



TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW AS THE

NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN.

BY KEITH, SMITH & CO.

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The Hereafter.

'Tis sweet to think when struggling, The goal of life to win, That just beyond the shores of time The better years begin.

When through the nameless ages I cast my longing eyes, Before me like a boundless sea, The Great Hereafter lies.

Upon its heaving bosom Perpetual summer smiles, And gathers like a golden robe Around the emerald isles.

There in the long blue distance, By lulling breezes fanned, I seem to see the flowering groves Of sweet old Beulah Land.

And far beyond the islands That gem the waves serene, The image of the cloudless shore Of holy heaven is seen.

Unto the Great Hereafter, Afortiate dim and dark, I freely now, and gladly give, Of life the wandering bark.

And in the far off haven, When shadowy seas are passed, By angel hands its quivering sails Shall all be furled at last.

Gen. Grant in Memphis.

MEMPHIS, TENN., April 13.—General Grant and party arrived this morning at 9 o'clock by the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad. They were met at the depot by a delegation of prominent citizens, headed by Dr. D. T. Porter, President of the Taxing District. The latter, in a brief speech, welcomed Gen. Grant in the name of all the citizens of Memphis, without distinction of race, nationality or party, as one of the greatest military chieftains of any age or country, as twice chosen Chief Executive of the republic and as a highly distinguished citizen. "And may we not," he said, "through you, sir, thank the people of the United States for the princely charity that flowed in upon us from every quarter through three epidemics in such unabated measures as to mitigate as such as might be the terrors of that frightful pestilence which devastated our fair city and filled our hearts with sorrow?"

Gen. Grant responded in a few appropriate words.

At 10:30 the procession, consisting of white and colored military companies, the fire department and various societies with bands of music, escorted Gen. Grant to the court square, where Col. Joseph Jefferson delivered the welcoming address, eulogizing the General as a generous soldier, who, in accepting the surrender of the Confederate armies, had paused midway between victory and oppression and inaugurated a policy of magnanimity and justice which exacted nothing from the vanquished but obedience to the laws of a common country. Gen. Grant responded as follows: "I can say to my friends in the South there has never been a day when I was not as anxious for their prosperity as they themselves. I see evidences of a better feeling between the citizens of different sections of the country, which I hope will continue to grow. I thank you, Mr. Chairman and citizens of Memphis, for this reception."

A public levee was then held and a vast throng, estimated at 15,000, surged at Grant, anxious to shake the General by the hand. The military companies at 1 o'clock escorted the General to the hotel.

A Revenue Raid.

Last week eight United States Revenue officers came to Abbeville. The squad consisted of Brent Johnston, C. A. Carson, C. W. Guffin, William Kennedy, R. P. Seruggs, William Durham, G. W. Moore and C. C. Turner, under command of Johnston. On Wednesday, upon information they had obtained from some party in Georgia, they went down to Col. James Edward Calhoun's plantation on the Savannah River, to make search for contraband whiskey. Upon arriving at Col. Calhoun's they stated the object of their visit and were shown into his store room where they found a quantity of whiskey which they confiscated and conveyed to Abbeville by wagon. There was between one hundred and fifty and two hundred gallons of the liquor. It was contained in twenty four demijohns, eight kegs and one barrel, thirty-three packages in all, and worth not less than two hundred dollars. It was sealed up according to law and forwarded to the Collector at Columbia on Saturday; by whom it will be advertised and then sold to the highest bidder, the proceeds of the sale going to the Government. Col. Calhoun says that the officers did their work as delicately as possible and they declare they were treated with the greatest courtesy and kindness while discharging their duty. The Col. came to Abbeville on Saturday and gave bond in the sum of five hundred dollars for his appearance at the August term of the United States Court in Greenville.

