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The War of 1870.

Much reproach has been cast upon military critics for not forecasting truly the results of the last two great wars. Even now men freely say that it is useless to anticipate the events of the coming struggle, since in 1832 as in 1866, the most able predictions were just those that told, it is remarked, who experts in the former year that the North would certainly be beaten; two years later we saw the North completely triumphant. We were told four years since, by those supposed to know best, that Prussia had no chance against Austria, that the Imperial armies would emerge from Bohemia in a bold offensive march, and that the untold levies of the Hohenzollern would prove altogether unable to stop the way to Berlin. Exactly the contrary of these events occurred. The Austrians were unable to get ready in time to take the offensive; they proved equally unable to meet the Prussians in fair fight; the Prussian armies, and not the Austrian, dictated peace before the enemy's gates. From these two examples it has not unnaturally been deduced that the opening of a great war finds the most uninformed and the most skillful writers on a level as regards knowledge of the future, and that the only refuge from falling into error is to reserve all commentary until the close.

Are not the premises somewhat insufficient for the conclusion? Is it really the case that although sixty-five years, before the campaign of Jena, it was possible for a theorist at Paris to point the spot of German soil where the battle which was to decide the fate of Prussia should be fought, and for Wellington during the peace of 1814 to dictate the important matters in the defence of Belgium, matters are now so changed that the progress of any future war must be inscrutable from first to last? These questions may be best answered by a very brief examination of the causes which set at naught all attempts to prophesy the course of the American and Bohemian campaigns, and by seeing how far these apply to the present crisis.

The American war is now understood by all well-informed Englishmen to have been far more an affair of politics than of mere soldiery. No honest Northern writer disputes the genius which the chief Southern commanders showed, or the valor of their troops. The Unionist historians chronicle fairly enough the tremendous defeats which their invading armies at first endured, and the tenacity of resistance which Lee and Johnston showed to the last, when their inferiority threw them entirely on the defensive. But neither genius nor valor displayed on a single front could avail against the preponderating force which the Unionists could exert when once fairly routed. The ill-fated counter-invasions attempted by Jefferson Davis' orders were just sufficiently alarming to awaken thoroughly the sentiment which is called ambition or patriotism, according to the feelings with which it is viewed, whilst made without sufficient force to carry out any design of conquest. The splendid obstinacy which the Unionists thereupon displayed, and the daring policy which made use of the public feeling to gather overwhelming forces by sea and land on every vulnerable point of the Confederacy, did the rest. The South succumbed, fairly overcome by her gigantic enemy, her means of resistance (the feebleness of which was at the first skillfully concealed) being quite inadequate to support the repeated shocks which the resources of the North heaped upon her. The victory was eminently a political one, and the result was assured from the moment the greater power began unreservedly to put forth its strength. No military skill could long avail against such odds when the raw material of the contending forces was so essentially similar in fibre.

As to the Austro-Prussian campaign, the chief facts known were that both parties had very large armies, the one inexperienced but freshly reorganized for war and armed with a new weapon, the other proved in action but weakened by the leaden government of a narrow coterie. The improved organization of the Prussians had not been studied. The effect of their breech-loader—was as their own printed tactical instruction show—misjudged by their authorities, and appreciated by none but a few far-sighted officers who had served in Schleswig. Had we learnt that in rapid armaments had secured the advantage—had Gablenz's warning to the Emperor been made known that troops armed with the muzzle-loader had no fair chance against this needle-gun—predictions would have been as freely launched in favor of the Prussians as they undoubtedly were against them. Jomini in the last paper that ever issued from his fertile pen, attributes the ruin of the Austrians to three distinct disadvantages—in numbers, weapons and strategy. The last of these was necessarily a doubtful element. As to the first, the full superiority of the new Prussian system was altogether unknown save to those who had created it, whilst the other was really a very grand experiment, which had not been fairly tried.

