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HOYT & CO., Proprietors.

ANDERSON C. H., S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 7, 1872.

From the Old and New.

DAISY'S SERGEANT.

By a special order from the War Department Capt. Bullington, brigadier general of volunteers, was transferred from comparative peace and comfort, in one of our inland cities, to a remote military station west of the Rocky Mountains. This military station was named Camp Jenkins, after the commander of a surveying expedition who established it. It had been established because there were Indians in its vicinity; the instant that it was established washing for their oppressors. It was a lovely spot; it had cottonwood and willow tress standing on the banks of a rivulet of clear and ing on the banks of a rivulet of clear and comparative peace and comfort, in one of our inland cities, to a remote military station was named camp Jenkins, after the commander of a surveying expedition who established it. It had been established because there were Indians in its vicinity; the instant that it was established the noble red man faded away like the morning mist, with the exception of a few who did washing for their oppressors. It was a lovely spot; it had cottonwood and willow tress standing on the banks of a rivulet of clear and ing on the banks of a rivulet of clear and ing on the banks of a rivulet of clear and ing on the banks of a rivulet of clear and ing on the banks of a rivulet of clear and ing on the banks of a rivulet of clear and ing on the banks of a rivulet of clear and ing on the banks of a rivulet of clear and ing on the banks of a rivulet of clear and in an accepted numberless little attentions from Col. Crestle. washing for their oppressors. It was a lovely spot; it had cottonwood and willow tress standing on the banks of a rivulet of clear and Col. Crestle. sparkling spring water, and the parade-ground was a magnificent lawn of velvety grass.—Around this parade ground stood the quarters of the garrison; at the head, four cottages beor the garrison; at the head, four cottages oflonging to the officers and the surgeon; while
the barracks and the guard-room completed
three sides of the triangle, the fourth being left
open, and showing a wonderful picture of purple mountains, barren and verdureless for thousends of fact, while the summits held give forsands of feet, while the summits held pine for-ests, and fields of dazzling snow that flashed on the eyes even in the middle of arid July. Outside of Camp Jenkins, for miles around, were deserts of sage-brush; inside was a natural landscape, that by contrast seemed a bit of paradise. The inhabitants of this paradise were, at the opening of this story, in the Adamite condition as far as the absence of women was concerned. Mrs. Gen. Bullington had flatly refused to accompany the general when she first heard the news of his transferrence to the west: afterwards, finding that the general was placidly perparing to go without her, she determined to follow. Imagine, then, the scene as I have described it at Camp Jenkins, while Gen. Bullington is discovered on the piazza in front of his cottage, just waked up from his afternoon map by the arrival of the daily mail.

will arrive a week after her letter.
"Crestle!" cried the general to his lieuten ant, who was crossing the parade-ground:

Lieut. Crestle, formerly a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers, not only looked there, as the general requested, but came there, and stood by the side of his commanding officer. He was a handsome and soldierly-looking fellow, dear to Gen. Bullington because he was brave, konorable, a graduate of West Point, and a Philadelphian.

"Crestle," said the general, "my wife is com-

ing next week."
"So is mine," said Crestle.
"And the cottage is not in order; and the carpets are not down," said the general plaintively. "Here's the doctor."

"I have good news," said Dr. Gilbert; "my
wife is coming next week."

"It's a conspiracy!" said Gen. Bulliagton.
"What do they all come together for? There will be a row here in two days."

"That is an ungallant remark," said Dr.

"I can't help it," said Gen. Bullington.
"Matilda is the best woman in the world; but
when she comes—well, gentlemen, how do I pass my afternoons now? "You sleep, and you go trouting," said Col.

"Well, after Matilda comes," said Gen Bul-

lington, "I shall go trouting altogether."
With these oracular words, Gen. Bullington ceased. Men detailed to paper and carpet the officers' cottages; and a week after the general received his wife's letter, that lady was deposited at the door from the ambulance which had been sent to the railroad station, a trifling distance of sixteen miles, for her.

At the same time Mrs. Crestle alighted. The

general knew who Mrs. Crestle was, and greeted her cordially. "Your husband will be here in a few min-

utes," he said, "I see you and my wife have traveled together part of the way, so that I

suppose you are acquainted."
"We have not yet been introduced," said Mrs. Gen. Bullington severely.

