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THE SENTINEL

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1876.

National Democratic Reform Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT:
SAMUEL J. TILDEN,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

COLLECTORS:
FOR THE STATE AT LARGE,
DANIEL G. FOWLE, of Wake,
JAMES M. LEACH, of Davidson.

SECOND DISTRICT
JOHN F. WOOTEN, of Lenoir.
THIRD DISTRICT
JOHN D. STANFORD, of Duplin.
FOURTH DISTRICT
FABIUS H. BUSBEE, of Wake.
FIFTH DISTRICT
FRANK C. ROBBINS, of Davidson.
SIXTH DISTRICT
ROBERT P. WARING, of Mecklenburg.
SEVENTH DISTRICT
WILLIAM B. GLENN, of Yadkin.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET

FOR GOVERNOR:
ZEBULON B. VANCE,
OF MECKLENBURG.

FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR:
THOMAS J. JARVIS,
OF PITT.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE:
JOSEPH A. ENGELHARD,
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL:
THOMAS S. KENAN,
OF WILSON.

FOR PUBLIC TREASURER:
JOHN M. WORTH,
OF SAMPSON.

FOR AUDITOR:
SAMUEL L. LOVE,
OF HAYWOOD.

FOR SUP'T. OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION:
JOHN C. SCARBOROUGH,
OF JOHNSTON.

FOR CONGRESS:
JOSEPH J. DAVIS,
OF FRANKLIN.

CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATIONS IN OTHER DISTRICTS:
3d DISTRICT—ALFRED M. WADDELL, of New Hanover.
5th DISTRICT—ALFRED M. SCALES, of Guilford.
6th DISTRICT—WALTER L. STEELE, of Richmond.
7th DISTRICT—WILLIAM M. ROBBINS, of Iredell.

PARTY ORGANIZATION.

At a meeting of the Central Executive Committee of the democratic party it was

Resolved 1. That the chairman of each County Executive Committee be requested to report to the secretary of this committee the name and postoffice address of each member of the same.

2. That each member of the several congressional committees be requested to report his name and address in like manner; and also to take notice that he is ex-officio a member of the State Executive Committee.

3. That this committee urgently calls on the conservative people of North Carolina who favor reform in state and national affairs to form without delay Tilden and Vance clubs in their respective townships or neighborhoods; and the officers of all such clubs are requested to report their names to the secretary of this committee.

4. That the democratic papers throughout the state be requested to publish the above resolutions.

W. R. COX, Chm'n.
S. A. ASHE, Sec'y.

Meeting of the State Executive Committee.

ROOMS CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COM.
DEM. CONSERVATIVE PARTY,
Raleigh, July 8, 1876.
[CIRCULAR]

The district executive committee, who, with the central executive committee, compose the state executive committee, are requested to meet in this city Friday, 15th instant, to consult in regard to matters of importance to the party. They will please regard this as an official notification.

WM. R. COX, Chm'n.
S. A. ASHE, Secretary.

Democratic papers please copy.

Oh, for a roosting-place in the aurora-borealis.

Injudicious judiciary—Sam. Watts's name.

The "Si-oaks cut" is the latest barberous style.

"Watts and prey," is the Wattlewood of the Gorman outlaws.

Good radical rallying-cries—Hurray for Hayes, Hail Times and Howling Hell-bellows.

Huckleberries and white alleys, how they mix and mingle at Metropolitan hall to-day.

Democratification meetings are what they call them out west, and they are plenty in huckleberries.

Hot! Dissolving into dew-drops and exhaling into rainbows, is the ceaseless occupation of our hapless citizens.

This radical convention has brought a stiff of its party's birthplace and final destination in the Tophet-blast weather.

The supreme court still has some respect for law and common decency. And that's Watts the matter with Greasy Samuel.

Zach Chandler, set and corruptionist, has just been elected chairman of the national republicans, Hayes and Wheeler, reform committee.

As the Sentinel predicted yesterday morning, the radical congressional convention did nothing but unanimously ratify Ike Young's well put-up-nominal job.

