Edgefield Advertiser.

D. R. DURISOE. | EDGEFIELD, S. C., JULY 20, 1871. | VOLUME XXXV.-No. 30.

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 heathfulness, 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, Syphillis, &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. $30 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, Proprietor.

June 7 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 5m 19

Patent Medicines.

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

G. L. PENN, Druggist.

May 24 tf 22

Don't Forget the old Folks.

Don't forget the old folks,
Love them more and more,
As they, with unshrinking feet,
Near the "shining shore."
Let your words be tender,
Loving, soft and low;
Let their last days be tho best
They have known below.
Don't forget poor father,
With his failing sight,
With his locks once thick and brown,
Scanty now, and white;
Though he may be childish,
Still do you be kind—
Think of him as years ago,
With his master mind.
Don't forget dear mother,
With her furrowed brow,
Once as fair, and smooth,
As the driven snow!
Are her steps uncertain?
Is her hearing poor?
Guide her gently till she stands
Safe at Heaven's door.
Don't forget the old folks,
Love them more and more,
As they with unshrinking feet,
Near the "shining shore."
Let your words be tender
Loving, soft and low;
Let their last days be the best
They have known below.

The Peddler's Story.

I do not think I am naturally superstitious; but I have all my life been troubled with a kind of superauricular sense. By this I wish to convey the idea that I hear things over and above the natural sense of hearing. The sound, as of a human voice, comes to me and syllables, words of meaning, when I know that no human being is near, and that the whole must be some kind of mental deception. Sometimes these words are of common import, and sometimes of deep significance. Well do I remember that once, when quite a lad, living at home with my parents in Paris, I heard the words, spoken in my very ear as it were:

"Pierre Boisant, prepare for sorrow!"

I was alone in my father's library at the time, engaged in solving a difficult problem, and, therefore, in no condition for this to be the effect of an excited fancy or imagination.

What followed? My father at that time was accounted a rich merchant. Three weeks after he was a bankrupt. If I had been the most imaginative person in the world I could not have presaged this.

Three years later the same words were repeated. I was then alone, on the road to Troyes, engaged in the humble calling of peddler, to which my father's misfortunes had reduced me. I felt that something serious was about to happen, and I took the first conveyance back to Paris. I hastened to my father's then humble lodgings, and found him dying, and my poor mother almost distracted with grief. She was surprised to see me; but when I told her what brought me home, she said, it must be the voice of the Lord. I did not agree with her in that respect, because I often heard that same voice saying trifling things.

Well, my father died, and my mother did not long survive him, and then I was alone in the world. Seeing nothing better before me—at least nothing that better suited my disposition for a constant change of scene—I resumed the humble business of a peddler, and after two or three weeks spent in France, went to Sardinia and established a route for myself among the retired villages of the mountains, where at least I was looked upon as in no wise inferior to the farmers, artisans and peasants with whom I dealt.

"I was now in a region wild enough to suit my romantic turn of mind, and perilous enough to keep me in a state of almost constant excitement, which was as much a source of pleasure to me then as peaceful serenity is at the present time. Some of the routes between one habitation and another were so long that one day's journey would not take me through, and then I would be obliged to find my lodging among the caves, rocks, or trees, as best I could. Some of the mountain-passes were very dangerous, and a single slip or mis-step might send one headlong down a hundred or a thousand feet. Then there were dangers from storms and hurricanes, some of which were terrible, and not least of all was the danger from robbers, who might be met where least expected.

For six years I carried on my peddling traffic in that wild region, without any other misfortune than some serious flights and hair-breadth escapes. By that time I felt that, for a young man, I was pretty well off, and thought I would return to Paris and set up shop-keeping; and an event, or perhaps I should rather say tragedy, that happened about that time, fixed my resolution and hastened my departure.

As I was going over a very wild and lonely pass of the mountains, the sun being nearly set and I at least seven miles from the nearest habitation, my familiar voice, which had never left me, said distinctly:

"Pierre Boisant, beware!"

