

The Lexington Dispatch.

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LEXINGTON, S. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1886.

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ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of 75c per square of one inch space for first insertion, and 50c per square for each subsequent insertion.
Liberal contracts made with those wishing to advertise for three, six or twelve months.
Notices in local column 10c. per line each insertion.
Marriage notices inserted free.
Obituaries over ten lines charged for at regular advertising rates.
Address, G. M. HARMAN, Editor and Proprietor.

AHEAD

CLOTHING.

PHILIP EPSTEIN,

WORKS ON

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPALS.

THE PRIMARY NOMINATIONS

BOUND TO WIN.

I want to sell every Democratic voter a suit of clothes that will last him until the next general election for half price. Bring your qualities and prices with you and see for yourself.

The Lexington citizens have always patronized me, and I want them to do it again this fall. Give me a showing gentlemen, and I will clear the deck. I will down any merchant in my line at lower prices. I will give you better goods for less money, and the only proof you will have of my proclamation is to come and price the goods, and see for yourself. Be convinced that my preaching is gospel truth. I lay laid in the largest stock of clothing this season of.

MEN'S SUITS,

Ranging from \$3.00, and upwards.

YOUTH'S SUITS.

From \$2.75, and upwards.

CHILDREN'S SUITS,

From \$2.50, and upwards.

HATS.

From 15 cents each, and upwards.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

At lowest prices.

As for my better classes of goods I will defy any merchant North, South, East or West, to show a better line than I can.

In addition to the above, I have bought

500 BEAUTIFUL NICKEL CLOCKS

Which is guaranteed as perfect time pieces by the factory to give full satisfaction. All these clocks will be distributed to every purchaser of a suit of clothes of \$8.00 or upwards. At the same time, I will guarantee you the goods shall be cheaper, at least 25 per cent. lower than any merchant's prices in this city or elsewhere. All you can do is to give me a trial.

PHILIP EPSTEIN,

148 Main Street.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

P. S.—Mr. John M. Stuart, your former citizen of Lexington, will be pleased to have all his Lexington friends call on him for good bargains which he has in store for them. opt. 12-17

WHO WAS HE?

A disappointed and defeated candidate in Williamsburg gets off the following:
Who was he did persuade me out,
With "I know what I speak about"
Then help to poke me up the spot?
Confound him!

Who was he praised me o'er his cup,
Till I—poor fool!—just "set 'em up."
Then went back on me like a pup?
The crowd-shah!

Who told me that the babies cried
To vote for me; and far and wide
The very gals were on my side?
I know him!

Who borrowed from me all my "books,"
Then sneaked up to the ballot-box
And helped to lick me out my socks
The sooner?

Who told me that the people said
They'd dig me up if I were dead
To vote for me—yes every head?
The liar!

Who told me that 'twould just be fun
For me to go in on the run—
I'd beat a Byrd or Brockington?
I'll hit him!

Who told me Sutton's longed for me
Like "possum for a simmon tree,
And that I'd read at old Kingsree?
Goad both him!

Who told me Johnsonville was sound,
That Stratton was my stamping ground,
And I'd play h— at Indiantown?
O, Moses!

Who told me that if I would run,
I'd beat the balance, two to one—
The blasted, bow-legged son-of-a-gun?
He's spotted!

After a week's consideration he cools off
And writes as follows:
Brother let me be contented
Who cast the die and lost—
While we are by friends lamented,
Let us bravely foot the cost.

Pay the printer for his trouble;
He did for all he might;
And on him 'twere base to double,
Now that we have lost the fight.

If your self-pride has been humbled,
And your head feels very sore,
Think of others who have tumbled
From pride's pedestal, before.

Thank friends, and never pine that
Foes have forced you to retreat.
'Tis the man of noblest mind that
Can the better bear defeat.

Nail your colors to the mast-head!
Stand, like Nelson, by the ship!
Be a Democrat—the best of 'em!
Keep a stiff upper lip!

And should harm, my country, reach thee,
I'll stand in his low office,
May the spirit man in his order
A defeated candidate!

Bill Arp.

On Writing of the Farm and the Growing Crops.

Oh! did the harvest to their sickle yield—that's me now at this time—but if the post had lived he would have been a little more personal and write to:

How doth he say the peavines in the patch
His bending back, with toll is nearly broke
And peavines fall at every sweeping stroke.

