THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL

J. A. ENGELHARD, Editor and Prop.

TO WHOM ALL LETTERS ON BUSINESS MUST BE ADDRESSED.

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Wilmington Journal.

WILMINGTON, N. C.:

FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1872.

Mr. Separk's Address.

We call attention to the address of JOSEPH H. SEPARK, Esq., Conservative candidate for Superintendent of Public Works, to the Mechanics of North Carolina. We have rarely, if ever, seen a political or other paper better, either in matter, form or taste. Mr. SEPARK's shops and the work there turned out show that he is a thorough practical Mechanic; his address shows that he wields the pen of a vigorous as well as a ready writer, and his recent speech in Raleigh showed that he is an effective and eloquent speaker. We congratulate the State and the Mechanics that they have so able a representative upon the State ticket.

We have the promise of Mr. SEPARK to speak in Wilmington during the canvass, if possible. We trust nothing will arise to prevent his coming.

Mr. Justice Cantwell.

A wise fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, a house-holder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Mecklenburg; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him.—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

This learned legal luminary, who writes himself "Chief Judicial officer" of the city, has given to the Board of Aldermen his views upon the recent act of the Legislature, entitled "an act to give the Chief Officers of cities and towns the criminal jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace." The question at issue is an important one to the citizens of Wilmington, as well as to Justice Cantwell, for the reason that the act referred to makes it the duty of Mayor Wilson to perform the services that Mr. Cantwell is now paid to perform. The letter consists of a denial of the constitutionality of the first section, a statement of "the effect of the second section" of the act, and a P. S. Our "Chief Judicial Officer" declares that the first section of the act is plainly unconstitutional. The Supreme Court of North Carolina think and say differently, and in a matter of this sort have the very substantial advantage of having "the last swear" in the case, so that without pretending to say which may have the better of the argument, it may be safely asserted that the Supreme Court has the better of the decision.

In discussing "the effect of the second section" our Justice takes occasion to "congratulate the Board upon the adjournment and legal demise of the late General Assembly," and to state that being specially "odious" to the dominant party in that body, it had been determined to "shell him" out of office, but that, with the assistance of the Board of Aldermen, he had been enabled to hold his position. In regard to this we have only to say that, if the legal demise of the General Assembly or the odiousness, special or general, of Justice Cantwell, or his ability, with or without the assistance of the Aldermen, to hold his office, be in any sense "the effect of the second section" of the act referred to, we consider it clearly a case of remote or "indirect damages," to which a parallel can be found only in the Alabama Claims case and accompanying documents. It may, however, be well enough, in addition to this, to intimate that some people concur in the inference, to be drawn from his declaration, that our "Chief Judicial Officer" holds and has held his office rather by the grace and good-will of the Board of Aldermen, than by any constitutional right or legal investiture.

But, like a woman's letter, the best part of the Justice's opinion is contained in the P. S., in which he makes mention of the case of the *State vs. Pender.*

The case of the *State vs. David Pender* went up to the Supreme Court from the county of Edgecombe. Judge RODMAN, in delivering the opinion of the Court, used the following words:

"The magistrate who issued the process under which the supposed offender in this case was arrested, is the chief officer of the town of Tarboro, and his official title is Magistrate of Police. The question, therefore is, whether the powers granted to the Chief officers of the towns by the acts of 1868-'69, ch. 178 can be supported as an exercise of the Legislative power to create Special Courts for the trial of misdemeanors in cities and towns. *It can be no objection to the act in question that* (see Justice Cantwell's P. S.) it does not authorize these officers to try persons charged with misdemeanors, but only to arrest them and bind them over to the Superior Court. If the Legislature has not granted in full the power *which it has a right to grant*, that is no reason why their grant of a part of it shall fail.

* * * * * * *

We have thus reviewed every suggestion which has been made and every argument which has occurred to us against the act of 1868-'69 as a valid excuse of the Legislative power, and we have been unable to find any valid reason why that act should not be sustained. *We think the Legislature had the power to grant to the chief officers of cities and towns all the jurisdiction which they could grant to Judges of Special Courts. At present it has done so partially only. Whether it will hereafter increase their jurisdiction is for it alone.*

By the act of 1871-72, entitled an act to give the chief officers of cities and towns the criminal jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace, the Legislature simply "increased the jurisdiction" of the chief officers of cities and towns, so that in the language of the act "they shall have power to hear, try and determine, in the manner prescribed in this chapter, criminal actions for the offenses hereinafter enumerated, committed under the circumstances stated," as the Supreme court have so plainly declared the Legislature has full power to do.

And yet, with the book before him, Justice Cantwell has the hardihood to claim this case as an authority in his favor in the following unprecedented manner:

P. S.—Since writing the above my attention has been called to *State vs. Pender*, 68 N. C. R.—That case decides this only, viz: that the Legislature may authorize the Mayor to arrest offenders; but it also decides that he cannot try and adjudge a misdemeanor. "It does not authorize these officers to try persons charged with misdemeanors, but only to arrest them and bind them over to the Superior Court," page 316.