The charge against Colonel Calhoun is that he purchased whiskey from unlicensed persons and upon which no revenue had been paid. He has been buying the liquor from wagons at intervals for years and in this way had accumulated the very large quantity seized by the revenue force. He had taken the precaution to attach a tag to each parcel of whiskey and from whom and upon what date it was purchased. The first lot was bought in 1872 from Blalock, an illicit distiller in Rabun

County, Georgia, who ran his wagons through this country. All of the whiskey seized was corn with the exception, perhaps, of a small quantity of brandy. It cost from one dollar and a half to four dollars per gallon and at the time of purchase was sold by regular dealers at from three to three and a half dollars a gallon. It can now be bought from the government distilleries for a dollar and a half per gallon. Colonel Calhoun was not aware of any violation of the law in buying the whiskey as he did not keep it for sale, and at all times refused to dispose of it for any profit or gain. The penalty, however, for such an infraction in the law is a fine of five hundred dollars and imprisonment not to exceed one year. A compromise will be attempted with the Commissioner at Washington and the members of the revenue force have all concluded to recommend the most lenient possible exercise of authority in this case.

Blalock's distillery, where part of this whiskey was manufactured, was located to the West of Clayton in Rabun County, Georgia. It was recently raided and destroyed by the revenue officers. Blalock was captured at the same time but made his escape. Blalocky another illicit distiller from whom some of the whiskey was bought, has not yet been captured. Sam Brazeele, who also made some of the contraband stuff, was broken up last winter in Oconee County. What the result of this case will be it is not yet possible to tell. There may have been a violation of the revenue laws, but Colonel Calhoun claims that he did not know that he was violating the law and that he did not buy the whiskey with the intention of defrauding the Government or of aiding and abetting those engaged in unlawful commerce. He has always taken especial care to prevent the location of any still or bar room on his premises, although frequent application has been made to him for permission to do so. In his written contracts with several parties who have rented land from him there is the stipulation that they are not to keep any shop or "floating battery." Col. Calhoun kept the whiskey just as he did sugar, coffee or any other supplies. He bought it at irregular times and only a few weeks ago he brought it all together and labeled it intending to return it at his next assessment of taxes. There is no evidence of any design to evade the law and the better sentiment of the community is on his side. He has been advised that no prosecution can be successful against him.

[Abbeville Medium]

"Dunghill" Fowls for Profit.

It is noticeable that though so much attention has always been given by poultry raisers to improving the different breeds of fowls, by importations from other countries and by care in selections, that some varieties (as the Leghorns) which never set have been produced, no variety has yet been able to supplant what is commonly known as the "Dunghill" chicken; and few people, except poultry fanciers, who make it a regular business, raise blooded fowls.

A recent writer in Land and Home asserted that the people who raise fowls solely for profit would find it to their advantage to raise a pure blooded variety, because they can be sold at prices that will more than compensate for the extra trouble. Such has not been my experience, nor that of any of my friends. But even if the assertion were correct, I doubt if pure blooded fowls would ever become profitable hens to the practical farmers and others, who raise fowls purely from economical motives, nor take the place of an ordinary "barnyard" fowl. All the different varieties possess some good quality to an unusual degree, but are fatally wanting in others. The Leghorns are great layers, but never set; some of the heavy fowls, as the Shanghai and Brahmas, have coarse flesh, while some of the light weights, as the games, have a very delicate flavor. A person, by keeping several separate flocks, might profit by these different qualities to a certain extent; but with the majority of the poultry raisers this would not be practicable. Still another obstacle in the way of raising pure bred fowls is that by constantly breeding from the same stock it is apt to "run out," become unhealthy, and otherwise inferior.

The term "dunghill" usually conveys the idea of a fowl that possesses none of the good qualities of blooded stock, and all the poor ones. But in the "dunghill" to which I refer, it is directly the opposite, the breed being composed of crosses from all the most desirable varieties. This plan I have tried for years, and it has worked admirably. By occasionally buying or exchanging a rooster, or by getting a setting of good eggs now and then, it is easy to introduce any desired breed; by judicious management the weight, size, color, etc. of the whole flock can be changed with a certainty of having good, hardy birds. It has always been my aim to keep the breed as thoroughly mixed as possible.

