Edgefield Advertiser.

BY D. R. DURISOE. EDGEFEILD, S. C., AUGUST 15, 1872. VOLUME XXXVI.-No. 34.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Reject all Violent Purgatives. They ruin the tone of the bowels and weaken the digestion. TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT is used by rational people as a means of relieving all derangements of the stomach, liver and intestines, because it removes obstructions without pain, and imparts vigor to the organs which it purifies and regulates. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

$1,000 REWARD

For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles that DR. BOSANKO'S PILE REMEDY fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles and nothing else. Sold by all Druggists. Price, $1.00

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

COTTON GINS.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, RESPECTFULLY inform the planting community that we continue to manufacture COTTON GINS.

We were awarded a Gold Medal for the best GIN, (open to the world,) at the Cotton States Fair at Augusta, last season; also, at the State Fair of South Carolina. We feel warranted in saying, that a gin of our GINS is all that is necessary to guarantee satisfaction.

Orders solicited early in the season to prevent delay.

By permission we refer to
Maj. A. JONES,
C. WARREN,
J. A. BLAND,
L. HARTLEY.

Old Gins REPAIRED on reasonable terms.

NEBLETT & GOODRICH.

May 1 tf 19

AUGUSTA HOTEL,
AUGUSTA, GA.

THIS popular and well-known Hotel is now fully open for the reception of visitors, having recently been thoroughly renovated, newly painted, and put in the most complete order. We are determined to make ours a first-class Hotel, not to be surpassed North or South.

We respectfully solicit the patronage of our Edgefield friends and the public generally.

MURPHY & MAY, Proprietors.

Feb 14 tf 8

GLOBE HOTEL,
AUGUSTA, GA.

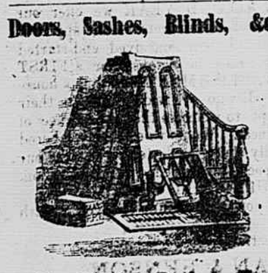
Jackson & Julian, Proprietors.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the travelling public to this well known Hotel, which we have recently purchased, and placed on a footing second to none in the South.

No excuse will be spared to render it a First Class Hotel in every respect, and every attention will be paid to the comfort and convenience of guests.

Augusta, Feb 14 6m8

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, &c.



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Manufacturer and Dealer,
No. 29 Hayne St. and Horlbeck's Wharf,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

This is the largest and most complete Factory of the kind in the Southern States, and all articles in this line can be furnished by Mr. P. P. TOALE at prices which defy competition

A pamphlet with full and detailed list of all sizes of Doors, Sashes and Blinds, and the prices of each, will be sent free and post paid, on application to

P. P. TOALE,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

July 26 1y 31

Reduction of Rates
AT
CATOOSA SPRINGS.

IN consequence of the stringency of the times, I have decided to reduce the Rates of Board at the above named watering place, for the remainder of this season. From and after this date they will be as follows:

For single occupants of single rooms $50 per month. For two persons occupying one room and the same bed $45 per month, each. Children and colored servants, $25 per month, each. Terms per week, $15

W. C. HEWITT, Proprietor.

July 24 2t 31

GEORGIA COTTON PRESS.

THE ABOVE PRESS has been in use the past three years, and is well and favorably known to the planter.

Price complete, $125.00.

Also, GIN GEAR, all sizes, 8, 9, 10 and 12 foot

There is no better Running Gear in the market.

PENDLETON & BOARDMAN,
Iron Foundry,
Augusta, Georgia.

July 24 2m 34

OLD POEM.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads of May,
If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined,
'Cause I see a womkn kind,
Or a well-disposed nature,
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtue move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deserving known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
If she be not such for me,
What care I how goodshe be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve!
If she slight me, when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

—THEODORE WITHER—1646.

Reflections of a Murmuring Mother.

I was tired of washing dishes. I was tired of drudgery. It had always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read, that Jamie did't want a cake, or a piece of paper to scribble on, or a bit of soap to make bubbles. "I'd rather be in prison," I said one day, "than to have my life teased out so," as Jamie knocked my elbow, whe I was writing to a friend.

But a morning came when I had one plate less to wash, one chair less to set away by the wall in the dining-room, when Jamie's little crib was put away in the garret, and it has never come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented with him that damp May morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience then than at any other time. By-and-by he was singing in another room, "I want to be an angel;" and presently rang out that metallic cough: I never hear that the heart; for the croup coughings out with it. He grew worse towards night, and when my husband came home he went for the doctor. At first he seemed to help him, but it merged into inflammatory croup, and all was soon over.