In short, the value of all such forecasts depends not only upon the powers of the diviner, but on the accuracy of his knowledge. To take the famous instance of 1806, before adverted to, it is only possible that such marvellous accuracy as foretold the battle of Jena could be attained when great intuitive skill was favored by practical knowledge of the conditions. Jomini had been studying Napoleon's career with the highest critical interest, and had served with the Grand Army in its late brilliant advance to the Danube. He was, therefore, peculiarly acquainted with the instrument, and with the genius of him who wielded it, whilst he had, both as an historian and a French staff-officer, become aware that the Prussian army was not only inferior in numbers, but antiquated in its habits. The process of reasoning by which he drew his famous conclusions may be fairly traced somewhat as follows:

"Napoleon will certainly follow his bent and take the offensive. As Austria is closed to him by the late treaty, he must attack Prussia either from Davaia or the Rhine. But his army is just now gathered in Bavaria on its way back from Vienna, and he will never waste time in going round to get upon the Rhine again.—Therefore, Northern Bavaria will certainly be his immediate base—no doubt the line of the Upper Main, where he is screened by mountains, and has the Upper Danube plains at his back for supply here. Here, then, he will collect, fronting naturally due north. The Prussians know nothing of war since 1795, and will infallibly follow the old system and spread out their lesser army fronting his, and facing the south, with their left pointing towards Berlin. Supposing this actually happens, it is quite as easy for the Emperor to fall upon their left as on their centre or right, with this advantage, that if they stop to concentrate, he will concentrate too, and have his superior force between them and Berlin; so that a single defeat will ruin them. This is what can hardly be so brilliant a genius as his. Now I observe that the roads from the Upper Main into Saxony run well forward through a piece of Bavarian territory which projects northward through Hof, and is, of course, a convenience in such a case. Though difficult, this end of the Thur-

ingian Forest is not mountainous; and as there are several highways, two or three days' march will bring the bulk of the French through it. Whilst the columns converge to unite in the lower ground of Saxony, the Prussians, discovering that they are being turned and outflanked to the east of their line, will draw in towards their own left to meet the enemy. The deep valley of the Upper Saale, of great importance in former German wars, divides the east end of the Thuringian country from the rest, and will naturally separate the two armies. The passages of the Upper Saale all converge about Jena. It is pretty certain, therefore, that the Prussians, unless much wiser than I take them to be, will have to fight for these passages, and there is, therefore, fair reason to foretell that a great battle, on which the fate of the kingdom is to depend, will be fought in the neighborhood of Jena."

Such we may suppose to have been the train of thought which led to a prediction, by a then obscure writer, which has made his name more noted than the most elaborate of all his books. But matters are not in 1870 as in 1806. A hundred Jominis, if they were to meet in council at the Tuileries this week, could not possibly foresee the resultant of the tremendous forces about to be brought into collision. No one knows exactly the available armies which may be gathered by a certain time. The French boast that they can put 350,000 men on the Rhine in a few days. Very possibly; but the Germans can certainly assemble 300,000 men by corps d'armee in a fortnight. The French declare the Chassepot a better weapon than the Zundnadelgewehr. Very possibly; but the Prussian gun has stood the brunt of war, and bears the prestige of the most rapidly successful campaign on record. The French put faith in their new mitrailleurs; all recent experience tends to lessen expectation of great results from complicated forms of light artillery. The French believe that the Prussians have lost the practice of one sort of tactics, and not fixed on anything to take its place. The Prussian writers allege that, with any shortcomings, their new system is far in advance of those of other nations in its adaptation to the breech-loader. The French point to the strategy that gave them Magenta, and the tactics that won Solferino. The Prussians say that the one was lost by the paltering incompetency of the Austrian staff, the other by the meddling of Francis Joseph with matters far beyond his grasp. The French are proud of the active intelligence of their democratic rank and file, and their self-made officers and generals. The Prussians have faith in their patient, sturdy soldiers, and the high professional spirit which animates their officers from the King's son down to the youngest ensign. Out of all the war of words and controversies on theory this truth rises clearly up, that no man can at this moment pretend to fathom the probabilities, since no man has the knowledge which would make his judgement worth having. The most important element of all in an equal war is the power of the leader. In this case each has been tried in but one campaign, and each against an adversary whose blunders prepared defeat. The military aspect of the war is in fact as uncertain as its effect upon the politics of Europe.

