Edgefield Advertiser.

BY D. R. DURISOE. EDGEFIELD, S. C., JULY 13, 1871. VOLUME XXXV.—No. 29.

COTTON STATES Life Insurance Company,

Principal Office, Macon, Ga.

THE business of this STRICTLY SOUTHERN and HOME COMPANY is confined by law to legitimate Life Insurance alone.

Policies issued on all the approved Mutual plans. It also issues Policies at Stock rates, 25 per cent. under the mutual rate. But it does not advise its patrons to insure on the Stock plan, that plan being very expensive in the long run.

It is known that dividends in a good Mutual Company will average about 65 per cent., especially at the South and West, where investments bring good returns.

90 per cent. of profits on the Mutual business divided annually amongst all the Mutual-Policy Holders without exception.

One-third Loan on Premiums given when desired. Interest charged only upon first loan.

Where all Cash is paid, Policies will become self-sustaining; that is, pay out, and have 50 per cent. added to their faces, which is one-third more than the original sum insured.

Ample provision against forfeiture of Policies in the expressed terms of the contract.

The Company will always purchase its Policies at their Cash value.

We offer the people of the State the same financial security as Northern Companies, the accumulating premiums of the insured, and in addition thereto a Capital commencing with $500,000!

Millions of dollars have annually hitherto been lost to the active circulation of the South, in payment of premiums in Northern Companies. In benefits derived from the investments made by these Companies in Northern real estate and securities, our people can never share on equal terms. Let then sustain our own Life Enterprise, and thus keep our money and the profits too at home.

Officers at Macon, Ga:

WM. B. JOHNSTON, President.
WM. S. HOLT, Vice-President.
GEO. S. OBEAR, Secretary.
JOHN W. BURKE, General Agent.
C. F. McCAY, Actuary.
W. J. MAGILL, Superintendent of Agencies.
JAS. MERCER GREEN, Medical Examiner.

☞The Cotton States Company is a Georgia and South Carolina enterprise, is a good Company, and is now fully identified with the interests of our people. This State is ably represented in the general management by South Carolina Directors.

LAVALL & ABNEY,
General Agents for North and South Carolina.

WM. J. LAVALL, Esq., Office, Columbia, S. C.,
M. W. ABNEY, M. D., Edgefield, S. C.
June 7 tf 24

New Spring Dry Goods!

James W. Turley,

BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.,

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS,

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM NEW YORK, and is now fully prepared to offer to the public a completely assorted Stock of SEASONABLE FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS.

Great care has been taken to supply each Department with *EVERYTHING NEW AND FASHIONABLE*, as well as the more staple articles of the Trade.

The Cash System will be Strictly Adhered to, and it is much cheaper to pay 25 per cent. for money, and buy your Dry Goods for Cash, than to buy them on time.

The best judges of Dry Goods, and the closest buyers, are particularly requested to examine my present schedule of prices.

JAMES W. TURLEY.
Mar 29 tf 14

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS!

But such is a fact! And if you want fine LIQUOR, either by the Gallon or Bottle, go to SANDERS' DRUG STORE, and you will get a PURE ARTICLE at low figures. All LIQUORS warranted. Examine for yourselves, which is highest proof.
June 7 tf 24

SPRING AND SUMMER SUPPLIE.

M. O'DOWD,

Wholesale Grocer

—AND—

Commission Merch'nt

283 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.,

HAS NOW ON HAND a Full and Complete Stock of CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES and PLANTERS SUPPLIES, among which may be found the following:—

100 Hhds. BACON,	10 Bbls. COGNAC BRANDY,
50 Bbls. LARD,	30 Bbls. CORN WHISKEY,
500 " FLOUR, all grades,	100 " RYE WHISKEY,
50 Hhds. SUGAR,	10 " APPLE BRANDY,
300 Sks. COFFEE,	20 " GIN and RUM,
300 Boxes SOAP,	20 " SHERRY & PORT WINE
200 " CANDLES,	200 M. SEGARS, various grades,
100 " STARCH,	150 Boxes TOBACCO,
100 " SODA,	200 Doz. BUCKETS,
5000 Bushels CORN,	50 Doz BROOMS,
3000 " OATS,	50 Nests TUBS,
500 Sacks SALT,	50 Hhds. MOLASSES,
100 Cases LYE and POTASH,	100 Bbls. SYRUP.

All Goods will be sold Very Low. Give me a Call.
May 2 tf 19

GLENN SPRINGS,

SPARTANBURG COUNTY, S. C.

THIS Delightful Watering Place will be open for Visitors, June 1st, 1871.

Being situated in the Northern part of the State, in a section remarkable for delightful climate, beauty and healthfulness, together with the virtues of its waters, make it one of the most desirable watering places to be found.

