

The undignified, not to say dishonorable course of the United States Senate in the matter of its bribed members who have had charges preferred against them is drawing down upon that body the indignation of the people of all political parties. In the case of Mr. Patterson, of New Hampshire, tainted with Credit Mobilier transactions and that of Mr. Pomeroy, of Kansas, charged with bribery, the Senate allowed the terms of these Senators to expire without action, though every body believed them guilty. It took more than two weeks to consider the bribery case of Senator Caldwell, of Kansas, and then when almost the whole land was clamoring for his expulsion and it became evident that the dodge that had served the purpose so well in Patterson and Pomeroy's cases could not be resorted to again it gave the corrupt Senator opportunity to resign and escape the punishment he deserved so richly and the infliction of which would have had such wholesome effect upon the rest of the body. At the close of the special session in the matter of Senator Clayton, of Arkansas, the Senate has carried the whitewashing trade just as far as it is possible for it to be pushed. The charges against Senator Clayton were that he had, when Governor of Arkansas, virtually packed the Legislature, bought off his chief competitor, and used bribery and corrupt influences, in divers ways, to get himself elected to the Senate. The majority of the committee of investigation made a report exonerating Clayton by impeaching the testimony against him. One member of the committee—Mr. Norwood, of Georgia—however, dissenting from the conclusions of the committee, and made a separate and adverse report. On Monday after some discussion the resolution of the majority was adopted, though a number of Senators declined voting.

In the action or non-action in these cases the animus of the Senate is seen. That it is a high-toned body the closest party friends of the majority will not claim. Indeed Republican papers are beginning to condemn with severity the conduct of this majority in shielding great criminals from punishment and in not maintaining the honor and dignity of the highest legislative chamber in the country. There has been a great falling off in honor as well as in ability in the United States Senate since the proud days of Calhoun, Webster, Benton, Hayne and Badger. But why mention these glorious men when the purpose is to show the contrast between them and their age and this corrupt time with a Senate whose leading lights are Morton, Conkling and Chandler, who glory in the shame of companionship with the worst men of the day? It is painful now to reflect upon what that old Senate was in its palmy days.

WE ARE INJURED BY THE OVER-DRAWING OF THE PICTURE.

The London News has a valuable and instructive letter from a tourist in the Southern States of this country, whose views may be regarded as impartial, and certainly bear the impress of intelligent observation. He reports that the whole South is suffering for want of money to repair its deserted plantations and broken commerce; that the taxes are everywhere in arrears, and that they are so exorbitant as to ruin the small landholders. "But," he adds, "capitalists will not carry their money into communities where rascally legislators seize so much and give so little in return." Herein he touches the vital spot of the whole difficulty. He describes the negroes as working after their fashion, just enough to keep starvation from the door, in isolated settlements. He pictures a well-known weakness of the plantation hands when he says that "where they have no pigs or poultry themselves, they probably live very near somebody who has, and that answers just as well." The Southern Legislatures are described as "a daily burlesque upon government more monstrous than the extravagances of the Christy Minstrels." He speaks of the situation as deplorable and melancholy, but thinks it only a natural result of the great social revolution and believes that it will be righted "as soon as the Government improves." The question is, how soon the Government will improve at the present rate? *Vide Louisiana.*

The above is copied from a leading Liberal paper of the Northwest whose tone is invariably friendly to our section. In its haste to point a political moral from our condition it does the Southern States great, though unintentional, injustice. The sketch is an exaggeration. Some of the Legislatures are a burlesque upon government, and many of the plantation hands are lazy and thrive principally by violating the law of *meum et tuum*; but the general outlook is far more hopeful than that described by the London News writer.

The improvement of the South is not wholly dependent upon improve-

ment in the administration of the Government. We are slowly recuperating in spite of the mismanagement of that institution, and will doubtless improve at a more favorable ratio as soon as a systematic scheme for promoting immigration shall be set on foot.

Two well known names in literary annals—one better known to a former generation than to this—Thierry, the distinguished French historian, and the Countess Guiccioli, Byron's fair friend, are to be added to the obituary record of the month.

TIMELY TOPICS.

