

LUXURY-THE CAUSE OF NATIONAL DECA.

Frugality of manners is the nourishment and strength of bodies politic. It is that by which they grow and subsist, until they are corrupted by luxury—the natural cause of their decay and ruin.

Simplicity of manners may be more easily preserved in a republic than a monarchy; in a monarchy, the example of a court being of great efficacy, either to reform or to corrupt a people; that alone were sufficient to discountenance the wearing of gold or silver, either in clothes or equipage, and if the same were prohibited by law, the saving so much bullion would be the smallest benefit of such an institution; there being nothing more apt to debase the virtue and good sense of our gentry of both sexes than the trifling vanity of apparel, which we have learned from France, and which has had such visible ill consequences on the genius of that people.

But we are doomed to be undone.—Neither the plain reason of the thing, nor the experience of past ages, nor the examples we have before our eyes, can restrain us from imitating, not to say surpassing, the most corrupt and ruined people in those very points of luxury that ruined them.—Our gaming, our operas, our masquerades, are, in spite of our debts and poverty, become the wonder of our neighbors. If there be any man so void of all thought and common-sense, as not to see where this must end, let him but compare what Venice was at the league of Caubray, with what it is at present, and he will be convinced how truly those fashionable pastimes are calculated to depress and ruin a nation.

It is not to be believed, what influence public diversions have on the spirit and manners of a people. The Greeks wisely saw this, and made a very serious affair of their public sports. For the same reason, it will, perhaps, seem worthy the care of our legislature to regulate the public diversions, by an absolute prohibition of those which have a direct tendency to corrupt our morals, as well as by a reformation of the drama; which, when rightly managed, is such a noble entertainment, and gave those fine lessons of morality and good sense to the Athenians of old, and to our British gentry above a century ago; but for these last ninety years, hath entertained us, for the most part, with such wretched things as spoil, instead of improving, the taste and manners of the audience. Those who are attentive to such propositions only as may fill their pockets, will probably slight these things as trifles below the care of the legislature. But I am sure all honest, thinking men must lament to see their country run headlong into all those luxurious follies, which, it is evident, have been fatal to other nations, and will undoubtedly prove fatal to us also, if a timely step be not put to them.—Berkeley's Essays.

MISSOURI AROUSED.—The popular branch of the Missouri Legislature passed, Monday, the 5th of March, the following resolution, by a vote of 65 to 44:

Resolved, That the Adjutant General of the State of Missouri be instructed to hoist at half mast the flag of the United States, as betokening the absolute humiliation of the American people, who stand to-day the cowardly representatives of a government once honored and admired by the civilized globe, now disgraced and sunk in the iniquity and corruption of its rulers; that after this date a new design should be given to the American flag, embodying the true idea of our political system as reflected in the wonderful machinery of bayonets, subsidiary laws, returning boards and electoral tribunals; that the government of Washington and Jefferson ceased last Friday, and that we are now entering upon an administration that knows no law but force, no policy but corruption, no virtue but forgery.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman writes: "I tried raising fodder broadcast, and it took up long years ago. I now sow in thick drills, two or three bushels per acre, and if cut at the right time, and cured green and sweet, my cows eat it all up clean. They only strip off the leaves and husks of common fodder. My drilled crop is well cultivated, and is kept clean. The stalks grow luxuriantly, and spread out, and meet between the rows. Let the trial be fair, and we need not reject it, nor place it below the common coarse fodder which is too hard and dry for cattle to eat up unless chopped fine."

Success don't consist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one the second time.

IT IS FINISHED.

Hayes has been inaugurated, and the vulgarism, what is Mr. Tilden going to do about it? is for once in the ten million times it has been used—pertinent. The whole people have been looking to the man whom their unprecedented efforts have elected, for comfort, for one initiative step, yet he is silent, gloomy and peculiar—if not grand. Was Mr. Tilden in earnest? Are we the victims of a political mirage? Are there any law-abiding constitution-loving men in the North, either democrats or republicans? Is Mr. Hayes the "Simon Pure" after all? If so, in the words of the immaculate Dan Chamberlain, let us know it authoritatively.

