THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL

ENGELHARD & SAUNDERS,
Editors and Proprietors.

TO WHOM ALL LETTERS ON BUSINESS MUST BE ADDRESSED.

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Wilmington Journal.

WILMINGTON, N. C.:

FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1873.

THE FOUR DAYS HERALD.

We have received the first number of the *Four Days Herald* under the auspices of Messrs. Josh T. James and N. Knight & Son. In make up and get up the *Herald* presents a decidedly pleasing appearance and does great credit to its enterprising editors and proprietors. In politics it is now as it ever has been, perfectly staunch and reliable. We commend it to all who desire an instructing and reliable paper.

SENATOR SPRAGUE AND HIS SOUTH CAROLINA INVESTMENTS.

The bright hopes, that our South Carolina neighbors so freely indulged in, of the great benefits to accrue to their State from the purchase of the "Columbia Canal" by Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, seem not to have been realized.

It appears that the judicious Senator obtained the property for a mere song, with the understanding that he would immediately proceed to improve and erect factories upon it. The Senator cannot now "see it," however, and our neighbors are going for him quite savagely and say, in plain words, that he is trying to perpetrate an infamous swindle upon their State. They call upon the Legislature "to annul its contract with him if he undertakes to repudiate his engagement with the State, on the ground of want of consideration, or else to charter a company with authority to open another canal parallel with the one sold to him. Such a course of conduct, on the part of the Legislature, would knock his calculations into *pi*, break down his monopoly and render comparatively worthless the property of which this unprincipled adventurer is endeavoring to defraud the impoverished people of South Carolina."

THE RICHMOND DUEL.—THE NEW YORK WORLD.

The New York papers, the *World* and the *Times* especially, have been unsparing in their comments upon the late Richmond duel. Had these papers confined their strictures to the parties engaged in the unfortunate affair, they would not have gone beyond their province as public journals. But this course did not satisfy them. Both papers took advantage of the occasion to indulge in a tirade of venomous, malignant ridicule of the South and of Southern society, its manners, customs and principles.

We had, perhaps, no right to expect anything better of the *Times*. It is, and has ever been, an open enemy, and we could expect only hostility from its columns.

With the *World*, however, the case is different. That paper pretends to be *par excellence* a Democratic sheet, and a friend and defender of the South. The South, however, has learned that the loudest pretenders are not always the staunchest defenders, and it may be safely said that no more striking illustration of this fact can be found than is to be seen in the course of the New York *World*. The *World* will learn, if it has not already done so, that the South will not submit to be lashed one day and caressed the next, even by so potent a press as that which seeks to lay down the law, in accordance with its own arbitrary will merely, to the Democratic Party and to the South.

Taunts and ridicule are ill means with which to influence Southern men.

HOPE FOR THE UNIVERSITY.

The following communication signed "C," (Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, we presume,) which we take from the *North Carolina Presbyterian*, will awake the strongest emotions in the bosom of every old Chapel Hillian. We sincerely trust there is life in the old place yet, and that "C" means to bring that life to its highest development as speedily as possible "C." says: We have seen one of the letters addressed by Judge Grant, of Iowa, to the Alumni of the University, inviting them to visit him at Davenport, Iowa, and assist at a consultation in reference to the revival of the University.

Judge Grant is a North Carolinian by birth—a native of Halifax county, and a nephew of the late Col. Spier Whitaker. He graduated at Chapel Hill in '31—emigrated soon after to Iowa and engaged in business there which has resulted in the accumulation of a large estate. He married twenty-five years ago and is childless. On the 10th of next June he celebrates his silver wedding, and invites all his old classmates, and the Alumni generally to meet at his residence on that day. He has more than once intimated his readiness to apply a part of his fortune to the restoration of his Alma Mater—and he proposes to have a plan matured to present to the Legislature when it re-assembles next November. What this plan is likely to suggest, or how far the Legislature may be inclined to adopt its views, or to co-operate, are of course matters of conjecture. But that something practical and tangible will at least be proposed we may venture to presume. Judge Grant is a practical man, and he professes to love his native State. The friends of Education and especially the friends of the State University will look on with deep interest, and those who believe in the power of prayer will send up many a petition that such measures may be adopted and may be successfully carried into operation, as will light again the flame that once burned brightly on the hills of Orange,—measures that will prove to be for the advancement of God's glory, the good of His church, the safety, honor and welfare of our people. C.

SICKLES.

General GRANT seems as unfortunate in his foreign as in his domestic appointments. Civil service abroad is as much out of joint as civil service at home.

It will be remembered that General SICKLES, American Minister to Spain, abandoned his post last year, upon the eve of the Spanish Revolution, to participate in the Erie Railroad transfer and frauds. The Republican Legislature of New York, through a committee appointed to investigate these transactions, speak thus of SICKLES:

"The spectacle of a United States Minister to a foreign court leaving his duties there and lending himself to the execution of a scheme of this kind is not calculated to heighten our respect for, or inspire confidence in the integrity of the public service."

