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ISAAC A. M'KAGEN. DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY. SUMTER, S. C. THE ADVERTISER BEGS TO CALL ATTENTION TO HIS STOCK OF THE BEST AND PUREST CHEMICALS, Drugs, PATENT MEDICINES, A FINE ASSORTMENT OF PERFUMERY, SOAPS, TOILET POWDER and Chalk, Puff Boxes and Puffs, Shaving Cream and Brushes, Hair Brushes, Infant Brushes, Tooth and Nail Brushes, &c. &c. M'KAGEN'S. PRESCRIPTIONS PREPARED CAREFULLY AT ALL HOURS, By I. A. M'KAGEN.

THE BEST BRANDY, GIN, WHISKY and WINES, Sold at M'KAGEN'S. ALLSPICE, Cloves, Cinnamon, Ginger, Mace, Nutmegs and Pepper, At M'KAGEN'S Drug Store. KEROSENE OIL, Lamps, Burners, Chimneys & Wickes, &c., At M'KAGEN'S. LARGE and FRESH SUPPLY OF GARDEN SEEDS, For sale by M'KAGEN. MILLER'S ALMANAC for 1870, At M'KAGEN'S. A FINE SEGAR CAN BE HAD At M'KAGEN'S. Feb 16

REMOVAL. HAVING REMOVED to Corner of Main and Republican Streets, and thoroughly revised and renovated my Stock, I can offer to my customers and the public generally, as fine AN ASSORTMENT OF WELL SELECTED Drugs, AND General Medicines, As can be found in this market. Copying most of the popular Patent Medicines, SUCH AS—

Wm. Crichton & Son, SOLE MANUFACTURERS, BALTIMORE, Md. For sale by Green, Watson & Walsh, Agents, SUMTER, S. C. C. T. MASON. WATCH MAKER AND JEWELER SUMTER, S. C. Has just received and keeps always on hand New and Beautiful Styles of JEWELRY, EYE GLASSES, &c. WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY REPAIRED WITH DISPATCH. March 31

O. F. HOYT, SUCCESSOR TO F. HOYT & SUTHER, S. O. CA. WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public of Sumter, and adjoining counties, that he has recently received a choice selection of LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S Watches, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, SPECTACLES, &c., &c. His stock embraces all the latest styles, and will be sold at reasonable rates. Sept 29 P. P. TOALE, CHARLESTON, S. C.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Toilets and Fancy Articles. A. ANDERSON & CO., Apothecaries and Chemists, SUMTER, S. C. Are receiving constantly a full supply of Pure Drugs and Chemicals, a well selected stock of Fancy Articles and Perfumery. ALSO— A great variety of Toilet Soaps, Extracts for the Handkerchief, Fine Colognes, Foreign and Domestic, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, &c. All Medicines warranted genuine and of the very best quality. PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS, Carefully compounded night or day. To be found at night at the residence of Mr. Anderson on Main St. A. ANDERSON, - A. J. CHINA, M. D. Jan 6

Navassa Guano FROM THE NAVASSA GUANO COMPANY OF WILMINGTON, NO. CA. INCORPORATED AUGUST, 1869. IMPORTERS OF Navassa Guano, Sulphur, NITRATE OF SODA, &c. MANUFACTURERS OF Sulphuric and Muratic Acids, And of the Patented "Navassa Ammoniated SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE." FOR SALE BY A. A. SOLOMONS, Agent for Sumter County, March 28-1m