The Medicinal qualities of this water are not excelled, and are a sovereign remedy for all Female Diseases—all Diseases of long standing—Diseases of the Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Bladder, Stomach, Eruptions of the Skin, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Syphilis, &c.

Arrangements will be made to accommodate a large number of visitors.

The best Music will be in attendance to enliven the Ball Room. Fancy Balls during the Season.

Ten Pin Alley, Billiard Saloon and Croquet for the amusement of the guests.

A Livery will be kept at moderate charges.

CHARGES.

$2.50 per day. $20 to $45 per month, according to room. Cottages to Rent at $25 to $50 for Season.

Stages from Jonesville direct to Hotel.

W. D. FOWLER,
June 7 Proprietor. 1m 24

J. M. NEBLETT. | W. H. GOODRICH

Cotton Gin

MANUFACTORY.

THE Undersigned respectfully announce to the people of Edgefield and adjoining Counties, that they are still engaged in the manufacture of

Cotton Gins,

Of the well known and highly approved OGLESBY PATTERN.

MR. NEBLETT, who has fourteen years' practical experience in making these GINS, will give his personal attention to the business, and we feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to those favoring us with their orders.

EVERY GIN WARRANTED.

Old Gins RENOVATED or REPAIRED in the best manner.

NEBLETT & GOODRICH,
At Goodrich's Machine Works.

☞Capt. LEWIS JONES, of Edgefield, is our authorized Agent, and all orders received by him will meet with prompt attention.
May 2 3m 19

Patent Medicines.

JUST Received a large and fresh assortment of PATENT MEDICINES of all kinds.

G. L. PENN, Druggist.
May 24 tf 22

Seeds.

We are sowing, daily sowing,
Countless seeds of good and ill;
Scattered on the level lowland,
Cast upon the windy hill;
Seeds that sink in rich brown furrows,
Soft with Heaven's gracious rain;
Seeds that rest upon the surface
Of the the dry unyielding plain.

Seeds that fall amid the stillness
Of the lowly mountain glen;
Seeds cast out in crowded places,
Trodden under foot of men;
Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
Flung at random on the air;
Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
Sown in tears, and love, and prayer,

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
Lifeless on the teaming mould;
Seeds that live and grow and flourish
When the sower's hand is cold.
By a whisper sow we blessings,
By a breath we scatter strife,
In our words and looks and actions
Lie the seeds of death and life.

Thou, who knowest all our weakness,
Leave us not to sow alone!
Bid thine angels guard the furrows
Where the precious grain is sown,
Till the fields are crowned with glory,
Filled with the mellow ripened ears—
Filled with fruit of life eternal.
From the seeds we sowed in tears.

Check the forward thoughts and passions
Stay the hasty, heedless hands,
Lest the germs of sin and sorrow
Mar our fair and pleasant lands.
Father help each weak endeavor,
Make each faithful effort blest,
Till thine harvest shall be garnered,
And we enter into rest.

A Mormon Love Story.

A Mormon, whom we call Brother Nehi Gibons, took a wife at the blooming age of 25. He was pious and industrious, and seemed to be perfectly satisfied with his bride, whose name was unfortunate for a heroine, being plain Mary Ann. She was the best of wives, and she sang in the choir, bore Nehi a child, and helped to cultivate his vine and fig tree. Their apricots and pear trees grew and flourished, their cattle and sheep increased, and nothing seemed wanting in this comfortable establishment, which was the envy of every youthful saint.

Still, there was a skeleton in the closet. Mary Ann had a secret and a passion. She wanted Nehi to take a second wife! This was not only because he was a good and true man, and devoted and able-bodied, but because she had set her mind upon the other wife he was to take. Mary Ann wanted to provide for her bosom friend, Susan, who was in every way deserving of Nehi's affection, and who loved Nehi as purely and as really as Mary Ann herself! They had conferred together about it. Mary Ann, who could not be happy where Susan was not—even at Nehi's side—had broken the subject to Susan, and her clearest suspicions were confirmed by the secret disclosure that both the ladies loved the same saint.

Far from feeling indignant at this frank and forward confidence, Nehi's wife received it with delight. She gave her maiden friend every assurance that their mutual choice was worthy of their united ambition, and they set to work to compel Nehi to accept another Mrs. Gibbons. It being unseemly for Susan to do more than put herself as frequently as possible in Mr. Gibbon's way, the plot ripened slowly, and, on conferring with one of the Bishops of the Church, he recommended both ladies to make the consummation a subject of prayer. They lifted up their hearts together that it might be revealed to Nehi what good gifts he was neglecting, but Nehi hardened his heart, and refused to extend his table cloth.

