

From the South Carolina Baptist.

What Shall We Do?

Mr. Editor: I dislike to trespass on your space, but as no one else will do it, I cannot longer refrain from speaking against what I consider outrage, injustice. These are truly "times that try men's souls,"—when oppression, crime and poverty hold trine sway. And not only are the fortune and integrity of a Christian soul tried, but the mental powers and the physical energies of all are severely exercised to devise ways and means of practically answering the perplexing questions, "What shall we eat, and where-withal shall we be clothed?" Even in every country newspaper we find that editors and correspondents self-impose the task of informing every one, that "it is his or her duty to be engaged in some useful business, that will aid in restoring the exhausted resources of the country."

per, who has a situation to offer, for a moment to consider the superior claims of ladies to that employment; and let him remember that they are as faithful as "gentlemen" in the performance of duty; and if after due deliberation, he is willing to engage the services of a lady, he will please address

SOME ADVERTISING LADY.

A MIDNIGHT APPARITION.

Thou lend'st thy ready veil to every treason, And teeming mischief thrives beneath thy shade. Mr. Colebrook was dead. He was a rich man, yet a slight acquaintance with him would have convinced even a superficial observer that he was not a healthy man. He was misanthropic in his views though he had the reputation in the street of being a very kind-hearted and benevolent man. Every day seemed to usher him into the arena of a new strife with the powers of misery. Apparently he was tired of life and impatiently waited for the hour that had now come, and which would put him beyond the trials and woes of this sublunary existence. And yet many could remember when he was a gay and cheerful person. Before his marriage with a poor but beautiful girl, some years before his death, he had worn a sunny smile, and his life seemed to him a pleasant dream. Though only thirty-five when he married, people said there was too much difference between his own age and that of his wife, who was, I believe, about twenty-two. She had been poor, and forced to content herself with but few of the gayeties of life; but now she was rich, and her indulgent husband gave her free access to his coffers. Wealth fostered pride, and Mrs. Colebrook became a leader of fashion—the gayest of the gay. Her beauty and influential position in society made her a queen, and her smile was courted by the brilliant and dissolute. The house, when she was at home, was always filled with gay gallants and lordly ladies. All the world could see this; and the next thing it saw was, that Mr. Colebrook grew sad and melancholy—that his wife was cold to him, and there was little if any sympathy between them. The people said the poor man had married badly, and the croakers all "knew it would be so."

