

THE FREE CITIZEN.

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E. A. WEBSTER, - - - Editor.
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Invariably in Advance.

And I will come near to you to judgment; and I will be a swift witness against the sorcerer, and against the adulterer, and against the false swearer, and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of Hosts.—MALACHI, III, 5.

NOTICE.
We are not responsible for the views of our Correspondents.
Advertisements to be inserted in the CITIZEN must be received by Thursday evening.
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per inch, for the first insertion. Further terms can be had on application to the Editor or Publisher.
Communications on matters of State or Local Interest, respectfully solicited.
All orders for Job Printing left at this office will receive prompt attention.
Agents and Correspondents wanted in all Towns of the Country.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1875.

Rat Due School Claims.

It seems that our unfortunate county is still in for its full share of misfortunes. It seems that our county treasurer was one of the number who did not get his share of the funds appropriated to pay past due school claims in our county, not at the time the same fell due, and has not got said funds as yet, and most likely will not for six months to come. Many of the other counties got their funds, but those for our county, it is now claimed, are locked up safely in the suspended bank, and no doubt there will be a long suspension before our old claims will be paid. We must still hear the old cry of no money in the treasury to pay school claims. But it will be asked, who is to be blamed for this? We know of one party who is not to be blamed, and that is the poor teacher who has earned the money, and still holds an unpaid certificate, unless he has been under the painful necessity of selling it to the speculators for fifty cents on the dollar. Those who purchase old claims will still have a chance to drive their business, only they say it is not quite so thriving as before the law required the approval of the county commissioners for their payment. To say the least, our county finances seems to be rather a slow coach; but we are hoping for better times. When shall we find the "nimble sixpence" floating among our public funds?

Conscience in Politics.

This may seem to many of our readers a singular and rare combination. We must confess, it is by far too rare, at least, in our section of this country. We are pleased at least with one drift in South Carolina politics, and that is an ardent intention, on the part of many of our citizens, to have good men elected to office. An honest, reliable man of either political party is better worthy, and can be more safely trusted in office than a dishonest man of whatever political party or creed. If we get men in office who simply serve themselves, and fill their own pockets, and bleed the public, it does not make much difference in name of what political party the pilfering is done, the public is equally depleted, and injured. If the public is really served, is a favor, let it be done by whomsoever it may. We want men who will do right if the heavens fall.
After all, there is nothing like the conscience, and bringing things to bear upon it. And if we can find a response in this inner shrine of the soul, we are in the way to right all wrongs and to secure all rights.
Therefore, we should say that the very first quality in a public man is a sharp, clear conscience. Doubtless he ought to have experience, sagacity, comprehensiveness, knowledge of human nature—the capacity to take in all the facts and to adjust things in the best way possible under existing circumstances. But, when all is said, commend us to the man of thorough conscientiousness—by which we mean the man of clear moral discernment, and who intensely loves the right, and as intensely hates the wrong. Such a man, supposing there is a corresponding clearness and vigor of intellect, will be a moving power, and he will have plenty of business without. We shall always have public

men enough whose conscience follows them dog-like and cringing men, whose consciences are flexible to the touch of interest, and who get office simply to make it pay, and will make it pay regardless of the means used, and, therefore, there is the greater need of men whose conscience takes the lead, and who go at things straight and sure, and with regard for nothing except the right of things. Honesty even in political matters, as well as all others, is the best policy.

Balky People.

Passing along a country road quite recently, we found a man, a horse and wagon, in trouble. The vehicle was slight and the road was good, but the horse refused to draw, and his driver was in a bad predicament. He had already destroyed his whip in applying inducements to progress in travel. He had pulled the horse's ears with a sharp string. He had backed him into the ditch. He had built a fire of straw underneath him—the only result, a smashed dashboard. The chief effect of the violence and cruelties applied were to increase the divergency of feeling between the brute and his master. We said to the besweated and outraged actor in the scene that the best thing for him to do was to let his horse stand for awhile unwhipped and uncoaxed, setting some one to watch him, while he, the driver, went away to cool off. We learned that the plan worked admirably; that the cold air, and the appetite for oats, and the solitude of the road, favorable for contemplation, had made the horse move for adjournment to some other place and time, and when the driver came up he had but to take the reins, and the beast, erst so obstinate, dashed down the road at a perilous speed.

We think much of the opinion of the old Quakeress, when asked her opinion of war; she replied that she thought it quite unnecessary thus to kill and butcher people, that they would die of themselves, if you would only let them alone. Some of our South Carolina politicians will die politically soon, if the people will only wisely let them alone. Not a small amount of labor and whip lashes are often wasted on balky horses as well as men.

"My wife is the cause of it."

It is now more than forty years ago that a man whom we will call Mr. Lord, called at the house of Dr. Bush, one very cold morning, on his way to Hanover. "Sir" said the Doctor, "The weather is very frosty; will you not take something to drink before you start?"