PEACH TREE MANURE OR "PERSICATOR." The Original and Genuine Article. Prepared under the Formula of Dr. DAVID SWEENEY, Chemist, and secured by Letters Patent by us for the Patent. COMPOSED OF Phosphates and Potash, The FOOD which forms the mineral part of the plant, and that is removed from the soil with every crop. PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO HORTICULTURE, FRUIT TREES, CORN AND TOBACCO. THE EXTERMINATOR OF Rust, Spores and Insects. Diseased Peach Trees, With yellow leaves, under its influence, produce a dark green foliage in a few weeks. Put up in New Barrels. PRICE, \$10.00 PER TON. Liberal deduction made to dealers. We annex the following certificates taken from many received by us: SUMMER, Va., Feb. 9th, 1870. Messrs. Wm. Crichton & Son—Gentlemen: I used the Persicator on my Peach Trees last spring with much satisfaction. Many of my trees are six years old, were diseased from the work, the leaves were yellow and sickly. I applied a small amount of the Persicator around the base of each tree. In a few weeks they produced a rich green foliage, and bore a fine crop. I am satisfied that this manure completely destroyed the worm, invigorated the trees and the growth of the crop. THOMAS SHEPPARD. RICHMOND, Va., Feb. 9th, 1870. Messrs. Wm. Crichton & Son, Baltimore—I used the Persicator on a piece of very poor land to give the corn a start, and drilled it in at the rate of 50 lbs. PER ACRE, at the cost of one dollar. On this lot I never had been able to secure a "stand" by reason of the "cut worm," although I tried in various ways. On the rows to which I applied the "PERSICATOR," the corn came up "to a hill" promptly and grew off fine. On the remaining rows, not more than one third of the plants escaped the worm, and those that did, were puny in appearance. If further trials on lands infested with "Cut Worms" shall result in securing a "stand" like the one referred to, I should consider it an extremely valuable, and the cheapest remedy, which could be used. S. BASSETT FRENCH, Editor Farmers' Gazette. PRAYTON, Caroline Co., Md., Feb. 18th, 1870. I applied the Persicator to Sorghum, alternating with a fertilizer costing \$50 per ton in equal quantities. The growth of the "Cane" here the Persicator was applied, was very superior and equal to any manured with the more costly Fertilizer. H. F. WILLIS.

THE APPLE TREE, OR The Temperance Hero. Mr. B. was a man of fortune and education but had in early life, acquired the habit of using spirituous liquors freely, until excessive indulgence made him a wreck, in property, health, happiness, and morals. His wife, a lovely and intelligent woman, was almost broken hearted. His motto when young, was, "A man is no man, who cannot stop drinking when he pleases" and firmly believed that he had the moral power to quit drinking just when he pleased, he rushed on, in his career of ruin, and suddenly he seemed to awake up to a sense of his perilous condition, and like Sampson, who when shorn of his strength, thought he would go out and slay his enemies as he had done before, found himself a wretched captive, with a power over him which controlled his will, as a slave is controlled by his master. He attempted a reform, but as well might human power attempt to stop the tremendous mass of snow as for time to tumble down the mountain side, as for this man to reform himself. He failed! Tried again and failed! Failure followed failure until the gloom of despair began to settle about his mind, and threatened him with entire loss of reason—he felt himself a helpless, hopeless, wretched, drunkard, with an appetite perfectly uncontrollable, governing him, with the power of a demon. His home was now a wretched place, with but few comforts, his friends had abandoned him as a hopeless case of inebriation, he had become sour and morose in temper, and his children were afraid of him. There was but one left who clung to him, and she did so with the affection of a first love. This was his wife. She never chided him, her words were always the soft sweet words of love and hope, and like the ivy, that clings to the oak after its leaves have withered and the marks of death are upon it, so she clung to him. Her love was that which sprung up only in the breast of a true woman, a pure, strong, active fountain, which flows unceasingly. Half demented, and always drunk, he wandered about, not knowing what to do, when suddenly "a still, soft voice" seemed to whisper in his heart, "God can help you." At once he determined to see what divine power could do for him, and to seek it by prayer. There grew, immediately in front of his house, about a hundred yards distant, a remarkable apple tree. It was unusually large, thickly studied with branches, extending horizontally far out, and then gracefully falling to the ground, so that between the trunk and branches, which were very thick, there was formed a spacious, circular room. There Mr. B. determined to make his closet, and follow the command of Christ, who said "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy father, which is in secret and thy father who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." With his pen knife and the exercise of a little ingenuity, he arranged a door, with the boughs so interlaced, and arranged that it could open and shut. There in nature's own sanctuary, with a chair and bible, he entered into secret audience with Him, who sees the sorrowing heart, and has a warm gushing sympathy for the unfortunate, for He himself, "was in all points tempted like as we are," and there in the quiet holy retreat, chastened in his penitence, he learned the weakness and depravity of his own heart, and with a trembling faith leaned upon the arm of God for assistance. One beautiful day in the spring, just as nature had retired herself in her gayest and loveliest robes of green, just as the sun had mounted to the zenith and was shedding down his golden rays upon the earth, already beautiful, that greater moral luminary, the holy spirit shed its divine light in Mr. B.'s dark soul, and he felt at once that the spell was broken, the enchantment dissipated, the power which had controlled him so long held in check, and with a shout of joy, he ran wildly to the house, not crying Eureka! Eureka! Eureka! as the Philosopher of old did but exclaiming "I can conquer! I can conquer! I can conquer!" His wife met him with trembling joy, and tried to encourage him to the best of her ability, but her words were mingled with many fears and misgivings, with regard to the future. It was years after this that I formed his acquaintance. He was then a very old man. The frosts of more than eighty winters had whitened his locks, which flowed in careless but graceful ringlets, as white as the driven snow. His steps were short, and he tottered on his staff.