With the views we have announced it will not be expected that we should attempt to forecast the events now near at hand. It will be our endeavor rather from week to week to sum up the facts, and analyze or apply them only as far as means permit. The belligerents are resolved to keep the world thoroughly in the dark. Happily this is hardly possible, and we will do our best to pierce the cloud, not looking to the political side of the question, nor pointing out whether French ambition or Prussian agrandizement is the more sinful. For seven long years Count Bismarck has steadily and successfully pursued a policy which has, step by step, brought his country into a more leading position. Step by step he has roused the jealousy of his neighbors. At last Prussia finds herself rated as the first military power in Europe. But that position has been claimed by another; and no homilies, nor chapters on political economy, nor declarations on the rights of man and solidarity of the peoples, can avail to put off the long preparing contest, which has sprung from causes no nearer their final extinction than when Rome made war upon Carthage. This said in exposition of our purpose, we shall keep henceforward to our task of chronicling and explaining events which must interest deeply even those who deprecate them most.—*Saturday Review.*

THE LATE HON. JOHN P. KENNEDY.—The death of Hon. John P. Kennedy, at Newport, on Thursday last, has been announced. Mr. Kennedy was born in Baltimore in 1795. In 1814 he served as a volunteer in the battles of Bladensburg and North Point. After the peace with England he entered upon the study of the law, and commenced practice in his native city in 1816. For twenty years he occupied a prominent position at the Baltimore Bar, at that period renowned throughout the country for its learning and ability. Mr. Kennedy's political career began in 1820 with his election to the Maryland House of Delegates. Uniformly acting with the old Whig party, he was most highly esteemed by its great leaders, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. In 1852 he was appointed, by President Fillmore, Secretary of the Navy, after leaving which position he withdrew from public life, devoting himself entirely to literary and scientific studies. He was provost of the University of Maryland, Vice President of the Maryland Historical Society, and one of the Trustees of the Peabody Southern Educational Fund, at the time of his death. Mr. Kennedy was the first man in Congress to assist Prof. Morse in the development of his great invention of the magnetic telegraph. As Secretary of the Navy he was the author of the Japan expedition, which, under Commodore Perry, first opened to the world the ports of the East. And in his lettered retirement he was the intelligent friend and adviser of Mr. Peabody, in the work of founding the Peabody Institute at Baltimore, the first public benefaction of that philanthropist which led to all the rest. In literature Mr. Kennedy was variously distinguished. His novels, "Swallow Barn," "Love Shoe Robinson," and "Rob of the Bowl," still enjoy a considerable popularity, as among the best efforts of American romance. Besides these, he wrote many semi-literary, semi-political treatises and pamphlets. Many years ago he wedded Miss Gray, of Elliot's Mills, a most estimable and exemplary woman, and his married life was as happy as his public career was useful.

—A wedding in Bridgeport, Conn., was interrupted for a moment, the other day, by an apparently sane gentleman, who stepped up to the bridegroom at the altar, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, in an audible whisper, "Before this little affair goes any further, I would like to know one thing—who will build the fires?"

—A little boy, three years old, who has a brother of three months, gave as a reason for the latter's good conduct: "Baby doesn't cry tears, because he doesn't drink water, and he can't cry milk."

The Progress of the Reform Campaign.

From the Charleston Courier.

It is not surprising that Whittemore, Scott and Wimbush should have desired to prevent Judge Carpenter from being heard. They knew that he would fully expose their administration of affairs in this State, and show that the Government of South Carolina has been for two years conducted in the interest of a few men who have made enormous fortunes, while our taxes have been trebled, and our debt doubled. They knew that the people would have learned that taxation reached every hearth and fireside in the State, while the wealth which has been accumulated by the State officials, through the oppression of our people, has benefited none but Governor Scott and his co-adjuvants. They knew that their power would be destroyed if the people of the State should hear of their misdeeds, and set in judgment upon their work, and they determined that the voice of truth should be stifled, even if the attempt should result in a riot, and cost the blood of a number of our citizens. Alarmed at the progress of the Union Reform movement, forced from them this confession of their weakness. Organized force is argument, and argument of the most convincing sort, but it is argument against the party so using it, and always succeeds in making converts to the party which it attempts to silence. Holden tried the same thing in North Carolina, and the result was an overwhelming defeat. The Scott Ring are using force in South Carolina, and will produce a like result. We, however, must thank them for warning us in time, as well as for making converts to our cause. General Scott may organize his illegal militia, he may, through his partisans, instigate riots, he may pardon prisoners from the penitentiary as the election draws nigh, but we will certainly have a fair expression of the popular will. Our people love law and order, but we cannot be intimidated. We will continue to speak in spite of threats, and we feel sure that every man in the State who desires a dicious, economical and honest administration of the Government will vote against him who has been tried and found wanting, in spite of every threat and machinations of Scott and his entire Ring.

