

## "OLD MART."



A Great Historical Day in Old Edgefield.

THE MOST NOVEL AND EXCITING SCENE THAT EVER OCCURRED IN THE HISTORY OF POLITICS.

A Reformer in Whom There is No Guile!

THE ROUNDHEAD AND THE CAVALIER TOUCH ELBOWS!

Butler and Gary, Pledge Chamberlain in Honeyed words!

MIGHTY MULATTO MEN WHO LAUGH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THEIR MOUTH!

Blue Eyed Peace Hovers Unchangeably Over the Scene!

[From the Edgefield Advertiser of August 17th, 1870.]

On Saturday last, the Radicals of Edgefield again essayed to open an election campaign—a campaign which, they hope, is to give them a new lease of power over the lives, liberties and pockets of white men. On that day their triumph was to be again—to bloom gorgeously in November next. Their magnates came, and all was ready—Chamberlain, Mackey, Smalls, Hayne, Jilson. The local magnates bowed low before the great visitors. The arrival was a flash of lightning. The gods had had some down from Olympus. Belonged Jrove Chamberlain. Boney drove Mackey. Jesse Jones drove Smalls. Harris drove Jilson. Cain drove Hayne. And the duped and delighted negroes poured in from every point of the compass. Before the sun was four hours in the heavens, not less than one thousand were upon our streets. "Bar hark! What means that yell?" It is the arrival of one hundred mounted white men from the banks of Satah. They come with no evil intent, but simply to watch their liberties. Eight years' bitter experience has taught them that they must watch, or be eternally ruined. And now they come from every township in our broad County. We have thirty Democratic Clubs, and the demand of our Executive Committee was that each Club should be represented on this day by 25 members. Many Clubs came entire, and none were laggard. Seven hundred mounted men are soon among us—cool and peaceful, but determined. All our business places, of what ever character are closed—as is also the case at Pine House and at Johnston—and our entire population gives itself up to conscientious Democratic work. Our County must be redeemed, and no man any longer thinks of himself alone.

Meanwhile the Radical host is steadily swelling, and by noon two thousand souls and a thousand horses swarm the streets and environs of Edgefield. The meeting is to be held in the Academy grove, and the preparations are upon an imposing scale. The negroes have a band from the Academy grove, they are met by seven hundred mounted white men, headed by Generals Gary and Butler, who calmly order them to halt and let the white men pass first. They halt. And the Clubs file in front—each the grove first—Bismont—and quietly occupy two sides of the speakers' platform—having first affixed certain of their banners to the same. The Radical procession and their places on the remaining two sides. Gen. Gary, as Chairman of the County Club, is marshal of the Democratic forces. He orders certain of his young men in front to carry the platform and see whether it will hold representatives of both parties. The host is made, and the platform, like most negro work, falls to the earth like a structure of straw. But stout Democratic arms soon set it up, and simultaneously Gen. Chamberlain, Judge Mackey, Gen. Butler and Gen. Gary mount it. Jilson, Cain and Boney stand upon the extreme edge, but they soon vacate their narrow foothold. Smalls and Hayne remain modestly among the band. Chamberlain looks as if he had been cut down from the gallows. Judge Mackey, the Democratic lion disguised as a Radical sheep dog, has an expression of face that reminds one of the lamented fox in the pantomime of Humphrey Dumpty. The situation is ludicrous in the extreme—enough to make a dead man in his

collar laugh—and the whites with one accord shriek with irrepressible but good natured mirth. Gen. Butler now rises, and, in admirable style, exhorts the whites to order and decorum. Gen. Gary states that as Chairman of the County Executive Committee, he had sent a Committee to Gov. Chamberlain, Judge Mackey, &c., proposing that the meeting should be a joint one, and that the time should be equally divided among Radical and Democratic speakers. The Committee after waiting long and the Radical magnates declined to share the time with the Democrats. Gen. Gary then asserts that the Democrats will share the time of the meeting, or there shall be no meeting. Gov. Chamberlain and Judge Mackey state that some misunderstanding must exist—that they are not the committee of arrangement—but that they are perfectly willing the meeting should be a joint one. Gen. Gary presses them for some definite arrangement, and Gov. Chamberlain proposes that the speakers should be in turn Republican and Democratic, and that each speaker shall be limited to a half hour. This is accepted as the settled plan.

