

Anderson Intelligencer.

WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe—
'Tis the law of our being—we reap as we sow:
We may try to evade them, may do what we will,
But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

The world is a wonderful chemist, he sure,
And detects in a moment the base or the pure;
We may boast of our claims to genius or birth,
But the world takes a man for just what he is worth.

We start in the race for fortune or fame,
And then, when we fail, the world bears the blame;
And some times out of ten, 'tis plain to be seen,
There's a "screw somewhere loose" in the human machine.

Are you wearied and worn in this hard, earthly strife?
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?
Remember this great truth has often been proved,
We must make ourselves lovable would we be loved.

Though life may appear as a desolate track,
Yet the bread we cast out the water comes back.
This law was enacted by Heaven above—
That like attracts like, and love begets love.

We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone;
In our garden are flowers from every zone;
But the beautiful graces which blossom within
Grow shriveled and die in the Upsas of sin.

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold,
Till health becomes broken, and youth becomes old.
Ah! did we the same for a beautiful love,
Our lives might be music for angels above.

We reap what we sow—oh, wonderful truth!
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;
But it shines out at last, as the "hand on the wall,"
For the world has its "debit" and "credit" for all.

What a Southern Woman Thinks of Boston.

A young lady from Holly Springs, Miss., has been sojourning for some months in Boston, and writes a gossip and humorous epistle therefrom to the Memphis *Avalanche*, from which we make the following extract:

MORAL LIGHT HOUSE,

Dear *Avalanche*: A six months sojourn in the hub has developed in me a yearning love for the land that I thought particularly dull, until I got away from it, and it is with feelings of peculiar delight that I open a Southern correspondence through your columns.

As a rule, the people born the other side of Mason and Dixon's line do not meander as far North as this; hence I am a sort of *rara avis*, and owe a certain social distinction to my Southern birth, for which I am duly grateful, as the conditions of success in this city are not easy of attainment. For the native Bostonian there are three paths to glory. If his name be Quincy or Adams, nothing more is expected of him. His blue blood carries him through life with glory and straight to heaven when he dies, not a question being asked by the fishermen who keep the golden keys when his card of introduction is handed in. Falling in the happy incident of birth, the candidate for Beacon Hill honors must write a book. This is easy. The man who can breathe Boston air and not write a book is either a fool or a phenomenon. One course remains to him should he miss fame in both these lines. He must be a reformer. Nothing must be too huge for him to tackle, or too wild for him to advocate.

As for me, it is considered my misfortune rather than my fault, that I have not had the advantages of Boston birth and culture; and I am treated with distinguished consideration, although the South is not in good odor here. All the glory of whipping a can never quite compensate for our years of past luxury and ease, and scorn of Yankee "trifles." And so, as "Southern representative," they take it out on me. I am pounced upon by the people with "views," and forced to do battle for my country in a way that is pretty, but not convincing. For the fatal element in the character of the Bostonians is that you can't teach them anything. What they don't know isn't worth being known. There is no subject connected with the heavens above or the earth beneath that they have not sounded with their plummet lines and touched its bottom. When people get this far along there is no hope for them in any earthly teaching; and I rather think I will go hard with them to have to play second fiddle in heaven.

"If I had been God," said a serene matron to me, not long since—she rejoiced in two hundred pounds avoirdupois and a "sensitive soul"—"I could have arranged the world on a much better plan. In the matter of death, for instance, how much nicer it would be for people to exhale, or dry up, or something, than to become all worms—pah!" And her aristocratic nose took an upward tendency copied after Edwin Booth's Hamlet in the grave-digging scene.

I endeavored to console her by a suggestion of the immense benefit she would do to her native land as a fertilizer; that millions yet unborn would taste her sweetness in various vegetable forms; but finding that she still harped upon the worms, I advocated burning as especially suited to her case, as there was something sweetly poetic in the thought that she might have herself gathered together in small urns with the inscriptions suitable to the various parts of the collection to be retained among her friends as ornaments and souvenirs. She seemed quite struck by my remarks, which pleased me much, as it is not often that these profound thinkers receive my ideas favorably. They set traps for me. They ask me questions about the South, and I branch out into rosy descriptions of Mardi Gras and other elegancies. They listen eagerly until I get through, when they sorrowfully sigh, "Yes, yes. Such is Southern existence! Shows and pageants! No conception of the true uses of life!"

