

THE WILMINGTON POST.

W. P. CANADAY, Editors. J. J. CASSIDY.

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THE WILMINGTON STAR AND THE NEW YORK HERALD.

The New York Herald of the 10th instant, contains a letter covering four closely printed columns written by Mr. John Russell Young of the editorial staff of that paper, from Columbia, South Carolina, concerning the unhappy condition of that State, and his views thereon; and the Wilmington Star of last Sunday has "A few remarks addressed to the New York Herald" as its leading editorial on the subject. As long as Mr. Charles Nordhoff wrote letters to the Herald concerning affairs in the South as he saw them while traveling from one State to another for the purpose of learning somewhat of the causes of the troubles under which they were laboring, and giving his views concerning them; and as long as those views were obtainable only through the classes supplied to him by the high-toned aristocracy with whom he seemed alone to associate; and as long as his letters reflected not on his entertainers, but rather on their political opponents, just so long was the Herald and Mr. Nordhoff quoted by secession papers as truthfully representing affairs in the South. As the Star says, "his masterly letters were copied everywhere, and his statements were generally credited by those who sought after truth."

But now another side of the picture is presented to view. Mr. Young, in carrying out the intention of the managers of the Herald to keep its readers posted on Southern affairs, has explored a field that Mr. Nordhoff left untouched, and has investigated South Carolina. The Star is loud in praise of Mr. Nordhoff because he "minced no words in laying bare" what it claims were grievances; it speaks of Mr. Young as "able" but "regrets to see that his letter is not at all in the vein of those views of Mr. Nordhoff which have justly gained celebrity" - that "Mr. Young appears to write purely for the purpose of arraigning the people of South Carolina, (and through them the people of the other southern States) for not capturing the negro" in politics, &c; charges Mr. Young with having said things "hard to be borne by southern conservatives, unjust, captious and partisan," because he said that it was "profoundly convinced that if instead of mourning over the lost cause, as in the past they were wont to bluster about the Yankees and slavery, the southern people had dealt wisely with the negro and generously with the northern immigrants, these States, and especially South Carolina, would be free and powerful, and stigmatize his language as a "congeries of misstatements which are linked together by the spirit of sectional and political prejudice."

The Star knows that since April 1863, there has been a great amount of mourning over the confederate cause, both ostentatiously and in secret. It knows that although "rejoicing had become useless" the "weeds of grief" were not "laid aside for work tools," nor "the cypress for the pacific olive." All unbiased and fair minded men in the south who are as familiar with the facts as the Star should be, know that Mr. Young's statements are not "unkind, gross, unprovoked libels on the south." They are facts, and it is because they are facts, and the Star knows them to be facts, that they hurt so.

Mr. Young has struck the right key when he tells why the negro race in the South does not affiliate politically with their late masters, and the Star becomes unusually undignified in using such epithets as "liars," &c, towards those who sought to instruct the negro in the duties devolving upon him as a free man. Is it any wonder that "the black people were led away against the wishes of the whites?" What had "white people," &c, the late slave holders, done to induce the negro to follow them? Had they accepted the situation in good faith, and did they take their late slaves kindly by the hand and instruct them in the new and high duties that had devolved on them as American citizens. No. They did no such thing. In the first place they were not honest in their professions of allegiance to the Union when they laid down their arms and ceased to march to the battle field to fight against it. They qualified their oaths of allegiance. They never intended to support and maintain the constitution and laws of the United States when they swore that they would do so. They were none the less traitors at heart than when they fired upon Fort Sumter or when they robbed alike the cradle and the grave for materials of which to make soldiers that they might continue the war "led away against the wishes of the whites." It was the wish of the whites before the war to keep them in slavery. It was the wish and intention of the whites after the war to return them to slavery if such a thing was possible, - at any rate to keep them in a state of vassalage, and not allow them to enjoy any political rights that it was possible to deprive them of. These are not vague assertions. Who does not know that the Democratic Legislature of North

Carolina in 1866, passed laws that virtually returned the negroes to slavery? Nor did they at all regard the fact that to do so they had also to reduce thousands of "poor white trash," as they facetiously called them, to the same condition.