The general felt vaguely that there was

natural antagonism between Mrs. Crestle and his wife, and introduced them with the air of a

"I am happy to meet you, Mrs. Crestle," said Mrs. Gen. Bullington. "You are very kind," returned Mrs. Crestle. Mrs. Crestle was a small woman, Mrs. Bullington a large one; but size is not always victori-

ous in femine contests.
"Is your husband stationed here?" inquired Mrs. Bullington.
"Yes, Mrs. Bullington," replied Mrs. Crestle

"Colonel Crestle was transferred to this place by the same order that sent your husband

"Ah P' remarked Mrs. Bullington, in a slightly surprised tone. "Is your husband a colonel

"That is his volunteer rank," replied Mrs. Crestle, sweetly, "just as brigadier general by brevet is Captain Bullington's, you know."

The skirmish had proven successful for Mrs. Crestle. Mrs. Bullington realized it, and wondered whether that audacious woman, as she inwardly designated Mrs. Crestle, would ever dare to address her as "Mrs. Captain Bullington." As for the general, he felt that there had been a battle, though he could not comprehend how it had been fought. The arrival of Colonel Crestle, who was af-

fectionately greeted by his wife, suspended hostilities for a time, and the couples went in to

Now, what Mrs. Bullington said to the geneal at dinner, only she and her husband know.

Two days after this, Mrs. Dr. Gilbert arrived; and with her came her sister-in-law, Daisy Gilbert. Daisy Gilbert was uncommonly pro-ty. She had curls and dimples and smiles several men thereupon rushed towards turs. Bullington and Daisy.

"The next dance," said one of the roughest "is a walt." May I have the Gilbert. Daisy Gilbert was uncommonly pretlithe and graceful, though petite. She had considerable independence of character. She looking of these, "is a waltz. May I have the seldom asked advice, and still more seldom honor, marm?" took it. She was, in a word, a spirited little

beauty. By the time of her arrival, there was a distinctly-recognized hostility between Mrs. Gen. Bullington and Mrs. Crestle. They still greeted each other politely enough; but Col. Crestle did not smoke an after-dinner cigar, as formerly on the piazza of Gen. Bullington's cottage; sively. "Women is scarce hereabouts, and we'd and a distinct boundary-line seemed now to be like to have you and your daughter there to trot there, and that will disappoint him. And,

drawn between the respective premises of the two gentlemen.

out a little. We don't want no folks here that won't dance." The arrival of Daisy Gilbert produced a marked effect on the camp. In the first place only did it inspire the two unmarried lieuten only did it inspire the two unmarried lieuten want to dance with a man whose pistol and to dream. ants with wild passion, which made them drill bowie knife were his most striking features.

Gen. Bullington remarked to Mrs. Crestle that

Now, one day, when it happened that Daisy and Mrs. Crestle was on Mrs. Bullington's piazza together, a servant came up with a message to the general, which he delivered and

went away.
"What a handsome soldier!" said Daisy.

"Is he?" said Gen. Bullington. "My dear," said Mrs. Bullington, "you really ught not to notice a common soldier."
"He wasn't a common soldier," said Daisy;

for he had braid on his arm."
"The principle is the same," said Mrs. Bul-

lington.
"But he was handsome," insisted Daisy; and
"But Mrs. Bullington Mrs. Crestle laughed. But Mrs. Bullington

did not laugh. She delivered a sort of lecture upon the evils which might arise from young ladies looking at young people of the opposite sex; and then,

at young people of the opposite sex; and then, with a swift, feminine logic, asserted that such evils were intensified when there was a great social inequality between the looker on and the looked on. Daisy stood there, very pretty and slightly vexed, pulling a boquet to pieces, as the calm stream of Mrs. Bullington's discourse meandered gently on. Again the sergeant appeared, and stood before them. Daisy saw him look at her admiringly, and colored; then she observed that his eye fell upon the flowers she held. Suddenly, almost abruptly, she held held. Suddenly, almost abruptly, she held them out to him.

In his hand is an open letter, signed Matilda Bullington, which informs him that his wife "Do you like flowers?" she asked. "If you do, you can have them." And the sergeant bowed, and glanced expressively at her—his eye was blue and expressive—and then he

walked away.