I was alarmed at this warning, because I had never recived a warning of the kind in vain. I looked up the rugged, frowning rocks above me, and down into the awful gulf below, and then before and behind at the narrow, zigzag path I was pursuing, but saw no living thing, except a large, black bird, of the vulture species, that was slowly winging his way across the wild scene, as if from one mountain-peak to another. I knew the voice was not human, and I felt there was some impending danger, but what it was, or where or when to look for it, I could not tell. It was not possible for me to remain where I was, and to go back might be as dangerous as to go forward, and so I continued to advance, looking carefully to every step, and glancing keenly and nervously at all the surroundings.

At length I reached a still wider and gloomier place, where it was usual for me, when on this route, to turn off down into the dark valley, to pass the night in a little cave, which I had accidentally discovered about a hundred and fifty yards from the path, and which was so secluded and concealed by a clump of bushes in front of it, that I believed it was known to no one except myself. About this cave was a steep ledge of rocks, and by keeping along the mountain-side, without going down into the valley at all, I could gain a position directly over it, at a height of, perhaps, a hundred feet; and though up to this moment I had not thought of changing my course, I now found myself instinctively, as it were, movin goff in that direction. A moment's reflection on the mysterious warning I had received convinced me this was the best thing I could do; for if there was danger, it was most likely from robbers, who were, probably, lying in wait for me on my regular well-known route—and as the night was warm, it could do me no harm to pass it in the open air.

So I went on, slowly and cautiously, till I arrived at a point directly over the cave, which I now found was as far as I could go in that direction, owing to the rocks terminating in a precipice a few feet beyond. Some bushes which had struggled up from the little earth between the crevices afforded me a place of concealment; and crawling into these, I disburdened myself of my pack, spread out my blanket, and proceeded, without attempting to light a fire, to eat the food I had provided for my supper. By the time I had finished my frugal repast the sun had set, and the dark shades of night were coming on rapidly.

"Perhaps I am foolish in taking this precaution against some fanciful danger," I mentally said; "but no matter; I would rather be foolish in this way than foolhardy."

Scarcely had these thoughts passed through my mind than I fancied I heard voices speaking in low, guarded tones. The sounds seemed to come up from below, and it may readily be credited that I listened most intently, straining my senses of hearing to the utmost, to catch the words, if words indeed they were, for after all, it might be the breeze playing among the rocks and trees.

For perhaps five minutes I continued to hear these sounds, but was at the time unable to make out for a certainty what they were, and then they ceased, and for another five minutes all was silent. It had now become so dark that nothing could be distinctly seen at any distance; and though I crept cautiously to the edge of the rocks, and tried to peer down, it was like attempting to look into some black gulf. My situation, under the circumstances, was lonely enough; but I experienced a secret satisfaction in being where I was, and not down in the cave, where I rather felt than thought some one or more persons were lying in wait for me.

At length that same low murmur, as of voices, was again heard, and again I listened, with my whole sense of hearing on the stretch. I soon became satisfied that words were being spoken—but then came the thought that it might be the mysterious voices I had heard at the intervals all my life. This time, however, I was not long kept in doubt, for presently I could distinguish the words as if the speaker in the cave had come out into the open air.

"It is strange he does not make his appearance!" said one,

"I do not know how to account for it!" replied another.

"Are you perfectly sure you saw him at all?" inquired a third.

"Am I sure I am here now?" was the rejoinder. "Have I not eyes? and can I not see with them? I tell you he was within a mile of here coming along that narrow, dangerous path with his pack strapped to his back. Here we know is where he usually passes the night in this region, and why he is not here is more than I can conjecture."

"If he had gone past, we should have heard from the others before this," remarked the first speaker.

"Undoubtedly," was the reply. "No, he must be somewhere, on the mountain—unless he has fallen over the precipice and broken his neck—in which case we shall find all we want of him in the morning, and be saved the trouble of blood-letting."

"Could he have got near enough to have heard our voices?" inquired another.

"No, for Ricardo is so posted that he would have seen or heard him first."

