

THE RALEIGH SENTINEL.

Democratic Always and Under All Circumstances

P. DONAN, Sole Editor.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

GIGANTIC PIRACY.

THE WHISKY-RING OF ST. LOUIS AND THE COUNTRY AT LARGE—A FRIEND OF PRESIDENT GRANT SENT TO THE PENITENTIARY—STRONG PROBABILITY THAT ULYSSES HIMSELF IS IMPLICATED.

In all the long dark record of radical thievery and corruption, the endless labyrinths of official robbery, where patriotism and plunder are synonymous, no monstrous mass of ramifying villainy, no intricate and elaborate series of public pillage schemes, has ever surpassed the great national whisky-ring. Representing untold millions of capital, with legions of myrmidons in every state, from Maine to California, from Florida to Minnesota; with a fortress at every cross-roads on the continent, where the banner of King Alcohol flutters to the breeze; and connived at or backed by ten thousand government officials; it has set all law at defiance, and rifled the people's pockets of millions with impunity. At its omnipotent fist, tariffs and revenue laws have been altered or created, and new and enormous taxes have been levied and removed, as suited the greed of its vultures and harpies. Congress has been its creature, obedient to its every lured-informed whim. In every large city of the continent, its robberies of the treasury have been incomptable. In New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago and St. Louis, its operations have been gigantic, grandly vile. It has owned newspapers and editors. It has bought and sold politicians and officers, like turnip-tops in the hucksters' stalls. Governors and senators have fallen before its power. And to-day the President of the United States—the successor of Washington, Jefferson and Jackson—stands openly charged with being a partner in its monstrous thievery! The thunderbolts of Bristow's accidental investigation fell in St. Louis, and for months the wildest panic has prevailed in loyest ranks. The head culprits, as thus far revealed, are Gen. John McDonald, supervisor of internal revenue, and Col. John A. Joyce, his assistant, both intimate, confidential friends of Ulysses Grant, and both high-cockaloons in the ranks of Missouri radicalism. We know them well. Both are what the world calls "good, clever fellows," genial, warm-hearted and brave. Braver men never followed the standard of Abraham Africanus. We saw them not long since, dashng, handsome and smiling; beaming with the consciousness of irreproachable loyalty, well-stuffed wallets, and the confidence of their presidential master and friend. Attired in suits of rich black velvet, with rows of diamond studs, big as blue-mass pills, blazing down their immaculate shirt fronts, they were resplendent specimens of prosperous patricians. The winds of adversity have swept over them, and where are they now? Fallen, and great in the fall of them! Like tall forest coko, bringing down multitudes of smaller timbers in their crash. Old mercantile firms, whose honor has never been questioned; editors of mighty journals, organs of the government; officials far and near, who have never been suspected; are found with hands and pockets full of the stealage of years. Think of \$75,000 a week, divided among a small but select band of distinguished thieves, in one city alone. And to-day, Col. Joyce is in the Missouri penitentiary; Gen. McDonald, the owner of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and a half-score of lesser lights, are on trial with the certainty of conviction; and Ulysses Grant is publicly charged with being an accomplice in their crimes. The St. Louis Westliche Post,—Carl Schurz's paper,—of Monday, Nov. 15, contains this emphatic declaration:

"The grand jury that again meets to do so examine into the facts connected with the whisky fraud, which were notoriously conducted and protected from above, must under no circumstances overlook one thing. The Washington telegrams, written in cipher, which are before them, warning the distillers of this city of their imminent danger, are based upon and derived from a knowledge which at that time but two single persons possessed. Only Bristow and Grant knew of the steps that were to be taken, and as we know that those signals of warning were not given by Bristow, they could only have come from Grant, or one in his confidence. The whole country therefore points already to the notorious Babcock, Grant's body villain, false measurer and swindler in general, as well as the head of all the corrupt scoundrels and newspapermen in 1873 in particular, of whom, to use a familiar pun, such a minded it to be expected."

And the Philadelphia Times,—Col. McClure's independent republican organ,—of Friday, Nov. 12, says:

"If John A. Joyce should carry out the intention with which he is credited, of turning state's evidence against his associates in the whisky ring, there are those living in luxury and safety at Washington to-day whose fame could not survive the exposure. Joyce was the twin of McDonald in the ring, and McDonald was the bosom companion of the present."