"My dear," began Mrs. Bullington, and then she stopped; utterance failed her.

"Well," said Mrs. Crestle, "has that sergeant made a conquest of you, Daisy? First you called him handsome; then you gave him flowers; what will you do next?"

"Ob! was that the same sergeant?" said the

"Oh! was that the same sergeant?" said the

"Of course it was," replied Mrs. Crestle.
"I think you are mistaken, Mrs. Crestle," said Mrs. Gen. Bullington, with dignity.
"Oh, come now!" said Gen. Bullington, indignantly, "let us drop the sergeant."

And so the sergeant was dropped. But some three or four days afterward, as the same peo-ple were sitting in the same spot, Col. Crestle

"There is going to be a ball to-morrow aight."
"A ball?" said Daisy, suddenly brightening

up.
"Yes," said Col. Crestle; "a ball over at Por-

"Oh, yes?" said Daisy, "by all means."
"Why, Ned," said Mrs. Crestle, "just think what you are proposing! There will be miners and all sorts of dreadful creatures there; and it's fifteen miles away from here. Our going is

quite out of the question."
"I think you are mistaken, Mrs. Crestle," said Mrs. Bullington. "It is possible for us to to go, and I for one should enjoy it. General, we will go, and take Daisy with us."

"Very well," said the general submissively. Now, Mrs. Gen. Bullington did not wish to go to the ball at Porter's Gulch, and only the controversial spirit inspired her to do so. But, of course, it was impossible for her to recede from her position; and so, on the appointed evening, she and Daisy, together with Gen. Bullington and Dr. Gilbert, entered the huge mountainwagon belonging to the camp, and started for Porter's Gulch. Just as they entered that flourishing settlement, Dr. Gilbert was recognized and carried off to attend a sick person near; so that the Bullingtons and Daisy entered the dining-room of the Gulch House, where the ball

was to take place, alone. The dining-room was certainly not an imposing apartment. The ceiling was low and smoky; the walls, unlike those in most of the houses at Porter's Gulch, were papered, but with paper so hideous in its design and color as to make the spectator regret that the laths and plaster, which had, at all events, the merit of simplicity, were hidden from view. Dancing had already begun when the Bullington party entered. The room was crowded; there were three sets of "plain cotilions"—wonderfully plain, Daisy thought, with a shudder—already on the floor; while forty-three young men with large hands and feet, who were unable to secure partners, sat grimly in the seats which were placed on all four sides of the ball room. Such a motly assemblage as that was! Fat women, gaunt women, gray haired women, and little girls among the dancers; and a grandmother, if Daisy had only known it, was executing that interesting and beautiful figure known as the "ladies' chain" with her grand

daughter. At one .nd of the room the orchestra sat in state, composed of a melodeon, a violin, a guitar, a cornet, and a bass trumpet. The performers on these various instruments seemed to have various ideas of time and tune, and continually indulged in little departures from the key in which they were playing. The blast of the trumpet was not sustained, but intermittent; when it did occur, however, it was so powerful but, after dinner the general was seen with his as to entirely drown everything else. In spite fishing-tackle making his way to the trout of the confusion and noise, the entrance of the two ladies excited an amount of attention calculated to delight both ladies had they been voraciously craving of masculine admiration. The "plain cotilion" soon reached its end, and

"Sir," said Mrs. Bullington, in mingled anger and disdain, "I do not waltz." "I'll learn you how, marm," said the man, with a persistence worthy of a better object.

"I do not dance with strangers," said Mrs. Bullington, with increased severity. "You'd better, marm," said the man, persua-

their men for the most part directly under her windows, especially when a right left wheel was required. Thereby Daisy's lawn was inmen about her were trying to say, the tones of morning; in the second place, when he did jured, and her temper slightly ruffled. But a man's voice, which sounded fresh, pleasant come, in the afternoon, he did not smile from and cream sour, but also rots potatoes.

voice, the feminine eye turns to look at the owner of the voice. The voice said:

she said, "Of course you must explain your

conduct, Sergeant." "I owe it to you, I know," said Mr. Curran;
"but I wish you could trust me enough, and believe I am sufficiently a gentleman for you to
forget my real position. I came over here
without leave of absence, and, if I am discovered, I am disgraced. I saw that those men

troubled you, and I hoped to help you out of your difficulty."
"What did you come over here for?" said

Daisy.