We do not object to the course which he and his friends are pursuing. He remains silent under infamous charges, but he organizes armed bands in defiance of the laws which he has taken a solemn oath before God to execute. He and his friends are dumb when the charge is made that silence on the part of Governor Scott is a plea of guilty to the indictment of General Butler, but they, in spite of their solemn pledges, begin a riot so that the truth shall not be heard. The people of the State understand this, and General Scott and his friends will soon learn, if they have not already learned, that their power for evil is rapidly passing away, and that the day of reckoning is at hand.

Against one thing, however, our people must guard themselves carefully. They must not feel so confident of victory as to feel that the individual aid of every man among us is not necessary. Victory is certain if we use proper exertion, and in this contest every man is equally interested. We should each and all apply ourselves to the work. Every man can influence some one, and every vote is important. We wish not only to see the Whittemore-Scott party defeated, but we wish to see it overwhelmingly defeated. We wish to see the good people of this State rise up in their might, and condemn, by their votes, those men who have administered the Government of this State in the manner in which it has been administered for the last two years. We urge upon every citizen who loves his State, to work actively and vigorously in favor of the Union Reform Party. We should all be able and willing to spare the time, and if we do work, our success is certain.

From the Columbia Phoenix.

The lesson recently taught by North Carolina should have a healthy and re-assuring effect upon the Conservative party of South Carolina. Upon the eve of the late election the old North State was seemingly not less certainly doomed to radicalism than is our own to-day; yet the result of the election has been an overwhelming defeat to the carpet-bag horde, foreshadowing their downfall throughout the South, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. In the many safeguards with which the radicals have endeavored to prop up their party, such as the enforcement bill, the militia bill, etc., they have invented weapons, which are double-edged, equally as dangerous to themselves as to their political foes. Besides this, a general disgust of carpet-bagery is rapidly spreading through the negro ranks. They have been deluded so long with unfulfilled promises, they find themselves so invariably cheated out of their aspirations, discover themselves always in the attitude of mere tools for the elevation of strange adventurers, that they now pause, and ask what is to be gained by cultivating unfriendly relations with the white people of their section, with whose interest theirs must always be identical. It needed but this pause in the flood-tide of madness to set in the ebb, and it dashed through the ballot boxes of North Carolina, sweeping away every vestige of radical power and influence. So will it soon sweep across our own case, a regenerated State. Now, therefore, is the proper time for the exercise of the utmost caution and judgment by the Conservative party in selecting candidates. All old, worn-out, fossilized politicians must be repudiated. None but young, active, capable men, free from all entangling political alliances, must be put in nomination, and thus a political victory in the fall elections may be assured.

A WONDERFUL STORY.—The following beats all the stories of remarkable escapes which we remember ever to have seen: "On the passage of the ship Alexander from New Orleans to New York, a young lad, about fourteen years of age, from a naturally frolicsome and mischievous disposition, because so troublesome in his pranks, that he was threatened by the captain, if he were continued, that he would confine him in a water cask. Our youngster took no heed, however; and at his next offence, was put in the cask, which was headed up, leaving a large bung-hole for the admission of air. That night the ship encountered a violent storm, and, in a sudden lurch, the cask containing the boy rolled over into the sea. Fortunately, the cask struck bung up, and floated about thirty hours, when it was thrown upon the beach at St. Blas. Here the boy made desperate efforts to extricate himself from his prison, without success, and in despair, gave up to die. Some cows, however, strolling on the beach, were attracted to the cask, and in walking around it, one of them—it being fly-time—switched her tail into the bung-hole, which the lad grasped with desperate resolution, and, after running some two hundred yards with the cask, struck it against a log on the beach, and knocked it to smash. The boy was discovered by some fishermen on the point, and taken into Appalachicola, where a small collection being made for him, he was enabled to proceed North by the way of Columbus."

The Most Frightful Narrative of Modern Times.