Let Mr. Tilden, in plain Anglo-Saxon words, will endorse the inauguration of Hayes, and the country grow quiet as possible under its great grievances, or let him, in primitive terms, declare he will, as he is in duty bound, protect and defend the rights of the people. His friends have said (for he speaks not, neither does he write) that he would appeal to the courts. What court? The Supreme Tribunal of the nation?—Bah! What folly; what imbecility; what simplicity—only equaled by the agreement of the House of Representatives to the organization of the Electoral Commission.

Hayes is inaugurated, and now, with the exception of a few brave public men, and incorruptible journalists, the people have sunk into sullen silence because of their bitter, bitter disappointment in their choice and election of a leader. Hewitt's knees knocked knowingly each other early in the action; and the President elect, out of sheer mortification for the loss of what was his own, which he had not (backed even by millions who gave it to him) the courage to take, proposes now to visit Europe!

A mystery, a commentary, a lesson for the South in the future. The South is "solid" no more, except it may be four years hence for Hayes, or some other wily Republican upon whom he chooses to let fall his mantle, for now, even now, all over the land, the cry is, "I am only sorry I voted for Tilden. It is no use for us to go to the ballot box again," and so I feel myself. Since the war, we of the South have not asked the presidency, the vice presidency, nor even have we demanded a cabinet officer, but with the bare hope of printing at the head of the nation a northern man who was not our enemy, (nothing more) we have done our best. In the last election we won, but alas! alas! the results. The nation sheds tears over the theft of her rights, when true manhood would dictate the shedding of blood, if needs be, to regain them. Of Tilden, Hendricks and Hewitt in the South, it is written, "Illum fuit," of Hayes and of Wheeler Redivivus. So, God save the State.—JOHN W. TENCH, in Greenville News.

OVER THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.—About noon last Monday a man passed through the upper gate of Prospect Park, Niagara Falls, and walked along the bank to a point just below the "tail-race" that empties into the river. One of the guides, who followed him to tell him where he could get the best views, was astonished to see him wading out into the rapids. "Come back, you fool, you will go over the falls!" The stranger paid no heed to the warning, but throwing himself forward on his face struck out for the brink of the cataract. Just below where he entered there was a small cascade over which he was carried. When he emerged his hat was off, and a moment later he obtained a foothold in the rapids, and stood waist-deep in the foaming waters.—The guide was by this time at Prospect Point, wither he had hastened in the hope of being able to reach the man. The stranger, standing in the rapids, instantly struck out again, swimming lustily out further from the shore, and successfully placing himself beyond the aid of the man on the bank. He clasped his hands over his head and went down to his death. This suicide is as extraordinary as that of the Canadian chemist, near Detroit, who two days before had ended his life in order to test the efficacy of a resurrection powder.

THE CANADA ROOT SHOW.—At a root show in Toronto, the judges declared the following weights to have been attained by the successful competitors (six roots of each variety), viz.: Rennie's prize purple top Swede turnip, 126 pounds; long red mangrel wurzel, 169 1/2 pounds (second prize, 168 pounds); yellow globe mangrel wurzel, 211 pounds; white Belgian carrot, 37 1/2 pounds; long red carrot, 27 pounds (second prize, 25 pounds). The heaviest collection of an exhibitor weighed 567 1/2 pounds. Single roots were as follows: Rennie's prize Swede, 30 1/2 pounds; long red mangrel, 38 1/2 pounds; yellow globe mangrel, 41 pounds; white Belgian carrot, 9 1/2 pounds; red carrots, 7 pounds. The following specimens were shown (additional to prize list) by an exhibitor (six roots of each), viz.: Parsnip, 28 pounds; long yellow mangrel wurzel, 144 pounds; white sugar beet, 109 1/2 pounds.—N. Y. Pen and Pencil.

A CURIOSITY OF NUMBERS. A curiosity of numbers can be shown to good advantage in the following table.

123456789 multiplied	
by 9 (9x1)	will give.....111111111
by 18 (9x2)	.....222222222
by 27 (9x3)	.....333333333
by 36 (9x4)	.....444444444
by 45 (9x5)	.....555555555
by 54 (9x6)	.....666666666
by 63 (9x7)	.....777777777
by 72 (9x8)	.....888888888
by 81 (9x9)	.....999999999

Is it not a curiosity in the way of multiplication? A little boy, gazing upon an old picture of his mother, taken in a low dress, remarked: "Mamma! you was mos' ready for bed when dot picter was taken."