In short, what I wish to assert is, pure bred stock never has been, and never will be, able to take the place of the "dunghill" or ordinary barn yard fowl, which by proper care in crossing the breeds, can be made a most useful kind of fowl, and in regard to hardiness, beauty and other desirable qualities, will compare favorably with the best blooded varieties.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., April 14.—At five minutes past 1 o'clock today there was experienced the heaviest shock of earthquake felt here for years. The motion was vertical; no damage is recorded, although the buildings rocked so that the motion was plainly visible. Nevada block apparently swayed a foot out of the perpendicular.

Sale of the Greenville & Columbia Railroad.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 15, 1880.—The city crowded with railroad men and capitalists, and great interest manifested in the sale of the Greenville and Columbia Railroad. Hon. W. A. Courtney, Mayor of Charleston, representing the interests of W. P. Clyde Steamship Line principally, and other holders of second mortgage bonds, which were bought for ten cents on the dollar, purchased the road for \$2,963,400. The bidding was lively and spirited. Among the bidders present was Maj. Cummings, of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, who went heavily in favor of interests which would promote the welfare of Charleston. The general supposition here is that the purchase is a matter of speculation.

Printers and Paradoxes.

A printer is the most curious being living. He may have a bank coin, and not be worth a cent; have small caps and have neither wife nor children. Others may run fast but he gets swiftest by setting fast. He may be making impressions without eloquence, may use the lye without offending and be telling the truth, while others cannot stand while they set, he can set standing, and do both at the same time; may have to use furniture, and yet have no dwelling; may make and put away pi, and never see a pie, much less eat it, during his life; be a human being and a rat at the same time; press a great deal and not ask a favor; may handle a shooting iron and know nothing about a cannon, gun or pistol. He may move the lever that moves the world, and be as far from moving the globe as a hog under a mole hill; spread sheets without being a housewife, lay his forms on a bed and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor. He may use a dagger without shedding blood, and from the earth he may handle stars; he may be of a rolling disposition, and yet never desire to travel; he may have a sheep's foot, and not be deformed; may never be without a case, and yet know nothing of law or physic be always correcting errors, and be growing worse every day; have embraces without having the arms of a girl thrown around him; have his form locked up, and at the same time be free from jail, watch-house or other confinements. His office may have a hell in it, and not be a bad place after all; he might be plagued by the devil, and be a Christian of the best kind; and what is stranger still, be honest or dishonest, rich or poor, drunk or sober, industrious or lazy, he always stands up to his business.

GENERAL MAHONE'S POSITION.—The Philadelphia Evening Telegraph publishes the following from its Washington correspondent in regard to the position of United States Senator-elect Mahone of Virginia:

"A private letter has been received here from General Mahone, in Virginia, which shows the serious political revolution that is now taking place in that State. General Mahone says that great Commonwealth, with her vast agricultural and mineral resources, has lived, politically long enough under the resolutions of 1798 and 1799, and instead of prospering under them, from year to year she has degenerated politically and grown poorer materially; that the people of Virginia have already seen enough of the reactionary policy of the Democratic party to thoroughly disgust all progressive men; that Virginia, and in fact the whole South, has been acting long enough for the benefit of a few Northern Democrats, and that it is now proposed by himself and his friends to take a bold and progressive step to unite the fortunes of Virginia, and as far as possible, with the prosperous element of the North. General Mahone's friends here say that he will lead the future Republican party of Virginia, and that he has received encouragements from many of the leading citizens of the State who have hitherto affiliated with the Democratic party, to go forward in the work of reform, and that they will fully co-operate with and sustain him."