"Well, then he may be here yet. Hark! hush! there are steps coming this way now!" said the speaker, in a whisper, which I could just barely hear, the night being still, and my position directly over the parties. "Now, then, be ready, and let us make quick work of it!"

After this the robbers were as silent as death, and with feelings that must be left to the imagination, I listened to the approaching footsteps, that I knew were mistaken for mine. It was with a shudder, and a strange kind of dread, that I heard steps slowly and steadily approaching, with now and then a slight rustle of the bushes, and the occasional loosening and rolling of a stone. I felt that some human being was moving onward to his doom, and I would have called out to him to beware if I had known I could have saved him with anything short of the penalty of my own life.

For the few seconds of awful suspense which elapsed, I trembled so that I was fearful of being heard, and the perspiration started out of every pore,

Suddenly there came a wild, prolonged shriek, and the thrilling words:

"Oh, Heavens! I am stabbed! I am killed! I am killed!"

"Gracious Heaven!" cried another, "what have we done?—that is Ricardo's voice! A light here, quick! a light!"

A dark lantern was in readiness, and the next moment a bright light flashed upon the dark figure of a human being stretched out upon the ground, in the last struggles of death.

A scene of consternation and confusion followed, when the murderous robbers found they had slain their own look-out or sentinel, in mistake for me. Some blamed the man who struck the fatal blow, and some the ill-fated man himself, for approaching in the way he did, without proper warning. It was finally decided that the man had been killed by a natural mistake, under the circumstances, and that no one should be blamed for a fore-ordained fatality. So they took up the body, from which the last spark of life had departed, and carried it away for a speedy burial.

I humbly thanked Heaven for my own wonderful preservation, and could not but feel that the awful retribution was just. Tired as I was, I reshouldered my pack, and, in the still, dark hours of that eventful night, retraced my steps across the dangerous mountain-path, resolved to quit that perilous country forever. This purpose I am still living to say I accomplished.

The Best Society.

"No company or good company," was a motto given by a distinguished man to all his young friends. It was a motto he had always endeavored to follow as far as in his power, and it was a very wise one. The directions of the Bible are many with regard to evil company, and all through it we are taught to shun such society, lest we get a snare to our souls.

Another of high position in the world makes it a rule to associate with high-minded, intelligent men, rather than with fashionable idlers; and he said he had derived more intellectual improvement from them than from all the books he ever read.

Sir Foxwell Buxton often spoke of the great benefits he had derived from his visit to the Gurney family. Their words stimulated him to make the most of his powers. "It has given a color to my whole life," he said. Speaking of his success at the University, he remarked: "I can ascribe it to nothing but my visits to this family, where I caught the infection of self-improvement."

Surely, if our visits have such an influence upon our life, it should be a matter of serious importance to us in what families we allow ourselves to be intimate. Boys and girls form attachments very easily, and often with little forethought. In this, as all things else, you should not fail to take advice of those who are older and wiser, and never, never choose for a friend one against whom you have been warned by those who dearly love you.

There are people whose very presence seems to lift you up into a better, higher atmosphere. Choose such associates whenever it is in your power, and the more you can live in their society, the better for both mind and heart. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

OF THE ANTEDILUVIANS.—It must have been a pleasant thing to be an Antediluvian, one of the men who lived five hundred and sixty and two years, and begot somebody. Antediluvian life had its advantages. With a life of nine hundred and sixty-nine years before him, a man could accomplish much. He could by personal observation settle the oft-disputed assertion that the polecat lives for two hundred years—he could, if a Burns or a Shakspeare, celebrate his own centennary—he could be his own oldest inhabitant, and could gaze far along the vista of nine hundred years of early green peas and spring chickens. When time was meted by years, and, instead of eight-day clocks, they had eighty-year chronometers, a man could enjoy the luxury of lying in bed till September, or of going on a three years' drunk. When bidding farewell to his family, he might say: "I am just going over to Methuselah's for twenty years—don't wait lunch." And the hoary grandsire of ten centuries might tell his toddling grandson to go out to play until 1886, but he must return then, and not keep his parents sitting up for him. Life insurance would be cheap, and the rate of interest, when men gave notes for four hundred years, renewable for three hundred more, must have been accommodatingly low.

