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TO WHOM ALL LETTERS ON BUSINESS MUST BE ADDRESSED.

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THE AMENDMENTS AND THE LEGISLATURE.

The Raleigh *News* in commenting upon the action of the last Legislature upon the Constitutional amendments now before the people for ratification, well says that we must not give all the credit to our own friends for all that was done. It says truly too, that, without the assistance of the Radicals, all the amendments would have failed, and that it was owing to the good judgment and patriotism of the leaders in both Houses of the Legislature that the amendments were not made party issues.

It is undoubtedly true that the amendments would have failed had not our opponents come to the rescue of the State and joined hands with us in an effort to give some relief from the hardships of the carpet-bag Constitution of North Carolina.

As it was, most of the influential Radicals in both branches, as the *News* correctly says, voted for those amendments that received the Constitutional majority, R. C. Badger, of of Wake, in the House of Representatives was especially prominent and active in behalf of the amendments that were finally agreed to. Indeed, it is not saying too much, to say that, had it not been for his cordial support, not a single amendment would have prevailed. He did not stand alone, however, for J. B. Respe s, white Radical Senator from Beaufort, and James H. Harris, colored Senator from Wake, were also thoroughly enlisted in the sane cause. There were other Radicals, too, who did the State good service at that time—especially do we remember Mr. Long, the Radical Senator from Richmond county, and Mr. McCotter, the Radical Senator from Pitt county. Indeed, there was a determination generally, on the part of the best men on both sides to prevent the amendments from becoming a party question.

And, knowing the manner in which they were adopted, we have never urged them upon the acceptance of our people purely as a party measure. These amendments stand far above any question of mere party or partisan advantage. They were adopted by the Legislature and proposed to the people for ratification, for the benefit of the whole State, and in the interest of the whole people, regardless of race or color, and are of vital importance. We trust, therefore, that our people will turn out in full force on election day and ratify, by an overwhelming vote, the amendments now pending.

WHEELER'S HISTORY—THE SENTINEL AND ITS HISTORICAL CORRECTION.

The *Sentinel* on Tuesday last declared Wheeler's History of North Carolina to be ill-arranged, ill-compiled and ill-printed, and that its writer, save industry, possessed not a single qualification of a writer of history. The *Sentinel* also took occasion "to add to the list of events in which North Carolina was first," one that Wheeler had omitted to mention, to wit: That "the *first tea* that was thrown overboard was in North Carolina and not in Boston."

On Thursday following, however, the *Sentinel* rose to explain that in the hurry of writing, its memory was at fault and said "it was not *tea* that was thrown overboard but it was the *stamp act* that was resisted. This occurred in 1776." The *Sentinel* said further that it had read "in some North Carolina publication the particulars of resistance," but not being able to lay its hands upon it called upon "the Wilmington JOURNAL or some gentleman of Wilmington to come to its relief and supply the hiatus.

The JOURNAL takes great pleasure in coming to the relief of its cotemporary; indeed, it gives us especial pleasure to do so, as it affords us an apt opportunity to call the attention of our cotemporary to the value of a book it affects so much to despise, to wit: *Wheeler's History of North Carolina.*

On the fifty-first page of that "ill-compiled, ill-arranged and ill-printed" volume, will be found all "the particulars of resistance" asked for by the *Sentinel*. The "resistance" occurred however, in 1765 and not in 1766, as our cotemporary hath it.

It seems, therefore, that Wheeler had good reason for not adding "to the list of events in which North Carolina was first" the event of throwing tea overboard; or at least, that no record of the event was afforded by "the particulars of resistance" to the British sloop-of-war, the Diligence. That Colonel Wheeler duly appreciated the importance of the occurrence equally with the *Sentinel*, is apparent from the fact that he too, took occasion to contrast it, done as it was "in open day by men of well known person and reputation", with "the famous Tea party of Boston, when a number of citizens disguised as Indians went on board of a sloop in the harbor" &c. Doubtless, Colonel Wheeler will be gratified to learn that he and his critic are of one mind upon one point at least. We trust, however, that the fact of his having made the point some twenty-five years before the *Sentinel* made it, at least in print, will not puff him up beyond measure.

With these facts before us, we are inclined to think that if some of our friends would read Wheeler's "publications" a little more carefully, they would possibly criticise them a little less harshly.

The *Siege* is the name of a new paper issued in Lafayette, Ind., and among the few little things it proposes to accomplish are to stop the importation and sale and use of liquor; to break down all monopolies; to effect the repeal of the divorce laws; to substitute arbitration for war; to promote universal love; to strengthen the moral attributes of the government; to enforce home economy; to establish a non-sectarian school system; to suppress political partisanship; to suppress selfish political economy by a more philanthropic plan, and to defend labor against capital.

NORTH CAROLINA AND HER HISTORIANS.