"For the same reason that you did," said the Sergeant; "and yet that was not my only rea-

"What was it then?" said Daisy, imperious-

"Because you came," said the sergeant bold-ly; and then he colored. "You are no sergeant," said Daisy. "At least, you talk to me as I have heard other young gentlemen—no, I don't mean that—who

"Don't ask me, please, Miss Gilbert," said the sergeant. "My life has been a ruin and a waste; my brilliant hopes and prospects have been worse than crushed; and now I am simply Sergeant Butler, except to-night, when I try to forget what I am, and return to what I was. This waltz is over: may I dance with you again?"

"But Mrs. Bullington will detect you, I am afraid," said Daisy.
"Not a bit," said the sergeant, gayly. "Introduce me and see," and straightway Daisy

"Let me see," said Mrs. Bullington, reflectively. "Curran, Curran. Your face seems familiar. Are you any relative of Mrs. Joseph Curran, of Philadelphia—a charming woman, and a very dear friend of mine?"

"I am her husband"s nephon "said Mr. Hor

"I am her husband's nephew," said Mr. Har-

ry Curran, with a bow.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Bullington; "I thought your face looked familiar. General, how much he reminds one of Joseph Curran."

"Very," said the General.

"Yery," said the general.

"You must take good care of Daisy to-night," said Mrs. Bullington, blandly. "The child is passionately fond of dancing, and enjoys the picturesque element she finds among these people. Only the other day she quite went into raptures over such a common-place-looking sergeant at the camp-said he was handsome; so ridiculous, you know."

wpon which Mr. Curran checked the flow of my time, which lasts about five months longer.

Mrs. Bullington's conversation by carrying "Now, won't you tell me your story?" Mrs. Bullington's conversation by carrying Daisy off.

"Are you really Mr. Joseph Curran's nephew?" asked Daisy.
"Certainly," said Mr. Curran.
Daisy looked carefully at him. He seemed handsome; but she fancied his look had a lit-

the exultation in it.
"Do you know who the handsome sergeant at the camp is?" she asked, and had the pleas-

ure of sceing a shade of doubt appear in his 'No. I do not," he said. "Has he a mous tache?

"Oh, no!" replied Daisy; "a full beard, and taller and darker than you are. And I only said he was handsome to tease Mrs. Bulling-

"Will you do me a favor?" asked Mr. Curran.
"Perhaps," said Daisy. "What is it?"
"When Mrs. Bullington is ready to leave,
delay her a little," replied Mr. Henry Curran, "until we can start ahead of them, and get back to the camp in time."

Now, at that moment the wrath of Mrs. Gen. Bullington was aroused. She sat and looked upon the throng, but mingled not with them. Now, beside the "caller," who stood mounted on a platform behind the melodeon, and by the side of the trumpet, was a bottle and tumbler; and in the bottle was the national beverage, whisky. Agreeably exhilarated by the national beverage, the natural wit and humor of the caller of figures began to find vent. Accordingly he varied his calls from the dull and stereotyped routine. Instead of "Lady for-ward, and swing opposite gentleman, and balance to fourth gentleman," he cried, "Lady forward, and swing the handsomest man in the room, and then balance to the one she loves best." This filled the bosom of Mrs. Garage lington with disgust; and, when Daisy and Mr. Curran returned, she announced her intention of leaving this "disgraceful scene." But Daisy teased for just one dance more, and Mr. Curran seconded her; and so she went out for the Virginia reel. Mrs. Bullington saw the figures of ungainly men and calico dressed belles go spinning about, and grew thoroughly glad that Mrs. Crestle was not present to exult in her discomfiture. Very long indeed the dance seemed to her, and very much astonished she was when Daisy appeared alone beside

"Why, where is Mr. Curran?" she asked and Daisy explained that he had been called away. Then Mrs. Bullington rose to go; but Daisy was such a long time getting ready that she grew quite impatient and the General quite sleepy. And then, when they were all seated in the ambulance, Daisy found she had forgotten her fan, and it was absolutely necessary to go back and get it. But at last they reached the camp, and Daisy broke the silence which

had oppressed them with the words: "Quite safe! Oh, I am so glad!" "Of course we are quite safe, you foolish child," said Mrs. General Bullington. "You had better go straight to bed. You have been dancing too much to-night." And Daisy thought perhaps she had, though she did not say anything, but went slowly, very slowly, to

sleep.
"To-morrow morning," she thought, "when he comes, as he probably will, to the General's when he does see me, he will smile from under his mustache-his mustache is certainly very