NO TIME FOR ANYTHING.—The great difficulty in this country is that we have no time for anything. The very walk of an American shows that he is in a hurry. An Englishman buttons his coat and goes to business as deliberately as he goes to church. An American business man flies after the car, struggling with his coat sleeves as he runs, plunges in head foremost, and plunges out the other end without regard for his neck. Chief among our accidents stand those which occur because people jump upon flying trains or departing boats. To wait ten minutes is something never to be thought of. Dinner is not eaten, it is swallowed whole, and when we come to the desert, we find that the fruit was picked before it was ripe. Everything is hurried through from the building of a house to the curing of a ham. The women who work on sewing machines stop before they come to the end of a seam. The dress maker sends your dress home with the busting threads in it, and no loops to hang it up by. There is none of the slow, sure completeness of the Old World about anything, and even large fortunes are generally made in a hurry, and lost in the same way. If any man you know is getting rich by the slow and patient process of saving, be sure he was not born on this continent. Yet people live as long here as anywhere else, and the days are the same length. Why is it we have no time or anything?

Three thousand seven hundred professors are employed in colleges throughout the United States

A MEAN MAN.—Almost every city and town lays claim to the meanest man, but we believe that about the smallest specimen of a mean man resides in Newberryport. A few days ago he caddled at a hardware store and represented that he was troubled with a noise in his pantry at home, at the same time asking the clerk for the loan of a mouse trap to catch the animal. The clerk replied that it was hardly the way business was done in that establishment, but informed the gentleman who was being impoverished by the mouse that a good trap could be purchased for twenty cents. After some dickering the bargain was concluded. A few days afterwards, however, in walked the owner of the trap with the information that he had been successful in catching the mouse, and that the article would be of no further use to him. This was followed by a request that the store-keeper take back the trap and return him the original price. This was rather a stunner in the way of cheek, but the man behind the counter quietly took out twenty cents, passed it over to the M. M., and remarked that he would refund the money, and at the same time present him the trap. Gracefully thanking him, the M. M. quickly pocketed the cash and trap, and walked out with the satisfied air of conscious rectitude.

This country pays for its preachers twelve million dollars; for its lawyers, seventy million dollars; for its criminals, forty million dollars; for its liquor bills two hundred million dollars. At which end of this itemized statement shall we commence to retrace? The pay for the gospel is at one end, and the pay for rum is at the other. If we pay less for drink, we will be apt to pay less for criminals and litigation. The more the gospel is preached, believed, loved and lived, the less our lawyers' bills, the less our taxes for courts, jails, penitentiaries and the like, and the less our liquor bills. The gospel pays more than its costs. Ingersoll complains that it is a useless expense; but the enlightened common sense of our country prizes it as the corner stone of our liberties and of our civilization.—Southern Christian Advocate.

AN OUTRAGE IN GEORGIA.—Deputy Collector Stewart, of Fannin county, Georgia, reports to Collector Clark, at Atlanta, who telegraphed to Commissioner Raum, that a body of mounted armed men, headed by Webb Findley, burned his barn and store on the 7th instant and fired on him and his son, wounding the latter. The commissioner replied by telegraph that such offences are not against the internal revenue laws, but that the perpetrators must be dealt with by the State laws. He authorizes Clark to aid the State officers by his men and to arrest the assailants if found to be illicit distillers.

Mrs. Nancy Hagood, at present matron of the county poor house, brought to Dr. T. T. Robertson on Monday last, says the Winnsboro News and Herald, of the 8th inst., a large number of worms, averaging twelve inches in length, which she states fell down in the rain on Sunday afternoon. The worms are white in color, about one-eighth of an inch in width, and are said by physicians to bear an exact resemblance to the tapeworm. The question is, how and whence did the worms come? We await an answer.

James B. Black, a negro, who attempted an outrage on the person of Miss Hattie Ferris, near Ford's depot, in Dinwiddie county, Virginia, on the 3d of the present month, was taken from the jail at Dinwiddie court house between 9 and 10 o'clock on the night of the 12th instant by an armed party of seventy-five masked men and hanged to the gallows near the jail on which Jack Pleasants, the negro murder, was executed two years ago.

