Wilmington Journal.

THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL

ENGELHARD & SAUNDERS,
Editors and Proprietors.

TO WHOM ALL LETTERS ON BUSINESS MUST BE ADDRESSED.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE DAILY JOURNAL is mailed to subscribers at Four Dollars per annum; For six months for 2 months, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. For mail for a shorter period, [illegible] THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is mailed to subscribers at Two Dollars per annum; For six months, [illegible] No subscription taken for the Weekly for less than six months.

Wilmington Journal.

VOL. 31. WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1875. NO. 44

THE REJOINDER OF GENERAL BARRINGER.

General Barringer has responded to our article of October 29th in a reply dated October 29th, a copy of which he had sent us in advance of its publication in the Charlotte *Bulletin*, and which our readers will find in another column. It had also been our wish to publish in this issue his speech on Social Schools, delivered in the Convention, September 27th, and out of which the controversy has grown. With this purpose in view, we have first written and then telegraphed to the Raleigh *News*, in which we originally saw it, to send it to us. We have not yet heard from them and have concluded not to defer this matter longer, since we would not have one of Gen. Barringer's dignity and self-importance to stand waiting even a single moment for an answer.

In our article of the complaints of our correspondent from the injustice of supposing that he had in the speech aforesaid, actually spoken in favor of Mixed schools. It is true that in our article of October 29th, we used some expressions which might lead our readers to so infer. But in doing so, certainly no one but himself could have imagined a design, which was not in the mind of him, but to provoke him to reply again, and to thus draw him more fully out. In this we have succeeded completely, and now this political wolf in sheep's clothing has tumbled into our very trap. Our present purpose is first to remove as carefully as we can his upper covering, and then to strip the hooded little loon him in the broad light of day. And when we shall have done so, our readers may judge whether we were under any sort of necessity of doing him even the smallest injustice, and whether we were not rather seeking another opportunity to do him such signal *justice*, that he shall never again be heard to complain.

And first for the speech itself, which we regret exceedingly that we cannot publish to-day, but upon our faithful memory of which, our readers may safely rely.

Should our recollection of General Barringer the slightest wrong, he shall have another opportunity to be heard, although he will have little right to complain, since it was his duty to have sent us that speech, when sending us another on a subject totally irrelevant. He begins that speech by expressing his joy "that the *agitation* of this subject of Mixed Schools, was nearing its end," and yet in that form of expression, he more than insinuates his censure of the white people of North Carolina for their conduct in regard to that agitation. But is such censure, whether express or implied, either just or excusable? Our thoughts, indeed, but they and their Democratic colegates in the Convention, were the bringing that agitation to an end, and were that very moment engaged in giving it its *coup de grace*? On the other hand, who but General Barringer and his fellow-radicals began the agitation? Or does he suppose that there is in North Carolina a man so ignorant as not to know that it was begun by a Civil Rights Bill *compelling* Mixed Schools introduced by Senator Sumner, and passed by the United States Senate. And when Butler, as chairman of the House committee failed to report that bill to the House, does General Barringer imagine that there is in North Carolina a man so stupid as to have forgotten that Cessna of Pennsylvania, moved the Senate Bill as a substitute for that of Butler, and that thereupon every Radical in the House voted for it in substitute, save and except a handful of cowardly renegades from the South? Mixed Schools therefore were, and is, and never must be, a main one of the recognized tenets of Radicalism, anything that such a disciple as General Barringer may say or do to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Again that speech, while expressing his willingness to vote for an ordinance separating the schools, still he says "in his judgment such an ordinance is wholly unnecessary." Now if words were ever meant to conceal thought—if in the mouth of General Barringer words mean anything, then words such as these, must mean that he preferred that the subject should lie in the fire as it was under the mutual understanding, which as we expect he knows all one Mixed Schools.

Again he speaks of nature having rendered a "wall of partition" between the races, and yet in the same breath he stigmatizes as "unholy prejudice," the instinctive antipathy of the white to the negro race. Such trash as this we should characterize as downright nonsense if it were possible, indeed, for a mind such as General Barringer's to stultify itself. We do not care therefore, to stop to notice the distinguished compliment of being "serious scholars," which in that spirit he attempts to pay such negroes as [illegible] Barringer, can be worth nothing to any.

Also now for him to complain of our not proceeding in such a special to him! Why the whole thing from beginning to end was a clumsy piece of time-serving, double dealing and self-seeking, such as only such as he can represent him. And why was it so? Simply because he was trying to ride two horses at once—a feat which he, although a grandson general of cavalry seems never to have attained. We have lately in this our town, seen an equestrian of a different order perform the much more difficult feat of riding four-in-hand, but never in all our lives have we witnessed such wild and awkward straddling as this of "Old Aunt Nancy."

