

The English press declares that Schenck's departure without taking leave of the queen is unprecedented. They should remember that a foreign minister so hastily pursued by the London police, is somewhat unprecedented.

Experienced English miner Jones has been examining mineral deposits about Charlotte. If he had consulted us, we think, we hesitatingly imagine, we could have pointed out to him where he might possibly have found a fine lot of brass. We would not like to say where; the locality could not be called well in public; but let Mr. Jones observe—ah—well—no more.

Charley Brent, Louisville's high-born forger, was nabbed on the arrival of the steamer City of Richmond at Queens-town, last Monday. Really, we of this glorious and never-to-be-sufficiently-admired republic may congratulate ourselves on furnishing the world with employment. We manage, at least, to keep the police of Great Britain busy catching our forgers and chasing our foreign ministers.

Belknap and Grant had planned an escape of the war-department felon by steam-yacht to the Bermudas, but the ruthless detectives lit on the little game like a whole brood of Muscovies on a fugitive June-bug, and the secretary of war of the United States of America was hauled up yesterday in the Washington police court, and put under a \$25,000 bail-bond to appear for trial. Edifying spectacle,—but there be bigger criminals yet. Roll on the ball and chain.

Grant, the accomplice of thieves and shielder of villains, allowed Schenck to remain minister to England until he escaped the clutches of outraged British law. The very day it was announced that the diplomatic decay-duck and swindlers' stool-pigeon had sailed from Liverpool, no longer needing the protection afforded him by his ministerial position, the presidential malefactor appointed his successor. Oh, that the British war-steam, which report says is cruising off New York to intercept the no longer office-cloaked fugitive, may catch him!

DOWN, DOWN.

"Down," says a western paper, "everything in the west is going down; the prices of our lands, our grain, our stock, and of all varieties of property." True, too true. But oh, would to God these were the only things that are "going down." Oh, that no worse decline than this were apparent in our radicalism-cursed land. Price of our bread, beautiful acres going down. Price of wheat and corn and cotton going down. Price of cattle and hogs, horses and sheep going down. Farmers, our great producing class, languishing under the universal declension in the value of their possessions and their products. Bad, woful, lamentable.

But what are lands and cotton, grain and cattle, compared with liberty, character, honor? What is the downward tendency of eggs and butter, bees, wax, cheese and rosin, compared with the appalling, hideous declension in government, morals and true manhood? Look around us—north, south, east and west—in high places and low—in society, church and state—on judicial benches, in legislative and congressional halls, in gubernatorial and presidential mansions;—and "DOWNWARD" is graven, in letters of pandemoniacal blackness, everywhere, upon it all. "Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory of Israel is departed."

Americans! Degenerate sons of patriot sires! Behold your country to-day, Columbia's proud pet eagle, our fierce bald-pated bird of freedom, whose dauntless wing once cleft the skies whilst his eye unblenching dared the noontday sun, is metamorphosed into a dingy, skulking, carrion-gorged vulture. The "star-spangled banner," whose unsullied folds freemen once hailed with delight—which floated on every ocean, glittered in the sunlight of every clime, the glorious emblem of liberty, power, dignity, peace and prosperity—has for years been the flaunting symbol of tyranny and robbery to millions of our countrymen—the blood-streaked standard of despotism and pollution. Its blue has turned to black; its stars have set, perhaps forever, in Egyptian night; and its stripes have been laid upon the backs of unresisting white slaves.

Where is the glorious union that heroes founded in their blood—a union not only of territory, but of fraternal hearts and hands? Gone. Where is the grand, semi-divine old constitution of our fathers—the constitution that Jefferson and Henry wrote, and Hancock, Rutledge, Lee, Adams and Washington signed? Gone. Where is our national honor? Gone. Our boasted free in-

situations? Gone. The proudly patriotic spirit of our citizens? Gone. Our jealous love of liberty? Gone. Our power and dignity abroad? Gone. Our peace and prosperity at home? Gone. The inalienable rights of citizenship, habeas corpus, freedom of speech, of religion and the press, security of life and property, the control of our domestic concerns, public and private, morality and common decency? Gone, gone, all gone to the daddy of modern loyalty and puritanic progress.

