.

The Marion *Crescent* regrets to learn that Jim Wheeler, colored, was accidentally but fatally stabbed by Mr. Thomas Hogg, on Thursday last. He died last Sunday of internal hemorrhage. Coroner Montgomery summoned a jury of inquest, who, after a full hearing, returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from a wound accidentally inflicted by Mr. Hogg.

We learn from the Lancaster *Ledger* that Mr. Henry Mango, an old citizen of that county, living near Mt. Pisgah church, committed suicide on Monday, 5th instant, by hanging himself. He had been missing for near a week, and though diligent search had been made by his neighbors, he was not found until Sunday morning, 11th instant.

The Charleston *News* says: Two fine specimens of the famous parrot gun, of the two hundred pound pattern, intended to be placed in Fort Sumter, can be see on the schooner Carrie E. Woodberry, now at Southern wharves. They will amply repay a careful inspection, and to many of us they possess an interest, as they were used to shell the city from the batteries on Morris Island, from the commencement of fire from the swamp angel in the Summer of 1863, to the evacuation in February, 1865.

For Governor.

CHARLOTTE, Feb. 20, 1872.

Editor Wilmington Journal:—Just before the adjournment of the Legislature, Gen. M. W. Ransom was elected to the United States Senate. The East already held every important office which the Conservative party had in its power to bestow. The strength of our party, it is well known, lay in the centre and West. The Convention which is to meet in Greensboro', it is hoped, will be largely attended by representative men. The West is clearly entitled to the candidate for Governor, so clearly that I do not think the Convention will hesitate a moment in awarding it to her. Who, then, is her most available man? I am pretty thoroughly acquainted with the status of her prominent citizens, and I unhesitatingly say that H. W. Guion would be more acceptable to the largest number. Mr. Guion has a State reputation—known not only as a distinguished lawyer and able statesman, but as a gentleman of liberal culture, incorruptible integrity, and brilliant fame as a writer. On the stump few men can stand before him, and should he be nominated, will make a canvass as brilliant as it would be successful. Mecklenburg, though the centre of political influence, has heretofore claimed for her sons but a very limited share of the public offices. She is entitled to consideration, and now puts forward her claim to recognition, through her distinguished citizen, Hon. H. W. Guion, and asks from the Democratic Convention a calm and just consideration of her and his claim upon the State.

MECKLENBURG.

Some of Grant's Friends.

The New York *World* exultingly points to the impeachment of Governor Reed, of Florida, as one of the natural retributions that are gradually overtaking Gen. Grant's friends among the executives of the South. "His Rascal Excellency," says the *World*, referring to Reed, "will go the way of his brother executives." North Carolina and Georgia are already redeemed, and General Grant can have no hopes of securing the electoral votes of those States; "and now," adds the *World*—

With the downfall of robber Reed, Florida's three votes (not much, perhaps, but still counting, by the well known rule of political arithmetic, six—three from him and three to some one else) must be struck from the White House roll. Virginia is already against him; so Alabama and Texas; Louisiana wavers dreadfully in the balance; Arkansas is certain to go anti-Grant if Senator Clayton be expelled—as seems all but assured—and no votes are sure but those of Mississippi and South Carolina. Grant may get all the nominating votes of the Southern States, and agreeing with our Washington correspondent, "Dawn," we think it likely that he will. But their electoral votes—No.

An old lady thinks the Bonds must be a family of strong religious instincts, because she hears of so many of them being converted.

The "wall-flowers" of society are pleased at the advent of cold weather, wherein there is a chance of their getting a little chap on their hands.

There are two periods in the life of a man at which he is too wise to tell women the exact truth—when he's in love, and when he isn't.

OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.

Smoking Cars of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad—Commercial Travelers, Drummers, Incidents, &c.