INDIGNANT POLLY WOG.

A tree toad, dressed in apple green, Sat on a mossy log Beside a pond, and shrilly sang, "Come forth, my Polly Wog— My Pol—my Ly—my Wog. My pretty Polly Wog; I've something very sweet to say, My slender Polly Wog!"

"The air is moist—the moon is hid Behind a heavy fog; No stars are out to wink and blink At you, my Polly Wog— My Pol—my Ly—my Wog. My graceful Polly Wog; Oh, tarry not, beloved one! My precious Polly Wog!"

Just then away went clouds, and there A-sitting on the log— The other end, I mean—the moon Showed angry Polly Wog.

Her small eyes flashed—she swelled and She looked almost a frog; "How dare you call me, sir," she asked, "Your precious Polly Wog?"

"Why, one would think your life was spent In some low muddy bog; I'd have you know, to strange young toads, My name's Miss Mary Wog!"

One wild, wild laugh that tree toad gave And tumbled off the log. And on the ground he kicked and screamed "Oh, Mary, Mary Wog! Oh, Ma! oh, Ry! oh, Wog! Oh, proud Miss Mary Wog! Oh, goodness gracious!—what a joke! Hurrah for Mary Wog!"

Mrs. Margaret Eytinge, in Scribner's.

THE WHITE HOUSE WHITENESS.—A correspondent wishes the receipt given some years since for the whitewash used on the east end of the White House. For her benefit and the benefit of others, it is repeated. Take one-half bushel of nice unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water; cover it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of salt, previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste; one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and one pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well, and then hang it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a larger one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from dust. It should be put on hot, and for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about a pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. Fine or coarse brushes may be used, according to the neatness of the job required. It answers as well as oil paint for wood, brick, or stone, and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls. Buildings or fences covered with it will take a much longer time to burn than if they were painted with oil paint. Coloring matter may be put in and made of any shade desired. Spanish brown will make reddish pink when stirred in, more or less deep according to the quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with Spanish brown, makes a roddish stone color; yellow ochre stirred in makes yellow wash, but chrome goes further, and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. It is difficult to make rules, because tastes are different; it would be best to try experiments on a shingle and let it dry. Green must not be mixed with lime; it destroys the color, and the color has an effect on the whitewash which makes it crack and peel.—New York Tribune.

A SCIENTIFIC SUICIDE.—Detroit, March 5.—George C. Wheeler, who attempted suicide, was successful and is dead. He was a hard student, and the direction of his investigations was toward chemical insularities. Of late his friends suspected insanity, as a few months ago he claimed to have discovered the secret of raising the dead by a chemical compound, which was to be sprinkled over the body after death. He built a machine with which to kill himself, in order that his friends might restore him by means of his discovery. This machine is a marvel of ingenuity. A stout wooden framework supports a large balance wheel to which are attached knives, portions of scythes, and an axe-head. Back of this is a complex arrangement of small wheels and pulleys, all operated by a powerful steel spring. When set in motion the machine is capable of running itself at a fearful speed for ten minutes. Close by is a three-sided trough, in which he placed himself. After setting the devilish arrangement in motion his head, which he laid under the wheel, was slashed and cut beyond recognition.

CANTALOUPE.—To succeed with these, in this country, it is necessary to get them started very early. They may be started in flower pots and turned out and set in the open air when danger of frost is over. If not started early, borers will get them before they are ripe. An early start enables them to get through before the season for the borers has arrived. Cantaloupes do not transplant well in the ordinary way, hence the necessity for starting them in pots and turning out the lumps of dirt with them.

Sum marry the second time tew get even, and find it a gambling game—the more they put down the less they take up.

ALL ABOUT EGGS.

How to Cook the Fruit to the Best Advantage—Valuable Hints for House-keepers.

Some one has said that there is as much nourishment in an egg as in a pound of beef. This is too enthusiastic an assertion, as far as the egg is concerned, and does scarcely justice to the beef. At the same time the egg, which is so indispensable to the kitchen, reconciling, amalgamating and putting its life and soul into thankless ingredients, which afterwards ignore its actual existence, or acknowledge it with a growl—"too much egg"—has scant justice done to its own independent individuality as an attractive article of diet. Boiled eggs, poached eggs, and fried eggs have their large and admiring constituency, but omelets are apt to be leathery and cooks too

when the omelet requires in cooking, if they have the ray wisdom and imagination to season, flavor and produce new and pleasing varieties. Every cook-book gives valuable recipes for omelets. It is only necessary here to say something of the method of composition, which is, after all, the chief thing. And while eggs are so abundant and cheap, in the markets selling at 18 cents and retained for 25 cents a dozen, there can be no better time for experiments, for omelets, like other valuable works, are only the result of experience and practice.