The House of Representatives passed on Tuesday an amendment to the army appropriation bill prohibiting the use of troops at the polls. The Senate will doubtless pass the bill, and then Hayes will favor the country with another veto.

Iko and the Mule.

Old Isano Saunders has just been arraigned before the court on a charge of embezzling a mule from the church. Iko had been assigned to circuit work by the conference, but had failed to adhere to his letter of acceptance. In fact, he refused to preach after making way with the mule, and three churches that alternately were to receive food from him, combined and had him arrested. After the examination of several witnesses, a colored lawyer, for the defense, arose and said:

"Do parson has de law all on his side, because he 'ploys a lawyer and do church don't. Dat um a powerful factor in his resemblance. An' now I ux the Judge ob dis court to let de prisoner go. I don't make long speeches, but comes down to de pint. Dis man ain't no more guilty nor I was las' year when da dited me for stealin' a hog. Dis an' convinein'; and do Court can't step aroun' it."

The justice also a colored man, pondered a long time, and at length said:

"Do attorney hab stated one fact. Do 'feuse hab got all de law, fur de uder side hein't 'ploed no lawyer. An' I'll state right heah dat some powerful arguments will be needed to 'vict dis preacher, unless he can't show why he 'he bezzled de mule."

One of the church members arose and told how Iko had disappointed the church people by not coming, and how, after coming, he had startled them by failing to account for the church property.

Iko being called on for a statement arose and said:

"I tuck charge ob dat circuit in good faith, but when they fetch me out a mule ter ride, my faith commence to suffer wid de rheumatiz. Dar is two classes of niggers; de mule hater and de mule lover. I've always been a mule hater. Well las' Sunday mornin' I tuck my him book, and my testament and mounted de mule, 'paratory fur de holy work. Ob all de things in dis world, I think dat de mule is de unfittest fur de gospel work. You can run a groun' hog thrasher and think 'bout David and Abraham, but yer can't run a mule in de same connection. I rid slong a piece an' commence to frame my openin' pra'r. Lord, I sez, 'we thank thee for thy goodness.' De mule stopped in de middle ob de road an' looked roan' at me, 'quintinly. I kicked him an' continued, 'Lord, de craps ob de past year hab reminded us ob thy—' De mule begin to lift up his back. 'Steady, sez I. 'An' Lord, we is—' Whoa,' sez I, but it was too late, for de mule had flung me. Den I cussed and damned dat mule till his har must have been all kivered wid sulphur. I got on him sgin. He went on putty well for a while. Jes' as I hed 'bout got my pra'r half finished, we cum to de creek. He tucked his head down like he wanted ter drink, and jes' as I was drawin, a long braef, he flung me inter de creek. I los' all my 'ligion right dar, and when I walked up ter de church, I won't no more fiten ter preach dan de debil would a been. Course I sold de mule and got de money 'fore I got to de church, but yer need not ax me what I done wid hit, 'case I lost it on de road, an' I reckon yer'll find it an' my 'ligion somewhar down in de bottoms."

Iko was honorably discharged. [Little Rock Gazette]

BAD BEHAVIOR OF A CORPSE.—Several days ago Mr. J. McCloud, of Faulkner County, died of rheumatism. A large party volunteered to sit up with the corpse, and when night came many sad faces were seen, saluted by the mellowing light of tallow candles. The minister came, and entering the room remarked:

"Earth to earth and ashes to ashes." The corpse lay on a table covered with a sheet.

"I thought I saw the sheet move" said one of the watchers. "See if there is a cat under it!"

The company sat still. "I am confident that sheet moved," said the man.

The minister arose and lifted the sheet, and, standing, he looked at the pallid face of the dead man. The corpse's head left the table. The minister fell back. Stiff, dark and terrible the corpse slowly arose from the table and attained a sitting posture. The legs remained stretched out and the arms folded. The women shrieked and ran from the room, and the minister, repudiating them for their weakness and want of confidence, climbed a fence and stood in a turp patch. When the frightened people saw that the corpse did not intend to follow, they went back into the house. The corpse still retained the upright rigid posture, stiff as the attitude struck by the amateur on the stage.

