Edgefield Advertiser.

BY D. R. DURISOE. EDGEFIELD, S. C., JULY 3, 1873. VOLUME XXXVIII.-No. 28.

DAVID L. TURNER,

Dealer in

Drugs, Medicines, Groceries,

&c., &c., &c.,

Edgefield, S. C.,

WOULD respectfully state to his Friends and the Public Generally that he has purchased of Dr. W. A. SANDERS, his Entire Stock, and will keep on hand full supplies of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

Fancy Goods, Foreign & Domestic Perfumery,

HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOILET ARTICLES,
Bathing and Surgeon's Sponges,

Brandies, Wines and Whiskies for Medicinal Purposes,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS, PUTTY,
Paint, Varnish and White Wash Brushes,

FULL SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS GARDEN SEEDS,

Together with a general assortment of

GROCERIES, TOBACCO, LIQUORS, &c.,

Such as

BACON SIDES, HAMS, SHOULDERS, LARD,
MACKEREL, FLOUR, MEAL, SALT,
SUGARS, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, COFFEE, TEAS,
RICE, CHEESE, MACCARONI, CRACKERS,
Soda, Starch, Soaps, Candles,
WINES, BRANDIES, WHISKIES, &c.
Fine White Wine and Apple VINEGARS,
Chewing and Smoking TOBACCO and SEGARS,
Citron, Currants, Raisins, Pickles, Jellies,
Almonds, Pecan Nuts, Brazil Nuts, Walnuts,
Buckets, Tubs, Brooms, &c.,

All of which will be sold at the lowest rates for Cash. A share of the trade solicited.

Dr. Sanders will be on hand at all times to COMPOUND PRESCRIPTIONS at the shortest notice.

D. L. TURNER.

Jan 28 tf 6

NOTICE

TO THE CITIZENS OF EDGEFIELD

WE are receiving our SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, consisting of all the Novelties of the Season.

Our Stock is much larger than usual, and never more complete. Close buyers will save money by giving it an inspection.

Also, full line of FURNISHING GOODS on hand.

WHITMAN & BENSON,

229 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga., Opposite Masonic Hall.

Augusta, Ga., April 2 3m 15

Dr. T. J. TEAGUE,

DRUGGIST,

JOHNSTON'S DEPOT, S. C.

HAVING just opened a **Drug Store** at this place, I take this method of informing my friends and the public generally that I now have in Store a full line of

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery,

GLASS, PUTTY, KEROSENE OIL,

Tobacco. Segars,

In fact everything usually kept in a Drug Store,—all new and warranted genuine.

My prices are as low as such Goods can be sold in any market in the same quantity.

T. J. TEAGUE.

Johnston's Depot, Feb 19 1y 9

MILLER, BISELL & BURUM

WHOLESALE GROCERS

—AND—

Commission Merch'ts

175 and 177 Broad Street,

Augusta, Ga.

WE are now in receipt of our Fall Stock of **GROCERIES,** consisting in part of—

Bacon SIDES, Bacon SHOULDERS, Dry Salt SIDES,
SUGARS of all grades.
SYRUPS—New Orleans and New York Drips,
MOLASSES, Rio, Laguyra and Java COFFEE,
TOBACCO, SALT, PEPPER, SPICE,
Crackers, Pickles, Cove Oysters,
CANNED GOODS consisting of Peaches, Blackberries, Tomatoes, &c.
MACKEREL in Barrels, half and quarter bbls. and Kits,
Seed WHEAT, Seed RYE, Seed OATS, Seed BARLEY,
Case Liquors of BRANDY, WHISKEY, GIN,

We are also offering the most complete and largest stock of BARREL LIQUORS of any House in the City, and selling at prices that will induce buyers to purchase nearer home than in Eastern markets.

To the Planters and Merchants of Edgefield we would take this occasion to express our thanks for their past liberal patronage, and respectfully request a continuance of the same.

☞ Buying our Goods for CASH, we are prepared to sell as low, and oft times lower, than any other House in the City.

Augusta, Oct 9 tf 42

THE BROWN COTTON GIN

PLANTERS should examine the above-named old and reliable Gin before buying any other. It combines the required qualities of **Simplicity, Strength and Durability.** It gins fast and clean, **makes excellent lint** (often bringing **1-4c. to 1-2c.** per lb. above market,) and is universally admitted to be the lightest running gin made. We have had thirty years' experience in the business, and warrant every gin perfect. Gins constantly in the hands of our agents, to which we invite inspection.

Circulars, with **testimonials** and full particulars, may be had by addressing,

ISRAEL F. BROWN, President,
Brown Cotton Gin Co.,
New London, Conn.

Feb 26 4m 10

NEW WHITE GOODS.

