

Edgefield Advertiser.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., SEPTEMBER 21, 1871.

VOLUME XXXV.-No. 39.

BY D. R. DURISOE.

Piedmont & Arlington LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Home Office, Richmond, Va.

Annual Income, 1st Jan'y, 1871, \$1,440,954.94!

Policies Issued to 1st January 1871, 13,345!

ALL CASH PREMIUMS, REDUCED BY ANNUAL DIVIDENDS, ON THE "CONTRIBUTION PLAN."

The Largest Southern Company.

STATE DIRECTORS:
 J. P. THOMAS, JOHN MCKENZIE, R. W. GIBBES,
 W. B. GULICK, DR. ISAAC BRANCH, JOHN S. SLOAN,
 THOMPSON EARLE, T. C. PERRIN, JOHN S. FRESTON,
 DR. H. R. COOK, Ex-Gov. M. L. BONHAM

LEAPHART & RANSOM, General Agents,--Office: Columbia, S. C.

E. KEESE, Conveyancer and Collector.
 Capt. B. M. TALBERT, Conveyancing Agent for Edgefield District.
 Ex-Gov. M. L. BONHAM'S position in connection with this Company remains the same as before the withdrawal of Capt. E. E. JEFFERSON.

JOSIAS SIBLEY, S. H. SIBLEY, GEO. R. SIBLEY, ROBT. P. SIBLEY.

J. SIBLEY & SONS, Cotton Commission Merchants

DEALERS IN GUANOS.

No. 159, Reynold Street, AUGUSTA, GA.

We again offer our Services in the WAREHOUSE BUSINESS to the Public.

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES made on Cotton in Store.

ORDERS for BAGGING and TIES promptly filled.

Sept 5 3m 37

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 long 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 paid to the active circulation of the South, in payment of premiums in Northern Companies. In real estate and securities, our people can never share on equal terms. Let them sustain our own Life Enterprise, and thus keep our money and the profits too at home.

Officers at Macon, Ga.:

WM. B. JOHNSON, 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. MERCEUR 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.

PETER KEENAN

Again salutes the Good People of Edgefield, and the many readers of the Advertiser, and invites them, when they are in want of

Boots and Shoes,

To call at his Reliable House, next door to James A. Gray & Co., where they will find NOTHING BUT THE BEST WORK! And all made to order in Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Having made a flying trip to the above cities, and taking advantage of the duty-free prevailing there, I can conscientiously say that I have

The Best Goods Ever Brought to this Market!

And every style of Gentlemen's Hand-sewed Shoes, at \$5 per pair!
 Low Strap Shoes--Prince Albert's--made of Morocco and Calf, with and without Box-Toes.

And Every Other style Known to the Trade!

Nothing will be left undone to merit the confidence of my Fellow-Citizens. I would just as soon force a paper, as beguile the public with anything other than Facts.

PETER KEENAN,
 250 Broad Street, Under Central Hotel,
 AUGUSTA, GA.

Aug 8 33

SALUDA HOUSE. FRESH ARRIVALS AT

MRS. R. B. BOWLAVER respectfully announces to the Edgefield public that she has opened the SALUDA HOUSE, and will use every exertion to please all who may favor her with their patronage. She solicits the encouragement of her friends.

Board by the Day, Week or Month, at as low figures as can possibly be afforded.

Edgfield, May 30 23 37

NEW GOODS!

JUST Received FIFTY Pieces FALL PRINTS, all the latest styles.

10 Doz. COATS OF COTTON, \$1 per doz.
 10 Doz. BALDWIN SHIRTING, 15 cts. per yard.
 J. H. CHEATHAM,
 At Sullivan's Old Stand.

W. H. BRUNSON'S.
 1 CASE NEW FALL PRINTS,
 10 Pieces DOMESTIC CHECKS,
 10 Pieces STRIPES,
 1 Bale GRAYING HEMPSPUN,
 Bale Sewing Thread,
 Soda, Starch, Soap,
 Smoking and Cheating TOBACCO,
 A choice lot of SEGARS,
 All for sale low.

Sept 6 37

Red Cats, Rust Proof.

WE can furnish these OATS, delivered at the Depot. Sacks included, at \$1.25 per Bushel of 32 lbs. Apply by Cash order to
 T. C. LITSCOMB & SON,
 Ninety-Six, G. & C. R. R.