ATLANTIC AND NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD—BEAUFORT.

By invitation of President STANLEY, in company with a number of editors, we had the pleasure of passing over the line of the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad and visiting Beaufort last week.

We were glad to notice evidences of improvement at many points along the route. Newbern sits among her majestic shade trees as if enjoying the balmy air of Spring, resting from the labors of the Winter. The neighboring farms show ample preparations for the coming crops, but vegetation shows little advancement as yet. The area planted in cotton, we learn, is fully as great as it was last year.

At Beaufort we found a hearty welcome at the hospitable hands of Mr. Steel, the genial host of the Ocean House. He is fitting up for the Summer campaign, and his visitors will find "bonnie cheer." On all sides preparations for the coming flood of visitors are being made. The boats are being put in order, the fishing tackle is being overhauled, the furniture is being added to and brushed up, and the lander is being replenished.

In many respects Beaufort presents great attractions as a watering place, and we are glad that the State has one sea-coast place which is annually growing in popularity, and if there who have in charge the entertainment of visitors are not to blame this will continue. Mr. Steel, at least, we are sure, will do all in his power to render the Ocean House a popular resort.

GENERAL WILLIAM MACRAE.

Who is MacRae? was asked by hundreds yesterday. We have, therefore, endeavored to find out without asking the gentleman in person.

General MacRae, now Superintendent of the Western Atlantic Railroad, is about thirty-eight years old, a native of North Carolina, thoroughly acquainted with his profession by virtue of his experience, having been a Machinist, Runner, Conductor, Master of Transportation and Superintendent on and of railroads. He is a man of wonderful energy and marked courage. General MacRae entered the Confederate service as a private, and by cool determined bravery, coupled with good judgment, fought his way up to the enviable position of Brigadier-General. Socially, General MacRae is not confiding, but is honest in purpose, with ambition to do his duty, possessed with that high sense of honor which abhors rings and the dirty tricks that fluctuate therefrom, and *chaw all* an honest man both in purpose and practice. Such, succinctly, is the man who has the moral and physical courage to board him who wears the lion's skin.—*Atlanta Herald*, 14th.

The controversy between ex-Governor Brown, President of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, and General WILLIAM MACRAE, Superintendent, has brought the latter gentleman's name very prominently before the people of Georgia. The *Herald*, in the extract above quoted, has briefly and correctly told its readers who General MacRae is. It is meet that those among whom he was reared should speak of him as they have known him, boy and man, since his birth.

General MacRae has either in preparation or in active labor, been connected with railroads, in all capacities, since his early youth, and his career has been singularly successful.

His father, General ALEXANDER MACRAE, was officially connected with the inauguration and building of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, the longest railroad in the world at the time of its completion, and so remained for seven years. He was its first Superintendent and its third President. He lived to a ripe old age, connected with several of the leading works of internal improvement of this State, and died respected and beloved by his fellow-citizens.

General WILLIAM MACRAE, in order to fit himself for the practical duties of the business he had determined to follow, connected himself with the Machine Works of I. P. Morris & Co., of Philadelphia, and there became a practical machinist. On his return home he served in several subordinate positions on the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad. Having by this practical education and experience perfected himself in the details of his work, he accepted the position of Assistant Civil Engineer on the Fernandina and Cedar Keys Railroad, being at one time in charge of the construction of that work.

At the breaking out of the war, he was the Assistant Engineer in the construction of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad, which position he resigned to go into the service.

At the close of the war he became connected, officially, with the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad, and soon afterwards was elected Superintendent of that road. Here he displayed the highest administrative ability, and won a most enviable reputation as a railroad manager.

He resigned this position to assume a similar one on the Macon and Brunswick Railroad and was thence transferred to his present position.

As a soldier General MACRAE literally "won his spurs," for beginning as a private, he rose to the command of a brigade, with a reputation for soldiery bearing, hard and successful fighting, industry and ability, second to no man of his rank in the Army of Northern Virginia. We have heard both Generals LEE and A. P. HILL speak of him in the most exalted terms, and their official reports of several engagements have placed upon record their estimation of his gallantry and worth. His native State points to that record as one of the prondest pages with which her sons have illustrated her glorious history.

As to the difficulties which divide the President of the Western and Atlantic Railroad and his Superintendent we are not personally advised. But the people of this section of the country have not two opinions in regard to the character of General MACRAE for sterling worth and chivalrous integrity, and uncompromising truth. His honesty is unfaltering and rugged to a fault. He would not flatter Neptune for his trident. Whatever General MACRAE may have thought of Governor BROWN he could have found out without resorting to the disreputable expedient of reading private letters. He would have been told boldly and fully for the asking.