The first consideration is, that the eggs should be beaten very light and separately, the whites stirred in only just before cooking—this, notwithstanding it is the custom of most cooks to make one matter of the egg-beating. The pan should be moderately hot; if too hot, while there is difficulty in preventing the burning of the outside, the inside will be left half raw and accordingly disagreeable.

If possible, after the omelet is on the fire, it should not be touched by a knife or spoon. In fact, it is worth while going in training to acquire the art of turning the omelet, by a species of coaxing such as is practised by professional cooks. This is done by taking the handle of the pan, and gently though abruptly jerking it so that the omelet will raise itself gradually and finally make the required flop. When done, it should be turned over on a folded napkin and doubled.

So much for the omelet proper, which is capable of taking on a new color every day. To make oyster omelet, cut off the gristly parts, mince the rest fine, and stir in the mixture or spread on the outside before folding. Cold cauliflower, minced, the tops of asparagus cooked and cut fine, both make nice omelets. Cooked tomatoes stirred in the mixture make a handsome as well as palatable dish. For an omelet with herbs, stir in two spoonfuls of chopped thyme, parsley and sweet marjoram. For a course at breakfast, jelly and jam spread on the omelet before folding is an agreeable variety. These are hints sufficient as to the possibilities of the omelet, but be it remembered that all are vain unless the dish be served up hot.

CURRIED EGGS.—Take six eggs, boiled hard; into a lined saucepan put three ounces of butter or three tablespoonfuls of butter, and three dessertspoonfuls of curry-powder; slice two boiled onions, finely minced; cook until soft, when slice into the mixture the eggs, with a teaspoon of cream, and let it simmer, not boil.

BUTTERED EGGS.—Beat well four fresh eggs, and with two ounces of butter melted in a water-bath, pour into a lined saucepan, that they may perfectly assimilate. Serve hot, spread on buttered toast.

BREADED EGGS.—Boil the eggs hard, slice them when cold and dip each slice in raw egg and afterward in fine bread-crumbs; fry them in butter and serve hot, but freed from grease.

DEVELLED EGGS.—Boil hard and let them lie in cold water until cold; take off the shell and cut half in two; take out the yolk and make into a paste with melted butter seasoned with cayenne pepper, and a little mustard and vinegar. Serve on a bed of cresses, lettuce or chicory two inches deep, previously prepared with a plain dressing.

OHIO WOMEN DEMOLISHING A BAR-ROOM.—In Millertown, on Thursday evening, at about 10 o'clock, the women assembled en masse, about twenty-five or thirty in number, armed with axes, and marched down upon the doomed premises in full force. To crush the door in was but the work of a moment; a few well-dealt blows by some of the more resolute ladies reduced it to splinters. Then the crowd rushed in, axes in hand, and began the work of demolition. In less than five minutes the weather boarding was knocked off, as high up as they could reach: bar, bar fixtures, glasses, jars, bottles, jugs, demijohns, and kegs were reduced to a mass of rubbish, and the contents deluged the floor. While this work was going on the little band was surrounded by about fifty men—our best citizens—who had followed their wives, sweethearts and sisters, to within about fifty feet of the scene of action, and there they stood as a wall of protection around them. Having completed their work, the ladies shouldered their axes and marched off in good order, singing:

We'll hoist our flag and on to victory; The right shall win the day.

THE MAGNOLIA.—Experience has taught us that the Magnolia grandiflora may be successfully transplanted at almost any season of the year when it is in active growth and the weather is not dry. Most trees transplant best when not in a state of activity, but not so with the Magnolia. We put them out successfully all through the spring of last season, on up to the 4th of July.

The bishop of Londale's directions for the way to heaven: "You have only to turn to the right and go straight forward."

A DOZEN BILLS WHICH DIDN'T PASS.