It was customary at the time of which I write for two persons to perform the service for which I was engaged, though watching was then going rapidly out of fashion; but as my business was with the dead, I was perfectly at home in the chamber of death, and was even better satisfied to be alone than with company. I had brought an interesting book from home, and Mrs. Colebrook had provided a very interesting repast for me in the dining-room below, so that I looked forward to a very comfortable night. Throwing myself into a large rocking chair, which had been placed there for my use, I was soon engaged in the entertaining pages of my book. As often as the clock struck I arose and examined the corpse, moistening the face with alcohol, and wiping away the purging at the mouth. At eleven o'clock some one entered the house and came up stairs. They were the feet of a man, and I heard him enter a parlor adjoining the room of death. Though it seemed rather singular circumstance that a man should enter the house at that time of night, I thought nothing more of it till I heard voices engaged in earnest conversation. In a few minutes they grew louder and more distinct, and I recognized the voice of Dr. Rowne. Perhaps Mrs. Colebrook was sick and needed his assistance. But he spoke not in the tones of his profession. The other person spoke in a whisper; but the doctor in his natural voice, and seemed to be under no restraint. This house was still as the tomb, and though I made no effort to hear what was said, the expressions "will," "three witnesses," "thirty days," and others of a similar character came distinctly to my ear. They aroused my curiosity. Who was this Dr. Rowne? Why was he here at this unseasonable hour? Well, it was none of my business, and a half dozen times I determined not to concern myself about it. But it was in vain that I tried to fasten my mind upon the book again; it had lost the power to interest me. I glanced at the door which opened into the room where the speakers were. It was the month of May, and the weather was quite chilly. I had neglected to bring any extra clothing with me, and I began to feel uncomfortably cold. I rose and paced the room for several minutes. "Both wills," come to my hearing in the unguarded tones of Dr. Rowne. I paused and looked at the door. Apparently the other person, who I doubted not was Mrs. Colebrook, was speaking, but I heard nothing. I threw myself into the chair and began to shiver with cold again. On the table lay a clean Marseilles quilt, which had been left there by a servant, and in the absence of anything better, I unfolded it and threw it over my shoulders. It completely enveloped my body, and I felt quite comfortable again. "Destroy the new will," said Dr. Rowne. I dropped my book, for this looked like foal play. It occurred to me that Mr. Colebrook's poor relations would have to suffer for this midnight conference. I knew that he had an only sister, an invalid, who was dependent upon his bounty for subsistence, and my blood boiled with indignation as I thought of what might be the result of this midnight interview. I arose from my chair and went to the door. That the end will justify the means I do not think is sound logic, but where a poor, suffering, dependent woman was in danger of being cast upon the tender mercies of a cold world, I was content to be blamed for the meanness of eavesdropping, if thereby I could prevent so foul a wrong. Before I did it I could not but recall the reputed character of Mrs. Colebrook. Without believing much of the gossip that had been circulated concerning her, I could easily arrive at the conclusion that she had been the bane of her husband's happiness. I had been personally acquainted with him who now lay cold in death before me, so that I am obliged to guess at the facts in the case. My own observation, though I moved in an humble sphere than she, was sufficient to assure me that all was not right. I placed my ear to the keyhole. "When we are married"— "Hush," said Mrs. Colebrook. They spoke in whispers then, and I could distinguish nothing more. Need I have heard more? "Woman, angel, or devil?" Was it she who had wept great tears in my presence, who had trembled in the agony of grief before me, now calmly plotting with the paramour, bargaining away the affections which should have lingered like a weeping angel over the couch of him who was not buried out of sight? Was she who had groaned in bitterness at her bereavement, now scheming to rob her sister and orphan of her bounty? "Oh, woman, false as fair! Yet she is not a woman; she is a demon!" The clock struck twelve and I turned from my reflections to attend to the corpse. The alcohol which had been prepared to wet the face was all used, and I needed a further supply. Taking the dish in my hand, I went to the door with the intention of calling Mrs. Colebrook for it. First rapping on the door to surprise them, I opened it and stepped into the room. "I need a little more alcohol, Mrs. Colebrook," I began. She rose from her chair, and with one long and most unearthly shriek, fell upon the floor. Dr. Rowne's knees smote each other, and he shrank back to the furthest corner of the room. "Who are you?" he gasped. Of course I was very much surprised at that singular reception. Long familiarity with the dead had made me so indifferent to those dreads and fears which disturb many persons, that I had little consideration for nervousness on this subject. "Who are you?" groaned the doctor, his teeth chattering with terror. Then it flashed upon my mind that the quilt which enveloped my body was the cause of the mischief. I was involuntarily personating the ghost of the deceased, Mr. Colebrook, and I do not wonder that the guilty wife and wretched accomplice were terrified when at midnight I stalked into the room. I had pinned the counterpane around

my neck, so that nothing could be seen of me but my face. I was a ghostly spectre, coming— "How awful is that hour when conscience stings," To curse her for the base treachery she was concocting. No wonder she fainted, no wonder even the doctor trembled. I threw off the quilt and told the doctor who I was. "See what you have done!" said he, pointing to the prostrate lady. "I heard some voices here, and I came for some alcohol." "Need you have come in that garb?" "I had quite forgotten that I had the quilt on." "You have killed her, I believe," he continued, bending over the prostrate form of Mrs. Colebrook. We raised her up and placed her upon a lounge. She was not dead, and presently her eyes opened. "Where is he?" gasped she, shaking convulsively. "Be calm!" "He will haunt me all my days." "It was only Mr. Morton." Her eyes glared upon me, and then rolled up in her head. Heaven grant that I may never see such a hideous expression again. She was in a fit. The house was alarmed, and Dr. Rowne used every exertion to restore her, but all in vain. "She will die," he said savagely; "you have killed her." "Which will did you destroy, Doctor?" I asked. He staggered into the corner of the room, unable to reply. He would never accuse me again and yet I promised not to expose him; but it was in deference to the invalid sister of the deceased that I allowed myself to be silent in the presence of infamy. Before daylight there was another corpse in the house; and it was told for two months after, that Mrs. Colebrook had been killed by the shock of her husband's death. I buried them both two days after, and I had the pleasure of seeing the Colebrook fortune pass into the hands of the poor and deserving sister. I have never seen or heard from Dr. Rowne from that day to this. It is said he went to the East Indies. If he did the devil is with him there, and always will be.