Whatever may be the issue of the present difficulty no one who knows General MACRAE will be shaken in their faith in his merits as a railroad manager or in their estimation of his worth as a man.

GENERAL W. M. MACRAE—EX-GOV. JOE. BROWN.

We publish below an account of an interview said to have taken place between General Wm. MacRae, Superintendent and Ex-Governor Joseph Brown President of the Georgia State Road, the road from Atlanta to Chattanooga.

General MacRae was born and reared in Wilmington, and we all know what manner of man he is now and has been from his youth up.

There will be but one opinion in this community as to the merits of any controversy he may be engaged in with Ex-Governor Brown. With one consent it will be agreed that General MacRae is right and that Ex-Governor Brown is wrong. But independent of any liking for an old friend and fellow-townsman, our people will scarcely be able to see how Ex-Governor Brown can justify himself, before gentlemen, in reading a private letter not intended for his inspection. His denunciation of the party who placed the letter in his possession, will avail little so long as Ex-Governor Brown admits that he read the letter and so long as he continues to make use of its contents.

The account of the interview to which we refer is taken from the Savannah *Advertiser*, our Atlanta exchanges having failed to come to hand on yesterday.

TROUBLE AMONG THE STATE ROAD DIRECTORS AND OFFICIALS.

During the past winter there were whispers in Atlanta that everything was not entirely harmonious among the lessees of the State road; indeed, that there were two parties among the magnates, the one headed by Governor Brown, the other by B. H. Hill, Esq. About the time of the Senatorial election these whispers were sufficiently loud to attract the attention of observant men.

The Atlanta *Herald* of yesterday morning professes to have discovered the cause of the trouble, and in a somewhat sensational local article attempts to bring it to light.

After stating that the course of Governor Brown during the past season, as to the discrimination in freights, was such as to cause the lessees to resolve to remove him or demand a change in his management, the *Herald* says that at a meeting of the Executive Committee General MacRae was appointed Superintendent.

We give the balance in the *Herald's* own language as follows:

General MacRae, deriving his authority from the same source that President Brown derived his, entered upon his duties independent of the control of President Brown. Here the trouble began which culminated on yesterday in what come very near to a row between these two prominent officials.

It appears that for some time past General MacRae has written letters which failed to reach their destination. He could not account for it, but suspected

NOTHING WRONG,

Last Friday he wrote a long letter to a relative in which he spoke very fully of the management of the Western and Atlantic Railroad. After recounting the difficulties he had to encounter, he took occasion to speak in emphatic language of President Brown, and it is supposed that in this part of his letter he did not call the worthy President any pet names, but spoke of him in a manner that some of the ex-Governor's enemies might have pronounced very just. This letter was thrown in the mail basket and General MacRae hardly imagined that it was speeding its way to its proper destination. The sequel, however, proves that even Superintendents of great railroads may err in their selection of mail carriers.

THE LETTER DID NOT GO,

but is supposed to have been dropped on the way. At any rate a little bird picked it up, if it was dropped, and carried it straight to the bosom of the President. The President, very thankful for the watchfulness of his little bird, opened the letter, and like an honorable man, read it to the last sentence. We know some persons will not so regard this conduct on the part of the ex-Governor, but how could he show so little appreciation of the faithfulness of his little bird as not to read the messages which it brought to him? He read it and he pondered over it, and the more he pondered the more his anger grew, until he could keep it no longer concealed.

HE ACCORDINGLY TOOK THE DIRECTORS, one by one, and read the letter to them, to show them what a viper they had introduced in this happy family on the road.

The Directors of course felt very badly, but declined to interfere. On yesterday

THE PRESIDENT SENT FOR GEN. MACRAE, and after a short interview concerning some minor differences, the President said to him:

General, "I have always tried to work harmoniously with you, and I regret that I have failed."

The General replied, "It is equally regretted on my part. I have only done what I considered my duty in all matters pertaining to the interest of those whom I represent."

Here the President could hold in no longer, and pulling the said letter from his pocket, said, "Did you write that letter?"

MacRae—Yes, sir; I wrote it, and I now say, your having it in your possession only convinces me that all it contains is true.

MUTUAL CONTEMPT.

President Brown—Let me explain, General, how it came in my possession. It was opened by some one and directed to me in a lady's handwriting. I can only express my contempt for the meanness of the party who furnished it to me.

MacRae—And I, sir, hold the man who would read it and use it, in equal contempt. If you had said to me that you desired to know my private opinion of you, you could have had it at any time, without resort to intercepting my private letters. I gave that gentleman, (pointing to an official sitting near) this opinion of you at least two weeks ago, and supposed he had told you.

The official—General, I did not so understand it.

MacRae, (to the official)—Do you suppose I would have confided it to you, if I had not supposed you would carry it at once to President Brown?