WELL DO I remember my first visit.— He took me out to the apple tree.— We entered the little sanctuary, and he there gave me a history of his life—his dissipation, failures in his attempts to reform, his dreadful despair and his final triumph through divine grace. He wept in grief and joy, and I mingled my sympathies, tears and joys with his, and kneeling together, poured out our souls in prayer and praise. It was good to be there. I said to him, "Mr. B. have you ever tasted liquor since that great victory over it?" Straightening himself upon his staff, with both hands resting upon it, his naturally bright eye flashing out surprise, with great emphasis he replied, "No! No! Why Sir, if I had ever tasted it, God would have cursed me, and I should have died a drunkard!" He continued, "About six years ago, I was taken very ill and my family thought I would die, and in great haste, sent for Dr. M. As soon as he looked at me he withdrew, and in a very short time, brought me something in a cup, I said to him, Dr. what is this?" "It is brandy," he replied, "and you must drink it at once, or in a half hour you will be a dead man." Said the old hero, "I replied, Dr. I did not know that I was so near heaven, and clasping my hands together, I said, take away the brandy Dr. and let me go. If the question is between drinking that brandy, getting well, and being cursed with my old tastes; and keeping my vow, and leaving sober and going home to heaven, there is but little difficulty in deciding. Take the brandy away, and let me die. I would rather die a thousand deaths, than taste that brandy." Said the old hero, "I got well without the brandy, and expect to close my earthly pilgrimage without tasting it." About a year after this, I was sent for, to see him. It was evident to all, that he was upon his death bed.— Emaciated and pale with his eyes far sunken in their sockets, and his voice very feeble, I said to him, "Mr. B., by grace, you conquered one enemy, another now approaches"—Not waiting for me to finish the sentence, he lifted both his hands to heaven, and raising the old battle cry, shouted, "I can conquer! I can conquer!" and then calmly crossing his hands upon his breast, closed his eyes, and passed away. "Greater is he who ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." II.

FEMALE EDUCATION. BY W. BEAUMONT CLARKSON. SECTION 5. "The domestic fireside is the great guardian of society against the excesses of human passions," says a writer on "Female Influence." If this be true, which it certainly is, how can pen describe the importance of "Female Education." How much more circumscribed would become the empire of guilt! what a marvelous amount would be taken from the sum of the crimes and miseries of the human race! If females received the education necessary to fit them for the proper exercise of their influence in the home circle. How necessary is it, that when man roves, after the feverish anxiety experienced in his intercourse with the world, to the bosom of his family, that he should find there repose from his tormenting cares, in the companionship of a woman of intelligence and cultivation—who instead of receiving him with fretfulness or insipid chit chat, on subjects of no importance or interest to him; receives him with the sympathy added to the judgement of a cultivated mind and turns his harassed mind from the cares of the world, to the enjoyment of domestic happiness. Let her be indeed, a companion thro' life, able to appreciate and partake of the joys and sorrows of her husbands, supporting, and advising with womanly intuition, and pointing like an angel to the cross of Christ, at the foot of which we may all lay down our burdens. The influence of woman on the intellectual character of man, may not seem obvious, but it certainly does exist in an eminent degree. The cultivated wife, by force of association, will inevitably expand the mind of her husband, raise the standard of his character, and exert a refining and elevating influence upon him. While on the other hand, the wife destitute of mental culture, if she does not succeed in dragging her husband down to her mental level, instead of being a companion to him, becomes a tyrant or slave, one extreme or the other (which at the same time goes to prove that education balances the human mind) for if a woman be perfect in beauty of form and feature, and possess not a cultivated mind, she becomes more of a plaything for pastime, than a companion, certainly not an equal.