"I ought to have been called in sooner," said the doctor.

I have a servant to wash the dishes now; and when a visitor comes, I can sit down and entertain her without having to work all the time. There is no little boy worrying me to open his jack-knife, and there are no shavings over the floor. The magazines are not soiled with looking at the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading-table, just as I leave them.

"Your carpet never looks dirty," say weary-worn mothers to me.

"Oh, no," I mutter to myself, "there are no little boots to dirty it now!"

But my face is weary as theirs—weary with sitting in my lonesome parlor at twilight—weary with watching for the little arms that used to twine around my neck, for the curls that brushed against my cheek, for the young laugh which rang out with mine, as we watched the blazing fire, or made rabbits with the shadow on the wall, waiting merrily together for papa coming home. I have the wealth and ease I longed for, but at what a price? And when I see other mothers with grown-up sons, driving to town or church, and my hair silvered over with grey, I wish I had murmured less.

How to Get Along.

Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted, or in business hours.

No man can get rich by lounging in stores and saloons.

Never "fool" in business matters.

Have order, system, regularity, liberality, promptness.

Never buy an article you do not need simply because it is cheap and the man who sells will take it out in trade.

Endeavor to avoid hard words and personalities.

Trade is money.

Do not kick every stone in the path. More miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than stopping.

Pay as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Aid, but never beg.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable

Learn to say "no." No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better.

Use your own trains rather than those of others.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Be vigilant.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

Some men are born mean; some men achieve meanness; and some have meanness thrust upon them. The first class take their county paper without the intention to pay for it; the second class take it always for nothing and then refuse to take out of the post office; and the third class won't subscribe for it because generous neighbors loan them copies.

From the Cleveland (Ohio) Leader.

Greeley as a Domestic Disturber.

We doubt if the horrors of the present political campaign will ever be brought more directly home, or result in a sadder case of domestic infelicity than that which we record below. Most of our citizens have seen the campaign Greeley fans with which the city is flooded, and since their introduction every boot-black and newsboy in the city as well as older persons are familiar with the muddy features of the axe-slinger of Chappaqua, as they appear surrounded with a halo of white wool, and affixed to strike for wind propelling purposes. As a correct likeness of the most aspiring aspirant for the Presidential chair that ever lived they are a success, and if our readers have any desire to make the picture more vivid, let them follow the instructions of an eastern poet who says:

Would you see the face of H. G. aright?
Take your study-lamp and put out the light;
Stand up against it, the Greeley fan—
Add a white felt hat, and behold the man!

But to our story. Residing upon one of our prettiest thoroughfares is a man named Stringer, who has from the very moment when the result of the Cincinnati Convention became known allowed all the spare wind that escaped from his political bellows to shape itself into shouts for Greeley. His wife, who is young and pretty, naturally partakes of his views in a political sense, and knowing of his intense admiration of the Graham bread philosopher purchased one of the new Greeley fans the other day while out shopping, and took it home to surprise her husband. Owing to a convival meeting that evening where confusion to the Administration was drank in sparkling bumpers of champagne by Stringer and a few boon companions, the former did not return to his happy home until about midnight. His wife, who had retired to bed at the usual hour, after fanning herself for an hour or two with her purchase of the afternoon, finally laid it over on her spouse's pillow and dropped off to sleep. Stringer entered his house without making any noise, took off his boots, softly ascended the stairs to his wife's apartment, entered, and was about to disrobe for the night, when oh! horrors, what a sight met his slightly intoxicated gaze! There, reclining upon his pillow, he saw the featurers of a bald headed, gray-haired man, whose flushed features betokened guilt and poor liquor. Stringer smelled a rat larger than an elephant, he saw it all at a glance. He had entered so still that he had surprised the scoundrel while enjoying a peaceful nap. His wife had angered him still more, and without stopping to think whether he was sufficiently insane or not, the wronged and miserable Stringer pulled out his pistol and fired two shots through the head of the aged rascal. The noise awakened Mrs. Stringer, who shrieked, the gas was turned up, and with his thirst for blood still unquenched, Stringer saw he had made an ass of himself. He tried to make his wife believe it was a joke, that he just wanted to have some fun—that he knew it was Greeley when he first came into the room, and was willing to stand "anything to beat Grant;" but his wife said that story did not possess the requisite thickness, and told a neighbor's wife, who attended sewing society the next day, and so it got out.