GRIFFIN & COBB have just received a beautiful supply of WHITE GOODS, viz:

Plain and Striped Victoria Lawns,
Bishops Lawns,
Soft finished Cambrics,
Mull Muslins,
Plain and Striped Swiss Muslins,
Also, a handsome lot of Hamburg Trimmings.

These Goods we have marked at very low prices.

June 11 tf 25

THE GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY,

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price six cents.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by self abuse Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBT. J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The World-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials, pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically. This lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps, by addressing the publishers,

Also, Dr. CULVERWELL'S "Marriage Guide," price 50 cts. Address the Publishers,

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York,
Post Office Box 4,586.

THE OLD CONFEDERATE.

His History in 1933.

From the Mobile Register.

I

Gather near me, little children,
Stand you close around my knee,
For my voice is waxing feeble,
And your forms I scarce can see.
Brief the time ere I must leave you,
But, before I'm called to go,
There is something I would tell you,
And, I think, you'd like to know.

Close the shutters, draw the curtain,
See there are no guardsmen near,
For the words I have for you,
Must not reach the public ear.
Make you sure the room is empty,
For in times like these I own
It would seem the walls have sound-nerves
Centering to a Tyrant's throne.

This old frame that braved unshaken,
Showers of shot and showers of shell,
Calmly went through many a struggle
Where its friends by thousands fell,
Shakes and trembles like an aspen
Now, ('tis passing strange to me,)
At the merest glimpse or mention
Of a tyrant's gallows tree.

So, my children, close the shutters,
See no soldiers linger near,
Draw the curtain, dim the lamplight,
Then approach and lend an ear.
Marvel not at what I told you,
For I tell of long ago;
Of when I was young, and see me
Now, my locks are white as snow.

II.

Long ago there dwelt a people
Good and generous, brave and free,
In a land of peace and plenty
Bordering on a Southern sea.
Life with them was as a spring-time
Where no shadows ever moved;
They were Nature's favored children,
Living in the land they loved.

And there dwelt a kindred people
Next them, further from the sun,
And the two had formed a compact
To go through the world as one.
Nature's seeming-palatial bounties
That upon the South-land fell,
Kept alive a Northern envy,
Still the Union promised well.

Tyrant-trampled millions viewed them
With a longing to be free,
Calling forth a world of hatred
From the thrones beyond the sea;
And ere long each sail that glided
Seaward from European piers,
Brought its freight of whispered mischief,
For that envious kindred's ears.

And ere long that envious kindred,
Caught within the flowery snare,
Met its friend with persecutions,
Wrongs and insults everywhere,
Till the virtue of forbearance
Ceased to be a thing of worth,
And a civil war resulted
'Twixt the Sections, South and North.

Then the tyrant heads of Europe,
That their systems might preside
With their dupes and thralls in
Influence in the Northern section;
Tyrants' means were freely given,
Tyrants' arms were in the fight,
Tyrants' fleets were on the seas
Warding off their friends of

And the dreadful work that
Followed in this Southern land
Could not be described in language
That your minds would understand;
Countries robbed and cities plundered,
Crimes of every known degree,
Traces broad where Northern vandals
Burned their roads toward the sea.

Homes of ease, and wealth, and beauty
Crumbled 'neath the victor's tread,
Helpless wives and children driven
Shelterless to beg for bread;
Shelterless to beg a morsel,
Lighted by the burning glow
Of their stoves, that left a people
Not a morsel to bestow.

But I'll drop this theme, my children,
For I've noted with surprise,
Something glittering through the dimness
Bright as diamonds in your eyes.
Lives there still a feeling for us!
Ah! was that it? Well, 'twas weak
In me to have sent a tear-drop
Tracing down my furrowed cheek.

But the old Confederate soldier
Couldn't help it, he must own,
For his thoughts were carried backward
To those better days agone,
When a wife upon his bosom,
And a child with flaxen hair,
And a child with golden ringlets
Robbed the world of every care.

Then his thoughts ran through the conflict,
Up to where the end had come.
And to where he left the prison
For his loved ones and his home;
And again he saw his chimneys
Standing grim, and in a row
Three neglected graves were near them,
But 'twas very long ago!

III.

When the end had come, my children,
When the South had ceased to be,
When that proud and generous people
Claimed no longer to be free,
Then the victors, flushed and maddened
By the taste of gold and blood,
Pounced upon the conquered region,
Doing all that victors could.

And while every thought was plunder,
Where to plunder, when and how,
Quietly the country glided
Into what you see it now,
The victorious chieftain marking
Great advantages it gave,
Taxed his cunning till the victors
Each was made a Tyrant's slave.