It is necessary for the happiness of mankind, that if man be educated, woman should also, and it is even of more vital importance, for her opportunities of exerting her influence, are better and more frequent. And her influence, though felt, anyhow, should be strengthened by education that the influence should be powerful, as it is for good, for to woman, is often entrusted the angelic task of leading her husband and children to the cross of Christ. Cain for Reform. The Missionary Record on the rascality of the ring—The doings of the land commission denounced—Corruption and incompetency in city, County, and school matters—a colored man's warning to the official robbers. No one, who is not blinded by prejudice, and carried away with partisan feeling, can deny that there is need of reformation in our affairs of government, in some departments. We have always been among those who have decried an honest and just government, both in State and municipal affairs. We have some of the most unscrupulous demagogues, some of the most dishonest men. We have never been so wedded to party as to wink at all its sins, or to spare any of its numerous sinners, when we have believed they needed scoring at our hands. We have marked out for ourselves a path of honesty and just dealing with mankind, and we cannot be turned from that path by any personal or party interest. Whenever we have thought proper to call in question the actions of Republicans, we have done unhesitatingly, and shall continue so to do. We have scrutinized the doings of certain officials of the State, and of the county, as well as of the city, and we cannot sanction certain transactions which have taken place, to the detriment of the people's good and the prosperity of the county and State. We think that the manner in which the Land Commission of this State has been conducted has been more with a view of speculation by a few individuals than for the good of the thousands of poor people of this State. We have been among the earnest supporters of the Land Commission for securing homes to the poor. In the discharge of our legislative duties, we urged this measure as the best through which the poor could speedily be placed beyond want and dependence. The act creating the Commission we regard as a success, and it would have proved such had the mantle of responsibility fallen upon the shoulders of an honest wisher of the poor. But, unfortunately for the cause of suffering humanity, it fell where there was no sympathy nor interest save that of peculation. Two hundred thousand dollars of bonds were issued, under the direction of the Commission, which had all been expended before the meeting of the last Legislature, and only 45,000 acres of land bought, according to the statement of the Commissioner. Last session, resolutions were offered in the General Assembly requesting him to report the condition of his office and what had been done—yet at no time could a report be obtained. Subsequently, a change was made in that office; but, unlike any other officer of government, Mr. Leslie has not yet turned over his books and papers to his successor. No report has been submitted to the Governor or Advisory Board. No one seems strong enough to bring Mr. Leslie to account for his disregard of a plain duty as a State officer. Two hundred thousand dollars of the people's money has been expended, and no one knows where, how, to whom nor for what it has been expended. Yet we have an Advisory Board, composed of the Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer, Comptroller General and Attorney General—all the heads of the State, and through whom Mr. Leslie has operated—and yet they permit him to walk with impunity, giving no account of his official conduct. Do they not know that the people will hold them strictly responsible for whatever may be wrong in this matter? There are other facts in relation to the Land Commission which are not the most flattering in point of business—transactions which have occurred since the new Commissioner has been appointed, but with which he was not connected, which do not reflect credit upon those connected with it. The public are not idle and careless observers of these transactions, and when the time comes, will surely render a proper verdict in the case. In our county affairs there never was a more reckless expenditure of public funds, of no practical good to the county than in Charleston county. We know of transactions which will make any honest man blush to mention—the expenditures of money arising from the tax payers which may be characterized as highway robbery. In certain transactions in city affairs we forbear to speak, hoping that the time is not far distant, when we shall have a reformation, even in the present Council, which will reflect honor upon its name. The school question is another which enters into the vitality of the nation's progress and prosperity, and yet there has not been a dozen schools established in any of the parishes or districts outside of the large cities and yet the commissioners are drawing their pay, and all other officers are feeding at the public crib, while the people are bleeding at every pore. We say to Republicans and to that party that unless they themselves begin a reform, and that speedily the peo-

ple will reform the party by electing others more competent and honest who will carry out the great principles of government, namely, the good of all the people. We warn our officials in State, county and city, that unless they rise commensurate with the demands of the times and the wants of the people, they will be hurled from power, and their places filled with better men, whether they be to the honor or of foreign birth whether they be of the Republican or the "Citizens' Party"—so that they are honest men, and will secure to the people the blessings of civil liberty and human prosperity. [Missionary Record, 30th ult.