There is a general demand for a full, comprehensive and truthful history of North Carolina. The material for the work is abundant, but for various reasons that material has never been digested and presented to the public in a shape commensurate with its importance or with our wishes.

Had Dr. Hawks been spared to continue his labors, all complaint would ere now, doubtless, have been ended. But he was not permitted to complete his work of love. Governor Swain, also stricken down, with all his faculties in full vigor, was another distinguished son of North Carolina, well qualified to perform the task—the grateful task we had almost said.

We are not quite sure, however, that the task can properly be called a grateful one. It may be well doubted whether any history of North Carolina will prove altogether grateful to its writer. It seems a difficult thing to please North Carolinians in the matter of the history of their State. So nice indeed is our taste in this regard that any man may well hesitate to encounter the rough, and when not rough, the sneering criticism that an attempt at a History of North Carolina is sure to provoke from North Carolinians.

To say the least of it, this carping spirit that has so long possessed North Carolinians, touching themselves and their belongings, gives no hopeful augury of the accomplishment of the work we all profess with so much unanimity to desire. It may be said safely that there is no money to be made in the preparation and publication of a History of North Carolina. If then there be no honor to come from the undertaking, what reward is there to compensate the historian? If, instead of encouragement, or at least kind and respectful treatment, we extend only the harshest of harsh criticism, what right have we to expect that any man will attempt that which we are constantly saying it is the duty of some man to do?

We have been led to these reflections by the comments in a late number of the Raleigh *Sentinel* upon certain "Historical Sketches of North Carolina from 1584 to 1851," popularly known as Wheeler's History of North Carolina, that seem, to say the least, unnecessarily harsh. In the opinion of the *Sentinel*, Colonel Wheeler has, save industry, "not a single qualification that belongs to a writer of history," and every publication he makes "is ill compiled, ill arranged, ill expressed and ill printed." If the *Sentinel* be correct in its opinion, Colonel Wheeler possesses no love for his work, unless it be implied in industry, and not even common honesty, for both these qualifications surely "belong to a writer of history." We feel sure, however, that the language of our cotemporary was stronger than the impression it designed to convey.

Nor do we think it was quite charitable to twit Colonel Wheeler because his publications have been "ill printed," no matter how true it may be. Possibly his want of means, in some cases, compelled him to resort to cheap publishing houses, or possibly his publisher cheated him. The copy, however, of the publication that we are in the habit of using, and we, in common with all other Editors in the State doubtless, have frequent occasion to refer to it, bears the imprint of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., a firm that in old times, at least, took very high rank.

It is possibly and very probably, perfectly true that Wheeler's Sketches do not come up to the standard that their readers or that their writer desired. In the very publication of his History, Colonel Wheeler made frank confession of "errors, omissions and imperfections," and anticipating criticism, begged that critics would, instead of attacking his labors, "take and examine them carefully and improve on them for the benefit of North Carolina," promising that no one would more heartily welcome their work to the public, and none rejoice more sincerely in their success than himself. And from that day to the present time, near a quarter of a century, Colonel Wheeler, if we are correctly informed, has been diligently employed, either in this country or in England, in collecting, arranging and digesting material for the correction of these errors and omissions and imperfections, of which no one was more conscious than himself. The fruit of all this labor, it has been announced, is about to be given to the public in the form of a new edition. And what is his reward for all his expenditure of time and money! Nothing more nor less than the announcement from one of the leading papers in the State that Colonel Wheeler, save industry, possesses "not a single qualification that belongs to a writer of history," and that all his publications are "ill-compiled, ill-arranged, ill-expressed and ill-printed"! Surely this is poor encouragement to the future historian whose advent we profess to look for so longingly.

With all due respect to our cotemporary we cannot help thinking its criticism is unnecessarily harsh unless, indeed, it were better to have no history at all than to have Colonel Wheeler's History. This certainly is not our opinion, nor do we understand that the *Sentinel* so regards Colonel Wheeler's labors, for it says expressly that "there is information in his volume you cannot get elsewhere. Even in his very poor address at the University there is certain information scattered through it that is valuable."

Governor Austin, of Minnesota, declines a gubernatorial third term, on the ground that his annual expenses amount to $3,000 more than his official salary.

English journals record the death of Captain James Murray, of the Queen's army, in his ninetieth year. He had received the war medal and clasp for his services in the first year of the present century in the Egyptian campaign.

THE RHETT COOLEY DUEL.

The Card of Judge Cooley that led to the challenge.

The following card from Judge Cooley was published in the New Orleans *Times* on the 27th ultimo:

A CARD.

Yesterday morning the *Picayune*, in an editorial, assailed me on account of my argument in the Hawkins-Picayune libel suit. My statements to the jury were qualified as being "malicious and wilfully false." As soon as I read the article I addressed a letter to Colonel R. B. Rhett, Jr., the editor, which was handed to him by a friend. After reading it, Colonel Rhett stated that he, within twenty-four hours, would answer; and this time was granted. To-day I received his answer; and I now put before the people of New Orleans the two letters:

NEW ORLEANS, June 23, 1873.