This mode of quotation and argument of our "Chief Judicial Officer" is equalled only by that of the zealous preacher who inveighed with so much unction against fashionable female head-gear from the text of "top-not come down." The full text of the case of the *State vs. Pender* does not suit Justice Cantwell's purpose any more than the full text of the verse in Matthew, "Let him which is upon the house top not come down to take anything out of his house suited the preacher's. But we forbear any comment upon the Justice, "a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer; and one that knows the law," in his last gaze upon the dissolving view of the "office of Chief Judicial Officer of the City of Wilmington."

Scene.—Enter Mayor Wilson (*with officer bearing before him, upon a silver salver, the* REPORT OF THE CASE OF STATE VS. PENDER.) Exit Justice Cantwell, "Chief Judicial, &c.," *with assistance and support of Board of Aldermen.*" Vale! Vale!! Longum Vale!!!

The Cotton Crop in North and South Carolina.

We are prepared now to speak of the prospect for the cotton crop in the States of North and South Carolina. For several weeks past, we have been gathering from our correspondents information as to the extent of land planted, the stand of the plants, and its promise. The result can be stated in very few words. The acreage put in cotton has been slightly increased over last year, probably to the amount of ten per cent. We feel sure it will not reach as high as twelve per cent.

Cotton, which was planted early in South Carolina, and which had appeared before the drought of about three weeks, has grown off finely and presents a good appearance. That which was planted about the time the drought set in did not come up until after the next rains, say four weeks behind time, but it has come up very well, and but for the unusually cold nights would have been only the four weeks behind, but these have put it back, or rather retarded its growth, and it is from four to six weeks behind time now. Though so very late and so very small it looks well, and is about "brought to a stand."

In some sections in North Carolina the crop was retarded by drought in the same way as in North Carolina; it came up with the first rains, and before it could be "chopped out," the continued rains have made it very grassy, so that in some cases it was abandoned, but the most has now been cleaned and presents a fine appearance, growing off nicely. The same cold nights have prevailed in the latter State, and some of the cotton has turned yellow in consequence, but the proportion is very small. As it takes one hundred and twenty days to make a cotton crop, our readers can form an idea of the time when the present planting will mature. Putting the average planting time at the first of May, the crop which came up in due season will be ready for picking about the first of September; but at least two-thirds of the crop came up as it planted, say the twenty-eighth of May, and this cannot mature before the twenty-eighth of September: so that we cannot reasonably expect that cotton will be offering on the market—to any extent—before from the twenty-eighth to last of September. Some planters put it much later, say tenth to twentieth of October, but we give our own opinion from average statements.

There are many elements which enter into and control or modify the production of cotton, and which may entirely change the prospect within a short time. This much we can say, that if June should prove dry and hot to the end of the month, the crop will be a very promising one.

The manures used, so far, have had little effect, but the crop begins to feel them now, and they will fully develop their usefulness before the first of July.

THE JOURNAL has tried in all cases to give such information as will be reliable, and, so far, has made but few mistakes. It will be remembered by our readers that last Fall we gave our own estimates of the extent of the cotton crop in the United States, having the misfortune, (as some thought) at that time, to differ from the Agricultural Bureau at Washington City about 300,000 bales. The result has proved that the JOURNAL figures were right, almost to a bale. Our readers may rest assured no effort will be spared to give them *reliable* information about the crops. We have not time to speak now of grain and other crops. Unfortunately, as we think, too little grain is planted. This will command our attention at another time.

Senator Ransom and Governor Vance.

We publish elsewhere the official proceedings in the United States Senate upon the bill removing the political disabilities of ex-Governor VANCE. The course of the debate and the result are extremely complimentary to the distinguished Senator who championed the bill, and the no less distinguished gentleman for whose benefit it was introduced.

Columbus County.

We are authorized to announce that the Conservative Convention of Columbus county will meet at Whiteville on the 6th of July, to nominate county candidates.

Our information from Columbus, like that from Robeson, makes it certain that the bolting of Dr. Norment will have no effect, except to insure him the Radical vote, to which his course richly entitles him. Even the Lowreys will forget his greedy thirst for their blood in his new-born zeal for their party.

Still Crushing the Rebellion.

On the day of the nomination at Philadelphia Mrs. Grant received the following dispatch:

Mrs. President Grant:—My warmest congratulations on the General's enthusiastic nomination for a second term. May God bless him, and preserve his valuable life till every vestige of rebellion is crushed out. GEORGE H. STEWART.