As an instance of the honesty of purpose, so called, with which these whites would lead the blacks in this State immediately after the war and before the negroes had been made fully aware of the results of the war and of their freedom, and when this city and section of the State was under the military command of General Joseph R. Hawley, that officer had printed for information and distribution, large numbers of circulars, addressed alike to late masters and slaves, informing them of their precise and relative status, and advising that, as the season had advanced, and the crops had already been planted, understandings should at once be had between the owners of the soil and the laborers who were to work it, and contracts entered into that would prevent disputes, and ill feelings at the end of the season. General Hawley took a number of these circulars with him on a visit he made in the month of May 1865 to Whiteville, in Columbus county. He sent messengers to all the leading white men in the county inviting them to meet him there on a certain day, and a great many gentlemen attended. There was no colored man at that meeting. They were all white men - men who represented the wealth and intelligence of the county. He read his circular to them and supplied them with copies enough so they might, as he requested, be distributed among the negroes, that they, too, might act advisedly in making contracts for the year. This request of General Hawley gave great offense to these patriotic southerners, and they refused to act on his suggestion; and it is a fact that the negroes on certain remote plantations in that county were kept in ignorance of their freedom by their late masters, from whom they never learned the fact, but it was imparted to them by their friends.

These poor ignorant people had but few friends ever among the dominant race in the south. In slavery they were protected because they were slaves, not because they were men. After the war their late owners attempted to again place them in slavery - for their good so they said, and it was because they did not want to be led into such a state by such friends, that "the black people were led away against the wishes of the whites."

It is really amusing to read the language of the Star and to note the tenderness with which it speaks of the negro. It says that "efforts were made to arrest the tendency of the negroes to abandon their old and natural friends, but in vain." "As to generosity, we who have lived among the negroes all our lives, and knew their naturally amiable disposition of character, can say that as a general thing the political white opponents of the colored people have treated them generously, kindly and almost fraternally." Certainly, as Mr. Robert Toombs in his address to the Legislature of that State, while telling of how the rebels got certain of their number into power, says, "we got them there by carrying the black vote by intimidation." We carried them with us by intimidation! Or in Mississippi, where the gospel of peace was promulgated from the muzzles of shot guns and revolvers, and at the point of the stiletto by those ministers of peace that rode in disguise and in force from place to place, killing, shooting, cutting and driving away these foolish negroes who were "led away against the wishes of whites." These "generous, kindly and almost fraternal" acts the Star thinks "may not have been wise - it was magnanimity and wisdom." And so a system of outrage and brutality and murder which the Star calls almost "fraternal" may not have been wise, and "there is no regret that it was adopted!" Probably Mr. John Russell Young and the New York Herald will be able to stand it awhile longer, seeing that the Star had to stop "because of its inability to do the subject justice."

THE CONFEDERATE REPRESENTATIVES AND THE BANKRUPT LAWS.

It is a remarkable fact that this nation which has lived to number its hundred years of existence should have had during all that time but fourteen years of operative bankrupt laws. In 1800 a bankrupt act was passed which was repealed in 1803. In 1841 another act was passed which was repealed in 1843, and the act under which unfortunate debtors now find relief and on which the destructive democracy and Confederate Brigadiers in the lower House of Congress have recently taken inconsiderate and nasty action, was passed in 1867.

This action is of the retrograde order. It has been the theory and practice of all governments to make laws that claim to be civilized and enlightened to enact laws for the relief of all honest debtors, and upon their making a surrender of their assets for the use of their creditors, to give them full discharge in bankruptcy and allow them to go free; thereby enabling them to again enter into business. These laws have not allowed the unfortunates to be

entirely stripped of everything they possessed, but have generously and properly allowed them to retain an exemption of certain articles or articles and things valued at certain amounts, so that the unfortunate should not be left entirely naked, nor cast on the cold charities of an unfeeling world for the wherewithal to shelter, clothe and feed; they never intended that the ruined man should necessarily become a pauper and his family beggars.

