

We paid a visit to this enterprising and modest little town the early part of this week. We boarded the down night train at this place and found ourselves under the care of that prince of good conductors, P. Duffie. At Branchville we refreshed ourselves at Minnie's, Carroll's hotel, and took the up train for our destination. The ride was short but exceedingly tiresome. Having arrived at Blackville we were shown to the hotel kept by Mrs. A. H. Strobel, where we found good, comfortable lodgings, and plenty of good things to eat. Wednesday was election day in Barnwell County, and, as a matter of course, every voting precinct was alive with people. The contest was between Blackville and Barnwell, and was remarkable for its bitterness. But as Leslie predicted some months ago, Blackville triumphed, and will hereafter be the county seat of Barnwell county. The village of Barnwell may be a very desirable location for a court house with some of its citizens, but it certainly has no charms for an outsider. During our trip we had occasion to pay a visit to the "Town on the Hill," which we found after driving ten miles through sand knee-deep, praying the while for some kind Providence to pull Barnwell down to Blackville, provided the latter place fell "A dead cock in the pit." The town is old and dilapidated, anti-progressive in its appearance, and uninviting to the eyes of strangers. Blackville, on the contrary, has many advantages and inducements to offer to those in search of business or health. It is remarkable for its health-giving climate, and the cosmopolitan spirit of its leading citizens. And now that the County seat is to be permanently located at Blackville, we predict for it a great future. There is a spirit of perseverance and progress among its citizens, and we take pleasure in congratulating them upon its future prosperity. Indeed, Blackville should be taken advantage of with a vim that will make the sound of the hand-saw and the hatcher familiar music to the ear of the Blackvillian. With such public spirited citizens as Intendant Izlar, M. P. Moloney, Simon Brown, and others, Blackville will soon overtake her more pretentious rivals.

The Brooklyn Scandal.

The trial of Beecher is still going on in the "City of Churches." The great Plymouth preacher has been upon the stand, and was thoroughly probed by Judge Fullerton, Tilton's leading counsel. The amorous minister would frequently mystify the jury by answering "yes" and "no" to questions from Fullerton. His bearing upon the stand was that of a man driven to the unpleasant alternative of lying to save himself in the eyes of his congregation. He admitted that he kissed Mrs. Tilton, and thought a great deal of her. In fact, we believe it runs that he kissed her both in and out of season. We don't know how the society of Brooklyn is constituted, but if the women of that place are not wholly unlike those in other parts of the world, it was wrong in Mrs. Tilton to soothe her pastor with a kiss. The woman that does not reserve and keep holy this gift, this boon in the veary pilgrimage of life, for her husband, will not scruple to sully the purer and more sacred part of her honor. If Mrs. Tilton had resented the proffered caresses of her spiritual adviser, her person would have remained undefiled, and the destroyer of her virtue would not to day be regarded as the great libertine and seducer of the age. Beecher has described Mrs. Tilton as a "white souled woman," yet with this intimate knowledge of her innocence and purity of mind, he deliberately went to work to besmen and blacken the whiteness of her soul by forming an illicit and unholy alliance with her. He gazed upon that picture of innocence with lustful eyes, and never ceased his planning for its destruction, until his beastly and inhuman appetite had been satisfied by deflouring it forever. Wretched man! How could you preach the Word of God on Sunday, and with the words hardly cold from your lips, fall upon and destroy one of your congregation?

Whether the verdict of the jury be for or against Beecher, the majority of the American people will pronounce him guilty of adultery. All the prayers of the Brooklyn saints will never bring about his acquittal at the bar of American judgment, nor restore to him the smallest part of his former greatness. The impulses and feelings which were once alive with admiration for his eloquence and seeming piety, are now up in arms against him for his partially confessed lewdness, and for his dishonoring of the VII Commandment.