—In the tremendous rush and pressure of the last hours of the session the following bills failed to pass the 44th Congress:

A bill to continue at the public expense Zach Chaudler's system of internal fortification.

A bill authorizing Miss Vinnie Ream to execute Rutherford B. Hayes in butter, and making the necessary appropriation therefor.

A bill for the protection of the American eagle, and to prevent Representative Frye and others from overworking the Bird of Freedom.

A bill for the prosecution and punishment of Wicked Partners.

A bill defining the status of quadroom balls.

bill distributors, hand organs, Hannibal Hamlin, and other public nuisances.

A bill providing for the recognition of Madison Wells and Ruther-a-fraud Hayes as peers.

A bill to pension Brother Orvil as Life President of the Freedman's Savings Bank.

A bill instructing the Supreme Court of the United States to decide, without partisanship, the great question, Who is the handsomest man in America?

A bill to compel Eminent Persons sojourning in this country to become, at some period of their visit, the guests of George Washington Childs, A. M.

A bill for the equalization of debts.

A bill authorizing Mr. Stanley to proceed at once, at government expense, in search of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, said to be in Africa.—New York Sun.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.—"Did you ever see such singular weather?" is a query worn threadbare in this city. No one ever did but there are lots of men who take comfort in trying to spoil a sunny day by predicting the worst March weather in forty years. Yesterday noon, when a man on the postoffice corner said he felt sure that spring was at hand, along came one of the growlers and put in:

"If we don't have a foot of snow in March then you can call me a fool!"

"I don't know as I run this weather any more than you do," slowly continued the first, "but my share of it is going to be warm and nice, and I can lick you in just one minute."

He pulled off his overcoat, spit on his hands, and demanded:

"Now, then, what's your share of the weather going to be?"

The other hesitated, looked in vain for a policeman, and replied: "I want it hotter than a blazer."

"All right, then," said the other, as he put on his coat. "I'm going to walk around this town and encourage an early spring, and when I meet a man who sighs for snow I'm going to drop my fist on his left ear.—Hoorsay for strawberries and string-beans!"

WHY HE WEPT.—He left her and stepped out to see a friend between acts.

"Why, Edward," said she, when he returned, "there are tears in your eyes."

"Yes, pet," replied he, solemnly, "I suppose there are—I saw such a sad sight when I was out."

"Did you—what was it?" inquired she.

"Such a sad sight"—continued he, keeping his face away that she might not smell his breath—"I discovered a young man whom I have known for years drinking whisky."

"You did?"

"Yes, standing right in plain sight before me, partaking deeply and carelessly of the dreadful intoxicating glass."

There was a little pause, when the young lady suddenly said:

"Edward, was he standing right in front of you?"

"Yes, pet," was the reply.

There was another pause, when the young lady asked again:

"Edward, don't most of the fashionable saloon counters have great nice mirrors right on the walls behind them?" Edward flushed a little and looked quizzical as he replied that he "believed" they did.

And here he permitted the subject to drop.

ONE MORE ABOUT THE COMMODORE.—Arbitrary as the Czar, he was wont to govern, in his private affairs, with a rod of iron. The husband of one of the daughters of the Commodore being unfortunate in business many years ago, she went to her father for assistance, which was refused in a manner more forcible than elegant. She abruptly withdrew to fight for complete independence. The next morning the New York of those days was highly surprised to read the following advertisement, specially displayed:

Mrs. — desires to state that she has excellent table and accommodations for families or single gentlemen. Refers to her father, C. Vanderbilt.

That advertisement appeared exactly one time, for the Commodore realized the situation, advanced backward promptly, and there was no more dissension in that branch of the family forever afterward.—Buffalo Advertiser.

The eloping couple in this instance were overtaken by the girl's father at Casey Station, Tennessee. He pulled her out of her lover's wagon, put her in front of himself on a mule's back, and started for home.—The lover gave chase, but his wagon broke down. Did his presence of mind desert him in that emergency? No. He shouted: "Sally, if you love me, slide off!" She wriggled out of her parent's grip, and slid off the smooth back of the mule. Before the parent could get her remounted the lover came up afoot, and, in a hand-to-hand encounter, triumphed over the old man.—Then the young ones mounted the mule and fled.