Dear Journal:—Imagine yourself at Wilson, N. C., having just taken a fine dinner at Mrs. Blount's Hotel, we entered the "smoking car for first class passengers" and drawing the materials for "blowing a cloud," took a seat "faced to the rear" and philosophically awaited the result of our observations. The gentlemen came crowding in, each prepared for a "puff"; and, speaking of puffs, we had as well say right here, that a more comfortable idea never entered the mind of railroad officials than that which has induced the authorities of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad to have a "smoking car for first class passengers"—reserved for them, and none others. Let any one who desires, just step to the middle door and glance at the crowd in the second class car, and he will instinctively feel that this reserved part is a great and wise institution, whatever its dimensions may be and whoever originated the idea. The gentlemen came crowding in, as we said before, and each adjusting himself in position to enjoy his after-dinner smoke, conversation began. The crowd had evidently a preponderance of commercial travelers, "drummers," some irreverently call them; that useful class of commercial men who bring distant points of trade together; who unite Portland with Galveston; New York with San-Francisco, Wilmington with Duluth, and all minor and intermediate points; the class which saves millions of dollars to the country every year by bringing samples to thousands of merchants, which they would otherwise have to travel hundreds of miles, at a great expense, to examine and purchase from; and finally, that class which, as the official reports of the committees of various commercial bodies provve, conduct all the immense business committed to them at an expense, on the whole, of one-tenth of one per cent. We said they were mostly of this class of passengers. We found they were from various points. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston and Mobile were each represented, and in age they ranged from the unbearded youngster, just from a Commercial College, to the old grey headed men. There was evidently a spirit of fun pervading, and jokes, anecdotes, funny sayings and descriptions ran around the party.

In the midst of a roar of laughter, following a Mobile anecdote, the door opened, and a new party appeared in the car. This was a tall young man, evidently a foreigner, and from his furred pelisse and a heavy fur cap, we put him down as a Russian, probably a follower of the Grand Duke going down to join him in New Orleans. An acquaintance kindly explained to him the point of several jokes, and Prince Kutisnosoff, as he was dubbed, entered into the fun. He told a Russian joke in such a mingled jargon of Russian, Greek, French and Yankee, no English in it, that he brought down the house from the very commencement. As he finished his story, he spied what appeared to be a perfume bottle in the hands of the person opposite, and reaching over it was kindly loaned him. He brought it rapidly to his nose and removed the glass stopper. What a look of astonishment he put on when he found about half a pint of water emptied into his open sleeve. The bottom of the bottle had a hole in it, from which the contents could not escape until the stopper was taken out, and then they emptied rapidly. It was one of those neat, practical jokes some persons like to get up. The Prince tossed the stopper and bottle to him from whom he had borrowed it, and with some awful mutterings, shaking the water from his sleeve at the same time, he made his retreat into the near car.

Just then an old grey-headed and bearded traveller, from Mobile, broke in with the following: "I went down to the Police Court, in Richmond, Va., just to see how the thing was conducted. A negro was being tried for throwing stones at the house of an old colored gentleman, breaking windows and cutting up generally. The old man was on the stand, and gave the following testimony: "I was jes settin in the buzzum of my family, arter a day work rollin tobacco down"—"Stop, said the Magistrate, tell about the assault." "Well, as I was a saying, I was jes setting in the buzzum of my family, and thinking no harm to no one, more especially Jim"—"Stop, tell about the assault; confine yourself to that!" "Well, in the buzzum of my family I sot, and dar sot the old ooman, and dar sot my larter in a young feller' lap, what's paying his intentions to her, all in the buzzum of my family, when smash came a rock through the window, right into the buzzum of my family." "Well, go on; was there any other damage?" Damage! "Well, I spec there wer. That feller what was paying intentions to Jane, had his arm round her jes below her wase!" "Go on; what was the damage?" "Well, as he sot there with his arm round Jane, as I told you, the rock came smash through de winder, struck Jane on the side and glanced." "Go on with the story!"—Glanced it did right; gin this young genman's hand."—Here the old man paused and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. The Magistrate got impatient. "Go on," said he; what was the damage?" "Well, de damage was jes dis, dat rock cut three of that genman's fingers off, dey fell on the floor at Jane's feet, which she rolled over and fainted. Dat's de damage."