WE respectfully direct attention to the obituary notice upon the death of Mr. John B. Mackey, in this issue. This promising young gentleman died at the residence of Mr. John H. Clark, Brown Marsh, Bladen county, whither he had gone to recover his health. He was a native of Londonderry, Ireland, but came to our city within the past year and was for many months engaged in business here with a Market street firm. By his pleasing address, ready intelligence and engaging manners, he attracted a large circle of friends, who deplore his untimely end.

LOCAL.

THE Steamer *Gov. Worth* has been chartered by Messrs. Turlington & Green, for an excursion to Smithville on the Fourth of July.

The indications are that it will be a very pleasant affair.

WILMINGTON, CHARLOTTE & RUTHERFORD RAILROAD.—We are pleased to hear of the largely increased business of this road. Col. Fremont, the General Superintendent, has recently placed upon the road two additional freight trains, making not only a daily freight train each way between Wilmington and Lilesville, but two special trains employed in hauling ton timber. This latter business has very largely increased, and is still increasing. The prospect for a large business in naval stores is very good. The Superintendent is fully alive to the wants of his road, and is determined to offer every facility possible for the fullest development of the business of the country through which this road passes.

We learn that two new first class locomotives are expected here in a few days for this road, and all the available force is busy in getting out new freight cars.

The receipts for the month of May were $10,000 larger than those for May, 1871.—While the company is unable to push the work of construction on very rapidly, it is using all its available means to get ready for the track from Lilesville to Wadesboro. The company is now running a double daily train over its road both ways, besides the extra timber trains. Passenger trains carry from one to eight car loads of freight daily, Sundays excepted.

THE VERY LATEST FROM SCUFFLETOWN.—A friend at Lumberton writes us as follows:

Mrs. H. B. Lowrey was here yesterday, making application for aid in supporting the children of her deceased husband. Let the *scene* be added to those already incorperated in the "play" to be enacted in your Theatre.

SCENE, SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sheriff Seated at Desk.
Clerk Superior Court in Chair.
Editor *Robesonian* standing with note book and pencil in hand.

Enter Rhody accompanied by a white scallawag—the latter dead drunk. Rhody seats herself near the Sheriff's desk—white scalawag stumbles into a chair beside her—very close, and leaning affectionately towards her, says: "Now Rhody, tell your story." Rhody tells about her 3 little children—left destitute—under ban of society—no means of subsistence—can get no work, &c.,&c. Drunken scallawag rises to plead her cause—stumbles about the room—talks incoherently—winks at Rhody occasionally, and pats her affectionately on the shoulder. Sheriff can't see it, but says but little. Refers Rhody to County Commissioners. Finally drunken scallawag retires and invites Rhody to follow. They have a confidential conversation in the passage and finally leave the Court House.

The train is waiting.

Truly, M.

THE TORNADO IN OHIO.

Astounding Details—The Storm Descends to the Earth, takes up Timbers and Other Things and Carries Them Off—Loss of Life, Limb, and Property.

CINCINNATI, June 11.—Later particulars from the scene of the tornado, which visited Quincy and DeGraff, in Logan county, on Saturday evening, show that it was more terrible and destructive than first reports indicated. A sultry day was followed by the appearance of a cloud in the west at 5 o'clock in the evening, which gathered blackness and size with fearful rapidity. A heavy wind set in, and at 5:30 o'clock the whirlwind struck the earth five miles from Quincy, moving northwestwardly.

The destroyer was hardly more than five minutes in reaching Quincy, through which it passed, making a clean sweep of houses, trees, and fences along its path, which fortunately was comparatively narrow. In this village fifty or sixty dwellings and stores and two churches, and as many more shops, stables, and out-buildings, were unroofed, or rocked upon their foundations, or demolished. The air was literally filled with flying weather-boards, furniture, laths, and plaster. A parlor stove was caught up by the wind and hurled through the air, and falling upon a woman, crushed her so that she died. The Baptist and Methodist Episcopal churches were completely destroyed.

The tornado on its way to DeGraff struck Bogg's flouring mill, five stories high, containing three thousand bushels of grain, moving the building nine inches upon its foundation, and carrying away a portion of the fifth story. It ploughed its way through DeGraff, scattering destruction in its path, but hurting fewer persons and injuring a less number of buildings. After leaving DeGraff it passed several settlements, and finally rose from the earth, and was seen for miles, carrying in its funnel-shaped form timber, rails, and *debris* which it had gathered in its destructive march. The papers this morning give the names of thirty-nine persons injured in Quincey and eleven in DeGraff, not comprising all the injured in the former village. Mrs. Rall, reported to have been killed in DeGraff, is yet living. Two of her children were killed. Mrs. Glick, in Quincy, has since died of her wounds.

In order to get the streets cleaned, a Little Rock paper prints this pleasant paragraph: "We have laid in an elegant assortment of first class obituaries, from which we shall select, with pleasure, fitting ones for each of the Aldermen, when he dies from the cholera or other disease superinduced by the filthy condition of our streets and alleys."