He was as yet ignorant of the new helpmate intended for him, but on the suggestion of Mrs. Gibbons that he was not glorifying his manhood and his family, he said that a pair was enough, and that he had no wish to marry. Under these circumstances, a little extreme diplomacy was adjudged necessary, and Mrs. Gibbons, to compel a marriage, declared that her household work was too onerous, and finally affected to be grievously ill. Nehi Gibbons, unable to resist this description of appeal, obeyed the desire of his wife, Mary Ann, but the woman he married—was not Susan! He was too blind to guess the person intended, and he married an entirely different woman.

Grave complications ensued upon this precipitate action of Nehi Gibbons. The peace of his family was disturbed, and none the less because, after the usual period, the second Mrs. Gibbons had a baby. Mary Ann redoubling her efforts, met with no other success than that Mr. Gibbons took a third wife, and this time also it failed to be Susan. The third effort was more directly made, and with less diplomacy, Mrs. Gibbons the first suggesting expressly that her choice was her bosom friend; and the power of candor was never so well attested as on this occasion, for Mr. Gibbons answered:

"Had I thought Susan would have accepted me, my dear Mary Ann, I should have made her my wife before I proposed to you!"

Thus piety and patience were crowned, friendship was rewarded, and Susan and Mary Ann being lovely in life, in wedlock were not divided.

VENGEANCE OF AN INDIAN GIRL.—A singular case of jealousy which recently occurred in Western Texas, is given in the El Paso *Herald*. It seems that a man named Chandos, a native of Rochester, in England, had made love to a beautiful half breed, sixteen years old. The girl was half Apachee and half French. In addition to her great beauty she was intelligent, vivacious and as active and alert as an antelope. She was gentle and affectionate, and no one suspected her of possessing the terrible passion which jealousy subsequently aroused in her bosom.

The English lover unfortunately became acquainted with a white girl named Wilson who was on a visit from a South State to her friends in Western ' s. Miss Wilson was beautiful and accomplished, and her civilized graces proved more than a match for the barbarous attractions of the Apachee girl. The result was that Chandos deserted the half-breed and became engaged to Miss Wilson. The wedding day was set. On hearing of the faithlessness of her lover, the hitherto undeveloped instincts of her Apachee blood were roused to all their savage fury in the untutored breast of the belle of the forest. Arming herself with a revolver, she went to the residence of her lover, crept softly to his room and shot him through the heart as he was writing a note to his betrothed. She was arrested a few hours afterwards and confined for the night in an old log cabin, in default of a prison. But her friends rescued her, and she fled to the wilderness, there to take up her abode with her mother's wild kindred.

A New Lucretia Borgia.

Brief mention was made in a telegram in Saturday's *News* of the arrest at New Brunswick, New Jersey, of Mrs. Lydia Sherman, by officers from Connecticut, who charge her with having poisoned at different times three husbands and two step-children, the offspring of her last husband by a former marriage. The New York papers of Saturday state that this woman married a Jerseyman nearly ten years ago, and, after living with him three years, he died suddenly, and under circumstances which occasioned considerable comment. The second husband was married in Connecticut, and died under equally suspicious circumstances, but, as nothing was there known of the former mysterious death, no action was taken. Early in 1870, at Derby, Connecticut, the woman married Nelson H. Sherman, a widower, with two children, one six, and the other fifteen years old. Within nine months, these three died, all under the same unaccountable circumstances. After the death of the oldest child, which occurred last, Mrs. Sherman went to New Brunswick to visit, and went also to Philadelphia. Immediately after she had left, succeeding the death of the child, the friends of Mr. Sherman took steps to investigate the matter, and to that end had the body of Mr. Sherman and those of the two children exhumed. The officers who came on to make the arrest state that undeniable evidence of poison was found upon all three of the bodies, and that it was plainly seen in the stomach of the last buried of the three. They also state that they have been able to fix upon the alleged murderer the purchase of poison similar to that of which traces were found. The poison was vegetable and of an unusual character, the officers being unable to give its name. They were armed with warrants and a requisition from Governor Jewell. The statements of the officers leave no doubt that the woman is guilty of one of the most startling and sensational series of crimes that has ever been committed. On being charged with the crime she gave no appearance of guilt, and beyond the simple surprise and the assertion of her innocence, did not seem to be at all affected.

CALIFORNIA CHERRIES.—Uncle Ned is a character, a genius, a philosopher. With all his professional antipathy to everything certain, he is occasionally surprised into an acknowledgment of the merits of something brought to his notice. It may be nothing more than the cut of a garment, the speed of a horse, the architectural beauty of a building, or the quality or size of some specimen of vegetable production; but he immediately qualifies his remarks with, "Oh, it does very well for these regions; it wouldn't be much in California though."

We had some very large, fine cherries on the table one day last summer. After surveying them for a moment, Uncle Ned remarked that they beat anything he ever saw, and then there was a short pause; "that is to say around here."

"Uncle Ned," said I, "you never saw a cherry in California larger than those."

"Well, perhaps I didn't."

"Why," said I, "how large are they in California, and how do they sell them?"

