Edgefield Advertiser.

DURISOE, KEESE & CO. | EDGEFIELD, S. C., JULY 3, 1867. | VOLUME XXXII.-No. 27.

M. C. BUTLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
Solicitor in Equity,
Office, Law Range,
EDGEFIELD, S. C.
Feb 27 tf 9

M. L. BONHAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
Solicitor in Equity,
EDGEFIELD, S. C.,

WILL Practice in the Courts of this State and in Augusta, Ga. Also, in the United States District and Circuit Courts for So. Ca., giving special attention to cases in Bankruptcy.
April 2nd, 3m 14

W. J. READY. JAS. T. CULBREATH.
READY & CULBREATH
Attorneys at Law
AND
SOLICITORS IN EQUITY.
EDGEFIELD, S. C.
Feb 27 tf 9

Law Notice.

THE Undersigned have associated themselves as Partners in the PRACTICE OF LAW for Edgefield District, under the style of ADAMS & LANDRUM.
W. W. ADAMS,
W. M. LANDRUM.
Jan. 8, 1867. tf 3

Medical Card.

DR. T. J. TEAGUE has moved to the Dwelling recently occupied by Mr. J. R Carwile, next door below Episcopal Church.
He may be found at the Drug Store of Teague & Carwile during the day, and at his residence during the night, when not out on professional business.
Having been engaged in the practice of Medicine, in its various branches, for the last Thirteen Years, he feels that he does not arrogate to himself undue merit when he solicits a liberal share of patronage at the hands of this community.
Jan 1 tf 1

DENTISTRY.

DR. H. PARKER respectfully announces that he is well prepared to execute in the best manner and promptly all work in the business, —and at greatly reduced figures.
Having acquainted himself with the late inestimable improvements in the profession, and secured a full stock of materials, &c., he warrants good and satisfactory work to all who may desire his services.
Edgefield, S. C., Aug. 1, tf 31

For Sheriff.

The Friends of Capt. A. P. WEST respectfully announce him as a Candidate for Sheriff of Edgefield at the next election.
Nov 7 te 45

We have been authorized by the Friends of Capt. H. BOULWARE to announce him a Candidate for Sheriff of Edgefield District at the next election.
Apr 12 te 16

For Tax Collector.

The Many Friends of D. A. J. BELL, Esq. respectfully nominate him as a Candidate for Tax Collector at the next election.
Oct 18 te 43

The many Friends of Capt. JAMES MITCHELL respectfully nominate him as a Candidate for TAX COLLECTOR at the next election.
SALUDA.
Dec 6 te 50

We have been requested by many friends of Mr. JOHN A. BARKER to announce him a Candidate for Tax Collector of Edgefield District at the ensuing election.
Oct. 2, te 4

We have been authorized by friends of Capt. STUART HARRISON to announce him a Candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for this District, at the next election.
April 9 te 15

We have been authorized by the many friends of Capt. L. YANCEY DEAN to announce him a Candidate for Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for Edgefield District at the next election.
June 20 te 27

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY

SMITH & JONES
EDGEFIELD, S. C.

THE Subscribers respectfully announce that they are now prepared to do all work in the COACH MAKING and REPAIRING BUSINESS that may be entrusted to them, in a workmanlike manner, and with neatness and dispatch.
We have on hand a few CARRIAGES and superior BUGGIES, of our own manufacture, which we will sell low.
All kinds of REPAIRING done promptly and warranted to give satisfaction.
As we sell ONLY FOR CASH, our prices are unusually reasonable. All we ask is a trial.
SMITH & JONES.
Mar 7 tf 10

WAGON AND BLACKSMITH SHOPS.

THE Undersigned gives notice that he is now prepared to have REPAIRED in a good and workmanlike manner, WAGONS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, and other Vehicles that may be brought to his Shops, at fair and reasonable prices for Cash.
NEW WAGONS, CARTS and BUGGIES will also be put up in the best style, and on as reasonable terms as can be afforded.
Having EFFICIENT and EXPERIENCED WORKMEN in my Shops, and a good supply of the BEST SEASONED TIMBER, no pains will be spared to give entire satisfaction to those who may send their work to these Shops.
W. W. ADAMS,
Sept. 26 tf

Bar Room

FOR the real pleasure and comfort of those who sometimes indulge in a social glass, I have opened in the Planters' Hotel, a FIRST CLASS BAR, well supplied with EVERY VARIETY of the BEST WINES, LIQUORS, SEGARS, &c., and under the management of a gentleman, courteous and attentive, who will at all times be in attendance to give entire satisfaction to his customers.
A. A. GLOVER, Agt.
Edgefield, Feb 12 tf 7

Magistrate's Blanks.

WE have on hand a good supply of MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS.
May 15 tf 20

The following poem by John Quincy Adams, is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. But as it is many years since it was published, it will bear a reperusal. The poem was written in July, 1840, when Mr. Adams was 73 years of age, under these circumstances: Gen. Ogle informed Mr. Adams that some young ladies in the District had requested him to obtain Mr. Adams's autograph for them. In accordance with this request, Mr. Adams wrote the following beautiful poem upon "The Wants of Man," each stanza upon a sheet of note paper:

The Wants of Man.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
[*Goldsmith's Hermitage.*

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long!"
'Tis not with me exactly so—
But 'tis so in my song;
My wants are many, and if told
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mount of gold,
I still would long for more.

* * * * * *

I want a garden and a park
My dwelling to surround—
A thousand acres, (bless the mark,)
With wall encompass'd round,
Where flocks may range and herds may low,
And kids and lambkins play—
And flowers and fruits commingled grow,
All Eden to display.