Well I mind me how they murmured
When awakened to the state
Of affairs that hung around them,
But the waking came too late.
Every right their fathers gave them
Now was cancelled, now was gone,
Leaving them to beg for favor,
Kneeling round a Tyrant's throne.

IV.

You have read, my little children,
Standing at your teacher's knee,
How a great and bad rebellion
Rose along the Southern sea.
You have read of how the nation
Rallied in the right, and now
One good man led on the armies,
Winning laurels for his brow.

You have read of how the traitors
Fell beneath his might, and you
Too have read of how that conflict
Left this good man much to do;
How the war had left the country
Racked with strifes and vague alarms,
And of how this man, to save it,
Took it kindly in his arms.

Naight in this I find for wonder,
But 'twill be my dying pride
To reflect that some are living
Who have heard the other side.
And the old man asks a favor
Ere his form is stiff and cold;
Won't you tell your little children
What the old Confederate told?

What a wonderful thing love is to a woman! How it helps her to know that some one is always fond of her, and rejoices when she rejoices, and sorrows when she grieves; to be sure that her faults are loved, and that her face is fairer to one, at least, than faces that are more beautiful—that one great heart holds her sacred to its innermost recesses above all other women? She can do anything, suffer anything, thus upheld. She grows prettier under the sweet influences, brighter, kinder, stronger and life seems but a foretaste of heaven, and all her dreams are golden!

☞ "When a feller makes his arm around his gal, und she vas liken dot pooty well, then dot vas Shkrifture, on akround it wus, maken habiness come on some waist blaces, ain't it?"

Bill Arp on the Stock Market.

It are honorable to acknowledge that when I writ some of the foregoing I was a right smart fool. I can look back and see that I ain't a proffet. Proffesy ain't my fort. Me and the preechers was both mistaken. We thot we would whip the whole of the fite, but we only whiped two-thirds of it. We whiped it at the fust and in the middle, but they whiped us at the last. We never counted on havin to fite all creashun in front and Ellik Brown and Joe Stephens & Co. in the rear. It was a unfair contest. If I was a Yank I wouldn't never menshun this war as long as I liv'd. I'd be ashamed to. Old Xerxes, with his big army, whiped a few Spartans, but histry ain't got no respect for him. Now I don't want to hurt feelins. After a man has done a mean thing and bin cotch at it, I ain't the individual to keep a throwin it up to him. If the Yanks are ashamed of their konduct, I'm willin to drap it and make friends. The pure breed of Yankees never was a favorite stock with me. When it's jewdishously crossed it does very well, but even then the old Yank will crop out ever and anon and show the skrub. There is as much difference in peeple as there is in horses. The pure Southerner is blooded stock. With him honor and fair dealin and family pride are bigger things than money. The pure Yank is a philthy luker skrub. Money is the big thing. Their chief end of man is to keep all you git, and git all you can. They like what other peepul have got better than their own, and they go for it, and call it speculatin. If they can't get it fast enuff that way, they pass laws in Congress that will get it by degrees. Through tarifs and bounties and appropriashuns they got nearly all we had before the war, and have stole all the ballins since. They look upon us as foemen worthy of their steal. When a Yank gits rich and don't want any more, he gits sorter honest, and gives away sum to churches and colleges. Then he lays down and dies, and has a white sepulker bilt over him, and goes about huntin for Abraham's buzzum.

A pure Southerner don't keer for a thrip, but a Yank will git rich off of coppers. He will buy nails at four dollars and 90 cents a keg and retail out 5 cents a pound. Ten cents and [illegible] profit in

[illegible] man. He can travel [illegible] when hunten roun for money [illegible] don't mind goin from Maine to Mississippi not more than we mind goin to the post offis. He insinuates himself into every land that's got any thing he can git. He's smart, and he's diligent, and he's never left by the train. These is good qualities, and I wish our peepul had em. When a clever Yank cums down South and mixes with our foaks, he improves rapidly by contakt, and if he comes in his youth and stays long enuff and marries in a respectable family he is apt to make a good citizen. It helps him and helps the family, especially if its poor and proud. This kind of a cross generully does well and brings good froot. The off spring is apt to be lively and hifty and have the love of money and the love of honor so butifully mixed up you can't tell tother from which. The only danger is that the Yank may crop out occasionally and produce sum mortificashun. A cross between Massachusetts and South Carolina does very well now a days. One is chuck full of money, the other of honor. The money keeps the honor from perishin, which is a good thing, for if it ain't kept cumfortable its inklined to degenerate, and the stock runs into skrub in two generashuns. Honor, nor nuthin else, ain't bumb proof agin the debasin influence of an empty stomak. If a race hoss ain't well kept his off spring will play out; and so when a fust family gits poor, the children bekum a sekond family, and so on and so forth, until you can't tell em from common stock.