In that early day ardent spirits were deemed indispensable in winter. When commencing a journey and at every place along the road, the traveler always used intoxicating drink to make him warm.

"No" said Mr. Lord, "I never touch anything of the kind, and I will tell you the reason—my wife is the cause of it. I had been in the habit of meeting some of our neighbors every evening for the purpose of playing cards. We assembled at each other's shops and liquors were introduced. After awhile we met, not so much for playing as for drinking, and I used to return home in the evening more or less intoxicated. My wife always met me at the door affectionately, and when I elided her for sitting up so late for me, she kindly replied, 'I prefer doing so, for I cannot sleep when you are out.'

"This always troubled me. I wished in my heart that she would only scold me; for then I could have retorted and relieved my conscience. But she always met me with the same gentle and loving spirit.

"Things passed on thus for some time, when at last I resolved that I would by remaining very late and returning much intoxicated, provoke her displeasure so much as to cause her to lecture me, when I meant to answer her with severity and thus by creating another issue between us, unburden my bosom of its trouble.

"I returned in such a plite about four o'clock one morning; she met me at the door with her usual tenderness and said, 'Come in husband; I have just been making a good fire for you because I knew you would be cold. Take off your boots and warm your feet, and here is a cup of hot coffee.'

"Doctor that was too much. I could not endure it any longer, and I resolved from that moment I would never touch another drop while I lived, and I never did."

He never did. He lived and died practicing total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

That man was my father, and that woman my mother. The fact above related I received from the doctor himself when on a visit to my native village, not long since.

Were there more wives like my blessed mother there would be fewer confirmed drunkards.

Women's Influence.

We women have much to answer for. Many among us have chosen husbands ill, rather than not marry at all; many have brought up sons badly, from weakness or self-indulgence. Abuses and degrading practices have crept into the life of a once healthy nation—abuses and bad practices which no executive government, no legal enactments, can possible reach; but we women have the lever in our hands that can raise the community to healthy and social reforms. Our influence can arrest the flood of infidelity, of luxury, of idleness, of despising wholesome labor, reverence to elders and superiors. Our influence can check the growing appetite for pestilential novels, for licentious plays and poems, for immodest dress. Our influence can reverse the law which excludes a penitent, erring woman from a sisterly hand-clasp, and warmly welcome a bad man who has not repented. Our influence can correct the riotous extravagance in expenditure, wether for personal adornment or house decoration, or tables groaning with unwholesome food.—*Fanny Aikin Kortright.*

POISONOUS DRINK.—The N. Y. Southern Tier Leader, in noticing a movement in Nebraska for prohibiting the adulteration of liquors, and the law of New Jersey, enacted a year ago, for a kindred purpose, says:

"It is not known that a single prosecution has been made under this law. It has been a dead letter from the moment of its enactment."

And so it will prove in Nebraska, or wherever else the experiment is tried. We might as well raise adders and serpents, and presume that our children will not be stung or bitten, as to legalize the sale of intoxicating drinks, and expect that the people will not be poisoned. The very words are synonymous. To intoxicate is to poison. Does it make so much difference with what the deadly work is done? When the people are fully persuaded that the whole business is a curse and a shame, that bars and saloons are simply poison shops, and that brewers and distillers, as Wesley said, are poisoners-general then will they not arise in their strength and majesty, and delegalize, prohibit, and crush out the abominable traffic?"

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that alcohol, regularly applied to a thrifty farmer's stomach will remove the boards from the fence, let cattle into his crops, kill his fruit-trees, mortgage his farm and sow his field with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his building, break the glass out of his windows and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes and the polish from his manners, subvert his reason, arouse his passions bring sorrow and disgrace upon his family, and topple him into a drunkard's grave. It will do this to the artisan and the capitalist, the matron and the maiden, as well as to the farmer; for, in its deadly enmity to the human race, alcohol is no respecter of persons.

A LETTER FROM PURGATORY.—"A rather amusing story," says Colonel Stuart, in his "Reminiscences of a Soldier," "was told to me some time ago by an old lady who had an ancient servant that had lived with her for many years, named Ann Brady. One day Ann came in to her mistress in the parlor, crying. 'Now, ain't I the unfortunate woman? Och, what will I do at all?' 'What's the matter, Ann?' said her mistress. 'Och, ma'an,' replied Ann, 'the postman's outside, and he's got a letter for me from purgatory, and I know it's from my old mother, who's been

there this tin years, and it's all about me not paying for the masses I said I would. Ochone! but I am the miserable woman.' On the mistress going out, she found the postman in fit of laughter, with a letter directed to 'Ann Brady,' from the Dead Letter Office. Nothing could induce her to touch it, the 'dead' to her meaning purgatory, and nothing else; and her mistress was obliged to open the letter for her, and found it was one Ann had written to a nephew in Blare, but as he had gone to America the letter had consequently been returned."

Our Homes.