Sept 5 37

I believe if I should die,
 And you should kiss my eyelids when
 Cold, dead, and numb to all the world
 contains,
 The folded orbs would open at thy
 breath,
 And from its exile in the aisles of death
 Life would come gladly back along my
 veins.

I believe if I were dead,
 And you upon my lifeless heart should
 tread,
 Not knowing what the cold clod chanced
 to be,
 It would find sudden pulse beneath
 the touch
 Of him it ever loved in life so much,
 And thrice again, warm, tender, true to
 thee.

I believe if in my grave,
 Hidden in woody deeps, or by the
 wave,
 You eyes should drop some warm tears
 of regret,
 From every salty seed of your dear
 grief,
 Some sweet blossom would leap
 into life,
 To prove death could not make my love
 forget.

I believe if I should fade
 Into those mystic realms where light
 and joy should long once more my face
 to see,
 I would come forth upon the hills of
 night,
 And gather stags like faggots, till thy
 sight
 Led by the beacon blaze, fell on me!

I believe my faith in thee,
 Since thou art so nobly placed to be,
 I would as soon expect to see the sun
 Fall like a dead king from his height
 as mine,
 His glory stricken from the throne of
 Time,
 As the unworth the worship thou hast
 won.

I believe who has not loved,
 Has lost the treasure of his life un-
 proved:
 Like one who with the grape, within his
 grasp,
 Drops it, with all its crimson juice un-
 pressed,
 And all its luscious sweetness left un-
 pressed,
 Out from his careless and unheeding
 clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
 Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew
 That gushes from its petals in its hours
 of dusk:
 The waiting angels see and recognize
 The rich crown jewel love of Paradise,
 When life falls from us like a withered
 husk.

MY BLIND WIFE.

My one-and-twentieth birthday came during the period of my meanderings. I am a steady-going old fellow enough now, but in youth my life was crowded with adventures. At eighteen I broke through the limitations of the old homestead, deserted my father's farm, and became a rover.

There must have been something in my blood in me. As a child I was restless and enterprising. My grandfather, observing me, said that I just escaped being a genius. I look at this view of my possibilities, reconciled my father to my terrible delinquencies in farming, but I do not think that it ever did. I was the black sheep of the family, and finally allowed by my parents--in sorrow than anger--to go my own ways, which were many and diversified.

The night before my final departure, my mother came up to my room, after I had gone to bed, and sitting down by my pillow, put her gentle hand on my head.

"You are not asleep, Jack?"

"No, mother."

"I have something to say to you, dear, which I could not say before the others. I have never been angry with you because you did not like farming, as your father has been--only a little disappointed, because a farmer lives a safe and virtuous life and I hoped to see all my boys settle down around me, to support and comfort my old age. But I think I see that you were not made for a farmer."

"No, mother; I am certain that I was not! I am heart sick of the monotonous routine of drudgery that leads to nothing but eating and lying down to rest. The singing of the insects in the fields chafes and frets me. Something from a distance seems calling me, and my strength and courage are equal to anything. Don't fret about me, little mother; you shall be proud of your scapegrace son yet."

"I am proud of you now, Jack, and shall only be more so, if, after a few years out in the world's temptations you bring back to me your untarnished self-respect and honor. Keep out of evil, for my sake--for mother's sake, Jack; and she laid her pale cheek down to mine."

"I will, mother; trust me--don't worry."

A few more last words, and then she kissed me good-night. I rolled over in the darkness, vowing, as I never had vowed before, to keep straight, for my mother's sake.

A week later I had my own way to Missouri. I had my own way to work, and my new life I had chosen, and in New Orleans I fell among thieves, figuratively, and received my first lesson in human depravity.

On my way to Mexico I had a low fever, but recovered. At Monterreza I fell in love with a Spanish girl; also recovered. The next winter I was in Florida, from whence I worked my way West.

I had reasons for wishing to go to Omaha. It was then little more than a military outpost. From St. Joseph I went on a buckboard as far as the headquarters of the most remote Indian agencies, and when compelled, procured a pony, and continued my travels, alone, over a most dangerous portion of the country.

I know how the course I took was simple madness and the wonder is that I escaped with my life. The Indians, different tribes of which coursed the plains in every direction, were, one and all, hostile to the whites. But indifferent to all warning, I went forth, anticipating no trouble, fearing no evil, though I carried an unusually fine scalp.

