

All hail, Wisconsin!

"All day at first, all day afterward," is the way one of our old lady friends sums up wedded felicity.

John A. Logan, of Illinois, is said to be mixed up in revenue rascalities. If he isn't, it's because he has had no chance.

A rural radical editor, who has just got a mail-route advertisement, says "Grant's presidency is matchless." Before venturing the assertion, however, he waited till Bill Jones's donkey died.

Solomon's assertion that "there is nothing new under the sun," is played out, if there's any truth in the report that New, yankedom's new bag-bearer, has paid \$3,000 into the treasury to make good recent thefts in his department.

Hurrah for Wisconsin! That radical victory has flashed in the pan. Democrats sweep the state, and elect their whole ticket, except governor. Ludington, rad gubernatorial candidate, sneaks in by 841. Parker, democrat, goes in as his lieutenant, by 1,201. This, for a state that has always given from 18,000 to 30,000 radical majority, will do. Trot out a white bantam for one little crow—cockadoodle-doo!

The telegraph reports great activity in the Gosport navy-yard. Orders have been received to fit out the Lehigh and Montank, two of the worthless iron coffins on which old sea-dog Robeson—whose acquaintance with the briny deep consists in an occasional smell of a mackerel-bit—manages to spend \$92,000,000 a year—\$2,666,000 a month—\$88,866 a day—\$3,708 an hour—\$61 a minute—of the people's money. It's possible Cuba's at the bottom of this stir in our naval goose-paddle.

A sweet but slippery Wilmington siren succeeded the other day in seducing a usually shrewd, safe, sound, sagacious business man into stupidly, sillily, supremely sap-headedly lending her his splendid, sparkling, scintillating diamond ring, to be surely and speedily returned the next morning. The false, fleeting and flattering, furbled feminine has flagrantly failed to fulfill her solemnly sworn-to, surreptitiously sacred assurance; and the fond, foolish, fancy-sick fellow now forswears all females, as flimsy fictions, fantastic frauds, fallacious phantasma, frail as fair, fugacious as frenzy's flightiest figments.

HEAR.

The Charlotte Observer, of Nov. 18, grows jubilant over Alabama's redemption, by 60,000 majority, from the bondage of carpet-bagtery and niggerism. It whoops and sings its old straw hat high toward the blue empyrean; and winds up its ecstasies with this brief but vigorous exhortation to the mounters nearer home:

"One by one our oppressed and downtrodden southern states are returning to honored landmarks and pristine purity. Yeomen of North Carolina, will you be galloped longer by the Canby constitution? Arise in your majesty, and throw off the grievous wrong and heavy burden placed upon you by motley ignorance and military rule. Redeem your noble old mother, and show yourselves the worthy sons of noble sires. Be at work. The gods only prosper those who help themselves."

CALM POLITICS.

Whilst it is true there are nations that have dared to doubt our greatness, and treated with contempt our topofitical pretensions, yet not one of them would be so reckless as to knock a chip off our great American shoulder, or question the fact that we are a people of progressive ideas, unbounded resources, rapid development and self-sustaining power. Viewed from every stand-point, it is apparent that, after all, we are still the great American people; that to all outsiders, we are the city set upon a hill, whose light cannot be hid. At least we are all this and more in our own opinion, or as seen through an American glass—which to be regular, ought to hold just half a pint, exclusive of water and sugar. Not only are we a great people, but it doth begin to appear that we are a grand national family, wherein lessons of forbearance, patience, kindness and brotherly love are beautifully illustrated. In demonstration of this theory, perceive how we love the brethren, regardless of race, color, previous condition or past political affiliation, as election days draw nigh. How breathlessly we listen to the outburst of genuine eloquence that falls from the bologn-sausage lip of our colored "Bub." How we long to grasp his hand, to guide, direct, edicate, and least of all secure his vote; and when we see him elevated to legislative and congressional honors, how some of his white brethren long to be there in his