"Well," he replied, with all the gravity of a judge, "that depends something, of course, upon the season of the year. They vary in size as well as in price. They sell them by the pound, and if you only want a few pounds they generally charge about 25 cents a pound; but if you want a whole cherry, they'll let you have it for 15 cents a pound."

DRIED UP THE WRONG MAN.—The following is related of one of the brethren of a certain church as having occured a year or two since, but for obvious reasons not let out of the select circle where it has always been a source of fun. A gentleman who is much gifted in prayer, and likes to talk of Sunday School, and whom we will call B., for short, attended an evening prayer. While the bell was ringing to hasten up laggards, B. 'improved the opportunity' by sending an eloquent appeal to the throne of grace. Thinking the bell had been rung enough, another member said very imperiously to one of those small boys who are always around, in and out of season, "Go and tell the fellow to stop." A small boy never did understand anything as he was told to do it, and this small boy was not likely to stultify himself in that manner. Instead of going to the sexton and silencing 'that dreadful bell,' he threaded his way down the aisle, where B. was warming to his work and in a loud hissing voice, said, "Here, now, Mr. ——says for you to dry up that!" Poor B. blushed a brilliant scarlet, cut off an earnest invocation in the middle of a sentence, and all the balance of the evening sulked in sullen silence. At the close of the meeting he demanded of the offending member an explanation, which was satisfactorily given, and the 'unpleasantness' amicably settled.

A Connecticut paper feelingly and sensibly remarks: When Moses got up flies to bother the people of Egypt, his head was level. They are a little the meanest thing known in science. Take it Sunday afternoon and between six and eight o'clock in the mornings when any one is trying to get a nap, and to have a perverse, persistent, pertinacious, pusillanimous fly come to you a thousand and nineteen times in succession, is enough to make Pharaoh let go, not only of Jews, but his meerschaum pipe, and his prettiest servant girl. A boarder at one of our hotels, who was subject to this plague of flies, woke up the other morning with the mattress twisted around his neck and tied in a double bow knot. We calculate that he rolled over in bed so many times that morning, that if the same number of revolutions were given to a mustard seed, it would roll to Alaska and back again.

Pickles.

India pickle of cucumbers, which is the most excellent of all the high-flavored condiments, one spoonful going a great way, is made by sun-drying thirty old, full-grown cucumbers, which have first been pared and split, had the seed taken out, been salted and let stand twenty-four hours. The sun should be permitted to dry, not simply drain them. When they are moderately dry—i. e., reduced to a state between that of a dried apple and a chip—wash them with vinegar, and place them in layers in a jar, alternating them with a layer of horse-radish, mustard seed, garlic and onions for each layer of cucumbers. Boil in one quart of vinegar one ounce of mace or ginger, half an ounce of allspice, and the same of turmeric. When cool, pour this over the cucumbers, tie up tightly, and set away. This pickle requires several months to mature it, but is delicious when old, keeps admirably, and goes a great way.

Tomatoes are, after cucumbers, the best foundation for a pickle. An excellent green tomato pickle is made from a peck of green tomatoes sliced and laid in salt for two days, when they are to be drained and put into the kettle, in combination with a half dozen onions similarly sliced, the tomatoes and onions put in layers alternately with layers of a mixture of the following spices: One quarter of a pound of mustard, same of white mustard-seed, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of ground ginger, one ounce of ground pepper, same of allspice, all well mixed together. Pour over all enough vinegar to cover well, boil till clear, cool, put into a jar with a pint of salad oil, and cover well.

French pickle is another formula for the above. It demands of green potatoes one-half peck, six large onions, one cabbage, six peppers (of the bull-nose variety), two tablespoonfuls of allspice, the same of cloves and of salt, a few blades of mace, half a pound of white mustard-seed, and four tablespoonfuls of brown sugar. The spices must all be ground, mix them together with the sliced potatoes and onions, cover with vinegar in a preserving kettle, and boil three hours.

Green tomato sweet pickle has been much approved. It demands: tomatoes, one peck; onions, one dozen; brown sugar, two pounds; mustard seed, half a pound; and one ounce each of allspice, cloves, ground pepper, and ground ginger. Slice the tomatoes and onions, add half a pint of salt, let stand twenty-four hours, drain well, put in a preserving kettle in layers alternate with mixed spices, and boil slowly until clear.

Universal pickles, chow chows or picolillies, are appetizers, in which the mixture of vinegar and spices is more important than the green basis of vegetable, which, indeed, may embrace almost any kind of small and succulent vegetable, and even fruit. There are many recipes for these, but the one I give will be found all of them moderate in cost, easy of preparation, and adequate to the wants of any small family.