I like to have choice of work and my choice is to cut peavines, with a keen blade and a cloudy day it is delightful work. But when the sun comes out from behind the clouds, I just dodge under an apple tree and boss. I can cut and boss two acres a day easy. I don't like to split rails nor pull fodder nor dig a ditch nor grease the wagon nor catch a mule nor tote water up a hill, but I am very fond of cutting down peavines. They are so tender, and the fall so gracefully and they cover the ground with such a clean, green luxuriant carpet. They are about waist high now and there is just enough rag-weeds sprinkled among them to hold them up straight, and from the top of every weed a peavine stretches its serpentine tendrill up about a foot and waits—waits for a sickle. The tender ragweeds don't hurt. In fact they make right good forage, better forage than John Branson's dog fennel. John says that Kingston cattle got used to dog fennel during the war, and they like it pretty well when they can't get anything else. The weather is splendid now for curing peavine hay, and if cut when in the boom it takes but two or three days' sun. I've got an acre next to the big road that I make two crops on every year—a crop of small grain and a crop of peas, and it never fails—and keeps in good fertility without any other help. Some farmers say you must turn the peavines under, but I don't. I put about two tons of hay from that acre in the barn loft, and it is worth more for forage than any crop that grows. The corn hangs heavy this year. I never knew it any better in this section. There won't be many rubbins to feed the steers on, and some folks will grumble about that I reckon. The breath of approaching winter is beginning to be felt. The quilt is laid at the foot of the bed. The little shaps have broken a window glass or two, and they

have got to be fixed. The winter's wood must be cut and hauled. A few loads of pine might be brought from the mountains. Some rye must be sown for the milch cows. The corn crib must be cleaned out for the new crop and a mill must be put under the barn. There's always room for some repairs and the sooner they are made the better. The boys are gathering the pop corn now and putting it away for winter night frolics. The maypops are getting ripe and the black haws are turning. Walnut time and chestnut time will soon be here and then comes squirrels and possums and partridges. The sweet potatoes have cracked open and lie on the ground, and if there is any better food for the table in winter I don't know it. There used to be a picture in the old school books of General Marion and his soldiers eating potatoes by the camp fire. That wasn't so bad after all. They may not be good fighting food, but they are good enough for peace. When they are candied with sugar it makes a dish fit for a king. Then there are the Irish potatoes that keep good in the ground all winter. I let the grass and weeds grow over them and shade the ground from the summer's sun. This land is full of good things that the poorest can have if they will work for them. Nobody need suffer. If a man will work half his time he can support a wife and two or three little children in comfort. The trouble is not with the necessities of life, but it is the luxuries that play the mischief. It is fine clothes and too many of them that keeps the poor man's head bowed down. It is the strain to keep up with the neighbors. It is the going and coming and frolicking and visiting. It is the sitting up half the night and sleeping half the day. It is breakfast at nine o'clock. It is the habit of novel reading that is as demoralizing as base ball or gambling. Rich folks can indulge in these things, but poor folks cannot. Where is the young man who has the moral courage and self-denial to be stingy and save his earnings? I am going to live on a strain and send our crippled boy to Dabbsboro' to college, but I do it with great reluctance, for fear he will lose his habits of industry and become a politician when he comes back. But he can't work on the farm and I must do the best I can for him. How many society girls of this day are content to spend most of their time at home in domestic pursuits, helping their mother? Who are getting married now a-days—the sons and daughters of the rich mainly. The others can't afford to marry. The young man have nothing to marry on and are not likely to have. Those who have a little are afraid to venture it on a society girl whose father is always on a strain to keep her big trunk full of clothes. There are a hundred old bachelors in Georgia now to where there used to be ten. But it is all right, I reckon, for they had better not marry than to marry and live on a perpetual strain trying to keep in hailling distance of society and its follies. But the children are happy; I am glad of that. How I do love to see them romp and frolic in innocent pleasures. What a pity it is that they will soon get grown and take on the deceitfulness of fashion and folly. But I will stop now for I'm gloomy. I've got a sore eye and it weeps all the time, weeping for Jessie, I reckon, for she has gone and we see her but once a week now. She has gone to a boarding school, and I wander around lonely. Carl is going, too, next week, and then another prop will fall. Farewell, vain world. I believe I will take to reading novels. The Last Days of Pompeii is a good book for these earthquake times. I think I will read it again. But for comfort in trouble the Vicar of Wakefield is the best. I will go and cut some more peavines and get tired and then rest. Work, labor, toil is the best cure for the blues. A man can sit around in the piazza and think of his little troubles until they swell and grow into big ones. My good old father used to suffer from rheumatism, and when he felt it coming on he would get up and go tramping over the farm as hard as he could and get up a perspiration, and get tired and drive the pain all away. This old body is a curious machine and we have got to nurse and humor it, or its pains will afflict the mind and keep us from being calm and serene. I had a letter from a friend this morning that was written with ink that his children had made from ink balls. We used to make that ink and I pick up the ink balls now when I see them. They are old time friends. If he had written with a goose quill it would have been still better as a memento. I used to run the old gander down for quills and if I didn't get one the teacher wanted to know where was my pen and I