And Joyce, game to the last, seems to reason a volcanic eruption. Here is a

letter from him to one of his partners in crime:

To the Editor of the *Globe-Democrat*:
JAYSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 5, 1875.
Your special correspondent from Jefferson City, who sits in the Globe to-day that I "appeared to faint" when ordered to jail, says what is not true. All the jails on the continent and cowardly correspondents this side of hell can't make me weaker or pander to perjurers. You ought to try and publish the truth. But the ass will bay when the lion is down, and worms can crawl over wounded gladiators. Respectfully,
John A. Joyce.

Let it come. Let the fallen lion arouse himself and shake his mane, and he will shake the continent with it. Let the wounded gladiator crush the perfidious worms by telling the truth. Let the stricken Samson grasp the pillars of the Philistines, and topple the whole vast fabric of theft and rascality to the ground, *even though the White House is strown among the ruins!* Out with it. Joyce, avenge yourself and make the whole country re-Joyce at the grand earthquake beginning of reform!

U. S. AND CUBA.

If any other creature than Ulysses S. Grant had been president of this country; and any other animals than congressmen like Butler, Garfield, Morton, Chandler and all their brother brutes, had been our rulers and the custodians of American honor and rights; we would have been justified in expecting a war with Spain any time during the last five years. Ever since her Cuban atrocities began, she has apparently sought a whaling at our governmental hands. Her men of war have fired into blockade, searched, and dogged upon the high seas, our merchandise engaged in legitimate commerce. Her armed steamers have almost wholly driven our shipping from South America and West Indian traffic. Our citizens have been seized beneath the flaming stars and stripes, and butchered like beasts for buzzard-bait. The whole ocean is patrolled against our commerce and our every interest. The haughty and insolent hidalgos have spit in the face of our goddess of liberty and used her tricolor cap for a foot-cloth. And yet our \$32,000,000-a-year navy of tubs and floating pots has lain by, and tamely witnessed the perpetration of all these outrages—incidents never permitted by American admirals and commanders in the days of democratic rule. Now, Spain ostensibly owns, in the Caribbean sea, two important and valuable islands—Cuba and Porto Rico—amply sufficient for the support of the whole African population of the United States; and blessed with a climate and soil, which furnish the largest return to the husbandman with the least possible labor. No other region on the globe offers more lavish boons to lazy humanity. Our proposition is, under a democratic administration, to whip these presumptuous Spanish curs with nigger soldiers, and then give the isolated territories to the eben conqueror as a permanent home. Organize and arm as many niggers as are willing to go over there, remembering that Cuba is only a few hours' run from the Florida Keys; land them all over the island by every means of transportation; cover the sea with boats; engulf, overwhelm, inundate these mongrel islands with a fresh avalanche of Africa; and let event resolve themselves. Our American niggers, aided by the Cuban rebels and the impregnable fastnesses of the central district, will demolish Spanish domination in the Antilles in a short time; and, being conquerors, will ever afterwards be masters of the situation. Both negroes and whites will be benefited, the hon' o' the country vindicated, and the last vestige of Spanish misrule wiped out of the western world. What do o'! Othello and Desdemona, our Sambo and Dina, think of the project of having a country all their own, where they may lie down on the ever-warm earth, and turn their faces to the glowing sun in sweetest slumber, while old dame nature attends almost wholly to the commissary department; where they may find bread already baked in the bread plant, and fruits every month in the year, and where "December's as pleasant as May?" "Forty acres and a mule" would be nowhere beside this equatorial paradise, rigged out with bamboo and flesh for it. Adam and Eve.

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"The radical editor of one of our exchanges tenders his thanks to a lady for a 'nice head of cabbage' sent to him. The blundering fellow put it under his waistcoat, instead of where it was designed to go, and where it might have improved his column—under his hat."

Sol Hackett, a darkey who had been convicted of perjury in Anson county, escaped as he was being escorted to jail.

JOURNALISTIC.

From the *Oxford Times*, Nov. 10.