This is an attempt of the democracy to deprive the people of the beneficent law enacted for their relief by a Republican Congress, under a clear and undoubted right and duty conferred and imposed upon it by the Constitution, and leave the whole matter to the action of the several States. This is a retrogressive move from the supremacy of the nation to disintegration and States' Rights. It is their policy to weaken the Union for the purpose of strengthening the States. It is one of the entering wedges with which they intend to sunder the Union. It is the same policy which prevailed when, under the rule of such men as John C. Calhoun and James Buchanan, the country drifted into secession, war and disaster. In 1841 the democracy under the leadership of Thomas H. Benton fought against the passage of the bankrupt law with all their might, and it was the argument of the great Missonian that "the whole relation of debtor and creditor, touching insolvency or bankruptcy, should be left to the insolvent laws of the State."

The democrats have two objects in view in the repeal of the bankrupt laws. In the first place it is a step in the direction in which all their steps are taken, to restore and enforce the doctrine of States' Rights at the expense of the stability and perpetuity of the Union. In the second place it is their desire and intention, should they succeed in having the said laws repealed by Congress, and in view of the fact that they have the control of the Legislature of nearly every Southern State, to have passed by those legislatures such insolvent and bankrupt laws as will best serve their ends in oppressing the masses of the people and perpetuating their power. How long, we ask, would such a blessing to all poor people of North Carolina as the present Homestead and Personal Property Exemption Laws, provided for in our Constitution, made by Republicans, and enacted by a Legislature controlled by Republicans, stand, were such men as Judge Merrimon, who has already denounced it as unconstitutional, come into power? How many poor men in North Carolina to-day, who possess their little farms and who enjoy their little personal property exemption, consisting of the mule that drags the plow through the field, the cow that supplies the nourishment for the feeble wife and the fretful baby, the bed on which the weary limbs are stretched after the toils of the day, and the few other comforts and necessities that they may have about them, would have these things were the democrats in Congress allowed to repeal the bankrupt laws and the present Constitution of the State altered so that Mr. Merrimon and his crowd might pounce down on them, like eagles on lambs, and tear from them their all?

We thank God that the Senate of the United States will not allow the democratic House to commit this sin, and that the people of North Carolina will not allow the democratic party to deprive them of their Homesteads. These destructive would be glad to re-instate the old Roman law that allowed the creditors to cut and carve to pieces the body of the debtor and distribute it among themselves. They would enact that other and no more humane Roman law that provided chains and a dungeon for the creditor, with the lash and hard labor; and the sale into perpetual bondage of the innocent wife and children of the unfortunate man who owed a debt that he could not pay. The party of "reform" indeed!

Early Railroad Restriction in England.

The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, in one of the early railroad debates in the House of Lords, that in dealing with the new system it was above all else necessary to bear in mind the analogy, naturally enough, the railroad was first established. The proprietor of the road-bed and the carrier over it were to be different persons. Provision in this respect was especially made in all early charters, and it was supposed that the power of using the road, which was re-granted to all the world on certain fixed terms, would make impossible any monopoly of the business over it. Experience, of course, quickly showed how utterly fallacious this reasoning was. The analogy of the highway was, however, not at once abandoned. Recourse was had to a system of fixed maximum charges, and the old toll boards of the turnpikes were incorporated at enormous length into the new charters as they were granted. One of these, for instance, which went through Parliament in 1844, consisted of three hundred and eighty-one sections, in which, among other things, it was prescribed that for the carriage of a "horse, mule, or ass" the company might charge at a rate not to exceed three pence per mile, while for a calf or pig or other small animal, the limit was a penny. Naturally, this attempt at regulation proved so more efficacious than the other, and with it the analogy of the highway seems to have disappeared.

Letter of Mr. John Russell Young to the New York Herald.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Feb. 4, 1876. To the Editor of the Herald: - South Carolina is once more becoming a national question, and a brief survey of the political situation here may enable the people outside of the State to comprehend the character and extent of the issues at stake. The difficulty in dealing with these Southern questions is that the passions of war are not dead - that men look at politics with anger and apprehension. On one side we have a race once powerful and still proud, whose ancestors ruled this Commonwealth and the Union behind it, and who, rather than surrender this domination, forced the country into civil war. On the other side we have a race, only yesterday in slavery, and in that darkest form once seen in the rice swamps, suddenly given freedom and power and called upon to govern themselves and their masters.