PREACH TO PREACHERS.—All apologies are founded in self-deception or pride

Move directly to your subject; the sooner you get at the main idea, the better.

One telling illustration is better than a dozen, even if each of the dozen is quite as strong.

Let the subject be of such importance as to invest you with an inspiration until the closing sentence.

Encourage rather than scold.

Do not make many points; two or three well insisted on will be longer remembered than half a dozen.

Never think of yourself, but of a soul saved or lost, and Calvary.

Have only two or three headings and one application—clear, short and to the point, so that it may still be ringing in the ears of the people as they are dispersing.

If you cannot preach from a text without an intimation that a different translation would improve it, select some other passage, on a different subject.

Feel that this sermon may be your last.

A QUAKER PRINTER'S PROVERBS.—Never sendest thou an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing office, for he that answereth the rap sweareth in his sleeves and loseth time.

Neither do thou loaf about, ask questions, or knock down type, or the boys will love thee as they do shade-trees—when thou leaveth.

Prefer thine own town paper to any other, and subscribe for it immediately.

Pay for it in advance, and it shall be well with thee and thine.

SOCIAL OSTRACISM.—The Eufaula (Ala.) *Times* says: Some twenty or thirty colored men left on Monday evening's train, to attend the Radical County Convention to be held in Clayton. Among the crowd were six or eight "Greeley niggers," with whom the "Grant colored gentlemen" would not affiliate or recognize, and when the "Greeley niggers" boarded the train and entered the car in which the "Grant colored gentlemen" were seated, the latter bounced out of their seats and went into the smoking car, to avoid the presence and the smell of them "d——n Greeley niggers." It was a bit of social ostracism as rich as it was refreshing. Never mind! After the 5th of November next the Radicals will not have the nerve to snub a dog.

Joining the Radicals.

Under the above caption the Camden *Journal* has a most excellent article. We believe it to be from the pen of that distinguished soldier, Gen. J. B. Kershaw. We publish it for the benefit of our young men:

We hear now and then of a respectable young man who has done his duty to his race and country in the past, and who still enjoys the confidence and good will of his suffering countrymen, a more precious inheritance than radical gold can buy, we hear of such an one bartering his good name and the grand old memories and associations of the past, for the chances of lucre from the great Radical mess chest. We have no emotion but pity and regret for such as these. We are sure they know not what they do when they take that fatal pledge. They will not know until they have forfeited it, the value of a good name among honorable men, and pure women. There is no such thing as Republicanism. At the North there are certain principles upon which men may differ in opinion and which honestly array respectable people in the Republican ranks. Here there are no such principles. No Southern white man can now become a South Carolina Radical and maintain the respect of his people. If that time ever was it has now passed. All Southern men, with one heart and one mind, embraced the Southern cause, honestly believing it the cause of truth, justice and right. They defended it with a heroism, a self-sacrificing and patriotic devotion which will write their names in history as adding lustre to the human race. A few years hence the blind and senseless follies of the present will have passed away, and the world will awake as from a dream. The scales of venom, prejudice and hate will fall from all eyes, the truth will be made to appear, and the memory of Lee and Jackson and the noble band which followed them in the death struggle for freedom and the right, will be held embalmed as sacred things. No richer legacy can a man leave his children than the untarnished fame of the faithful Southern soldier. For what does a man exchange it when he turns his back upon his race and kindred, and all the glories of the past? Does he not leave honor behind? Does he not give the lie to his past life? Does he not defile the graves of his dead comrades and pollute and bring reproach upon their memories, when he joins the party whose whole stock of principles consists in hatred of the rebellion and all connected with it? Whose highest arguments consist of the people with whom he has until [illegible] ultimate ambition is to have our children spit upon and condemn the principles for which their fathers fought and died? But what can be gain by thus degrading himself at this late day? It is too late now to make anything by such a course. Thrift no longer follows fawning. When the necessities of party required the aid of men of brain, there were not wanting those who were willing to listen to their overtures for a consideration, and invariably they got their price down, in hand as it were. But that day has gone by. Places are not now so abundant as candidates, and the long suffering and much abused rank and file of the party, the colored people, are beginning to lift up their heads and think for themselves. They can see no reason why they should continue to trust those new converts, and to reward them with fat offices, especially now that they see among themselves many quite as competent and likely to be more honest than those who desert the friends and principles of a lifetime merely for office. It will never pay. We shall no longer see millionaires like Parker, Scott & Co., springing up like mushrooms and accumulating collossal fortunes upon salaries greatly less than their annual expenses. The people are tired of being plundered and impoverished to enrich a few carpet-baggers, for let it be remembered no scalawag has ever succeeded so well in this business.