had to reply, 'I couldn't catch the gander, 'sir, he flew clean away.' But the old gray goose is all serene now. Nobody uses quills but Campbell Wallace and he is eighty years old. On his last birthday he wrote that beautiful Sunday-school address, and he wrote it with a quill and without spectacles and one of his children has it as a keepsake. He is the best type of an old man that I know of, and I hope he has another score of years to live and let his light and example shine. I met him the other day at Keely's, and they two were having a high old time over some anecdote. Said he: 'When I feel just a little out of sorts, just a little blue, I hurry round here to Captain Keely and he relieves me. He is the best doctor I know of and his medicine is so pleasant to take.' I wish I had time to run down and see them both, and take some of that medicine, for I need it. The youngest child gone and two more going Monday, and the peavines nearly all cut. It is hard to surrender to the inevitable, but the children must go. New loves and new attractions come to them and the old folks are left sitting alone by the winter's hearth. Such is life and such has always been. I'll go down and see 'Captain Keely.—Atlanta Constitution.

Great Storm in Texas.

Cities Inundated and Hundreds of Houses Blown Down.

St. Louis, September 28.—Advice from the southwestern coast of Texas, particularly in the region of the mouth of the Rio Grande and from some interior points, give accounts of a great rain storm and much destruction of property during the past week. From the 21st to the 23d a tremendous rain storm and hurricane swept over the vicinity of Brownsville, Texas, including Matamoros.

Twenty-six inches of rain fell up to the night of the 23d, and the wind is said to have reached a velocity of nearly one hundred miles per hour. Over two hundred houses in Brownsville were blown down and a large number damaged, rendering homeless over 300 houses were leveled and many injured.

The entire rear part of the city, embracing over thirty blocks, was flooded to the depth of from three to eight feet, and the people living there were rescued only with the greatest difficulty.

All the surrounding country was inundated, many houses blown down and crops destroyed. There is great suffering in both Matamoros and Brownsville. In the latter place fully 150 families are destitute, and in the former 400 families are homeless and in want.

A four-masted steamer was wrecked 50 miles south of the mouth of the Rio Grande and is said to be a total loss. Her captain and crew were saved.

At Colorado, Texas, the river has risen 25 feet, and at last accounts was still rising. All tributary creeks are overflowing, and large sections of country are submerged. Very heavy rains have fallen in other sections, and much apprehension is felt for the safety of property.

Not Long.

How long will we be missed when we are gone? Not long. The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten. Those who to-day are filling a large place in the world's regard will pass away from the remembrance of man in a few months, or, at the furthest, in a few years after their grave is covered over the remains. We are shedding tears above a new-made grave, and wildly crying out in our grief that the loss is irreparable; yet in a short time the tendrils of love have entwined around other supports, and we no longer miss the one who is gone. So passes the world. But there are those to whom a loss is beyond repair. There are men from whose memories no woman's smile can chase the recollections of the sweet face that has given up all its beauty at death's icy touch. There are women whose plighted faith extends beyond the grave, and drives away as profane those who would entice them from a worship of their buried love. Such loyalty, however, is hidden away from the public gaze. The world sweeps on besides and around them, and cares not to look upon unobtruding grief. It curves a line and rears a stone over the dead, and hastens away to offer homage to the living.

It is said by experienced farmers that 1 bushel of oat seed per acre is sufficient if sown in September and October; 1 1/2 bushels in November and 1 1/2 bushels in December.

Another Earthquake Theory.

Interests Connected With the Coast Survey Department.