And what have we in their places? A government of thieves and thugs. A president, stained with partnership in every villainy; half of whose most trusted friends are in the penitentiary and all the rest, if justice is ever done, on the road; an associate and ally of criminals; a head-thief and ring-plunderer; surrounded by a cabinet of felons. Every secretarial head of department, a swindling, pilfering, huckstering malefactor. The very fountain-head of justice defiled and corrupted by railroad-jobber-appointed supreme judges and a whisky-ringer attorney-general. Foreign ministers fleeing home to escape the penalty of their crimes abroad, 60,000 official pirates, worse than all the ten Pharaonic plagues combined, stealing, stealing, ceaselessly and remorselessly stealing in every nook and corner of a continent. A debt incalculable as the stars of heaven, the sands upon the sea-shore or the sparks of radicalism's birthplace and final destination. Taxation three times more heavy and galling than is borne by the subjects of any despot in all the orient. "Stamp acts" compared with which the one that drove our centennial rebel forefathers to revolution was the highest embodiment of christian tenderness and benevolence. Legislatures, state senates, jury-boxes, witness stands and judgeships thronged with the ill-savored and ignorant off-spring of African cannibals. Offices, laws and decisions of courts as openly and notoriously marketable as the peanuts in a peddler's stall. Dissensions, wranglings, bloody shirt wavings, deep and widespread discontent, public and private thieving, swindling, riots, bloodshed, exorbitant taxes, crushing exactions, low prices for everything we sell, high prices for everything we buy, universal demoralization, and the near prospect of a fathomless, shoreless, endless Gehenna of bankruptcy, degradation and ruin. Such is our condition today.—Behold the picture—the frightful nightmare panorama of national decay—and tell us, is it not truthful, just, correct?

Down, down, down, during the whole fifteen long, terrible years of radical misrule. The proudest, freest, most enlightened, prosperous and happy nation on the globe in 1860—the lowest, basest, poorest, most utterly demoralized and degraded in 1876. Cotton-field niggers legislating for the descendants of the Washingtons, Randolphs, Hampdens and Lees. A Pennsylvania nigger blacksmith befouling the seat of Pickens and Pinckney on the supreme bench of South Carolina. A nigger barber scrawling his M mark to the legislative enactments of Louisiana as lieutenant-governor and president of the state senate. A nigger cabin-boy denouncing the falling chief magistrate of the republic in the place once filled by the orator, soldier and statesman, Jefferson Davis, in the United States senate.

Whilst leprous, ulcer-eaten senators and ex-governors congratulate their associate scoundrels and the country on the change. A Boecher and Gilbert Haven, as the types of our religion. A Morton, a Butler, a Pinchback and Blaine, the representatives of our statesmanship. A Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, Tweed, Boutwell and Sharon, our models in finance. A Schenck, Oramer and Washburne, our samples of diplomacy. And a Grant, Belknap and Babcock, as our highest executive exemplars!—God of the ruined and the desolate! Was ever a people so fallen before? Men of the North! Men of the South! Countrymen! Fellow-slaves! Shake off your lethargy, and face the truth! Give the hellions who have wrought the horrid change, a little longer leave of power, and no Gabriel in all the wide universe, though he should split his mighty tooter, can ever sound a blast powerful enough to resurrect us from the ten-fold political death and perdition to which we are doomed. Cease trucking and yielding to the death-deserving conspirators who have usurped the government. Cease temporizing, cringing and fawning. Set your face, like stubborn steel, against them and all their accursed schemes. Remember that they are your enemies—the enemies of the republic—enemies of the constitution-sworn foes of liberty—foes of God, of virtue and common humanity. They must be overthrown, annihilated or you, and our country are forever undone! This year is the last chance. A blunder now is a crime beyond redemption or repair!

The Blue Ridge Blade says: "Every editor has his idiosyncrasy. Our friend, McDowell, of the Charlotte Observer, some weeks ago, wrote a long and very amusing editorial on cats in order to work in a pot pun at the close."

ONE EDITOR KILLS ANOTHER.

With deep and sincere regret, we see from the papers that our long-tryed and evertrue friend, and former associate editor on the Lexington (Mo.) Caucasian, Alf. S. Kierolf, has been involved in an affray resulting in the death of a brother-editor. The first dispatches a week ago were meagre, and we waited before mentioning it, for all the fact, hoping that it would prove a clear and indubitable case of self-defence. The full statement which appears in the St. Louis Times, of March 3, realizes our expectations. Kierolf, who is now editor of the Carrollton (Mo.) Democrat and a prominent candidate for congress in his district, has for some time past been engaged in a bitter controversy with a number of the neighboring county papers, instigated by the friends of the present congressman, an utter insignificant named Clark. The Carrollton Journal has been particularly virulent in its assaults upon him. He has retorted in genuine Missouri Caucasian style; and, Friday, Feb. 27, I. N. Hawkins, of the Journal, announced his determination to attack him personally and, to use the language of his threat, "make mince-meat of him." Hawkins was already a murderer, having killed a man some time before in Kentucky. So when Kierolf, then whom no braver little fellow ever wielded an editorial scalpel, heard of the coming annihilation, he quietly seated himself in his office and awaited the charge. Hawkins entered with a large knife in his hand. Kierolf ordered him out, and as he advanced fired; and banking to escape the knife, continued firing until five balls had pierced his determined assailant who still rushed on him; and at last as Hawkins made a desperate lunge to cut his throat, Kierolf knocked him down with the butt of his pistol. Hawkins died the next day; and Kierolf, who is in very feeble health, was arrested, but released at once on bail and, if ever brought to trial at all, will be promptly acquitted. We are heartily glad his case is no worse.