Hayes' letter of acceptance is a dignified, moderate and conciliatory paper. But, however well he may write, Hayes is the representative of Orangism, and can never be right.

The most remarkable unanimity prevails among the papers all over the country. One, deep, wide, fervent sentiment pervades them, democratic, neutral and radical, local, political and miscellaneous. And the burden of it all is "Hottassell."

A superior court judge winding up his speech to a convention, by executing a double-shuffle, cutting a pigeon-wing and shouting "Walk, jawbones," is hardly an edifying or pleasing spectacle to contemplate in the capital of a great commonwealth.

One Watts immortalized himself by inventing the steam-engine. Another Watts will go sounding down the ages, as a writer of hymns, a concocter of sacred jingle. But the greatest Watts of all will have his name emblazoned on futurity's hen-house doors in characters of smutted charcoal, as the discoverer of a Raleigh Mayor's nest, and every egg added.

The whole press of the country teems with dutiful congratulations of the republic and the people, over the providential escape of that heroic savior of the royal household, Col. Fred. Grant. He was reading the declaration of independence to a herd of Washington darkeys and bummers, while the gallant Custons were pouring out their blood in that dead Montana valley of death.

Sam. Watts, the creature who defies the judgment of this district, gets rather sally comfort since his attempted conspiracy was smothered. We understand Judge Pearson, of the supreme bench, gently and gracefully saluted him yesterday with: "Well, you d-d fool, you've played h-i and got your foot in it now." Unless Watts mends his ways mightily, we fear the time is coming when he will have more than a foot in it.

"Let no guilty man escape," was Grant's high-sounding declaration. Let no honest man escape, has been his practice. He has kicked them out, one by one, till few but thieves and tools of thieves are left. Henderson removed for prosecuting the president's partners and friends, Joyce, McDonald and Babeock, too vigorously. Bristow compelled to resign for attempting to abolish thievery in the treasury department. Yaryan's head chopped off, because he discovered the rogues. And now Pat. Dyer, the district attorney at St. Louis, cast out of his position for doing his duty and telling the truth. Hurrah for the rogues! Look for the pardon of all the convicted malefactors and the reorganization of the gigantic tortuous tangled rings before the eyes of November.

I can lift up those hands before you, in the presence of my Creator, and say that in all that time of war and public distress, and through all that period of temptation and corruption which followed the war, not one dollar of dishonest money has ever stained their palms; and, lastly, I can say that I never had a thought wherein self was preferred to the prosperity and honor of my native land.—Vance's speech at the Raleigh Convention.

Bill Sharon, the bonanza miner, is 55 years old and plain to coarseness.

"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

Said a soft-shall democratic farmer to us, a few days ago, "I shall vote for the man this time." If he does, he will certainly vote, as we would have him, for Tilden. But what an avowal of lack of principle. God help our country, if this declaration represents the feeling of any large number of suffragists. What! ignore the great issues that underlie all party organizations since the earliest period of American history, and vote for the mere animal? That is exactly one chief cause of our present misfortunes. The thoughtless masses, carried away by blind personal preferences and prejudices, have cast their suffrages for the clay caskets, summing up what the character of the jewel within—whether pure gold or vilest pinchback; and in doing so, have mocked at the warnings of statesmen and the teachings of all history. The very present beclouds them. They continually attempt short-cuts to prosperity, without considering the principles which operate to defeat all their dreams.