Good friends told me when I came to Columbia to hurry to the Capitol, that I might see the Congo-Legislature, and mourn or make merry, as the humor swayed me, at what I saw. I went to the Capitol. There were the Senate and House in full session. The Lieutenant-Governor of the State presided over one body, ex-Congressman Elliott over the other. They are both black. They seemed to preside well enough, and were evidently men of as much intelligence as many of our Congressmen from New York. I would much rather they had been white men; but, as God Almighty in his infinite wisdom made them, there they were, and such work as came before them they did as well as Mr. Kerr or Mr. Ferry would do in Washington. To be sure, it is not much that presiding officers have to do, but the sooty statesmen did it with dignity and courtesy. The members were generally black, with a little section of proud white men clustered in a corner.

"There they sit," said a kindly citizen, who had done his share in the Confederacy, and who took a grim, melancholy pleasure in showing me what the Union had brought to his poor, prostrate State. "There they sit, sir - the Spartan band - every one a true Southerner and democrat, clustering around all that remains of the honor of old Carolina, sir, and willing to side by side with darkies, sir, to make the last sacrifice in the hope of doing something to save the old State. Think of what they must feel! But, like true men, they stand up to it." I asked my friend if they were paid, and when he told me that they were and that there was no accessible evidence showing that they had declined their pay, my sympathies became more under control. I was admitted to the floor, and sat near the Spartan band, some of whom were eating peanuts, freshly roasted, with much resignation and industry. But the main body of the statesmen were black - all shades of black, from the shining ebony dark with the suns of Congo River, to the pale olive tinted mulatto - who told even a sadder tale than that of slavery in his finer tempered, and more delicately framed organization.

Well, it was a transformation, and I have no doubt I felt my gorge rise within me as I thought of this sovereign Carolina, trampled in the dust, and these savages rioting over her apostrophe and her shame. But as my duty was to see what was to be seen, and to record it, I had no time for mere emotions. I saw a body of well behaved men of various colors - some napping, some shuffling around the aisles, some whispering, some speaking, some trying to speak, many eating peanuts, freshly roasted. There was a considerable quantity of tobacco in various processes of use. I saw groups of lobbyists in the rotunda plying their calling, and the ever present apple and cake women, who are, I am persuaded, the foremost of civilization. I saw a gathering of very ordinary men, many of whom would not earn their living by intelligent employment. I have no doubts I should have commented upon all I saw, with the emphasis and indignation I have cried out upon all this sacrifice if I had not remembered that you can see this, every phase of it but the color, in Albany and Washington. The House presided over by Speaker Elliott, was about the same as that presided over by Speaker Kerr, with this exception. I have no doubt, for my information, that the new relation of these negro members that flows in that of many of the delegations from the North at least from a Carolina point of view, for remember I am looking at things from that aspect now. It was an ordinary, indigent body of men, but I have never seen a Congress that was not, it was largely a corrupt body of men, like the Legislature that passed the Freed charter. Its members sometimes broke into violent temper and denounced one another very much as a Kentucky member once denounced a fellow member, and as Mr. Cox, when he called Mr. Blaine a hyena. I did not learn that for words, spoken in debate one of the members had bludgeoned another, wounding him to the death, as that in one respect it did not resemble a national Congress. But the ruling fact is that the members are largely of African descent, and I was presented to one famous member - Senator from Columbia - the Hon. W. B. Nash, or "Ber. Nash," as he was called by the gentlemen who did me the honor of a presentation. He had been a slave, I was told, and had blushed books in a hotel for years, among other books passed on by his Legislature that passed the Freed charter. He was now a member of a committee room to see this Senator who in his person helped to degrade South Carolina. "Yes," said my friend in a whisper, as he walked up the winding stairs, "he used to be a black man, and I call him Ber. now, as of old, and by God, sir - think of it, sir - he is a Senator, and his old master, General - you can see any day on