Let no Southern white man suppose that he can take this false part without the loss of friends, character and inward peace. If he is conscientious in the belief that the radical rule in South Carolina is best for the people, let him endeavor to convince them and carry them with him, but nothing that Earth can give can justify his desertion of them. But there cannot now be any excuse for so blind and drivelling a fatuity as this. South Carolina Radicalism has been inimical not only (though chiefly) to the Southern whites, but destructive also to the true interests of every honest man of every party, so despicable has it become, as to raise a clamor for reform and pacification from every true Republican in the party. Let us all aid to the extent of our power in its reform, but let it not be by descending into the abyss of corruption into which they have plunged. Let our young men be patient and true, and all will yet be well with them. The South is rapidly righting herself. In many of the States the gospel of hate, still so rife here, falls on unwilling ears. The American people possess too many of the elements of a manly, Christian character long to countenance a government and a policy based on a malignant hatred of a brave though conquered people. Liberal Republicans everywhere raise the white banners of peace, inscribed with amnesty to all and the perpetual obligation of the reconstruction amendments, and Southerners flock to the standard, though it be born by the *Arch Radical*, Horace Greeley. When a foe offers peace it is no degradation to accept the proffer of friendship, but so long as the foul stream of hate is passed upon our principles, our martyred dead, it is the basest desertion to the alliance of that form of Radicalism. In Richmond but the other day the remains of the Confederate soldiers who fell at Gettysburg were reinterred at Hollywood cemetery with fitting pomp and pageantry. They were escorted by the first Virginia regiment, and their well-known band—that regiment and band so familiar to many of us eleven years ago. Take heart of grace, weak-hearted countrymen! God no longer hides his face in the Old Dominion. Be faithful and true and all will yet be well with you. Take the noble Lee for your exemplar. A gentleman found him dispensing the deeds of mercy and kindness to a lone and weary stranger, who had wandered to his hospitable door at Lexington. "It is one of our old soldiers," said the General, "he fought on the other side, but we must not think of that." What but such a spirit is wanting to the restoration of a happy, proud Americanism? We must not expect the Northern man to justify the rebellion—that would make him a traitor to his principles and his people. He must not expect us to justify our conquest—that would be to make us traitors to our principles and people. Let each concede to the other honesty and sincerity, which certainly is due to both; and there no longer remains a barrier to the reign of peace and good will between us. This is the doctrine of universal amnesty now so popular with the American people as to promise to sweep everything before it. But this amnesty does not extend to deserters from people and principles for the sake of gain. That is a sin that may not be condoned.

A "RIGHTEOUS JUDGE."—Probably no country in the world can present more farcical cases of judicial administration than is to be found in the Trial Justice Courts of this State. Although the office of Trial Justice is one that requires as much intelligence, discretion, impartiality and integrity for the proper performance of its duties as any other office in the State Government, not one out of the every six of the many now filling this important position in this State, possesses one of the qualifications so necessary. Some of them can barely write their own names, and a large number cannot read the laws they are appointed to administer, and to have properly executed. A case occurred in this county a few days ago which pointedly illustrates the ignorance and prejudice of a large majority of these astute officials.

A colored woman appeared before a colored Trial Justice and complained that a white man had committed an assault and battery upon her, in that he cursed and struck her. A warrant was forthwith issued, and the white man arraigned before his sable majesty. It was proved at the trial, by every witness, that he did not strike her. But there was no doubt that he cursed those words.

Notwithstanding the fact that no battery had been committed, the white man was convicted of assault and battery, but the cream of the joke lies in the fact that he was fined $10 and costs for slander, in calling the woman bad nams. The white man called for an apeal, which his sable majesty indignantly refused, and threatened to imprison him if the money was not imediately paid. There was, therefore, no alternative left but to pay about 16. On receipt of the money the $10 fine was immediately handed overo the prosecutrix.

If this is not sharp practice to induce law suits, we don't know what is. And this is one it of hundreds of similar cases of justice to which the white people are objected in this section.—Union Tim.

STRANGE AND FATAL HALLUCINATION.—A resident of York County, Pa., who was the possessor of a competency sufficient to support himself and family during the natural lives, became possessed of the idea that they were all comin to want and would die of starvation. This hallucination took such a firm hold upon his mind that no persuasions on the part of his friends were sufficient to divest him of it. Day after day it grew stronger for years. His greatest anxiety seemed be for his family, and he determed in order to save them, he woube compelled to starve himself. This carried into execution and recently became a victim of this all-absorbing and fatal illusion of his life, a death occurred from actual starvation, voluntarily and persistently imposed upon himself. For several days he refused all sustenance, and altigh efforts were made to force food into his mouth his strength commenced to decline, and soon after he died in starving condition. His dying words a few minutes before his deawere, "I knew I would starve."