A Black Demosthenes. We publish below a part of a speech delivered by Henry Boyd, negro at Carrollton, Miss. Read it: MY COLORED FRIENDS: I appear here to-day in your interest alone. The white man is able to take care of himself; and, as you all can see, I have not one drop of white blood in my veins (laughter.) I am a regular old-fashioned plain, cornfield nigger, and have not the capacity to instruct white people as to their duties, even if I had the will. I was a slave from my birth—always endeavored to serve my master faithfully according to that letter of the Bible which reads: "Servants, be obedient to your masters, for this is right." And I can lay my hand upon my heart to-day and say, before God, that I entertain no ill will toward any white man on earth, and least of all toward my old master and his sons, whom I loved as my own brothers, and with whom I played in boyhood. In all our neighborhood romps and frolics and fights (for boys will fight), they stood at my back, as I did theirs, whenever it came to the pinch (laughter); and thank God, I will do so yet. I will stand by them so long as they stand by me, whether the oppression comes from the Yankees, or from wherever else it may. Whenever it comes to my making choice between white men, I shall prefer those of my own section to all the carpet baggers in the world. (laughter and applause.) There ain't very much difference between white men and Yankees (laughter); and whenever you find it at all you'll find it in the white man's favor. White folks are all pretty much out of the same cloth, and both sections have made their love for the niggers subservient their own interests, all men are selfish by nature and can't help it, and I can't blame them. When the late war broke out, I am free to acknowledge, I was mighty glad of it. I felt that my freedom was going to come out of it some way or other, and, as I am, perhaps, as selfish as a white man, I tell you I didn't—well I didn't cry much at the prospect. Well when the first company left my country for "old Virginia" to fight the Yankees, I went along with the balance of them, and went along as first cook and head waiter for one of my young masters. I had a pretty good time too, for while the white folks were out fighting and marching and suffering and dying, I was laying back with the meat and bread wagons. (Laughter.) I felt for once in my life it was a pretty good thing to be a nigger after all—for the white man wouldn't let me fight alongside of him and after I heard the first shell go off God knows I wasn't very anxious to do it either. [Renewed laughter.] I knew if I had been along on the Yankee side I wouldn't have had such an easy time of it as a selfish as the Yankee is, he never objected to getting somebody to do his fighting for him whenever he could. Not he. [Loud laughter.] Some folks say he was willing enough to let the South do it all, during the Mexican war. (Applause.) I used to be right smartly amused hearing the white folks talk. My young master came in one night after a battle and says he, "Henry, we've just had a big six hours fight. We whipped the d—d Yankees like smoke and drove 'em thirty six miles." I think I to myself "Humph! pretty good drive—all in six hours too!" But a heap of people think the nigger is a fool. Well, I sorter thought, maybe, the Yankees were really fighting to free the niggers. But they didn't keep the wool over my eyes long. I watched 'em mighty close. One day the news came into camp that Mr. Lincoln had done issued his proclamation, saying, that if Mr. Davis would lay down his arms and come back into the Union and go to paying tariff again the Southern people might have their niggers! I think I, humph! Mighty poor chance to get any freedom from you, Mr. Lincoln. [Laughter.] I tell you what I felt mighty bad for a long time. I had the blues so bad I was almost black. [Laughter.] I think in two weeks I must have fell off twenty pounds. I was so afraid Mr. Davis was going to do it I couldn't sleep. But by and by the good word came that Mr. Davis said "he'd be d—d if he'd do any such thing I ain't fighting for the niggers. Let the niggers go. I'm after my own freedom first before anything in the world." I tell you my heart jumped right up in my mouth. Think I, bully for Jeff. Davis! (He's my man! Ah, my friends, if the Yankees had been in Mr. Davis' place you'd been in the cotton patch to day, with whip after you, instead of sitting up here in this court house hearing me speak [laughter].) But don't you see the difference between the Southern man and the Northern man. The Northern man never missed the chance of taking care of the dime's first. And now the carpet baggers come here and tell us they are our friends, and the Southern people our enemies. They tell us they set us free,—