Let us ask the farmer of the south and west why he toils for others and is unable, even with the high prices which have prevailed for years, to lay by any part of the fruits of his labor? He replies, "The monopolies and taxes eat me up." Ah, well, what sort of principles, what kind of legislation and what class of men are responsible for this state of things? Did they exist under democratic administrations and congresses? And if not, and why? The truth is apparent: Democracy or Jeffersonianism, in all its ramifications of principle, is the antithesis of that bayonet-established system of federalistic doctrines, whose aims are a strong central government, the wiping out of state lines and local interests, and the building up of just such monstrous monopolies and schemes of ruthless taxation, as exist to crush and curse our land to-day. Federalism courts the power of paper banks and combined capital; democracy seeks the equal and exact distribution of rights, privileges and blessings. Federalism idolizes the man; democracy battles for principle. Federalism is proud and ostentatious; democracy opposes the prodigal imitation of European monarchies, and demands a plain system, void of pomp, protecting all and granting favors to none. Federalism seeks to reward its supporters with the money of the people, and to levy tribute upon all sections for the aggrandizement of its nurture-ground, the east; democracy claims that the west and south are entitled to the same consideration as any other section or sections, and have a right to demand an equal share in all the benefits of legislation.

Federalism spurs the constitution, when it trenches on its wasteful schemes for the enrichment of the few at the cost of the many; democracy insists upon a strict construction of the grand fundamental law of the republic, and a concession to the people of all powers and rights not absolutely delegated to congress. Federalism despises plebeianism and fears to trust the masses, and the past fifteen nightmare years of its experimental ruleship have well nigh made a monarchy of our republic, and have effected greater public demoralization and disregard of law than ever before took place on God's earth in the same length of time; under democratic rule and the governmental principles of Jefferson, no country under heaven was ever so prosperous, happy and free.

Federalism plays funk and boot-lick to the crowned heads of the old world, and fears foreign displeasure; it has humbly covered before England and Spain, and even before the tattered greasers of Mexico, the pigtails of China and the mulattoes of San Domingo; it has permitted American citizens to be captured on the high seas and butchered by wholesale, and the red-burred flag of the republic to be insulted and spit upon, till American rights have become a laughing-stock to all creation. Was it so under democratic administration and rule? What nation dared wrong an American citizen or insult the flag of his country, when a democrat was president of the Union, and democrats led her armies and navies? Even those who claimed citizenship by virtue of their declared intention to become citizens, as in the case of Coasta, felt the protecting power of the starry banner in all quarters of the globe, borne to them by our thunder-mouthed bull-dogs of the sea.

Away with the folly of voting for the mere man. Let us return to democratic government under the sacred, deathless principles of Jefferson and the centennial fathers, by sustaining "measures, not men." And we must do it this year, if even a remnant of personal liberty and national honor is to be rescued from the ruin wrought by federalism and radical folly combined. Hayes means federalism in all its worst forms—the federalism of Grant, Belknap, Morton, Butler, Blaine and Cameron. Tilden means democracy—the democracy of Jefferson, Madison, Jack-

son, Polk and Buchanan. Hayes means continued usurpation, ring-rule, profligacy and corruption. Tilden means reform, purification, reconciliation and the restoration of the old constitution and laws. One or the other must triumph this fall, and the life and death of the republic are involved in the contest. One is the incarnation of Grantism—the man. The other is the embodiment of all the grand principles which make this centennial year memorable and holy. Choose ye, this day, between them.

SULTRY SQUIBBINGS.

Oh, for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!
Oh, for an iceberg or two at control!
Oh, for a vale which at mid-day the dew cumber!
Oh, for a pleasure-trip up to the Pole!

Oh, for a little one-story thermometer,
With nothing but Zero's all ranged in a row!
Oh, for a big double-barreled hydrometer,
To measure this moisture that rolls from my brow!

Oh, that this cold world were twenty times colder!
(That's long and hot it seemeth to me.)
Oh, for a turn of its dreaded cold shoulder!
Oh, what a comfort an ague would be!

Oh, for a grog to tipify heaven,
Scooped in the rock under cataract vast!
Oh, for a winter of discontent even!
Oh, for wet blankets judiciously cast!

Oh, for a soda-fountain spouting up boldly
From every hot lamp-post against the hot sky!
Oh, for a proud maiden to look on me coldly,
Pressing my soul with a glance of her eye!

Then oh, for a draught from a cup of cold pizen!
And oh, for a resting-place in the cold grave!
With a bath in the Styx, where the thick shadow lies on
And deepens the chill of its dark running wave!