This story woke up a bald-headed Carolinian, and he came forward with the following:

"Did any of you ever tell a lie in your sleep? Well, I see you have nothing to say, so probably there is no one here to sympathize with me. I told one once. The way of it was this. I was in Goldsboro' during the late difficulty with the North. Trains came pouring in from the West, one after another, until they had landed about four thousand Yankee prisoners, and all the men there to guard them was a small provost guard at somebody's headquarters. The whole town was full of prisoners, lying all over the place. Presently an officer came along, and he had some men with extra arms along with him. He put a musket in my hand, and buckling a cartridge box round me told me to "fall in." I asked him to look at my bald head and see if he thought I was liable to military duty. "Fall in," said he, "if you were a hundred years old I'd make you help guard these prisoners—they'll take the whole town." So I fell in, and was marched up town and put on what he called a "beat." Right in the middle of the "beat" was a small elm tree. I had been strictly charged not to let any prisoners cross my "beat," if I did I should be shot. Well, with that I promenaded—tramp, tramp, tramp, up and back, up and back. About ten o'clock that night that musket weighed about fifty pounds at least—by half-past ten it weighed seventy-five—I was calculating, as I was to come off at eleven, whether I should be able to bear up under one hundred pounds which it would surely weigh by that time; just then I passed the elm tree on the beat and a happy thought struck me—I placed my back against it and rested the musket up the slope of the tree. It was much lighter, and I felt satisfied I should hold till eleven. What happened from then 'till about eleven I don't know, but what I do know is that somebody touched me on the shoulder and said, "hey, mister, how long have you been in the service?" to which I immediately responded, THREE YEARS AND A HALF! and woke up, determined to fight before I would take it back. There before me stood a miserable yankee prisoner with a tin cup in his hand, asking me to let him fill it at a well in the yard twenty feet from my beat. The *truth* was, I had borne arms NOT QUITE TWO HOURS. So you see how I told a lie in my sleep." With many an anecdote of the war from men on both sides, the tedium of travel was relieved, until the cars rolled into Goldsboro', at which point the party separated on the different routes, but left your friend as ever.

"IN TRANSIT."

"The word "state" spelled backward is "etats" in French. It is not safe, however, to learn French simply by going back on your English.

A farmer has no right to pull the ears of his corn, it is unkind.

HARD ON THE PRESIDENT.

William Henry, the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Evening Journal, thus writes of the President. We are prepared lo believe this of Grant or any man who will appoint Billy Henderson and the pious Sinclair to office, knowing as Grant must the infamy of their characters:

I have repeatedly charged *Silenious* Grant with drunkenness, but I have never yet given time or place. I will do so now.

About six weeks ago I saw him (Grant) under the influence of drink at the "Arlington" hotel in this city. I saw him twice in a drunken condition whilst Lieut. General of the Army; the last time he was very drunk, and the time April 15th, 1865, two days only after the death of Abraham Lincoln. On that occasion I was in the private car which brought him from Elizabeth, N. J., where he was at the time of the assassination, to Washington, and he was very much alarmed at the possibility of an assassination of himself, and I heard him so express himself to the officer who arranged for his movement through your city, and saw him in his inebriated condition write a telegraphic order to Gen. Halleck, which he said was of the very utmost importance, and ordered its immediate despatch.

This order would have been in time if it had been delivered verbally on the arrival of the train in Washington. As a specimen of drunken orthography, I annex a copy of that dispatch *verbatim et literatim*.

"HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,

BALTIMORE, April 15, 1865.

Major General Halleck, Washington:

Pleas dirct Gen. Hancock to send a rigiment of infantry to Haver de grace bridg without delay. One company of cavalry should also be sent ther for the present. If you can bring down from the north soonr than it can be got from Hancock, you may direct on from ther to Haver degrass.