R. B. Rhett, Jr., Editor of the Picayune:

SIR—In the *Picayune* of this morning, under the caption of "Hawkins vs. the *Picayune*," you take the liberty of commenting upon the incidents of the trial of the libel suit against the paper. So far as you deal in generalities, it is not my purpose to ask you any explanation; but in referring to me, under my own name, you have been guilty of what I consider a direct misrepresentation. You refer to my concluding argument for the plaintiff, and say that I travelled out of the record and misrepresented facts because I knew no one was to follow me and show my mistake, which you quality as not only wilfully but maliciously false. In this connection you allude to and quote from my argument as follows:

"This canvass (of the Lynch returning board) was made—this result proclaimed to the citizens of the State of Louisiana on the twelfth day of December. What did the *Picayune* do? Did the *Picayune* in the month of December say one word about it? No—not a word. Then comes the month of January. Did the *Picayune* in the month of January say one word about it? Not a syllable. Another month is about to expire. On the twenty-third of February, two months and a half since the action was committed, then it is that the virtuous indignation of that very virtuous sheet is aroused, and it publishes this article.

* * * * * *

"Why is it that they single out Judge Hawkins from the returning board? It was not Hawkins solely and singly who had perpetrated this immense injury of which you had complained. If anybody did it, it was the board; that board was composed of five individuals. I ask you, if you put yourselves forward as champions of public liberty and public interest, and on that account claimed exemption of damages for a libellous article which you have written, I ask you if you did that in the interest of the public, why didn't you pitch into Longstreet, Lynch, Bovee and Heron? I might suggest a reason. I will let you guess at it. Some people, you know, it don't do to trifle with."

In answer to this you pretend that the Picayune had repeatedly denounced the returning board previous to your article against Judge Hawkins, of the 23d of February, 1873. Now, sir, I was defending Judge Hawkins against a charge of "perfidy," "perjury" and "bribery" in connection with his labors as a member of the returning board, and I took occasion to tell the jury the Picayune had made no such charge against any other member of that board. I now reiterate my language, and make you this proposition: If you can find and show me, in any number of the Picayune, the words "perfidy, perjury, and "bribery" applied to any other member of that board, I shall publicly acknowledge I was wrong; if you cannot, you will make the acknowledgment of contradicting your record.

Your obedient servant,
W. H. COOLEY.

NEW ORLEANS, June 26, 1873.

W. H. Cooley, Esq.:

SIR—Your communication of yesterday was received.

The editorial remarks in the *Picayune* to which you refer were a reply to a portion of your speech therein quoted. You asserted that neither during the month of December nor January had the *Picayune* noticed the canvass of the Lynch returning board and the result proclaimed, and that I had omitted noticing all the other members of the board but Judge Hawkins. I controverted these assertions, and appealed to the files of the *Picayune* to disprove what you said.

It is not my province to find and to show you what the files of the paper contain. What was published on the subject of the Lynch returning board in these two months, it cannot be difficult for you to ascertain; and any acknowledgment you may see fit to make will meet with due consideration.

In the meantime, I am, sir, your obedient servant,
R. B. RHETT, JR.

The public will perceive from the above correspondence that I made a fair, honest and manly offer to Colonel Rhett, viz: to publicly acknowledge I was wrong if he could show from his own files that from the 12th of December, 1872, until the 23d of February, 1873, the *Picayune* had used toward any member of the Lynch returning board, except Judge Hawkins, the terms "perfidy, perjury and bribery," provided that he agreed to admit he had spoken incorrectly in the article of yesterday morning, "if he could not prove what I denied." The valiant and truthful Colonel dodges the issue in his letter to me, and very complacently refers me to the files of his paper from December 12, 1872, to February 23, 1873. I had already examined those files, and knew that Colonel Rhett could not prove by them that I had misstated the *Picayune*, and I presume that Colonel Rhett employed the twenty-four hours of delay he claimed, and was allowed to answer my note to him, in examining the files himself; and after satisfying himself therefrom that he was fairly caught, he refused the proposition I made to him. Colonel Rhett having written in the *Picayune* that I made assertions to the jury which were "malicious and wilfully false," and having subsequently refused my fair, honest and honorable offer to decide which of us is correct, I publish him to the people of New Orleans as an unmitigated calumniator, a deliberate and wilful falsifier, an artful dodger, and withal, a thorough paced braggart.

W. H. COOLEY,

New Orleans, June 26, 1873.

Upon the appearance of the above card in the *Times* Colonel Rhett sent a peremptory challenge to Judge Cooley, which was accepted. The time and place of meeting and the weapons were agreed upon and the duel fought in accordance therewith, resulting in the death of Judge Cooley at the second fire as heretofore announced.