EXTRAORDINARY RIDING.—Mr Nordhoff writes from Los Angelos, California, to the NYork *Tribune*:

At the Santa Marita we attended a rodeo, where horsemen displayed in our honor some of their finest skill; and it is marvelous to see see not only the dexterity with which lasso or riata is fluaned the admirable training of thorses which cooperate with their riders and turn like a flash when a bad bull flies at his pursuer; but the jokes of the field, one of which to single out a bull or cow, chase out of the herd, dash after it at full speed, and lean out of the saddle until the rider catches the tail of the flyheast. This he winds quickly about his hand, and at the same time tucks under his leg, holding it between the leg and the saddle. At the same instant the horse, feeling the hold on his flank, and perfect in his part, increases his speed, and bounding in nearly parallel lines altogether, if the horse's speed is greater than the bull's the latter is flung head over head. I saw this practice played a dozen times; it is one of the favorite diversions of the place."

A BOY'S HEAD CUT OFF.—On Wednesday afternoon a son of John Spahn, of York, Pennsylvania, aged 12 years, was instantly killed by the mail train going through. He was under the track at the culvert, over which the road passes, just beyond King's road, and as the eight train having crossed over the culvert raised up between the ties and took after it, and not being aware that the mail train was approaching from behind, the cow-catcher of the engine struck him on the head, almost severing it from the body, and, of course, instantly killing him. His mangled body was taken up and placed upon the train, which conveyed it to the depot, from whence it was taken to the residence of his father, in South Duke street.

From the New York Herald.

President Grant's Reasons for Re-election.

In a conversation with a *Herald* correspondent on Monday last President Grant explained how it was that he came to be a candidate in the present election. He was not anxious, he said, for a second term of office; but he consented to receive the nomination because he thought it would be the best way of discovering whether a majority of his countrymen really believe all that has been alleged against his administration and himself personally and are willing to aid his enemies in casting slanders upon him. The asperities of an election campaign he thought would afford his political opponents and personal enemies an opportunity and an excuse to say all they could against him, and these he desired they should enjoy, although it seems they had already said enough before he had ever thought of a second term to induce him to appeal to his fellow citizens for endorsement. The President goes on to state as another reason of his candidacy that he also desires to ascertain whether the republican party is to have its policy sustained or not; but as any other nominee of the organization could have settled that point as well as himself, we must conclude that his real reason for accepting or seeking a renomination was a desire to ascertain whether the people are ready to stand by him now as they stood by him in 1868.

We think that President Grant scarcely does justice to himself or to the American people in thi singular explanation. The election of a President of the United States involves grave interests, and should not be made simply a test for the endorsement or condemnation of any individual character. It is not just or fair to the electors, who have a responsible duty to perform and whose votes ought to be controlled by a conscientious consideration of the best interests of the country, to tell them that they are only called upon to decide by their ballots in November whether they will aid or condemn the slanders of President Grant. The President's character is as dear to the American people as to himself, and [illegible] to assail it. Four years ago they gave him a proof of their respect and gratitude, and they should not be told that to elect another candidate to the Presidency now and to declare in favor of a change of national policy will be a personal condemnation of General Grant. Behind the President stand a party whose principles are on trial and a Congress whose acts have an influence for good or evil on the whole nation, and the issue cannot, therefore, be regarded as a mere personal one between the President and his enemies. Besides, if President Grant has accepted the nomination only for the purpose of appealing to the people for a second endorsement of his individual character and services, it is proper that he should place himself before them now as he stood before them four years ago. Then he had declared in favor of a generous and liberal treatment of the men who had been in arms against the government, but had in good faith accepted the results of the war. Now, he enforces of his own will the arbitrary and offensive bayonet law over the Southern States and aids in carrying out the policy of oppression towards the Southern people initiated by the politicians in Congress. Then he uttered the memorable words, "let us have peace." Now, he suffers his closet advisers to declare against peace, and to counsel the reopening of all the wounds of the war. Then, he pronounced the negroes incapable of intelligently exercising the right of franchise. Now, his advocates seek to consolidate the negro vote of the Southern States upon him, and for that purpose to excite their worst passions against their old masters.