In the progress of the great trial, Beecher, Tilton, Moulton and his wife, have all had an opportunity to give the public their version of the Brooklyn scandal, but Elizabeth, the creature above all to be pitied, was refused even the poor privilege of testifying in behalf of her seducer. Her lips are sealed by the law, and we suppose we shall never hear any more "gushings" from her little "white soul." In fact, she would show good sense by living a secluded life the remainder of her unhappy days—a life secluded from the gaze of the vulgar peepers of the Plymouth pastor, and free from his temptations to do evil. Let her go and sin no more, and endeavor to cleanse her soul of its unholy lust. On the other hand, let Beecher receive the sneers and scoffs of all decent people; let him be debarred from crossing every threshold where piety and virtue are prized, and be made to seek communion in the silent recesses of his own adulterous heart.

BRANCHVILLE TOWNSHIP.

Editor of the News and Times: As your request for a correspondent from each Township has met with no response from our section of the county, I have concluded to tell you a few things that are going on in and around our little village. Now, Mr. Editor, don't say cypress pond, for each year is rapidly obliterating every trace of the cypress pond that once was, and down our principal streets are commencing to grow some beautiful green oaks, which our thoughtful Town Council a few years ago commenced planting out along the side walks. The ditchers, too, are disappearing on the front streets, and under ground drains are being put in. The town is healthy and happy. New stores are springing up, and some of our successful merchants have rebuilt larger and finer houses. Our present Town Council too are trying to keep up with the times, and are having street lamps put up along our Main streets. All this looks like improvement and which it really is, but oh! Mr. Editor, we need some strong appeals like you used to give them Orangeburgers about that dreadful nuisance of raising so many hogs on our streets, and in our yards. We have got rid of so much as relates to the goats. Many of us well remember what a pest they were.

I am truly glad we have no complaint to make against our Trial Justice, like your correspondent from Pine Grove Township. We once had the misfortune of having one who made it his business to hunt up cases; and many trifling affairs, that occurred between the uneducated colored people that could have been easily settled by a few kind words of advice, in the right direction, were made to appear as some dreadful offence, and caused them to sell the last cow and calf to settle the cost of some dispute with their wife or child. But everything is changed in that direction now, and weeks often pass that we never hear of a case at the Trial Justice's Court; and when we do have one, the party who is guilty better look out or they will be punished. If our Trial Justice makes errors it is of the head and not of the heart—at least these are my impressions.

The crop prospects in this part of the county are improving every day, with the sunshine and spring showers that we have been having for the past ten days. Cotton is up and commencing to look nice in some places where it has been worked. Corn too is now beginning to move upward. We do hope for good seasons big crops and high prices. I heard that one good old farmer said cotton would sell for a high price next fall. When he was asked his reason for such an opinion he said that he saw in the papers where it was stated that one thousand bales had been burnt up. I hope none of the farmers up your side are expecting to realize a high price for their cotton from that same burn.

The greatest wealth is contentment with a little.

[FROM OUR BARNWELL POET.]

The Barnwell Rooster. There was a famous rooster, once, That lived upon a hill; That rooster's refrain ever was—"Hurrah! for Barnwell still!" CHORUS— He scratched for all the pretty hens,— Gave strange roosters hell— And none durst challenge to a main, The Barnwell Sentinel. CHORUS— He scratched the hillside up and down, Till every pile was bare; He pecked inside the public crib, And gobbled up his share. CHORUS— 'Twas said by every Barnwell lad, His crew was full of grit— He'd whip all Carolina cocks And clean each Georgia pit. CHORUS— There came a Blackville cock along, With plumage rare and fine; And flapped his wings on Barnwell hill, Upon the 12th of May. CHORUS— And when the evening sun went down, The Hill sent up a wail— The Barnwell rooster clearly showed White feathers in his tail. CHORUS— The Blackville rooster struts about, And still is full of grit— The barn-yard bird, alas! is gone—"A dead cock in the pit." LAST CHORUS— He'll scratch no more for pretty hens, Nor give each rooster hell; We've seen the last of that old cock—"The Barnwell Sentinel."

A Home Scandal. The case of the State vs. D. T. Legg—abduction—was before Judge Cook yesterday, on application for a discharge on writ of habeas corpus. D. T. Legg, it will be recollected, was arrested by the city marshal day-before-yesterday, in response to a telegram from one Ingram, charged with abducting his niece.