Now my opinyun is that a State or a Guverment ought to keep up its human stock. When a man looms up above the horizon as a great man, he ought to be penshuned and supported so that he wouldn't hav to think about munny. He ort to be required to marry into another penshuned family, and in this way keep up a family of brains to draw from for our Presidents and Guveners and law makers. They ort to be paid enuf to keep em out of temtashun, and then we wouldn't hav no carpet bagers, nor Mobilliars, nor Cleweses, nor pig iron Kelleys, nor lobbyin bills through the house for pay. I like to see a family of brains keepin up the family reputashun for generashuns to cum. I like the Adamses, and Brekenridges, and Lamars, and Bayrds, and Prestons, and all sich, and I'm glad they was born rich. I want all great men to be rich as long as they are good. Their influence spreads all over the country, and we can pint our children to em and say, "there's your mark, now shoot at it." As it is now, the struggle seems to be who can git the richest, and don't matter how they git munny so they git it, and ain't cotch a stealin of it. Sumtimes you see the worst sort of skrub stock blessed with an uncommon quantity of brains, and then you may look out. You mout as well surrender, for they are goin to hav a slice of your property. If they can't git it no o'her way they will run down an offis, or a railroad or a Michel estate, or a lease, or git up a war and sneak out of it, or git a Guverment contrak, or git sumthin that pays without work. A smart skrub is a dangerous animul. A cow that horns down the fence, or a hog that roots open the gate, or a hoss that lets down the draw bars, is a nusance and cuss. They are skrub. A pure Durham, or a Berkshire, or a Harney, won't do it. The old fashund fust families wouldn't do a mean thing. They was above it. They wouldn't lose their self-respek. I like them sort, espeshully if they are rich. I like to live in their nabor-hood. They have big ideas and big ways, and look like foaks ort to look. They hold their heads up and look at you strait when they talk to you.

They don't ride nor walk like common foaks. I can tell one of em a hundred yards. It takes all sorts of foaks to make up a world, and I'm glad that kind is in it. I'm as poor as Lazzyrus, but I ain't fool enuf to hate rich foaks; I like em. If they are good stock I can pick up a rite good livin off of what they throw away. But if you think you can make anything off of a rich skrub, jest try it. He don't waste enuf to keep a houn dog from starvashun. Poor foaks are a rite good thing in the country. In fakt, a country is obleeged to have em to keep rich foaks in munny. That's what I've been doin all my life, and if I don't grumble at it nobody nedent. Bein poor and keepin so is my forte, but I hav had a rite good time, nevertheless notwithstandin, for munny brings a heap of trubble, and the children get so orful tired a waitin for the old man to die. Three score years and ten must be a long time to foaks that's waitin.

And there's that needle's eye business, and the long divishun, and the quarrels of the lawyers over the estates. But after all I like munny. I've got nuthin agin it so far as I am concerned. If ennybody should leave me enny, I should exsept it and shed a tear to his memory. The fakt is I would like to feel the feeling of a rich man for a little while. May be it would stretch me up a little. Mrs. Arp says I'm gettin hump shouldered. I would like to be an elder in a church and give 600 dollars a year to the preacher and shake hands with the brethren and sisters at the vestybule. That would be elegant. I'm obliged to think I'd like that.

Well, after all, it don't matter much whether a man is poor or rich. One man is about as happy as another if his hart is in his buzzum and not in his pocket. If he ain't, we can't help it, and its no use to grumble about what you can't help. A grumblin man is a nusance. He is a skrub.

BILL ARP.

Brevities and Levities.

[illegible] wedding we lately observed. The [illegible]

[illegible] scrip, pasted it on a [illegible] label in the cash drawer.

☞ Josh Billings says—"Mackerel inhabit the sea generally; but those which inhabit the grocery alwus taste to me as though they had been fattened on salt. They want a deal of freshning before they're eatin', and also arterward. If I can have mackerel for breakfast, I can generally make the other two meals of water."

☞ An Irishman went for the first time to a play. Just as the drop curtain descended, after the first act, an engine in the basement exploded and the Celt was blown through the roof, alighting in the next square. His first remark, after coming to his senses, was, "And what the divil do they play next?"

☞ Green apples are now doing their favorite work—pains, frescoed with severe griping, and grunting in various notes.

☞ A young man in Maine killed himself because he couldn't have two wives. Some men kill themselves because they have one.

☞ The wife of a Methodist minister in Tennessee has been seriously ill for some time, but, says a Southern paper in announcing the fact, "hopes are entertained that she will recover." And then it adds "Let him (the husband) have the sympathy and prayers of his brethren in this hour of affliction and disconragement."