The Salt Lake Democrats will probably send Greeley delegates to the Baltimore Convention.

A Western editor placed over "Marriages" a cut representing a large trap sprung, with this motto: "The trap down—anotherninnyhammer caught."

From the Washington Patriot.

CONGRESS ADJOURNED

EXCITING SCENES IN THE HOUSE.

Judge Kelley's Arraignment of His Party.

The Conference Report on the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill Finally Agreed to.

The closing hours of a session of Congress are always attended with more or less excitement, especially in the House of Representatives, and yesterday was no exception to the rule.

When the House met at eight o'clock the forces were marshalled on both sides ready for a bitter fray. The Democrats felt indignant at what, they contended, was the bad faith of the conference committee on the omnibus appropriation bill, in reporting back the enforcement act after the implied agreement of Saturday night, the circumstances of which were detailed at length in the columns of the *Patriot* yesterday. On the Republican side some members made feeble attempts to excuse the conduct of Mr. Garfield and his Radical associates on the committee, while others had the temerity to assert that no agreement was entered into, or even implied or understood. They could not help but know better. Mr. Garfield even, when accused of a violation of the agreement, pretended that he was ignorant of it; but this pretence only excited disgust among the fair-minded of his Republican associates.

As soon as the conference report was made, therefore, the Democrats determined to defeat the bill by delay, and again resorted to dilatory motions. The yeas and nays were ordered on several questions, when Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, offered a proposition which induced the Democrats to withdraw all pending motions.

KELLEY'S ARRAIGNMENT OF HIS PARTY.

Mr. Kelley then moved to recommit the bill to the committee on conference, and in support of his motion made one of the boldest and most remarkable speeches ever made in the House of Representatives. It was a speech such as few men would have had the courage to make, for it was a deliberate arraignment, not of the Opposition, but of his own party, accusing them of the most perfidious conduct. He told them in plain and unmistakable language that when he was a judge on the bench, he had a score of times sentenced men to the penitentiary for doing less than his Radical friends on the conference committee on the omnibus appropriation bill had done. The explosion of a bombshell could not have had a more startling effect than this speech, uttered from boasted Radical lips, and falling directly into the midst of the Radical ranks. The House is not often as quiet as it was on this occasion. From all quarters the members came pouring down to the vicinity of where Mr. Kelley was standing, the Democrats looking with unfeigned surprise upon the scathing exposure of Radical breach of faith coming from a quarter so very unexpected; while the Republican leaders were no less amazed, and revolved in their minds how they could best and most efficiently parry this attack. Mr. Garfield, in his reply, did not undertake to deny

THE IMPLIED AGREEMENT OF SATURDAY NIGHT

that the obnoxious amendment was to be withdrawn. He simply gave a history of the legislation, and beat all about the question without once coming to a denial of the fact that he had left upon the Democrats an impression that he was opposed to the amendment of which they complained.

MR. BINGHAM'S UNPARLIAMENTARY LANGUAGE.

Mr. Bingham followed, commencing with an argument on the constitutionality of the question, but he soon branched off into abuse, and declared that the resistance to the amendment was the inauguration of a treason as disreputable, as dishonorable, and as damning as that treason which, twelve years ago, was inaugurated by the bayonet. Here there was an outburst of indignation on the Democratic side. A dozen members were on their feet at once. Mr. Morgan shouted at the top of his voice that Mr. Bingham's statement was "a lie," and that he would not allow any man to make such a charge against him or his colleagues. Other members tried to make points of order, and above the

DIN OF A SCORE OF VOICES

calling order, and all speaking at once, rose the sonad of the Speaker's gavel as it was brought vigorously down upon the desk.—The scene was one of the wildest and most exciting that has been witnessed in the House for years. After awhile order was restored, and the offensive remarks were read at the Clerk's desk. While the Speaker ruled that Mr. Bingham was entitled to proceed without interruption, he also ruled thas Mr. Bingham's language had transcended the rules of parliamentary law and decorum. He was, however, allowed to proceed in order.

RADICAL TACTICS.

Mr. Kelley's motion was then agreed to, although Messrs. Butler, Perce, and others of the very Radical stripe, threw all possible impediments in its way. Their object was to defeat the bill in order that they might have an extra session of Congress.

MR. PLATT'S GROSS IGNORANCE.

For the same reason they immediately afterwards opposed Mr. Kelley's motion for an extension of the session until 6 o'clock p. m. Mr. Platt, of Virginia, was one of the most active in this movement, and a call for the yeas and nays by him having been decided against him, he accused the Chair of partiality. The Speaker replied that Mr. Platt was either grossly ignorant of the rules of the House, or grossly disrespectful to the Chair. The Speaker had only decided that a sufficient number had not called for the yeas and nays, and the youngest member of the House knew that one-fifth was always required for that. At a later stage of the proceedings Mr. Platt wanted to make a statement, but Messrs. Dawes and Banks both objected, as he had been guilty of disrespect to the Chair, whereupon the Speaker said he excused the gentleman

ON ACCOUNT OF HIS GROSS IGNORANCE.