From Judge Cooley's own statement it appears that he was the aggressor. The insinuation in his speech to the jury in the Hawkins libel suit that Judge Hawkins had been selected for attack by the *Picayune* because he was less likely to resent an attack than the other members of the board, was of such a character that he had no right to expect it to pass unnoticed.

Indeed, throughout the whole difficulty taking his own account of the affair to be correct, Judge Cooley seems to have been determined to provoke Colonel Rhett into a duel or to disgrace him before the people of New Orleans. He carried out that determination, but at the cost of his life. Colonel Rhett is said to be a remarkably pleasant and amiable gentleman.

HIRAM POWERS—HIS CAREER OPENED TO HIM BY SOUTHERN GENEROSITY.

The greatest of American sculptors died on Friday, in that Italian city which, from long residence therein, had become to him a home. Hiram Powers lacked but two years of having reached the three score and ten which the Psalmist allots as the measure of human life, but he was in full vigor of matured genius, and had he been spared, we might have expected from his chisel, other creations as worthy of fame as Eve and the Greek Slave. The first of these was the early product of his cunning hand when he had but just domesticated himself in Florence. Thorwaldsen pronounced it a master-piece, and when the next year Powers produced the Greek Slave, he stepped to the front line of living artists. He has produced numerous other well-known works, among which are the Fisher Boy, of which there have been three repetitions in marble; Il Penseroso, Proserpine, a bust; California America, modelled for the Crystal Palace of Sydenham, England, statues of Washington and Calhoun, and the Indian Girl. Among the vast number of busts which he has produced are those of Adams, Jackson, Chief Justice Marshall, Edward Everett, and Martin Van Buren. The bronze statue of Webster, which now adorns the State House grounds at Boston, is one of his latest works.

In spite of his long residence abroad, Powers was a thorough American.—He never lost that love for his native land which he imbibed with the breezes of the Vermont hills among which he was born, and, although he may be laid to his final rest in foreign soil, yet his native country will hold him in cherished remembrance, and his compatriots who tread Italian ground will be proud to linger a moment above his grave.

It may not be generally known, though it is none the less true, we believe, that the great sculptor was enabled to develope and cultivate his rare genius by the generous, fostering care of Southern men.

The following sketch, which we take from the Richmond *Enquirer*,, briefly tells the story:

Hiram Powers was born at Woodstock, Vermont, and commenced life as a waiter boy at a hotel, from which occupation he advanced to that of a traveler for a merchant, and finally became apprenticed to a clock-maker at Cincinnati, where his talent as a sculptor first developed itself under the instruction of a Prussian sculptor, who happened to be in that city executing a statue of General Jackson. He there learned to form busts, and very soon, under the patronage of Nicholas Longworth, removed to Washington City, where he acquired a considerable reputation. There he made the acquaintance of William C. Preston, of South Carolina, who manifested deep interest in his success as an artist, and who procured from his brother, Colonel John Preston, an allowance of $1,000 a year for Powers to enable him to go to Italy.

Jesse R. Grant.

The father of the President of the United States, Jesse Root Grant, died last evening at Covington, Kentucky, after a long illness. The President was informed on Saturday evening that his father was dying, and started immediately for the West, but before he could reach Covington, the old man's life was at an end. He was the son of Captain Noah Grant, of the Revolutionary army, who, after the war, emigrated from Coventry, Connecticut, to Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania. There Jesse, one of a numerous family, was born in the year 1794, so he had reached the advanced age of seventy-nine years. In 1799 the family removed to Ohio, and at the age of sixteen Jesse was sent to Maysville, Kentucky, and apprenticed to his half-brother to learn the trade of a tanner. He afterwards set up in the business at Ravenna, Ohio, twenty-five miles above Cincinnati.—In 1820 he was married there to Miss Hannah Simpson, and on the 27th of April, 1822, their eldest son, destined to become President of the United States, was born. Jesse Grant prospered in business, and finally removed to Galena, Illinois, where he added to the tanning business a leather and harness store. Ulysses, who had been educated at West Point, and had served during the Mexican war, became tired of army life in time of peace, and resigned his commission in 1854. He tried farming for awhile, but at last accepted an interest in his father's business at Galena in which he was engaged when the rebellion broke out. Jesse Grant, after the war, gave up his business and was appointed by President Johnson, Postmaster at Covington, Ky., opposite to Cincinnati, which position he has continued to hold, although failing health and old age had unfitted him for work, and although the President had desired him to resign. He was a plain unpretending working man, but one of excellent good sense. His only distinction, however, beyond this, was that he was the father of the victorious leader of the Union armies who became President of the United States of America.—*Yankee Exchange.*

A Washington despatch says that the impression is gaining ground in the best informed circles there that Mr. E. Rockwood Hoar will be appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

It is said a company of Americans have been organized, who propose to purchase from the Government of Mexico, two or three of the Mexican States, with a view to developing their mineral resources. The States alleged to be in view by these parties, are Chihuahua, Sonora and Tamaulipas.