The next day found Daisy fretful and disap-

strong as was Daisy's effect upon the gentle-men, still more marked and intense was the impression she produced upon the ladies. Mrs. voice, the feminine eye turns to look at the impression she produced upon the ladies. was prepared for a feminine reaction on the part of Daisy from the graciousness of her behavior

on the preceding night.

But the next day Gen. Bullington, who had made a pet in every way of Daisa, blindly became an instrument in the hands of Providence.

came an instrument in the hands of Providence.

"My dear," said he, "I have found a horse in the camp that will just suit you. Horseback riding will do you good."

"Oh! it will be lovely," cried Daisy, joyously; and then, as an afterthought, added "but I can't go alone, General."

"That's true," said the General. "I have told Sergeant Butler to act as your escort. He is a good, honest sort of fellow—very trustworthy; and while he rides behind you you can feel and, while he rides behind you, you can feel

"I should feel safe, I know, General," said Daisy, demurely; "but would it be proper?" "Proper! Oh, confound it!" said the General; I forgot all about that. I'll ask Matilda.

Matilda, on being asked, and on hearing cas-ually that Mrs. Crestle had said it would be improper, immediately expressed her opinion that

Mrs. Crestle was a fool.

"If it were with a lieutenant," said Mrs. General Bullington, decisively, "objections could be raised. "But what is a sergeant? The idea is absurd."

So it was settled; and one pleasant morning in May, Daisy and Seargant Butler started together for the mountains. The scenery was barren, the foilage mostly sage-brush; yet Daisy felt that she was going to enjoy her ride. She glanced furtively at the sergeant, who

looked rigidly proper. He did not speak; he was attentive, obedient, energetic; so Daisy herself finally made a re-

"I suppose General Bullington told you that you were to ride out with me whenever I wanted

o go?"
"Yes, miss," said the sergeant.
"Now, don't talk in that stiff way," said Dai-"when you know I know better. Please ion't be a sergeant, Mr. Curran."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Curran, becoming elastic suddenly, "if you are so kind as to let me be my old self."

"Why, of course," said Daisy. "Sergeants are not interesting."

"Thanks for the implied compliment."

"Don't suppose that I imply southing." said

"Don't suppose that I imply anything," said Daisy. "Only please tell me your story."
"I have none to tell," said Mr. Curran.
"Oh, very well, then!" said Daisy, and

She could pout.

"Well, really, Miss Gilbert," said Mr. Curran, "there is little to tell. I was born at an

early age."
"You can skip that," said Daisy.
"Well, then," continued Mr. Curran, "I was engaged to be married by my uncle, who has engaged to be married by my uncie, who has taken care of me since my parents died, and whose fortune I was to inherit. Now it is a good thing to be engaged. My uncle and myself were agreed on that point, but we differed on another."

"And that was ?"—asked Daisy.
"And that was the woman to be selected. As

"And that was the woman to be selected. As I was going to marry for myself and not for my uncle, I remonstrated. Remonstrance made a row, and I enlisted for three years. The lady The child upon this blushed vividly, and in question is married; my uncle is ready to hastily said it was time for the next dance; welcome me back; but I insist on serving out

"Mine!" cried Daisy. "Why, nothing happened to me."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Henry Curran; then there was a silence for a little while. "It was curious the way we first met, was'nt

it," said Daisy.
"Very," said Mr. Curran.
So, after this, Daisy rode out frequently with her sergeant; and as people generally mind their own business west of the Mississippi, nothing was said, except by the private soldiers, who naturally envied their comrade's luck. But one July, when General Bullington sat, radiant in Panama hat and linen duster, under the cotton-wood trees on the creek, endeavoring to beguile some unwary fish, he heard the steps of horses, and he heard voices. The voices were soft and low. He looked and saw Daisy and her sergeant, and he heard them call each other "Daisy," and "Harry." His first impression was that he was dreaming; then, as he listened in astonishment to what they were saying, he felt very young for a few seconds; and then, with an elephantine bound that threw his fishing-pole out into the creek, he sprang to his

feet and cried out, "Stop!"