Thermometers all boiling over,
Nine-and-ninety in the refrigerator, and still a-mounting.
The melon-cholic days are come, the hottest of the year,
When every man shall say unto his wife,
Give unto me a clean shirt, for behold the one thou gavest me this morning is wilted—it stictheth closer than a brother.
The heart of man yearneth, yes
length for cooling drinks, even as young pups desire fresh butter-milk.
Dead flies cause the boarding-house butter to send forth a stinking flavor.
Now are the words of the preacher come to naught, for he sayeth, "If two lie together, they get warmth, but how can one be warm alone?" If he had to lodge where we do, he would never ask such a question. The sun ariseth, and it is hot as blazes. Stolen water is sweet, and iced julep drunk in secret is pleasant, as many of our good christians and temperance men abundantly can testify. Drink water out of thine own cistern, and running water out of thine own well. Let thy fountains be dispersed abroad, and rivers of water in thy streets. Many waters cannot quench the heat, neither can the floods drown it. A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon or Kamechatka suffice not to cool our parched tongue.

Awake, oh, north wind, and come thou south, and blow upon our truck-patch. The aquatic fluid is low in the creeks, and the brooklets are dried up. The fishes lament, and they that cast angle in the rivers do mourn. Ho, every man that thirsteth, come to the soda-fountains and drink at a nickel a pop. The cook is wilted in the kitchen, and the base-balls sit in the shade. The grinders cease because they are hot, and they that look out of the windows do toll most lazily. The doors are shut on the streets, for the inhabitants are sweating in deshabille. The sound of the piano is not heard, and the damsel's music heth low. The flies and mosquitoes, bed-bugs and fleas are a burden, and desire for hash falseth. The squeak of the pump is heard unceasingly, and the pitcher is oft filled at the fountain or the brewery. Hotter and hotter, saith the preacher, it is hot as h-h-hotentottery. The wind goeth toward the south till it gets red-hot, and then turneth unto the northward, which whirleth about till it groweth like Tophet. What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole of Raleigh, with all her saloons, factories, newspapers and free niggers, and then get sun-struck, and his brains broiled in his skull? And what hath a man for all his sweating, puffing, stewing and blowing in this seven-times-beated furnace-like sun? Naught, yes, and worse than naught, for his heart is vexed, his soul melted, his gizzard dissolved, his sweet-heart gone off to the mountains, and his collar bedraggled and sickly. He steameth and fumeth all the day long, and taketh no rest at night. Whew! golly! How horribly hot it is anyhow. And dog-days have not yet begun.

JUDGE WATTS AND THE CITY CASE.

For some time, as the general reader is aware, a contest has been going on in the courts between Mayor Manly and the incumbent board of aldermen, and John C. Gorman and a pretended board of aldermen who claim under a farce of an election held last May.

During the pendency of this case before Judge Watts, we refrained from all mention of the matter further than mere local reference to it, deeming it improper to discuss in the columns of a newspaper the merits of a case undergoing investigation before the courts of law.

It is with reluctance that we enter upon criticism of the conduct of a judge. The judiciary of a state is the great refuge of a people's rights and liberties. Law and order are as essential as life in a civilized land. Law and order can only exist where the people are taught to respect and uphold the judiciary. To criticize the conduct of a judge is, to some extent, to disrobe him. To lay before the public gross misconduct of his, is to lessen that respect which the position of a judge has always inspired in North Carolinians.

Our reluctance, however, is somewhat relieved by the reflection that Judge Watts has himself lowered the judicial standard in this district, and nothing we can here say will have the effect to impair his efficiency as a judge further than his own conduct on the bench has already done.

If we understand the case, Judge Watts has virtually denied the right of appeal, and adjudged as in contempt the mayor and aldermen for failing to observe an order of his court after having explicitly decided, in respect to that order, that his action was always open to review by the higher court, and that an appeal vacated his order.

THE OFFICE-HOLDERS RULE THE HOUR.