Having had this much to say by way of comment upon the speech of General Barringer, we must now recur to the original matter in controversy between us, and growing out of that speech. This, as our readers will remember, was the disingenuous and demagogical use made first by Governor Chamberlain, and then by himself of an extract from Macaulay's Essay on Milton, in support of negro suffrage and its attendant evils. For this we arraigned them, and inflicted condign punishment upon both. But in doing so, we made a distinction. In behalf of Governor Chamberlain, indeed, we had no mitigation to make, but convicted him of perversion, the most wilful, shameless, and dishonest. For he is a scholar and as such towers high above the motly host of meaner offenders pre-eminent in partisan in mischief. But of him we say no more until it shall become necessary to again take him in hand. Gen. Barringer in his first reply tried to make it appear that we had accused him of plagiarism only. Now while the coincidence was and remains truly inexplicable still that was not the gravamen of our charge which was the wilful perversion of the one and the stupid misapprehension of the other. Taking that view of it we strove to acquit him as far as we could for he was and is profoundly ignorant of the whole import of the writings as well of Macauley as of Milton. But he declines such clemency as we had to offer and persists in pleading guilty to the graver count in our indictment. Even now we know he is far less guilty than he would have the public believe. But we think we can account for his perversity. For he is a lawyer and as such must be familiar with the maxim that ignorance is not a valid plea and that *crassa negligentia* may even become a crime. But it is otherwise in the court of criticisms, and such *crassa ignorantia* as this of his shall always meet with proper indulgence while we are prosecuting there.

Notwithstanding this Gen. Barringer continues to speak of our criticism of him with "contempt" which our readers and his cannot fail to see is only the contempt of ignorance. He shows however that he is himself not beneath contempt inasmuch as he is not wholly insensible to satire. This we speak in his praise and is more than we would say of any one of his political associates. But he is wrong in having charged us with expending in our first article "whose columns of vituperation upon him." For the truth is our entire article was barely two columns in length and of which more than three-fourts were taken up in vindication of Macauley leaving less than one half of one column to be divided between himself and Chamberlain. But he doubtless has another mode of measuring the *length* of such things since it is plain that he mistakes the acuteness of his own sufferings for the duration of our attack. In this view of the case his misstatement is both natural and in one sense true. We wish we could say as much for his use of the word "vituperation." But here we find such a confusion of ideas as is at once characteristic and unique. So much so that we should think him altogether incapable of distinguishing between "vituperation" and *invective* were it not that the keenness with which he has felt its edge shows that he is still able to *feel* what he cannot *define*. Indeed we think he has every reason to feel even honored by the well-deserved chase of the JOURNAL coupling as it did his own with the name of Macauley or even with the name of Chamberlain. For as he lay there sandwiched as it were between them he must have felt as he certainly looked like a fly caught in amber feeling no doubt

"That he was not her rich nor rare,
But how he did enrich her!"

But we protest that our purpose in writing the original article which has led to this controversy was not simply to make Gen. Barringer look ridiculous in the eyes of the public. That we could not well avoid and what we have failed to do he has done for us and for himself. Neither was it our purpose merely to display our learning and make literary capital by the exposure of such a charlatan as he. That was an easy achievement indeed but when we had done it—we as little thought of boasting as though we had impaled as musquito or broken a butterfly upon a wheel.

In our original article we undertook to show that the passage taken from the Essay on Milton was either perverted or misquoted. We went farther and showed that if it could be made to bear the construction sought to be put upon it, still Macaulay had over and over again disavowed that as well as every other paragraph of that Essay. This we proved by reference to the Biographical sketch of him prefixed to his last work—the fifth volume of his History of England—where, recording to the London *Times*, he is made to say that "his matured judgment approves scarcely a paragraph in that Essay," and where the London *Athenæum* says, "the later in life was ashamed of it." And yet in face of such authority Gen. Barringer has the [illegible] to [illegible] as he does in his reply of to-day, that Macaulay has never recanted it. Shall we say unblushing audacity? or ought we not rather to say that he persists in his denial with a degree of dullness for which extraordinary is no name. Indeed, he must allow us in want of a better, to coin a new word, for what to us is altogether a new thing, and to characterize this dullness of his as pure and unmixed Old Aunt-Nancyism.

Now it will not do for him while deprecating the lash to appeal as he did in his reply of October 20th to "the editorial courtesies of other days." It may indeed be true that an honest indignation may at times hurry us too far, but political renegade and literary quack he is, he at least shall not be our *arbiter elegantiarum*.