The current number of the Overland Monthly describes afresh, and no doubt with minute accuracy, a chain of events, which for ghastly horror are probably without equal in authentic records. The tale realizes, in truth, the frightful denunciation of Othello; for in it "on horrors' head horrors accumulate," and surely, imagination can picture nothing in the way of the piteous and awful more extreme than what was suffered by the unfortunates concerned. In various forms, by books, newspapers, and more frequently, by private reports, the story has been told; for it happened long ago—in 1846—before Captain Sutter had made his discovery, and before every old whaler from Casco Bay to Hatteras had been fitted up to brave once more the perils of Cape Horn. But many persisted in disbelieving it.

It was too horrible to relate, they said, to believe. And it is true that there seemed to be a raw-head and bloody-bones air about the narrative, that more frequently attends fiction than fact, and which, at all events, lent warrant to the suspicion that it had been expanded and embellished. There is, however, no doubt as to the melancholy truth of it; and the minute account now published is to be accepted as the product of all the sifted and collated testimony that it has been possible to obtain.

Donner Lake—named after the leader of the party who met their death hard by—is one of the most picturesque and lovely spots among the elevated valleys of Sierra Nevada. "Starvation Camp"—the immediate scene of the calamity—is close at hand, and by it runs the railroad, a strange contrast in the plenty and succor it suggests to the helpless misery the spot once witnessed.

The Donner party left their home for the Pacific slope, in search of a healthful and eligible soil, and having penetrated this great distance toward their promised land, were snowed up near the lake. The Indian guide, one Truckee, warned them one afternoon, that dreadful weather was at hand, and urged them to push on. But—for the ground was as yet undiscovered—they had found wood, water and grass, and determined to halt for the night. In the morning a foot of snow had fallen, and their cattle had wandered away so that few of them could be found. Alarmed, the wayfarers began to build cabins and to take such other measures as they could to protect themselves from the element. The snow continued to fall, and presently became impassable. In a few days it was eight feet deep. During nearly the whole of November, the long storm continued, and the snow on the mountains ultimately reached the depth of more than twenty feet.

There were eighty-two souls in the party, thirty-two being women and a large proportion children. The Captain, Geo. Donner, was a man of some sagacity and considerable wealth, and his wife and children being with him, had every incentive to prudence and activity. But all efforts to escape from their frightful situation proved vain. In a short time everything in the shape of wholesome food was gone. They devoured their dogs, the hides of the cattle they had saved, and their own boots and shoes. Finally the miserable creatures began to think of eating each other. At this period a death occurred—thus deferring the need for violence—and, horrible to relate, the corpse was eagerly consumed. Other deaths followed, and the survivors continued to subsist on the flesh of their dead companions. After six weeks, the storm having subsided, eight men and five women guided by two Indians, set out to try to make their way to California.

The hopes of all that remained hung on their efforts, and they struggled desperately to succeed. But in a week, and before they had passed the Divide, this forlorn hope was again overwhelmed by snow. Three died almost at once, and the rest ate their bodies. "Having," says the Overland Monthly, "now been without a morsel to eat for four days, those wretched people cut the flesh from the bodies of the dead, and having refreshed themselves upon a portion of it and dried the balance for future use, again pushed on. This was their New Year's feast, it now being the first day of January, 1847. Five days later their food was again all gone, and they had only the strings of their snow shoes to eat."

The unhappy wretches then decreed to devour their Indian guides; but the latter, seeing their intention, fled over the hills and were seen no more. On the 17th of January all but three of the thirteen were dead, and of the survivors two laid down to die. The third had fallen in with a friendly Indian, who conducted him to a settlement on Bear River. There the story was told, and immediately expeditions set forth from San Francisco and Sutter's Fort to rescue those of the original party who might still be alive.

What the benevolent adventurers found almost beggars description. Those that had died remained where their last sigh had been breathed, and they were stripped of their flesh. "Bodies half devoured lay strewn around the dismal cabins, from which issued a stifling fetor" of those who yet lived.