glories to share. Selah. Nor are these all the lovely characteristics of our great family; for it is apparent, in this our day and generation, that every member is willing to serve the rest and fill the little faulty offices. With marked affection for the dear ones, they throw aside their own private interests and, though they be in ill health, though life itself may be at risk, through intense love and in reckless self-abnegation, submit their names to conventions, and some even dare to go it alone, to the end that all the places may be filled, the innate power and glory of republican government be exhibited to the world, and the fact more clearly and forcibly demonstrated that the dear people have the ability to govern and control through their willing and self-sacrificing representatives. Just at this stage in our history, these truths are being largely, numerously and variegatedly illustrated; and very many men of untarnished reputation, of integrity and ability, are presenting themselves, or unresistingly allowing themselves presented, a year in advance for the various places of honor and trust to be dispensed by the popular paw. For president, we have Bayard, Tilden, Curtin, Allen, Gaston, Hendricks, and a hundred lesser luminaries. For vice-president, we recall Gilbert Walker, John B. Gordon, Mat. Ransom, Lamar and a legion of others. And for governor of our own noble old commonwealth, what a host of waiting sacrificial lambs—McIntosh, of Person county; Cox, of Wake; Vance and Johnston, of Mecklenburg; Josiah Turner, of Orange; Richard Smith, of Halifax; Holt, of Alamance; Leach, of Clingman—oh, dozens of them in every district. In view of all these facts, it will be well for voters to remember that sometimes even an injustice done an individual is of service to the public. There are rings, cliques and clubs to be defeated, fossil remains to be handled carefully and laid high on the shelf, presumptions ignorance to be rebuked, and men—true men—men with progressive ideas—men that know and appreciate the altered condition of politics, society, industry and trade—to be selected. The stock to choose from is ample. Pick none but the best, the wise, the brave, the upright, the tried and faithful found. Then shall the time of our rejoicing come, and the day of our deliverance be at hand. Selah.

SECUNDARY PLASTERS FOR GRIEF-GRIDDLED GIZZARDS.

A rich, rare, ripe and racy broach of promise came off recently in London. William Townsend, a great, strapping, 35-year old farmer, sued Miss Caroline Bennett for £3,000—about \$15,000—damages for failure to take him, according to engagement contract, for better or worse, until death or divorce did them part. An absurd jury of beef-witted affection-hucksters pontificated his lacerated soul with a £5-5s—\$26—plaster. He ought to have had a cat-o'-nine-tails, and every tail a hissing scorpion or howling sea-serpint, laid with the gentle energy of a 400-mule-power Galveston hurricane, across his vernal back as many times as there are pennies in his verdict. A heart, whose agonies can be allayed by a filthy-lucral anodyne, whose bleeding wounds can be staunchened with a few dirty treasury-rags, is only fit for dog-meat, is only worth its weight in soap-grease. True Love never dwelt in a money-chest. A mercenary thought is enough to elog and soil his wings celestial. He soars remote from all the so-called muck-piles that men count wealth. He is a creature of the higher, brighter, purer spheres. Successful, mated, sharing the life, the joys, the very woes of his cherished idol, he is happy as a seraph, though wearing a beggar's rags. Disappointed, rejected, exiled from the presence of the object that, to him, is the whole universe compressed into hug-gable dimensions and radiant with lambent light divine, he is wretched as Pandemonium's worst-scroached, deepest-scoured scavenger imp, though all the golden paving-stones of the New Jerusalem jingle in his cavernous pockets. Away with all these loathsome court-room peddlings of bogus woes—these vile leper exhibitions of humbug hearts as so much a sore. The soul that truly feels will never hawk its grief, like mango-links, at a nickel's pang. All such ones should be kicked out of the justice-shops of civilized nations. The only "court" in which they should be tried, is where the moon and the stars, and the dim astral light turned low, are the sole witnesses; pleading eyes and a poor hisping, stammering tongue, the attorney; and one enchantment-girl, rainbow-bespangled being, judge, jury and executioner all combined. There is no bench of appeals. The bursted client has but three courses left open to him. 1. He can, like a true man, set his teeth firmly beneath his white lips; smother the baseball-sized sobs that come bubbling up his laryngeal groan-pipes; grin a stoking jocular smile; declare he was only joking anyhow; and, on the homeopathic principle of "similia similibus," and somebody he likes better next day.