We submit to President Grant that if the issue involved in this campaign is really so narrow and personal as he seems to suppose, he should at once rid himself of the policy and the politicians who surround him, and suffer the people to decide the question upon his own merits alone. Let him loosen the military grasp from the throat of the Southern people, change his Cabinet, drive from him the counsellors who have led him into all sorts of dilemmas and break up his military corps at the White House. He will then stand in the position he occupied when the nation bestowed upon him its highest honors four years ago. At present he is hidden from view by the men who have caused his administration to falsify all the professions he made and all the sentiments he professed before his election. To accept him the people must accept Secretary Fish, who has made us the laughing stock of foreign nations; Secretary Boutwell, who has striven to plunge the Southern States into as dire confusion as he has brought upon us financially; the Congressional politicians, who have sought to keep alive the hatred and bitterness of the war, and whose motto has been "Let us have no peace." That the people are unwilling to do so is already seen in the vote of North Carolina, whose white citizens pronounce by an enormous majority against such acceptance. General Grant four years ago received in that State, without effort, over twelve thousand majority. To-day the States refuses him its endorsement, despite the most desperate exertions of his friends to secure a different result. Yet the intelligent white citizens of North Carolina do not suppose that, in refusing to endorse Boutwell's incendiary doctrines, or to favor the teachings of the carpet-baggers who would create an issue of suspicion and hatred between the ex-slaves and the ex-slave owners, they aid the slanderers of President Grant or cast a slur upon the character of the Union General.

If President Grant looks upon the election only as an opportunity to rebuke those who have heaped personal abuse and slander upon him during his Presidency, would it not be well for him to advise the organs and orators who are advocating his cause to refrain from personal abuse and slander of his antagonist and of all who venture to declare in favor of the Greely movement? It is scarcely consistent to complain of personality and calumny in one breath and in another to heap contumely and villification upon the rival candidate for the Presidency, and to blacken the characters of such men as Sumner, Schurz, Trumbull, Tipton, Doolittle, Fenton, Banks, Littlejohn, &c., simply because they desire to support Greeley in preference to Grant.

Sumner Serenaded.

WASHINGTON, August 9.—Senator Sumner was serenaded to-night at his home, in Lafayette square, by the colored people. There was an immense audience and unbounded enthusiasm. Sumner talked altogether to the colored people. He said he never thought of them except as his friends, among whom he had lived more than twenty years. During that period great changes had taken place affecting their interest. Then they were slaves; now they are citizens, with all the rights enjoyed by their neighbors. Then they were degraded and deprived of schools, the ballot box and street cars; now these were all open to them, never again to close. Revolutions never go backward, and they are secure for ever more in the rights they now enjoy. These rights all political parties now concede and acknowledge, and have placed in their platforms, and he doubted not that ere long a law would be passed fully redeeming those pledges. He advised them never to cast a vote for a man who is not true to them. To let the allegiance of political candidates to them be the measure of their support at the polls. He closed by assuring the colored men that he would ever be their true friend, and would never be pushed, tempted or bent from that position, and from their support.

Grant Driving a Load of Hides.

During the year 1858 there appeared in the village of Potosi, a man seated upon a load of green hides. He had a mule team, and stopped to inquire the way to Galena. In Potosi at that time, lived one Pat. Dorsey, a man who loved excitement, and was ever ready to get up a horse race if possible. On that day, in 1858, Dorsey had made a race, and the man with the hides saw the crowd gathering, and asked the cause. He was told they were going to have a horse race. Instead of going to Galena he turned his mules about and drove to the race course. In 1871 the Congress of the United States were in session, fighting over the San Domingo, and Ku Klux affairs. A man sat in the Presidential chair who wanted Congress to adjourn, so that he could repair to Long Island to see the opening of the spring races. The man who wanted to go to Long Island then, and the man who wanted to see the quarter race in Potosi in 1858, are one and the same man—Ulysses S. Grant.

Is it to be wondered at that a man who would neglect his employer's business when out gathering up hides for the tannery, would hesitate to squander the people's time when elevated to a higher position? Old habits grow and become chronic, and Grant's interest in horse racing is greater now than it was in 1858.