Signed, U. S. GRANT, Lt. Genl."

This is a genuine document, and for fear that there should be any question, I send the original to you, to show to *any one* who doubts my statement. Independent of my own statements, I call upon the Hon. "Beastly Formed" Butler for further proof. He has often, in my presence called him a "*drunken sot*;" a "*drunken lout*," and a "*drunken tanner*."

In reference to the charges made against "Beast" himself, I have evidence in black and white against him, besides, Mrs. Eckels, Mrs. Cowen, and the quadroon Lucille (who was a hair-dresser at the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans,) and others whom he has persecuted with lustful designs, are still living, and prepared to give testimony against him. To others I will answer anon.

The Open Polar Sea.

If a writer in the English perodical *Nature* is correct in his views, the open Polar sea, unless discovered soon, will exist no more. Land is said to be rising everywhere between the Pole and the 57th parallel, and the greatest movement is at the Pole itself. Some interesting facts are quoted in support of this theory. Hiny says that Scandinavia is an archapelago, and speaks of bold seamen who had circumnavigated the group of islands. Ptolemy confirms him. Selsius said in the seventeenth century that Norway was rising at the rate of forty inches a year. Sir Charles Lyell endorses the theory. The water-level in the Gulf of of Bothnia falls one foot every fifteen years. Near Gefle there are low pastures where old men remember seeing boats afloat. Near Stockholm, seventy feet above the sea, the remains of shell-fish, identical with the present coast species, are found. At Soduelge, ninety feet above high water, there is a bed of sand which contains some wrecked boats and an old anchor. In the interior of Spitzbergen skeletons of whales have been unearthed forty feet above sea-level. The fishermen say that the land has risen so much that the shallowness of the water has driven away the right whale, which, once abundant, is now rarely seen. On the Pacific the shores around Behring's Straits are low and flat, but a mile or two back there are ranges of bluffs parallel with the coast and containing innumerable shells of literal species. If the theory is true, it offers a curious case of compensation. While the ocean is washing away Great Britain, and France, and Holland, and New England, way to the North the continents are encroaching on the sea. The only pity is that the process cannot be reversed, and Neptune enriched at the expense of the frozen North, and to the gain of the more habitable South.

Important Experiments.

An experimenting Detroit chemist took a piece of thread-bare cotton cloth, smeared it with boiled linseed oil, and placed it in the centre of a chest filled with paper and rags. Although the room was not tight and the weather was cold, there was a smell of fire about the room in eight days. Unpacking it, the experimenter found the rag half charred. In April he made a similar experiment with a pair of printers' overalls, which he rolled up with pine shavings and crowded in next to the roof-boards of the loft. In a week the smell of smoke alarmed a workman in the next room, and the overalls were found to be on fire. And during the hottest weather a handful of old cotton rags, not smeared with oil, became hot enough when hung up in a tin box in the sun to light matches which he had placed among them. These facts show the necessity of caution in putting away rags, especially those that may be saturated with oil, benzine, or other inflammable substance.

California Crops.

The agricultural industry of the State has now received a more important impulse, and all the elements are in motion to make the wheat export of higher money value than even the immense bullion developments of the coast. The crop of wheat now growing is estimated by the most eminent authorities, or those who hold all the threads of accurate information, at a minimum of 500,000 tons surplus; some estimates were even as high as 800,000 tons. That is from thirteen to seventeen million sacks of wheat for export, or a value of from $26,000,000 to $35,000,000.

San Francisco Alta Californian.

Rum-Seller's "Dodge."

While revenue officers were making a seizure in Lowell on Monday one of them happening to let a heavy iron fall into the bung-hole of a molasses hogshead in the cellar, afterwards found that it struck some woody substance inside. There were four hogsheads, and being smashed, one by one, a barrel containing whisky or rum was found in each one. After the barrels of liquor had been placed inside of the hogsheads, the molasses was put in between the two, so that rum or whiskey could be pumped out through the bung-holes, and molasses drawn through the faucet. In smashing the hogsheads the officers got well sweetened. About $250 worth of liquors were taken.