General MacRae is waiting for the meeting of the Board of Directors which takes place at an early day, to tender his resignation as Superintendent, when we presume the whole matter will be settled. General MacRae has the entire confidence of our whole community.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Distressing Affair.

A painful report reached this city yesterday. It is said that A. F. Marsh, Esq., the Agent at Fayetteville of the Western Railroad, is a defaulter to the Road in the sum of $5,200, and that, in a fit of despair, he had poisoned himself, rather than face the consequences. At the last accounts he was still living, although but little hopes were entertained of his recovery. Mr. Marsh is about forty-five years of age, of temperate habits, a strict member of the Baptist Church, and enjoyed the full confidence of the entire community in which he resided.—*Daily Journal*, 15th.

Destructive Hail Storm in South Carolina.

A correspondent, (A. C. N.,) writing us from Bennettsville, S. C., gives us a full account of the fearful hail storm which passed over that section of country last Sunday, the 11th inst. It passed about 10 miles north of Bennettsville. The stones were very large, varying in size from a bird's egg to a goose egg, and great damage was done to crops, hogs, chickens, &c. The wheat crop seems to have suffered most, hogs, geese, chickens and turkeys were killed, glass windows were broken, the fruit was nearly all beaten from the trees, groves were trimmed up, and pine limbs were cut from the trees. Fortunately, the young cotton was scarcely out of the ground, and it was therefore injured but little.

The hail began to fall about 1 o'clock p. m. and continued for about five minutes. The storm arose in the West and moved Eastward over a track about three miles wide. Some of the stones were as large as 8 and 10 inches in circumference, our correspondent having himself measured one that was 10 inches around. They struck the ground with such force that they would be buried several inches in the earth. All accounts agree that it was the severest hail storm ever known in that section of country.

Carolina Central Railway.

Yesterday the Stockholders of the Carolina Central Railway Company, met at the First National Bank. This meeting was an adjournment of the meeting called for Wednesday, 14th inst., at which time no quorum appeared.

E. E. Burruss, Esq., was chosen Chairman and Silas N. Martin, Esq., was appointed Secretary.

Messrs. C. H. Robinson and L. N. Hopkins were appointed a committee to verify proxies and ascertain the number of shares represented.

After examination it was reported that 3,300 shares were represented by proxy and 1,720 in person, making 5,020 shares represented. The Chairman then announced the meeting ready for business.

A resolution was adopted empowering the President and Directors to issue $3,000,000 of first mortgage bonds, payable in 1923, bearing 6 per cent. gold interest, payable semi-annually, January and July, the principal and interest payable in gold, either sterling or American coin, in England or New York, at option.

A resolution was also adopted authorizing the issue of seven per cent. currency bonds to aid in construction and equipment, not exceeding, in the aggregate, $3,000,000.

The capital stock was fixed at $1,000,000.

A resolution was adopted instructing the President and Finance Committee to proceed at once to raise the cash necessary to complete and equip the railroad from Wilmington to Shelby. The money all to be paid in by January 15th, 1874.

The Stockholders meeting then adjourned, when the Board of Directors assembled, at which the following business was transacted.

W. J. Dewey, Secretary, resigned and Watson Matthews was made Secretary to fill the vacancy.

The Finance Committee appointed were Messrs. A. V. Stout, L. N. Hopkins and T. H. Porter.

Resolutions were adopted to carry out the instructions given by the Stockholders regarding the issue of the bonds authorized to be issued.

A mortgage deed, conveying the railway and property, was then executed by the President and Secretary to A. V. Stout and T. H. Porter, Trustees, to secure the mortgage bonds.

Immediately on the passage of the resolutions by the Stockholders authorizing the purchase of the railroad by the Carolina Central Railway Company from T. H. Porter *et als*, who had purchased the same at the foreclosure sale in Wilmington for said Company, a deed was signed transferring all the property and effects of the Wilmington, Charlotte & Rutherford Railroad Company to the Carolina Central Railway Co. Immediately following the execution of the deed the mortgage was executed.

The meeting then adjourned.

The Carolina Central dates from May 1st, but all the documents were not executed until the 17th, though the possession of the property had passed to the Carolina Central.

The new Company is now fairly started. Means are ample for its completion, and energy and perseverance will now carry the road through to an early and successful completion.—*Daily Journal*, 17th.

A Nashville, Tenn., man, in a state of anti Modoc enthusiasm, attacked a wooden Indian in front of the store of a tobacconist.

Louisville, Ky., cries aloud for more organ-grinders.

Produce Exchange.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Wilmington Produce Exchange, held yesterday at the Commercial Exchange, the following standing Committees were appointed:

Finance—D. G. Worth, F. W. Kerchner, Richard W. Andrews.

Law—Col. W. L. DeRosset, Chas. H. Robinson.