Oh, yes, they've done it all, no doubt. They set us free about like they set the mules free; about like Ben. Butler set the spoons free. (Immense laughter and applause.) They done it all to help the Yankee, and to injure the Southern man. They can't fool this nigger. I know who brought the nigger in this country, in the first place, the Northern man brought us here, and when they began to lose money on the nigger they put the nigger in their pocket sold him down South, and then to keep the South in the Union to make her pay taxes, they turn around and set the nigger and the mule and the spoons free, and they wouldn't have set anything free (excepting the spoons) if they could have got the South back into the Union without it. They promise him "forty acres and a mule." I know five niggers that started plowing to-day waiting for that mule and that forty acres. [laughter.] I'd like to know where the carpet-bagger got his forty acres! You all remember the devil took the Lord up to a high mountain, and promised if he'd fall down and serve him he'd give him the whole world and the old acrendrel knew all the time he didn't own a foot of land on the continent. [Great laughter.] The carpet baggers ask me to cast my vote to keep the white folks down. Now all I ever wanted was to get on a level with the white man. I never wanted to get above him. They say a nigger is better than a white man in Cincinnati. Well, that may be the truth—in Cincinnati,—but it ain't true down here. It is my interest to stand by the Southern man, and it is my wish, too. [Whatever law is made to oppress the white man's plantation also affects my little cotton patch in the same way. The three cent tax on cotton hurts me worse than it does the white man. But it puts money in the Yankee's pocket. They want to disfranchise the white man, and make the nigger put them into office, that they may have taxes and things their own way. They never would have passed a law allowing niggers to vote if they hadn't thought the niggers would vote the Republican ticket. Never! Never! Never! Who believes otherwise? Not this nigger, certain.—The Yankee brought the nigger here from Africa for selfish purposes, set him free for selfish purposes, and now they want to vote him for selfish purposes. [From the Columbia Guardian.] THE REASON OF IT. At the mass meeting held to celebrate the ratification of the fifteenth amendment, Senator Rainey made a Speech. He mentioned as a great wonder, that the negroes were so quietly and easily kept in slavery. His words were: "God only knows how they kept us in slavery so long—so many men of intelligence, only goes to show that the colored people know their own minds, and were determined to wait upon the great God until those rights should come." "That Senator Rainey is ignorant of this matter is no great wonder. But beyond what he knows about it, there is a good deal well known outside of the councils of the Omnipotent. The explanation of the wonder is to be found in the fact that the negro in slavery was, and has always been, better off than in freedom. By better off we mean more healthy in body, more sane in mind, less criminal, and more increasing. This fact—all these facts—were shown by Mr. Calhoun thirty years ago in a report or letter which he wrote upon the matter, made up of facts then just made public in the United States census of 1840. There was much and angry discussion on this paper, because the question then in the minds of our whole people was slavery; and every thing upon the status of the negro was seen through the medium of an angry partisanship. But the facts were facts no less; and, now that we have no more reason to lose temper about it since slavery is dead, we may safely refer to it in considering Senator Rainey's wonder. We of course do not mean to imply that these facts or the reasoning based upon them ever influenced the negro's judgment, because we are aware that they never reached that judgement any more than they have reached Senator Rainey's. But our meaning is that the condition of comfort in which the negro has always lived in the South has resulted in making him comparatively content with his fortunes. The merciful and Christian administration of the system of slavery in the hands of an immense majority of slaveholders in the South took from that condition—however harsh in theory it may be—so much of its bitterness that the slave was well acquainted with his lot. This fact it is, and this only, can explain to Senator Rainey the reason for his race's remaining so long, and so contentedly in slavery. It explains, too—that which astounded the world and confounded the wisdom of the abolitionist—why the slaves in the South remained quiet during the war of four years. Senator Rainey is right when he says that "it only goes to show that the colored people knew their own minds;—but not as he meant it. They knew—that is, they felt—that well enough might better be let alone. They were, therefore, passive. They were not so much waiting upon the great God, as Senator Rainey seems to think, as under the hand of God they were being used by Him for his high purposes. They were not controlling Providence, but most likely Providence was controlling them and their wisdom too. Fletcher estimates that of the 50,000,000 