And then they turn upon me with startling statistics, and abstruse speculations, and blood-curdling theories, until my Southern brain whirls, and I long for the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest. But it is a vain desire, for it is so delicious to these reformers to meet a person who has not planned out a better universe on her own account, that I am preyed upon on all sides as a possible convert, and my life is a burden from my frantic attempts to comprehend how these things are thus. I used to argue; but dear me! I soon gave that up, being whipped out ignominiously, early in the action. These people have a way of talking about the infinite, and looking into the cause of things, that is enough to bleach the hair of an outsider who tries to keep the pace.

"Can you tell me," said a lady on the wiry-earl order, "the difference in time between New York and Liverpool?"
I was a stranger, young and unsuspecting. I was glad of an opportunity of showing the extent of my information, and so I dived all with smiles, and said that when it was noon in New York it was about 4 o'clock in Liverpool. Then, like the ancient mariner, did she fix me with her glittering eye, and in sepulchral tones, "How do you know?" said she.

The shock of the question—the glassy triumph of her eyes—staggered me. Four of my five wits went halting off. "Why—because"—I gasped.
She icily stiffened in her chair. "Just as I supposed," she said, aside to a kindred spirit. "Southern, you know. Effects of the system." Then the iron entered into my soul, and I folded my shawl like the Arabs; and silently stole away.
Since that time I have been very meek.

I was not to be caught again. I modestly replied that I had a vague idea—but as faint as glimmering as the light shining through a thousand feet of brick.
"Never mind, never mind!" said he, with an aggravating kind of patting-me-on-the-head air. "I know that Mississippi and Massachusetts are a long way apart." (Mississippi, you know, is the wretched State that I hail from.)
"But a better time is coming," continued he, cheerfully. "I expect to live to see New England civilization permeate even the South, and make it a new earth."
"I like your Southern women; they are very pretty and refined, and well-bred; but do you know they always seemed to me like dressed-up dolls?"
Sweet women of the South! I thought of you as I had known you. In your homespun dress or your plain, black robes; your eyes shining with faith and hope; your steady white hands binding ragged wounds, or pointing the way to dying eyes; your suffering, your courage in those stern, sombre days when your beautiful country stood all bleeding, desolate and despaired. My eyes grew dim. Dressed-up dolls! Quarrel then with angels because their snowy wings are fair. But oh, Southern women! when will one among you arise with head enough to do justice to your hair?

JUDGE MACKAY ON CORRUPTION.—The *Yorkville Enquirer* furnishes the following report of Judge Mackay's charge to the grand jury at the recent term:
The April term of the Circuit Court, his Honor T. J. Mackay presiding, convened on Tuesday last. The Judge dispensed with the formality of a regular charge to the Grand Jury, which he deemed unnecessary from the fact that they had been previously charged respecting their duties, and, further, that having discharged their duties satisfactorily at previous terms, it is supposed they know what their duties are. He would, however, invite their attention to the necessity of again examining into the administration of the several officers of the county; to ascertain the total amount of taxes collected and if disbursements have been properly made—though he did not deem a detailed statement necessary. In the opinion of his Honor, York county is peculiarly fortunate in having an honest body of public officers, who are faithful in the discharge of their duties, which exception deserves the special notice of the court at a time when robbery and plunder is the rule in every official department of the State, without exception, and when official corruption stalks throughout the country. By lodging delinquent officers in jail, and properly aided by the Grand Jury, his Honor hopes to check the march of corruption in the judicial district, and preserve in its purity the benign system of government wisely designed for our people, but which was brought into disrepute by the corruption of those who administer its affairs. Of the enormous taxes paid for the support of public schools in the State, with the exception of York county, all such schools in the State would probably be closed by the 1st of May, in face of the fact that \$300,000 had been collected for the purpose of keeping them open. Nor is corruption confined to this one feature alone. So notorious is the corruption throughout every department of the State Government that it has attracted the attention of the whole civilized world. This corruption can only be checked by prompt action of the courts and Grand Juries of the respective counties, which, in the opinion of his Honor, can wield the necessary power; but should they fail, so far as the speaker was concerned, he should feel it to be his duty to tell the people to check it by the might of their own arms.