Our very existence is embodied in the word home. It is where our lives are molded. Its adornment, therefore, is a matter of great importance to all. Let us so decorate it that life may be a blessing. With what shall we beautify our homes? Flowers must certainly rank first. Equally suited to palace or cot, they lend an indispensable charm to the adornment of our homes. Especially during the long winter months, when nature herself almost sleeps, then it is that the pure white camellia, the brilliant chrysanthemums, the hyacinth and crocuses, shed their loveliness on everything around, dispelling the monotony within which their absence without causes. Decorate the walls with pictures, arranging them tastefully, and thereby engender a love for art, as flowers do for nature. Adorn the shelves and cases with instructive books, that their study may in turn adorn the minds of the household, who, so beautified, are the highest needful home adornment. And thus our homes should be our tutors, teaching humanity that love for the beautiful which lifts up and ennoble the race.

EVILS OF SELF-PRaise.—There is no surer soul-death, no more inevitable paralyzing of worth and force than self-exultation and self-praise. The shadow of self blights growth, unaims power, cripples influence. There are men in some aspects almost great, in others pitifully small, because they will not stand out of their own shadow. There are men who have the ability and the will to perform the most valiant service for one and another great cause, who are wise, brilliant, eloquent; who have yet been of little or no worth to their fellow-beings, simply because they are willing to do nothing without securing full credit for it, to rear no column in the temple of regenerated humanity, unless they can inscribe their names on its capital.

A SOFT ANSWER.—How a soft answer can turn away dissatisfaction, as well as wrath, is illustrated in the following anecdote of the late President Wayland: Deacon Moses Pond went to Dr. Wryland once with the complaint that the preaching didn't edify him. "I'm sorry," said the pastor; "I know they are poor sermons. I wish I could make them better. Come, let us pray that I may be able to do so." The deacon telling the story used to say, "Dr. Wayland prayed, and I prayed; he cried, and I cried; but I have thought a hundred times that it was strange that he did not turn me out of the house. I tell you there never was a better man nor a greater preacher than Dr. Wayland."

Napoleon said that "war was the business of barbarians."

Don't let your wealth inflate you. Rich men sometimes die of small-pox.

Kindness, like the gentle breath of spring, melts the icy heart.

One act of charity is worth a century of eloquence.

There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness.

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July 17, 49-5

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ILLUSTRATED.
Notices of the Press.
The BAZAR is edited with a contribution of tact and talent that we seldom find in any journal; and the journal itself is the organ of the great world of fashion.—*Boston Traveller.*
The BAZAR commends itself to every member of the household—to the children by the droll and pretty pictures, to the young ladies by its fashion-plates in endless variety, to the prudent matron by its patterns for the children's clothes, to the pattern-makers by its tasteful designs for embroidered-slippers and luxurious dressing-gowns. But the reading matter of the Bazar is uniformly of great excellence. The paper has acquired a wide popularity for the fireside enjoyment it affords.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

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Careful attention paid to the compounding of Prescriptions and all orders promptly attended to. Call on him at his Popular Drug Store.
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Having removed to their New Brick Store, are now better prepared to meet the wants of their customers than ever.
Their elegant stock of **SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING** cannot be surpassed anywhere.
Call at the old stand.
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GRAND OPENING!

I will open this morning a lot of the
Finest Teas,

never offered in this market, consisting of

UNCOLORED JAPAN OOLONGS,

SOUCHONGS,

YOUNG HYSONS,

and
GUNPOWDERS,

And in order to cultivate a trade for these fine grades I will sell them

VERY LOW.

I have also received this morning another car-load of

Solomon's Fancy Flour

Fresh ground and Made especially for me from the

Finest Selected Wheat.

I have never had a complaint of

this brand of flour.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Inferior KEROSENE OIL is so dangerous and so many accidents have occurred from its use, I have been induced, at the repeated solicitation of my customers, to purchase a supply of pure Oil for their use. I have just received ten barrels of

PURE WHITE KEROSENE

Of 124 fire test. I will sell this Pure Oil cheaper than the same grade of Oil can be sold at in this city. Families using this Oil are safe. The use of the common Oils now

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is equivalent to bringing into the family destruction and death!

I have also received:

10 Tierces Fresh Cured Davis' Hams,

10 Boxes Cream Cheese, direct from the Dairy,

25 Firkins Goshen Butter, direct from the Dairy, which has all the freshness and flavor of the flowers.

5 Tierces of Baltimore Sugar-Cured Strips,

10 Barrels of Extra Mess Mackerel, averaging twenty ounces.

25 Sacks Laguayra Coffee, equal to Java.

50 Sacks of assorted Rio, by last Rio steamer.

With a full supply of

CHOICE GROCERIES.

Fresh and Good.

My stock is full, with prices low, and good times coming.

Thanking the public for their very liberal patronage, and soliciting its continuance, I will do my best to merit the same.

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Columbia, So. Ca.