Betting on Babies. The editor of the Columbia (Pennsylvania) Spy, relates the following pleasant incident: Last week, two prominent and influential business men of Columbia, got into conversation on the comparative merits of their babies, each one saying that he had the best baby, and the conversation waxed warm on this point. The matter was finally left to the three disinterested persons, and the decision was to be given at an oyster supper, the party whom the committee decided against paying for the same. It is well enough to state here that one was a male and the other a female. The babies were each duly examined by the committee. Their finely drawn features, capacity for milk and Winslow's syrup, good looks, weights, health, lungs, goodness, and gentle qualities, and the number of sleepless nights they had caused their fathers—all these were inquired into and taken into consideration by the committee chosen for the purpose—one of them a gray-haired veteran, who had reared and dangled on his knees many a baby, declared that he was a good judge and rather liked his mission. After all this had been gone through with, nothing was now left but to partake of the supper, which was prepared by mine host, Black, of the Washington House, on Monday evening last; and such a supper—oysters in every conceivable style, with all necessary accompaniments. After full justice had been done to the elegant banquet, the committee made the following report: "We, the undersigned, having been appointed to examine and report on the first fruit of Mr. — and wife, and the last fruit of Mr. — and wife, would respectfully report that, after examining the babies of the respective parties the committee are of the unanimous opinion that Mr. — and wife, have the finest male child, and that Mr. — and wife have the finest female child. The committee are, therefore, of the opinion that Messrs. — and — shall bear an equal proportion of the expenses of this great banquet, &c., &c., as both parties have done admirably, and the committee hope that they will continue their efforts, and carry out the scriptural injunction to increase and multiply." [Signed by the Committee.] SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.—It has long been observed by medical writers that death is frequently preceded by insanity, a fact which has occasioned the remark that it was not astonishing for everybody knew that when folks get madder, they were about to die. This reminds us of a case which occurred many years ago in a Philadelphia court, wherein a pretty young widow was in danger of losing two-thirds of her husband's estate—his relatives grounding their claim on the alleged insanity of the defunct. It may be as well to premise that the presiding judge was not only convivial, but also very gallant. "What were your husband's last words?" inquired the attorney. The pretty widow blushed, and looking down replied, "I'd rather not tell." "But, indeed, you must ma'am. Your claim may be decided by it." Still blushing, the widow declined to tell. At last a direct appeal from the bench elicited the information. "He said, 'kiss me, Polly, and open that other bottle of champagne.'" We know not whether it was admiration for the deceased husband or the living wife that inspired the judge at this instant, but he at once cried with all the enthusiasm of conviction.—"Sensible to the last" KISSING.—Josh Billings says there is "one cold, blue, lean kiss, that always makes him shiver to see. Two persons (ov the female persuasion) who have witnessed a greater many younger and more pulpy daze, meat in some public place, and not having saw each other for twenty-four hours, the kiss immediately—then the talk about the weather and the young man who preached yesterday, and then the blush and lart at what they say to each other, and then kiss again immediately. This kind of kissing olwas put me in mind of two old flints trying to strike fire." PERSONAL.—It is stated that Judge A. P. Aldrich, who was suspended by the military authorities from the exercise of his judicial functions, is about to take up his residence and practice law at Augusta. (The State can ill afford to lose so conscientious and able a man as Judge Aldrich, and it is to be hoped that his absence will not be permanent.—Charleston News. — A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning, when 13 of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat and he alone saved. "And how did you escape?" asked one of his hearers. "I did not go in de pote," was the Dutchman's placid reply. — The Quincy Whig is responsible for the following: An Irish girl in the employ of one of our first families was sent by the lady of the house one day last week to a dry goods store, with instructions to bring home a bed-comforter. She returned after a short absence with one of the clerks.