I want, when summer foliage falls,
And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city walls
For comfort and for ease—
For here, as space is somewhat scant,
And acres, rather rare,
My house in town I only want
To occupy—a square.

What next I want at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire;
Black sable furs for winter frost,
And silk for summer's fire;
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom front to deck—
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want a Steward, Butler, Cooks,
A Coachman, Footman, Grooms,
A library of well bound books,
And picture-garnished rooms,
Corregies, Magdalen and Night,
The Matron of their Chair,
Guido's fleet courses in their flight,
And Claudes at least a pair.

I want a cabinet profuse
With medals, coins and gems,
A printing press for private use,
Of fifty thousand ems;
All plants, and minerals and shells,
Worms, insects, fishes, birds;
And every beast on earth that dwells,
In solitude or herds.

I want a board of burnished plate,
Of silver and of gold,
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight
With sculptor's richest mould,
Plateaus with chandeliers and lamps,
Plates, dishes all the same;
And porcelain vases with the stamps
Of Sevres Augoulems.

And marbles of fair glossy stain,
Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain,
Must cover all my floors.
My walls with tapestry be decked,
Must never be outdone;
And damask curtains must protect
Their colors from the sun.

And mirors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought;
And sandle wood and bamboo cane,
For chairs and tables bought;
On all the mantle pieces, clocks
Of thrice-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

I want (who does not want?)—a wife,
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet—of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind;
With all my faults, to love me still,
With sentiment refined.

And as time's car incessant runs,
And fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
Formed right and nothing more.
I want (alas! can mortal dare,
On earth such bliss to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair—
The boys all wise and brave.

And when my bosom darling sings
With melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings
Must with her voice combine.
A piano exquisitely wrought
Must open stand apart;
That all my daughters may be taught,
To win the stranger's heart.

I want a warm and faithful friend
To cheer the adverse hour,
Who never to flatter will descend
Nor bend the knee to power;
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong
My inmost soul to see!
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him, as his for me.

I want a kind and tender heart,
For other's wants to feel,
A soul secure from fortune's dart,
A bosom armed with steel—
To bear divine chastisement's rod
And mingling in my plan,
Submission to the will of God,
And charity to man.

I want a keen observing eye,
An ever listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
And wisdom's voice to hear.
I want uninterrupted health,
Throughout my short career,
And streams of never failing wealth
To scatter far and near,
The destitute to clothe and feed,
Free bounty to bestow;
Supply the helpless orphan's need
And soothe the widow's woe.

I want the genius to conceive
The talents to unfold
Designs the vicious to retrive,
The virtuous to uphold.
Inventive power, combining skill;
A persevering soul,
Of human heart to mould the will,
And reach from Pole to Pole.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensign of command,
Charged with the People's unbought grace
To rule my native Land—
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask
But for my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task,
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise,
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind;
That after ages as they rise
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man,
I cannot want them long—
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly praise a song;
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is when beneath the sod,
And summond to my final call,
The mercy of my God.

And oh! while circles in my veins
Of my life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment still remains
Of nature's transient dream;
My soul in humble hope unseared
Forget not thou to pray,
That this thy want may be prepared,
To meet the judgment day.

Washington, June, 14 1840.

The Nashville freedmen are determined to insist upon their rights as men and brothers in the barber shops. They demand their "turn" with the whites.

Mrs. Lincoln is going to reside in Racine, Wisconsin. Her furniture was sold at auction in Chicago last Saturday, and brought good prices.

"SENT BY EXPRESS."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Marian Harlan was alone in the world—her mother just buried.

She was a beautiful, brown-haired girl with soft, shy eyes of violet gray, and rosy lips compressed to a firmness far beyond her years. For after all she was scarcely seventeen; and so Deacon Gray was telling her, as he sat by the fire spreading his huge hands over the tardy blaze and asked:

'But what are you going to do to earn your bread and butter, child?'

'I don't know—I haven't thought. Mamma had an uncle in New York, who'——

'Yes yes—Ive heern tell about *him*—he was mad 'cause your mother didn't marry just exactly to suit him wasn't he?'

Marian was silent. Deacon Gray waited a few minutes, hoping she would admit him into her secret meditations; but she did not, and the Deacon went away home, to tell his wife that "that Harlan gal was the very queerest creetur he ever had come across?'

In the meanwhile Marian was busy packing her few scanty things into a little carpet bag, by the weird, flickering light of the dying woodfire.

'I will go to New York,' she said to herself, setting her small pearly teeth firm together, 'My mother's uncle *shall* hear my cause pleaded through my own lips. Oh, I wish my heart would not throb so wildly! I am no longer meek Minnie Harlan; I am an orphan all alone in the world who must fight life's battles with her own single hands!'

Lower Broadway at seven o'clock P. M.! What a Babel of crashing wheels, hurrying humanity, and conglomerate noises it was! Minnie Harlan sat in the corner of an Express Office, under the flare of gaslights, surrounded by boxes, and wondered whether people ever went crazed in this perpetual dim and tumult. Her dress was very plain—gray poplin, with a shabby old fashioned little straw bonnet tied with black ribbons, and a blue veil, while her only article of baggage the carpet bag, lay in her lap. She had sat there two hours, and was very tired.

'Poor little thing,' thought the dark-haired young clerk nearest her, who inhabited a sort of wire cage under a circlet of gaslights. And then he took up his pen, and plunged into a perfect Atlantic Ocean of accounts.