Arbitration—G. W. Williams, I. B. Grainger, Geo. Harriss, A. H. Van Bokkelen, B. F. Hall.

Information and Statistics.—James Spruatt, J. L. Cantwell, C. P. Mebane.

Going to Work,

The Charlotte *Observer* says: Yesterday afternoon a force of men, carts and mules passed through this place, who will begin work on the Carolina Central Railroad. The line of carts and mules extended down Trade street almost from Tryon to College. This force will, we understand, go to work near Monroe, Union county. From the start this new Company is making, we have every reason to believe that they will fulfill their promise to put the road through from Wadesboro to Charlotte by the 1st of January.

The Press Convention.

From a gentleman who arrived from Goldsboro' last evening we learn the following particulars in regard to the second day's session of the Press Convention.

The Convention met at 10 o'clock, pursuant to adjournment of the day previous.

The Committee on Constitution reported and the report was adopted.

The President read a dispatch from the President of the Georgia Press Association, now in session at Americus, Ga., extending a cordial greeting to the Convention and requesting telegraphic information of important action.

By direction of the President the following reply was forwarded by the Secretary:

The North Carolina Press Association acknowledge the kindly greeting of the Georgia Press Association. We have organized under the most favorable auspices, and hope to make ours no unworthy co-laborer of the Georgia Press Association.

The Committee on Business reported several resolutions, which were debated and adopted.

An election for officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

Maj. J. A. Engelhard, of the Wilmington JOURNAL, President.

C. N. B. Evans, of the Milton *Chronicle*, Maj. J. C. Mann, of the Wilmington *Post*, and P. F. Duffy, of the Greensboro' *Patriot*, Vice-Presidents.

John Spelman, of the Raleigh *Sentinel*, Treasurer.

Capt. R. T. Fulghum, of the *State Agricultural Journal*, Recording Secretary.

J. D. Cameron, of the Hillsboro' *Recorder*, Corresponding Secretary.

Geo. M. Nason, Jr., of the Newbern *Republic-Courier*, Jordan Stone, of the Raleigh *News*, Dr. H. E. T. Manning, of the Weldon *News*, R. M. Furman, of the Asheville *Citizen*, and Capt. J. B. Hussey, of the Hickory *Piedmont Press*, Executive Committee.

The Convention adjourned at 12 o'clock.

Grand Lodge I. O. O. F.

After a very harmonious and interesting session of three days, the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F., adjourned in Raleigh, on Friday, to meet again in Greensboro' on the second Wednesday in May, 1874.

The following appointments were made by Grand Master, W. H. Bagley.

Worthy Grand Marshal—Joseph Hildebrandt, Greensboro'.

Worthy Grand Conductor—James W. Albright, Greensboro'.

Worthy Grand Guardian—H. T. Clawson, Raleigh.

Worthy Grand Herald—Henry Porter, Raleigh.

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND MASTERS.

1st District.—T. J. Carmalt, Washington.

2nd District.—S. W. Chamberlain, Wilson.

3rd District.—W. S. G. Andrews, Wilmington.

4th District.—H. C. Prenpert, Raleigh.

5th District—David Scott, Greensboro'.

6th District.—Theo. F. Klattz, Salisbury.

7th District.—W. R. Edwards, Lincolnton.

8th District.—E. J. Aston, Asheville.

SPECIAL DEPUTIES FOR INSTALLATION.

Wilmington, Cape Fear No. 2, Wm. Goodman.

Fayetteville, Cross Creek No. 4, John Shaw.

Goldsboro,' Neuse No. 6, Wm. Hay.

Raleigh, Manteo, No. 8, T. W. Blake.

Charlotte, Mecklenburg Declaration No. 9, D. C. Bernhardt.

Washington, Phalanx No. 10, A. P. Crabtree.

Beaufort, Concordia No. 11, Horatio Willis.

Elizabeth City, Achoree, No. 14, R. F. Overman.

Greensboro', Buena Vista No. 21, A. S. Porter.

Kinston, Tuscarora No. 22, J. R. Webb.

Salisbury, North State No. 26, Wm. Howard.

Asheville, Swananoa No. 33, T. L. Clayton.

Wilson, Enterprise No. 44, W. P. Wooten.

Tarboro', Edgecombe No. 50, J. M. Spragins.

Raleigh, Seaton Gales No. 64, W. P. Wetherell.

Raleigh, Raleigh, No. 65, William H. Hicks.

Black Creek, Hope No. 66, S. W. Chamberlain.

Wilmington, Orion No. 67, G. M. Altaffer.

Salem, Salem No. 36, F. W. Miller.

Lincolnton, Mountain No. 10, Thos. Wills.