☞ A man called to see Mr. Greeley, at Memphis, and asked him if, in his opinion, guano was good to put on potatoes. Mr. Greeley paused a moment, and said, "It may do, my son, for those whose appetites are vitiated with rum and tobacco, but I like gravy the best."

☞ A friend says: Going to Cape May the other day, we saw a man leaning over the railing of the upper deck, and with violence giving to the winds the contents of his stomach. Just at this juncture one of the boat's officials walking briskly by, asked in a patronizing manner, "sick sir?" "You don't suppose I'm doing this for fun do you?" said the poor fellow indignantly, as soon as he could recover his breath.

☞ A deacon, residing within an hundred miles of Americus, objected to the organ purchased by his church, and when called upon to close the service with prayer said: "Call on the machine! If it can sing the glory of God it can pray too. Call on the machine!"

☞ A Southern negro, knowing the profits of internal revenue officers, exclaimed, when he heard that Rothschild had left a fortune of four hundred millions, "Golly, he must had a good deestrick."

☞ "I wish your reverence," said Curran one day to Father O'Leary, "that you were St. Peter, and had the keys of heaven, then you'd be able to let me in." "By my honor and conscience," replied O'Leary, it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

☞ In an editoral on the horse disease the *Congregationalist* suggested that it might be well to sit at the feet of a horse and learn humility. "Just so," says the California *News Letter*; "sit down at the hind feet of a mule, and if he don't humiliate you, pull his tail and tickle the inside of his legs with a stable fork.

☞ Old Dinah, our colored laundress, passed a just criticism on fashion when one day in a gossiping mood she asked, "What do you tink o' dem pantyas what the ladies wears thind of 'em." "We think they are very ugly," we replied. "Reckon dey am!" she exclaimed. "Why, if dem air things growed dere, dey'd have all the doctors in Boston a cutting on 'em off e'r it took a bar'l of florien to do it!"

From the Wilmington Daily Journal.

Profits of Ku-Kluxing in South Carolina.

Our South Carolina friends seem to be disposed to grumble at the large profits that were made out of the Ku-Klux business in that State.

The good fortune of one Major Lewis Merrill of the United States Army is especially commented upon and in a style that doubtless seems quite ungracious to that much trusted servant of the best government the world ever saw. Major Merrill did, indeed it seems, reap a rich harvest during his occupation of the Palmetto State, but our friends there ought to remember that the work he performed was very dirty work. Nor have they presented both sides of Major Merrill's case with the fullness that truth and justice seem to demand.

We have very high authority, authority that even our South Carolina friends themselves will not attempt to controvert, for saying that Major Merrill and his command did not constitute the worse federal grievance inflicted upon our neighbors across the line. There have been meaner men in South Carolina than Merrill.

It certainly cannot be forgotten that Mr. Bayard declared upon the floor of the United States Senate that as an innocent man he would prefer to run the gauntlet of the bullets of Merrill's cavalry rather than take his chances in a trial in the Federal Court presided over by His Honor Judge Bond.

Unless they can show that the distinguished Senator was merely ridiculing the accuracy of the aim of Merrill's men we beg our South Carolina friends not to hold up the lucky Merrill as the worst man in their state.

Major Merrill will doubtless thank us for bringing to public attention one of the few kindly words that have been spoken of him. Some people may think the Senator's remark was at best only qualified praise. We do not pretend to decide that question with the fear of Solicitor Cantwell before our eyes. It is sufficient for us that Senator Bayard intimates that Merrill with his cavalry was preferable to Bond with his Court, and as impartial journalists, we give Merrill the benefit of the doubt.

Here is what the *News and Courier* has to say on the subject:

No wonder that Major Lewis Merrill, of the United States Army, in [illegible] of the counties under martial [illegible] was undeniable in hunting [illegible] Ku-Klux [illegible]

How much did [illegible] Major Merrill $9,400 for forty-[illegible] convictions, $8,000 for the arrest of forty persons who became witnesses for the prosecution, and $4,000 for twenty persons who were indicted, but are not yet convicted. Total $21,400. Is it not evident that arresting Ku-Klux at $200 a head is a highly profitable business; especially for a person who draws, besides his full pay and allowances as an officer in the army of the United States?

The General Assembly appropriated $35,000 for the payment of the rewards offered by Governor Scott for the apprehension and conviction of persons engaged in the Ku-Klux conspiracy. Major Lewis Merrill, United States Army, gobbles $21,400, and the arbitraters pay themselves $2,500 for their trouble. The remainder goes in this wise: Thomas M. Wilkes, $7,000, H. H. D. Byron, $1,200, James Canton, $1,200, W. H. Brown, $1,600. Grand total, $34,900. Balance left in the treasury, for manners, $100. Poor treasury!