'Mr. Evans!'

'Sir!'

The dark-haired clerk emerged from his cage with his pen behind his ear in obedience to the beckoning finger of his superior.

'I have noticed that young woman sitting here for some time—how came she here?'

'Expressed on sir, from Millington, Iowa—arrived this afternoon.'

As though poor Minnie Harlan were a box or a paper parcel.

'Who for?'

'Consigned to Walter Harrington, Esquire.'

'I sent up to Mr. Harrington's address to notify him some time ago; I expect an answer every moment.'

'Very odd,' said the gray-headed gentleman, taking up his newspaper.

'Yes, sir rather.'

Some three quarters of an hour afterwards, Frank Evans came to the pale girl's side with an indescribable pity in his hazel eyes.

'Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr. Harrington's residence'——

Minnie looked up with a feverish red upon her cheek, and her hands clasped tightly on the handle of the faded carpet bag.

'—And we regret to inform you that he sailed for Europe at twelve o'clock this day.'

A sudden blur came over Minnie's eyes—she trembled like a leaf. In all her calculations, she had made no allowance for an exigency like this.

'Can we do anything further for you?' questioned the young clerk, politely.

'Nothing—no one can do anything *now*.'

Frank Evans had been turning away, but something in the piteous tone of her voice appealed to every manly instinct within him.

'Shall I send to any other of your friends?'

'I have no friends.'

'Perhaps I can have your things sent to some quiet family hotel?'

Minnie opened her little leather purse and showed him two ten cents pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear.

'This is all the money I have in the world, sir!'

So young, so beautiful, and so desolate! Frank Evans had been a New Yorker all his life, but he had never met with an exactly parallel case to this. He bit the end of his pen in dire perplexity.

'But what are you going to do?'

'I don't know, sir. Isn't there a work-house, or some such place, I could go to until I could find something to do?'

'Hardly.' Frank Evans could scarcely help smiling at poor Minnie's simplicity.

'They are putting out the lights, and preparing to close the office, said Minnie, starting nervously to her feet. I must go—somewhere.

'Miss Harlan,' said Frank, quietly, 'my home is a very poor one—I am only a five hundred dollar clerk—but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof for a day or two, if you can trust me.'

'Trust you?' Minnie looked at him through violet eyes obscured in tears. 'Oh, sir, I should be so thankful!'

'How late you are Frank! Here, give me your overcoat—It is powdered with snow, and'——

But Frank interrupted his bustling, cherry-cheeked little mother, as she stood on tip toe to take off his outer wrappings.

'Hush, mother! there is a young lady down stairs.'

'A young Lady, Frank?'

'Yes, mother; expressed on from Iowa to old Harrington, the rich merchant. He sailed for Europe this morning, and she is left entirely alone. Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I knew you wouldn't refuse her a corner here until she could find something to do.'

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerily out:

'Come up stairs, my dear—you're as welcome as flowers in May! Frank, you did quite right; you always do.'

The days and weeks passed on, and still Minnie Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evan's humble dwelling. 'It seems just as though she had taken our dead Blanche's place,' said the cosy little widow; 'and she is so useful a out the house. I don't know how I ever managed without her."

'Now, Minnie, you are not in earnest about leaving us to-morrow?'

'I must dear Mrs. Evans only think—I have been here two months to-morrow; and the situation of governess is very advantageous.'

'Very well. I shall tell Frank how obstinate you are.'

'Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't! Please keep my secret.'

"What secret is it to be so religiously kept?" asked Mr. Frank Evans, coolly walking into the midst of the discussion, with his dark hair tossed about by the wind, and his hazel-brown eyes sparkling archly.

'Secret!' repeated Mrs. Evans energetically wiping her dim spectacle glasses. 'Why Harlan is determined to leave us to-morrow.'

'Minnie?'

'I must Frank. I have no right further to trespass on your kindness.'

'No right eh? Minnie, do you know that the old house has been a different house since you came into it? Do you suppose we want to lose our little sunbeam?'

Minnie smiled sadly, but her hand felt very cold and passive in Frank's warm grasp.

'You'll stay, Minnie?'

'No.' She shook her head determinedly.

'Then you must be *made* to stay,' said Frank. 'I've missed something of great value lately, and I hereby arrest you on suspicion of the theft!'

'Missed something?' Minnie rose, turning red and white. 'Oh, Frank, you never can suspect me!'

'But I do suspect you. In fact I am quite sure that the article is in your possession.'

'The article!'

'My heart, Miss Minnie! Now look here: I know I am very young and very poor, but I love you, Minnie Harlan, and I will be a good and true husband to you. Stay and be my little wife!'

So Minnie Harlan, instead of going out as governess, according to the programme, married the dark-haired young clerk in Ellison's Express Office.

They were very [illegible] married, early in the morning, and Frank took Minnie home to his mother, and then went calmly about his business in the wire cage, under the circlet of gas lights.

'Evans!'

'Yes, sir.'

Frank, with his pen behind his ear as of yore, quietly obeyed the behest of the gray-headed official.

'Do you remember the young woman who was expressed on from Millington, Iowa, two months since?'

'Yes, sir—I remember her.'

A tall, silver-haired gentleman here interposed with eager quickness:

'Where is she? I am her uncle Walter Harrington. I have just returned from Paris, when the news of her arrival reached me. I want her; she is the only living relative left me!'

'Ah! but, sir,' said Frank, 'you can't have her.'

'Can't have her! What do you mean? Has anything happened?'