The case is this: D. T. Legg, of Chester, married the widow Crawford, who is said to be the mother of the girl said to be abducted. From the testimony elicited on the trial, Legg seduced the daughter of his wife, and when the fact was brought to the notice of the mother, she consented that her husband should take her daughter and leave. And, she even prepared her daughter to leave. Her brother, and the uncle of the girl, heard of the circumstances, and went to his sister, (the wife of Legg) and told her the man who was base enough to seduce his own daughter. She sent her, and he was not the proper person to submit the care of her daughter to. She revoked her consent, and commissioned her brother to pursue her husband and her daughter; and to bring back the daughter. Mr. Ingram arrived in Greenville yesterday, and testified as above at the trial. The girl does not desire to return with him.

The case was ably argued by Capt. W. H. Perry and Judge F. F. McBee for the defendant, and Solicitor Blythe, Whitner & Symmes and Earle & Wells for the state.

Judge Cooke, after a patient hearing of the case, remanded Legg to jail in default of five hundred dollars bail for his appearance at the Court of General Sessions at the ensuing term.

The above case would make a flashy local; but we do not desire to parade the shame of these people before our people. Hanging is too good for Legg, if he is guilty of what is charged. And the mantle of charity should be spread over the unfortunate and erratic girl, who can be saved from a life of infamy by the hand of Providence alone.—Greenville News.

Constitution Changing in the South.

The Republic Magazine for May publishes two important papers on the Democratic movement now going on in the South to remodel their State Constitutions so as to defeat the objects of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and ignore the reconstruction policy. At the close of the war and commencement of the reconstruction of the States in rebellion, it was necessary to make the new State Constitutions conform to the changed condition of affairs. It was also obligatory on each State to submit its new Constitution to Congress for approval or modification. Now, however each State may alter or remodel its Constitution by a Convention of the people, and adopt the new instruments, without consulting Congress. The Democrats are now taking advantage of this, and are framing new State Constitutions to suit their own peculiar views on the race, school, State Sovereignty, and other important questions. The danger to the stability of our institutions growing out of this movement, can scarcely be overrated, as it indicates a spirit and the inauguration of a state of affairs that can scarcely fail of resulting in another rebellion.

Mr. Coffin's Spelling Match.

THE OLD LADY PUTS HIM DOWN WITH ONE OF HER SPELLS—STRIKING EFFECTS. The other evening old Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, who live on Brushy Creek, sat in their cozy back parlor, he reading the paper and she knitting, and the family cat stretched out under the stove, and sighed and felt sorry for cats not so well fixed. It was a happy contented household, and there was love in his heart as Mr. Coffin put down the newspaper and remarked: "I see that the whole country is becoming excited about the spelling schools." "Well, it's good to know how to spell," replied the wife. "I didn't have the chance some girls had, but I prize myself that I can spell almost any word that comes along." "I'll see about that," he laughed; "come, now spell 'buggy.'" "Humph! that's nothing—b-u-g-g-y, buggy," she replied. "Missed the first time—ha! ha!" he roared, slapping his leg. "Not much—that was right." "It was, eh? Well, I'd like to see any body get two g's in buggy, I would." "But it is spelled with two g's, and any schoolboy will tell you so," she persisted. "Well, I know a darn sight better than that!" he exclaimed, striking the table with his fist. "I don't care what you know!" she squeaked. "I know that there are two g's in buggy!" "Do you mean to tell me that I've forgotten how to spell?" he asked. "It looks that way." "It does, eh? Well, I want you and all your relations to understand that I know more about spelling than the whole caboodle of youstrung on a wire!" "And I want you to understand, Jonathan Coffin, that you are an ignorant old blockhead, when you don't put two g's in the word buggy—yes you are!" "Don't talk that way to me!" he warned. "And don't shake your fist at me!" she replied. "You were!" "That's a lie—an infernal lie!" "Don't call me a liar, you old bazaar! I've put up with you meanness for forty years, but don't call me a liar, and don't lay your hand on me!" "Do you want a divorce?" he shouted, springing up; "you can go now, this minute!" "Don't spit in my face—don't you dare do it, or I'll make a dead man of you!" she warned. "I haven't spit in your freckled old visage yet, but I may if you provoke me further!" "Who's got a freckle face, you old turkey buzzard?" "That was a little too much. He made a motion as if he would strike, and she seized him by the necktie. Then he reached out and grabbed her right ear and tried to lift her off her feet; but she twisted up on the necktie until his tongue ran out. "Let go of me, you old fiend!" she screamed. "Get down on your knee and beg my pardon, you old wild cat!" he replied. They surged and swayed and struggled, and the peaceful cat was struck by the overturning table and had her back broken while the clock fell down and the pictures danced around. The woman finally shut her husband's supply of air off and flopped him, and as she bumped his head up and down on the floor and scattered his gray hairs, she shouted: "You want to get up another spelling school with me, don't you?" He was seen limping about the yard yesterday, a stocking pinned around his throat, and she had court plaster on her nose, and one finger tied up. He wore the look of a martyr, while she had the bearing of a victor, and from this time out 'buggy' will be spelled with two g's in that house. He Dr.—The following story is told about a Drunken man: On St. Valentine's day he bought ten of the ugliest valentines he could find, each one caricaturing some well known fault or foible of his wife, and sent them to her. While the poor woman was crying over them and wondering if there really were ten people in the community who thought so meanly of her, the boy of the family said: "Pa are those the pictures you bought at the store where you got my whistle?"