With my gun slung across my shoulder, I sung to myself as my pony galloped over the plains, then I was suddenly arrested by a most brilliant green with May verdure, and I lay on my blanket upon the ground, and I lay as happy as the day was long, for three days. I pursued my way prosperously.

Upon the evening of the fourth, I stopped at a spring, welling like crystal from the ground, to let my horse drink. The pony, though thirsty, sniffed the ground and gave voice to low whinnies, which was explained when I suddenly discovered hoof-tracks and moccasin-prints in the mud around the spring.

I turned in alarm to mount, when there was a rush through the bushes a chorus of yells, and I found myself surrounded by Indians. Their camp was close at hand.

There were thirty of these men, women and children. Their wigwags were among the bushes, and here their ponies grazed, their dogs snarled, and the alkohol of their living gathered around them.

I expected, as a great hideous savage laid hands on me, to be instantly killed and scalped; but after depriving me of my gun, and binding my hands and feet with deer-tongues, they carried me into one of the wigwags and laid me down upon a bed of skins. It was evident that they did not mean to kill me immediately.

For twenty-four hours, without meat or drink, I was left to wonder what they did mean to do with me.

My lashings had become very annoying, for I was bound with unnecessary tightness. The rude leather compressed the flesh upon my wrists and ankles, and rendered my every painful. The pain gradually extended through my whole body, and no words can tell what I suffered.

I think, upon the second day, I must have become somewhat delirious, for I had forgotten where I was, when I saw two faces turned attentively upon me.

One was dark and repulsive--the other fair and delicate. I turned beseeching glances upon them and tried to speak.

I don't know what I succeeded in saying; but the dark face was distorted with a horrid grin. To my astonishment, the other murmured, in English:

"Poor fellow!"

"My senses cleared a little. 'Kill me at once,' I said. 'I had rather die now than bear an hour more of this suffering!'

As I looked at the one who had spoken, I saw that she was a young white girl. She was wrapped, like the other, in skins and furs, wore necklaces upon her small feet, and had a string of tawdry ornaments about her neck; but her hair flowed, fair, fine and silky, upon her slender shoulders.

She could not have been more than fourteen years old. I looked at her in wonder as she knelt down by me and passed her small fingers lightly over my lashings.

Something in her manner of doing this made me look narrowly into her face. She was blind! Her lovely blue eyes did not see me at all.

She rose up and spoke to the squaw who accompanied her. The latter replied by a harsh laugh.

The conversation was continued in a language I did not understand; but I saw that the young girl assumed something of authority.

She seemed to demand something for me, to which the other gave no encouragement.

She was an old hag, stolid and hideously ugly, yet, as she pleaded I saw the sweet young girl put her little hand on her shoulder, and stroke her tawny cheek. Finally, as I watched them in agonizing suspense, both left the wigwag.

I waited for their return. The terrible hours went by unbroken, and daylight began to fade.

Through a half delirious slumber I heard the voices of my captors, heard horses neigh, and knew that they were going to and fro around me; but none of them brought relief to my protracted agony.

If they had not taken my knife, and I could have got my hand to my pocket, I think I would have cut my throat.

It was nearly, if not quite, dark, when I half realized the sound of a step beside me, and then water--heaven's! how refreshingly cold and sweet--was held to my lips.

"Who is it?" I asked, for the skin at the entrance of the wigwag had fallen and shut out what little light there was.

"Hush!" whispered a soft voice. There was a light retreating step, and I felt that I was again alone.

But the water had revived and strengthened me. A wild plan of escape darted through my head, and I fell to gnawing the things upon my wrists.

I must have worked for hours. At length the thong, worn to shreds, separated.

My heart bounded with joy. Though my hands and arms were most swelled, and acutely sore, I managed to use them sufficiently to untie my feet.

At first I could not stand, but by rubbing my limbs, and urging them gradually to the task, I was at length able to walk about the wigwag. After a little of this exercise, I lay down to rest again, and consider the possibilities of my escape.

I felt that my danger was now greater than before. I was weak and ill, and suddenly the great trees welled up to my eyes. In the darkness I seemed to see my mother's face, with its mild eyes and chattering cheek. The touch of her hand was on my brow. I wept bitterly.

The paroxysm passed, and I grew calm, and resolute of spirit. I would make an effort for my life, at least. I rose to my feet, and listened.