They stopped. They were on the opposite side of the creek; and the general was forced to elevate his voice slightly, so that the tableau was not entirely impressive.
"What," said the General, sternly, "does all

this mean?" Then Daisy began to cry, and the sergeant tried to explain in a straight-forward and many way; and the General felt himself growing

teadily younger, and finally said : "You need'nt say anything more. I don't know about such things myself, but come over to my house immediately on your return to And the pair rode off, and the General

walked off slowly to his home. "I never was mixed up with anything ro-mantic before," he said to himself; "and I never will be again. What right has a sergeant to be no sergeant at all? And what will Matilda

This is what Matilda said: She advanced

smilingly, to meet her husband, and said:

now.'

"What a charming little romance this is!" "What!" said the General; "you like it," "Certainly," said Mrs. Bullington; "it is an excellent match. Why, General, he will come into half a million. And the wedding is to be here in camp. His time is up in seven weeks

"Well," said he, "I do not understand wo-- The morning following a freshet, a celebra-

The General sat down and wiped his fore-

ted temperance lecturer halted at a spring to refresh himself and horse. As he did not wish to alight, he asked a boy to pass him a dipper of water. After he had drank, thinking to mpress his principles upon the boy, he said: Water, my boy, is nature's beverage; it never injured man or beast." "I don't know as it ever did, mister, but it knocked the bottom out of our bridges and roads."

- A country youth inquired at a Savannah drug store, for ten cents worth of "love pow-ders"-"something that would nt stir her much, but would make her dream of him at nights.' The urbane druggist's clerk put up some magnesia, and cautioned the purchaser not to give his victim too much at a time, but rather win her affection by degrees.

- The failure of the potato crop in Europe has brought out many curious explanations of the phenomenon, the principle one being the great prevalence of thunder storms. Hence it is argued that electricity not only turns beer nap, "thank you: but I never allow myself to

Organization of the South Carolina Peace Society.

Some time since a call was issued in the Christian Neighbor of Columbia, for such persons as felt interested in organizing a State Peace Society, to assemble in that city on October 22nd for that purpose. On the assembling of the Delegates, Rev. Sidi H. Brown was called to the chair, and Mr. John A. Elkins

was appointed Secretary. Mr. Joseph Lauhon opened the proceedings with prayer.

The chairman stated that the object of the Convention was to promote the cause of peace, and thereby to reduce and abolish war. After

After the preliminary business of the next morning was completed, and Revs. E. A. Bolles and Manning Brown received as members, the report of the Committee on Constitution was

read and adopted. The report was as follows: We, the subscribers, knowing that war causes a vast amount of expense, cruelty, suffering, destruction of property and life, vice and crime, and believing war to be directly contrary to the gentle, meek, compassionate and peaceful spirit and gospel of our Divine Saviour, the Prince of Peace, and that it is his will that war should cease throughout the world, and also believing that it is the immediate duty of all men to be co-workers with God in extending the kingdom of peace among men, do, therefore, form our-selves into a Society for the Promotion of Peace, and accept the following

CONSTITUTION.

Article I. This Society shall be called "The South Carolina Peace Society."

Article II. The officers of this Society shall pe a President, a First Vice President, Second Vice President, a Recording Secretary, a Corresponding Secretary, and a Treasurer, who shall constitute a Board of Directors. In conjunction with whom shall be added one member from each county represented in this Society, to be elected by the officers in the inter-

vals of the annual session.

Article III. It shall be the duty of this Society, according to its opportunity and ability, to obtain and circulate tracts and books in favor of peace and against war, among the people at large; to hold meetings from time to time, as often as the President may think desirable, for prayers, singing and sermons, or addresses or discussions, for the purpose of showing that peace is agreeable to Christianity and war not; and it shall be the duty of this Society as a body, and its members as individuals, to en-

deavor to promote peace in, between and among nations and all mankind.

Article IV. Any person, male or female, may become a member of this Socity by signing its Constitution.

Article V. This Society shall elect its offi

cers annually.

Article VI. The President, Vice President, or a Director, shall have power to organize, in person or by another, Peace Societies among the colored people Article VII. This Constitution may be amended by a vote of two-thiers of the members present above the age of twenty-one years.