It is now said that the appropriation under which these payments were made was not passed by a two-thirds vote, and is, therefore, void and of no effect. The money is gone, and cannot be recovered, but what were the Governor and the Attorney-General doing that they did not detect this important irregularity? Governor Moses knows all about the passage of bills, and what forms are required to be complied with to make them binding. It is somewhat strange that he did not remember that an appropriation of money, by acclamation, is absolutely null. Perhaps somebody can prove that the Ku-Klux appropriation was properly made; in which case the people will have the consolation of knowing that they have been robbed by law, under the forms prescribed by the Constitution.

A Strange Growth.

A phenomenon worthy of the attention of the scientific world has been brought to light in Wilmington, N. C.

It appears that in January, 1863, a gentleman from another State died in Wilmington while in the performance of some duty connected with the army, and was buried in Oakdale Cemetery. The body was placed in a coffin, and the coffin put in a box, the space between the two being filled with charcoal. On Tuesday, the 24th, the friends of the deceased gentleman made application for the removal of the remains, and the superintendent proceeded to comply with their request. After digging down to the box it was discovered that it as well as the coffin had completely decayed and was crumbling to dust. On the removal of the crumbling lids of the box and coffin the superintendent found a thick mass of gray moss, apparently alive and growing, which covered the entire body as with a winding sheet, and it had matted and grown so thick that it was removed from the remains in a roll. A new box had been procured, into which the remains were placed, and then the moss was returned to its original position.

☞ New Jersey servant girls hire by the month. These who "have beaux" get eight dollars, and those who haven't get twelve. Only one in five hundred gets twelve.

Dexter's Destined Rival.

[Hopkinsville Conservative, 16th.]

Some weeks since we noticed the sale by Messrs. Bryant & Baker of their trotting horse, "Dixie," at $1,000 cash. As Dixie had been used and known up to that time only as a saddle horse, having only been handled by a trainer for about two weeks previously, some seemed to doubt the correctness of the statement. By way of showing that Dixie was not overestimated, we will state that we have it from reliable authority that the present owner of Dixie has declined an offer of ten thousand dollars for him, and furthermore declares that twenty-five thousand would be no inducement for the young prodigy. Dixie can already trot his mile in two minutes and twenty-five seconds, and after thorough training Dexter may look to his laurels. Dexter's best time is 2:17¼, showing a difference of 7¾ seconds only; whereas, Dexter was well matured, properly and thoroughly trained, while Dixie is young, unaccustomed to the turf, and has been under training for about five or six weeks. Dixie has as yet made no race, from the fact, no doubt, that, should he enter the ring of green and untried horses at Nashville, he could win at most only a purse of about $150, and then, having made a record, he would be excluded from the "green ring" in the Fall races of the East, where the purses do not stop at hundreds. Whatever Dixie may be known to have accomplished, he can not, under the turf rules, be excluded from the green ring, or the ring of untried horses, until he has at first made a race, and it has been recorded on the turf register. If we are correctly informed, only 20 horses in the whole country have trotted their mile under 2:23, and half of those were the Rysdik Hamiltonian family, from which we claim that our Dixie has descended—*i. e.*, Dixie's dam was by a Canadian horse raised in Bourbon, and brought by N. E. Mitchison to Caldwell; Dixie's grand dam was of the Philip and Romulus stock, and Romulus was said to have come from the Hamiltonians.

Colored Dresses.

The *Scientific American* says: It is not often that we find scientific items of any especial degree of interest to the members of the fair sex who may, perchance, glance over our pages; but now we believe we have got one which is simply absorbing. Probably, Madame or Miss, you are the possesser of a summer dress made from some white diaphanous material and may [illegible] modern engineering furnish no parallel.

Now, a learned German professor has invented a plan whereby your single white dress may be changed as often as you desire to any color you may fancy, and this in your own laundry, so that hereafter the money which you would devote to several robes of varying hues may be entirely saved while you may appear daily, if you choose, in toilets of totally different complexion. The process is very simple, and consists in merely coloring the starch used in the "doing up." Suppose a white dress is to be tinted a beautiful crimson: Three parts of fuchsin, an asaline color which any chemist can readily procure for you, are dissolved in twenty parts of glycerine, and mixed in a mortar with a little water. Then ordinary starch, finely pulverized, is stirred in, and the thick mass obtained is poured out and dried on blotting paper. The powder thus obtained is used just the same as common starch, and so applied to the fabric. When the latter is dry it is slightly sprinkled and pressed with a moderately warm iron. By means of other coloring materials, mixed as above described, any desired tint may be obtained. We should counsel, however, an avoidance of damp localities, and strongly deprecate going out in the rain, as we doubt the "fastness" of the dye and would not be at all surprised to behold the garment hortly assume a rather streaked and zebra-like appearance.