Neither will it serve the purpose of Gen. Barringer in extenuation of such heinous sins, both political and literary, to attempt to call in, as he does to-day as his compurgators, the good people of Mecklenburg and Cabarrus. For we can tell him that we have a far higher respect for them than he has, and know them too well not to know in what estimation he is held by all of them whose good opinion is worth having. We of course speak of his political and not of his personal character, which latter we do not impugn. Still less can we allow him to plead his works of supererogation by pointing as he does to his services in behalf of a cause for which we both fought and which we, at least, have never deserted. For as Brigadier General of Confederate cavalry he did his duty, and he did no more. Still in this matter we are disposed to indulge him a little and could well pardon even greater self-laudation than that in which he punishes himself, since this, indeed, is the only part of his career for which he need not feel ashamed. And even now as we think upon the bivouac, the march and the battle field we are weak enough to confess that a touch of fellow-feeling comes over us for "Old Aunt Nancy" again, and we are half disposed to forget the Radical that is in the Cavalier that has been. But then, again, when we think of what he was and is, and might have been, we can only exclaim, "how art thou fallen, O Lucifer son of the morning." Surely he can pardon us if, while taking of him, we now recall the words in which his own favorite poet Milton describes another Apostate:

"Yet ev'n in hell his name
Is heard in whispers—in Heaven."

Gen. Barringer attempts to evade the issue between us by going off into the merit of the political writings of John Milton, upon whom he bestows much unmeaning praise. He affects a fondness for the literature of the Cromwellian era; but of any acquaintance with it he has yet given us no proof. But were it far more intimate than we have every reason to think it is still we should not yield to him in our admiration of it. For it boasts at least one other name which we are disposed to rank, if lower, only a little lower than the name of John Milton, and that is the name of John Bunyan. Such, too, is the estimate of Macaulay. What says Gen. Barringer then to a quotation from John Bunyan? We will give him one which is germain to the matter in hand and which we believe our readers will think singularly apposite, and with which we will for the present take leave of this controversy. It is taken from the Pilgrim's Progress, and in order to put it in the power of Gen. Barringer to verify our quotation we will mention that it is to be found in the Second Part page 280 of our edition. The Pilgrim in there speaking of the many human absurdities that he had witnessed and as the one most absurd of all, he tells us of "the attempt of two men—the name of one was Mr. Fool, and of the other, Mr. Want—wit of *washing* an Ethiopian with intent to make him *white*. And the *more* they washed him" says quaint old John "*the blacker he got*." It would seem" therefore that in attempting has to whitewash the negro that Gov. Chamberlain and Gen. Barringer have been but copying a very ancient precedent. We must observe that these two characters in his allegory are not distinguished with the usual felicity of Bunyan leaving it quite in the power of Gen. Barringer to personate either one of them or both at the same time. But were they more sharply drawn than they are, still we should fear that our readers would accuse us of rhetorical exaggeration were we to call Gov. Chamberlain either the Mr. Fool or the Mr. Want wit in the performance. As the case stands we only need another character just a little less stupid than Gen. Barringer to make the parallel complete.

CONTRABANDISM IS GOING BACK ON THE OWN POLICY.

Some of the leading hard money organs are beginning to come to their senses, and to entertain more rational and practical views in regard to contraction. The Boston *Advertiser* having charged the Cincinnati *Gazette* with having unnecessarily backed down, because of the admission by that paper "that early contraction is impracticable, and would be unwise, and that it is quite possible we may not be able to resume in 1879," the Philadelphia *American*, another leading contractionist, thus comes to the aid of its Cincinnati cotemporary. We fear, says the *American*, that our Boston friends are a great deal more anxious to fund the greenbacks in interest-bearing gold bonds than to attain a permanent resumption of specie payments. At every point in our financial progress they have been opposed to the only measures that were found practical or expedient. The resumption act was not of their choice, nor is it at all likely that any supplementary act will be. All these errors arose from a devotion to theories and abstractions. Whether the country requires a further contraction or not, the one thing the *Advertiser* ought to be squarely in the face is that for two years to come none is at all likely or practicable. The Democratic majority in the House is opposed to it, and will pass no bill for the purpose. Nor is any bill possible of which the Republican majority in the Senate would approve. It is an open question whether currency contraction is necessary to resumption. Our own belief, and that of a great majority of the public, is that if our present paper currency were redeemable on demand it would be the best in the world, and that the revival of business would give ample employment to the whole of it. The great problem is fairly before the nation.

A SAD accident occurred at St. Famille, Canada, in which seventeen persons were drowned by the upsetting of a scow in which they were endeavoring to land from a steamer.

GOVERNOR AMES.

A male egg, one that will hatch out a rooster, has at its pointed end small folds and wrinkles, while a female egg has no wrinkles and is perfectly smooth at both ends and well rounded.

Ames'd don't bay any of the wrinkled sort.

A SLANDER.

The Raleigh *Sentinel* prints an anecdote, taken from the columns of Harper's Magazine, the whole point and humor of which consists in making it appear that some North Carolina Solicitor exhibited a profound ignorance of three things—the Bible, the law and the game of faro.

When we read the slander in the Magazine we little thought it would be republished in a North Carolina newspaper, where the acquaintance of the bar with all three of the subjects is notorious.

The *Sentinel* asks who is it? We answer it was no North Carolina *lawyer*.

THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

Well, there is no use to attempt a disguise of the fact that the Republicans have carried the States of Massachusetts, New Jersey, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania. New York is left to the Democrats. This is about the way the matter stands in these Northern and Northwestern States. The South has been a quiet, but deeply interested observer of the contest in these States. We all hoped and believed that Ohio and Pennsylvania, as well as New York would bear to victory the Democratic banner. And now that the fight is over, and we begin to have the smoke clear away from the field, we begin to ask why was the Democratic banner *not* borne to victory in Ohio and in Pennsylvania. In reply to this question, the short sighted, selfish, and inconsiderate policy of the New York Democracy looms up and stands before us for an unmistakable answer. Tammany, Tilden, and their respective coteries, were seized with a severe attack of hard-money disease, and tried to make their individual complaint a national epidemic. The attempt to make the currency question assume a place in national politics should never have been made. If Ohio had been let alone to fight her own battles, her great Democratic chieftain would again have walked over the turf. The overweening importance of New York did the work for Ohio, and came very near cooking her own goose.

The result in Pennsylvania was a natural sequence of the result in Ohio.

In the great Presidential contest which is now before us, no wing of the Democratic party should assume to control the whole line of battle, or, by its own independent manoeuvering, embarrass the progress of the party as a whole.

From the astonishing and deplorable result in these states, we turn to a brighter picture, and in this picture the two shining stars of Virginia and Mississippi beam forth their light, as beacons which shall guide us out of foys of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and again set us in the right line of attack on the forces of the corruptionists and centralizationists. All hail! to Mississippi and her gallant Conservative leaders.

THE MISSISSIPPI ELECTION.

The New York *Herald* indulges in some plain talk relative to the recent contest in Mississippi.

It would be a source of great gratification to the Southern people, if the facts contained in the *Herald* in the statement that "the scandalous misrule of Governor Ames was as hateful to the honest Republicans of Mississippi as to the Democrats."

But we can live without the gratification which would flow from this source if it existed, and freely replenish the cup of our joy from the knowledge of the bare fact that the once proud State is finally redeemed, and that too, by a fair, open, stand-up fight, in which it was decided that *negro power* allied with white knavery, is compelled to give way before white Conservatism and honesty.

Contrary to various fears, hopes and expectations, election day appears to have been as quiet in Mississippi as any one, even a Quaker, could have wished. The Democrats have carried the state, and this put an end to the scandalous misrule of Governor Ames, which was as much a trial to the honest Republicans of Mississippi as to the Democrats. Yesterday showed that Attorney General Pierrepont was wise in refusing to interfere in Mississippi at the demand of the Governor, and that such Republicans as ex-Senator Pease, District Attorney Wells and U. S. Marshal Lake were right in advising that the federal government should keep its hands off. The responsibility for good government will rest after the Legislature meets upon the Democrats, and the country will watch their conduct with some curiosity and lively hope that they will prove just and honest rulers. It is probable that the new Legislature will impeach and remove Governor Ames, which will be disagreeable to him, as he hoped that it would be of a complexion to elect him to the United States Senate.

PROMOTION.

Mr. F. B. McDowell, the new editor and joint proprietor of the Charlotte *Observer* salutes his readers with a very graceful and genial bow. The *Observer* under the management of Colonel C. R. Jones, with whom Captain W. P. Avery has been associated in the editorial department has rendered the *Observer* one of the best of our daily exchanges, and worthy the enterprising city in which it is published. We feel confident of what we know of Mr. McDowell that its reputation will not suffer in his keeping. We extend to him a warm welcome, and wish for him a prosperous and honorable career in the *sanctum*.

In the far Northeast, the boundary line is marked by cast iron pillars, eight feet high, set in the ground four feet, at a distance of a mile from each other. The English and American Government sets the posts alternately.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Republic of St. Domingo is in a bankrupt condition.

THE value of cotton lost this year for want of picking, is estimated to be over $5,000,000

THE poet laureate has begun the commemoration in verse of the Prince's trip to India.

CHINA now proposes to appoint Chinese consuls at all the most important ports of the globe.

THE soundings for the submarine tunnel between England and France are being carried on actively.

AN Indiana Court has decided that a girl may, if she wishes, simultaneously sue fifty young men for breach of promise.

OUT of 3,000 prostitutes in Paris, according to Duchatelet, only thirty-five had an occupation previous to their fall which would support them.

GEN. JEFF. THOMPSON, is floating down the Mississippi river, on duty as an engineer in superintendance of the *levees* on the river and its bayous.

VICTOR HUGO is making a new arrangement of his play of "Cromwell," which Rossi intends bringing on the stage in Paris, during the coming winter.

THE Louisville *Courier Journal* got tired of receiving election returns and said that General Butler was tired of silver spoons and had bought a gold mine.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co., will publish this fall an account of a journey round the world, which does not follow in the beaten track. It is written by Mr. J. F. Campbell.

GOUNOD, the composer, fell down stairs. At the seventh stair he yelled "*fortissimo*!" and as he struck the last octave he looked like one trying to play a duet.

ILLINOIS, which is principally Chicago in this instance proudly ranks fifth in business failures for the three quarters of the year previous. They number 277, amounting to $6,013,970.