DO TRY MINISTER NO HARM.—There are many ways in which a minister may receive harm from his people. He may be injured by their flattery. I have known ministers to become so puffed up, especially young men, that they began to think they were popes or cardinals, and rendered themselves ridiculous. When this is the case, the man's usefulness in soon destroyed, for the time being, while in the end it may turn to his future usefulness, when God has humbled him.

But, on the other hand, he may be injured by the want of proper appreciation of his ministerial abilities, by speaking lightly of his sermons and pastoral labors; and this is the side on which most of the errors are made in this criticising age. Some heads of families destroy all the effect of the sermon by their wicked criticisms in the presence of their children. I believe this is one reason why there is so little reverence for ministerial character by the rising generation. I never knew a family where this was practiced, but the children grew ungodly and skeptical. What can we expect where parents speak lightly of a minister's labors? Religion will always be respected by the young in proportion to the respect they have for those who propagate it. Thousands of children in this country have been ruined for time and eternity by the unguarded tongues of parents. We charge you to speak well of your minister, both at home and abroad; defend his character whenever assailed by one in your presence. If you cannot do this, be silent in such a way as to show no sympathy with those who would detract from his usefulness; avoid winking and nodding.

Another way in which you may do him great harm is to keep him so poor that he cannot buy books and periodicals. To expect a man to keep up with the age, and be a successful preacher, without books, is like ordering the Jews to make bricks without straw.

A LAWYER'S ADVICE.—An Irishman by the name of Tom Murphy once borrowed a sum of money from one of his neighbors, which he promised to pay upon a certain time. But months passed by, and no signs of the agreement being kept, his creditor at last warned him that unless he paid it upon a certain day, he should sue him for it and recover by law. This rather frightened Tom, and not being able to raise money went to a lawyer to get advice on the matter. After hearing Tom's story through to the end, he asked him: "Has your neighbor got any writing to show that you owe him, this fifty dollars?"
"Divil a word," replied Tom, quickly.
"Well, then, if you haven't the money, you can take your own time; at all events, he cannot collect it by law."
"Thank yer honor, much obliged," said Tom, rising and going to the door.
"Hold on, my friend," said the lawyer.
"Fat for?" asked Tom, in astonishment.
"You owe me two dollars."
"Fat for?"
"Why, for my advice, to be sure. You don't suppose I can live by charging nothing, do you?"
Tom scratched his head a moment in evident perplexity, for he had no money. At last a bright idea seemed to strike him.
"An' have yec any paper that I owes yec two dollars?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye.
"Why, no, of course not; but what does that signify?"
"Thin I'll jist be after takin' yer own advice, an' pay nather you nor my neighbor!" saying which he left the office and its occupant to meditate on a lawyer taking his own advice, and a doctor taking his own medicine.

Gov. Booth, of California, in a late speech, said: "The word of a member of a Grange should be sterling in every transaction, and pass current as the coin of the realm. Not only his field, but his life should be made fruitful by his association. His presence at home should be an atmosphere of peace, and his influence among his neighbors as fragrant as an orchard in bloom."
—If you invest money in tools, and then leave them exposed to the weather, it is the same as loaning money to a spendthrift without security—a dead loss in both cases.

Judge Green on the "Official Organs."

We invite the attention of the members of the bar as well as the general public, to the decision of Judge Green, printed below, upon the subject of "official advertising." The case was heard and decided at Kingstree, in Williamsburg County. The circumstances which gave rise to the case are as follows: Capt. J. E. Scott, the agent of his daughter, Mrs. Wolfe, applied to the Judge of Probate of Williamsburg County, who is the "business manager" and a stockholder in what is called the "Official Paper" of the County, for a final discharge for the said administratrix. The Judge of Probate told him the usual notice would have to be published in the "Official Paper," to which proposition Capt. Scott declined to accede, for the reason that he chose to consult his own judgment as to the paper in which he would publish the notice and pay for it. He consulted and employed S. W. Maurice, Esq., who advised him in the matter, and who also argued the case before Judge Green, who has sustained his view of the law. It will be seen that Judge Green, in his decision, makes a distinction between advertising to be paid for by the public and that to be paid for by the individual. The people, therefore, under this decision, are at liberty to choose their own paper in which to advertise all matters that are to be paid for with private funds.