Made to "See It."

"I can't see it," said Buffer; "no-body reads all these little advertisements. It's preposterous to think it." "But," said the editor, "you read what interests you?" "Yes." "And if there's anything that you particularly want, you look for it?" "Certainly." "Well, among the thousands upon thousands who help to make up this busy world of ours, everything that is printed is read. Sneer as you please, I do assure you that printer's ink is the true open sesame to all business success. And still Buffer couldn't see it. He didn't believe that one-half of those little crowded advertisements were ever read. "Suppose you try the experiment," said the editor. "Just slip in an advertisement of the want of one of the most common things in the world. For the sake of the test, I will give it two insertions free. Two will be enough; and you may have it jammed into any out-of-the-way nook of my paper you shall select. Two insertions, of only two lines. Will you try it?" Buffer said of course he would try it. And he selected the place where he could have it published—crowded in under the head of "Wants." And he waited and saw a proof of his advertisement, which appeared as follows: WANTED.—A good house dog. Apply to J. Buffer, 575 Towser street, between the hours of 6 and 9 p. m. Buffer went away smiling and nodding. On the following morning he opened his paper, and, after a deal of hunting, he found his advertisement. At first it did not seem at all conspicuous. Certainly so insignificant a paragraph, buried in such a wilderness of paragraphs, could not attract notice. After a time, however, it began to look more noticeable to him. The more he looked at it the plainer it grew. Finally, it glared at him from the closely printed page. But that was because he was the person particularly interested. Of course it would appear conspicuous to him. But it would not be so with others. That evening Mr. Buffer was just getting up to tea (Buffer was a plain, unadorned man, and took tea at six), when his door-bell was rung. A servant announced that a man was at the door with a dog to sell. "Tell him I don't want one." Six times Buffer was interrupted while taking tea by men with dogs to sell. Buffer was a man who would not lie. He had put his foot in and he must take it out manfully. The twenty-third applicant was a small boy with a girl in company, who had a ragged poodle for sale. Buffer bought the poodle of the boy, and immediately presented it to the girl, and then sent them off. To the next applicant he was able truthfully to answer, "Don't want any more—I've bought one." The stream of callers continued until near ten o'clock, at which hour Buffer locked up and turned off the gas. On the following evening, as Buffer approached his house, he found a crowd assembled. He counted thirty nine men and boys, each one of whom had a dog in tow. There were dogs of every grade, size and color and growl and howl. Buffer addressed the motley multitude and informed them that he had purchased a dog. "Then what d'yer advertise for?" And Buffer got his hat knocked over his eyes before he reached the sanctuary of his home. Never mind about the trials and tribulations of that night. Buffer had no idea there were so many dogs in existence. With the aid of three policemen, he got through alive. On the next morning he visited his friend, the editor, and acknowledged the corn. The advertisement of "wanted" was taken out, and in the most conspicuous place, and in glaring type, he advertised that he didn't want any more dogs. And for this advertisement he paid. Then he went home and pasted upon his door, "Gone into the Country." Then he hired a special policeman to guard his property; and then he locked up and went away with his family. From that day Josephus Buffer has never been heard to express doubts concerning the efficacy of printer's ink; neither has he asked, "Who reads advertisements?" Never use any spoon but a wooden one to stir anything on the fire or in a warm state.