Not only were their bodies enfeebled and emaciated to the last degree, but with many a weary soul had become a desolation. While some welcomed their deliverers with ecstasies of joy, others, gloomy and cadaverous, regarded them with a coldness amounting almost to indifference, they having become not only reconciled to their cannibalistic diet, but preferring it to wholesome food when set before them. Monstrous as it may seem, to such an extent had the natural tastes of some of these people become perverted, that they pushed aside the flour and bacon tendered them, choosing rather to partake of the horrible feast to which they had so long been accustomed. Parents were seen feeding on the remains of their children, and children on those of their parents. Here a wife was broiling on the coals the flesh of her husband, and elsewhere a company were making a repast upon the roasted limb of a dead companion.

All filial and parental affection seemed dead, the one instinct of self-preservation reigning supreme. Rapidly some of those most wretched creatures were being transformed into ghouls and demons, having already lost many of the divine traits of humanity. Haggard and attenuated, they spoke but little, while their looks and demeanor were wild and unearthly. Too incredible for belief are the stories told of the ravenous greed exhibited by some of these starving wretches, one of whom is said to have eaten the entire body of a child during the course of a single night; while another, insatiate on appropriating to his own use the hearts and other viscera of his dead companions, On the other hand, many refused to touch the flesh of those who had perished until the very last, and then partook of it sparingly and with evident feelings of horror.

Thirty-six of the company had perished, and many of the remainder were on the point of doing so. Amid devastation and war there were gleams of heroism that almost seemed needful to show that these afflicted souls shared a common humanity. Donner, the leader, was too far reduced to be taken forward by the rescuing party. His wife had her choice to be saved with her children or to stay behind

and die with her husband. With wonderful fortitude and devotion, and in spite of his earnest entreaties, she chose the latter. Another man, one Keisburg, was also too weak to be removed. The rest were taken in safety to California. In the following April another small party repaired to Donner's Lake to see if by chance either of those left behind yet survived. They found Keisburg living, he having subsisted for several weeks upon the body of Mrs. Donner, who had died soon after her husband. The story is almost too shocking to be repeated, but as a remarkable and trustworthy instance of the behavior of mankind, under the most trying circumstances of which it is possible to conceive, the narrative has an interest and importance that justify its recital and preservation.

Bill Arp on Life Insurance.

"Bill Arp," the famous Georgia humorist, has been "interviewed" by several life insurance agents, and favors the public, in his own inimitable style, with his experience. A friend (I suppose he was a friend) found me and said he wanted to see me particularly. He took me away back and hauled out some little thumb papers full of figures, and said he wanted me to insure my life. That seemed worse than anything, for it looked like I was in danger, and he had just found it out. I asked him if he thought there would be a fight. He explained things to me, and I felt relieved, and declined to insure for the present. You see I felt my well, and couldn't see the necessity. At the next corner I met another friend, who seemed glad to see me exceedingly. He held my hand in his several moments. He asked me if my life was insured. He said he was agent for the very best company in the world. I asked him how long a man would live under his company. He then explained to me that a man might die at any time; that they didn't undertake to keep a man from dying. So I declined, but expressed my gratitude for his interest in my welfare, and promised to buy a policy as soon as I got right sick. Just as I left him I heard him call some fellow a dam fool. When I got to the hotel there was a fellow waiting for me on the same business. He talked to me for an hour about the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death. I thought, perhaps, he was a missionary. He seemed much concerned about my wife and children, and once or twice wiped his eyes with a white pocket handkerchief. I knowed he was a friend, and told him I would reflect seriously about the matter.

I believe that company is a purely philanthropic institution and would lend a poor fellow a few dollars if he was suffering. I think I will try to borrow a little from their agents to-morrow. This morning the first one came to see me again and I concluded I was looking mighty bad, and asked him to excuse me as I was not feeling well. I went to Dr. Alexander, and got a dose of salts. He asked me if I was sick. I told him I supposed I was and the reason why. He then told me all about it and said there was about 100 of them fellows in town, and they bored about half an inch at the first interview and an inch at the second in the same hole, and so on until they got to the hollow, and the patient give in and took a policy. I don't know about that, but I will say they are the friendliest, most sympathetic and kind hearted men I ever struck; only I don't like so much talk about coffins and graveyards. I didn't take the salts.