The North Carolina correspondent of the New York *Herald* gets off a good thing on Tom Settle, the President of the Philadelphia Gift Takers' Convention, and also a candidate for Congress from North Carolina on the Radical ticket. He says:

In the Fifth District Hon. Thomas Settle, the Republican candidate for Congress, and who was Chairman of the Philadelphia Convention, the other day, on the stump indignantly denied the charge that money was being freeley used by his party. An hour later he was tapped in a confidential manner on the shoulder by an individual who said: "Judge, I know about a dozen voters near here who will go for the other side, but they can be got." "How can they be got?" asked Settle. "Well, it will take money; you know the kind of people they are here." "How much will it take?" said Settle "I don't know, but not much," was the answer. "Here," said Settle, taking a roll of greenbacks from his pocket, "here is sixty dollars. Is that enough?" "Yes, that is plenty." "If you want more you can have it," said Settle. "This will do, this will get them," said the individual, and away he went. Not ten minutes afterward Settle saw this individual on the speaker's stand displaying the greenbacks to the gaze of the crowd, and relating with no small degree of delight the circumstances under which he had obtained them, and adding jocosely, that the Republicans were not using any money in the campaign, "oh, no!" He invited all his Conservative friends to a groggery, where Judge Settle's money was freeley expended in whiskey for his opponents.

A COPPERHEAD BITES A MAN AND THE SNAKE DIES OF ITS BITE.—In Megis county, the other night, Firman Smith, after taking off his boots and stockings to prepare for going to bed, stepped out uphn a back porch of his house for some purpose, and as he did so was struck in one of his feet by what he at once knew to be the fangs of a snake. The blow was a severe one, and was on the top of the foot near the instep. On procuring a light and returning to the porch he discovered a copperhead snake apparently in the last throes of dissolution, and soon after, without any agency of his it died. Mr Smith used some liniment and went about his business.

From the Lancaster Ledger.

The "Thieves' Own."

The *Union* takes umbrage at the overshadowing "aristocracy" of South Carolina. Because decent and honest people will not grasp the hand of thieves and public plunderers; welcome them into their family circles, and assign them the "uppermost seats," they are villified and slandered as Ku Klux. The editor of the Union, who by-the-by, sets himself up as the mouth-piece of Parker, and says that the State Treasurer has "come out unscathed," and who is the only champion in the State of the last infamous legislature, no doubt, feels the social ban of our people. Though we are not the author of that portion of the extract referred to in his issue of the 29th ult., yet, we do not hesitate, in conjunction with the preceding lines, to endorse it. We reiterate, "that any white man, carpet-bagger or scalawag, who can perpetrate such rascalities as have disgraced the State government of South Carolina, since the inauguration of Radical rule here, commit forgeries, receive bribes, steal *ad libitum* from the public treasury, and then intrude himself into the company of gentlemen, carry his family into society, and preserve his former social status, then there is no grounds to hope for better times among us."

The editor of the *Union* came to this State two years ago as poor as a church-mouse; he now counts his thousands. Where did he get it? Will he dare tell the people that he made $50,000 clear in two years by honest labor? The people know better. It is our duty to make all such scoundrels and thieves know and feel that their offences will obtain their ostracism, and that of their families, from intercourse with moral and religious people.

From the Columbia Phœnix.

Well Done Cardozo—He Refuses to Sign any More Bonds.

We publish elsewhere, in full, the return of F. L. Cardozo, the colored Secretary of State, to an order to show cause why a writ of *mandamus* should not be issued against him, ordering him to sign certain bonds. The petition for *mandamus* is brought by Messrs. Carroll & Janney, as attorneys, for Morton, Bliss & Co., of New York. Messrs. Melton and Corbin represent the Secretary of State. Morton, Bliss & Co. are large capitalists of New York, who claim to hold bonds of the State to the amount of $180,000, which they desire to have converted into new bonds, according to the Act of Assembly. Mr. Cardozo has refused to sign the new bonds, as requested. We understand that he has uniformly declined to sign any bonds at all, since the astounding developments made in New York, last fall, when it was discovered that a scheme was being laid to increase the bonded debt of the State to upwards of $20,000,000.

It is under these very Acts for the conversion of State securities that, as Mr. Corbin charges, in a late speech at Greenville, the greatest frauds have been perpetrated. Mr. Corbin sums the fraudulent bonds issued mainly, if not entirely, under color of this conversion business, to the amount of $5,500,000. This is upon Parker's own exhibit, and of course he would make the bonds issued appear as small as possible.

These bonds of Morton, Bliss & Co., Cardozo alleges, amongst other things, to have been already once converted, and it is probable that a jury will be required to determine this question of fact. It will be found, also, that Cardozo boldly attacks the constitutionality of the Acts of Assembly authorizing the conversion of State securities, and furthermore alleges that these particular bonds of Morton, Bliss & Co. have not been issued pursuant to law.