America is not the only country that has a great canal project. Not to speak of the French canal, from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, urged in many quarters as a means of circumventing the German tunnel through Mount St. Gothard, there is the canal between the Baltic and the North Sea. Prussia will be obliged to build this canal. She has no exit from the Baltic except through the territory of Denmark. The canal now definitely determined upon runs from St. Margarethen to the bay of Eckenforde. Its depth will be thirty feet. It will be begun in 1875, and will take eight years to complete.

By a comparative statement prepared at the Revenue Bureau, it is shown that during the first six months of the current fiscal year the receipts from cigars alone, in thirty-one of the principal collection districts of the country, amounted to nearly $538,000 more than during the corresponding period in the preceding fiscal year, and the Government is taxing all the decent cigars out of the country and compelling people to destroy their bronchial apparatus with Connecticut leaf, and sending thousands of patriotic smokers to premature graves.

Brooklyn ladies have caught the mania for sculpturing, and every house is supplied with a hunk of marble, a mallet and a cold-chisel.

Correspondence of the Boston Post.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

ITS HUMBLE ORIGIN, SPLENDID CAREER AND OBSCURE END.

The Subjection of India—Fabulous Wealth and Despotic Power—Clive and Hastings—Government Control and Confiscation—Final Extinction.

LONDON, April 25.—The last scene in the most splendid commercial drama which the world ever saw is about to take place at Westminster Palace. A bill has been introduced in the House of Commons finally winding up the affairs of the great East India Company, and transferring its properties, as well as its unexampled powers, to the British Crown. All those who go down to the sea in ships, the merchants of every clime and engaged in every department of the world's trade, must witness the extinction of this corporation with an interest not unconected with a feeling of regret. For the East India Company, in its something more than a century of existence, showed above all to what heights of wealth and absolute authority it was possible for commercial spirit and enterprise to attain. No such a history could ever have been imagined by the most enthusiastic merchants of ancient or modern times, until it was displayed to the gaze of an astonished world. The company became in time a sovereign more potent and magnificent than Cæsar or Alexander; it ruled an empire embracing not only millions of subjects, but treasures which are yet so far from being exhausted that India is still the most precious and valued dependency of the British crown. Commercial energy, and not conquest, lay at the foundation of this superstructure. It was the sturdy British spirit of barter and trade which acquired the first footholds on the banks of the Ganges and the Hooghly; conquest was to come after to supplement and complete the priceless acquisition. A few gentlemen met the other day in one of the narrow streets of London City, who represent the last remains of the directors of the East India Company, to settle the final accounts and make the last preparations for turning over the effects to the government. They are to receive a hundred per cent. bonus on their stock, and their meeting was so quiet and unnoticed a one that, but for a paragraph in the papers, nobody would have known how really momentous an event was occurring in the shade of Pancras Lane. One cannot help thinking what a hubbub would have been created twenty years ago if it had been announced that the East India Company—the very pride and glory of British commerce—was about to dissolve into thin air! But the dissolution, as it is, has been gradual, and now the end comes much as a foregone conclusion.