All was still. I could hear no sound but the running of water, and the hooting of owls. Moving cautiously to the door of the wigwag, I pulled aside the skin, and looked out. I could see absolutely nothing.

It was a pitch-dark night. I never since have seen so dark a one, I think. And in the silence I seemed utterly alone.

But I knew only too well that I was not alone. I dared not stir forth a step for fear of falling over some guard--Indian or dog. I waited, and listened.

Suddenly something touched me. It was a light, but firm and magnet-

in hand. My instinct taught me not to be afraid.

"Come on, quietly," said a soft voice--the same that had spoken when I received drink. I had concluded it to be the blind girl.

The little hand grasped mine, and led me forward. There was not a ray of light, but she drew me onward with a speed and promptness that bewildered me. Suddenly I heard the low whinny of my horse; it was peculiar and unmistakable. I put out my hand, and touched the animal. The next minute we moved on, and I found that my companion was leading him.

We must have proceeded in this way for several hundred yards, when we heard the distant sound of eager and confused voices. I surmised that my escape was discovered. My companion stopped, and I felt her hand close nervously upon mine.

"Where is the horse?" I said. "I will mount him, and run for it!"

"No; it is too late," she whispered. "Come with me."

Turning sharply, she proceeded in another direction--still leading the pony, who paced along briskly to our headlong speed. It was a strange sight, for it was I who seemed to be she, she abides, lovely and beloved--my blind wife.

I have been told that people compassionate me. They have wondered that I chose to marry a girl who was sightless. They do not dream that I was saved from a horrible death through this very blindness--that, with the instinct bred from her misfortune, my wife saved my life--Whose should it be, if not hers?

I have been contemplating the character of little Nydia, in Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." The story is not stranger than my own, nor was she more heroic than my Sunshine.

The Wages of Sin.

The Memphis Advertiser, of Wednesday, gives the following particulars of the killing of Captain J. Theodore Adams, of which mention has been made by telegraph.

The cause of the shooting was the alleged seduction of Mr. Brown's daughter Millie by Mr. Adams. The latter gentleman last Monday spoke to one of his brother clerks, and said that he was in trouble. Asking him what was the matter, he replied that Mr. Brown had said he must marry his daughter, to whom he had been paying attention for some time. The clerk had had criminal knowledge of the lady in question.

Mr. Brown has made the following statement:

"Friday last I first discovered my daughter's condition, but never learned its author until yesterday morning. As soon as I learned of it, I went immediately to Mr. Adams, who was staying in Seesel's, and told him that he must marry my daughter. This was about eight o'clock, and he told me to go away, and he would meet me at my store, No. 315 Second street, at ten o'clock, and waited at my store until about half-past ten o'clock, when he came, and I again asked him why he had not come to my store, according to promise. He made some frivolous excuse about some one being sick, and that he could not neglect his business. Telling me to come around to a certain store on Union street, he went away. In company with my son I did go around, and there met Mr. Adams. He said he could not get away, but because he had no money. I told him that while I did not have much, I could and would help him along all in my power. My daughter was willing to marry him, and I had nothing to say. Upon his again faintly refusing I said: 'I will go unarmed to-day, but if you do not marry my daughter this day, you take your own life in your hands.' He laughed at me, and said that was a game two could play at, and that he could pull and shoot as quick as I could. Coming on to the sidewalk, he said: 'Well, I suppose you will not make any advantage of me. You will give me a show.' Says he: 'Who should I give you me? What show did you give my daughter? I will take any and every advantage of you that I can, as you have done the same with me.'

We then separated, and I returned to my store, where Colonel DuBose came with John D. Adams about twelve o'clock to see me. Colonel DuBose said that he had come as a mutual friend, to see if this thing could be arranged amicably. Says I: 'This is no child's play; I am terribly in earnest, and that man must marry my daughter.' That was the last talk I had with any of them. When I returned home last night I met my daughter and questioned her. She told me that Adams had asked her if I was a Mason. She told him 'Yes,' and he said that he also was a Mason, and that Masons were under obligations to protect each other's families, and that whatever they did for me was all right. By this kind of talk he succeeded in effecting his purpose and ruined my daughter. Well, this morning I got up and told some of my folks that I was going after Adams. I had some trouble in getting a gun, but finally got one. When I returned, telling the man I was going to hunt, I just walked into the store and had the gun pulled down on him before he saw me, when he dropped as if shot behind the counter. I ran around some ladies who were in the store and shot him. I gave him every shot, but he would not repair the damage he had done me, and this is all that was left me to do.