the Main street, sir, old and gray, and his fortunes swept away." Ber. is rather tall, well dressed, sedate black man, his beard and hair tipped with gray with a keen, intelligent face, who had like General Grant, little to say, and was cordial but not obsequious to the owner of the boots he used to polish. Well, as we came away, I asked my companion of Ber. in his other days, doing good work with his boots, "Yes," nigger, and always gave satisfaction, and we all knew him and liked him in the old days. "And I suppose always took the quarter when you gave it to him?" "Yes, and did you ever see a nigger that did not? But think of what must be the feeling of every Carolinian - what would be the feeling of any New Yorker - to think of a nigger like Ber. Nash sitting in the Senate?" I was about to express myself on this point as became a New Yorker - one jealous of my State and proud of my race - but I happened to think that I had known Senators who had never done so honest a thing as black gentle man's boots for a livelihood. Senators who had blossomed from pugilism into gambling, and my mind ran so rapidly into a discussion as to which State was worse served - proud Carolina, with its negro Senatorial bootblack, or proud New York, with its white Senatorial gambler - that I am afraid I was not in a condition to answer becomingly the inquiry of my good friend.

The burning question is that of race. It is not sentiment, intelligence or corruption, but race. If this Legislature were composed of men as valiant as Frederick Douglass, or as devout as the Moorish saint, Boniface, if I remember, who was held up the other day to the veneration of the negro by the Catholic Bishop of Florida as one of the great men who had been found worthy of a high place in heaven, it would be all the same in the mind of South Carolina. The slave sits in the seat of the master. The degraded race is dominant. Nor do I censure such a feeling, nor reproach my Saxon brothers who indulge it, nor feel anything but sad over the prospect. But how can it be otherwise with only 300,000 white men in the State and 416,000 black men - all with few exceptions, slaves until a few years ago?

Here, then, is the practical fact that you must accept in South Carolina - the negro in the majority and, under the constitution, the political equal of his master, with a life and a vote that the feeling of the negro, even as I saw him in the Carolina council halls - a puppet in the hands of base bad men. I did not blame him, for I felt that he had been a slave and that he had made him so; that he was degraded and we were the authors of his degradation; that he was blind because he had denied him light; that he was ignorant because his generations were denied education; that he was dishonest because we had made him so through slavery, the sum of all dishonesty; that he was almost a brute beast that lacked reason, because we would not allow him to be a man. When I saw him, therefore, the master of South Carolina, the dark-skinned, ignorant, groveling slave, who only yesterday was covering in the rice swamps under the lash of the master, now in very day truth, the ruler of this State, and sitting in the seats of Calhoun and McDuffie and Hayne, I could not but tremble and ask if this is really one of the centennial fruits of American liberty - if South Carolina was to be one of the happy and happy time was to excite the envy and the admiration of the world. I could not find it in my heart to say with the prophet - "I will take from them the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, the sound of the harp and the light of the candle; and this whole land shall be an astonishment and a derision," although such might well be the result of sterner moralists thinking of the misery and crime of slavery and of this appalling retribution.

Why is it that the southern, the whites who were masters before the war, have not divided the negro vote, and uniting with those who were intelligent, gained control of the State so as to secure it an efficient government? It would seem to be an ordinary political thinker that with the existing white population, could control the four-sevenths blacks. My gifted and honored colleague, Mr. Nordhoff, in his series of letters from the south, says it is because he has been corrupted by the carpet-bagger. With all deference to that distinguished authority his answer is an imperfect solution. Surely the negro who knows his master as long as he has lived with him, during his life, who in most cases looks with affection upon him and all who belong to his race in the new relation he will look to the master as a friend, and take his guidance in so solemn a duty as entering upon citizenship. This, too, because as we learn from all authorities, and from none more clearly than Mr. Nordhoff, that the master "saves" the new relation, and has his purpose of renewing the war, and his purpose of renewing the war, a carpet-bagger if he comes from the north, or a commonwealth like South Carolina, and with the aid of the negro plunder his old master? The only answer that I can see is that the whites have not taken any pains to cultivate the black, who would naturally go with them, or the intelligent and honest northern men who came here, meaning in good faith to make the south a home and to grow up with the southern people. In truth, every case, with scarcely an exception, the whites have drawn the line, just as Jefferson Davis drew it when he embarked upon the confederacy. They alone have a right here. Whoever opposes them is not a seceder, a carpet-bagger or a nigger. A seceder, if a southern born man he votes with the republicans; a carpet-bagger if he comes from the north, or a commonwealth like South Carolina, and with the aid of the negro plunder his old master? Every memory, every name, every anniversary of the war is cherished as sacred. All the rest is an abandonment. I am answering the question proposed because that is the way to show it to the southern whites who have succeeded in dividing the colored vote. They have driven the negro away. In Georgia when they gained power they have practically disfranchised him. But for the interference of the federal Congress they would have forbidden his appearance in their legislatures. I do not think any frank Georgian will deny that the result was largely due to in-