SLEEP.—How many persons are there that go to bed at a reasonable hour? Many will sit up reading or conversing until twelve, one, or even two o'clock at night. This is kept up, and finally becomes a habit, and when they do retire, cannot sleep. They gradually lose flesh, become dyspeptic and debilitated; being unable to account for this emaciation, they consult a physician. Certain medicines are prescribed and still the difficulty exists. The medical adviser has probably neglected to interrogate his patient as to his habits, and he, too, is at a loss to understand why his remedial agents have not the proper salutary effect. The patient now changes physicians, and so he continues, until from exhaustion, he is compelled to remain in bed, and nature regains her grand recuperative powers of sleep, and the patient comparatively recovers for a few months, when, if the same habit is continued, he relapses into his former condition. Many persons will tell you they cannot sleep if they go to bed at nine or ten o'clock in the evening; and this is true, when the nervous system has been abused; but when persons retire at a seasonable hour, they will soon fall asleep, and one hour's sleep, previous to twelve o'clock at night, will do the system more good than three hours after that time. Sitting up late at night impairs the eyes and destroys the complexion, which adds much misery to the life of young ladies. Young men should bear in mind, when they inflict their society on the fair sex till a late hour of night, that they can leave when they feel inclined, but their hostess is compelled to entertain them during their visit—*Medical Reporter*.

A DIFFERENCE.—A teacher one day, for want of a better thing for the class to parse, took up a temperance paper, intending to have them parse a temperance story; but as the story was a long one, he told them to stop at the "grog shop," and not parse it. He, of course, had reference to a portion of the story. Imagine his surprise next morning, to receive a note of dismissal from the school committee for his intemperate ideas of advising his pupils "to stop at a grog shop and not pass it." An explanation ensued, in which it was found that parsing and passing are not the same.

The Possessions of a Western Planter Prince.

A correspondent, writing from Peoria, Ill., gives the following account of the scale upon which farming is done at the West:

The farm of M. L. Sullivant, of Burr Oak, near Chatsworth, Livingston county, Illinois, is not only a big, but a well managed and profitable enterprise. The farm is eight miles square, containing 40,960 acres—64 sections, Government survey. It is subdivided into 82 farms of 1,280 acres each. Each farm has a captain and a first and second lieutenant, all under control of a commander-in-chief, its owner, and Brigadier General J. M. Miner. There are 15,000 acres under the plows, over 10,000 of which is in corn this season, which looks finely. This required 1,600 bushels of corn for seed this year. The remainder of the farm is used for grazing, small grain, and grass.

There are two hundred and fifty miles of hedge fence, besides other fences; one hundred and fifty miles of ditch for draining wet land; two hundred men and four hundred work and horses mules are used on this farm. There is employed, also, one surveyor, two book keepers, four blacksmiths and eight carpenters. An accurate account is kept with each farm, and with each man, horse and mule—horses and mules being all named or numbered, and charged with amount paid for them and their food, and credited with their labor. There is no more regular or systematic set of books kept in any banking or manufacturing establishment in the country than Mr. Sullivant's.

The whole of this land was entered from the Government about twenty years since by its present owner at $1 25 per acre. The farm at this time, with the improvements made upon it and personal property connected with it, is worth about $2,000,000; so you see we have a millionaire in Central Illinois in the person of a sturdy farmer, who shows "what I know about farming" by his works, and can stand in the centre of his farm and say, truthfully, "I am monarch of all I survey."

A Woman's Love.