HOT-POT.—Bil with six quarts of vinegar one pound of salt, one-fourth of a pound of cloves, the same of ginger, one once each of mace, cayenne peppe, white pepper and long pepper; two ounces of mustard seed, and half a pound of echalots. To this mixture in your jar add any kind of fruit or vegetable that may suit your fancy from cauliflower to radish pods. The proportion of ingredients here is excellent, and imparts a very fine flavor to the pickle.

YELLOW PICKLE.—Take one pound grated horse-radish; two pounds of white mustard seed; one pound of black mustard seed; two ounces each of mace, nutmegs, cloves, allspice, and ground white pepper; four oz. of turmeric; a large teacupful of ground mustard; four tablespoonfuls of celery-seed eight cloves of garlic; half a pond of ground ginger, and four pouds of brown sugar.

The ingredints are to be put into a six-gailon jar, with four gallons of vinegar. An kind of green vegetables may be added, after they have been first scaled, then dried in the sun for one or two days. This mixture cannot be surpassed. A jar of it is very convenient in one's pantry, as during the whole vegetable and fruit season, something may be contributed to it contents until they are as various as the contents of a "grab bag" at a fai

CHOW-CHO.—Cut fine one large head of cabbge, one dozen bell peppers, and one dozen of white onions. Put these, with three roots of horse-radish, grate, into a kettle, cover with strong salt-water, boil till the cabbage is tender, and then drain through a hair sieve. Boil in three pints of vinegar, half an ounce of turmeric, and one-fourth pound of white mustard seed. Pour this hot over the vegtables. When cold, add a teacupful of salad oil, and the same quantity of mustard mixed as for the table. Cauflower may be advantageously subituted for the cabbage in this recipe, taking care to break up the cauflour instead of cutting it.

SWEET PICKLE.—There are many recipes for aking a sweet pickle of fruit, all of which are complicated and tedious. The following, which will answer equally for damsons, plums, cheics, apricots and peaches, serves every purpose of a fine flavored, handsoe pickle, of good keeping qualities, and has the advantage of giving bu little trouble: Prepare your fruits for preserving, stoning it, and to ven pounds of fruit take three and one-half pounds of clean brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, and one ounce each of cinnamon in sticks, sprig mace and cloves. Put the fruit into a jar, boil the vinegar and spices together, and pour it over the fruit, let it stand for two days. Then pour the vinegar off again, put it on to boil, and when hot pour in the fruit and boil all together until they are clear and transparent. This does just as well as the repeated scaldings usually reccommended.

PEACUES.—To pickle peaches the simplest is the best way. Take the large Georgia peaches, wipe them with a coarse cloth, fill a jar with them, drop in a small handful of black pepper, cover all with venegar, cold, and your pickle is made.

GRAPES.—Fill a jar with ripe grapes; to each gallon of ripe grapes add one pound of white sugar. Cover with cold vinegar.

WALNUTS.—Take a peck of walnuts or butternuts, tender enough to be easily punctured by a pin; put them in a jar and pour over them a very strong brine, boiling hot. In a fortnight they will have begun to brown considerably, when they should be taken out drained and laid in the sun until they turn black. Restore them to the clean jar, and, having boiled two gallons of vinegar with two ounces each of all-spice, cloves and whole grains of black pepper, and a little mace, pour this spiced vinegar hot over them. After six months an excellent catsup may be made of this pickle, by mashing the walnuts (which have become soft), boiling them in the vinegar, and straining all through a sieve. This will keep many years, and is very fine for eating with fish.

CATSUP.—For ordinary purposes the most useful capsup is that made from tomatoes. There are many recipes, but most of them do not teach how to make a catsup that will resist the natural tendency of a watery vegetable like the tomato to ferment, sour and grow mouldly. The following recipe is for a tomato soy that is fine flavored and will keep: Take one peck of ripe tomatoes, free from dust etc.; eight table-spoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of ground black pepper, one-half tablespoonful of allspice, four pods of red pepper; simmer the ingredients three hours, strain through a sieve, add one quart of vinegar, simmer ten minutes longer; then pour it in small bottles, cork tightly and keep in a cool place.—Harper's Bazaar.

Discovery in Cotton Culture.

The Demopolis (Alabama) *Expositor*, tells the following almost incredible story about the growth of a cotton tree, protected from the frost, which we republish for what it is worth, but do not wish to be understood as vouching for the veracity of the writer:

In 1867 a planter of this county, living some 12 miles from this city, conceived he idea that the cotton plant properly cared for could be made to bear for more than one year. He believed that the vitality of the plant was destroyed by frost only. The result of his experience, which we will give in his own words, is of unspeakable importance to the material interests of the cotton growing country, placing us above and beyond the necessities and annoyances of our present system of labor.