GOSSIP AND SCANDAL.—Gossip and scandal are two different things. Mere gossip is talking about neighbors' affairs, without any malicious motive. But scandal is repeating a story that you know is damaging. Sometimes the story is true; but generally it is grossly exaggerated, if not entirely without foundation. Very rarely, indeed, when an unfortunate affair of any kind occurs in a family, do strangers know the whole truth. If it is a wrong that has been done, the provocation is overlooked; if it is a mere indiscretion, the mitigating circumstances are disregarded. Persons frequently repeat tales of scandal without any evil intention. But many, alas! delight in them, and are only too glad to find something to say against their neighbor.

There is a class of people, for instance, who secretly envy others their successes, and who therefore, are always ready to give such rivals a stab in the dark. Sometimes they have an idea they have been slighted by these persons. This is particularly the case where an old acquaintance has got rich. They cannot forgive that these more fortunate individuals should have finer houses or more elegant furniture than themselves, and hence they never omit an opportunity to say something disparaging, or when this cannot be done, at least to sneer. Such people are the pests of society. Their unhappy organization makes them a curse to themselves and to everybody else. They are your scandalmongers. They go about like rag-pickers raking in the dirt, but looking not for gems, but for mud to throw at others.

Less faulty, but still censurable, are your gossips pure and simple. These talk solely to hear themselves talk. They chatter like so many silly magpies, about this and that neighbor, not intending to do harm, but simply because they are impertinent bystanders. Yet they often work great mischief. Many a friend has been alienated, many a family circle torn by discussions, in consequence of the idle and unfounded stories which these gossips have set a-going. Truth has Scripture said that the tongue is an unbridled man. Take our advice. Never speak of the affairs of others unless it becomes your duty, and then in the kindest spirit. In plain words, both in speech and in conduct: do unto others as you would wish to be done unto.

THE FRIGHTFUL SLAUGHTER.—King William says of his last terrible battle that he "shrinks from learning his losses." How prodigious, then, the slaughter must have been may be partly guessed from the fact that in a previous dispatch the King had reported a destruction of 40,000 men, while the carnage seems to have as terrific in some preceding battles. The French estimate that the Prussians have lost ninety thousand killed and wounded, since crossing the frontier, seems moderate.—On their part the Prussians claim to have put fifty thousand French hors d'combat. What we know certainly is, that wherever the needle gun or the Chassepot, the mitrailleurs and the Prussian field gun begin their work, there is not only war but massacre. The towns and the railroad trains are filled with wounded, and every day the slaughter goes on. The terrible destructiveness predicted for modern arms is more than realized.—*Phil. Record.*

—In Boston, early on the morning of Independence Day, the neighbors heard a prodigious rumpus in a house occupied by a childless old couple, and, on going to see, found the old man thrashing his old wife ferrociously. He explained as follows: "Look a here; I've been livin' with this tormented old woman nigh forty years, and she has been hen-peckin' of me all the time; and now, this being the Fourth of July, by thunder, I've declared my independence."

The Duty of Assessors.

In a very few weeks the County Assessors throughout the State will commence listing and assessing the real and personal property preparatory to the collection of taxes. Mr. Reuben Tomlinson, the State Auditor, has recently issued a circular addressed to the Assessors, and very clearly sets forth the duties of the Assessors as well as the tax-payers. We subjoin the following extracts for the information of our readers:

"It cannot be doubted that the Assessors, as a body, neglected their duty in the assessment of Real Property for 1868. Such neglect should not occur again. It is the Assessor's duty to visit and examine each piece of Real Property within his District; to ascertain accurately the number of acres of land—properly classified—and the number of buildings thereon. It is his duty to fix the value of the property, without any reference to the value placed upon it by its owner. In doing this the Assessor must dismiss from his mind entirely the old system of valuations. If he believes a given piece of land to be worth ten or twenty dollars per acre, he must place that value upon it, regardless of the fact that it was formerly assessed, probably, at two or three dollars per acre. It is also his duty to secure an equal assessment of the Real Property of his District. He must discard all personal or partisan considerations, in whatever guise they may present themselves. No disquietude on the part of the owner of the property should prejudice the judgment of the Assessor in the slightest degree. He should also be careful to get the name of the owner of the property correctly, and also carefully avoid all disputes with property owners respecting the value of their property. In cases where there is doubt as to the description and quantity of a piece of property, the Assessor may, under Section 61 of the Tax Act, call on the owner or occupant thereof to furnish the same; and in the case of his refusal or neglect to furnish the information required, the Assessor may employ a competent surveyor to perform the duty, and the expense of such survey will be added to the value of the property on the 'County Duplicate.'"