'Yes, sir something has happened: Miss Harlan was married to me this morning.'

Walter Harrington stared.

'Take me to her,' he said, hoarsely. 'I can't be parted from my only living relative for a mere whim.'

'I wonder if he calls the marriage service and wedding ring mere whims,' thought honest Frank; but he obeyed in silence.

'Minnie,' said the old man, in faltering accents, 'you will come to me and be the daughter of my old age? I am rich, Minnie, and you are all I have in the world.'

But Minnie stole her hand through her husband's arm.

'Dearest uncle, *he* was kind to me when I was desolate and alone. I cannot leave my husband, Uncle Walter,—I love him!'

'Then you must both of you come and be my children,' said the old man, doggedly. 'And you must come *now*, for the great house is as lonely as a tomb.'

Frank Evans is an express clerk no longer, and pretty Minnie moves in velvet and diamonds; but they are quite as happy as they were in the old time and that is saying enough. Uncle Walter Harrington grows older and feebler every day, and his two children are the sunshine of his declining life.

Gen. R. E. Lee.

The London *Standard* pays the following tribute—no less just than eloquent—to General Robert E. Lee:

"There is no living hero—there are few, if any, among those whose names shine with the purest lustre in history—whose character has commanded so high a tribute of affection and admiration from their friends, of respect and honor from their foes, as that of General Lee. No life more perfectly heroic, no reputation more untarnished even by the minor blemishes which are not uncommonly found in union with the highest heroism, has ever been connected with a great national struggle. No shade of vanity or egotism, nothing of the self-will or petulance so often characteristic of conscious genius, no tinge of affectation, no taint even of the pride almost inseparable from ordinary greatness of mind, which can endure everything but humiliation, and regards submission as disgrace, alloy the simple grandeur of the Virginian soldier's nature. A piety without the slightest shadow of Pharisaism, a sense of duty to which the sacrifice of every personal feeling and interest appears a mere matter of course, have marked his whole course and guided his every public act, whether as a soldier or as a citizen. A family connection and the nearest living representative of the great champion of American Independence, General Lee has been the Washington of the Confederate war; like Washington, a man "whom envy dared not hate," but without the one dark stain of doubt, if not of his honor, which the death of Major Andre has left on the memory of his prototype.

"No more selfless man and stainless gentleman" ever lived; no soldier ever set a more admirable example of the soldiery virtues of honor, chivalric generosity, and manly simplicity; no great man ever retired into obscurity, after witnessing alike the ruin of his cause and the destruction of his private fortunes, with more Christian patience and unshaken fortitude. Brought up in the political faith which, up to 1860, was never questioned in the South, and generally held throughout the Union, that the States were sovereign powers with a paramount and inalienable claim on the allegiance of their citizens—born in a State which had, on entering the Union, formally reserved her sovereign character and the right of resuming her independence—when Virginia quitted the Union Gen Lee conceived that the Union was no longer his country; and, abandoning his commission and career in the Federal service, he tendered his sword to his native State. Like several others among the military and civil chiefs of the Confederacy, he was not a secessionist, but simply a Virginian; he did not choose a party, but followed what seemed to him the clear and unmistakable path of duty."

MARRIAGE LAW IN GERMANY.—Among the antiquated laws and customs of some of the smaller German States which will be abolished on their annexation to Prussia, not the least curious are those relating to marriage. In Electoral Hesse no man was allowed to to marry if under twenty-two years of age, and no woman if under eighteen. The result of this somewhat severe law was, that while in other countries girls try to make people believe they are "sweet seventeen" for many years after they have left school, the Hessian young ladies often declare themselves to be eighteen years old long before they have reached that age. The Prussian authorities, however, will change all that, the law of Prussia making the minimum marriageable age eighteen for a man and fourteen for a woman. In Wurtemburg men are not allowed to marry under twenty-five, except by special dispensation. A curious law, said to date from the time of the Visigoths, also exist in that country, forbidding any woman to marry a man twelve years younger than herself. In the other German States similar anomalies occur. Thus in Saxony the minimum marriageable age for a man is twenty-one; for a woman there is no restriction. In Austria a boy of fourteen may marry a girl of twelve; while in Baden marriages where the bridegroom is under twenty-five, or the bride under eighteen, are not allowed unless sanctioned by the police authorities.

A married man in Williamsburg, aged forty, ran away with his wife's niece, aged twenty-five, on Tuesday last.

A Curious Contrast.

History will hereafter record the particulars of a strange contrast in the fortunes of two brothers, sons of Francis Joseph, Archduke of Austria. Educated with great care and encouraged to look forward with high expectations, they were regarded when they arrived at their majority as the most accomplished princes of the age. The eldest, Francis Joseph, Jr., in consequence of the abdication of Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria, and the renunciation of his claim to the throne by Francis Joseph, Sr., became years ago invested with the imperial purple, and has ever since maintained his position as one of the great powers of Europe. His brother, Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, was educated at Vienna, and has always maintained a high reputation as a scholar and a gentleman. When he ruled as Viceroy in Venetia, much as the Venetians hated their conquerors, they could not withhold from him the meed of their admiration. In speaking of him, the citizens of Venice used to say that they had only one fault with him: "He was an Austrian!"

After being removed from the vice royalty, he devoted himself to literary and scientific pursuits till 1863, when, at the instance of Louis Napoleon, he accepted the informally tendered crown of Mexico. Since then, we are all more or less familiar with his history.

