

DAILY REFLECTOR.

D. J. WHICHARD, Editor.

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THE CROWNING INFAMY.

Almost a Riot in the House!

A most disgraceful and desperate scene was enacted in the hall of the House of Representatives last night. A burly negro, apparently acting under the order of the Speaker, stood at the inside door and held it fast with both hands, refusing to allow either ingress or egress. He was acting as door keeper, and his purpose was to prevent Democratic members of the House from leaving the hall.

Captain R. B. Peebles, member from Northampton, and Mr. Lee, member from Haywood, came to the door, and finding their way barred by the negro, demanded to be let out. The negro refused, and a struggle ensued, which came near producing a riot. Several negroes standing by rushed to the assistance of the negro door keeper, while other bystanders took hand in aid of Capt. Peebles and Mr. Lee. About eight or ten people became involved in a violent struggle and surged back and forth in the House, some trying to pull Capt. Peebles back in, while others tried to open the door and push him out. Fortunately the door flew open and he was released from his position. Had not the struggle terminated quickly, it is likely that a serious riot would have resulted.

Thus the record of this Legislature closes with the crowning infamy of a burly negro door keeper using physical violence on Representatives of the people within the sacred precincts of the halls of the Legislature.

Never before has the State been brought to such depths of humiliation and infamy. Not even in the darkest night of Reconstruction was the black hand of the African laid upon the shoulder of men whom the people sent as their representatives.

What is the purpose of this infamous violence?

Is it to provoke blood-shed?
Is it to solidify the negro by degrading and insulting the whites?

Was it a conspiracy spawned in the afternoon caucus?

Why did the House refuse to have a white Confederate soldier as door-keeper and elect instead a purly negro?

Why did the General Assembly refuse to adjourn in honor of Washington and Lee and yet adjourn in honor of Frederick Douglass?

Why was a negro selected last night to use physical violence on white representatives?

There is some infamous purpose in this diabolical record. But it cannot be accomplished.

We warn the colored people that they are being used to kindle a fire that cannot easily be extinguished.

And we warn the white men who are using them that a day of reckoning is coming.

"We will appeal to Cæsar," said Mr. Ray last night. And there will be no doubt about the verdict!—*Raleigh News and Observer*, 13th.

Immense Shad Shipments.

Shipments of shad were quite large from New Berne last week on the steamer Neuse took out still another good shipment yesterday and large number of packages of clams. The former were from the city, the latter from Carteret county.

The shipments will be still farther increased when Roanoke Island is reached. Great quantities of the shad are being caught there now, so that the steamers which make four regular trips a week do not stop with them, but run down from Roanoke on other days to get the shad that are taken.

Three or four hundred barrel boxes of the shad were at the wharf Monday night awaiting the arrival of the steamer New Berne; the steamer Neuse took off about a hundred boxes Sunday and four hundred and ten boxes Friday night. These boxes are billed as freight at 350 pounds each, so it can readily be seen what an immense amount of fish 400 boxes amount to.

The net weight of the fish in each box is 280 pounds. Thus it will be seen by calculation that a shipment of 400 boxes means 112,000 pounds net of fish—fifty-six tons! In packing these large boxes of shad it is found that they run 55 roes or 100 bucks to the box an average of about 75, so by calculation it will be seen that the size shipment spoken of consists of about 30,000 of these elegant fish.—*New Berne Journal*.

THE MODERN GRADUATE.



Caller—I suppose, Grace, that your being valedictorian of the class made considerable study and preparation necessary.

Grace—O, no indeed! I left everything to mother and the dressmaker.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.



Judge—What's your business?

Drunk—My profession is dat uv a mind-reader.

Judge—Well, I'll give you a chance to prove your statement. What are my thoughts at the present moment?

Drunk—You're thinkin' I'm the bigges' liar yer ever 'un up ag'inst.

Judge—You may go.—Judge.