Extravagant Printing Bills.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says:

"The heaviest printing bill on record in this State, the sum and substance of all the printing bills, we find in the Auditor's report for the year 1871. The New Orleans *Republican* has the most formidable bill of all. Its bill for printing for State and parish for the years 1869, 1870, and 1871, is $675,668. Country printers, small Republican organs, also come in for a handsome share of Louisiana tax money. Their bills amount to $465,213. Great organ and little organs, $1,140,881."

It is no wonder that Northern negroes are moving westward. The Washington *Chronicle* tells how a poor negro in Michigan, having the smallpox, was put upon a passing railroad train, and when the conductor found he had no money kicked him off. He was driven from the village where the train left him and wandered into a woodshed and perished miserably. There is a thousand-fold worse, more abhorrently base and meanly selfish spirit evinced in this inhumanity to man than in any violent, sudden outbursts of passion on the part of Southern mobs which have now and then wreaked sudden vengeance for that nameless crime to which negroes are now and then addicted.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

BLACK KU-KLUX.

The majority report of the Ku-Klux Committee, a synopsis of which appeared in our paper of Monday, contains no mention of the best organized, best disciplined, boldest and most blood-thirsty Ku-Klux gang in the South—the Lowrys in North Carolina. Those banditti have, for their numbers, committed more murders, burned more houses, outraged more women, and stolen more property than any other Ku-Klux horde in all the Southern States. The other Ku-Kluxes have suspended operations. We read no more of nocturnal raids in Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama by those spooks on horseback. The committee have had to rake up events that took place months ago in order to find material for that labored campaign document which they call a report. But the Lowry crowd were on the war-path as late as Friday night last, when they perpetrated one of the most audacious crimes that has distinguished their black career. They swooped down on Lumberton, the county seat of Robeson county, North Carolina, at night, broke into carriage factories and stables and helped themselves, and then into the Sheriff's office and one of the principal stores of the place, whence they took two large iron safes, one of which held $22,000 in money and other valuables.—With this loot, and any quantity of smaller game, they started out of the town, and bore off everything in safety except the Sheriff's strong box, which they tumbled off the dray apparently unnoticed.

All Lumberton, and all North Carolina, are wild with excitement over this outrage, but they have been wild on the same subject for two or three years, and neither their frenzy nor the reward, now reaching $35,000, seems to be of any avail against the Lowrys. Now, here is a well-known, unquestioned, present-existing Ku-Klux-Klan—not ghosts, not myths, but villians of flesh and blood, as much a matter of fact and history as the State of North Carolina herself. We can understand why so powerful and desperate an organization is difficult to suppress. But why—ah why!—do the Ku-Klux Committee omit all references to it in their report? We leave the committee to explain that the best way they can. But with most knowing readers it may suffice us to observe that these are *black Ku-Kluxes*. The Lowrys and their followers are negoes and mulattoes. They are persecuting the whites on account of their color, and committing, with horrible exaggerations, every variety of atrocity which any white klan in any part of the South has inflicted on the blacks. In all respects they are of the Ku-Klux order, only that the color is reversed, and it is the whites who are robbed, tortured and killed. To have pretended to investigate Ku-Klux affairs, and to have excluded all allusions to this most notorious of gangs—the only one now really flourishing—has put the committee in the awkward position of seeming to extenuate the Lowry murders, rapes, burnings and depredations. Not that the committee mean to do this, but such is the actual effect of the omission or oversight. About election time, as we all know, is the season for tricks and devices to make political capital, and, therefore, the appearance of the Ku-Klux majority report is the most natural thing in the world, and the non-mention of the Lowry negoes precisely what might have been expected.

From the Baltimore Gazette.

The Record of Radical Rascality.