His hopes, once so high, have been completely shattered, and he is now an almost hopeless prisoner in the hands of the Indian-Mexican, Juarez. While his "august brother," Francis Joseph, was prancing up the sacred mound of Hungary on his gold-shod steed, with the ancient crown of St. Stephen glittering on his brow, the unfortunate Maximilian was subject to indignities by infuriate foemen, and the fatal diadem of Mexico, which had lured him from his home across the sea, was rudely trampled in the dust of Queretaro. The newly annointed King of Hungary waved his sword defiantly toward the four points of the compass and vowed to defend the kingdom against all comers; and—bitter contrast—the poor war-worn Maximilian handed his sword about the same time, to his blood thirsty conqueror! Such is the story of two brothers, and the world, strangely enough, says that the least fortunate is the better of the two.

Should the Liberals of Mexico execute the unfortunate prince, the citizens of Venice, notwithstanding the prejudices of race, will mourn his untimely death no less than his fellow countrymen of Vienna, and should an expedition be organized in Europe to avenge his death—such a thing is not altogether improbable—foremost among the young Hotspurs of Europe who are likely to volunteer for such a service will be certain of the Italian youths who fought against Maximilian's countrymen—their hereditary foes—on the fields of Magenta, Solferino or Custezza.—New Orleans Times.

From the Colorado Times, May 30.

Horrible Encounter with a Grizzly Bear.

On Tuesday morning, as a young man named Vance, son of Mr. John Vance, of Bear Creek, was going up the cannon, he came across a grizzly bear. Upon approaching within a few yards he fired, when the bear fell. Not being well acquainted with the nature of bears, young Vance advanced for the purpose of dispatching him, but the bear quietly awaiting his approach, arose on his hind legs, and struck the gun from his hands at the moment he was about to fire. The bear immediately gave another blow, and tore open the flesh above Vance's right eye, cutting two severe gashes, and tearing the flesh from the bone. One nail of the bear at the same time caught the nasal bone at its root, and tore a portion of it away, and passing along, tore out the left eye. The bear then commenced hugging, at the same time chewing and lacerating him in a fearful manner. He dislocated his wrist, broke his fore-arm, and tore the flesh from both hands. He also bit his left knee severely, and cut a frightful gash across the fleshy portion of the limb above, bit through the fleshy part below the knee, and tore both limbs from the knee down to the ankle, and laid down on the young man. After both remaining quiet for some time, the bear moved off, and Vance ventured to get up and make his escape.

ANARCHY IN NORTH CAROLINA—MURDERS COMMITTED BY NEGROES.—*Wilmington, N. C., June 16.*—An atrocious murder was committed in Lenoir county, in this State, a few days since, by a party of eight or ten negroes. They went to the house of Mr. J. T. Miller, and finding Mrs. Miller in the room adjoining the kitchen, ordered her to go into the house, which she refused to do, whereupon she was shot in the head by one of the party and instantly killed. They then went into the field where Miller was ploughing and bound him with the plough lines, took him to the house to see the dead body of his wife, then carried him into the woods, a distance of about half a mile, and hung him to a tree, where his body was found the next day. No cause is assigned for this diabolical deed, and no arrests have been made that we have heard of. Miller leaves seven children.

A company of cavalry has been ordered from Wilmington, N. C., to proceed into Lenoir and Green counties for the purpose of arresting outrages on persons and property in that part of the State. Several atrocious murders have occurred there lately, and no protection for property exists.

THE WAY TO FIGHT INDIANS.—A special correspondent of the Missouri *Democrat* grows savage over the Indian troubles, judging from the following little bit of advice he gives the Government:

The only way to fight Indians, at least the Sioux and Cheyennes, is to permit five hundred prairie settlers—men who have lived on the plains from boyhood—men who are skilled in all the devious ways of the savage, to go after them. These men can readily be found in the States of Kansas, Nebraska, and that portion of the Territory of Colorado that juts out on the plains, eastward of the Rocky Mountains. For their services, the captured ponies and other trophies will prove sufficient recompense. Let the Government but proclaim that for the sake of economy, and a speedy solution of the Indian question, it is willing that Western volunteers leap into the saddle without drum or sounding cavalry bugle. Their incentive to the self imposed task would be the wailing of Western mothers for their first-born, strong, bearded men moaning for their sons, brothers sighing for outraged sisters, lingering in servile bondage in the wigwams of their vile captors. No maudlin sentimentality, we opine, would find room in their bosoms. Everything would be forgotten, unheard, save the furious cry for revenge! When these men have chastened the Indians after their own fashion, let Eastern missionaries mingle with the subdued and conquered tribes, and complete the good work. If any Indians were left, after the swords of the destroying Avengers, the missionaries, doubtless, would find eager listeners to the Gospel, and the Christian shepherds willing flocks. The Gospel would be as a balm of Gilead to the stricken ones, and the nomadic sons of Ishmael would become civilized citizens of the great republic.

Colored women with picaninnies do a thriving business in Mobile by lending out their infants to such of the freedmen as may be brought before the Mayor's Court. It is reported as a fact that a colored woman with a child in her arms receives no punishment for the most disorderly conduct at the hands of the soft-hearted Mayor.

News and Miscellaneous Items.

A correspondent of the Griffin *Herald* says that the stinking weed known as "dog fennel," if cut at this season of the year and dried, is the very best hay that can be given to stock of all kinds. He says that when dried it is sweet and nutritive. We can't help having our doubts, but hope that some one will try it on a small scale and report results.

A man in Northampton, Mass., has sued his brother for twenty dollars for the board of himself and wife during a visit which they paid him three years ago, when first married.