Brown; Treasurer, Chas. D. Stanley. Board of Directors:

Rev. J. H. C. McKenny, Spartanburg; Joseph Lauhon Fairfield; Henry H. Blease, Newberry; J. M. Burgess, Clarendon.

The Chairman read letters of commendation of the peace movement from George W. Williams,

Mr. J. H. Kinsler offered the following reso-

lution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That it shall be the duty of the deem proper for the organization of Auxilliary Peace Societies throughout the State.—Columbia Union.

so published a few days ago, that Martin Bay nard was hanged at Hendersonville on the 18th Baynard's wife had been permitted to visit her husband during his imprisonment. She was granted the privilege of remaining with him during the night of the 17th. The jailor visi-ted the cell about sunrise, and Baynard dressed up in the clothes of his wife, with a handkerchief to his face and sobbing as if his heart would break, passed out and made his escape. Some two hours or more after this occurrence the jailor carried Baynard his breakfast, and discovered that the occupant of the cell was -Mrs. Baynard. She had on her night clothing.

The Sheriff raised a hue and cry and started

in pursuit, but to latest accounts the condemned has not been seen or heard of. How true the old saying—"There's many a slip between the cup and the lip."

Baynard's wife clung to him from the time

he was arrested, and now enjoys the satisfac-tion of saving him from an ignominious death. There were five thousands people in Hendersonville to witness the hanging. Great was their consternation when they learned that the bird had flown.—Raleigh (N. C.) Era. - An exchange truly says: "Good roads

benefit every one residing along their course. Good roads save horse flesh, they facilitate the transportation of the produce to market, they save your temper, they increase the value of lands, they lend attractiveness to the eye of a stranger, they increase the traffic and business of a town by its vitality in all branches of traffic. Show us a town which receives a large country trade by means of the fine roads leading to it, and we will show you a place that is lively, progressive and thrifty, with money circulating in plenty, and men in all branches of industry busy as beavers."

- An Iowa agriculturist has forty acres of land near Keokuk entirely devoted to such crops as produce the most forage for bees. He uses clover, buckwheat, garden flowers, and has linden, willow and cherry trees planted to add to the supply. The fact is, pasture for bees, where the honey business is carried to an ex-

tent, is just as necessary as it is for cows. - A country merchant, having procured a new clerk, waked him up the morning after he was hired at a most unreasonable hour by calling out that the family were sitting down to the table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new eat anything during the night."

From the Southern Cultivator for November.

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Thoughts for the Month. Cotton has opened this season so rapidly, that probably little remains to be picked. We have never known it to open so early and so rapidly. If crowding it on the market has worked detriment to the farmer by depressing prices, the early gathering of the crop may be of great advantage in clearing the way for next year's operations. One of the greatest evils of cotton planting, is the incessant labor it re-quires from January to January again. This year some two months will be liberated from its exacting demands. This will give an opseveral of the delegates present had given their views on the subject, a motion was carried to proceed with the organization, and a committee was appointed to draft a constitution. The Convention then adjourned till the next day. shown this to be a very important element of success. Two acres of very rich land will furnish a family with bread; surely every farmer in the South can afford to sow that much.

FALL PLOUGHING.

Procrastination is natural to most of us. We need the spur of a present necessity to urge us forward. One says I shall have a "plenty of time after Christmas to break up all my land. I have always done it heretofore, and can do it again." Perhaps he forgets, however, that there have been seasons when, in order to get done after Christmas, he was obliged to plough when his judgment told him it was too wet. Granting an abundance of time, however, it is vastly better to plough before than after Christmas. Land turned over in the fall will invariably be soft and mellow in the spring—this cannot always be said of that turned over in the spring. The air will have brought its chemistry to bear on the former, and the frosts will have pulverized it vastly better than clodcrushers and harrows and other human implements could have done. The vegetable matter turned under will have longer time to decom-pose and get ready to nourish the succeeding crop, and last of all, abundant experience has demonstrated that crops grow better on fall-ploughed than spring-ploughed land. In spring-ploughing, the land, as said before, is very apt to be too wet. Even if the surface is dry enough, the under-lying clay may be and often is entirely too wet, and at each successive breaking, the plough presses and solidifies the

soft, plastic clay into a compact layer or "bard-pan," through which water can neither descend nor ascend with any degree of facility.