MRS. LINCOLN is now in Springfield, Ill. She takes occasional short walks upon the streets, and seems to be somewhat improving from her late depression of spirits.

GOV. ALLEN, cancelled his engagements to speak in Pennsylvania in the recent canvass and returned to his home in Ohio. His reasons for so doing were not made public, but we can infer them.

A MISCHIEVOUS editor remarks that the suggestion that ladies' dresses may be made of the newly discovered, unbreakable and elastic glass, prompts the hope that it isn't the transparent kind.

"HOUSEHOLD ELEGANCIES," by Henry T. Williams and Mrs. C. S. Jones, is a forthcoming illustrated book on house furnishing and decoration—subjects now producing considerable literature.

IN order to evade the Maine liquor law an ingenious contrivance has been invented at Bangor. It consists of a barrel within a barrel, furnished with a faucet, which, when turned one way supplies sweet cider, and when turned in another supplies lager beer.

THE project of the Prussian Government of having casts taken of all the principal monuments and works of sculpture in Italy, for the Berlin Museum, has already been begun. The artists chosen to execute this work are the brothers Karl and Robert Cauer of Kreuznach, Germany.

THE will of the late Frederic Hudson, which has been submitted to probate gives to Mrs. Hudson his residence in Concord, with the lots opposite, and to his son Woodward a farm of twenty-two acres and his books and manuscripts. The residue of the property is left to wife and son, share and share alike.

A CORRESPONDENT writes on the authority of a Confederate staff officer that at Stonewall Jackson got his sobriquet from General Bee, who said in the heat of contest:—"Men, we have got to win this battle alone. There stands Jackson like a stone-wall, and will not help us. Let every man that is a man follow me."

THE anniversary of the birthday of Cervantes was celebrated in the City of Alcala de Henares, Spain, on the 9th inst. Various literary and scientific bodies took part in the festival, and a prize was offered for the best monogram on the proper way to found a town library, to be called "La Biblioteca Cervantina Alcalina."

THE Prince of Wales has taken with him to India eight fire engines, all of which have been made expressly to stand the Indian climate, the works being entirely of gun metal and copper, and the woodwork of well-seasoned oak. They are finished in a superior manner, having the garter and collar of the Prince of Wales and the star of the Order of India emblazoned on each.

It is stated by owners of vessels engaged in West India trade that the losses to shipping will probably be greater during the present season than for many years past. Severe storms, especially during the last two months, have been unusually frequent. A numerous craft which left West India ports about the middle of September have not yet been heard from, and it is feared they never will be. The loss to shippers, as well as owners, has been immense, but the actual amount cannot yet be stated.

THE manufacture of a barrel of petroleum into fixed gas, says the *Anthracite Record*, can be accomplished at a less cost than into refined oil. Numerous works for this purpose are now in operation and more are being created, while the cheapness with which they can be built and operated puts gas works and the advantage of a cheap and good gas light within the reach of the smallest communities, instead of confining it to the cities, as is and must be the case with coal gas.

THE Philadelphia *Press* says the "schoolhouse" is taking almost as prominent a part in politics now as the "log cabin" did once of yore.

AFRICANS AND AFRICA.

For the benefit of our colored population, we copy the following sensible article from the Mobile *Register*:

In the late "Colored Convention" held at Augusta, Georgia, Mr. H H Turner advocated the emigration of the African race to their native heath, on the ground that they could get all "the rights" they wanted there and could not get them here.

It is not in evidence that the proposition was very enthusiastically received; and more than one speaker declared in effect that he preferred the American ills he had, over any premature African ones that he knew not of. So the matter went over to a future convention; pending the results of Stanley's Expedition, doubtless.

Now, we have only one word to our colored friends, upon the subject of their everlasting discontent. If they do not like America well enough to stay, and prefer Africa well enough to go, by all means let them emigrate. If their knowledge of that tropic land induces them to believe that there they can work less and raise more, loaf more and get better paid, or hunt wild chickens with greater recompense than tame, then let them not stand upon the order of their going, but go at once. There is not one thing to put bar, or hindrance, in their way. The war was fought to let them think for themselves; the public debt was piled up to let them emigrate at their own sweet will.

But, on the other hand, we more than suspect the Hon. Turner of humbuggery in his proposition; that he was "only talking to Buncombe." We honestly believe that he and his sort are better off here in every way; and that they knew it all the time. In which case we are earnestly impelled to second the St. Louis "Republican," when it says of this subject: Let them cease their everlasting grumbling and go to work like other people. Their complaints have become an unendurable nuisance, and must be abated—else there may be an involuntary emigration one of these days.

Upon the soundness of that advice there is no question, and we remind the colored men hereabouts that they had better take it. They make their situation no more prosperous, and surely more uncomfortable, by constant grumbling; and they know as well as we do that they find this country too free and too easy to subsist in for any serious thoughts of leaving it.