And now Gov. Chamberlain begins. His face still bears the gallow's expression, and he speaks more to the whites than to the blacks. He fills up his half hour with English words, but says nothing—not an individual thing that you could lay your finger upon. The negroes are horribly mortified and sullen. The whites press Gov. C. for an explanation of his appointment containing him in office. He seems to evade the issue, but is pressed to a standstill, and replies that if any reliable citizen of Edgefield had represented to him McDevitt's unworthiness, he would at once have displaced him. Of course the crowd jeer and absurd a come-off as this. And now Chamberlain is done, and Gen. Butler begins.

Gen. Butler has been the subject of base misrepresentation and calumny throughout the length and breadth of the land, and especially at the hands of Gov. Chamberlain himself. He has evidently waited for the opportunity now before him, and he says nothing—not an individual thing that you could lay your finger upon. The negroes are horribly mortified and sullen. The whites press Gov. C. for an explanation of his appointment containing him in office. He seems to evade the issue, but is pressed to a standstill, and replies that if any reliable citizen of Edgefield had represented to him McDevitt's unworthiness, he would at once have displaced him. Of course the crowd jeer and absurd a come-off as this. And now Chamberlain is done, and Gen. Butler begins.

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ment to them on politics, as he knew that they would not understand it, and that they were not banded together as Radicals, but by the instinct of race, still he would say to them in all fairness, that he was willing to give them all of their rights and privileges under the law, and that the only of the Democratic party was open to them to come in, and that the platform, was not like theirs of to-day, too rotten to hold them up; but that it was strong enough to hold alike white and black; that they would be taken in this County like the Methodists used to take in their members, by putting them upon six months trial. When they proved their faith by their works, they would be taken into full fellowship. He would say that as to this campaign, it would be conducted with the greatest forbearance and tenderness towards the ignorant negro masses, but with the most rigid and strict accountability to the leaders, giving a decided preference to the white carpet-bagger and the scallawag; the second object of consideration would be the mulattoes, as they were half white; and thirdly, black negroes who were leading their race to destruction; for every white person killed, horse burnt, or property destroyed, the leaders would be held to a strict accounting. The talk popping out of his mouth was the rule of order that government as will be the law of self preservation, the first and highest known amongst the laws of man. The many crimes that fill the air prove that the government of South Carolina under the administration of D. H. Chamberlain, is a cheat, a fraud, and a snare. You remember, that Judge Mackey has just told you that twenty of the thirteen of the bright jewels that formed the Radical caucus of the South, have gone over to the Democratic party, that they have been led to the Radical party not by fraud, insinuation, or violence, but by the corruption of the Radical officials themselves, that in point of fact they have "rotted down." And I had expected the classic Judge to complete the picture by telling how South Carolina, contrary to all analogies, "like a fish jewel in an Edgemoor's ear."

The last time I had the honor of addressing you, fellow-citizens, I had occasion to analyze the pretensions of Gov. Chamberlain as a Reformer. Those who know the best, know it is not my habit to say anything any way back, even in point, what I would say to his face, and for the reason, I am glad that the Governor is here. He has not proposed to arrange his long list of charges preferred by members of the Democratic party, but will content myself with calling his attention and yours to those made by Judge Carpenter in the late Radical Convention, and by this time, as you know, his party state that:

- 1st. That he was, as the law officer, responsible for the enormous increase of the bonded debt of the State.
- 2nd. The endorsement of the Blue Ridge Bonds.
- 3rd. For the unlawful issue of the Conversion bonds of the State.
- 4th. That being retained as the lawyer for these bonds, his party exacted a pledge from him that he would not during his administration attempt to void these bonds.
- 5th. That he borrowed sixty thousand dollars for campaign purposes from the Bank of Henry, Sulphur, and that was the reason of his making the deposits of the State in that bank, in the teeth of the advice of Calhoun, that the bank was unsound.
- 6th. That he drafted a Tax bill and repudiated it when it proved to be unpopular, and that this Tax bill was the highest ever known in this State.
- 7th. That of other grave charges he did not pretend to make any answer, but with the skill of the sophist, he answered charges that had not been made and left unspoken, those that he could not deny, he charged against some. Out of all these great jobs he has done enormously rich, and now assumes the role of a reformer, politician and gentleman, and in his garbled English he speaks about the civilization of the Roundhead and Partisan, the Cavalier and Huguenot being impelled, when his old "rags" Moses and Whipper are elevated to the bench of the Judiciary of this State. He is a nice man to speak of the application of any people being impelled. He gives a splendid example of his civilization when he dragged the name of his wife into his speech before the Convention of Radical reformers, which carried in excess of six hundred and thirty and a half generally, and said that but for her inspiration he would have faltered, and stained the record? His record was so black at that time, that the face of the blackest of his negro followers would be as white as the "Henry Lake upon the river" in comparison, and yet he is the pet Reformer of P. W. Dawson, the chivalrous Editor of the News and Courier. Who appointed J. H. McDevitt Treasurer for this County? D. H. Chamberlain. He said in his speech that no one ever asked him to remove McDevitt. Gen. Butler has just told you that both Gov. Bonham and himself waited upon him, and asked for the removal of J. H. McDevitt. There he sits, D. H., convicted in the presence of his colored friends of an unqualified lie, and he has an appointment as a member of the Government of this State, that he has already so disgraced and dishonored.

But this is not the only lie he has told. When charged with going to the city of Washington to have troops sent to this State, he lied about it shamelessly, and has involved his friend, "the Christian Editor," in hot water. He has been charged by members of his party with getting up the Hamburg riot in the interest of the loopy shirt mill, in order to build up his falling fortunes; and I believe that he has been properly so charged; and his confederates were R. B. Elliott, Henry Sparnack, S. J. Lee, Louis Schiller, and Sam Spencer. He is like the Jew in the play;

## A LITTLE PUNNY.

The *Stoughton Owl* tells a story on Col. Cothran, the temporary chairman of the late State Convention, and Gen. Kennedy the permanent chairman, which amounts to a fair and laughable bit. It was substantially as follows: On the assembling of delegates, Gen. Kennedy, the chairman of the Executive Committee, arose and moved that Col. Cothran, take the chair, whereupon the Colonel returned his thanks for the flattering and unexpected honor, and then read a most appropriate address. Upon the permanent organization of the Convention, Gen. Kennedy being elected chairman, returned his thanks for the most unexpected honor conferred upon him, and took his address out of his pocket, and read it amidst much applause, etc. This laughable *enue adieu* makes it necessary for the parties to "rise and explain."

The cod-fish aristocracy of New York are greatly excited over the announcement that the Marquis de Lome is to be Governor-General of the Dominion. The idea of having as next door neighbor a "sure enough" live Princess, a daughter of the Queen of England and Empress of India, quite overpowers the "dear creatures," and nobility once more smooths its wrinkled front. What a time the Princess will have when she is honored by the presence of the cod-fish! It will be famous. Bring in another horse!

he loves these wars because they put money in his purse, and sustain his nation's political fortunes. Well might Judge Mackey have added that Republicanism had rotted down in the State, and that the stench had reached the nostrils of the people of the United States, regardless of all party distinctions. The idea of Gov. Chamberlain advocating Reform! It is well that his colored friends here have lowered his banner of "Chamberlain and Reform." I tell him the day of the carpet-bagger is over. The numbers of Sherman's army must begin to seek their native holes, and our exemplary Governor had better begin to pack his carpet-bag, for he will soon have to quit eating South Carolina rice and return to Massachusetts, where he can enjoy codfish, and, yes, his children under a codfish aristocracy. The civilization of the Cavalier and Huguenot will soon be too hot for him; and whenever he takes his departure, the people of South Carolina will utter after him the malediction of the poet,

"Accursed be the man,  
Who gives his greatness to his country's ruin."