The hearing of the case was adjourned yesterday until to-day, at 10 o'clock, in order to give the petitioners time to reply to the return.

What are You Crowing For?

The *Union* shoved up his bantam yesterday, and crowed vociferously over the result of the North Carolina election. Where do you find cause for rejoicing, Mr. *Union*? Where is your victory? We have not the figures before us, but we quote from the New York *Times*, of Monday, Grant's special organ, when we say that Grant's majority in North Carolina was 20,000 in 1868. Holden's majority for Governor, in the same year, was no less, and last year (1871) the Republican majority was between 9,000 and 10,000. At no time before this, when a full vote was cast, have the Republicans or Radicals had a majority of less than 9,000. Where, then, Mr. *Union* do you find the source of high gratulation in which you would seemingly indulge? That is a charming victory for Grant's administration, where they have lost 19,000 votes, or at least had their majority reduced that much—lost five out of eight Congressmen, have lost the Legislature by an overwhelming majority, and will, as a matter of course, lose the United States Senator.

If you can crow over that, Mr. *Union*, by the immortals, we think there is a chance even for you to crow when Parker goes to the penitentiary, and perhaps you with him.—Columbia Phœnix.

THE FRENCH LOAN A GRAND SUCCESS.—A Paris dispatch says the total subscriptions to the new French loan amount to four milliards of francs, while but three milliards were called for. Of this amount 500,000,000 of francs have been subscribed by German capitalists in the city of Berlin.

Another dispatch says the new loan is an extraordinary success. Six or seven times the amount offered by the Government has been covered. Subscriptions have been received from Germany alone for the entire sum.

The Treasurer of South Carolina went to Columbia a few years ago, poor as a Church mouse. To-day he has, it is said, a half million dollars invested in 5-20 U. S. Bonds. But the Treasury he keeps is empty.

Brevities and Levities.

A Cincinnati butcher tied up his daughter by the hands, so that her toes just touched the ground, and then smeared her feet with molasses to attract flies.

A woman living in Polk County, N. C, has declared a dividend of seven children in two years. Pretty good investment for the "old man."

The despondent man who suddenly started on seeing new apples for sale, and cried, "Now, my children shall have bread," was a docter.

Susan B. Anthony, angelic spinster, is at great pains to advertise the fact that she does not like Horace Greeley. It is one of the peculiarities of Susan's long and eventful life that she never liked any man, and we guess Horace Greeley can stand it as long as she can.

The mother of twenty-six children, whose husband is an invalid, called at the Michigan State Land Office, a few days since, and from the proceeds of cranberries she had picked during the past fall, paid the remainder due the State upon her little farm in Shiawassee county. As a rule, invalid husbands should not surround themselves with more than twenty-five children—except in a cranberry country.

If you want to have a statue set up in your honor as the tribute of a grateful people, go to Minnesota and invent a bed-bug exterminator.

What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure, but, scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable. A smile accompanied by a kind word has been known to reclaim a poor outcast and change the whole current of a human life. Of all life's blessings, none are cheaper or more easily dispensed than smiles. Let us not, then, be too chary of them, but scatter them freely as we go; for life is too short to be frowned away.

THE Liver is more frequently the seat of disease than is generally supposed, for upon its regular action depends, in a great measure, the powers of the Stomach, Bowels, Brain and the whole nervous system. Regulate that important organ by taking Simmons' Liver Regulator, and you prevent most of the diseases that flesh is heir to.

Sozodont.

An article that is at once a teeth preserver and breath purifier, and yet so pleasant and convenient to use, its exceeding popularity does not surprise any one. Time has fully established the fact that the SOZODONT possesses these excellent qualities in an eminent degree. It has legitimately acquired the right to a position upon every toilet table.

Spaulding's Glue, always up to sticking point.

Do not Despair.

Hundreds of cases of Scrofula, in its worst stages, old cases of Syphilis that have defied the skill of eminent Physicians, Rheumatics who have been suffering for and the victims of the injudicious use of Mercury, have been radically cured by DR. TUTT'S SARSAPARILLA AND QUEEN'S DELIGHT. It is the most powerful alterative and blood purifier known. It is prescribed by many Physicians in their practice.

If you have Chills, whether every other day, every tenth day, or every two or three weeks, take Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills and you will check them, otherwise they will stick to you all winter.

Dr Tutt's Hair Dye Acts like Magic.

We clip the following from the Troy (N. Y.) *Whig*:

"Some three months since Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., commenced