His account of his success which is far beyond his most sanguine expectations, is largely vouched for, and is as follows:

"I lost a large amount of money in 1866, the year succeeding the surrender, in my farming operations and despaired, almost, of the future of the cotton section, in the many sleepless nights I passed thinking over my own affairs and what the future had in store for myself and neighbors, whose dependence for existence rested solely upon agricultural productions, of which the culture of cotton was the chiefest, the main stay, in fact, of the cotton States, the foundation upon which was built all they enjoyed of prosperity in manufacturing, in banking, in merchandizing, in all that went to make up the sum of their varied industries and interests, threatened, as those interests seemed to be, about to suffer extinction by a system of labor that made the cost of production of the cotton crop greater than the value of the article produced. By inspiration, for it could have been nothing else, it occurred to me that could the annual killing of the plant by frost be prevented the *plant* might become a *tree*—a fruitful, ever-bearing tree.

"Success has exceeded my most sanguine expectations, my wildest dreams. I will tell you exactly how I proceeded and describe the result. In the spring of 1867 I selected a spot of ground, about 40 feet square, planted in the centre a cotton seed, tended it carefully; in September I built about it a pen some eight feet square and covered it with glass, kept a thermometer in it, and by the aid of a small stove, kept life and *growth* in the plant until May of 1868, at which time I removed the pen. During the summer of '68 my plant grew till it became a small tree. In the fall of the year I picked 800 pounds of seed cotton from it and built another pen on the same plan, but larger than the first; followed the same process through the winter and again removed my pen in the spring of '69. That year I picked from what was then a tree, cotton that made a bale of 476 pounds. The tree had now grown so large that I deemed it safe from frost, and in the winter of '69 and '70 I left it unprotected. In the spring of '70 it bloomed at the same time with the peach tree, and in the fall I made from it 1,283 pounds of lint cotton. At this writing the tree is in full bloom and promises at least three bales of cotton and is the wonder of all who see it.

"It is some twenty or twenty-five feet in height, measures at at the but nineteen inches in diameter, shows no signs of decay, and will probably live and bear fruit for years to come. If this statement does not settle the labor question nothing will. I have endeavored to describe succinctly the result of my experiment; to have entered fully into all the minutia would have occupied a volume, but if this short article shall turn the attention of planters to the following up of this marvelous progress, my purpose will have been answered."

John Quincy Adams.

Some short time since Mr. J. T. Trezevant, editor of the Augusta (Arkansas) *Bulletin*, wrote a letter to Hon. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, upon political matters, expressing, among other things, the apprehension that, as he puts it, "with Grant's vast patronage, most unscrupulously used, he would not yield the Presidential chair, even if defeated before the people in 1872; and that our Republic, like its predecessors of old, is so rapidly drifting into the channels of corruption, that the people, in despair, may look to one military leader as the only means of saving them from the utter ruin threatened by another." This was the general scope of the letter, to which the following is a reply:

QUINCY Mass., June 5, 1871.

Dear sir—I cannot pass over, silently, a letter which gratifies me as much as yours, which I received today; and yet, I feel shy of speaking to you or any citizen of the "subject States." I dislike to earn the retort, "Oh, it is very easy to preach; but, suffer as we have, and then tell us how you feel, and we will listen." I do try to take it home to myself; and I do not doubt that, in similar circumstances, I should be to-day an "unrepentant rebel"—sore, angry, beaten and defiant. And, with me, it would doubtless have been as it has been with you, that "the tender mercies of reconstruction had been harder to bear than all the horrors of invasive war." I should have been galled by misgovernment, robbed by imported knavery of the pittance which the war had spared, exasperated by wilful and persistent misrepresentation, and cruelly condemned to hopeless impotence for the imputed guilt of cowardly crimes I abhorred. I should have been condemned, too to hold my personal liberty at the nod of a mercenary carpet-bagger, or the whim of a military satrap. I say that I fear I should have been an "irreconcilable." In such a case I think I should be sulky, but I know I should be silly if I yielded to the feeling, for whence must my relief come if my last estate is not to become worse than the first? Is there a man outside an asylum who thinks by such a course the "lost cause" can be regained? By whom, then? If by the North, believe me that the experiment of secession has satisfied us that no cause is worth a civil war. That war has confirmed, beyond a shadow of a turning, the destiny which decreed that there shall be but one confederated people of the North America Union. No. Rebellious I might be; but weak enough to await the resurrection of secession I do not think I could be. You and I and your friends and neighbors and mine are of one blood; we were once "fellow-citizens;" and the old-time kindness must linger yet in spots. Our fathers were "brethren," and they must count for something. The whole political problem of the future turns upon the answer to the question, "Shall we live together as friends or enemies?" Now, the whole internal policy of the present administration says war. Reconstruction meant war, and the Ku-Klux bill declared war. This Union is now held together by force. Certainly, if this is to be permanent, it would have been better to have parted at first. If the struggle to cast out slavery overthrew the constitution, what chance is there for a "free" government, if the North is to rule the South? South Carolina is to-day the most shameless parody on Republican institutions since Republican Rome bestrode all the nations of the ancient world, put the sword to their throats, stripped them bare, and then lacked words to laud the loveliness of liberty. You cannot be subject, and we be long free. The untrammelled exercise of local self-government by the people of the States is the salt which preserves our system. Take that away and our frame of polity will rapidly rot into despotism. Therefore, it is, that, not as a partisan, but wholly as a fellow-citizen, I trust that all the good citizens of the seceded States will frankly and honestly accept the revolutionary changes which have been forced upon the constitution, and with them, cheerfully adopt the new relations of amity and political and civil equality toward the emancipated class which these changes involve. And, therefore, I am glad when I see the noble spirit of your letter pervading the Southern people as it does, despite the malignity of a partisan press, while the sterling sense of Mr. Vallandigham has reformed the Northern Democracy. And it matters not what man may choose to lead us, so long as his heart is large enough to hold his whole country; his soul brave enough to embrace a Confederate as a brother, and his platform wide enough for every American citizen to stand upon. To compass this end something of sacrifice is required of us all; much of self-control is demanded of the South. You and all I hear assure me that the attempt will be made; and if made honestly and in earnest, it cannot fail. Again thanking you for your letter, I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. Q. ADAMS.