The funeral of Halsted who was murdered in Newark, N. J., last week, took place in that city on the 5th instant, from his late residence. His wife was present and manifested deep grief at his death. A telegram announcing the murder was sent her on Sunday, but it was not till Tuesday it reached her. In the meantime, however, she had read all the frightful facts, and had already begun to make preparations for coming home. She arrived in Newark at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, and immediately—contrary to all expectation on the part of her relatives and friends—asked to be shown her dead husband. The body had not yet been laid out, and it was with difficulty she was prevented from viewing it until yesterday. It had gone abroad that she had refused to recognize the corpse. This was told her by Col. "Abe" Halsted, her brother-in-law. "Why, Uncle Abe," said she, "you don't suppose I'm going to desert him now? He was foolish and indiscreet, I know, but I loved him through life, and I love him in death. He had his faults, I know, but still he was one of the best of men and of husbands. If the whole world should turn on his corpse I wont." These, words embodying a degree of womanly love and charity, the like of which has rarely if ever been paralleled, are vouched for by Col. "Abe." "Why, sir," said the Colonel, "Newark doesn't know what kind of woman she is; she is a thoroughbred. She even expressed sympathy for the wretched woman Wilson and said she would like to see her and hear what she had to say of the matter. A noble woman, a noble woman, is 'Pet's' widow."

This a Farming Country.

Before the war, we recollect that some high authority expressed a preference for a good plantation In Abbeville over a Mississippi or Red River bottom plantation, asserting that the *average profits* for a series of years were greater. This year's experience recalls this testimony to mind. While the crops elsewhere are suffering from the seasons in various ways, in this whole Abbeville belt of land, stretching across the State, they are doing about as well as usual, and with renumerative prices, our farmers should have money in their pockets next winter.

Consider another item—the price they can get for their provisions here. Upon some of the western farms, forty bushels of corn are raised to the acre, but selling at but 25 cents a bushel, the money yield to the acre, with more labor of course, being in proportion to the bulk of the crop, is but ten dollars. Why, eight bushels to the acre here brings ten dollars, and the fodder and peas are extra.

This country, again, is healthy. Without extravagance, we believe it to be the healthiest in the world. To the laboring man, indeed, to all men, what an invaluable blessing is the enjoyment of sound health!

Lastly, Mr. N. H. Davis insists that hillside hedging will make our clay hills, the steeper the better, the most fertile lands in the whole country.

These considerations should make the thriftless ponder, whether any change of locality will ever make prosperous, money-making farmers of those, who can neither prosper nor make money here.—Fairfield Herald.

Profanity.

Cowper wrote some lines about swearing, which it would be worth while for every one to learn:

"It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to on every trifling theme;
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise—
To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise."

Some who would not swear by the name of God, think nothing of swearing "By George," or "By jingo," or by something else; others often cry out," "Good gracious!" or "Mercy on me!" and the like. These are the beginnings of swearing. They are to profane swearing what acorns are to the oak.

Our Saviour said when he was on earth: "Let your yea be yea and your nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than this, cometh of evil." This means that we should use plain, simple language. David had a short prayer to this point: "Set a watch, O, Lord! before my mouth; and keep the door of my lips."

James L. Orr.

To the Editor of the Kingstree Star:

The Honorable James L. Orr, Judge James L. Orr, is spoken of in the following-wise in the Barnwell *Sentinel*. We take it thusly;

We see that this wily man has been having himself interviewed again. Before he turned Radical openly, he had his interview published in the World. Now that he has embraced Radicalism, he enlightens the the North through the Herald. It won't do, Judge. The Republican party are not anxious to get such recruits as the Radicals of South Carolina, you are too dead weight. They are ashamed of you. They know how you deserted and betrayed the Democratic party, just as Beast Butler did. They know how you supported President Johnson until he could no longer serve you. They know how you curried favor with Sickles, another deserter. They know how you tried to honey-fuggle the black and tan Convention, as it was called, in Charleston. They know how you have made friends with Scott and his crew, who have been preying upon the vitals of the State. They know the good men you sneer at and respect them, which is more than they do you. If you think you can play a card for the nomination of Vice-President on the Republican Ticket, play it, but you can't win. You may as well try, however, for it is your last chance. That party will look for a stronger man than you when they elect their banner-bearers. You are played out, and what is worse, found out. Deserters may be received as recruits, but they will not be selected as leaders."