Gen. Gary having concluded, Judge Mackey jumps quickly to the front of the platform and states to the crowd that he has risen to defend Governor Chamberlain against certain gross and unwarrantable charges just made against him by Gen. Gary. But loud cries arise on all sides of "Down! Down!" "He has had his half hour and said his say." "Down! Down!" "Down! Down!" and the hubbub rises high, and the speaker becomes inaudible. At this crisis, Gen. Butler, at whose voice the crowd always becomes hushed, springs into the breach and proposes that Judge Mackey be allowed to proceed, upon condition that he (Gen. B.) be allowed to answer him. The storm is quelled, and Judge Mackey proceeds in his defence of Chamberlain, which defence is lame and sophistical. But in it there is a beautiful and delightful passage. It is where he attacks his political teacher, Judge Carpenter, with gloves off, and packs the hide from his thimble-rod body as one would peel a tomato. We know of nothing pleasanter than to hear these Radical magnates vilify each other. Judge Mackey boldly charged upon Judge Carpenter all the disorder, lawlessness and corruption that have prevailed in Edgefield during the last four or five years.

By this time the platform has become a chronic inclined plane—on which the case, Judge Mackey occupies a precarious footing on the summit, while Gen. Butler sits upon the bank in front of the stand, meant for the speaker to lean upon, with his feet hanging in the air. And as the speaker is losing a brilliant reputation, upon each side the whole structure, with a creak, prone upon its side, Judge Mackey falls upon his feet, but looks as if he had been suddenly dropped from the top of Mount Blanc. Gen. Butler remains perched aloft, and laughing moderately, cries out, "Lo, my friend a good omen! The Radical is flat and the Democrat is high!" And the vast crowd again shriek with laughter, and salute Gen. Butler upon his perch as "Sitting Bull."

And now Gov. Chamberlain, who has long been clinging to a spar of the wreck, turns tail and slowly retraces his way to the front of the stand. Follows Jilson follows Hayne follows Cain and Simkins follow the band follow, the Radical horsemen follow, the footmen follow, the women follow, the children follow, the wagons and carts follow. And they all stand and stand upon the order of their going. They go quickly, in ignominy and amazement. No do they stop. The negroes strike out bravely on their distant homes in every quarter, while the Columbia hears their shouts and their cries and the sweet security of the capital. Edgefield has for them no still water nor pastures green. Nor will they ever have again!

## HAMPTON'S RENOMINATION.

From the *New York Herald*. The Democracy of South Carolina have strengthened themselves before the country by renominating Governor Hampton. From the *Edgemoor Times*. After all the opposition of the Bourbon element to the Hampton policy, the South Carolina Democrats in convention assembled have given Governor Hampton's administration an overwhelming endorsement. They went further and returned the political rights of the freedmen in unmistakable terms. It would have been better, if the convention had stopped just there. The name of Hampton is given them their strongest confidence, and when they turn in other paths they leave a tower of strength behind them.

From the *N. Y. Evening Post*. Whatever opposition there may be to Governor Hampton and his liberal views among some of the up-country South Carolina Democrats, none of this opposition was manifested in the State Convention yesterday, and the whole of the State ticket was renominated by acclamation, on a platform which reaffirmed the liberal views expressed by the South Carolina Democrats in 1876 and which Governor Hampton's course has been entirely consistent. Governor Hampton has demonstrated that he is a much more influential Democrat than is the editor of the *Edgefield Advertiser*.

## ACROSS THE OCEAN!

An Interesting Letter From Our Correspondent.

(Off the Shores of Newfoundland.)

HE REACHES GLASGOW!

E. K. THE KING OF SPELLERS!

The Eclipse On The Water!

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

New York Harbor, Saturday July 13th, 1878.

"If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there Thy hand shall lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

Will sail in a few moments for Glasgow, Scotland. The *Ethiopia*, of the Anchor Line, is an iron ship. Some showers and some sunshine today. My feelings are like the weather. Looking to the South, my eyes are blinded by tears; looking Eastward, my very soul is filled with joyful anticipations. A little after three o'clock, the noble steamer begins to plow the briny waves. As we approach the gates of the ocean, the sun prevails over the clouds on every hand. It was very kind of the steward to announce dinner before any one had time to become sea-sick. Floating palaces are famous for their dainty dishes. And now the pilot leaves us as the hills of America begin to vanish from our straining vision. How we are isolated! No matter what may happen outside of our vessel, we shall know nothing about it for the next week or ten days. We are almost tempted to pray for our daily paper. The flying cutwater, however, is not a solitude. Prayers, music, books and conversation break the monotony of the scene. New thoughts too excite the waste places of the brain.