Sarah Jennings, wife of Marlborough, wrote the Duke of Somerset when he offered her marriage: "If I were young and handsome as I was, instead of old and faded as I am, and you could lay the empire of the world at my feet, you should never share the heart and hand that once belonged to John, the Duke of Marlborough."

The friends of a celebrated wit expressed some surprise that, at his age, and with his fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it necessary to marry. "A wife was necessrry," he said; "my acquaintances began to say that I drank too much for a single man."

Galveston, Texas, it is estimated by the authorities of that city, now has a population of 22,500, an increase since 1860 of about 13,500. Of the present population, 17,500 are whites, and 5,000 colored.

AN UNEXPECTED DANGER.—One of the spread eagle Radicals, at the meeting on Monday night, wanted the wings of a bird that he might fly to every village and hamlet of the State, and carry the glad tidings of reconstruction. A boy near the door sung out: "Dry up, you —— old fool, you'd get shot for a goose before you flew a mile."—Montgomery Mail.

AN OPINION.—An Ohio stumper, while making a speech, paused in the midst of it and exclaimed: "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and, with one eye partially closed, modestly replied: "I think, sir, I do, indeed, sir, I think if you and I were to stump the country together, we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir, and I'd not say a word myself during the whole time, sir."

Rub your body well with vinegar, and the flea will cut your acquaintance as quick as his elastic legs will carry him off.

Among the Chinese the anticipation of death is distressing. Their imagination has invented no less than ten hells. One consists of a hell stuck full of knives; another of an iron boiler, filled with boiling water; a third, a hell of ice; in another is pulling out the tongues of those who tell lies; another is a hell of poisonous serpents; in another the victim is drawn into pieces, another is a hell of blackness and darkness; and you may hear them praying in one, "May I not fall into the hell of swords!" and another this or that place of torment.

An ill looking fellow was asked how he could account for Nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature was not to blame," said he, "for when I was two months of age I was considered the handsomest child in the neighborhood, but my nurse, to revenge herself upon my parents for some fancied injury at their hands, one day *swapped me away* for another boy, belonging to a friend of hers, whose child was rather plain looking."

A cotemporary says: "Charles Sumner is one of those vain and insolent beings whose manner constantly says, 'I thank God that I am not like other men.' And all decent people ought continually to say, "we thank God that we are not like Charles Sumner."

Prentice says: "A New York paper says that suicide is becoming alarmingly prevalent in that city." We fear that there are few cities where it could prevail with greater advantage to the world at large.

TIT FOR TAT.—An Illinois farmer recently went to Indiana, commenced proceedings for a divorce, and, returning home, lived with his wife as usual. In due time he received a copy of the decree in divorce, which he put in his pocket for future use. But the wife soon heard of it from another source, and, leaving him, procured a copy of the Indiana record, and sued her husband for alimony.

Gen. Howard has applied to the War Department for a detail of twenty officers for his Bureau. The application was not complied with, as government finds it difficult to muster enough for registration boards in the South.

A mortgage has just been recorded in Iowa, from the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad Company to John A. Stewart and Wm. H. Osborn, of New York, for the sum of nine million dollars. The revenue stamps amounted to nine thousand dollars.

Hon. George H. Pendleton on the Situation.

Hon. George H. Pendleton, by the invitation of the Democratic Club of Urbana, Ohio, made a political address, not long since, in the course of which he said:

The old political system passed away in 1861, and another was adopted. Its little finger is heavier than the whole body of that which it superseded. No longer do we ask, Have we a Government? Its Argus eyes seek every-where the accumulation of labor and capital, and its Briarian arms are ever grasping all those eyes can see. Its vast military and naval establishments have risen with portentous mein, and overshadow the civil administration in nearly one half the country. There is no doubt that we have a Government—a strong one—strong in the number of men whom it can conscript; strong in the treasure it can raise by taxation; strong in its power to evade the rights of the States and the liberties of the citizens: strong in its capacity to override the Constitution; strong as Rome was strong, east and west, under the Emperors, strong as France was strong under the reign of terror and the guillotine; but weak as they were weak when the Goths and Vandals avenged on the seven hilled city the wrongs of Germans, or when the blood of the murdered Danton choked the despairing Robespierre.

After reviewing the political history of the country for the past six years, he contended that the party in control of the Government having become revolutionists, will go on from one point to another from the reconstruction of 1867 to the confiscation scheme of Thaddeus Stevens, and from that to whatever else the frenzy of the times may prompt, till the reaction shall come, and the people, sated and wearied, shall drive them from power, even though it may be through blood. Continuing, he said:

"I see among many good men a tendency to despair. I see among my own friends a tendency to give up all for lost. They have lost hope—they have lost courage—their despondency counsels inaction. The newspapers, the public speeches, but above all, the private conversations, incite the feeling. Gentlemen, I do not sympathize with it. I have high hope for the future. I see the dangers that are before us. I see a long and weary way. I see a long and exhausting struggle, in which success will vary from the one side to the other. I do not conceal from myself that it may be a struggle of the sword. Many of us may go down with the harness on in the midst of the fight, but hope fills my heart, and the magnitude of the prize nerves my arm."

An Able Article on the Debt Question.

From the Sumter Watchman.

Mr. Editor:—In your issue of the 22nd may, of your always welcome journal, I observe an editorial upon the subject of the forthcoming Convention, its probable policy in relation to the adjustment of the question of debt, &c.

