

Grant's presidential premier, Don Hamilton Coffin, yesterday signed the extradition papers for fugitive and swindler Whistler. Now, let him sign for Schenck.

We are indebted to the congressional monkey and jumping-jack, Hon. Sam C. Cox, for a copy of his really admirable speech on amnesty. Unlike Knott, of Kentucky, the New York jolly-joker gets up his own wit.

Grant's testimonial plea for his friend and partner in the tortuous tangled trade, Brigadier General Orville E. Babrooster, made 7,000 words. It proves nothing except, the deep interest one criminal feels in another.

Aha, we giggle at their calamity and mock when their blunders blunder. The pirate-hatched contraction cure is returning to plague its authors. The New York board of trade sends a delegation to implore of congress the repeal of the specie resumption monstrously. Every democratic congressman who votes to repeal it, who meddles with its touches, should be hung head-downward by his constituents the day he gets home. It was a radical invention and patent. Let them be held responsible for the woes it will inevitably cause.

Richmond has got into a fearfully and wonderfully virtuous fury. She is warring on her gamblers at a savage rate. Many of them have been arrested, and others are fleeing to the mountains. Joe Graves, a fashionable dealer in ancient Egyptian royalty, has been sent to play checkers with his nose behind a grate for six months. Hon. W. H. Fowler, legislator from Alexandria, has been fined \$30, and Judge Geo. S. Stevens, of Nelson county, \$20, for playing "dot lecture game," which poker is its name. We fear the attack is too sudden and violent to last long.

MUSIC.

We are indebted to the great St. Louis music-house of Balmer & Weber for eighteen or twenty of their latest and sweetest, equaliterous and ivory-paw-alive publications. The melodious assortment embraces:—Kneezes, the fair land, which, whether thou dost or dost not, is an exquisite soprano solo, from the opera of Mignon—Our little darling; a saub-nosed paragon; cherub, a red-faced, bald-headed, camp-sing-angel, done up in song and chorus—The last words; a gizzard-squashing sentimental ballad, guaranteed to draw tears from the eyes of a potato—No letter for me; which, when every spiritie is a bashful or wistful bill in disguise, is a decidedly agreeable situation; heamed in a solo and duet—Goodbye, Eva darling; a prolonged grunt, set to slow and tender music in the form of a solitary and gregarious wail—Shut this door softly, for another's sake; in which a most teaching alto solo, followed by a four-ly chorus, depicts a beloved maternal relative just after taking her last dose of pills—The shady shores of the smooth lagoon; a rousing chorus, with a beautiful chromo-illustrative title-page representing a scene in a southern swamp; strongly suggestive of alligators, bully-frog and hi-kin—Mignon Potpourri; harmonious fireworks, by Maurice Strakosch—Wretched and lone; ballad and chorus, dimly pathetic enough to make a fellow sigh his boots out through his hat crown; we know all about it; we've been there; we've "watched-and-loned" our way through the terrestrial wilderness, for many a long and longing weary year; leap year's hours of grace are gliding swiftly by; nearly a quarter gone, and still no hope of better things; the change so devoutly to be wished, prayed, worked and fought for; hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-coo—Who's at my window? a charming little soprano solo, already made popular in Raleigh, by one whose ringing tones have made many a chap wish he could be there, or anywhere else in close proximity to the singer—Fading twilight; a soprano solo, sung by Billard, whose songs, for some time past, have been in the zenith of popularity (we have no idea what a south is, but it's a good word and exactly filled out that sentence)—Johnson's Pets; thirty dainty little instrumental pieces for juvenile digits; teachers couldn't do better than to order the whole set—Some of Mother's Dances Music; unsparingly fun for heart-and-ice conversations, shins, bones and leather and terpsychorus hug-gings—Belle's numerous other combinations of vocalistic twaddle and pianistic fling, no less meritorious. Our Raleigh amateurs and amateurs will find all these pieces, fomen worthy of their regard. If you want anything in the musical line, from a grand cathedral organ, to a melodious feline intestine of the capillary instruments of the equine quadruped, where-with it is equipped to tuncful oscillate, send to Balmer & Weber, St. Louis.

Banner Sherman was before the house military committee yesterday in regard to army reduction. He wants the Indian Service transferred to the war department, giving Belknap double share of facilities.

OUR NATIONAL PANDEMONIUM.

HEINOUS PUBLIC DEMORALIZATION.

THE CAUSE AND ONLY CURE.