At SEA, Sunday, July 14.

A fair day, except some fog in the forenoon. A winter coat and a light overcoat fail to keep me warm. Fine bracing weather to be sure. Fond of water, I ought to have been a sailor. A squall, however, may cast a damper upon my enthusiasm. I like the stern of the vessel. There the view towards the "Palmetto State" is unobstructed; there the motion of the steamer thrills every vein with delight. Every baby loves its cradle, and every youth likes a swing; and why should advancing age object to being rocked by "Old Ocean's" billows? But sea-sickness! Many a physical infirmity may be expelled, or at least modified, by a simple exertion of the will. Preaching to-day by Mr. Munnhall, who was in Angostura and Columbia last spring. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life." John, c. vi, v. 18. Mr. Munnhall is quite a gladiator in the use of the Gospel sword. Earnest and persuasive, he leads the doubtful soul to the "Rock of Ages." Oh! a novel sight. A ship sails across the face of the moon, while yet its lower limb was clinging to the water. This eclipse is not found in any of the almanacs.

IN THE GULF STREAM, Monday, July 15.

Calm and warm. How helpless we would now be without steam. No lost time for the want of atmospheric currents. No stoppage at stations or depots. And yet the voyage already seems tedious. Has the world all turned to water? I see nothing in the distance to remind me of the rocks and the dirt, except a bevy of Mother Casey's chickens. Mystery and superstition have invested these phantoms of the great deep with a sort of poetical halo. How they rest, and where they make their nests are questions yet to be answered. At a little distance, these birds resemble the swallow. To-day there was a general introduction among the members of our party, about fifty in number. The World's Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association, with the help of God, may do much to break down the walls of prejudice, and thus enlarge the borders of peace. Honest men are oft blood-thirsty like Paul, or wrapped up in selfishness like Jonah. At twilight, I feel homesick, but not sea-sick. Hope is a bright star.

OFF CAPE RACE, Tuesday, 10th.

Chilly, windy and half-cloudy. Oh! a scene in the Eastern horizon to be remembered. A white sail on the right, each equidistant from the line of our advance. Symmetry, sublimity and a touch of romantic interest enter into this evanescent picture. The fire-places is to the right of my place at the table, and on my left, Master Harry Laval, of Columbia, S. C., eats, laughs, chats and helps his Edgefield friend to a favorite dish. Harry, and his father, W. A. Laval, Esq., are the only Carolinians I could find on board the *Ethiopia*. Other friends have I discovered, but there is no place like home for heart-felt sympathy, and a genuine regard. A spelling-bee may be made very amusing. I was drawn

[Continued on our Fourth Page.]

## GEN. MARTIN WITHERSPOON GARY, OF EDGEFIELD,

Leader of the "Red Shirt" Democracy.



For the Advertiser.

THE YOUNG HARDS' LAMENT.

A contributor—author of much "Spring Poetry," and poetry otherwise—having sent many "gems of purest ray serene," to this office, which were kindly and considerably assigned to the waste basket, returns a disgusted, and with the true spirit of "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," and with a determination to show us that he *must* and *will* warble, appreciated or not, sends us the following, dedicated to the wren:

TO THE WREN.

Sweetest little twittering wren,  
You long must cease to concern the glen.  
Poets you twitter from your den,  
Your neighbors say  
Your snipe notes have weary been,  
"To them all day,  
And why give twitter riter ror,  
All the day long with such a glee?  
Those notes can add no charms to the e,  
Or to the air;  
Besides the others that we see,  
We'd rather hear  
The mocking bird with varied song,  
With merry melody notes among,  
Can scarce amuse the ear so long  
As one short day,  
Then why should you the ear so wrong,  
In such a way?  
Now cease! suppress within your breast!  
You're sung must in oblivion rest;  
The world must weary with request  
You to be still;  
While the mock-bird, with music blest,  
The air doth fill.  
The little wren with speckled breast,  
With merry words upon his crest,  
Still twitter some as happy nest,  
And never weary rest;  
But sing his little ones to rest,  
So satisfied.