We say to our quondam Governor—the professional politician—the one who has been tried, but is not to be trusted, that South Carolina has no use for such as you are. You had better emigrate. We do not desire your services as Judge. You are out of office as Governor (we are happy to have it to say) and we have no use for you as a politician. He who tries to climb both sides of the sapling should fall. CRAON.

Brevities and Levities.

☞ A Nashville paper reports the "obsequies of the last surviving member of the first Grand Lodge of Masons in Tennessee." Why they buried the poor man alive does not appear.

☞ An Indiana damsel undertook to break a mule colt the other day. At last accounts her head was two sizes too large for her bonnet, and she had ordered a set of false teeth.

☞ A kiss is the alms which enriches him who receives without impoverishing her who gives.

☞ We are reliably informed that the "Harp that once through Tara's halls," and the "Harp of a Thousand Strings" are in no way connected with the Jews-harp family; nor are they related to Harp-ers Magazine.

☞ The following advertisement appeared in an Irish paper: "Whereas Patrick Malony has fraudulently taken away several articles of wearing apparel without my knowledge, this is, therefore, to inform him that if he does not forthwith return the same his name shall be made public."

☞ The Texas Gazette speaks in this style of a politician of that State: Should the brains of a decent white man be deposited in the Mississippi river at St. Louis, ten drops of river water at Vicksburg would fully represent his intellectual capacity."

☞ A Bostonian buried his sixth wife lately. Next day he met the preacher, and offered him a three dollar greenback. The minister declined to take it saying he was not accustomed to take pay for such services; and the bereaved individual replied, "Just as you say, but that's what I've been in the habit of paying."

☞ There was seen, the other day, a little boy, in the streets of Colosse, New York, crying. A gentleman, stepping up to the little follow, said: "My little man, what is the matter?" To which he responded: "I've got the stomach ache, and I'll have it again if I've a mind to."

☞ A Nevada paper prints an elaborate article upon the delicate subject of "what shall we drink." After a logical review, the writer concludes that "no man ever lived to a green old age who was a renegade to whiskey straight and stooped so low as to take sugar in his liquor."

☞ The State Department has received large numbers of letters from parties in different parts of the country asking to be supplied with some of the cundurango, the recently discovered cancer remedy brought to the attention of the government by the Ecuadorian minister. As the supply is exhausted the requests cannot be complied with.

☞ A Virginia editor has come to the conclusion that a man might as well undertake to hold himself at arm's length and then turn a double somersault over a meeting house steeple, as to attempt to publish a paper that will suit everybody.

☞ An old lady gives this as her idea of a great man: "One who is keerful of his clothes, don't drink sperits, kin read the Bible without spelling the words, and eat a cold dinner on wash day without grumbling."

☞ A young lady in Oshkosh was lately presented with an elegant card case from one of her admirers. A few days afterward, while showing it to a lady friend, "she wished he had given her a larger one. This little thing won't hold more than half a deck!"

☞ An elderly Mississippian blew out his brains the other day because his washer woman would pin his shirts at the neckband.

☞ Several young men about our town ought to trim out their eyebrows so as to correspond with their moustaches.

TENEMENT LIFE IN NEW YORK.—Some idea may be formed of tenement life in New York, when it is known that two houses in "Gotham Court," known as Nos. 36 and 38 Cherry street, contain six hundred people. The Board of Health has ordered a clearing out of these premises for the benefit of humanity therein imprisoned; but humanity and avarice seem inclined to battle with the philanthropic board, and bravely struggle to reverse this order. It seems scarcely credible that such a phase of life can exist in a city of so much wealth and magnificence; but, following the downward track of the cars through the eastern avenues and lower streets, the sight is truly sickening.

Far up, to a height of four or five stories, in cramped and close rooms, or down beneath where God's sunlight fails to creep, men, women and children vegetate, growing in years and developing in crime. Here the great masses congregate to eke out the gift of life, which is often half spent before they know how to use it; but here are also found, even amid the squalor and poverty and darkness of corruption, brave and noble souls making these same hard lessons glorious for their fellows.