STAMMERING.—A gentleman who stammered from childhood almost up to manhood gives a very simple remedy for the misfortune: "Go into a room where you will be quiet and alone, get a book that will interest but not excite you, and sit down and read two hours aloud to yourself, keeping your teeth together. Do the same thing every two or three days, or once a week if very tiresome, always taking care to read slowly and distinctly, moving the lips but not the teeth. Then, when conversing with others, try to speak as slowly and distinctly as possible, and make up your mind that you will not stammer. Well, I tried this remedy, not having much faith in it, I confess, but willing to do anything to cure myself of such an annoying difficulty. I read for two hours aloud with my teeth together, jaws ached, that is, while I was reading, and the next to make me feel as though something had loosened my talking apparatus, for I could speak with less difficulty immediately. The change was so great that every one who knew me remarked it. I repeated the remedy every five or six days for a month, and then at longer intervals until cured."

Roger M. Sherman was arguing a case, and made a point which the judge did not at once see. "Mr. Sherman," said he, "I would thank you to state the point so that I can understand you." Bowing politely, Mr. Sherman replied in his blindest manner, "Your Honor is not probably aware of the task you are imposing on me."

Marriage is a safe way to gamble—if you win, you win a pile, and if you lose, you don't lose nothing, only the privilege of living dismally alone and soaking your own feet.

"What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat? A herd of cattle would starve to death on that land." "And sure, your honor, wasn't I fencin' it in to kape the poor bastes out ov it?"

In a dilemma—the bachelor who remarked that "he never would marry any woman he didn't respect, and he certainly couldn't respect any woman who was willing to marry him."

An exchange says: "It is not good taste for young men to stay after ten o'clock when visiting young ladies." Most young men fail to detect the difference in the taste after 10 o'clock.

A clergyman recently aroused his sleepy audience by asserting in the most positive manner that, "notwithstanding the hard times, the wages of sin had not been cut down one iota."

I know of people so fond of contradiktion that it would not surprise me at all to hear them disputing with a guide board about the distance to the next town.

Sum marry coquettes. This is like buying a poor farm heavily mortgaged and working the balance of your days tew clear off the mortgages.

Marshal's Portrait of Hampton.

There are two distinct portraits of Gov. HAMPTON. The one issued by the "Hampton Portrait Company," of Charleston, S. C., is engraved in line by MARSHALL, and will be of imposing appearance, and life-size. There is also a print out representing the Governor. We suggest that our people wait and see both pictures, before choosing which they will have.

Marshall's famous engravings are attracting unusual attention. The superb large line engraving of Washington, from Stuart's celebrated oil portrait in the Boston Athenaeum—a plate valued at ten thousand dollars—has been brought out about ten years ago, at one placed in the very front rank of engravings, ancient or modern, meeting, both in Europe and America, the most extravagant encomiums of artists, critics, and men of judgment. It was even selected for exhibition at the French Academy of Design, an honor accorded to none but the very highest works of art. It is, moreover, the best, indeed the only satisfactory, portrait of Washington that exists, and is the acknowledged standard "household engraving" of him. The latest engraving of Stuart's head of Washington. It is truly a superb work." Bancroft, the historian, writes: "I have been for some years a collector of the many different engravings of the portraits of Washington. This is beyond comparison the best of them all—the only one that is perfectly satisfactory." Mr. George S. Hillard, the well known art critic, says: "Were it the head of some unknown person, a lover of art would be glad to have a copy of the engraving for its rare intrinsic merits, and every American should be ready to possess so satisfactory a representation of Washington." Marshall's R. E. Lee, just out, is a wonderful work, and in a few days his "Gov. Hampton" will go to the people of South Carolina and the country, a noble tribute to a great leader, who conquers by his high character and by peaceful means, not by the sword.—News and Courier.

And from the Columbia Register the accompanying letter:

WM. A. COURTENAY. Charleston, S. C., February 5, 1877.

Rice, McLure & Co.

ANNOUNCE that they have received a full line of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, to which they respectfully call the attention of purchasers. These goods have been carefully selected, purchased at low prices, and are offered on the most reasonable terms.

The attention of the Ladies is especially directed to the DRESS GOODS, SUITINGS, CLOAKS, TRIMMINGS, MILLINERY GOODS, SILK NECK TIES, RUFFLINGS, ZOSIERY, GLOVES AND FANCY ARTICLES.

Displayed by RICE, McLURE & CO. Oct. 15 41

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