With fears somewhat allayed, the minister advanced, and placing a hand on the dead man's breast, pressed him backward. Proportionately as the head went down the heels came up, and when the head touched the board, his heels were high in the air. The cause of the dead man's freak was then discovered. The muscles of the dead man's stomach, distorted by rheumatism, were contracting. It required the efforts of two men to straighten the corpse. [Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette]

ATLANTA, GA., April 6.—Dr. Sears has decided to move the Peabody Normal School from Nashville, Tennessee, to Atlanta, Georgia.

Twenty years have softened many animosities, and South Carolina invites Rhode Island to join in the centennial celebration of the battle of the Cowpens. So mote it be.

Words of Wisdom.

To despond is to be ungrateful before hand. Be not looking for evil. Often thou drainest the gall of fear while evil is passing thy dwelling.

I don't like to talk much with people who always agree with me. It is amusing to coquette with an echo a little while, but one soon tires of it.

The old lady who believes every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friend a judgment, is not dead yet.

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, nor any below him but for vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in the wrong place.

At thirty we are all trying to carve our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jack knives.

The members of the Georgia delegation in Congress correctly echo public sentiment in Georgia in regard to Mr. Tilden; that is to say, they agree that there is no element of opposition to him in the State, and that if he were re-nominated he would receive the support of the Democratic party and secure the electoral vote of the State. The same might be said of nearly every aspirant whose name has been mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination.

REST FOR THE WEARY SOUL.—A Hindu of thoughtful mind asked as he lay upon his death bed:

"What will become of me?"

"O," said a Brahmin priest,

"you will inhabit another body."

"And where shall I go then?"

"Into another."

"And where then?"

"Into another and so on through

thousands of millions of years."

"And where shall I go then?"

Paganism could not answer and

the man died with the question on

his lips, "Where shall I go last of

all?"

Sawdust is not a very marketable commodity. If we except the manufacture of dolls, there are few uses to which that article can be put. Mr. Grossman, of Petersburg, Va., has been granted a patent which may put sawdust to a useful purpose. He intends to make railroad ties, fence posts, paving and building blocks, etc., out of sawdust. This artificial wood, it is claimed, can be made fire and water proof, and no insects will attack it. It will take a high polish and stand a higher pressure than ordinary wood. It can also be cut and sawed and allow of nails being driven into it. The process is said to be simple and cheap.

It has been estimated by reports received at the Agricultural Department of Georgia that eighty per cent of the farmers who raise their own supplies make money by farming. Seventy five per cent of those who give liens and mortgages and pay high rates of interest on supplies fail to make expenses.

A Madrid musician, offended by a fellow pianist, challenged him to play the piano with him until either of them should be compelled by fatigue to desist. The duel lasted forty-eight hours without either antagonist resting or taking the slightest nourishment. One of them played, among other pieces the Miserere from Trovatore, over 150 times and was beginning it again when he fell dead from exhaustion. The other was on the verge of lunacy.

WHAT SHALL WE READ.

When Voltaire was a little boy he committed to memory an infidel poem; which blasted his whole life degraded his mental powers and made him an inveterate enemy to Christianity. When David Hume, the historian, was a boy he entered into a debate in favor of infidelity, and that debate settled his young mind ever afterward in the "logical principle of infidelity."

ATLANTA, GA., April 13.—Considerable excitement prevails in White County over the finding of rich pockets of gold in Nacoochee Valley. Over one hundred nuggets were taken out in four days, one of which was shown in Atlanta to-day and weighs over one pound. The yield grows richer as the washing proceeds.

Brass is a metal of no mean value, in a business point of view. It frequently passes current for a great deal more than it is worth.