PHYSICAL EFFECT OF LAUGHTER.—Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric, or vital codition is distinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey, when a man is laughing from what it does at other times. And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they do now to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such a time, just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription—a pill or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effectual method of producing the requiring effect in each patient.

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 of 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 prices

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
One copy, three months,	1 50
Five copies, (club) one year,	4 50 each.
Ten copies, (club) one year,	4 00 each.

WEEKLY.

One copy, one year,	$2 00
One copy, six months,	1 00
Five copies, (club) one year	1 75 each.
Ten copies, (club) one year	1 50 each.

The TRI-WEEKLY, containing full Telegraph and Market Reports, with all the leading Editorials of the DAILY, is published and mailed every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday morning.

The WEEKLY, an eight page paper, convenient size for binding, containing full and accurate Market Reports, Telegraphic News, Editorials and Miscellaneous matter, is printed and mailed every Monday.

We shall strive to make the CONSTITUTIONALIST, in the future, worthy the liberal patronage heretofore enjoyed.

STOCKTON & CO., Proprietors.

Augusta, Apr 22 2m 18

For Sale, 100,000 WELL BURNT BRICK.

AND among them several Thousands CIRCULAR BRICKS for Walling Wells,—now ready for delivery.

W. W. ADAMS.

Mar 6 tf 11

Keep Cool.

IF you want a COLD GLASS OF SODA WATER, call at

G. L. PENN'S Drug Store.

May 9 tf 20

Lemons! Lemons!

TWO Boxes FRESH LEMONS just received, and for sale by

MARKERT & CLISBY.

June 21 tf 26

Confectioneries, Nuts, &c.

A FINE Variety of Fresh CANDIES, NUTS, &c., always in Store.

W. F. DURISOE, Sr.

June 21 1m 26

Dissolution.

AUGUSTA, June 22d, 1871.

THE INSURANCE FIRM of JEFFERSON & RANSOM, as Agents of the Piedmont & Arlington Life Insurance Company was dissolved on the 15th May last, by the withdrawal of E. E. JEFFERSON.

M. A. RANSOM succeeds to, and controls all of the former business of said Firm, and will continue the business with Office at 227 Broad Street, Augusta, Georgia.

The General Agency for South Carolina of LEAPHART, JEFFERSON & RANSOM was also dissolved at same date by the withdrawal of E. E. JEFFERSON.

The business of the Agency will be continued as usual at the Company's Office in Columbia by LEAPHART & RANSOM.

E. E. JEFFERSON,
M. A. RANSOM.

A Card.

IN explanation of the above, it is but due to the Company and my late Partners, to say that my withdrawal was not occasioned by any loss of confidence in the Company, or in its present management, or distrust of its future success, but to accept a more advantageous offer. My official and personal relations with my late Partners were pleasant and harmonious to time of dissolution, and I cordially commend them to my friends.

E. E. JEFFERSON.

June 28 1m26

U. S. MARSHAL'S SALE.

U. S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
SOUTH CAROLINA DISTRICT.

Nehemiah K. Butler, vs Wm. B. Dorn.
Joseph H. Spears, vs Wm. B. Dorn.

BY Virtue of Writs of *Fieri Facias* to me directed, issuing out of the Honorable the United States Circuit Court, for the District of South Carolina, in the above stated cases, I will expose for sale, to the highest bidder, at public auction, at Edgefield C. H., on the 7th day of August, 1871, (being the First Monday in the month,) all the right, title, and interest of the Defendant in and to the following property, to wit:

No. 1.--ONE TRACT OF LAND, known as "The Rocky Pond Tract," containing Thirteen Hundred and Twenty-five Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of George D. Tillman, J. M. Clark, Estate of H. Newsome, and others. On this Tract there are two Grist Mills and one Steam Saw Mill.