Touch the Charleston earthquake. Current of last week prints following interesting communication from Prof. Herbert Bartlett, of Anson, Iowa: "Just after the close of our civil war, and when the South had tacitly consented to accept of the Union, I with a number of others was detailed from the Coast Survey Department for the purpose of making a thorough inspection of the Atlantic coast from the mouth of the James River to Pensacola, Fla. We found, after leaving reefs of Hatteras, that there were several lapping on the coast in the shape of a mitre joint, upon further investigation, that the entire States of North Carolina, South Carolina, the State of Georgia as far as Augusta, and the entire State of Florida were resting on a foundation of coral, which was a part of the same immense body that existed as far into the ocean as the Gulf Stream and South far below Pensacola in the Caribbean Sea. This body of coral had an immense sag, the center of which was about two miles from the shore. This sag was what we the deep water of the channel was marked out for vessels running from Northern ports to Charleston, Port Royal, Savannah, Key West, and in fact, all ports along the Southern States and islands. The east and west ends of this great body were cut off by the body of the spring tide, and if bent, the upper or lower side was subjected to the terrific strain of the weight of water as well as of the body itself. Consulting some short-hand notes made at that time, we find our impressions expressed there: 'There is every reason to believe that this rock (coral) of the bottom of this sag is continually either wearing away or sinking lower, and consequently deepening the channel, as the measurement made twenty years ago toward the depth to be twelve feet less than now; and if this increased deepening continues, a catastrophe will be the destruction of life and property.' And now, as the reading and scientific people are discussing the great disaster that has overtaken Charleston, and expressing their wonder and surprise why a so-called earthquake should have occurred at that point, where, as they say, there is no volcano near, I, as an engineer and lover of science, as well as a believer of and in natural law, cannot see anything in this occurrence but the natural results that sooner or later would inevitably follow the conditions named—either the breaking of this formation, or its sudden sinking to a much greater depth. In either case, the results would be the same. I am now of the opinion that it has broken, and at more than one point, as a further bending would have hardly produced such a widespread devastation, while a break would tilt up the west side of the mass, which I am inclined to believe reached as far back as the French Broad River, breaking thence southwest and ending with the west line at the base of the mountains that form the boundary line between the Carolinas, Tennessee and Georgia. From the weight of the body resting upon it, I am inclined to believe that, at the junction of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers (which is the site of Charleston) another break or crack occurred on account of the thinness of the coral, as the phosphate rock came through it at several points. If this should be so, it would account for the destruction of the city and consequent loss of life. Let it be borne in mind that this coral deposit, and the islands that compose a part of it, are composed chiefly of carbonate of lime, and have all been formed from lime once contained in solution in the waters of the ocean, and which was long since precipitated and deposited where we find it. I see nothing to prevent us from believing that the action of the ocean water could dissolve this lime deposit; when it could no longer bear the weight placed upon it, it must perforce be sundered in twain, and the natural result would be just what we see. This formation, reaching farther south after reaching Port Royal Island, is less cupped or sagged. The west side, terminating just at the city of Augusta, was lapped on the sandy, hilly portion of the city where the elite of the city had their elegant suburban homes. These said deposits simply indicate that there had been an ocean's shore in the days when the earth was young. If the edge of the coral tilted up at this point, many of the hilly undulations of this part of the city would disappear, as they are formed like wrinkles from being pushed by

Wiggins' Predictions.

He Issues an Address to the People of the United States.

To the People of the United States: The prediction published in the New York press, and asserted to be mine, that a great earthquake will devastate New Orleans, Galveston and other Southern cities along the south of the thirtieth parallel on Wednesday, the 29th instant, is a falsehood. It was originated here by their own correspondents and for their own purposes. I never received any reward except unstinted abuse for weather or other predictions, my sole object being to protect public property and save human life, and in this I have treated the United States, the home of my ancestors, the same as my own country. Two years ago I foresaw that a great storm would occur in the North and South Atlantic from September 29 to October 1, 1886, and that an earthquake period would occur in America from August 25 to October 15, the greatest strain being on September 29, south of the thirtieth parallel of north latitude, and so made my report to the Canadian government. This is the sum and substance of my prediction and of my knowledge on the subject, and the newspaper talk of devastation of States, swallowing up of cities, and of ruin generally has originated with the New York press, for their own advantage and to frighten religious and other lunatics throughout the United States, at the same time abusing me personally. After having saved the lives and vessels of the Gloucester fishing fleet in March, 1883, when the Hull fishing fleet, which laughed at my prediction, was wrecked, I think you will say I am deserving of better treatment. But this will not again occur. Only one prediction, will in future publish my predictions, and then only over my own signature. The New York Herald gives at my name, but it should remember that it was a Governor of Massachusetts, a Wiggins, and my own ancestor, who first raised the standard of American freedom.