Subsequently, when a vote by tellers justified the speaker's decision, he expressed regret that he had spoken harshly to Mr. Platt; but he said it was the first time that he had ever been accused of partiality.

MRS. DR. WALKER CREATES ANOTHER SENSATION.

After the appropriation bill had been recommitted, and the time of adjournment had been extended, the House took a recess from half-past twelve until half-past two. A number of members remained in the hall, and a number of visitors were also on the floor, when Mrs. Dr. Walker, arrayed in all the glory of a Dolly Varden short coat and pants, entered the hall, and ascending the steps to the Clerk's desk, assumed a position near Mr. James W. Clayton, and proceeded to harangue those present on the subject of the bill making appropriation for nurses who served during the war. As she could scarcely see over the top of the reading Clerk's desk, she mounted a chair, and throwing off her hat, commenced a speech in earnest. An officer of the House informed her that she could not make a speech there, when she ascended to the Speaker's chair, whence she was finally dislodged by order of Mr. Buxton, the Doorkeeper, and marched out of the hall, all the while protesting that her ejection was an insult which would be resented by

ALL THE WOMEN OF THE LAND,

who had sent her there to plead their cause. Mrs. Walker stated that she had the permission of some of the members to make a ten-minute speech, and she could not understand how the doorkeepers could exclude her when she supposed that the Congressmen controlled the House. The incident created no little amusement for those who witnessed it.

THE CONFERENCE REPORT FINALLY AGREED TO.

At half-past two o'clock the House was again called to order, and the committee of conference reported that they had been unable to agree. The bill was ordered to another conference, with the same conferees, and at about five o'clock they agreed to a report by modifying the enforcement act amendment to such an extent as to make it the mere skeleton of what it was when originally put in the bill in the Senate. The Democratic conferees declined to sign the report; but at the same time agreed that they would make no further factious opposition. This proposition was generally accepted by the Democrats of both the Senate and House, although about 24 in the latter branch were disposed to keep up the fight. Messrs. Beck, Kerr, Niblack, Brooks, and other Democratic leaders deemed it best, however, as the amendment had been shorn of its worst features, to content themselves with recording their votes against it rather than to keep up the fight. If the Republican majority chose to adopt the principle of Federal interference in elections, upon them would rest the responsibility. The report was therefore adopted by a strict party vote.

ADJOURNMENT SINE DIE.

The session had in the meantime been further extended until 9 o'clock, and the time had to be occupied in some way or other; and as there were a dozen schemes in readiness to take money from the Treasury, it was deemed safest to take a recess until a quarter past eight o'clock.

Upon reassembling a few bills were passed; provision was made for retaining House employes on the rolls during the recess; the usual thanks were voted to the Speaker, and at nine o'clock, amid the applause of crowded galleries, the House adjourned until December next.

BAD CROP PROSPECT.—In some parts of the Valley of Virginia the crop prospect is terrible, especially in Clarke county. A letter of the 5th, from White Post, says:

"The wheat crop is a failure, and from the present lookout corn won't answer to its name when called for, although it is too soon to speculate on that yield yet. The cut worm takes it down as fast as it comes up, and many farmers have harrowed out and replanted entirely. The like of the worms has never been seen before."

Another letter from Millwood, Clarke county, tells a similar story.

We have employed all the machinery at the disposal of a metropolitan newspaper to gather confidentially the opinions of local leaders in different States. We have sent our most trusted correspondents upon journeys of hundreds of miles for the same purpose.

It is not to be denied—at least we should scorn to deny it—that they bring us back report among many who scout Greeley's endorsement at Baltimore, and of some here and there who favor it as the only hope of the country. For it is not reasonable to expect of even the best and most faithful local leaders a knowledge or survey of the whole ground needful to be viewed before a judgment is formed. Nor has any Democrat whom we have consulted, or whose opinions we have ascertained, advised a bolt from the Baltimore nomination, though it be Greeley—a bolt, we mean, in the sense of a new convention and nomination. All see that such a bolt in such a case would merely transfer from the Convention's shoulders to their own the odious repute of dicting Grant.—*N. Y. World, June 5th.*

For the Journal.

Senatorial Convention in Bladen and Brunswick.

Delegates from 14th Senatorial District, comprising the counties of Brunswick and Bladen, assembled at Black Rock this 15th June, A. D., 1872, for the purpose of selecting a candidate to represent them in the next Senate of North Carolina.