When the man whom all yankeedoodleidom delights to honor, the president of the puritanic caricature on the republic of our fathers, is a thief who, with his wife as assistant grabmaster-general, robbed the houses of citizens of Holly Springs, Mississippi, in 1852; and to-day has hoards of stolen silverware among his treasures. When he has openly and shamelessly converted his high office into a vile huckster's-stall or Police-Punk auction-shop, for traffic in appointments, castles, votes and mustard-seed souls. When he, as sneakingly babbling in every base speculation, from Jim-Pickan gold-gambling and Seneca sandstone swindles to Emma-Schenshian essences and Babcock-McDonald whisky-rig piracies. And when half the world is forced to wear a patent-snigger anti-cracker on its moral nose, as a protective measure against the gigantic, fog-like, universe-riding stench of his villainies, corruptions and debaucheries. When the most prominent and respectable member of the so-called United States senate a few years since,—successor of the illustrious soldier, scholar and patriot, Jefferson Davis,—was an absconding nigger thief, a ravenous church-fund embezzler, who carpet-bagged to Mississippi to escape the Kansas state prison. And when the present head bully-rigger of the same high council-chamber, long the bosom friend, confidential adviser, foremost champion and main stay of America's presidential felon, is a vice-making Hoosier bundle of moral and physical rotteness, leprous disease and castile bandages, who loads down with plague and pollutions the wings of every breeze that sweeps across his loathsome putrefying carcass. When the recognized administration leader in the house of representatives, for years, has been a spoon-thief and grave-pilferer of world-wide infamy,—a thief who even rifled the teeth of dead old women, in New Orleans, of their gold-plugs and platings. When the governors of a third of all the union miserhood of states, for a decade, have been, and are, thieves and miscellaneous miscreants of such monstrous proportions, that no penitentiary less than the one of which Beethoven carries the keys in his sheet-iron apron-pocket, could ever do them half justice. When gold and wanton smiles control all state and national legislation. When votes of senators and decisions of judges and juries are as marketable commodities as beets and parsnips, potatoes, decayed hen-fruit and terrier-sausages. When, from presidents and governors and congressmen, down to the last loyal legislator, infernal revenue assessor and municipal dog-pelter, the whole race of American officials, public exemplars, is one vast something astoropery of thieves and scoundrels.—It is strange that common niggers and poor white trash are learning to steal—that the whole country, debase and degraded, is traveling the broad-gauge route to perdition at a dizzying rate of speed? Nay, verily, when the fountain is corrupt, the stream must be impure. Like rules, like people. "Honesty is the best policy," did well enough to spank into juvenile citizens in the old-fogy days of southern barbarism, slaveocracy, bibles and decency. But Plymouth-rocket progress has left all such antiquated maxims of a night. Knavery and thievory are at a premium. No candidate who cannot prove himself a gallows-worthy criminal, his eye chancier for office; and the bigger the crime, the higher the office. Stealing a loaf of bread to satisfy the craving of hunger, sends a ragged child to the workhouse. Stealing a coat to cover his shivering frame, sends the adult pauper to the penitentiary. Plundering a city, robbing banks, pantries and tombs; stealing everything from a steam-boat; a thousand bales of cotton or a pushed of watches, to a plated fork or a dead woman's ear-rings, is a Schenck or Best Butler, sends the flagitious perpetrator to congress or to a foreign nation. Ravaging whole districts or states, burning houses, barns, mills and fences, stealing horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, cotton, carriage, everything down to women's and unborn babies' clothes, makes the malfeasor a four-starred general like Sherman or Sheridan, a governor like Oglesby or Clayton, or a president like Grant.

With such illustrious examples ever before their eyes, it is astonishing that, as a nation, Americans are becoming more hideously, horribly demoralized than any other race that ever polluted earth's fair face, since Jehovah basted Sodom and Gomorrah in brimstone and blue blazes? Is it marvelous that every landmark of religion, honor and common decency seems about to be swallowed up in one vast, roaring, luky deluge of infamy and sin? That embellishments, swindlings, robberies, frauds, thefts and throat-cuttings, seductions, abductions, rapes and immersions are becoming as fashionable, even in good society, high life, as old ladies' tea-drinkings and scandal-habbings used to be? That every newspaper print in all the land is growing beneath the burden of its daily record of crimes? That the very light-

nings themselves have grown weary of flashing abroad the sickening, wire-corroding details of outrages and horrors, for which the vocabularies of fifteen years ago furnished no names? Nay, say, verily. We only wonder that a single spark of honesty or purity still glimmers on all the continent from Maine to Mexico. And we are not surprised that even in staid and dignified old Carolina, upright and high-toned by nature, and weekly taught lessons of truth and virtue by so faithful an evangelizer as the Sentinel—we are not amazed that even in our favored region, a straggling disciple of loyal dignitaries, an imitator of official rapscallions, is occasionally to be found. The universal letting-down of moral sill-gaps is felt even in our enlightened commonwealth. Things are loosened a little even here. The musical tenor of the colt and derringier swake the echoes amid our romantic hills and valleys, far more frequently than is entirely compatible with the well-being of society or the supremacy of law. The Maker's image is hacked and perforated on the most trivial prettexts. And immortal souls are sent scotting into eternity, bound heavenward or otherwise, with a promptness and unceremoniousness which, a few years ago, would have been starting to behold. Petty depredations, diminutive confiscations, ranging all the way from interfering with the inalienable rights of Methodist clergymen in yellow-legged poultry roosts, to leading off halters with other individuals' steeds at the end of them, have grown incomparably more common than they were in the good old days, when legislatures were fer gentlemen and penitentiaries for rascals; when a white man was a white man, and a nigger was a nigger. The thieves' millennium, the villain's jubilee, the era of puritanic high-morality, is upon us. Let every soul that has an axe to grind, or a chance to thrust a sticky paw in the public pocket, rejoice and be exceeding glad. A nation of serfs endure all wrongs and foot all stealage bills.