To J. T. Trezevant, Esq., Augusta, Ark.

☞A farmer named Watt Carr, residing near Hamilton, Ohio, while conversing with some friends on the stoop of his house concerning the manner in which Mr. Vallandigham shot himself, it is stated, attempted to illustrate it with a loaded pistol, and succeeded in the illustration precisely as Mr. Vallandigham did. He fell instantly, and died in a few hours.

Cumulative Voting.

A perplexed candidate for office in Maine attempted once to get out of a dilemma by declaring that he was in favor of the Maine Liquor Law, but opposed to its enforcement. We occupy similar ground on the question of cumulative voting. We are in favor of that mode of gathering the suffrages of the people, but we are opposed to employing that mode here and now. If it were in use in Richmond, at least two members of the House of Delegates would next fall be chosen by the negroes; and we are not anxious that they should choose even one. But the worst result of the system in the South would be that it would render the negroes perfectly independent of the whites even of their own party, and enable them to elect persons of their own race to every office or position of trust in proportion to their numbers. They could in Richmond choose at least thirteen out of the thirty members of the City Council, and this without consulting the wishes or whims of Porter, Humphreys, or any other white Radical. At present the negroes are governed by their white associates, since they are in a minority, and can succeed only by having white associates enough to convert their minority into a majority. But adopt the system of cumulative voting, and they could snap their fingers at the carpet-baggers and scalawags, and choose negroes to represent them in the City Council and the State Legislature in exact proportion to their voting strength.—Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

A few weeks ago Henry Basch, aged 22 years, of No. 101 Forsyth street, was stung by a fly on the neck and in a little time the wound had developed into a painful tumor, the insect probably having been feasting on some poisonous substance. An abscess was formed, and he was at length admitted to Bellevue Hospital on the 5th instant, suffering from all the symptons of blood poisoning. He was very restless and could with difficulty be subjected to the proper treatment for the cure of his disease. On Wednesday night he managed to steal from his ward, and by means of a sheet, climbed from the verandah to the ground, and then over the outer wall. Yesterday morning he was found by a night watchman sitting on the pier at the foot of Twenty-sixth street, gazing absently into the water as if contemplating self-destruction. He was restored to his bed, where he died in a few hours without exhibiting any new symptoms.—N. Y. Star.

THE SECRET OF IT.—An old farmer being asked why his boys stayed at home when others did not, replied that it was owing to the fact that he tried always to make home pleasant to them. He furnished them with attractive and useful reading; and when night comes and the day's labor is ended, instead of running to the railway station and adjoining towns with the other boys, they gather round the green lamp, and become absorbed in their books and papers. His boys were still at home when the youngest was twenty-one, while those who were furnished with no reading at home sought city dissipations as soon as they were seventeen or eighteen. All will do well to heed this testimony of a farmer who has known how hard to struggle for a footing on a free soil without capital is, and how valuable and comparatively cheap are the aids which good reading brings to him. In this age of general intelligence, the mind must be catered to and books and papers furnished; and artistic chromo pictures can also be brought to use in making home attractive. The farmer's life is the most independent of any, and there is no reason why it should not be as attractively surrounded.

HOW TO BANISH FLEAS.—The oil of pennyroyal will certainly drive these pests off; but a cheaper method, where the herb flourishes, is to throw your dogs and cats into a decoction of it once a week. Mow the herb and scatter it in the beds of the pigs once a month. Where the herb cannot be got, the oil may be procured. In this case, saturate strings with it and tie them around the necks of dogs and cats, pour a little on the back and about the ears of hogs, which you can do while they are feeding without touching them. By repeating these applications every twelve or fifteen days, the fleas will flee from your quadrupeds to their relief and improvement, and your relief and comfort in the house.