Again, hard packing rains are likely to fall soon after spring ploughings; these run the land together and cut off the entrance of the air, with all its beneficial results. In addition, it is bad policy to throw this hard work on the mules so late in the season, giving them no time to rest, and prepare for the exhausting work of spring and summer. It is very important to begin the planting of a crop with stock in the best possible condition. A very common mule in good condition will carry his row with a really fine mule, if the latter is poor and worn down with previous heavy work.

Energy Our Duty, Apathy Our Gain.

If there is one thing which is without excuse, bers present, above the age of twenty-one years, at any regular annual meeting.

The Convention then proceeded to ballot for officers which resulted as follows: President, ple of South Carolina have suffered. These Rev. Sidi H. Brown; First Vice President, are known and read of all men, and how the John H. Kinsler; Second Vice President, Rev. | rights of intelligence and of property have not E. A. Bolles; Recording Secretary, John A. only been ignored, but trampled under foot, Elkins; Corresponding Secretary, H. Bascom and a system of public spoliation and vicious rule established, which has become a by-word The following additions were made to the and reproach wherever representative government and justice is either regarded or esteemed. It is one thing to be overwhelmed. It is another to fold the hands quietly to be riveted with chains. There may be failure, with effort. This, whether it commands, will at least deserve success. It is quite another to cast aside hope and yield to despair. If there was one Charleston; J. M. Burgess and P. G. Benbow, hope and yield to despair. If there was one of Clarendon; Mrs. D. M. Mendenhall, of thing which, in the present crisis, was of more North Carolina, and John Hemmenway, of should be at the least one representative of the tax-paying interests in Congress. This opportunity was offered in the Fourth Congressional District. This had a clear white voting ma-Board of Directors, whenever circumstances jority upon a full and thorough vote. A Conmay warrant, to take such measures as they vention of the Congressional District was called. By this ex-Governor B. F. Perry was nominated. He presented the qualities of decided talent, great firmness, and purity of pur-A PRISONER SENTENCED TO BE HANGED character. He should have been supported MAKES HIS ESCAPE.—We were informed and with alacrity. Every intelligent voter, in view of the immense consequences involved, should have strained every nerve for himself, for the murder of Silas Weston and three of and seen that every neighbor and friend was his children. The publication was premature. present, to have cast his suffrage and secured We have positive information that Baynard an election so important and desirable. In escaped on the day set apart for his execution.

Greenville County alone, by the last census, the respective voting was as follows:

White voters.... White majority......1,502

And yet, from the absence of voters and the general indifference manifested, ex-Governor Perry's majority was only four hundred and sixty-one votes. And so we might cite further. It is manifest that if there had been a full and earnest vote, Mr. Perry would to-day have been the member elect from the Fourth District, and those who represent the property and the character of the State would have one and a worthy and able representative in Congress of their interests and rights. But he has been defeated, and this by an indifference or hope-lessness, which are alike to be condemned. We cannot but repeat and re-echo the words of Mr. Perry in his letter, published yesterday: "It is sad and melancholy to think that the honest, patriotic and virtuous white people of South Carolina are in some measure responsible for this appalling condition of public affairs. In many counties they did not turn out to vote on the day of election. Can human weakness and apathy exceed this? They see the corruption, feel the hand of the oppressor, and bear the crushing burden of taxes, and yet will not go from their houses to vote for a change in rulers or government. If all had gone out to vote, and had exerted a proper influence with the colored people," we might, at least, have been partially redeemed and regenerated.

The duty of every citizen, though he be in an apparent minority, or whatever the odds against him, is always to exercise his vote and influence, and thus do his utmost to secure good government. Without this, and is he not playing into the hands of those whom he condemns, and helping to fasten the very yoke of

which he complains? We cannot recall the past. But we may take lessons for the future.—Charleston Courier.

- An intelligent contraband in the lower part of Elbert county recently tried the effect of drinking four gallons of whisky in as many days. His death, it is thought, occurred before the whisky had its full effect, thus depriving the scientific world of much valuable informa-

tion. - What is the difference between a fisherman and a lazy school-boy? One baits his hook, and the other hates his book.