Convention was organized by calling Salter Lloyd, Esq., to the Chair, and Col. Dillard Lucas and Rufus Galloway, Esq., Secretaries. The Chairman explained the object of assemblage in a few appropriate words.

Mr. Robert Lyon, of Bladen, nominated Col. John D. Taylor, of Brunswick. Col. Taylor respectfully asked that his name be withdrawn. Mr. J. Winning Russ, moved that Col. Taylor be nominated by acclamation. Whereupon the Convention vociferously nominated him. Col. Taylor stated that it was not affectation on his part, that he was in no condition to enter the political arena, and would only accept on condition that he was only to partially canvass the district. Mr. D. S. Cowan urged upon the Convention the unfairness and injustness of forcing Colonel Taylor into the canvass, and in view of the great sacrifice Mr. Taylor would be called upon to make in becoming a candidate, therefore moved to reconsider. Question was put, and the nomination reconsidered, whereupon one of the Bladen delegates stepped forward and said that Bladen county demanded Col. Taylor's services, and that he nominated him, and moved that he be nominated by acclamation—Col. Taylor arose and said that he saw no other course left for him but to accept. He thanked the Convention for the exceedingly flattering manner in which they had nominated him, and said that in going into this fight he wished it distinctly understood that he was going in to win, and urged upon every delegate present, the importance of work. He begged each one to consider himself a candidate and work for him—Col. T.—as if he were working for himself.

No other business, the Convention adjourned.

S. LLOYD, Chairman.
DILLARD LUCAS, } Secretaries.
RUFUS GALLOWAY, }

A Gigantic Railway Car.

Among the mechanical novelties to be seen in operation at the Grand Central Depot in this city, is a steam railway car seventy feet wide, which travels on a track of corresponding width. This great vehicle is made in the form of a few platform car, and the track on which it runs is provided with four rails, extending from Fourth avenue to Madison avenue. The car is used for the lateral transfer of passenger cars from the main tracks of the Hudson River, Harlem, and New Haven railways to the various side tracks, thus avoiding the use of turntables. The car is propelled by steam, the engine and boiler being contained within a sheet-iron house carried on one side of the machine.

The cars to be transferred are run upon the great car; steam is then turned on, and the huge machine trots off with its burden with as much ease as a horse draws a buggy. The new line is supplied on eight wheels, arranged independent axles. There are in all four driving wheels arranged upon one axle. It was proposed not long ago to construct a grain railway from New York to Chicago on a gauge of twelve feet. That was considered a big thing in the way of broad gauges. But it is a pigmy compared with this seventy-foot gauge railway and locomotive of the Grand Central.—*N. Y. Scientific American.*

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

BY JUDGE ARRINGTON.

The city of Vicksburg, Mississippi has always been remarkable, even before the recent war gave her a profound national interest. Many years ago she supplied the class of writers who furnish the substratum for most of the circulating libraries with plots dark and dreadful enough to satisfy even the present craving for sensation. The place had been noted from its earliest settlement for the belligerent character of its inhabitants and the number and atrocity of the violent deeds which stained its streets with the blood of human hearts.

It is not our purpose, however, to sketch any of these more celebrated brute battles, but merely to select, for the sake of its mournful moral alone, a solitary tragedy which was briefly chronicled by the press of the day, and which then faded from the recollection of all, save one from whom the writer received the story in its particularity. She, of course, could never forget. To the latest hour of her existence the wife of the murdered hero wept at the reminiscence.

In the year 1827, a young lawyer, John Thomas, emigrated from Worcester, in Massachusetts, to the state of Mississippi.

He was poor, had recently married a beautiful, accomplished woman, who had renounced wealthy parents for his sake, and hence was anxious to better his fortune in as little time as possible. This consideration determined the legal adventurer to locate at Vicksburg, then considered through the West as the paradise of the bar.

In a very short time the new lawyer had ample reasons to congratulate himself on the choice of his position. His bland demeanor, studious habits, and more than all, his eloquence in debate, won him patronage, and he rose, almost at a single bound, to the first place in his profession. He was employed in all the land suits, and in the most of the still more numerous and equally lucrative cases of homicide, so that in the period of two years after his advent he had cleared the round sum of thirty thousand dollars. Let no sceptical disciple of Lord Coke deem this statement incredible. S. S. Prentiss realized, cash in hand, forty thousand dollars by his opening speech in Vicksburg.

During his career thus far young Thomas was remarkable in one respect. He never went armed, and although in the fierce and fiery altercations of the forum he necessarily made some enemies, no attack had hitherto been ventured on his person. The athleticism of his noble form, and the look of invincible determination in his keen blue eyes had doubtless warned the desperadoes that the Yankee orator, as he was generally termed, could hit as hard blows in the courtyard as he did in the court itself. However this may be, two years elapsed, years too of eminent success, before the peaceable attorney was even insulted. Alas! this halcyon period was doomed to a change alike sudden and terrible.