Miscellaneous Advertisements Great Popular Paper! THE CHARLESTON DAILY NEWS. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE Six Dollars a Year. The Charleston Tri-Weekly News, Three Dollars a Year—Two Dollars for Six Months. TERMS, CASH IN ADVANCE. No Paper sent unless the Cash accompanies the order. No Paper sent for a longer time than paid for. RIORDAN, DAWSON & CO. Proprietors. Dec 25, 1867 28 3m

Established 1845. WM. H. TUTT, Importer and Wholesale Dealer In DRUGS, MEDICINES, Acids, Dye-Staffs, Paints, Oils, &c., 264 Broad Street, Augusta, Georgia. THE attention of Merchants, Physicians and Planters is invited to our Stock, which is one of the largest in the South, and every article guaranteed to be of the strictest purity. Prices at a very slight advance on New York rates. R. A. LAND, formerly of Newberry, may be found at this House. Oct 9, 1867 17 3m H. L. JEFFERS & CO., FACTORS COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Charleston, S. C. ON entering upon the business of the next season, we beg leave to return our thanks for the patronage so kindly extended to us since the re-opening of our business at the close of the war. With renewed energy we will continue to study the interest of our friends, confining ourselves heretofore to a legitimate Commission Business. Liberal advances will be made on Consignments, and careful attention paid to filling Orders for Supplies. Our patrons will be kept fully posted on the Markets, free of charge, by our Weekly Prices Current. H. L. J. & CO. Charleston, S. C., August 1, 1867. BACON, LARD, CORN, MOLASSES, &c., &c. 10 HHDS. Clear Ribbed Sides, 5 Hhds. Clear Sides, 5 Casks Sugar Cured Hams, 150 Pkgs. Leaf Lard, in barrels, tubs, pails, 15 Hhds. Prime Muscovado Molasses, 10 Hhds. Clayed Cuba Molasses, 175 Sacks Prime White-bread Corn, 75 Boxes Adamantine Candles, 125 Sacks Liverpool Salt. With a full assortment of everything in the Grocery Line. For sale at the lowest figures by A. STEVENS, Augusta, Geo. August 28, 1867 11 Look to Your Interests! HAVING had the entire assets of the firms of Sullivan & Sloan, John T. Sloan & Sullivan, and John T. Sloan & Co., assigned and transferred to me, all persons indebted to either of the above firms will save cost by settling soon, as I am compelled to see, which I dislike to do very much. The Books and Notes of Sullivan & Sloan are in the hands of Judge J. S. Murray. The Accounts and Notes of J. T. Sloan & Sullivan and J. T. Sloan & Co., Pendleton, S. C., will very soon be placed in an officer's hands, at which time I will give notice. N. K. SULLIVAN. Feb 20, 1867 36 THOS. S. GREGG, J. BODD BRENDRON, CHAR. B. GREGG. GREGG & CO., Importers and Dealers In CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, &c., &c. Corner Richardson and Taylor Streets COLUMBIA, S. C. Oct 9, 1867 17 GEO. M. JONES, Surgeon Dentist, RESPECTFULLY offers his services to the people of Anderson and surrounding country. He is prepared for Extracting Teeth, Filling Teeth, in the best style, Setting Teeth on Pivots, Setting Artificial Teeth in the latest and most improved plans, Mounting Teeth upon Vulcanite base, Gold or Platinum—these are neat and handsome. All calls attended to at short notice, and all work warranted. Terms Cash, at moderate prices. Office—Up stairs, over the old Enrolling Office. May 11, 1866 81 TO PLANTERS, MERCHANTS, AND SPECULATORS. ON and after this day we will be prepared to make advances on cotton and all other produce shipped to Geo. W. WILLIAMS & Co., Charleston, or WILLIAMS, TAYLOR & Co., New York. Parties wishing advances, will furnish us the railroad receipts for the produce shipped. SHARPE & FANT. July 31, 1867 7 Assignee's Notice. ISHAM W. TAYLOR, having made an assignment to the undersigned, for the benefit of certain preferred creditors, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to him, by Note or Account, to make payment to myself, or A. T. Broyles, Esq., with whom the same have been deposited for collection. JAMES M. DE FALL, Assignee. Feb 14, 1867 35 WHITNER & WHITNER, Successors to Harrison & Whitners, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Equity. J. H. WHITNER, B. F. WHITNER, Pickens C. H. Anderson C. H. Jan 17, 1867 81 Bibles and Testaments. THE Anderson District Bible Society has a supply of Fine Bibles and Testaments, small and large, for sale at what they cost. Also, a lot of common bound Bibles and Testaments, for sale and distribution. Call at Towers & Burris', No. 4 Granite Row, Anderson, S. C. A. B. TOWERS, Treasurer. Oct 2, 1867 16