The Shah of Persia, now on a visit to Europe, confers gifts in a truly oriental style of munificence. He was particularly liberal to the imperial servants both at Potsdam and Berlin, bestowing the sum of $4,000 in cash, besides gold watches, shawls, brooches, and the like, in abundance. The Emperor got a very costly gold snuff-box, set with diamonds; the Empress a necklace of rich brilliants; while minor dignitaries received the Grand Cross of the order of the Sun and Lion. How welcome this freehanded Shah would be made in Washington!

Reported for the Journal.

The District Conference.

The District Conference of the Wilmington District, North Carolina Methodist Episcopal Church South, Assembled at Whiteville on Thursday, the 3rd day of July, 1873.

In the absence of the Bishop, the Rev. Wm. Closs, D. D., took the chair and opened the conference with solemn religious services. On motion, Rev. A. T. Gibbs was appointed Secretary, and Rev. J. J. Baymell Assistant Secretary. The roll of "charges" was then called and the names of preachers and delegates enrolled. A resolution was then adopted requesting Rev. E. A. Yates, Presiding Elder of the Newbern District, to preach a sermon before the Conference, at some time during its session.

A communication from Rev. C. F. Deems, D. D., was read to the Conference.

On motion, the following standing committees were appointed by the President: Committee on Missions, Committee on Sunday Schools, Committee on Finance.

A special committee was appointed to take into consideration the condition of the District Parsonage.

A call of the charges for reports was then commenced.

BLADEN CIRCUIT.

The Pastor reported in full.

W. J. Parker, delegate, stated that he had been connected with the finances of the Church for over twenty years, and has never found anything to work so well as the Conference plan of assessments.

Dr. R. S. Moran presented a series of resolutions endorsing the work of Dr. C. F. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, in New York, as follows:

Whereas, A communication has been received by this Conference from Rev. Dr. Deems, of New York; therefore

Resolved, 1st. That we hereby record our continued and increasing love for Dr. Deems, and our very high appreciation of the eminent services which, for the past seven years, he has rendered to the cause of God and Methodism in our "Great Metropolis."

Resolved, 2d. That we cordially reciprocate his expressions of fraternal attachment and devotion, and pray that the constant presence and richest blessings of the Great Head of the Church may attend him through all his life and labors.

Unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

WHITEVILLE CIRCUIT

was then called for reports, and a partial report was made by Rev. M. H. Hoyle, which led to a protracted discussion on the subject of Church assessments and the duties of Stewards.

SMITHVILLE CIRCUIT

was then called and the Pastor made a very complete report of its condition.

On motion the hours of business for the Conference were fixed at from 9 to 11 o'clock A. M. and 4 to 6 o'clock P. M.

KENANSVILLE CIRCUIT

was then called and a report was made by the Pastor. He stated the mournful fact that there was no Sunday School in the Circuit.

On motion of Dr. R. S. Moran, Rev. E. A. Yates, P. E. of the Newbern district, was invited to participate in all the deliberations of the Conference.

The Presiding Elder announced the Standing Committees.

The Conference then adjourned until 4 o'clock P. M.

Promising Crops.

A gentlemen of this city, who has recently travelled through a large portion of Eastern North Carolina, represents the crop prospects as being very fine. He passed through the counties of Duplin, Wayne, Greene, Wilson, Pitt, Edgecombe, Beaufort, Craven, Lenoir and Carteret, and everywhere the corn, cotton and oats were looking their best and giving evidence of a bountiful harvest.

Burglary.

Joshua Loftin, colored, was sent here yesterday from Harnett township and lodged in jail, charged with breaking into the house of Delaware Nixon, on the 17th of last month, and stealing therefrom a pocket book containing $17, and some other articles. He will be held for trial at next term of Superior Court.

Dr. Lyman will Accept.

We understand that Rev. T. B. Lyman, of Trinity Church, San Francisco, who was recently elected Assistant Bishop of this Diocese, has decided to accept the position. It is stated that he was to have left San Francisco, for Baltimore, about the 1st inst., and expected to sail from Baltimore, for Europe, on a visit to his son, about the 19th inst.

The Robesonian.

A dispatch from Lumberton yesterday afternoon informed us that the *Robesonian* newspaper of that place was sold yesterday at public auction to Mr. W. Wallace McDiarmid.

Mr. McDiarmid, the new proprietor, is a younger brother to the late lamented founder and proprietor of the *Robesonian*, and was formerly connected with that paper. He has since established the *Pioneer* at Florence, which is now being published by him at that place. He is not only a good writer but a practical printer, as well, and will ably conduct his new enterprise. He has our most cordial wishes for his success.

Row at Magnolia.