A Dangerous Man.

The most dangerous and pesecable man in all the United States lives in Murray county, Georgia. He is kind-hearted, good-tempered, never had a quarrel in his life, wouldn't hurt a fly, and everybody is afraid of him. About a year ago he was cutting wood when the axe flew off the handle and killed a man who had had come to pay him \$50. He never got a cent of the money. The next week, while ferrying a friend across a river, he ran the boat against a snag and his friend was drowned. About a month later he fell a tree on a stranger who was lying asleep in the woods, killing him instantly. Not long after he shot at a wild turkey and killed a neighbor whom he didn't see at all. Three weeks later he lighted a kerosene lamp, when it suddenly exploded, burned to death a colporteur to whom the inoffensive Georgian had courteously extended the hospitalities of his home. All this man's friends run when they see him coming. He is himself afraid to extend any kindness save to his enemies, of whom he has none. His last public act was to cross the street with a ladder on his shoulder last 4th of July, while a procession was passing, and when somebody shouted to him 'to hurry on' he obligingly turned around and started back. The procession was laid out and the day was spoiled.

Gathering Corn.

President Duncan, of the State Agricultural Society, writes as follows on this subject in the September Monthly Report: As soon as it is dry, by all means gather, and don't leave it a temptation to both man and beast. We prefer putting up in the shack, and as every few baskets are turned in sprinkle a handful of dry salt; it will keep out weevil, and you will hardly ever find a shuck or cob in your trough.

Half a century ago in Turkey it was considered a shame for a woman to read. To-day two schools for girls in Constantinople have been established by the Sultan himself.

NEW AMERICAN NAVY.

Eighteen Modern Fighting Ships to be Constructed.

The United States Soon to Rank as a Second Rate Naval Power—Ships in Process of Construction—The Present Available Fighting Force of Our Navy.

WASHINGTON, September 28.—Chief Constructor Wilson states in regard to that portion of the new navy of the United States, whose construction has been authorized by Congress, that it will number eighteen ships of all classes, to cost \$20,000,000, and that the last ship should be floated four years hence. No device known to secure their efficacy as fighting machines will be omitted. Their armament will be of the modern high-powered guns, the largest contemplated being the twelve-inch breech-loading rifles, carrying a missile which weighs more than eight hundred pounds and requiring more than four hundred pounds of powder for each discharge. The theoretical range of such weapons is about twelve miles. Seven of these ships are to be armored, the heaviest probably carrying sixteen inches of steel as a protection. There will be "protected cruisers"—that is, vessels whose thick lower decks of steel dip their edges below the water line and serve as a protection to the machinery, magazines and other vital parts of the vessel. The others will be four steel cruisers, two gunboats, one first class torpedo boat, and one dynamite gun cruiser. Of the steel cruisers, the Dolphin, 1,500 tons, is completed and receiving her armament; the Atlanta, 3,000 tons, is upon her trial trip and her armament is being tested, while the Boston, 3,000 tons, and the Chicago, 4,500 tons, are well advanced in construction. Five of the armored vessels are of the double turret monitor class, each designed to carry four heavy high-powered guns, throwing 300 pound shells with a possible range of ten miles. Congress has now supplied the means for finishing these ships, and the work is progressing rapidly. The Miantonomah, 2,000 tons, will be ready for service this year. The Taconic, 2,000 tons, has her engines in place and is nearly ready for her armor, while the Terror, Amphitrite and Monadnock—3,815 tons each—are now receiving their machinery. The other two armored ships have not yet entered upon their first stage of existence, their construction having only been authorized by Congress last session. They are to be of 6,000 tons displacement, to have double bottoms, engines designed to drive them at a speed of at least sixteen knots an hour and complete torpedo outfits and armaments of the most effective kind, and are to cost not more than \$2,500,000 each. The dynamite gun cruiser will be a novelty, comparable probably to nothing now in existence. The Secretary of the Navy is authorized to make a contract with its inventors for its construction, and the department will have little or nothing to do with the work beyond passing judgment upon it. The conditions contemplate the construction of a vessel 130 feet long, proportionately very narrow and of very light draft, with exceedingly powerful engines, guaranteed to be capable of producing a speed of twenty knots. The plans of this craft look to the placing of the machinery and other ordinary appliances of the ship toward the bow and stern, leaving the region amidships for the magazines and pneumatic guns, the latter being fixed in position and having a high elevation. The dynamite missiles will be thrown like bombs from an ordinary mortar. With all these vessels afloat the United States as a naval power will outrank Brazil, Chili, the Argentine Republic, China, Japan, Greece, Norway, Portugal and Sweden, and will be abreast of Turkey, Spain, Holland and Denmark. She will still be outranked by England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy and Russia.