Py Shimminy! Ish dot so?

There is doubtless such a thing as excessive promptness in emergencies. Errescence of mind and determination are admirable qualities in themselves, but it sometimes happens that a decision made upon the spur of the moment is regretted upon a more deliberate survey of the field. This remorse seems to have overtaken lately a worthy Dutchman, of Apaka county, Minnesota. The Dutchman was seeking to reach a town at some distance from Sauk Centre, and to accomplish this must drive over the prairie from the latter town. He was unaccommodated to the road and night overtook him with his vehicle fast in a slough and no town in sight. He sought the solitary farm house visible and asked permission to stay till morning, the farmer telling, the traveler, however, that it would be necessary for him to sleep with the children or with the farmer himself, as their accommodations were limited. Quick as lightning, the Dutchman expressed his opinion not to sleep with "bodderation shiltren," so he slept with the farmer. The rest of the story may be given in his own language: "Vell, in der mornin', ven we coum nit der stairs down, I see two girls about seventeen und nineteen years old, und I ask der old man; 'Pees dem girls die chilren you told me about?' und he say 'yaw, dem is mine only shiltren!' und I say to myself, Py shimminy! Ish dot so?" As this happened away off in Anaka County no local signi'ance need be attached to it.

How to Put Down Matting.

As the time of mating draws near, it may be well to call the attention of housekeepers to the fact that, as there is a right way of doing everything, there is decidedly a right way to put down Canton matting. It is the almost universal practice to put it down wrong. Most persons cut the lengths, and then laying the boards in their proper places on the floor, proceed to drive a large number of tacks upon it down the edges. This method serves the purpose of keeping the covering very tightly on the floor, but it injures the boards, and ruins the matting. Every tack breaks one straw. The Canton matting are made on boats, where they are woven in short pieces about two yards long. These short pieces are afterwards joined together on the shore in lengths of about forty yards. It is easy to see where these two yard pieces are joined, and the first thing to be done, after the matting is cut into proper lengths, is to sew these places across and across on the wrong side to keep the joints from opening. Then sew the breadths together, and tack it to the floor in the same way that you treat a carpet. Matting made in this way will last fully twice as long as where they are tacked in every breadth. A good matting should last six or seven years.

Gratifying Medical Progress.

An English physician recently removed a section of the patient's liver, placed it on a plate, scraped it carefully and returned it to its place fully restored to its normal action. This promises to work a revolution in the treatment of disease, and in a few years we will have an addition to domestic literature something like this: "Husband, I wish you would take John's right lung down to the doctor this morning and have the middle valve fixed," or "Will you stop into the doctor's when you come home this noon and see if Maro's liver is mended, as she wants to go out to tea this evening?" The practice will become common in time we are sure that none of the neighbors will be in any way startled to see a wife with a veil tied around her head leaning out of a bed room window, and shouting to a receding husband; "Jer-e-miah! Tell Dr. Scraper to send up Willie's right kidney at once, whether it is done or not. He's had it there more'n a week and the child might as well be without any kidney and done with it!"

In the District Court in Charleston, on the 8th, Judge Bryan presiding, Alonza Payne, colored, indicted for selling unstamped medicines, was tried and acquitted. William Moody and John Larry, indicted for robbing the post office at Columbia, were tried and convicted. L. DeB. McCrady, Esq., represented Moody, and Solicitor Buttz Larry. The court will meet again this morning, and continue to dispose of the criminal business.