I must beg leave to offer you my congratulations upon the bold, manly and independent position you have assumed in the article alluded to. I believe you are in advance of any other journal in the State upon this question, but you need not fear; your position is one which will stand the test of investigation, criticism and experience. It has been taken, no doubt, deliberately, and after sober reflection upon the grave difficulties of our peculiar and embarrassing situation.

The declaration you have made that, with the death of slavery—the destruction of slave property, the representations of its value were also destroyed, is at once true, just and necessary—a result of the times—the enunciation of the result of the great and radical revolution through which we have been and are still passing.

The policy you have indicated of adjusting the debt of the country must surely engage the attention of the Convention now to be called. It is one of the most vital questions to the well being and prosperity of the community. Nothing is so harrassing and destructive to our industrial interests as the present uncertain condition in which the question of debt remains. The debts contracted for negro property are mainly owed by planters and farmers. These debts remain, in most instances, pretty much in original figures, with interest from date, and in many cases cost added. Those figures, as you know, before the war, were for many years very high, and with interest alone, without cost, creates a load of debt which will completely crush the energies of our working men. They see that all of their slave property is now gone, and yet they are called on to pay for the very slaves who have been liberated. Where estates are much involved in this respect, these old debts will swallow up not only the earnings of planters and farmers under the new system of labor, but the entire real estate with them, and then leave the debt unliquidated. Under these circumstances, where is the inducement to work? Industry and enterprise must languish, despair seize upon our people and want and starvation blast their hopes forever.

We hear much pleasant talk about the state of the country, and various plans and speculations are projected as to the future, but there are very few of us who fully appreciate the great and overwhelming change which has and must take place in our circumstances. Old things have indeed passed away, and all things have become new. We have yet to realize the great fact that slavery, the very substratum of the wealth and prosperity of the South, has been swept away, and with its loss all securities of whatever character, are more or less impaired, if not entirely destroyed. This truth our people are slow to understand. This justice our Legislators, our Lawyers, our Courts are slow to meet out to the honest working men of the land, but they now see this fact as it really exists for themselves, and will take care of their own interests, and those who would hinder the course of justice, had better stand aside and take the best care they can of their own.

To prove the truth of the proposition that all securities are more or less impaired if not destroyed by the abolition of slavery look at the current price of land—the value of Real Estate is merely nominal. What are Bank notes worth, which are contracts—promises to pay dollar for dollar? These bills can be bought for 10 to 40 per cent of the face—so of the stock market, so of every thing except provisions. Yet when we come to the question of individual liability—personal bond and security, we are told, forsooth, that these are very sacred instruments, that they are *contracts*, that they are protected by the *Constitution*, &c., &c. We have the opinion of our Court of Errors, which is irrevokable—interference is impracticable and hopeless, nothing can be done, and settlement must be made through the Courts, according to face and figures of the original papers. Wonder if Order No. 10 affects contracts? Oh these contracts—these veritable individual Contracts! What wonderful things they are. While all things around us, moral, political and physical, are undergoing change, these contracts are immutable. Wars may come and sweep away every thing valuable as with the besom of destruction, but contracts stand in "*statu quo*." Wonder if any of them survived the flood, or if in these latter days of invention and discovery, by insurance or fire-proof safes, some may not be preserved from the final catastrophe, and transferred for final adjudication and settlement, I dont know where?

But I will not indulge in this vein any longer. I am in earnest, and I suppose those who hold opposite views are also. I am an advocate of conservatism in general, and the objections urged to the reduction or rescinding of debts are applicable in a general way. If the great industrial interests of our country were settled—if there was any established state of things—if our people had property and would not pay their just debts—if they had value received and were in the enjoyment of the same, these arguments against interference by legislation or otherwise with contracts would be entirely right, and the man who, under such circumstances, would disturb them would be an unwise and imprudent agitator, but under present circumstances that view is one-sided, narrow-minded, unjust and oppressive.

Contracts are already impaired, not by the act of the debtor or creditor, but by war—public war, which involved every interest of the whole country during its progress. Every thing was staked upon the issue of it, and all or very nearly all has been lost. Not enough remains of the wreck to re-establish the interests of society—to feed and clothe our population and furnish capital to employ labor and build up the necessary and important enterprises for the resuscitation of our fallen fortunes. All our estates are hopelessly broken down for a generation to come—our energies paralyzed for want of means—all our interests completely uprooted—our labor system changed—everything is in uncertainty, confusion and distrust, and above all, we are in the midst of starvation and want.

In this issue of unfortunate circumstances, then, I ask if it is possible to settle the debts of the country through the medium of the courts? I answer unhesitatingly it cannot be done. You cannot manufacture money by the service of Writs, or lodging Fi Fas in the Sheriff's office to make what is "*non est inventus*." The machinery of the law can be put in operation successfully to collect debts where there is property in the country out of which to make the money, and that property has any value, which comparatively speaking is not the case now; and it is useless to demonstrate in Court Houses over defunct contracts and call upon our citizens to perform impossibilities.

The late so called Confederate States constitute the poorest community now upon the face of the civilized globe. The whites are completely overreached with debt and disturbed in all their relations, social, political and industrial. The blacks are in no better condition—emancipated it is true, but penny-less and to a great extent in want; petted indeed by Northern men for their votes, but getting no money in their pockets, both suffering for the necessaries of life and dependent for bread upon a distant section. Liens have been given by almost every one, upon the growing crop, to support life and carry on labor. The provision crop of this year must be half consumed before the usual time of harvesting, at any rate by January, and all or nearly all, the clear profits of labor—I believe, in nine cases out of ten, all, will go to pay current expenses. The country must be in about as bad a condition next year as it is this. To talk then about the collection of paper, dollar for dollar, given in prosperous times before the war, is either dogged perverseness or stolid stupidity.