negroes in Africa, about 40,000,000 are held in slavery by the other ten millions. Dr. Lugenbeck and Landner, the traveler, agree in the estimate of four-fifths of the negroes in slaves. These 40,000,000, upon their health, are awaiting upon the altar until their rights shall come, and that they have no influence, errors to discomform them with, when they are too lazy to do it, instead of that when they are they have the superior hand being barbaqued and served up on a table of their own color. And it makes all the difference in the world. Now, if it excites Senator Rainey to wonder that 412,320 negroes in Carolina should quietly remain in slavery to 201,888 white men, who are greater than his wonder, we will give him this: that to say 49,288,605 in Africa are quietly being held in slavery to 12,820,870 negroes. A SERMON. My hearers, I shall draw forth the horns of my argument from the following hymn: This world is all a feast! show To man's illusion given; Never aspire where you can't get, Or to the stars you'll fall. I agree with a tavern keeper, who said when the circus company, along without paying him for grub and feed, "this world is all a feastin' show." I also side with the hungry man, who cried out in the bustle of agony of heart, when he saw a cooked pig's head sticking in the magic lantern, that is "for man's illusion given." Friends! you wrap your feelings around the rotten things of this world, even monkeys do their tails around the sound limb of old trees. When you get high up, you see your honey-bee boiler turns out to be a hornet's nest, and when those little things belzebub's compense pokin' sharp pointed snouts deep into your ears, you wiggle about like an eel in a fryin' pan, your tail gets untwisted, and you find that you've grabbed on as tight as a leather sucker does a beef's tail, and you fall, cowhopper upon a broken glass bottle, which an evil spirit struck under the pizen mass (rage of pleasure!) Oh! the vanity of desiring the slippery paths of this air!—You run after em, you pant you blow, the perspiration runs down you like soapuds in a washing machine, your body is covered over with the prickly heat of anxiety, and your feet with the soft corns of care and disappointment. And what are all these sufferings for? What makes your nose bleed, and what makes your blood boil like hot pitch at a tar gatherin'? Why you've been running after the great shoot of mammon! His tail has been dipped in Satan's lard kittle, and when you think you've got him foul—when you're puffed up with the ashes of vexation on your palms, when you've tipped your fingers into the sand glass of opportunity and wisdom, so that they'll stick fast, and no mistake, the cursed critter gives a grunt like the bustin' of a bladder, and his tail slips through your paws, like geese greased lightning! Oh, my beloved hearers! how awful is your situation in that particular time!—You see the hog that you're been runnin' after all your born days way on over so far ahead, and you're ever so ditto behind! All your precautions have come to what hickory wood will in the winter time, smoke! Your trousers are split, your shirt's dirty, and your eyes are streaming like two tin hoppers on a rainy day. Your head aches, and you see the sea turtles and canvas backs rootin' straight into your skull. The law of dispondency bite you through the day, and bed bugs of conscience, as big as sheep, keep you from sleep at night. You're worse than a man with his hands tied, lying naked in a bayou, without a musket or bar? Out of remorse springs just about ten million muskets, with comic stockings on their legs, and augers in their mouths, all born in a straight through and through your body, and fill up the hole with cow itch and akunks cologne. Your situation is too numerous to mention. The molasses hoghead of generosity and good feeling is staved in, and the sweet stream of kindness and humanity is mixing with the tar, dead dogs and drunken niggers lying about on the levee of vice and immorality. The Mississippi of love is at low water, the steamboat of prayer and the broad-horn of faith, both laden with the rich cargo of the country above, get cruelly smacked on the logs of despair; and both sink deep in the valley mud of sin, the entrenchment of hell, which are born in the bitsy springs of intemperance, hard run your brains and the scorch-heat of sorrow set 'em boobyin' in the hot roots of your hearts. You're dead and de-peised—you're no more use to the world than a pair of goggles are to a stone blind man, and you're no more use to yourselves than a problem of Euclid to a nigger baby! —A showman in Omaha exhibits one of his eyes, put in a bottle, which he catches his audience's eye, and says in a free fight in the early days of his yo' town" and further assures his hearers that his is not an eye stolen case. "They tell me wine gives strength," said a Fox one day: "and yet I, who have just drunk three bottles, cannot keep myself on my legs." —A London merchant advertised for a clerk who could "bear outbursts." He received an answer from one who had been seven years in jail. —A Western paper says of a man that was hanged: "Died from starvation of the tourists." —Dux is the Latin for military leader, says a paper. Nice drink, says our military leaders are.