The nomination of Collector Young for congress yesterday but re-illustrates, as it were, the influence which the republicans are allowing federal officials to exert in their state politics. As in North Carolina, so it is throughout the United States; the federal office-holders control exclusively the politics of states, districts, counties, townships and the cities and towns. Wherever the republican party has existence these office-holders dictate the policy and nominations of that party. In this state the rule of the office-holder is so manifest as not to be mistaken, and there are republicans so disgusted at this condition of things that we may confidently look for their co-operation in November.

Let us see. McLandsey, a revenue man, has been nominated by the republicans of the first district for congress. Isaac J. Young, collector of internal revenue for eight years past, was yesterday unanimously nominated by the republicans of the fourth district for congress. At the same time and place Ike R. Strayhorn, of Orange, was made republican elector for this district. Mr. Strayhorn was at one time a revenue man, and was, like Collector Young, nominated by that tyranny of the times—federal influence in local politics.

An effort was made to get John A. McDonald, of Chatham, on the ticket as elector. But the federals were too strong for Mr. McDonald. A bold, aggressive, consistent republican, a persistent and open union man throughout the entire period of the war—one irresistibly looked to see the merits of Mr. McDonald recognized and appreciated in a convention of men professing to be republicans.

McDonald has twice the ability of Strayhorn. His nomination would have influenced votes in Chatham, whereas Strayhorn's will influence none in Orange. The official conduct of Collector Young renders him an obnoxious candidate to republicans in Chatham; and without some such countervailing influence as the nomination of Mr. McDonald would have been, a large body of the republicans of that county, will vote the democratic ticket in November.

In every point of view, the nominations by the district convention yesterday are precisely such as democrats could have most desired.

To-day the state convention, controlled, as it will be, by federal office-holders, revenue runners, postmasters, deputy-marshal and their strikers, will nominate Thomas Settle for governor and William A. Smith for lieutenant-governor. Such a ticket we cordially welcome under the auspicious patronage of federal abuse and power. We fervently thank God that the presentation of this ticket is assured beyond the peradventure of chance. We rejoice with all the good people of North Carolina that the sum of all villainies, and the aggregate of every outrage by federal high-handedness since the close of the war culminates to-day in the nomination of Settle and Smith, and that it has, for the democratic party, been so admirably foreseen by the republicans in such selections for high places, in this campaign, as McLandsey, Young and Strayhorn.

Now if they will only leave Mr. McDonald off the state ticket we shall be perfectly satisfied.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.

In answer to a call from the United States senate, the treasury department sent to that body a list of the public defaulters, and the amount stolen. It appears that about One Hundred Millions of Dollars of the people's money has been stolen by the republican party officeholders! The republican majority in the senate refused to publish the list.

The Asheville Citizen says the people up there were never before so pleased as with Tilden and Vance.

But Judge Watts is a candidate, before the convention now assembled in this city, for the position of secretary of state. At this particular juncture, he yields to the incendiary clamor of unscrupulous counsel; counsel which addresses itself to the mob instead of the court and the case it is trying, appeals in the words of inflammatory speech to the passions of violence, and suggests if it does not advise the seceding of the city.

We can attribute this latest performance of Judge Watts to no other motive than a desire to propitiate the convention in his favor. This imputation of trading a judicial decision for a nomination is as severe as anything we care to utter here.

It is a sad commentary on the degeneracy of the times, that we feel compelled to call especial attention to the fact that the supreme court did its duty. But its action was highly commendable, and worthy of the most exalted judiciary tribunal of a great state.

THE SIGNERS.