SUPPOSED CORRESPONDENCE.

Tom Scott to Gov. Brogden.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR: I congratulate you upon your safe return to your capitol and people. I am glad to have honored you with a free pass to New York as well as New Orleans. My first lieutenant, Buford, will furnish you with free passes whenever you wish to travel. The grand excursion trip under Col. Humphrey was rather costly to the company and smashed up an engine. But that wound is all healed now. I am pleased with your appointments of Col. Tate and Col. Humphrey to presidencies of railroads. I do not personally know President Humphrey so well. The vice-president of the Pennsylvania Central, Wilson, thinks highly of him. He met the colonel in his office on Broad street, New York, in company with Col. R. Y. McAden, Hon. Wm. A. Smith and Lieutenant Buford. Then and there they perfected the consolidation bill for your legislature which was to meet in Raleigh a few months after the meeting in Broad street, New York. Humphrey got the bill through in spite of J. O. Turner, but he fell down in the management by attempting to bully Turner in open senate, in ten steps of the speaker, and making demonstrations to fight them and there, and then afterwards refusing to fight because he was a man of God and peace. Humphrey was of special use to Dr. Hawkins and his superintendent, Capt. Andrews, in getting bills through for the Raleigh & Gaston road. He is too strong a democrat. You must "lump him down a little" to make him of use both as a railroad man and a politician.

Col. Tate has made some good and some bad licks in financing and railroading. It was a good lick to subscribe \$500,000 of stock in the Western road, while Littlefield subscribed \$1,000,000. It was a good lick to have been interested with Swenson when he bought of Holden and Jenkins bonds of the North Carolina road at 65 cents in the dollar, when Joe. Turner, as president, had sold the same bonds for one dollar and never for less. I was glad to know that Tate and Swenson did not make all, but that my old friend, Dr. Hawkins, got in a silent way a few soft crumbs, numbering about three thousand. Col. Tate has experience and he can avoid the rocks upon which he split when he sailed on his former railroad voyage. He will not borrow again \$240,000 to be paid in 30 days, and if necessary should compel him, he will know better than to pledge one million and a quarter of the mortgage bonds of his company to be sold if he did not return the borrowed money in thirty days. He will know better, at least, than to enter into writing with a Wall street chaffer to pay him 2 1/2 per cent. commissions on the face of the bonds instead of 2 1/2 per cent. on the amount received by the sale. The bonds brought only twenty and some twenty-two cents in the dollar, and commissions, if paid at all, should have been paid on the amount received. By reason of this borrowing Col. Tate's road from Salisbury to Old Fort was sold by a decree of the federal court at Greensboro.

This blunder in Colonel Tate was all repaired by getting in the legislature and passing a law that you, governor, should buy in the road for \$850,000, which you did. It was laid in the state to have to pay \$850,000 because Col. Tate had borrowed \$240,000 to be repaid in 30 days. The people, governor, must be taken care of. The people owned \$2,000,000 of stock in Col. Tate's road, and the state \$4,000,000. Under the colonel's law for you to buy the road for \$850,000, you were directed to give the people back their \$2,000,000 of stock, though the state had bought at public sale the whole road. Governor, here is where you betrayed confidence about this stock, but I will point that out directly, after mentioning another lucky hit made by Col. Tate. He procured a bill to be

passed to work his road with convict labor; his road paying nothing for the labor, because convicts and labor both belonged to the state. Grassmann reports 307 convicts at work on Tate's road. The state guards, feeds and clothes them, and the people or private stockholders get a part of this convict labor without paying for it. Governor, right here is where you betrayed confidence. You told Joe. Turner that Col. Tate was the one of the people who owned most or much of the private stock in this road, and for \$240,000 worth of stock given to Col. Tate and the stock-holding people. Now, governor, I am a plain, candid man; when you suggested to Littlefield the plan to disband and dissolve the Bragg committee then inquiring into railroad frauds, you did a good thing for us. When you told Turner Col. Tate was a large stockholder in his road, you were going back on us. I must say, governor, I do not admire this way of wading in the door and talking confidentially to us in doors, and then talking outside to Joe. Turner.