Let me recall some of the chief incidents of this Company's rise and progress: In the year 1600, or thereabouts, a few merchants of the city, mainly clothiers and ironmongers, attracted by the profits arising from the trade which the English had for some time carried on with the East Indies, resolved to form a company on a modest scale, principally with a view to importing tea. They managed, by hook or crook, to get together about $150,000 as a starting capital. Meanwhile a simple event had occurred, which was destined to flood this unpretending company with wealth. An enterprising English surgeon, finding himself in the Great Mogul's capital, was sent for to prescribe for the Great Mogul's sick daughter; and happily he cured her. The Great Mogul's gratitude knew no bounds; and the doctor, who was connected with the new company, procured for them permission to establish factories on the Hooghly. It is interesting to read that one of the first orders which they gave to their agent in India was as follows: to send "100 pounds weight of the best tea that he could get to send home for sample." From this they went on until they got to purchasing sites and tracts, and building brick houses at Calcutta.—They began negotiations, and received concessions from the native princes, built Fort William, on the Hooghly, and by another lucky prescription, administered to a later Great Mogul by one Dr. Hamilton, secured no less than thirty-eight towns, with a complete right of free trade throughout the great and rich province of Bengal. In 1760, as stated by a London paper, the salary of the president of the company was yet only a matter of £300, of the members of the council £40 each, and of the writers £5; but they had also "commons, Madeira wine, and privilege of private trade." The latter privilege, however, made everybody who had any place in the company speedily rich. In fact the company found itself revelling in a perfect inexhaustible mine of wealth.—Province after province was annexed, concession after concession acquired, ships added to the fleet until in 1780 the company had thirty-five merchantmen, and exported £70,000 worth of goods from England each year. They found themselves loaning millions to the home exchequer and getting complete possession of Calcutta and thirty-seven towns round about it. The great political as well as commercial career of the company may be said to have begun in 1757 or thereabouts, when they deposed the Nabob of Bengal. Clive had arrived at Madras twelve or thirteen years before, as a servant of the company, and now began the series of magnificent conquests, depositions and spoliations of native princes, which gradually absorbed the richest Indian provinces under English control. One by one they fell—the Nabob of the Carnatic, the Nizam of the Deccan, and finally the prince Great Mogul himself. I scarcely need even recall Clive's career of glory, cruelty and aggrandizement, or the despotic and thievish, though effective, rule of Warren Hastings; both are described, as no one else could pretend to describe them, in the pages of Macaulay. Suffice it to say, that when Hastings left the governor-generalship to Cornwallis—our Cornwallis, who surrendered at Yorktown—subjugated Tippoo Sanib in 1792, and not only forced him to give up half his kingdom, but £3,500,000 in gold beside; and seven years later Tippoo was slain and Seringapatam taken. Twelve years before, Mr. Pitt had instituted the Board of Control, a new department of home administration intended to supervise the operations of the company. The wealth and the power, and consequently the independence and corruption of the corporation, had increased to such an extent, that though the government renewed its charter from time to time, it was found at last necessary to curtail it and transfer the real power to the Crown. This was done about forty years ago, when the property of the company was vested in the Crown, but still held by the company in trust as its managers. Its stock had reached in 1733 the sum of £6,000,000. But these facts really give but a feeble idea of the splendor and wealth of the East India Company during the century between the battle of Plassy in 1757, and the great mutiny in 1857. The acquisition of territory, the reduction of native grandees, who could trace their lineage back two thousand years, to the condition of pensioned vassals, the subjection of the bejewelled Begums, the wars carried on against frightful odds, and hordes of half-savage Hindoos and Mussulmans in the remote interior, the building of Calcutta to what it is to-day, one of the noblest cities of the world, the appointment of governors-general, compared with whose powers those of the Grand Turk and the Shah are democratic, the gorgeous luxury in which their officials lived, the noble docks and vast warehouses they created, the conversion, in short, of Indian villages into Oriental Londons, and of Indian inlets into harbors crowded with British ships, mark a career which it would be absurd to compare with the achievements of the greatest commercial companies of Phœnecia, Etruria, Venice or Genoa. Their merchant ships fought and whipped French men-of-war; a man who got an appointment in their service was a predestined millionaire.—They carried to England hundreds of cargoes of silk, tea, spices, cashmeres, diamonds, yearly; indeed, what would England be to-day, commercially, had the East India Company not existed? Their servants were almost all illustrious men. Few greater soldiers than Clive appear in English annals; few greater governors of men than Warren, Hastings, Wellesley, Dalhousie and Mayo are to be found in the history of this country. The power and ostentation of the Governor-General of India was always immeasurably greater than that that of the sovereign who sent him thither. Now, however, the company passes away, almost without a funeral oration; two prosaic M. P.'s are its undertakers. The whole of its authority and property at last centres in the hands of her Majesty's Secretary of State for India; and Hindostan, for the future, will be wholly governed from Whitehall. The great drama is played to the end; and on the first day of June, 1874, the East India Company will disappear from the sight and ken of men forever. Never was there a more significant ending to so magnificent a romance. BOW-BELLS.

The Presbyterian General Assembly.

The meeting of the highest judicatory of one of the largest and most influential religious denominations of the country begins in this city to-day, and will probably continue a fortnight. The Assembly now meeting here does not include the Southern Presbyterian Church, though an effort is expected to be made in the session to lay the foundation at least for an ultimate reconciliation. The Presbyterian Church of the United States claims as its mother the Church of Scotland. The first Presbyterian Church organized in this country was at Snow Hill, Maryland, about the year 1684; the first Synod was formed in 1716, and the first General Assembly met in Philadelphia in the year 1788. Owing to various causes a division occurred in the Church in 1837, which was healed in the reunion of the "Old" and "New" Schools of the northern section in 1870. Many of the most prominent divines of the Church are members of the Assembly which meets today. This body represents about 4,500 ministers, 4,800 churches, and 500,000 communicants. The Presbyterian Church holds to equality of all its ministers, rejecting prelacy. Its government is representative, by associations of teaching and ruling elders. A series of associations or judicatories, rising one above another, secures to each church the watch and care of its appropriate judicatory, and to the whole body a system of review and control. The General Assembly meets once a year. The presence of such an Assembly will be an occasion of unusual interest to religious circles here, and the wonted hospitalities of Baltimore will be cheerfully exercised.—Baltimore *Sun*, 14th.

A Compliment to Underwood.