The Philadelphia Press says: "The fathers" were not old men. The average age of the signers of the declaration on the 4th of July, 1776, scarcely reached forty-five years. John Hancock, the president, was but thirty-nine years old. The six oldest representatives were Benjamin Franklin, aged 70; Stephen Hopkins, aged 69; Francis Lewis, aged 63; James Smith, aged 63; Matthew Thornton, aged 62, and George Taylor, aged 60. The seven youngest were Thomas Lynch, jr., of South Carolina, aged 27; Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, aged 27; Thomas Haywood, of South Carolina, aged 30; Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina, aged 33; Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, aged 33; Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, aged 32; Benjamin Rush, of Pennsylvania, aged 31. The difference of age between Franklin, the oldest member, and Lynch, the youngest, was forty-three years. Youth, middle and old age were fairly represented. 56 were nationalists; two members were born in England, two in Ireland, two in Scotland, one in Wales, and the rest in the colonies.

THE STATE CAMPAIGN.

Stanly county promises Vance 1,000 majority.

Beaufort has a flourishing Tilden-Vance Club.

Mitchell county instructs for Bob Vance for congress.

Major Engulhard, Hon. Thos. J. Jarvis and Col. Kenan will address the people of Currituck, Saturday.

The Craven county radical convention endorses Settle and Smith, and recommends L. E. West for secretary of state.

LEGAL NOTICE.

WAKE COUNTY—IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

SUMMONS FOR RELIEF.
Jones Watson and T. P. Devreux, Ex'rs. of P. A. Stenberg, dec'd.

Joanna F. Stenberg, Bada W. Stenberg, Chas. W. Stenberg, Sarah Jane Loader, James B. Loader, Mary John Loader and Annie Jones Loader.
THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
To the Sheriff of Wake County—Greeting:
You are hereby commanded, to summon Joanna F. Stenberg, Bada W. Stenberg, Chas. W. Stenberg, Sarah Jane Loader, James B. Loader, Mary John Loader and Annie Jones Loader, the defendants above named, if they be found within your county, to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court for the county of Wake, within 30 days after the service of this summons on this, exclusive of the day of such service, and answer the complaint within that time, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Hereof fail not, and of this summons make due return.
Given under my hand and seal of said Court, this 17 day of June, 1876.
J. N. BUNTING,
Clerk Superior Court Wake County.

NORTH CAROLINA, WAKE COUNTY.
PROBATE COURT.
Jones Watson and T. P. Devreux, Ex'rs. of Peter A. Stenberg, dec'd.

James T. Stenberg, B. W. Stenberg, Chas. W. Stenberg, Sarah Jane Loader, James B. Loader, Mary John Loader, Annie Jones Loader and Susan C. Loader.
It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court by the affidavits of Thomas P. Devreux one of the plaintiffs herein that a good cause of action exists in the above case that after due diligence the defendants Joanna F. Stenberg, Bada W. Stenberg, Chas. W. Stenberg and Charles W. Stenberg cannot be found in the State of North Carolina, and that they are proper parties to this action.
It is therefore ordered by the Court that summons by publication be made in the Weekly Sentinel once a week for six weeks, and further that a copy of said published summons be enclosed and directed to such of the within named non-residents whose address is known to the plaintiffs herein.
J. N. BUNTING,
Clerk.

BUSBEE & BUSBEE, plaintiffs Attorneys.
Jun 26-1876

RICHMOND & PETERSBURG R. R. CO
Commencing Oct. 24th, 1875, Trains on this road will run as follows:

LEAVE RICHMOND, SOUTH.

5:10 A. M. Through Mail; 7:45 A. M., Freight Train; 1:45 P. M., Through Mail; 5 P. M., Freight Train.

LEAVE PETERSBURG, NORTH.

7:30 A. M., Freight Train; 12 M., Through Mail; 5 P. M., Freight Train; 7:35 P. M., Through Mail.

Coaches attached to all freight trains for accommodation of passengers.

This Company offers special inducements 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.

A. SHAW
Superintendent
d&w-tf

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted outside and terms free. TRUE & CO. march 7-ly Augusta, Maine.

MEMO. READING. PSYCHOMANY. Fascination, Soul Charming, Mesmerism, and Marriage Guide, showing how either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose instantly, 40 pages. By mail 50 cts. Hunt & Co., 139 E. 7th St., Phila. Pa. apl 14-18.