San Francisco is overrun by juvenile rowdies, called out there, "Hoodlums." This state of things, it is charged, is the product of the vicious population by which that State was settled in '48. Gamblers, rowdies and desperadoes built up the commonwealth, and when purer people came in they became inoculated by the vices of the "Argonauts," as Bret Harte calls them. The San Francisco of to-day, therefore, is a getter of money by ways that if not positively dark are at least easy, and beget sloth and finally vice. Mr. Pixley, who has been District Attorney, and who certainly has had opportunities to know whereof he speaks, says of Hoodlumism and its causes, summing up: "We have withdrawn from them the restraints of a strict discipline of moral example, and we wonder that they take advantage of their freedom. We have excused them from labor by not having provided employment for them. We furnish them with but few rational and cheap amusements, and are vexed that they seek those that are not innocent. We are indignant because they do not avoid their snares. We furnish billiard rooms, whisky-saloons, dance-halls, all over our town, and affect to be surprised that they produce such fatal results. What right has that father who respects nothing human or divine, who has no religion, and no regard for the religion of another, who lives by his wits, has no legitimate business, who has no Sabbath for himself, who has cultivated no taste for domestic life, who drinks at public saloons, who uses profane language, who avoids honest industry for himself and does not by his conduct seek to honor his possession by another—how shall such a father expect his son to grow up the model of industry, temperance, honesty and honor?" The question for consideration with us in the East is, Are there not Hoodlums in this part of the country, and ought we not to check Hoodlumism just as Mr. Pixley proposes it should be checked in Frisco?

In New York the talk about the impending strike has an unsettling effect upon trade, and seriously disturbs the building and manufacturing interests of the city. These who are authorized to speak for the workmen disclaim that any strike is intended, and especially inveigh against statements which they claim are unauthorized and calculated to prejudice them with the public. They say that nothing trustworthy will be known of the intentions of the workmen until they take action through their officers. It is well known, nevertheless that great efforts have been made to unite the masses of workmen. Two newspapers have been established, one of them in the German language, and great effort has been made to secure their wide circulation among the workmen. Uncertainty in regard to strikes has produced a marked effect upon the building trades. There is less disposition among capitalists to build, and work in progress is going forward rapidly. The Carpenters and Furniture Manufacturers' Association will resist the contemplated strike. The Board of Iron Founders, which represents 33 of the leading iron firms in that city, has held meetings to consider the subject, and has decided to oppose any movement for the reduction of hours or the advance of wages, believing that the present rates are fully as high as the consumer can afford to pay. It is claimed, as we stated in a former article, that the movement will be general, but a New York paper says it is certain that the workmen are not unanimous, as many of the older men, who have large families to support, do not favor a strike, and many of the younger men think ten hours a day's work. There is a general disposition among the employers to resist the strike.

PALMETTO LEAVES.

Levi F. Rhome, of Clarendon, is dead.

Ashton is the name of a new post office in Sumter county, D. Keels P. M.

The Columbia, Charlotte and Augusta R. R. is to have new iron.

Col. T. Edwin Ware, of Greenville, died Saturday.

A colored woman named Hester Small accidentally ignited her clothing while burning off a broom-sedge field, upon Daniel's Island, on Saturday last, and was so badly burned that she died in a few hours.

The Sumter News learns that a small colored boy, residing with his mother, on the plantation of John S. Richardson, Esq., four miles from town, shot himself fatally, on Sunday, the 10th instant, while carelessly handling a pistol.

The Charleston News says: An inquest was held yesterday in the suburbs over the body of a colored woman, who was one hundred and one years old, and was said to have witnessed the battle of Eutaw Springs. She died from old age. Her husband died of dropsy only the day before.

The Norfolk papers report that the sounds and rivers of North Carolina are now pouring into the city millions of shad, herring, perch, chub and rock fish.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. A. Arrington and Miss M. Ballard Barn were married, in Rocky Mount on Tuesday morning.

Mr. W. B. Peterson, formerly of Weldon, died of cerebro-spinal meningitis, in Abbeville, S. C., after a brief illness, on Saturday.

A number of the well known enterprising family of Reams will leave Granville county soon to locate in other parts of the State.

The Weldon News says it is distressing to recall the many accidents, murders, suicides, &c., that have occurred in Edgecombe, Nash, Halifax and Northampton counties of late. We have reported a fire, murder, suicide, rape or something revolting in its details, in nearly every issue for the past two months.

At Cotten's Meeting House in Edgecombe county on last Sunday, says the Weldon News, a horse belonging to Mr. Hackney, hitched to a buggy, took freight and ran away. He ran into another buggy occupied by a Miss Alsbrook who was thrown out and her ankle broken. A Miss Hackney was badly bruised, and another lady's collar bone broken.