Now, when to you, young shipmate hard,  
This world seems weary, cold and hard,  
When you no heart can ever regard  
The state of war?  
Hesitating without regard—  
How happy then!

RUNEY ON HIS TRAVELS.

J. H. Rainey, the colored mis Representative of South Carolina in Congress, has gone to Michigan to "aid the Republicans of that State in the campaign." En route he was interviewed by a reporter for the *Springfield Republican*, and talked easily and freely. He modestly disclaimed being the only sober member of his committee at the close of Congress, and said his white associates had simply taken in a "little tonic" to strengthen them for their labors. He spoke patriotically of Gov. Hampton as a high and pure-minded man, working for the "interest of the State," and said he "esteemed him very much." The reporter of the paper that so recently and so grossly slandered the people of the up-country of South Carolina was naturally anxious to learn if Congressman Rainey's opinion of that section coincided with the *Republican's*. He was doubtless gratified to find that it did. Rainey had no hesitation in expressing his disapproval of the people of the up-country. He knows that they are clay eaters; "as a general thing they are densely ignorant, much more so in many cases than the colored people, who of course look down on them. All they care for is enough to eat and whisky to drink; their farms—if, by a stretch of charity, you call them farms—are most slovenly kept; their habits very often barely standing, and their whole surroundings suggest dirt and neglected opportunities. These people hate the negro. The *Edgefield Advertiser* and kindred papers only reflect the sentiment of their fellow-countrymen when they talk of hanging and shooting the colored man rather than allow him to vote, or associate with him in the caucuses." "I don't see what else you can expect but mental deterioration. No, you needn't look for reform, political or social, from

such regions as Edgefield and Abbeville counties."

It is indeed distressing that the up-country of South Carolina finds no favor in the sight of Congressman Rainey, and that his ignorant and corrupt barber's apprentice, whose proper place is in the chain-gang, should despair of any reform being effected in the political and social condition of Edgefield and Abbeville counties! Rainey has doubtless a feeling recollection that but for the people of the up-country heard such as he would still have control of the government, and rule and rob as they did in the days of Ross and Chamberlain—the days also of low-country compromise and fusionism. He knows that his term of office will soon be over, and he naturally hates those whose bold and manly struggle with corruption in 1876 makes his re-election an impossibility. Probably, too, he had seen the *Republican's* slanders of the up-country of Carolina, and thought to earn a good "notice" by corroborating them. In this he certainly succeeded.—*Chronicle and Constitutionalist*.

WHAT IS YOUR BOY READING?

Near one of the loveliest villages in North Carolina, lived a widow and her two sons. The younger was standing on the border land between boyhood and manhood. He was fond of books, and was allowed to read whatever came in his way. Some of his relatives and friends were readers of sensational stories. The life of a noted London robber fell into the hands of the boy. His imagination was fired with the prospect of sudden wealth. In this state of mind, his uncle employed him to go with a wagon to Old Fort. Now it happened that a wealthy miner came from Pennsylvania, and did not wish to be hurried by a mail coach; but preferred a slow wagon in order that he might search for metals by the way. With his fine watch, diamond rings and precious jewels, he traveled with the boy, and they camped under a beech on the grassy banks of the swift and shining Swannanoa. The boy and miner were in a solitary place, and the devil (whose way had already been prepared by a corrupt example) suggested the death of the old man and the possession of his treasures. The traveler was killed and fastened in the river, under the roots of a tree. The dead man's friends instituted investigations, and finally found some of the miner's treasures in the pockets of the boy. The body was also washed to a shallow place, and murder was manifest. The widow's son was tried for murder. Able lawyers defended him, and the friends of the murdered man spared no expense to secure his conviction. He was found guilty. Possibly the Governor might have granted a pardon, or commuted his sentence. But just then it was deemed important to convince Northern men that they might come South with perfect safety, and to make visitors to the mountains feel that they might go there with a certainty of protection. The rashness of youth was treated as the deliberate purpose of mature manhood, and the roaring waters of the French Broad sounded the funeral dirge of the dying boy. He suffered the extreme penalty of his only crime.—*Oxford Orphan's Friend*.