There resided at that time in the town a notorious duelist by the name of Johnson, whose matchless prowess inspired universal fear. He had slain half a dozen foes on the public field of honor, and as many in private and irregular encounters. All the members of the blood club spoke of Mike Johnson's feats with rapturous enthusiasm. But all good men, all lovers of peace, when the brave wretch passed, turned pale, and were silent.

At the May term of the District Court, 1829, the grand jury, mustering extraordinary courage, returned a true bill against Johnson for the murder of William Lee, an inoffensive youth whom he had shot down in a drunken frolic, under circumstances of peculiar aggravation. Thomas was retained by a friend of the deceased to aid in the prosecution, and notwithstanding the earnest advice of his well wishers to the contrary, appeared on the trial of the cause, one of the most exciting ever argued at the bar of Vicksburg. On the last evening of the session after adjournment, Thomas rushed into the presence of his wife, with looks of such evident agitation as to fill her soul with overpowering alarm.

"My love, tell me, in the name of heaven what has happened?" she cried, pale as a corpse, and shaking like a leaf in the wind.

"Nothing," answered the husband, thinking to conceal the most fearful part of the intelligence. "Nothing, only the murderer Mike Johnson, after his acquittal, grossly insulted me in the courtyard and I knocked him down."

"And he challenged you to fight him with pistols!" almost shrieked the wife, anticipating the rest, with quickness of woman's keen common sense.

"It is even so," replied the lawyer, mournfully.

"Oh! say that you will not meet him. Oh! swear that you will not turn duelist in this Sodam of the South," implored the wife, throwing her arms around his neck and sobbing like a child on his bosom.

"There, do not weep now. I will not turn duelist, dear Emma, although I much fear that the consequence will be my ruin."

"God will protect you from the bold, bad man."

The next morning it was known in Vicksburg that "the Yankee orator" had been challenged and refused to fight. Accordingly, he was generally denounced as a coward—a word which at that day might be considered as expressing far deeper scorn than either robber or assassin. As he passed through the streets, he was astonished to witness the coldness manifested by his old acquaintances, and even professed friends, while the great mass of the people seemed to regard him with ineffable contempt. "Yankee white liver" "boaster," "poltroon," were the sounds most frequently rung in his ears, especially when near the groceries, and there was one then on every terrace of the broken hills.

The matter grew worse. About a week afterwards, Johnson met his victim in the public square, presented a cocked pistol at his heart with one hand, and belabored him unmercifully with a cowhide which he grasped in the other. Resistance at the moment was altogether out of the question, for the slightest motion would have been the signal for immediate death. He thought of Emma and her sweet babe and bore the castigation in silence.

After this, clients deserted his office, gentlemen refused to recognize him or return his salute in the thoroughfares of business or during his morning strolls over the hills. Had his touch been contagion, or his breath pestilence, he could not have been more carefully shunned.

Another week passed, and the degraded lawyer was in a state of mind bordering on insanity; and yet all the while he concealed the mental torture from his affectionate wife. One evening in a more than common bitter and gloomy mood, as he walked through the public square, he was again accosted by Mike Johnson, with his cocked pistol in one hand and uplifted cowhide in the other. The assault was the more aggravating, as the place was thronged with spectators.

"Coward and villain!" exclaimed Johnson, "did I not tell you that I would [illegible] hide you every week until I [illegible] courage of man and a gentle[illegible] yankee hide?"

"I am not a coward," replied [illegible] in a hollow tone, so unearthly fierce and wild that caused every hearer to start. At the instant, his lips were livid and clenched between his teeth till the blood ran. His eyes were red as a mad dog's and the muscles of his face quivered; but his body and limbs seemed to have the rigidity of marble.

"He will fight now," rung in an eager whisper through the excited crowd, as they saw the terrible tokens of the fiend aroused, the fiend which lurks, at different depths, in all human nature.

"If you are not a coward, why will you not fight?" asked the duelist, somewhat struck, in spite of his thorough desperation, hardened in the hot gore of a dozen murders.

"Then you accept my challenge?"

"I do. Will any one present be so good as to act as my second?" inquired the lawyer, addressing the spectators.

For a minute or two no one spoke, so great was the dread of the duelist Mike Johnson.

"Will no one in such a mass of generous men be my second? repeated the lawyer in a louder tone.

"I will," said a shrill, trumpet like voice on the outskirts of the crowd, and a tall commanding form, bravery written on his brow, and the eagle's eye beneath it, made his way to the centre of contention, and stood close fronting Johnson, with a smiling glance, before which the latter, for an instant quailed.

The question "Who is he? who is he?" circulated among the lookers on. But no one could; no one had ever seen him before and yet everybody would have sworn to his courage, so bold yet tranquil was his bearing.

"Who are you?" inquired the duelist, recovering his presence of mind.