From the Weldon News we gather the particulars of a terrible affair which occurred in Northampton county last Friday. Mr. Jno. D. Edwards, who married a Miss Branch, was living near Mud Castle, in Northampton, and with him lived Mrs. Branch, the mother of his wife. Two sons of Mrs. Branch, Thomas and Benjamin Frank Branch, lived near by. Mr. Edwards, who was suffering with the tooth ache, asked a negro in his house for the purpose of having a tooth extracted. Mrs. Branch, Edwards' mother-in-law, ordered the negro out of the house. Edwards said he had a right to do as he pleased in his own house. This brought angry words from the old lady who threatened to make her sons take Edwards into the woods and leave him, as she expressed it. The words over, Edwards thought no more about the matter until he was called out from his lot, in the evening, whether he had gone to read a letter. On coming out he found the two Branch boys, the older of whom struck him with a clabbed gun knocking him down, the other one drew a pistol and fired two shots while Edwards was down, the first entered the skull and lodged between the left eye and the roof of the mouth, the second went through the right ear. In the meantime the mother of the Branches was standing a short way off cheering them on. She had gone to the fields, where her sons were at work, soon after her quarrel with Edwards, in the morning, and told them to revenge her conceived wrongs, with the above fatal result. The two men fled and were last seen on the Wilmington road going South. At last accounts Edwards was expected to die.

STAR BEAMS.

Lame verses should always be bound in limp cloth.

Measles, land-slides and hard times generally trouble Oregon.

Walter Scott has been arrested in Cincinnati for assault and battery.

Conkling's curl hasn't curled so well since the Schurz shampoo.

Dr. Harold Snowden, local editor of the Alexander Gazette, had the misfortune to fall and brake his collar bone on Saturday last.

The president of a Nashville street railway responded to a demand for fare by saying, "I own most of this road," and getting this reply: "Well, you won't own it long if you don't pay me your fare; that's all I've got to say about it."

A Tennessee exchange impertinently says that when one young woman asks another "What are your politics?" she only means to ask what newspaper she prefers for a bustle. The girls only want to put their politics where they will do the most good.

The "last of the Mohicans" has finally gone to join Hawkeye and old Chingachook, in the happy hunting-grounds. It was Leonore Uncas, a grand son of the old chief—and he died in Williamsville, last week, at the age of 70. He was an expert hunter and fisherman.

Two drunken fellows in Morgansfield stumbled into a dentist's office the other day, and found lying upon a table a pair of forceps. One of them thereupon proposed to the other that he should play dentist, and, lounging back in the dentist's chair, opened wide his mouth. His companion inserted the forceps, and one by one extracted three sound, strong molars. The patient never uttered a murmur—and thus have been discovered the virtues of Union county whiskey as an anesthetic.

DOWN IN DIXIE.

The Mobile and Little Rock Railroad Company has been incorporated.

The Georgia farmers are turning their attention to the raising of cotton.

About every Radical in Selma wants to run for the office of Mayor.

Four negroes who burned the Wetumpk jail, have been arrested.

"What are we drinking?" It's a bad case when you have gone so far that you don't know.

Religious and Social Prospect in Europe.

Monsieur Mermillod, the exiled prelate of Geneva, Switzerland, has been made a Cardinal. He is reported to have said to a recent interviewer: "My conviction is that Europe is going back along the road of ages and that we are returning to the wars of religion. The next outbreak will be a religious or social war. There are now but two currents in Europe."

A wild white man has been found in the forests of Analfi, in Antioquia, Central America, with the body all covered with hair. He refuses bread and sears, saying all his wants were supplied from heaven.

The Journalist.

There is a man who sits far into the night with paste pot and scissors before him, and pencil in hand, while around him are piled newspapers of all grades, sizes, colors and political proclivities, and from almost every conceivable locality. He rapidly cuts, pastes and writes. Instinctively he rejects all that is bad, and his eye detects all that is good in the nooks and corners of the scores of "exchanges" which pass through his hand in a few hours. If he remembered one-tenth of all he reads he would be a prodigy of varied learning, and by and by he would probably find his place in the lunatic asylum. Then varies the wearisome routine by writing not slowly and laboriously, but rapidly discursively and sometimes brilliantly.

What he does, he does not just as he pleases but as a daily and mending task. Every night, as he creeps homeward in the small hours, the subject of the next "leader" creeps through his tired brain, and in the morning the necessity for immense action stares him in the face. Why these late hours and this silent, careful, absorbing work? This man is the editor of a daily paper, and every night he and his companions are preparing the literary breakfast for a sleeping world. It is a strange life he leads, and a strange world he works in. He wields a power in the land, but contrary to general rule, he is almost an unknown man. As a general statement neither great pecuniary reward or fame awaits him. He does work which only the man born to the task can successfully perform. In him are necessary the qualities of skill, tact, judgement, fair scholarship, a large fund of current intelligence, coolness, the capacity for rapid work with few errors, and lastly that indefinable talent for pleasing the many and offending the few, and yet accomplishing a specific and often a partisan purpose.