While making my statement Mr. Brown expressed some welling up in his throat so as to stop his speech, while his eyes filled with tears.

Famine and cholera are marching hand-in-hand through Persia. From last accounts, the inhabitants were in dismay and flying like sheep to escape their assailants. The famine in the Southern provinces appears to have become far worse than was at first reported. In Khorassan one-third of the whole population is said to have perished from it. At Ispahan

A Kick at Civil Rights.

The Washington Chronicle has the following card:

To the Editor of the Chronicle:

On the 31st of August, 1871, Hon. R. B. Elliott died, by invitation, with a gentleman, at the place known as "The National Dining Saloon," on Twelfth-street. A man by the name of Samuel R. Clark, now a clerk in the Postoffice Department, caused considerable disturbance about the matter. Said Clark claims that a "nigger" has no right to dine at a restaurant where he takes his meals; and also stated that if he (Clark) had \$300 in his pocket to purchase the Court with, that he would take a chair and break the d--nigger's head." I am informed that Clark was dismissed from the Treasury Department on the ground that he was a Democrat of the worst sort.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

The Money Goes.

A correspondent of the Central Baptist, after visiting President Grants farm a few miles from St. Louis, Mo., says he "was received by Mr. Eldred, a relative of the President, who is intrusted by him with the superintendence of property valued at not less than \$300,000. The farm includes, with recent purchases, 809 acres, mostly rolling land. Referring to this statement of the Central Baptist, the Brooklyn Eagle says: "President Grant went into the army not over a cent, and has lived quietly ever since. His horses, equipments, etc., are the theme of advertising descriptions from correspondents not only at Washington, but at Long Branch, and wherever else he takes up his temporary abode. It is, therefore, quite consolatory to find that out of his not excessive salary, first as General and now as President, he is able to keep \$300,000 of blooded stock and such like property idle on a Missouri farm."

These boss politicians, whether called Supervisors or Presidents, contrive to live at the highest point of luxury, and on moderate salaries, and yet to roll up riches.

There is here in the State Treasurer of South Carolina, Mr. Parker. He refuses to allow his book to be examined. The Charleston News says of him:

"Three years ago he was little better than a beggar. When elected State Treasurer he was in the depth of destitution. Now he drives six horses in gold mounted harness, buys fifteen thousand dollar diamond pins, and has the reputation of being worth a cool quarter of a million. All this in three years upon an annual salary of twenty-five hundred dollars."

The A. N. Butler romance is related by the New York Sun:

"A follower of Wesley and a preacher of righteousness came to the Senate from a Western State, pious and poor. Serving first in the North wing of the Capitol, then in the Department of the Interior, and then again at the Capitol, he waxed rich and dwelt in his own lavishly furnished brown stone mansion, and kept a carriage which the Archbishop of Canterbury would have envied."

The Spartanburg, Laurens and Augusta Railroad.

In another column we publish the resolutions of a meeting held at Laurens Court House on last Saturday, for the purpose of setting on foot the project of building a Railroad from this place to Augusta. We are glad to see that our Laurens friends appreciate the advantages of a connection with Spartanburg, and that their meeting was characterized by so much zeal and unanimity. We pledge to the Committee appointed, our most hearty and cordial co-operation in pushing forward this enterprize.

The importance of a Railroad line from this point to Augusta, via Laurens, Ninety Six and Edgefield Court House, can hardly be overestimated. It would enable the distance to Charlotte, N. C., from Augusta about ten miles shorter than by Columbia, and as soon as connection is made from this place with Cincinnati, it will shorten the route from Augusta to that city, some three hundred miles. Such a road will give the cotton planters of Laurens, Newberry, Abbeville and Edgefield, all the Railroad facilities they could desire. It would enable them to send their cotton direct to the best markets, and enable them to draw their supplies from the cheap and abundant stores of the North-west.

The people of Spartanburg, also, have a deep interest in this project; it will run through the wealthiest and most productive portion of our District, a distance of some twenty or twenty-five miles. It will add vastly to the importance of our own and the number of its inhabitants, and thus indirectly benefit the whole District.