A difficulty occurred at Magnolia on Friday, among some of the colored excursionists who went up to Goldsboro from this city. The train was obliged to wait at that point for more than one hour, so as to allow another train to pass, and during that time some of the excursionists got drunk and a row was the result. The town authorities of Magnolia acted very efficiently and detained the train until they could arrest some of the principal parties to the disorder. This was finally effected and the parties are now in custody at Magnolia.

Robbery at Rocky Point.

Henry Willis and Ned Huffham were brought here yesterday and lodged in jail, under a commitment from Justice Jas. B. McPherson, at Rocky Point, for trial at the next term of Superior Court, for robbery.

The circumstances of the case are as follows: About two weeks ago Mr. McPherson missed five bags of pea nuts from his pea house. He knew that they had been stolen but could not trace the theft. Some days after that, and while Mr. McPherson was absent from home, the house was again broken into and seven bags taken off. Having reason to believe that the same thing would be attempted again last Tuesday night, he placed a guard over the building. About dark this guard saw Henry Willis and a woman named Chaney Huffham drive up in a cart. Willis alighted and went into the house and brought out several bags of peas while the woman held the horse. They then drove off with the peas. These facts were reported to Mr. McPherson and the next day a search warrant was taken out and two bags of the peas were found in possession of the defendants. They were then arrested, examined and sent here for committal.

THE REGATTA

The Fourth at Wrightsville—A Fine Day and a Spirited Race—Twelve Boats entered—The Carolina Takes the first Prize—The Little Sister comes in Second—The Qui Vive gains the Club Prize—Large attendance of Ladies and Gentlemen.

We all—at least all who were residents of Wilmington previous to the war—will remember the delightful regattas given at Wrightsville Sound during the summer season; how every man, woman and child in the then town who owned, or could beg or hire a horse, posted off to the Sound, many of them going afoot to witness the grand Fourth of July Regatta; and how, with a very slight beginning, with a few small boats, the club soon came to own some of the swiftest little yachts on the Atlantic coast, nearly all of which, we are proud to say, were built and rigged at home, and, of course, manned with our own home sailors, many of whom, alas! have not survived to see the reorganization of their happy pastime.

It is needless to say that the Regatta was the great event of the Fourth with everybody in this latitude. For weeks previous to the day vehicles of all descriptions had been chartered by the eager crowd of pleasure seekers. The day opened beautifully, and certainly Old Probs must have been in his blandest humor to have smiled upon us as he did while a fearful storm was ravaging many portions of the North and Northwestern States. Early in the forenoon Wrightsville was alive with its happy crowd of men, women and children. By noon many a sail was spread to the breeze and more than an hour was spent in transporting both spectators and participants to the Banks, the scene of the conflict. Here there was a great bustle of active preparation, but by half past two o'clock everything was ready for the start. At just five minutes before three o'clock Commodore F. A. L. Cassidey, with the Judges of the races, Messrs. Wm. A. Wright and Jesse J. Cassidey, and Capt. Henry Savage near him, with watches in hand, gave the signal and the start was begun. The boats then sailed out in the following order, the smallest boat taking the lead:

1st. *Little Walter*, sailed by John Farrow.
2d. *Reb*, by John J. Fowler.
3d. *Leila*, by P. W. Gause.
4th. *Little Sister*, by Clayton Giles.
5th. *Annie*, by Charles Burkhimer.
6th. *Cora and Eliza*, by Geo. W. Kidder.
7th. *Lizzie*, by Geo. A. Peck.
8th. *Lillie*, by John L. Maffitt.
9th. *Undine*, by Benjamin Farrow.
10th. *Qui Vive*, by Wm. A. Wright, Jr.
11th. *Rhetta*, by H. C. Cassidey.
12th. *Carolina*, by T. M. Gardner.

The wind was from the Southwest and was a fine steady breeze at the outset but freshened considerably during the race, until there was almost too much of it for the smaller boats. The course was from the beach in front of the Banks House, on the Sound front, first up London Channel, round and around buoy No. 1, thence back towards the Banks, thence down the Banks Channel to buoy No. 2, placed near the inlet, thence back to buoy No. 1, rounding it and thence down the Channel and around buoy No. 2 again, coming up finally on the home course, the distance, in all, aggregating about seven miles.

The boats all led off in fine order, but only five boats ran the entire course and two of those, the *Lillie* and the *Undine*, arrived too late to be timed by the Judges. The *Little Walter* soon dropped out; the jib of the *Reb* got loose, caught in the mast and capsized her; the *Leila* capsized and was disabled; the *Annie* broke her rudder; the *Cora* and *Eliza* and the *Lillie* dropped out of the race; and the *Rhetta* was struck by a squall after the first round of buoy No. 2, her main sheet broke and she was disabled, and even the *Carolina*, the first in, made water so rapidly that she was almost water-logged.