STATE NEWS

Says the Torboro *Southerner*: The fingers of the gentry, called light, have fallen rather heavy on our people within the last fortnight.

We have been smitten hip and thigh; routed horse foot and dragoons.

From the same paper we clip the following:—Hon. Wm H. Battle, ex-Judge Supreme Court of N. C., passed through our town on Wednesday, en route to Pitt county. Judge B. is executor of Gov. D. L. Swain, dec'd, and is looking after the affairs of his trust in Pitt. Edgecombe is the county of his nativity, and the playground of his boyhood. And now, with ripe years full of honor, he treads her soil with feelings of pride.

The Judge is in excellent health and spirit, and though turned three quarters of a century, his step is elastic and buoyant. He was the guest of W. S. Battle, Esq.

Capt. J. R. Thigpen and Elias Carr of Edgecombe, Col G. W. Stanton, of Wilson, J. B. Philips, Esq., of Pitt were elected Vice Presidents of R. & T. R. Ag'l. society.

KILLED. Tommie Pate of Northampton county, was fatally crushed in the running gear of his father's gin a few days since.

The *Southerner* is responsible for this:

GRUNKEN GEESE.—Mr. George F. Tisdale, of Newberne, tells it. As a soldier he was marching from Kinston to Swift Creek, during the war. Stopped at an old ladies' house, blest in the ownership of a large flock of geese. There was a whiskey distillery a short distance from her house.

Well, the geese browsing gracefully along, thought they would get outside of an eye-opener from the puddle of whiskey, overrun from the tub. It was winter.

When the ancient dame went to look after her treasures, she found them stretched out stone drunk.

She thought they were dead; took them home, picked, and threw them in the yard. Even a drunken goose will come round after awhile, so being scantily clothed, they had to be kept in the house until the Spring.

If a man, who will get drunk, is a "great goose," is a goose that gets drunk, a great man?

Conundrum.

AT a public meeting in New Bedford last week the President of the Wamsutta Mills rose and said that his mill had within a few days made its first shipment of manufactured goods to a foreign market. Another mill manager then informed the meeting that his company had just made its first shipment, while a third gentleman stated that he represented iron interests which had a like story to tell.

C. L. Estes, who used his pistol upon Mr. W. B. Paramore, on Friday last, with such disastrous results to himself, on Sunday took the wings of the morning and fled, leaving the city by an excursion train, and the State probably by the way of Wilmington. He was summoned to appear before a justice of the peace yesterday to answer the charge of using a deadly weapon. The Sheriff took no bail, as Estes was confined to his room from the several injuries inflicted by Mr. Paramore, and it was not regarded as possible that he would not be able to leave the city before being interviewed by the judicial officer.—Newbern *Journal of Commerce*.

THE "Judge Shoe of North Carolina" who went during the recent canvass in Ohio to the Soldier's Home and fawningly whined that he was "a thoroughly whipped and reconstructed rebel that had come to Dayton to take off his hat to the brave defenders of the Union," is probably the same Judge Settle of North Carolina who, after having been the wildest of rebels, developed into the rankest of Radicals. The amount of mud and shoe-polish that he licked from the boots of the brave defenders of the Union may not have sufficed to turn his vigorous stomach, but his eloquence apparently defied their digestion, as far as the first time in the first time in its history, though Hays was a soldier, the Home went Democratic, giving Allen 1,200 votes, or six times as many as any Democrat ever got there before.—*N. Y. World.*

"Tell me, Mary, How to Woo Thee," is the title of a late piec of music. Give her a dimond ring and a tortoise-shell comb for her back hair.

General Barringer and the Journal

CHARLOTTE, Oct. 29, 1875.

Editors Daily Journal, Wilmington.

GENTS:—In your article of the 27th you fall into an error, which I must correct before replying to other matters. You assume that I favor "mixed schools." In the Convention I voted against both mixed schools and the inter-marriage of the races; and have always opposed such measures. As to the other points, I answer:

I. That Milton's theories of Free Government did not have a fair showing in England. He was far in advance of his time. But all historians unite in applauding the order that prevailed in England in the midst of civil war, and dwelt with admiration on the unrivalled splendor that crowned her name and arms during the brief years of the Commonwealth. And when Charles the 2d returned to his throne in 1660, the world never saw such oppression, such corruption, such profligacy and such National degradation. Milton and his Republican friends, however, clung to their convictions and always declared that reaction and royality were no remedies for the evils of the times. And sure enough, in 1668, England realized a counter revolution that carried her back measurably to the Free Principles of Milton and the Commonwealth. It is these same principles of universal freedom and citizenship that lie at the bottom and the base of our American Institutions. These principles often lead to excesses and crime; but after all, they are the surest guarantees for peace, order and prosperity.

II. I deny that Macaulay ever retracted his article on Milton. The extracts you made from his subsequent writings only prove his then distrust of universal suffrage; but rather confirm my conclusions as to his liberal sentiments. When Macaulay forty years ago, in England, advocated the ballot for "every decent farmer and shop-keeper," he was far on the road to popular suffrage.