Our admiration for this little beast is well known, but we were not aware that the *Notes Journal* participated in it so fully as it does. It calls him Aminadab Sleek, and speaking of the late meeting to deplore the death of Judge Chase, our colemporary says:

In the Federal Court at Norfolk on Thursday resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Chief Justice Chase were adopted, and eloquent tributes offered by Taz well Taylor, Judge Scarborough and others. This was entirely proper, but the whole proceedings was spoiled by the participation in it of *Tobe* Justice Underwood. This veritable Aminadab Sleek had his part, in which he is reported as having said:

Here the *Journal* quotes what Underwood, with his usual bad taste, had to say about Chase the *politician* when a Southern bar, of able and accomplished men, had assembled to lament the loss of Chase the *jurist*. Commenting on the whines of the little beast the *Journal* very properly remarks:

Mr. Chase's politics had nothing in the world to do with the objects of the meeting and should not have been obtruded. And then with what derision must Underwood's utterances have been received when he prated about burying the "passions and prejudices of the war, when his thefts are fresh in the knowledge of the whole country. Underwood is a first-class fraud. *Norfolk Virginian.*

The Philadelphia Centennial.

Imagine the Southern representatives there, and what an incongruous assemblage it would be. Old Virginia comes first, and marches to Independence Hall. In her hand she holds the declaration, penned by her own immortal son, and on her banner she bears the portrait of great Washington, whose sword made good the principles it announced. What a meaningless pageant will the world esteem it, and how cruelly and heartless will she herself regard it? And then North Carolina appears upon the scene, bearing her Mecklenburg Declaration, surrounded with the names of the stern patriots who conceived it, and from whom it emanated. With what mournful aspect will it be regarded, when not one principle it proclaims survives in purity among her people? And then poor South Carolina, bruised, down cast and humiliated, her proud palmetto withered before the blast of Northern wrong and oppression! Her banner may wave to the breeze as proudly as ever, and the names of her Marions and Sumpters shine as lustrous; but what are these things now to her? What hollowness, what emptiness, or even worse, would appear in her participation in such a pageant? So every State of the South may be called up, and each would occupy a similar attitude of humiliation or hypocrisy in the presence of mankind.

It is our earnest hope, then, that not one dollar of Southern money will be contributed to this swindling scheme of Yankee sharpers, who, while trampling to the dust every tradition of constitutional right and freedom, and setting at naught every holy memory of the fathers, seek to speculate at the cost of the whole country, upon a supposed sentiment of patriotism, in which a large portion of the country feel satisfied that it has no possible interest.—*Petersburg Appeal.*

From "Social Studies" in the N. Y. Sunday World.

SAVED BY AN IMPRESSION.

A TRUE CALIFORNIA STORY.

Of the many strange stories of personal experience and adventure relating to the lawless golden days of California before the retributive and purifying advent of the famous Vigilance Committee, one appearing lately in the Nevada City Transcript, from the pen of its principal actor, is not the least remarkable as an illustration of the sinister anarchy of the phenomenal period, while it has a distinctive interest of its own as a familiar study of that not uncommon psychic influence which passes under the name of supernatural presentment.

In 1851, the year witnessing the culmination of brigand reign at the Golden Gate and the mighty uprising of the outraged citizenry at the dastardly assassination of editor King by the outlaw Casey, the writer of the present story in question was a prominent officer of the customs in San Francisco, and frequently held possession of government collections to a large amount. His office was at the end of a point of land on the Bay, where Battery and Jackson streets converged; for closer guardianship thereof he lodged in a primitive apartment of the same building; and to reach the place from the business portion of the city he was obliged to traverse a long and narrow plank walk spanning the water on piles from the foot of Sansome and Clay streets.

With the city swarming with escaped convicts from Australia, and desperate characters of every nationality, murder and robbery were of every day occurrence, and the municipal authorities and police themselves in notorious league with the banditti, was a perilous time for any respectable man known to own or have the custody of treasure to any amount, and the customs officer generally made it a point to walk home over his extemporized river road from his dinner at the Lafayette Restaurant in the city before dark. On the occasion, however, to which his story refers, when he had money in his safe to the sum of between $10,000 and $20,000, some friends with whom he had dined at the Lafayette tempted him to go with them to a new theatre, which had just been opened opposite the plaza, on or near the site of the later City Hall.

Before that, the places of amusement in the yet crude town were chiefly gaming-houses and even more murderous dance-saloons, and it was such a treat to have something at least nominally more respectable for an evening's diversion that he was tempted to forget his usual prudence as to early hours, and go, with his safe keys in his pockets to the new theatre to see. Some wine at the table had perhaps helped him to fool-hardiness. At any rate, it was with no thought of danger that he entered the theatre; but scarcely had he taken a seat therein with his friends when there suddenly came upon him such a feeling of feverish uneasiness, such an uncontrollable impulse to arise and fly from the place, that he found it impossible to sit still, or keep his thoughts connected for conversation.

With every additional moment this unaccountable perturbation increased, though without defining itself to him as from any distinct cause, until, at last, at the rising of the