Although, under the law, the Assessor is independent of the opinions of the tax-payer, in fixing the value of the Real Property, still hearty co-operation on the part of the property owners will do much toward securing an equal and satisfactory assessment of the property of the State. The chief complaint made of the first assessment under the present law, and in many instances justly made, was as to its inequality. If a property owner in any assessment District in this State, has reason to believe that certain property in his neighborhood is being assessed unequally, as compared with his own or that of others, it is his right and his duty to call the attention of the Assessor to it, and to insist upon a proper assessment of the property in question. If the property owners will thus assist the Assessors in their work, a fair and equal assessment may be secured, and the State Board of Equalization will not only be relieved from the performance of a disagreeable duty, but the complaint and dissatisfaction consequent upon its enforced action will be avoided.

All property must be assessed in the name of the person owning or controlling it on the 1st day of September, 1870."

"ET TU BRUTE."—This was the unkindest cut of all. That Judge Orr, identified with us by birth and interest, and having so often enjoyed the confidence and support of our people in his aspirations for responsible and honorable positions, should strive to cripple an effort fraught with interest to the people of the entire State, is more than ungrateful. That, forgetting his calling and position, he should enter the political arena, and, by false premises and fallacious reasoning, strive to entice away the colored accessions to the Reform party, is unworthy his past record. That he should assert, as truths, what he knew to be false, and by arguments based on them deceive and mislead the negro to a blind support of the radical party, which he admits to be corrupt, is a step lower than the enemies of Orr would have conceived for him. He knows the Radical party never waged war for the freedom of the negro. President Lincoln and Congress time and again affirmed that they did not design to interfere with slavery. The negro knows this, and shall we excuse an Congressional through ignorance. The political schemers of Orr have been a by-word since 1850, but his enemies never gave him credit for that want of moral character his own letter affixes to him. Should his conclusions prove correct, and Scott and Ransier be elected, can our people forget that letter, which, with a view to self-defence, abounds in low appeals to the negro and poor white men? The question is not who made this or that law, but is the ruling party incompetent, corrupt and extravagant? Judge Orr says, yes. Are the rights of the negro equally secure in either party? He says, politically, there is no distinction in the parties, so far as the rights of the colored man are concerned. Then is it not to the interest of the colored man to have an honest, economical and wise government, and if so why can he not be induced, by legitimate argument, to join the party which has this object specially in view? Neither truth nor integrity, nor logic, furnishes a key to his Honor's position. Mathematics is the man.—*Keosauwe Courier.*

HENRY CLEWS & CO.—We take occasion to mention another very remarkable success of the above firm. They have lately taken on the banking of several important railway companies, and somehow new business of the first class seems daily drifting to the house. Mr. Clews, though of our younger bankers, has nevertheless been a good while in business, and has long enjoyed a national reputation in his profession. Quiet, urbane, never oppressed with care or grieved under the weight of heavy affairs, in Wall street or in society, at his bank, at the dinner table, or at the scientific meetings; always easy, and though inquisitive, as the French have it, yet never pushing himself or his views, he hardly prepares us for the surprises which, in the social or the banking world, he takes occasion so often to enact. These quiet achievements import character beyond mere talent, and this is witnessed also by a large list of clients of the best sort who hold to and believe in him, while new ones of the same kind are constantly resorting to his house. The London firm is Clews, Habicht & Co., No. 5 Lothbury street.—*The Stockholder.*

—A man in Wisconsin has made a remarkable exhibition of ingenious work. From a piece of pine board twenty-two inches long, four inches wide, and seven-eighths of an inch in thickness, he has whittled seven pairs of dentists' forceps, three pairs of pliers, six pairs of blacksmiths' tongs, one pair of horse-shoe pinchers, one twisted link chain with swivel, one straight link chain, a horse in a stall, and two balls in a box—in all fifty-seven distinct joints, all of which are connected and play with the utmost freedom. When closed up, this singular piece of work is the size of the board above described; but when open or spread out for exhibition, it covers a space about two feet square. He was occupied upon the work six weeks.