"A stranger from Texas."

"But who will vouch for your respectability?"

I can give you vouchers sufficient, replied the stranger, frowning till his brows looked frightful; and then stooping forward he whispered something in Johnson's ear, audible alone to him.

"I am satisfied," said the duellist aloud and trembling perceptibly. Colonel Morton, will you serve as my friend?"

The individual last addressed gave his assent.

"Now let us adjourn to some private room to arrange the preliminaries," remarked the stranger; and the principals and seconds left the crowd then increasing every minute, and excited nearly to madness by the thick crowding events of the hour.

The meeting took place the following night in a dark room, with the door locked, and the two seconds on the outside.—The principals were placed in opposite corners of the apartment, which was twenty feet square, and each was armed with a large bowie knife—no more. It was midnight—a night without moon or stars.—Black pitchy clouds enveloped the sky, and a slight sifting mist rendered the shadows of the earth more intense. Hence the room where the duel was about to begin was wrapped in rayless darkness. The combatants could not even see the blades of their own knives.

At first, they both stopped and stealthily untied and took off their shoes, so as to make the least possible noise in walking over the floor. The same thought had struck them at the same time—to manœuver for the vantage ground.

Thomas moved in a circle, softly as a cat, around the apartment, till he got within a few feet of the corner where his enemy had first been placed, and then paused to listen. For four or five seconds he could hear nothing in the grave-like silence but the quick beats of his own busy heart. Presently, however, there crept into his ear a scarcely audible sound, as of suppressed breathing, in the corner of the room which he had previously left; and then he knew that his foe was trying the same strategem. The ruse was repeated thrice, with a like result. At length Thomas concluded to stand perfectly still and await Johnson's approach. Motionless now himself, and all ear, soon he could distinguish a soft rustling noise, like the dropping of flakes of wood, circling around the floor and gradually advancing toward him.

At last, when the sound appeared within about three feet of the lawyer's position, he suddenly made a bounding plunge with his knife, aimed in the dark air, where he supposed his victim to be. His blade struck against that of the other, and a few sparks of fire rolled at the fierce collision, and fell expiring on the floor.

And then for an instant, the seconds without the door heard a sharp ringing of steel, a groan, a fall, and all again was silent as the tomb! The duel at midnight had ended, but how? They were appalled at the terrible question.

Waiting some minutes and hearing nothing more, Col. Morton and the stranger prepared a light, unlocked the door and entered. The spectacle was most affecting. There lay the bloody corpse of the duelist, Johnson, mangled dreadfully, and above it stood the erect and imposing form of the lawyer—Thomas—unhurt, not a cut on his skin or a rent in his clothing.

He started back as the flashing light dazzled his eyes, and growing pale as the dead at his feet, exclaimed in accents of immeasurable anguish—"Oh, God! how shall I endure to meet my dear wife, with this murderous gore on my hands! Such stains would defile the very gates of heaven, and blacken the floor of hell itself!"

He did, however, afterwards meet Emma and her babe; but we shall not attempt to paint the scene. A week subsequently he was shot to pieces in his own office, while employed in writing after night. The assassin was not known, but supposed to be a younger brother of the duelist Johnson.

The stranger who acted in the combat as the second of Thomas was, indeed, as he had said, from Texas, and then traveling through Mississippi, and was the bravest man, perhaps, that ever drew the breath of life—James Bowie, who fell only with the Alamo, when his red knife was drunk with the blood of Mexicans.

Address to the Mechanics of North Carolina.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—It is doubtless known to you, that the Democratic-Conservative Convention at Greensboro' saw fit to nominate me as their candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Works, and as the pressure of my business, which has to be performed with my hands, renders it impossible for me to canvass the State, and see you face to face as I desire, I have deemed it proper to set forth my views in the form of a circular.

I feel proud that I belong to the Mechanical class, whose labors tend so much to develop the resources of the country, and are so largely a benefit to society. It is under your magic skill that the unhewed rocks of the quarry are turned into the sacred temples of religion, that bless and adorn our land; that the rough timbers are converted into beautiful cities; that the mountain ore, through blazing furnaces, is fashioned into turning plows, into busy wheels of useful machinery, into railroad lines and telegraph wires. The vast usefulness of mechanical skill is seen in the houses, sheltering the families of earth; in all the garments, clothing the children of Adam; in all the bridges, spanning our rivers; in all the labor saving machinery, benefiting mankind; in all the vehicles rolling through the land; in all the locks, protect-property from thieves; in all the commercial ships floating upon the waters. In all countries and every department and condition of life, the clear evidences of their varied usefulness, sparkle as thickly through society as the stars in the blue firmament above. It is eminently proper, therefore, that this class be represented in the councils of our State.

So thought the Democratic-Conservative Convention, when they nominated a working mechanic for the office of Superintendent of Public Works, and