III. You say: "It is not against *negro freedom*, but against *negro power*, that we have declared war." I frankly admit the abuse of power by the negro Governments South. I go further and declare that it is a fearful blunder, not to say crime, for these people and their ignorant allies to assume to rule and govern. But, this is all owing as I firmly believe, to the mistaken policy and criminal blunders of Southern Statesmen, in blindly opposing any kind of political rights to these four million of people. And pardon me, but you deceive yourselves, when you suppose that certain elements in the Democratic party mean no hostility to the negro. In Georgia, as a race, the negroes have not held power, and yet thousands of them have been disfranchised. In my humble opinion, their freedom would not last a day or be worth a cent to them, without the ballot. During the sitting of the Convention one of your Democratic papers openly and boldly urged the majority to "disregard the restrictions" and "limit the suffrage" in "voting on the amendments!" And this would be done, not at the expense of the negro alone, but to the disfranchisement of thousands of white men. Such is the violence of party hate.

No Sirs! The true remedy is this: Let Democrats cease to question the negro his right to the ballot and all other political rights, and then lean to treat him and deal with him as any other voter, and "negro power" is at an end.

IV. As to your allusions to myself personally, I must decline any special reply. I have heard so much stuff about what I owe my former comrades in arms, that I cannot but smile at the silliness of such arguments. My old commands all bear testimony to my unfaltering and unselfish devotion to them and to our cause, through four long years of unexampled suffering and toil. Many of them now sympathise with me politically, and many others are at least waking up to the huge humbuggery and injustice of such intolerance. They remember that in former Democratic days, these same political lights denounced W. A. Graham, Jno. M. Morehead, Jno. A. Gilmer, and almost every leading Whig as traitors to the South, and as traitors to their race and section. And on one occasion, here in Charlotte, ex Gov. Morehead was coolly warned not to speak in this place!

Again: The people of Mecklenburg and Cabarrus, where I have always lived, and among whom I have led an active professional life of 30 years, bear ample witness to my public and private fidelity to every trust, and this too, despite the most infamous efforts to crush me. I can, therefore, well afford to treat with indifference, if not contempt, all such allusions, and trust my full vindication to the healing influence of time.

RUFUS BARRINGER.

The Solitary Settler.

Fifteen miles below Natchez there is a deep bend in the Mississippi, where steamers used to stop for a supply of wood. The point has a name, but I have long since forgotten it. I was a passenger on board the steamer Prairie Belle, when we ran alongside of the river bank, at the point above indicated, for the purpose of taking in fuel. Freight, there was none awaiting us, and as we had none to land, our stay was very brief. Far as the eye could reach over the clearing, there was no habitation to be seen, unless the poor hut that stood about a hundred feet from the bank could be dignified by that appellation.

Seated upon the bank with his legs swinging in indolent ease, sat the most singular looking individual I ever beheld. He was chewing tobacco vigorously, and paying not the least attention to the steamer or any one connected with her. His face was long and his cheeks hollow, and his hair of grayish hue, tangled and thick, hung upon his shoulders in disordered masses. His eyes were small, of a pale blue, but very bright, and he seemed to have but three upper and the same number of lower teeth, which were directly in front of his mouth. His dress was extremely ridiculous. On his head he wore a napless black hat, that was so full of indentations as the river banks on which he was perched, with a blue cotton shirt with an immense collar, and a pair of jeans pants and heavy cowhide boots completed his attire.

Dave Perkins, the mate (whose acquaintance I cultivated, for I found him a very amusing fellow,) came to my side and remarked:

"There's a very queer genius sitting on the bank. Some people say he is crazed, but I don't think so. His odd ways have, no doubt, given credence to the rumor, but the poor fellow had a big misfortune once, and it has rendered him indifferent to everything and everybody."

"He certainly is a singular looking character," I replied. "If this story is interesting I should like to hear it."

"Wait until we get under way," replied Perkins, and I'll tell it to you. So saying he turned toward the man in question, and asked:

'Well, Andy, how goes it to-day with you?"

A tremendous squirt of tobacco juice and a nod of the head was the only reply the mate received, and the queer man gazed up the river. As soon as we were once more steaming over the muddy waters, I sat down beside the captain and reminded the mate of his promise. The following were his words as nearly as I can remember them:

About a half mile above the spot where we wooded, there once stood a snug house, and a nicely cultivated patch that belonged to Andy Robbins. He was a pretty industrious fellow, as the times went. His wife was a good woman, but, like all girls who live isolated lives, she had very little idea of the world; and, beyond seeing a passing steamboat and her passengers, she had no idea of what the world was like.

Andy was a great hunter, and you couldn't find a better rifle shot than he was anywhere along the Mississippi. It was astonishing the number of squirrels that man would shoot in a day; if I told you, you wouldn't believe me. He always had his rifle with him, even when he went out for a stroll with his wife.