2. He can, like a lunatic on a yellow-bale novel hero, put a 6-pound cannon-ball through his skull, and end himself without blowing out brains enough to blockade the eye of a linen-cambrie needle. 3. Or he can, like a milder type of nunny, sink into a gentle idleness of soft squash and sweet violets; cultivate dyspepsia, long hair and languishing eyes; trade his old boots, fine-tooth comb and poker-chips for a melancholy lute; and spend the remainder of his days gazing toward the Mecca of his devotions, the abode of his adored and adorable, heaving huge vest-splitting sighs and, with the wailing plaintiveness of an invalid tabby unexpectedly scalded in the midst of a wood-shed surrounded by moonlight alone, ceaselessly chanting such tear-pumping ditties as:
If I could know that after all
These heavy bonds have ceased to thrill,
We, whom so long the fates divide,
Should calmly slumber side by side,
That our green breath would drop its dew
Softly alike above us two,—
All would be well, since I should be,
At last, dear loving heart, with thee.
How sweet to know this dust of ours,
Mingling, would feed the self-same flowers,
The scent of leaves, the song bird's tone,
At once across our rest be blown,
One breadth of sun, one sheet of rain,
That might bright the grass above us strain!
Ah, should I sleep and wake for I should be,
At last, dear tender heart, with thee.
But half the earth way intervenes
Thy place of rest and mine between,
And leagues of land, and wastes of waves,
May stretch and toss between our graves,—
Thy bed with summer light be warm,
White-snow-drifts heap, in wind and storm,
My pillow, whose one them will be,
Beloved, that I am not with thee.

AN OLD HUNTING GROUND.

HILLSBORO, N. C., Nov. 18, 1875.
EDITOR OF THE SENTINEL: Orange county was famous among the aborigines as a hunting ground. On the Oconeech mountains overlooking the old borough town of Hillsboro, they held their green corn and war dances. When the dance was over they lay down for rest in or about the Panther's den and the cool spring hard by. When the Indians had been tamed or driven away, Orange became a place of resort for the lower country people, the Moores, Waddells and others. They chased the fox, deer and turkey. The partridge was too small game for them. The genteel pointer and the sagacious setter had not yet found their way so far in the back woods. The down-easters found congenial company in the Strudwicks, Shepherds, Hays, Tatums, Burks, Mebanes, Hoggs, Alvines and Norwoods. At that day Willie, in one of his novels, calls it the "gay court of Hillsboro." It was not until 1832 or '33 that Col. C. M. Latimer, a Connecticut merchant, introduced settlers to the inhabitants of this old borough town; Daah was the name of the first dog. From that day until this, partridge hunting has been the great sport in Orange. Alfred Waddell, the great grandson of one of the down-east people, who sought pleasure and health at the gay court of Hillsboro before the revolution, recommended Orange county as the best hunting ground in the south for partridges. John and Purdy King, of New York, were the friends to whom he told the story of the great flight of birds to be seen in Orange. These gentlemen, like the queen of Sheba, had earnestly wanted to see for themselves, and Alfred the old queen, they found that Alfred had not told them half. Bringing letters to Mr. Hal Jones and Mr. John Webb, they were introduced to the fields and the birds of Orange. They returned to New York and made the city resound with the story of quails in Orange and the hospitality of its rebels. The story of Beecher, if not forgotten, ceased to be talked of among the lovers of good gunning for small game. Moved by the bird stories of the Messrs. King, Judge Pratt, of the supreme court of New York, and his friend, M. S. Massey, of that state, with Mr. Hal Jones and Mr. John Webb, are now sweeping the fields of Orange with gun and dog. I don't know who is most talked of, the Judge and his friend Massey or their fine looking dogs. Nor will they take offense at this, for every true sportsman counts a kind word of his dog as a compliment to the master. I called to see the New York gentlemen, but Dr. Jones had enlisted them in a raid upon the birds east of Hillsboro, where they would enjoy good shooting and the hospitality of Dr. James F. Cain for a day or two, or until court-meets in New York, it being just at the winter season.
I have left off the prefix of "Hon." because he is claimed as one of the Hillsboro boys. The old man such as Dr. Strudwick, John U. Kirkland and P. O. Cameron call him Alfred. The old colored men, such as Job Waddell, Buck Waddell and Calvin Benton, call him "Mars Alfred" and treat him with more consideration than the old woman baking cakes did King Alfred the Great. If Congressman Waddell is offended at what he may deem too much familiarity with his name, I beg him to remember how it is in Hillsboro. Mr. James Webb is now sixty, and at the gay court they will call him nothing but Jim Webb, the niggers and boys now say mister, but they will put in the Jim, as sure as the benjo picker will when he sings the song of Mr. Crow. I was in the Confederate congress and was elected to the congress of the United States, "so-called," but at the "gay court" they will call me
JO. TURNER.

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There are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Mental Power, Irritability of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, etc.
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