Journalism is a profession, and the editor is strictly a professional man. To him belongs only the kind which pertains to professional skill, even if he be famous at all. After years of skillful toil he is almost unknown upon the street, and has the credit he deserves only among his equally unknown brethren of the press. Indeed the great majority of the workers in the world's most potent and evanescent literature are not known at all. Scarcely a man in all England knows to a certainty who is the controlling spirit of the London Times, and there are few who care. In less remarkable instances than that a newspaper becomes popular, increases in circulation, makes itself a pecuniary success and a political power in the land, and not a poor dozen of all its twenty, or fifty, or hundred thousand readers ever gives a thought to the pervading and unknown personality that made it all it is. From these facts it is plain that journalism is something still more than profession; it is also a passion. The kind of men who make a newspaper a success where it is one, are not apt to work for money alone even if amply paid pecuniarily. There is a gratification; and that reward must be in a personal pleasure in the peculiar work. It is true that the proprietors and proprietors of newspapers have generally a pecuniary object in view, but we are speaking of the men who daily make the newspaper all it is in the popular mind—who actually give it its character and that wealth which fire cannot destroy, and which is entirely unique in the commercial, value-estimating world.

Suicide and Spelling.

There may be a good deal of pathos even in a badly spelled letter, and we suppose that there may be such a thing as disinterested affection even in New Jersey. Those who attempt suicide all for love are usually laughed at, if they fall of *fedo de se*, and just now poor John Newton is ridiculed in Newark, N. J. Before taking half an ounce of croton oil he wrote a letter to his father, beginning in wild defiance of Lindley Murray as follows: "Dere Father, its with A seed Hart that I write these Lines to you But the Girl that I Love Beyond Expression Got Marray on Sunday night to a Horse car Driver on the Summer A. V. Line and I Do not Cair to Live Any Longer." This isn't orthographical, but we maintain that it contains the essence of the true pathetic. What can a man do more than love a girl beyond expression? Who would not, dillating with such a passion, go mad to see the object of his tender attachment carried off to the altar by a horse-car driver, perhaps on the very car driven by the lucky lover? Who would not, under such circumstances, take croton oil, or any other oil which happened to be at hand? Cruel girl, loved beyond expression! How can she without a pang read these words of the wretch's letter: "What is life to me Without the Girl that I Love Better than Life. Life is A dream and Death is a Charm. Lay me under the Sod so that my heart can Rest in heaven or hell." Isn't this the whole sorrows of Werter in a sort of quintessence? Substantially it is the same whether one shoots oneself or takes an overdose of the most potent of oils. If a poet like Moore should put this wretched Jerseyman's "Love Beyond Expression" into a song, with a refrain about his heart at rest in heaven or the other place, would it not be thought beautiful by all young ladies of vocal accomplishments? Moral: Don't commit suicide without being well up in your spelling.

Business Cards.

ADRIAN & VOLLERS, Corner Front and Dock Sts., WILMINGTON, N. C.

HOFFETT & CO., GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, North Water Street, WILMINGTON, N. C.

E. F. MITCHELL & SON, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Grain, Flour, Hay, and also Fresh Ground Meal, Pearl Hominy and Grits.

PURCELL HOUSE, J. R. DAVIS, PROPRIETOR, FROM THIS DATE, THE RATES FOR TRANSPORTING BOARDERS ARE \$4.00, \$3.00 or \$2.50 per day, according to location and rooms. Day Boarders, \$3.00 per week.

Morrill's Restaurant, THE GEM, No. 16 S. Water St., Wilmington, N. C. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. THE BEST WINES, Liquors and Cigars always on hand.

MERRIMON, FULLER & ASHE, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, FALMOUTH, N. C. WILL PRACTICE IN THE State and Federal Courts wherever their services may be required.

MISCELLANEOUS. GREAT BARGAINS IN Fall and Winter Goods.

DRY GOODS, Extra Inducements, CLOTHING, BOOTS SHOES, HATS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

A GREAT OFFER, ONLY \$3 FOR \$11 IN VALUE! OR, FOR \$4, \$18 IN VALUE. OR, FOR \$5, \$36 IN VALUE!

SUNDRIES! COFFEES—RIO, LAGUAYRA AND JAVA; SUGARS—ALL GRADES; FLOUR—SUPER TO EXTRA FAMILY; Raisins, Candles, Fire Crackers.

Brock's Exchange, HAVING ENTIRELY REFITTED AND REMODELED THE LATE CLIFFORD HOUSE, I am now ready to wait upon my old customers and the public generally.

Just Received, A NUMBER ONE LOT OF NORTH CAROLINA BUTTER, Dickey Flour.

THE PEE DEE COURIER, Published Weekly by FRANK SANDFORD.

THE PEERLESS, A Conservative paper, circulating extensively in the Pee Dee country. \$3 per annum in advance.

STAR AMMONIATED SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE, MANUFACTURED BY Lorrentz & Rittler, Baltimore.

Whann's Raw Bone Super Phosphate of Lime, THE GREAT FERTILIZER FOR ALL CROPS.

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