No. 2.--ONE TRACT OF LAND, known as "The Brooks' Tract," containing Six Hundred and Fifteen Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of D. J. Williams, Anderson Walls, N. S. Harrison and others.

No. 3.--ONE TRACT OF LAND, known as "The Hibler Tract," containing Eleven Hundred Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of J. L. Harmon, Thomas Perrin, Thomas Henderson and others. On this Tract there is also a good Grist Mill.

No. 4.--ONE TRACT OF LAND, known as "The Shinburg Tract," containing Seven Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Dr. J. C. Lanier, Dr. J. E. Lewis and others. A good Grist Mill also on this Tract.

No. 5.--ONE TRACT OF LAND, known as "The Rogue Shoal Tract," containing Seventy Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of J. A. Talbert, Miss Susan Blackwell and others. There is a good Grist Mill also on this Tract.

The above Lands levied on as the property of the Defendant Wm. B. Dorn.

☞ TERMS CASH. Purchasers to pay the Marshal for necessary Papers and Stamps.

☞ Sale to be conducted by BENJ. P. COVAR, Deputy Marshal, as Auctioneer.

L. E. JOHNSON,
U. S. Marshal.

Charleston, S. C., July 6, 1871. 4t29

County Auditor's Notice.

COUNTY AUDITOR'S OFFICE,
EDGEFIELD C. H., S. C.,
June 28th, 1871

THE Undersigned will attend at the following places in Edgefield County at the times stated herein, to receive RETURNS of property holders, and to ASSESS THE PROPERTY, Real and Personal, in said County, in pursuance of the Laws of this State providing for the Assessment and Taxation of property, viz:

Pleasant Lane,	July 10th, 1871.
Cheatham's Store,	" 11th, "
Liberty Hill,	" 12th and 13th
White House,	" 14th, 1871.
Red Hill,	" 15th, "
Ward's Depot,	" 17th, "
Norris' Store,	" 18th, "
Mt. Willing,	" 19th and 20th
T. W. Blease's Store,	" 21st, 1871.
Coopersville,	" 22nd, "
Dr. Rushton's Store,	" 24th, "
Pine House,	" 25th, "
Graniteville,	" 26th, "
Hamburg,	" 27th, "
Beech Island, Club H.	" 28th, "
Cherokee Ponds,	" 29th, "

And at Edgefield C. H. from July 31st to August 14th, 1871, at which time the Books will close.

The property holders will be required to meet the Auditor at the times and places aforesaid, and to make their returns on oath; and to facilitate business, they are requested to come prepared with a full statement of all their property ready made out.

The attention of all property holders in Edgefield County is called to the following Section of the Act entitled an Act to Amend an Act entitled An Act providing for the Assessment and Taxation of Property, passed Sept. 15th, 1868, and an Act amendatory thereto, approved March 9th, 1871:

SEC. 3. That whenever any tax payer shall fail to make returns to the Auditor of his County within the time prescribed by law, it shall be the duty of the County Auditor to enter in the tax duplicate against such tax payer, the property charged to him in the previous year, with fifty per cent. penalty added thereto, except in cases of sickness, or absence from the County, when the true amount of property only shall be charged.

ROBERT A. LYNCH,
Auditor Edgefield County.

June 28 4t 27

Gin Repairing.

THE Subscriber, with the benefit of a practical experience for the last twenty-five years, offers his services to Planters of Edgefield wishing their GINS REPAIRED, SAWS SHARPENED, &c, &c., and will attend promptly and faithfully to all orders. Terms reasonable.

Letters addressed to him at Edgefield, S. C., care of Mr. D. R. Durisoe, will receive early attention.

W. B. MAYS.

July 5 1m 28

BOOTS AND SHOES!

MADE TO ORDER OR REPAIRED

All work well done at reasonable prices, out of the best Leather, and by competent workmen.

Give me a trial, and I will give you good fit.

Terms Cash. S. H. MANGET.

June 7 tf 24

Electric Fly Paper.

THE most effective article known. Kills Flies instantly. For sale at G. L. PENN'S DRUG STORE.

May 2 tf 19