timidation and force. In a State with 645,142 negroes in 1870 to 638,328 whites they have virtually stamped out a Republican party. The negro is afraid to vote, is not allowed in many places on the jury, is punished severely for trivial crimes, and Mr. Nordhoff has told you that at least 25,000 of them have left the State in the last five or six years, and yet in Georgia they pay taxes on a large property. The negro in South Carolina sees what has been done across the line, and he knows, or naturally fears that, should the white man rule here, the same results would follow. - He fears that his master will make him a slave, or reduce him to a condition akin to slavery. The result is, therefore, that not one of them will vote the democratic ticket. I have heard of democratic negroes but have seen none. I have spoken on this subject with southern men in Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina, and there is only one story. "I have negroes here," said one eminent gentleman, "who were my slaves in old time. They hang around my home. They will fight for me, work for me and bring me their money to keep. They take my advice in all things, and are trustworthily and devoted. They will not vote for me. My coachman there will vote against me and in favor of the meanest republican in the county." The negro thus far sees nothing in politics but his own freedom. This is the thought that has burned deep into the negro mind. He cannot escape it. You cannot take it from him; - he has heard the slaves' horn. He has worn the yoke and carried the scar of the lash into furrow and swamp. He has seen father and mother, perhaps, taken to the block and sold into slavery. That memory ever lives, as it would live with you and I, if such a career darkened our lives.

I cannot resist the conclusion, and it grows upon me every day in the south, that for such of the wrong that has been done in these old States the old southerners are to blame. I say this in sorrow and with no harshness of feeling toward them, and not without making allowance for a feeling which, after all, is one of human nature, a feeling of hatred of the men who defeated their hopes of empire and of contempt for the negro, who is to-day a Senator, but who yesterday could have been sent to the whipping post. It is not easy for a planter who has hardly enough to eat to rejoice over the fact that the servant who once washed his beard is now the ruler of the State. - The old master has as yet made no sign of sympathy or education. He is profoundly convinced that if, instead of mourning over the lost cause, as in the past they were wont to bluster about the Yankees and slavery, these people had dealt wisely with the negro and generously with the northern immigrant, these States, and South Carolina especially, would be free and powerful.

Here the negroes are, in a large majority. They cannot be driven away, they cannot be slain, they cannot be disfranchised. They must be asked to take part in government, to unite with honest men in punishing crime. Education makes this more and more easy, and amid all this sorrow and strife and turmoil the worst of education goes on. The negro pants for the primer and the speller as the hart for the water brooks. I do not suppose this education goes far, but it is something. It is there I see day - there, there, and nowhere else. - This old feeling must die out. These memories of the southern confederacy must be put away with the family laces and grandmother's samplers. Leaders like Toombs and Hill must be superseded. These lands and ports, these rivers and warehouses, these widely stretching and vast acres, must respond to the capital and energy, the money and the skill of the north. Here is room in South Carolina alone for all New England, and in no State could the spirit of New England ever such marvels. Here the negroes are, in a large majority, and as long as the slave and misgovernment and theocratic and social hatred hang over them like the malaria of their own race lowlands, so long South Carolina will be a prostrate State, crying for sympathy and help. Let us trust that the time has come for the people to help themselves, and in doing so raise their commonwealth to a pinnacle of grandeur and prosperity such as even its proud history has never known. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.

Democratic economy has its peculiarities. The House committee on Elections is just now furnishing a striking illustration of this fact. It is publishing in book form all the evidence in the contested election case of Bromberg vs. Haralson, the colored member from Alabama. The volume will comprise some 400 pages, and several thousand copies will be issued. The cost for printing alone will be over \$1,000, to say nothing of the binding and other expenses. As the matter is considered only a committee of seven members, their action being final, the expenditure has the appearance, to the uninitiated, of an absolute waste of money, instead of a measure of economy. But such is not the case, for he it known that the volume consists to a great extent of the Mobile register list, and may be used as a city directory. That's where the economy comes in.

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