Andy had one child, an infant about a year old, when this trouble came on him. I don't think there was anything he doted on like that little thing he used to carry in his arms to look at the boat wooding.

It was an afternoon in October, when the leaves were just tinted with yellow and red, that Andy, with his child in his arms and his wife by his side, started out to take a walk. The afternoon was calm as sleep. I recollect it well. Not a cloud was visible, and not a breath moved the water or stirred a leaf. The stillness was deep almost to melancholy, and it seemed as if nature had sunk to a repose from which she could hardly be awakened.

Andy and his wife walked down by the river for a couple of miles, and seated themselves beneath some large trees, where they passed the afternoon, and it was not until his wife called his attention to the growing darkness that a storm was at hand.

"It certainly is very dark," he said, "though its not sunset yet. Come, wife, we must hasten home, or baby will have a wet skin."

They arose and commenced to walk hastily. Every instant the darkness seemed to increase with uncommon rapidity, and Andy felt very anxious for his child. There was not a breath of air and the water was still and motionless; but some bright flashes in the west and a distant muttering of thunder warned them to hurry on.

Faster and faster traveled Andy and his wife, and now his house was in sight and he would soon reach it. He laughed and hugged his boy to his heart. At length the house was gained, and Andy stood on the threshold, having given the baby to its mother. He was gazing at a queer-shaped cloud that was coming down upon them very fast. It looked like an inverted mountain.

"What's the matter?" called out his wife. "What are you looking at, Andy?"

He did not reply at once, but after awhile he said: "Don't undress the baby, and don't you take your things off either."

"Why, what's the matter, Andy?" again questioned his wife.

"Well," he replied in a low voice, "I'm afraid we are going to have a whirlwind, and it may be necessary to seek the old cave just back of the house, especially if yonder cloud be a waterspout."

Mrs. Robbins went to the door and gazed westward; as she did so, her cheeks grew pale.

"I do believe you are correct," she said; "perhaps we had better go to the cave at once."

Before her husband could reply the storm burst upon them with all its fury, and they were compelled to retreat indoors. Mrs. Robbins clasped her child to her arms, while the building rocked as if it were at sea. She gazed out of the window only to see giant trees uprooted and carried through the air on the wings of the tornado.

"Is it not awful?" she asked, with trembling breath.

Andy nodded; he was trying to trace the course of the cloud, but the air was so thick with leaves and darkness, that he was not able to see a dozen yards beyond him.

All at once there came an awful crash, the house was lifted from its foundation, and a piercing scream came from his wife's lips. The next moment the dwelling burst wide open, and the wind crushed the weak as you would a handful of straw. I often have heard Andy relate his sensations. The first feeling he had was if he were struggling for his life at sea. A huge wave dashed him high in the air, as he shrieked the name of his wife. He heard the roar of waters in his ears and then he became insensible. He never knew how he escaped, but his preservation was wonderful. The following day, he found himself nearly a mile from his home, bruised and sore. As fast as he could he travelled to the spot where his house had stood, and looked upon the scence of desolation, making the woods ring with his voice as he cried upon the name of his wife.

For days after he traveled the country through, searching for those of his family who had been swept into the river by the whirlwind. 'Twas hard to make him believe that he was alone in the world, and it was only when the bodies of his wife and child were discovered, some days later that he seemed to realize the fact.

Some hands on the boat buried the unfortunate ones near by where their bodies were found. Then it was that Andy Robbins built the sorry old cabin you behold. It stands within a few feet of the spot where the grave of his wife and child are made, and nothing can tempt the old fellow to leave it.

Some years ago an eccentric bachelor died in New Orleans and left a good office. His property to Andy Robbins. Many supposed this unexpected good luck would induce Robbins to leave his solitude and go to live in the city. But all such surmises were vain. The old fellow refused to leave his haunt, and heard of his good fortune without the least appearance of exultation.

Andy Robbins was still living a few months ago, and should the reader pass along the Mississippi river at the point I have indicated, he may see the cabin, and perhaps, its occupant sitting on the river bank, looking as it were for those who will never come to revisit him this side of eternity.

Coming Eclipses.

There will be two eclipses of the sun and two of the moon in 1876. First a partial eclipse of the moon, commencing in New England about 12½ A. M., March 10. Second, an annual eclipse of the sun March 25, the moon concealing the sun's disc, except a ring around the border. In New England it will be visible as a partial eclipse only, beginning about 5 minutes to 4 P. M. Third, a partial eclipse of the moon September 3, not visible in the United States. Fourth, a partial eclipse of sun, invisible in the United States, but visible in the South Pacific and Atlantic oceans.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square one week	$1 0
One Square two weeks	1 50
One Square one month	3 50
One Square three months	6 00
One Square six months	10 00

Additional Squares at proportional rates.

A Square is equal to TEN SODID LINES of advertising type.

Cash, invariably in advance.

LOOK FOR THE X.

Subscribers finding a blue mark across this notice will understand