Let us have a rousing meeting on next Saturday and put the ball in motion at once. We commend the matter especially to our friends on Tyger, in the neighborhood of Woodruff, and Cross Anchor--Spartanburg Spartan.

Graham & Butler, Cotton Factors,

Commission Merchants,
 Office No. 6, McIntosh Street, AUGUSTA, GA.

WE will give your strict attention to the Storage and Sale of Cotton and other Produce on Commission.

We furnish Planters with Groceries, Bagging, Ties, &c., at market rates.

And will make the usual advances on produce consigned to us.

W. GRAHAM,
 O. N. BUTLER,
 No. 6, 3m 36

37 Abbeville Press & Banner and Laurens Herald will copy 3 months, and forward account.

STAPLE GROCERIES.

1000 Rolls Domestic Jute BAC-
 KING,
 1000 Bales Best Gummi BAC KING,
 300 Bales Best Gummi BAC KING,
 4000 Bales Arrow TIES,
 500 Bales Lino, Java and Laguna COI-
 FE,
 200 Bales Refined SUGARS,
 100 Hbls. Porto Rico and Demarara SU-
 GAR,
 200 Hbls. Reboiled MOLASSES,
 100 Hbls. Reboiled MOLASSES,
 200 Boxes Bar SOAP,
 200 Boxes Hair Brushes Adamsantine
 CANDLES,
 300 Casks C. R. Bacon SIDES,
 200 " Bacon SHEDDERS,
 PEPPER, CINGER, STARCH, SODA
 WARE, and other Goods usu-
 ally kept in our line, at Lowest Prices to the Trade.

HORTON & WALTON,
 302 Broad St., AUGUSTA, GA.
 Sept 6 3m 37

Card.

I WOULD beg leave to respectfully inform my friends (particularly the ladies), and the public generally, in Edgefield, that on the 1st August, and thenceforward, I will be found at the popular Dry Goods Establishment of V. RICHARDS & BROS., of the "Frederickshurg Square," Augusta, Ga., where I will be most happy to see and serve them, giving them perhaps as advantageous bargains in every respect as may be obtained in the City.

HUGH B. HARRISON,
 Augusta, July 26, 1871. 3m 31

AUGUSTA HOTEL.

MURPHY & HAY, Proprietors.

WE take this opportunity of returning our thanks to the citizens of Edgefield for their past kindness to us.

Our House is thoroughly renovated for ST. MURPHY ACCOMMODATIONS--Rooms large and airy, and Table always supplied with the best market affords.

We will be pleased to welcome our Edgefield friends and customers, and will use every effort to render their sojourn with us pleasant and agreeable.

Augusta, Mar 29 3m 14

Georgia Lime & Fertilizer Co.

OFFER their "SHELL LIME" to the Planting public in full confidence of its excellence as a

Permanent Manure.

It was extensively used the past year on Wheat, Corn and Cotton, and has given entire satisfaction, as is shown by a number of certificates from some of the best planters in Georgia and So. Carolina. Our XXXX LIME is equal to any in the market for all Mason's purposes, and from its whiteness, superior to any other for whitewashing and for hard finishing walls.

Our price for Fertilizing Lime is \$15.00 per ton, Cash, put up in Casks or Barrels, delivered in the City of Augusta, or at any landing on the Savannah River. The price of XXXX or Mason's Lime is \$2.00 per Barrel, delivered as above.

COLES & SIZER,
 No. 14, McIntosh Street, Augusta, Ga.
 Agent: M. H. MIMS, Johnson's Depot
 Aug 8 6m 38

Surveying!

THE undersigned offers his services to the public Lands Surveyed and Platting neatly done on short notice. Address me at Mine Creek, N. W. Carroll Co., Ga. JAMES M. FORRESTER.
 Aug 30 1m 36

SAVE YOUR MONEY

By Preserving your Harness

CALBY and get a can of the Celebrated VACUUM OIL BLACKING, warranted to give satisfaction. For sale at G. L. PENN'S Drug Store.
 Sept 7

A Most Horrible Tragedy.

The Wash (Ind.) Republican contains the following account of the horrible affair mentioned in our despatches Thursday:

"Yesterday morning, Mrs. Mary M. Finley, living on the Chippewa Gravel road, about five miles north-west of this city, in a fit of insanity, murdered her three children by cutting the throats of the oldest, two aged six and eight years, with a butcher-knife, and crushing the head of her babe, aged some two months. The oldest was a girl, the other two boys. Last spring she buried her husband, and her neighbors have at times since thought her mind unsettled, but regarded her as inoffensive."