A Divorce Romance

Some twenty years since, says the Cincinnati *Times*, the daughter of—at that time—one of our wealthy merchants, was married under the most flattering auspices. It was not, however, very long before the pair discovered that there was not anything congenial between them, and, after living together some nine years, and having three children, they by mutual agreement were divorced, the children remaining with the father, the mother being permitted to see them at her own convenience. The wife went home to her father, who shortly afterwards died—helplessly bankrupt. The woman, who, previously the child of luxury and the wife of opulence, had never known what it was to want for a single thing, suddenly found herself thrown out upon the world, and forced to seek a livelihood as best she could. At first she undertook sewing for shops, then attending stores, and finally keeping a very plain boarding house, in none of which did she succeed. One day, when almost driven to despair, she mustered up courage and went to her former home and asked the one who had succeeded her as the mistress of the house if she would not befriend her, even ever so little, as she was on the point of starvation, as her wan and haggard condition too plainly showed. Women's ears and hearts are ever open to the sufferings of their more unfortunate fellow beings. The unfortunate woman was invited to remain until the husband returned, which she reluctantly did, and when he came it was thoroughly discussed. It was mutually agreed for wife No. 1 to remain and make her home in the house over which she had once ruled as mistress. And there she is found to-day, seemingly satisfied with the change, and apparently not caring that the love that was once pledged solemnly before to her alone is now bestowed upon another.

"The Spirit of the South."

To the Editors of the Boston Advertiser:

Will you permit a few words on the subject of your article entitled "The Spirit of the South," and the series of extracts from Richmond newspapers? Three months passed in the South during this winter and spring entitle me to speak with some confidence of the situation there, and I may add that my own observations and opinions have been shared and confirmed by hundreds of thoughtful people from the North, out of the twenty-five thousand who have visited Florida and the South this last winter. These persons, intelligent men and women from all parts of our country, have been largely Republicans in politics, anxious for the education and elevation of the colored people, and most tenacious of what are called the results of the war. I do not care to offer your readers any South-side views or "copperhead" comments, nor even the political fault findings of the Democracy. I would have this question understood at the North as it has been seen by Republicans—and Republicans only.

It is a tedious matter to discuss the measures adopted for the reconstruction of the South, or to apportion the blame upon ex-President Johnson or the South, or the failure to adopt the wise recommendations of Governor Andrew's farewell address. Whatsoever the cause of the muddle which now exists the result is simply horrible. In our desire to protect the colored people from a real or supposed hostility of their former masters we have given the suffrage to them all—most of them hopelessly ignorant; we have organized them into political leagues; elevated them into positions of high trust, for which they are deplorably unsuited; and then handed them over in their helplessness to the most corrupt and incompetent set of shysters, called carpet-baggers, from the North, of which it is possible to conceive. I have yet to learn of a single man who has gone from the North to better his political fortunes (who is "on the make," as they themselves tell you,) who has any real, earnest desire to help the colored people or the community in which he lives. One of these carpet-bag politicians [illegible] the patronage and political influence at Washington. We have organized society at the South upside down. Ignorance and crime override intelligence and decency. The great educational, financial, commercial, charitable and political interests of the States are entrusted to our common field hands of the South and unprincipled adventurers from the North! Can you wonder that these people desire to free themselves of this tyranny, and corruption? Such a state of things is contrary to nature, God's laws, and all the teachings and the wisdom of mankind. Such governments are the most grotesque travesties; they command no respect from black or white; they are a scandal and disgrace to them and to us. And does it help us of the North in any way, to have a lot of men, the natural product of this condition of things, sent into the halls of Congress to legislate for us, there to become the tools of bad men, and ready to combine with vicious elements from the North and West? It certainly is of some consequence to us that the twenty-four senators and eighty or more representatives from the South should be clean and intelligent men. We can have them reasonably so if we desire; but not by sustaining the present state of things.

It may seem singular that the colored man should go, as he invariably does, to the native whites for advice in the care of his family, his money, and all his temporal concerns, except his politics. He wont vote with the white man because, like the Indian, he worships the great father at Washington, and minds the orders of his political league. Gradually and surely these oppressed people are finding out, amidst their weary search for true friends, that the politicians who have settled among them "on the make" are not the wisest and best of guides. There is no hostility—at least the writer has never seen any—between the former masters and their former slaves. The blacks go to these men for advice; they even, in many instances, support their old masters or mistresses who have been stripped of their all by the war. I know that the leading gentlemen of Charleston, old and young, are studying the problems of race and government with an earnest desire for the welfare of its blacks. They feel that their own prosperity, for weal or woe, is indissolubly bound up with that of the colored race, and the race must be educated and trained to citizenship. The general satisfaction with the colored police of Charleston, and the favorable comments from old residents, are a proof that the whites are willing and anxious to have the colored people do whatever they can do well. To make judges, adjutant and major-generals, State and congressional legislators of them in their present ignorance, and in league with bad whites from the North, is simply reducing society and government to chaos, and creating a state of things which augurs no good for the colored race.