This pitifully unfortunate condition is the result of the war. No individual is to blame. We are overwhelmed and ruined. We must work out of our difficulties upon the eternal principles of right and justice. If we adopt these as our polar star, we may again expect the blessings of Heaven and the good wishes of mankind, and not until we do can we claim them.

Then we say, most emphatically, large *retrenchment of debts generally, entire repudiation of all debts for negro property*, is the only policy that can save this impoverished State from utter ruin, and give her any prosperity in the future.—More Anon.

OBSERVER.

Fall in the City Stocks.

The reason, why the stocks due by the City of Charleston, fell ten per cent. under General Sickles' orders, it is not difficult to understand.

The corporation over the City of Charleston, was established by the State of South Carolina, with certain powers, to preserve the peace, and promote the interests of its citizens. Having granted these powers, they are inviolable by the State itself, as has been determined by the Supreme Court of the United States. Amongst these powers, is the power to borrow money, and to lay taxes to repay it to those from whom it is borrowed. The corporation has exercised these powers, and now owes largely and has laid taxes on licenses for the retailing of spiritous liquors to meet these debts, and its other obligations. General Sickles has interferred, and has done what neither the State of South Carolina nor the Congress of the United States, has any right to do. He has ordered that the licenses already granted by the corporation of Charleston, and paid for, shall be either refunded to the licensees to whom they were granted, or shall be applied to the use of free schools or the poor—a loss to the city of many thousands in cash besides the disastrous effect on the city credit—the ruin to individuals and families, and the heavy losses of householders. Here, in the *first* place, is an *ex post facto* law, annulling contracts, perfectly legal in their creation, and paid for and completed, by the licensees; and in the *second* place, a flagrant appropriation and disposition of the money in the treasury of the city corporation, according to his arbitrary volition. Now every one can see, that such an exercise of despotic power, must be fatal to the credit of the city. General Sickles may suppose that he is appropriating the money in the city treasury to very useful and humane purposes. But the creditor who holds the city bonds cannot but see that under such an exercise of power, he has lost all security for the payment of his debt. If General Sickles can take the money from the city treasury arising from the taxes on licenses, for the sale of liquors,—he may also take the money arising from taxes on theatres, billiard saloons, bowling alleys, brokers' shops, auction sales, the poll tax—anything. He virtually proclaims, under his order No. 32, that the treasury of the city is under his absolute control; and that the city corporation itself, either in the laying or appropriation of the taxes, authorized by its charter, is a nullity, excepting just so far as he shall determine that it may exercise these powers. How far General Sickles will or will not stretch out the power he has assumed, no one—probably not even General Sickles himself—can now determine. Circumstances often push us into advanced positions, we never at first anticipated. The holders of city bonds may be perfectly safe in the future under Gen. Sickles' administration. But they do not know Gen. Sickles; much less, what may be his advanced policy—heretofore always advancing. They only see that their creditor is under military order No. 32, and that funds raised to fulfill its obligations, are controlled and appropriated by another authority. Is it at all surprising, that they should feel that their property vested in city stocks is insecure; and that others should refuse to take them, excepting at a heavy decline in value. The fall of ten per cent, has already depreciated their property in these Stocks to the amount of hundreds of thousands.

In presenting the above views, we beg leave to say, that we intend in no way to impugn the motives of General Sickles, in the powers he has exercised. They may be of the most exalted purity. We do not judge them. But we all know, that the most cruel deeds recorded in history, have been done, from the most conscientious motives. The father, in Massachusetts, who, the other day beat his little child, only two years old to death—justifies his act on the ground that he was only fulfilling his duty, in teaching and compelling obedience. Our business is simply with Order No. 32, to show clearly its consequences on the credit and finances of our city.

It is greatly to be hoped that General Sickles will reconsider this matter, for the good of this community.—Charleston Mercury.

POSTMASTERS NOT DISFRANCHISED.—The opinion has prevailed generally in the South that all persons who were Postmasters before the war, and afterward gave aid and comfort to the Confederate cause, were disfranchised. This is not true.

Previous to 1862, the oath required of Postmasters and Mail carriers did not contain the clause "to support the Constitution of the U. S." Below, we give the oath as it was taken by all the officers *after*, the year 1825 and *previous* to 1862:

I, ———, do swear, or affirm (as the case may be), that I will faithfully perform all the duties required of me, and abstain from everything forbidden by the laws in relation to the establishment of the post offices and post roads within the United States. See publication, in 1857, of post office laws, under the head of organization and miscellaneous—section 9.

GOV. PERRY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—This gentleman, says the Montgomery *Advertiser*, is one of those who were so anxious to have the States accept his bantling of qualified negro suffrage last fall, and who after a life time of opposition to the views of the Southern people has suddenly grown wonderfully warlike. He has gone regularly into the publishing business, and inflicts column after column upon the suffering people of South Carolina, against a Convention as contemplated by the Sherman law. As the Charleston *Mercury* is much more thought of in that State than Gov. Perry, and as it combats his views on the Convention question, he is likely to remain as he always was in South Carolina, an Ishmaelite, a political wanderer and refugee.

"Register and vote" for a Convention that will accept the Sherman law is the true policy, and with the present lights before us, we counsel all men to follow it.

Sarah Turner has recovered $10,000 from J. W. Sidle, of Zanesville, Ohio, for breach of promise of marriage.