The Raleigh Sentinel, under the management of Col. Donan, sparkles as it never did before.

From the *Greensboro Patriot*, Nov. 17th.

HOME MANUFACTURES.—Col. Donan is writing some ringing articles in the Sentinel on southern manufactures, and we are heartily glad that his brilliant and powerful pen is enlisted in the cause. We give the following extract as a specimen of the style, wherein he refers to the suicidal policy pursued by the south in depending on the north for all her manufactured articles:

All this was intended for the especial benefit of Raleigh, but applies with equal force to Greensboro, and other towns in North Carolina. A happy day for the south when she wakes from her lethargy, and turns her slumbering energies to the development of her own unaided resources. Then she will be truly independent.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARMERS' WAREHOUSE,

DURHAM, N. C.

BANNER WAREHOUSE

NORTH CAROLINA.

Four Hundred Thousand Pounds,

(Short Crop at that.)

PROPOSAL TO SELL FIVE MILLIONS POUNDS PRESENT TOBACCO YEAR.

Mark your packages plain and give full instructions by mail and you will receive prompt return by check or express.

SOLD ITS LOTS LAST FRIDAY

and paid off in 35 minutes after sale. Best time ever made in the State. Look out Bro. Luck.

E. J. PARISH,
Proprietor.

C. SANDERS & CO., A.

AGENTS FOR JAMAICA CLOTHES.

MOURNING DRESS GOODS,

and all departments are fully stocked. We can duplicate any bill bought in New York during the month of September at from Ten to Twenty per cent less than New York prices.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED

10 cases standard PRINTS—a bargain,

15 bales 7-8 SHIRTING, As low as when cotton sold at 8c.

15 bales 4-4 SHEETING, Before the war.

50 bales North Carolina PLAIDS.

10 cases Kentucky Jeans and Cassimères—the best bargains ever offered.

22 cases BLEACHINGS, of all leading brands, at 20 per cent less than September price.

As our efforts so far have met with a very flattering success, we trust our attempt to

Keep Down High Prices!

will continue the present pleasant relations with our friends, and add new ones to the roll.

COME TO SEE US!

Soliciting a call from all merchants intending to purchase or replenish their Winter Stocks, we can assure them that we are in a position to offer them the

BEST AND LARGEST STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

TO BE FOUND IN THE STATE.

We are doing a Square Business on a Cash Principle and guarantee Fair Dealing.

W. H. & R. S. TUCKER,
Oct. 8th.

ALSO DEALERS IN:

HABEN NITROGENIZED

SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE.

DRY GOODS.

Will, owing to their great success during

the past season, in filling orders from all parts

of the United States, give greater Attention

to Out-of-Town business. With an enlarged

Department and increased Facilities, they

will fill all orders by mail with usual

Firmness, and they trust, with Complete

Satisfaction.

Black and Colored Silks, Fall

Winter Dress Goods, Shawls, Cloaks,

Linens, Prints &c. Also, Hamburgs,

Insertions, Edgings, Trimmings, &c.

Plaids and Fancy Hosiery, Gloves, Umbrellas, &c. Each department complete and replete with all the novelties

to be found in the European markets.

Our Ladies' Shoe Department con-

tains a stock unsurpassed for elegance,

durability and lowness of price. Di-

rections for self-measurement sent on

application.

Complete assortment of Gents' Furni-

shing Goods, Shirt, Collars, Cuffs, Tie,

Hose, Gloves, &c. Goods sent to any

part of the country. Shirt measure-

ments sent on application.

For the accommodation of Ladies and

Families who are unable to visit the

city, full lines of samples of all grades

of Dry Goods will be sent, and orders

by mail filled with the greatest possi-

bility care.

BROADWAY AND TWENTYNINTH STREET,

NEW YORK.

Mr. Beckett has opened a first class

BOARDING HOUSE.

Mr. Beckett has opened a first class

BOARDING HOUSE at the corner of Martin

and Wilmington Streets, in the residence

now occupied by the late Dr. W. H. McKee.

She is prepared to accommodate permanent

and transient boarders. The table is

always supplied with the very best market

affairs, and the rooms kept neat and com-

fortable.

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