A distinguished Northern Republican told me that he could not possibly reconcile the conservation of public morals and the public welfare with this deluge of ignorance and corruption let loose upon us by the measures of reconstruction. He thought every step in the process since 1865 had been a terrible blunder, from which there seemed no escape. It would be easy to quote high political and military authority in support of these statements; and many influential business men and capitalists, and persons interested in philanthropic movements, and students of social problems, have returned to their homes from their Southern visit determined to do something to enlighten the public as to the outrageous state of things in the South. And what shall be the remedy? It is difficult to say, but one thing can be done, and that is create a public sentiment which shall enable the Southern States to rid themselves of their present political rulers, white and black; and secondly, withhold all government and political patronage from men known to be connected with the "rings" in the South; and we can safely leave the rest to time.

A. J. C. S.

The Sin and the Sinners.

The comptroller-general asserts that seven millions of South Carolina bonds are on the market without authority of law. If these bonds are fraudulent, the men who signed, sealed and issued them are guilty of a felony.

If they were issued without authority of law, then the men who issued them in the name of the State were guilty of malfeasance in office. The comptroller reports that a large amount of bonds received in exchange for conversion bonds, and thus redeemed and paid, instead of being cancelled were again issued, sold or hypothecated.

If this is true, a palpable fraud was committed. No error of judgment could be pleaded in mitigation of such an act.

The attorney-general does not hesitate to plead the fraudulent character of some of the bonds as a reason why a mandamus should not issue against his client the comptroller. If he believes this why does he not proceed to prosecute those who committed the fraud and who were guilty of such an enormous malfeasance in office.

The men responsible for the issuance of these bonds are not unknown. We do not believe that a bond was placed on the market without the knowledge and consent of the financial board. Certainly we never heard of a protest against them until just before the election.

If the State expects to be able to make a compromise with the holders of these so-called fraudulent bonds, the prosecution of the m[illegible] guilty of the crime [illegible] and [illegible] To assert the [illegible] criminals will not be [illegible] better proof [illegible] be given of the non-liability [illegible] bonds. [illegible] who operated the frauds [illegible] demonstration can gain [illegible] for fighting the bondholders while protecting those who put off the bogus bonds. No one will believe that it hates the sin while it shows its love for the sinners. Of the conversion bonds, issued without authority of law according to the attorney-general and the comptroller, no one could have been sold or hypothecated without the signatures of the governor and treasurer and the seal of the secretary of State. We have frequently been assured that a written opinion, asserting the lawfulness of the act was secured in every case from the attorney-general. Now, R. K. Scott has not fled the State. Niles G. Parker may be seen any fine day in front of his elegant new hall. The portly form of F. L. Cardozo, now graces the treasurer's office. And the attorney-general knows the whereabouts of his own law-partner, D. H. Chamberlain.—*Beaufort Republican.*

A Pure Heart.

A pure heart is a blessing above all price. It gives tone, harmony, and beauty to life that nothing else can give. And then it brings a man into such communion with God and divine things, as to make them present with him. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, says Jesus. A pure heart rather than a strong intellect, is the faculty through which we apprehend the spiritual truths. It apprehends by sympathy rather than by logical movement—it feels the truth as the seeds feel the dew and sunlight, or the mercury feels the cold and heat, rather than reasons itself into it. It knows it, not in the light of solution but in the feeling of oneness and affinity with it.

A pure heart is a good pilot. It keeps a man out of all mischief, and so out of all inward misery and remorse. It steers him clear of breakers and reefs, and gives steadiness and poetry to all his motions. It puts beautiful pictures in the eyes, and so makes the outward world a delight and glory. For to the pure all things are pure. It exhales its own fragrance through every function, and so makes the whole man redolent of grace as well as muscular strength. It chases all fear out of a man, and makes him bold, brave, true. It is calm and poised in great trust, for it "sees," and therefore has knowledge. It is a law to itself and a light to itself. It is the joy of all blessing, for perfect purity is perfect life, and perfect life is perfect peace. First pure, then peaceable. It keeps a man from collision with conscience, Christ, and God, and makes his life a part of the rythm of the universe, a full note in the hymn of the angels.—*Living Christian.*

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