Chief Constructor Wilson estimates the active life of the wooden war ships of our present navy as follows: The Tennessee (the only one classed as first rate), six months; the Trenton, Omaha and Vandalia, second rates, and the Mohican, third rate, ten years; Lancaster and Brooklyn, second rates, and the Adams, Alliance, Essex, Enterprise, Nipsic, Tallapoosa and Yantic, third rates, six years; the Hartford, Richmond and Pensacola, second rates, and the Juniata, Ossipee, Quinebaug, Swatara, Galena, Marion, Iroquois and Kearsarge, third rates, five years. These, together with the iron ships Monacacy, Alert and Ranger, third rates, and Michigan, Palos and Pinta, fourth rates, constitute the available fighting force of the present navy.

The most powerful of their weapons are the converting guns having a range of perhaps two miles—excellent arms for operations against wooded ships and ancient fortifications or for shelling towns, but inefficient against modern armor. The very best of these ships is held by our naval authorities to be far behind the times as a reliance for offense or defense in actual warfare. The list of ironclads comprises more than a dozen monitors, but none of them are in condition for service at this time. With this showing the United States is placed by her own authorities at the foot of the list of naval powers in the essential matters of ships and guns, there being three South American, two Asiatic and fifteen or sixteen European powers which outrank us.

The C. N. & L. Railroad.

Judge Pressley Grants a Temporary Injunction.

The injunction case of Jacob L. Dominick, et al., against the County Commissioners of Lexington county, was concluded at Lexington yesterday. The action was to enjoin the defendants from delivering to the Columbia, Newberry and Laurens Railroad Company bonds in payment of the subscription of Broad River township, and to enjoin the railroad company from receiving and negotiating such bonds. The case was elaborately argued two hours Tuesday night and six hours Wednesday by Messrs. Melton and Monthelt of Columbia for the plaintiffs, and by Messrs. Carlele and Mower of Newberry for the defendants. The motion heard by the court was for a preliminary injunction until the merits of the case could be heard at the next term of court for Lexington county. Judge Pressley granted the temporary injunction prayed for, and required the plaintiffs to give a bond of \$500 to pay any damage resulting from the injunction in case it should eventually be dissolved. The temporary injunction was granted on a prima facie showing by the plaintiff's counsel that a majority of the freeholders of Broad River township had not signed the application to the County Commissioners of Lexington praying them to order the election in Broad River township in aid of the railroad.

While holding it necessary to look into the question as to the freeholders, Judge Pressley intimated that he held the incorporating act as valid, notwithstanding the error in the title. The latter point was ably argued by the counsel on both sides, but without deciding as to this point the court held that the prima facie showing as to the freeholders was sufficient grounds upon which to grant the temporary injunction.—Columbia Register, 30th.

Cluverius Must Hang.

STANTON, Va., September 30.—This morning the Supreme Court of Virginia, sitting here, handed down the papers in the case of T. J. Cluverius, who stands convicted of the murder of Lillian Madison at the old reservoir in Richmond, Va., with the endorsement that the petition for a rehearing as denied. This remands the case to the Hastings Court of Richmond, by which a time will be fixed for the death penalty by hanging, unless executive clemency interposes.

The Charleston calamity is bound to be felt injuriously to the remainder of the State in many ways. The destruction of that much property from any cause would damage the State financially, not only by reducing its working capital, which incidentally injures the people of the State, but it will directly injure every man in the State by necessitating an increase in taxation. It will be almost impossible to avoid an increase in taxation, for the destruction of Charleston will take from the taxable property of the State from five to ten millions of dollars. It will require excellent management of the State's finances to avoid an increase of from one to two mills for State purposes. It will be seen, therefore, that the State is interested in no small degree in the speedy rebuilding of Charleston.—Anderson Intelligencer.

The dwelling house of Mr. Joseph Edwards in Edgemoor county, was burned down on Monday night by accidental fire. The house was a new and valuable one, and was partially insured.

IMPORTANT TO ALL FEMALES.—If suffering from any disease peculiar to your sex, Bradford's Female Regulator will cure you. If