I am with high consideration your Excellency's servant and friend, TOM SCOTT, President of roads from New York to California.

CHEARLES J. NATALY, M. D., Specialist in Diseases of the Head, Throat and Chest. (DIPLOMAT OF CANADA.) His office is located in the City of New York, at No. 107 Broadway, between Broadway and Nassau Street. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto, Canada, and has spent several years in Europe, where he has attended the lectures of the most distinguished physicians of the Continent. He is a member of the American Medical Association, the New York State Medical Society, and the New York Academy of Medicine. He has published several articles on medical subjects, and has been the author of several books. He is a man of high standing in the medical profession, and his services are highly valued by his patients.

THOMAS STANLY, NEWBERN, N. C., Dealer in all kinds of GRAIN. CORN A SPECIALTY. Newbern, Jan. 14-1m.

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END TO G. P. ROWELL & CO., N. Y., for Pamphlet of 10 pages, containing list of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. March 7-ly

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Coaches attached to all freight trains for accommodation of passengers. This Company offers special inducement to the shipping public on line of the Raleigh & Gaston, Raleigh & Augusta and Western N. C. Railroads, in the way of low freight and passenger rates.

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\$1,200 PROFIT ON \$100. Made any day in FIVE AND CALLS. Invested according to your means \$10, \$50 or \$100, in Stock Privileges, has brought a small fortune to the careful investor. We advise when and how to operate safely. Book with full information sent free. Address orders by mail and telegraph to BAXTER & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 17 Wall St., N. Y. Jan 20-daily

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This Fertilizer has given the greatest satisfaction to all who have used it, not only as a grower of Cotton, but as a PERMANENT IMPROVER OF THE SOIL. It is an article high in percentage of the most valuable fertilizing ingredients, which are Bone Phosphate of Lime, Ammonia, Potash, &c. We respectfully refer by permission to the following parties who have used this Fertilizer: R. J. Ives, Raleigh; W. G. Biddle, Newes; C. Christie, Raleigh; R. P. Potts, Wake Co.; D. D. Dewar, Bennett; Dr. Walter Debbins, Raleigh; and others. Cotton growers would do well to see us before purchasing their quantity. R. F. JONES & CO. Also keep on hand a full line of GROCERIES and LIQUORS. R. F. JONES & CO. feb 16-d&w 3m. Wholesale Liquor Dealers, Wilmington street, Raleigh, N. C.

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WHAT ARE PILLS? PILLS. A Treatise on the Causes, History, Cure and Prevention of PILES. By J. H. BURTON, M.D. New York, 1875. Price 10 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of a letter stamp.

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\$1,250 Profit from Investment of \$300. One of our customers purchased a road on 100 shares of N. Y. Central at \$100 each, and sold at \$125 each, 100 shares against the Put @ 107 which was sold @ 114 selling at the same price 100 shares called @ 108 netting profit \$1,250. This operation can be repeated every month of the year \$10, 20, 50, 100, 1000, will pay as well for amount invested. Gold, Stocks, Cotton and Tobacco bought and sold on commission. Advances on consignments. Price lists and Circulars free. CHARLES SMEDLEY & CO., Bankers & Brokers, 40 Bond St., New York, near Gold and Stock Ex. Bldg. P. O. Box 374. Feb 17-47

NORTH CAROLINA—WAKE COUNTY. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, February, 1876. Joseph D. Powell plaintiff proceeding for partition of land against Mary M. Allen, William H. F. Ferrill, Richard Ferrill, James William and others. To William H. F. Ferrill, one of the defendants above named, who is not a resident of this State. You are hereby required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court for the County of Wake by the 31st day of March next, 1876, and answer the complaint filed in said office, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint. J. N. BUNTING, Clerk. MOORE & GATLING and HAYWOOD plain. Attorneys. March 7, 1876—968.

\$10 to 25 per Day. To Farmers. Send us a stamp for Circulars giving evidence of success. Address, DR. S. A. RICHMOND, Box 741, St. Joseph, Mo. oct 15-12m

NOTICE: On the 10th inst., I captured from William Earp, one overcoat, one dress coat, two pair of pants, one pair of boots and several other articles, which are supposed to be stolen goods. The owner will please call for them and pay costs. ALLISON HIGH, Constable, Mark's Creek Township, feb 23-w2w\* Eagle Rock, Wake Co., N. C.

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