Williamsburg County.—In the Common Pleas, E. P. Wolfe, Administratrix of Estate of C. W. Wolfe.

Mrs. E. P. Wolfe, after giving the notice required by law, in the *Kingstree Star*, made her application to the Judge of Probate for her final discharge as administratrix of the estate of C. W. Wolfe. Her accounts were found to be correct, but her discharge was refused upon the ground that the notice had not been given in the official paper of the County, and therefore was void.

Mrs. Wolfe appealed to the Circuit Court from that decision and claimed her discharge. When the matter came before me, one of my brief reflections could then give it, my judgment was that the appeal could not be sustained. This conclusion was arrived at mainly upon the words of the second section of the act of 1870, page 699 of General Statutes, to wit: "And no legal notice, advertisement or publication by law to be made public, shall have any valid force or effect unless published in the newspaper or newspapers designated under this chapter." These words seemed to be general enough to cover this case.

I have had an opportunity of reading carefully the whole act, and I do not now think that it applies to this case.

By the first section of the Attorney-General, the Comptroller-General and Secretary of State have authority conjointly to designate one or more newspapers in this State in which all legal notices for the State should be published, and also to designate a proper number of newspapers for the several counties of this State "in which all legal notices, advertisements or publications for the county or counties for which respectively each paper is designated, of any and every character required by law to be made public, shall be published." This would appear to include all such notices as have to be given by the county as a corporation or in relation to business connected with the corporation. This view is strengthened when we consider the means adopted in the section for the enforcement of the act. First, the notices shall be null and void. Second, such notices shall not be paid for from the funds of the county. This provision certainly cannot apply in cases where the advertisement is paid for by the party who gives the notice. The proviso of the act, I think, will afford strong evidence that it was not the intention of the law-making power that the act should extend to matters not connected with the county as a corporation.

For the above reasons the appeal in this case is sustained. JOHN T. GREEN.

At Chambers, March 29, 1874.

PRETTY GOOD.—An Irishman driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and the high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveler he stopped him, "Yer money or yer life!"

Seeing Pat was "green," he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you all my money for that pistol!"

"Agreed."

Pat received the money, and handed over the pistol.

"Now," said the traveler, "hand back the money, or I'll blow your brains out!"

"Blaze away, my hearty," said Pat, "niver a drop of powder ther's in it at all."

"Do you know," said a patrolling young preacher, who had just told me with a swelling air of triumph that he had uttered the profoundest thought of the century, in a book that was to hand his name (the name of Jones) down to eternal fame, "do you know what oxygen and hydrogen are?"

—To extract ink from cotton, silk and woolen goods saturate the spots with spirits of turpentine, and let it remain several hours; then rub it between the hands. It will crumble away, without injuring either the color or the texture of the article.

—Three-fourths of the difficulties and miseries of men come from the fact that most men want wealth without earning it, fame without deserving it, popularity without temperance, respect without virtue, and happiness without holiness.

—The smallest salary paid to a post-master in this country is two dollars, and a large number receive sums ranging from that amount to twelve dollars.

—A clergyman at Paris, Ky., stopped his prayer to lead an unruly man out by the ear, and then went on: "As I was saying, Oh, Lord."

A man in Wilmington, N. C., is thus described by a young lady of the same city: "He is so stingy that whenever he smiles it is always at his neighbor's expense."

—Every lady is anxious to know whether her new dress is becoming; but the most likely thing to become a lady is a well-behaved little girl.

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY.

This unrivaled Medicine is warranted not to contain a single particle of MERCURY, or any injurious mineral substance, but is

PURELY VEGETABLE,

Containing those Southern Roots and Herbs, which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail. IT WILL CURE ALL DISEASES CAUSED BY DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND BOWELS.

Simmons' Liver Regulator, or Medicine,

Is eminently a Family Medicine; and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctors' bills.

After over Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most glowing testimonials to its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent physicians commend it as the most

Effectual Specific for Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

Armed with this ANTI-DOTE, all climates and changes of water and food may be faced with safety. As a Remedy in MALARIOUS FEVERS, BOWEL COMPLAINTS, REST-LESSNESS, JAUNDICE, NAUSEA,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

It is the Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,

Macon, Ga., and Philadelphia.

Price, \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

Feb 23, 1874. 34

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