Strings saturated with the oil of pennyroyal and tied around the neck and tail of horses will drive off flies; the strings should be saturated once a day.

REMEDY FOR PRICKLY HEAT.—*Editors Chronicle & Sentinel*: You may assist many a suffering child and delicate lady by publishing the following, which will stand the test of experience:

At this season many persons suffer terribly from the eruption called prickly heat. So familiar is it that all persons know it. It is caused by the solid perspirable matter not passing off in a dissolved state, as should be the case. It is easily cured in one day, using the warm bath for ten minutes, then rubbing the affected part with lemon juice. The warm water dissolves the salts that are lodged under the skin; so does the lemon juice. When the eruption stings and burns, lemon juice rubbed on the part affected will give relief in a few moments. Possibly strong apple vinegar might act in the same way. Persons who cannot get lemon juice might use nitric acid dissolved, twenty grains to an ounce of water.

W.

☞Numbers of South Carolinians are visiting Cleveland Springs, N. C. There are three different varieties of water there. The kind most generally held in esteem is the yellow sulphur. The red is used principally for bathing. The chalybeate, which seems also slightly impregnated with sulphur, is used to some extent.

Brevities and Levities.

☞A Missouri editor has recently fallen heir to an estate in Ohio valued at fifty dollars. He intends to abandon the newspaper business and devote his whole time to looking after his property.

☞Having heard that an infusion of tobacco is the best thing to extirpate the potato bug, Illinois farmers are entertaining their neighbors at chewing picnics in their fields.

☞Brigham Young has lost twenty-seven mother-in-laws within the last five years. And yet he is not happy.

☞Philosophers tell us that the world revolves on its axles, and Josh Billings tells us that full half the folks on the earth think they are the axles.

☞Four George Washingtons, six Andrew Jacksons, five Henry Clays and two James K. Polks, all negroes, reside at present in the Louisiana penitentiary.

☞The Marion Commonwealth prints the following marriage notice: "Married, at Flinstone, by the Rev. Mr. Winstone, Mr. Nehemiah Sandstone and Miss Wilhelmina Wheatstone, both of Limestone. Look out for brimstone next."

☞A widower was recently rejected by a damsel who didn't want affections that had been "warmed over."

☞Because a man who attends a flock of sheep is a shepherd, makes it no reason that a man who keeps cows should be a cow-ard.

☞A Saratoga belle who dressed nineteen times a day has gone into a decline. So has her father. He declines to pay his notes.

☞Two girls of Saginaw, Mich., made a wager that they could take five grains of morphine without injury. They tried it and died together.

☞The millionaire grocer of Indianapolis is sorry the story of his fortune got into the papers. He has just found out what an innumerable host of friends he has, already, to advise him how to invest his spare funds. Most of these friends think he ought to help the missionary, which, as Nasby says, is "me."

☞A rich man was applied to for a contribution in building an iron fence round the cemetery in that town. But he declined on the rather irreverent but witty play that "the cemetery does not need any fence, as those inside cannot get out, and those who are out do not want to get in."

☞Somebody alludes to Ben Butler as "the focal point of million-figured scorn."

☞"Salt" is the subject of the school boy's latest composition: "The salt is a spice which spoils the potatoes. If you forget to put it on"

☞A hopeful youth in Fort Wayne after tearfully accepting a Bible from his aunty, walked off and exchanged it for a copy of Bret Harte's poems.

W. GRAHAM & CO.

Cotton Factors
AND
Commission Merchants,
AUGUSTA, GA.,

WILL give strict attention to the STORAGE and SALE OF COTTON and other PRODUCE on Commission.

And will make the usual ADVANCES on PROVISIONS, &c., to Planters.

Consignments and Orders solicited.

Office, No. 5, McIntosh Street, opposite Messrs. Jennings, Smith & Co.

Augusta, Apr 17, 1871.

References in Edgefield:—Gens. Bonham, Dunovant and Butler.

Capt. O. N. BUTLER, of Edgefield, is associated with our Firm, and will represent our House in Edgefield and adjoining Counties.
Apr 26 tf 18

Removal
OF
THE BEE HIVE.

176. 176.

GEORGE WEBER

BEGS leave to inform his numerous friends and customers that he has removed to the capacious Store, No. 176, Broad St., opposite the Augusta Hotel, where he will continue the

DRY GOODS BUSINESS,

And hopes to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally extended to him at his old location.

Fresh Supplies of Dry Goods will be received by every Steamer, which will be offered at the lowest price.
Apr 12 tf 16

Augusta Constitutionalist.

FROM and after this date the terms of subscription to the TRI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY CONSTITUTIONALIST are reduced as follows:

TRI-WEEKLY.

One copy, one year,	$5 00
One copy, six months,	2 50
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