As the Republican leaders have, for years, been in the habit of claiming for their party the popular confidence, not only on the ground of its immaculate loyalty, but also because of its superior morality and official integrity, it may not be amiss, at this time, to take a glance at its record.—That record must necessarily be very imperfect, because much has been covered up which may never now see the light, and what is really known falls far short of what has been stated on the floor of Congress, and on the authority of the Civil Service Commissioners, and of Special Commissioner Wells. These gentlemen have affirmed, and their statement has been corroborated by members of Congress, that, of the gross amount of Revenue collected annually, at least one-fourth fails to reach the Treasury. If this be true, the yearly loss to the Treasury from this source alone is more than a hundred million of dollars. Throwing aside, however, all cases in which the statements, though worthy of credence, are generalized and vague, and taking no account of the moneys paid by the lobby to members of both Houses of Congress, or of the profits derived by some of the latter from Indian Contracts and Land Grants, and coming down simply to the record of Republican morality, as published from day to day in the columns of newspapers, the exhibit is startling.

Taking, first of all, the Republican record in the Southern States, we find that the debts of those States have been increased by waste, extravagance and downright fraud, over two hundred millions of dollars, and that there is scarcely a Republican Governor in that section of the Union who has not been guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors. Bullock, of Georgia, and Holden, of North Carolina, are both of them fugitives from justice. Scott, of South Carolina, has just escaped impeachment by a trick. Reed, of Florida, is now under impeachment. Davis, of Texas, is under indictment in the Circuit Court of the United States for tampering with the election returns, Clayton, of Arkansas, now the Senator from that State, has been convicted before a committee of Congress of bargain and corruption, and Warmouth, of Louisiana, is accused of similar practices by the opposition wing of the Republican party in that State.

The doings of Casey, the Collector of Customs at New Orleans, and the brother-in-law of General Grant, are well-known. So are the charges of fraud in war contracts, and of bribery and corruption in manipulating the Syracuse Convention that have been preferred against Murphy, but recently Collector of Customs at New York. The monopoly of the general order business in the same city, by Leet and Stocking, the extortions they practiced, the profits they made, and their intimate relations with Gen. Grant, and his military secretaries, have also just been made public through the reports of the Senate Investigating Committee. The preamble and resolution of Mr. Sumner in relation to the sale of ordinance stores to France, the agency of Federal officials in the manufacture of cartridges by the United States Government for the arms so sold, and the discrepancy of four millions of dollars between the amount paid by the French Government and the amount paid into the United States Treasury, have been made the subject of discussion in the Senate for the past two days.

Coming down now to individual cases, a mere act of memory recalls the names of Blatchford, of the New York Custom House, a defaulter for nearly a million of dollars; Hodge, a paymaster at Washington, for an amount ranging from four hundred thousand to a million; Johnson and Marden, defaulters in the Treasury Department; two defaulters in the General Post Office Department, both of whom were alleged to be insane; a defaulter in the New York Post Office, whose "irregularities" amounted to about a hundred thousand dollars; the case of Roderick Random Butler, who was tried on the charge of forging pension papers, and the recent case of Stokes, of Tennessee, who has been convicted of defrauding the Treasury of a large sum of money on spurious war claims. To these the New York *Journal of Commerce*, of yesterday, adds the following:

"Treasurer Blakely, of Santa Cruz county, California, who claimed to have been robbed of county funds by masked men, has been held to trial for robbing the county himself. Marshall Laws, accused of stealing money from letters in the Boston Post Office, has given bail of $10,000 to answer in March. C. W. White, deputy postmaster at Barnesville, Va., has been arrested for robbing mails. James M. Blackburn, clerk of the United States Circuit and District Courts at Covington, is in custody on the charge of misappropriating $12,000 of the government funds, and not being able to raise $20,000 bonds, has been thrown into jail. James Biggs, late United States deputy marshal at Covington, is held to answer for a $3,000 deficit in his accounts. Mercer, the Philadelphia country treasurer, and his accomplice, Yerkes, a broker, have been sentenced to prison and heavily fined."