But, thank God, if we will it and work for it, the hour of redemption is at hand. With prudence, energy, vigilance and liberality, this centennial year will witness a grand scourging-out of those who have made our fathers' temple a den of thieves and thugs. No man under heaven could effect at once a total reformation of our governmental abuses. No administration, however honest, earnest, vigorous and bold, could immediately accomplish our complete restoration to the purity, freedom and order of our former estate. But, with proper conduct and effort, we have it in our power to elect some man to the chief-magistracy of the republic, who will do his best. He will be aided by strong and upright counselors and coadjutors. The purest and ablest men of both north and south will compose his cabinet. The rights of the states will be respected. There will be no more interference in local matters; no more raids of federal army corps to rectify justice-of-the-peace squabbles. Carpet-baggery will be annihilated. The supremacy of the civil, over satrap, law will be reasserted. Gigantic ring piracies will end forever. There will be no more position-peddling; and no more dead-beat, sea-side-canons. Every office will be purged. Merit will be the ground of promotion. Crims will be punished, and not rewarded. Our laws will be revised, rendered more stringent, and enforced. And hap, the great vegetable promoter of good morals and good manners, will be cultivated diligently and extensively. Honors for the honest, the true, the worthy—Hemp for the scoundrels—will be the maxims of the new golden age. God speed the time before the devil takes us all! If salvation counteth not this year, it will never come at all!

ASTONISHED.

A friend ventures to tell us that he is astonished that we open the columns of the Sentinel to Col. Humphrey or his friends. We told him every man knew how to run a newspaper except the editor in charge; that Col. Humphrey was a member of the executive committee of the state and in good standing with the party, though not with us, for we look upon him as a "black sheep in the flock" ever since he was found in the office of Wilson, of the Southern Security company, on Broad street, New York, with his consolidation bill for the consideration of Billy Smith, R. Y. McAden, President Buford and other railroad sharks and sharpers. We knew then that Col. Humphrey's usefulness to the state was gone, and he was on the make for Smith, McAden, Humphrey & Co. When he offered his Broad street consolidation bill in the senate and attempted to put it off as the work or suggestion of the legislative committee, we discovered he was wearing the railroad collar. He was put forward by the railroad jobbers to storm and fight their consolidation bill through. He stripped for the fight in the senate chamber where he could be easily parted or held. He fell down with his coat off and consolidation colors flying, but he could not be enticed out of the senate chamber for the fight.

There is little doubt that Governor Hendricks is to-day the strongest presidential aspirant in the west, and Bayard in the east. The democratic press of the western states is almost a unit in its favorable inclination Hendricks-ward, and the eastern press has little objection to him. That he is quietly but steadily working for the nomination, is shown even by such tiny indicalional straws as this letter in regard to the centennial speech of Hon. A. M. Waddell, of our state: LINDENBAUM, Jan. 19, 1876.

HON. FRANKLIN LINDENBAUM—Dear Sir: I regret that I am not personally acquainted with Mr. Waddell, of North Carolina, so that I might directly thank him for the exquisite speech which he made yesterday on the centennial bill. It is almost perfect in its style, and fearless in its spirit. The democrats are delighted with the speech. Will you express my thanks to him? Yours truly, T. A. HENDRICKS.

OVERCROPPED.

The mechanics and workmen over-crop us with communications against the ring organ known as the Raleigh News; three were handed in yesterday. Next week Col. Donan expects to be absent and then the workmen can shower down upon the News as Hawkins and his railroad ring showered \$25,000 down upon Stone, Usell and the News. We have had a long, hard fight with the gentlemen and the railroad rings, and day begins to dawn at last. As sure as the people whipped Holden, Kirk and Borgen, just so sure will they whip Hawkins, Buford and the "gentlemen" who back the Yarborough house and Chatham railroad wing of the party.

TO ALL MEN A SPEEDY CURE.

Weakness of the Back or Limb, Strictures; Affection of the Kidneys or Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Langor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dizziness or Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose, or Skin. Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Spleen or Bowels—those terrible disorders arising from solitary Habits of Youth—secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the scourge of the Syrenes to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes and annihilating, rendering marriage almost impossible, destroying both Body and Mind.

TO YOUNG MEN.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limb, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, general Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, etc.

A NEEDED CURE WARRANTED.

In recent disease immediate relief—No Mercury. Persons ruining their health, wasting time with ignorant pretender and improper treatment, driving disease into the system by the deadly poison, Mercury, causing fatal affections of the Head, Throat, Nose, or Skin, Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels, speedily cured. Let no delicate prevent apply immediately. Inclose stamp to use on reply. Address Dr. Johnston, OF THE BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL, NO. 7, SOUTH FREDEICK ST. BETWEEN BALTIMORE AND SECOND STREETS, BALTIMORE, MD. June 21, 75.

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