"She had recently made an occasional remark that these neighbors now see the horrible act which yesterday morning she perpetrated. Even with her there was a method in her madness, for she sent away a step daughter older than the other children, on some errand, before proceeding with her bloody work. No effort at concealment of her crime was made by the murderer. The body of the infant was found in the front-door yard, and those of the two other children in the road, about fifty yards distant. The girl attempted to escape, but was overtaken and beaten down with a club before the knife was used.

"Mrs. Finley was arrested and placed in the county jail last evening. She expresses no regret for the crime, but thinks it was her duty to commit it, as 'they were all devils.'"

"A coroner's jury was empanelled and an inquest held yesterday, but no official report had been made up to the time of going to press, although they found the facts substantially as stated above."

INHUMAN OUTRAGE.

An outrage, fiendish in character, was committed some time ago by a one-armed colored man named Tom Butler, who keeps a small store in Beaufort-street, upon a colored child, Dora Williams, twelve years old. He was standing in his store door when she chanced to come by, and he enticed her in. As soon as he found that he had her in his power, he seized her, carried her into the yard in the rear of an outbuilding, and there, while she screamed for help, he sat her on her knees and informed her mother of the sufferings she had undergone. A physician, one of the most prominent of the city, was called in, who declared that she had undergone pangs that would have tested the strength of one of our mature years. She has been lying since, until yesterday, when, for the purpose of having the friend of a Trial Justice, who was carried to jail in default of heavy bail to stand trial on a charge, the details of which are heart-rending. As soon as Butler was brought into Court he was recognized by the child, who declared, with a weakened voice, that "he was the man who made her cry."

We would not wish it, but it does seem that the vengeance of the Almighty would justly fall on such a creature.--Charleston Courier, 13th.

Did Gen. Butler Steal a Negro?

The full text of General B. F. Butler's last speech in advocacy of his claims to the governorship of Massachusetts, as reported in the New York Tribune, contains the following significant passage, which is as near to candor as could be expected. General Butler says:

"I did not love slavery much better than men who prated much louder about it. I see that I am told by every Springfield paper that I voted thirty-seven times or fifty-seven times for Jeff. Davis. I did--to preserve the Union. They tell you that every time, but they don't tell you that the boat on which I came away from Charleston had a fugitive slave."

It is evident here that General Butler wishes to make capital for himself in a quarter where he thinks the violation of law in connection with a then existing domestic institution of some of the States was regarded as a tolerable, if not a noble thing. He takes care not to assert flatly that he himself did run off a slave; and perhaps it is well that he does not so assert, for there are few that would believe that he had either the courage or the feelings in opposition to slavery that would have induced such an act at that time--Balk. Sun.

Brevities and Levities.

Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man? Because it's down in the mouth.

Two twin brothers in London are so much alike that they frequently borrow money of each other without knowing it.

A Terre Haute paper wants a nocturnal accorder to change his tune or else sit up as he can be scalded when the engine has steam on.

A Kansas paper speaks of a young lady who "appears as fresh and buoyant as the budding rose after passing through the dew gilded sieve of a fragment dawn."

A young man who has tried it until he knows tells us that if you go to call on a young lady, and she says "yes" all the evening, and only says "yes" and "no," you can go away; about nine, or a quarter past, without anybody feeling bad about it.

"What would make a good leading article for me to-morrow?" asked a wicked editor of a wit. "A halter," was the sardonic reply.

A hint and robe dealer of Detroit advertises some handsome buggy lap-liners for sale; but whether he sells them any cheaper for being buggy is not set forth in the advertisement.

The quiet breakfast of a family in Lowell, Mass., was rudely interrupted a few mornings ago by the laundress, who bolted into the room with the exclamation, "An' sure, Missus, I thought I'd come and tell ye that I couldn't wash for ye this mornin', as my boy is sick with the small-pox, and is black as old man's hat."

She was allowed to depart without further apology or explanation.

Up in Boston, where they have a profusion of liquor law, and so many good people are total abstainers, they are very fond of "teapunch." The ingredients thereof are one bottle of champagne, one of whiskey, one of rum, two of claret, a lemon, and a tablespoonful of black tea.

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