It would not be difficult to greatly extend this list, by a careful examination of the back files of the *Gazette*, or, indeed, of any prominent daily newspaper. But enough is given to show how little claim the Republican party has to the morality and official honesty of which it is accustomed to boast, in view of the investigations to which the ruling spirit in Congress have reluctantly submitted, and of facts that are a matter of public notoriety.

From the Raleigh Sentinel.

"Rev." G. W. Welker, ex-Senator from Guilford.

This old Pharisee has made his appearance in this city instead of Pennsylvania, where he was called, it is reported, to expound the gospel. He is a great favorite of Gov. Caldwell, and is called by some, the Governor's spiritual adviser. The Governor certainly confides in him in temporal, if not in spiritual matters. He is the Governor's State proxy for the North Carolina Railroad. He is one of the Governor's new appointees on the Penitentiary Board of Directors.

Gov. Caldwell was never known to utter a word of condemnation of the corruptions and roberies of his party. We know nothing to recommend to the favor of the Governor this "holy and unrighteous" old man, save what appears on page 241 of the Report of the Fraud Commission:

The deposition of R. W. Pulliam:

* * * * * * *

Q. State whether or not any money, or anything of value, passed from Gen. Littlefield or Geo. W. Swepson, to any member of the then Legislature or any other officer of the State, either directly or indirectly?

A. After the appointment of the directors on the part of the State for the N. C. Railroad Company, and a few days before the general meeting of the stockholders of that road in the summer of 1869, Gen. Littlefield purchased of me twenty shares of the stock of said railroad company and directed me to have them transferred to Mr. Welker, Senator from Guilford and Alamance counties, and who had just before been appointed one of the directors on the part of the State in said company. I did so and sent Mr. Welker the certificate for the stock, and he acknowledged the receipt of it. Gen. Littlefield paid me $500 for the 20 shares. I know of no other instance of any member of the Legislature or any officer of the State receiving any money or anything of value from Gen. Littlefield or Geo. W. Swepson. I know that Geo. W. Swepson had frequent private interviews with various members of the Legislature in a room which he occupied in the Raleigh National Bank, at which interviews Littlefield was occasionally present. What occurred in these interviews I do not know. * * *

The North Carolina Senatorship—Adverse Report to Abbott.

There is considerable interest manifested in the case of ex-Senator Abbott, of North Carolina, who claims the seat in the Senate to which ex-Governor Vance was elected, but pronounced ineligible. The committee have acted adversely upon Abbott's claim, but to-morrow Senator Carpenter will present a strong minority report, signed by himself and Senator Rice, declaring Abbott entitled to the seat, and will ask for its consideration early next week. It is claimed that a large number of the Senators will sustain that report. In the committee there was about an equal division of sentiment before Morton changed base, and it was thought a favorable report would be made, but Anthony not voting at all, and Morton voting against him, the majority report was adverse to Abbott. When the matter comes up for final consideration an interesting discussion will take place, as it is known that the Senators are about equally divided upon the question. A number of prominent Republicans from North Carolina arrived here this evening to further the interests of Abbott. They claim that unless he gets the seat that State will be lost to Grant in the coming fall election.—*Washington Dispatch to N. Y. Herald.*

The Warbington *Chronicle*, in commenting on Forney's letter of resignation, says that the President ought not to make all the concesssions, although "good relations between Grant and Fenton, Grant and Sumner, and Grant and Greeley are very desirable." Grant has hitherto monopolized the "relations" himself.

The reported capture in Cuba of Dr. Loaces and Agramente, adjutant general of the revolutionists, by Spanish troops, is untrue. They were wounded slightly, but escaped with their companions.

The Board of Aldermen of Cincinnati have passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of reserved seats after the doors have been opened for an entertainment.

The paper carriers in Norfolk we see are all majors. They are colonels in Richmond—some even rank as generals.

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