The successful boats were the *Carolina*, the *Little Sister* and the *Qui Vive*. The *Carolina* came in in 1 hour, 33 minutes and 45 seconds; the *Little Sister* in 1 hour, 34 minutes and 5 seconds; and the *Qui Vive* in 1 hour, 38 minutes and 4 seconds.

The decision of the Judges was announced and Wm. A. Wright, Esqr. was called upon to deliver the prizes to the successful competitors. This was done in Mr. Wright's usual happy manner, and the presentation remarks were responded to appropriately, by the gentlemen to whom they were addressed. The first prize, a large soup tureen, a beautiful piece of silver, was presented to Mr. E. E. Burruss, as owner of the *Carolina*; a very handsome silver ice pitcher, the second prize, was received by Mr. Clayton Giles, for the *Little Sister*, and Mr. Wm. A. Wright, Jr., of the *Qui Vive*, as third best, holds, until the next regatta, the Club prize, a beautiful silver goblet.

It was after five o'clock when these pleasant ceremonies had concluded, and when the last prize had been tendered and received, the sails were again cast loose, the party all embarked and a landing on the Sound beach was soon effected, with everybody and everything "as safe and sound" as when they embarked for the Banks in the forenoon.

A New Field of Labor.

Rev. J. H. Mills, editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, has left the editorial fraternity for the purpose of taking charge of the school at the Oxford Asylum, a fact which we have heretofore neglected to notice. Mr. Mills is a good man and a forcible, trenchant writer. He has been an honorable addition to the editorial fraternity in this State and his loss will be felt. Our most earnest wishes go with him.

German Immigration.

The Clinton *Enquirer* says: We are informed that Mr. John C. Heyer, so well and favorably known to all Sampson men who ever visited Wilmington, instructed his brother, previous to the latter's departure for Europe recently, to bring over with him on his return to this country, if possible, a few industrious, practical German farmers with their families as the nucleus of a colony which Mr. H. proposes to settle on his South River lands in this county.

The most important sale of cattle and horses that ever occurred on the Pacific coast lately took place in San Mateo county, California. The sale was a complete success, and proved that the complaints of the scarcity of money in the Golden State does not extend to blooded cattle. Famous horses were struck off at famous prices, one bringing upwards of $16,000, and others ranging from $8,000 to $10,000. The thoroughbred cattle brought good prices, although some of the best stock in the State was represented in that herd. The sale indicates the increasing attention paid to stock raising in California, and shows that farmers think it to their interest to pay almost any price for improved breeds and blooded stock.

Outrage in Burke County.

Oscar Eastman, U. S. Commissioner, and one Deaver, U. S. Marshal, arrived in Morganton on Friday and commenced a vigorous "nosing" into the papers of the county officers, &c. After exhausting the county officials the inquisition turned its attention to railroad officials.

Maj. Smith, with several other gentlemen, was sitting in front of his office, which has recently been moved from Statesville to this place, when Eastman and Deaver approached. They spoke to no one but entered the office where the treasurer, G. P. Erwin, was writing, and demanded to see his papers, in a very peremptory and discourteous manner. Capt. Erwin called to Maj. Smith at the door and asked if he should allow them to see his papers. The Major hesitated a moment but finally consented, remarking that he supposed it made no difference. When he hesitated Deaver asked in a rather, as we thought, insulting tone, "Do you refuse, sir?" After they had been examining the papers in the safe for a few minutes, Maj. Smith remarked that he did not like this thing as he was receiver and was himself an officer of the court, and he did not know who they were. So re-entering the office he demanded to see the commissions of the officers, which they failed to produce, stating that they had been left in Asheville. He then ordered Capt. Erwin to lock up the safe and told the alleged officers in a very peremptory manner, to "get out." They walked out with thunder clouds on their brows, one of them remarking "I shall arrest you!"

THE CHARGE ON THE RECEIVER.

Pretty soon after Marshal Deaver made his appearance—walking down the middle of the street with a ten inch columbiad swung to his waist. After reconnoitering the Major's position, and observing the forces around him, which consisted of Capt. Erwin, Treasurer, W. C. Erwin, Agent of W. N. C. R. R., and J. G. Bynum, Esq., he approached the crowd around Davis' store and summoned all present (one of whom was the Associate Editor of the Piedmont Press,) to aid in the arrest of the rebel Smith. The forces under Marshal Deaver then commenced a forward movement. Col. J. W. McElrath led the advance guard, supported by Ben. Davis. The artillery in the centre was supported by a detachment under Capt. D. C. Pearson, while the Associate Editor of the Press brought up the rear. The troops were eager for the fray except the rear guard which rather "hung back." The distance being about thirty yards the enemy's position was soon reached. The order for the charge was given. With three cheers a rush was made for the railroad office door and the Major was "ours." Thus ended the first battle in the Federal official war. The Federal troops "fought nobly" with the exception of the *rear guard* which did not much like the *flag*, but will take the two dollars nevertheless.

(It is pleasant to know you have been in the U. S. service, and if you die first your widow will be pensioned.)

THE TRIAL.

Deaver served on the Major two warrants from Eastman, one for resisting the U. S. authority, another for assault and battery on U. S. officials. He offered no resistance and was marched off to the Mountain Hotel—way up at the other end of town—to appear before his honor, Commissioner Eastman. Deaver, on the way, made two or three rather sneering allusions to the Major's being a member of Congress. J. G. Bynum, Esq., appeared for the defendant. Defendant's counsel urged that the officers' failure to produce their commissions justified the Major's resistance to their authority; also that the Major was himself an officer of the court, and was under bond of $100,000 for the safe keeping of R. R. papers, money, &c., hence should allow no one to examine or handle them unless he had an order from Judge Dick. The Commissioner overruled all objection and the Major was required to give two bonds of one thousand dollars each for his appearance at the next term of the Federal Court at Statesville. Major J. W. Wilson and G. P. Erwin became his securities.

The commissioner stated in the course of the trial that he had a right to enter any man's house and look at his private papers, and if the party refused he could break open his house and safe.

"Land of the brave, and home of the free,"
What a vast amount of humbug about thee.
Hickory Press.

From the Portland (Me.) Argus

Jeff. Davis' Alleged Disguise.

I am no admirer of Jeff. Davis. I am a Yankee, born between Saccarappe and Gorham Corner, am full of Yankee prejudices; but I think it wicked to lie even about him, or for that matter, about the devil.

I was with the party that captured Jeff Davis; saw the whole transaction from its beginning. I now say—I hope you will publish it—that Jeff Davis did not have on, at the time he was taken, any garment such as is worn by women. He did not have over his shoulders a water-proof article of clothing—something like a "Havelock." It was not in the least concealed. He wore a hat, and did not carry a pail of water on his head, nor carry a bucket, or kettle in any way.

To the best of my recollection, he carried nothing whatever in his hands. His wife did not tell any per on that her husband might hurt somebody if he got exasperated. She behaved like a lady and he as a gentleman, though manifestly he was chagrined at being taken into custody. Our soldiers behaved like gentlemen as they were, and the foolish stories that went the newspaper rounds of the day, telling how wolfishly he deported himself, were all false. I know what I am writing about. I saw Jefferson Davis many times while he was staying in Portland, several years ago; and I think I was the first one who recognized him at the time of his arrest.

When I was known that he was certainly taken, some newspaper correspondent—I knew his name at the time—fabricated the story about the disguise in an old woman's dress. I heard the whole matter talked over as a good joke, and the officers, who knew better, never took the trouble to deny it. Perhaps they thought the Confederate President deserved all the contempt that could be put upon him. I think so too, only I would never perpetrate a falsehood that by any means would become history. And, further, I would never slander a woman who has shown so much devotion as Mrs. Davis has to her husband, no matter how wicked he is or may have been.

I defy any person to find a single officer or soldier who was present at the capture of Mr. Davis who will say, upon his honor, that he was disguised in woman's clothes, or that his wife acted in any way unladylike or undignified on that occasion. I go for trying him for his crimes, and, if he is guilty, punishing him. But I would not lie about him when the truth will certainly make it bad enough.

JAS. H. PARKER.

ELLBURNVILLE, Pa.

From the New Orleans Times.

Curiosities of My Office.

BY C. J.

There is something very inexplicable about "offices." You can never more than half persuade people that they are really places of business. A mill, a factory, or a warehouse is thought a spot where time is of value, and into which persons ought not to intrude. An office is never so regarded.

I will give one or two of my own experiences. The first is a very recent one:

"Sir," said a tall, thin man, clad in a worn, very shining garb, suddenly appearing in the room, "I have called to lay before you one of the most astonishing inventions of modern times." They all begin in some such impressive way as that. "A gas-burner, sir." I was busy arranging some papers in a stand-up desk, in a corner, and having both hands full, with a pen held crossways in my mouth, I was for the moment quite at his mercy.

"Perhaps, sir, you are not aware that in the case of every kind of burner but this I now show you gas gives off a most noxious effluvium, having a peculiarly ruinous effect upon the eyesight." By this time I had emptied my hands and mouth, and was advancing upon him. Fixing his eyes upon mine, he started back in distressful horror, "Heaven help us, sir," he exclaimed, "how you have suffered already! Your sight, sir, would not last six months longer. This must not be."

Before I could say a word or lift a finger to stop him, he rapidly glided past me to the table on which the lamp stood. With a nimbleness which rooted me to the spot in apprehension, he whipped off the shade, then the old burner. In one minute the lamp was a ruin. "It is a mercy of Providence, sir, that I have happened to call."

"Stop!" I called. "Replace everything as it was instantly."

"The number of cases of premature blindness," he calmly proceeded, "that I