

Blasts of the New York Times that are "insanucendous."

Our readers will remember the stunning effect produced in Radical circles by the letters of the New York Times correspondent, written from this State a month or so past, in denunciation of the corruption of its government. They were of the highly-seasoned and sensational order, and caused some sudden conversions to the new doctrine of reform amongst the corruptionists. It became necessary to make some formal recognition of the deplorable condition of affairs. Mr. D. H. Chamberlain, as a prospective candidate for the purple, was duly interviewed, and gave forth the sound, which, like that of the tuning-fork in country churches, served as the keynote to the coming doleful music. Mr. Chamberlain is entrenched in reserve and secretiveness. All through his history, as it has been enacted before us in this State, he has moved with extreme caution, leaving in the office of Attorney-General, in his position as member of the Advisory Board of the Land Commission, of the Financial Board and of the Sinking Fund, as little trace as possible. To-day, the operations of hypothecating our bonds in New York, the issue of the conversion bonds, the way they were recommended and put upon the market and all the complicated financial jobs of our people. There are few men, however, who know all about these operations, by which ten or fifteen millions were added to the State debt, and a considerable number of persons made rich, and amongst them is Chamberlain. But the more he knows, the less he says. In conversation with the Times correspondent, he went as far—and it was very far for him to go—as to admit the advisableness of reform, for "the purpose of achieving political success." Following this dim light, and echoing this puny voice, the State Radical Committee have put forth their address to the same effect.

And now comes the New York Times again to look upon the work of its hands. It finds it to be tolerably good. It has words of commendation for Mr. Congressman Elliott and the committee, as the head of the party, for the "sound advice" they gave in echoing the Times. That advice to the Radical party of the State is, that they must "retrace their steps," upon peril of being excommunicated from the "party at large." Those who are more especially expected to thus turn about suddenly are the black people, and for saying this, too, Elliott is patted on the back by the Times. The Times affects to base its hopes of revolutionizing the colored population upon the reforming spirit and purpose of Elliott. Elliott is to do the business. He is to boss the job of turning out the bad fellows. He is to transfer the organization from the hands of rascals to the hands of honest men. It says with inimitable humor:

"We cannot undertake, at this distance, to point out all the men who have proved untrustworthy, and who should be 'dismissed the service.' But they can be discovered readily enough by those on the ground. Mr. Elliott, doubtless, knows many of them. We wish he had felt like naming the most conspicuous in his address. He may depend upon it, that if he is sincere in his professed resolve to rid his State, his party and his race of the scoundrels who have so long disgraced them, he will be obliged to talk much more plainly than he talks in the committee's address. He has entered on a war which cannot be fought with rose-water and sugar-plums. He will have to strike directly at the thieves in such a way that every one will recognize them."

"Mr. Elliott, doubtless, knows many of them." Certainly he does. No doubt of that. And from him who knows much, you mean that much will be required. Poor Elliott! Crushed with the weight of his own abandoned shield! Exposed at the moment he drops his mask and before he can get it on again! Slaughtered with empty compliments! The man who engineered Moses into power and placed all his satellites in their orbits, who perfectly understands the salary-grabbing business and has the Midas touch which turns everything to gold! He is now to assail his associates as a prosecutor whose hands have been washed and made clean in the laver of the New York Times. Is he to arraign his fellow committee-men? Is he to seize Worthington? Must he lay violent hands on Nash or Rainey? Is he to go for Mr. Chamberlain on that fatal bond business, those Land Commission frauds, the responsibility for which ex-Governor Scott, by implica-

tion, places upon his and Niles G. Parker's shoulders? Are his reforming labors to be extended to his old orony, F. J. Moses, Jr., in the shape of a little bluster, to be taken in a Pjokwickian sense, about the time of the nomination for Governor? Finally, he may ask, in despair, of the Times, would it have him commit political harikari and run the sword of detection and exposure right through his own official bowels? Will it be so ungracious as to echo old Humbert's words: "Let dese Congusmen's unload dereselves fast?"

Fancy and Fact.

The New York Journal of Commerce is inclined to take a kind and encouraging view of our affairs. But, unfortunately, it lacks information, and is somewhat deceived by the specious and delusive promises of the Radical State Committee. It draws the idea from their paper that a reform movement has set in here among the freedmen, led by Congressman Elliott. "Signs of a split," it says, "in the negro ranks have long been visible; and Elliott may find many negroes already prepared to join him and cooperate with the white tax-payers to reform the State." One can but smile at the idea and wonder at its origin. It does but justice to the black people, however, when it says, in another place, that the more intelligent and thoughtful are conscious, to some extent, of the dangers into which they have been led, and are "ready to take time by the forelock and aid in throwing off what they have imposed on the tax-paying whites."

But this sentiment has not amounted as yet to anything practical, and hardly justifies the hope of the Journal of Commerce, that South Carolinians may by tact and discretion detach a part of this vote from the Radicals, and turn it to account for the benefit of the State. We are not in condition, owing especially to the aid and comfort, the countenance and good will extended to the corruptionists by the General Government, to develop this feeling among the blacks into force, or give it any useful shape. Like all weak people, they adore power, and power, they see, is arrayed against the old white race. What the Journal says of the severity of the address of the Radical committee against the negroes is too true. They are more sinned against than sinning, and need less reform than those who affect to be their leaders and give them hypocritical counsel. The Journal has a clear idea of the merits of the carpet-bag fraternity, although in expressing it it slights their scalawag brothers. "The pernicious example and crafty tactics of these renegade politicians of the North has had," it says, "a steady corrupting influence on the negroes. No matter how far the negroes participated in plunder, it was always the carpet-baggers who marked out the campaigns and conducted them. These are the creatures who are, to our mind, most to be condemned for the shocking condition of the South." True, true. And they are here yet, organizing for another campaign of plunder.

Mackeyism.

Judge Mackey's speech in Yorkville contained some good advice to the colored people, and bringing forcibly to their view the corruptions of their government.

"In our State Government," he said, "what do we see? We see our debt increased, within the last six years, \$16,000,000, including \$6,000,000 of conversion bonds, which were properly repudiated. With this enormous increase, are there any benefits to the people? No. Not a mile of railway; no public institutions of benefit erected; no school system. Yes, a school system, it is true; but like the village clock, only nice to look at, and not in running order, except in the County of York."

He counselled them to examine their hearts, to see whether they were fit to be candidates for office. We doubt if that will decrease the number. Every candidate's heart will tell him to go for office, and get it, if he can. Judge Mackey didn't say whether he was for Elliott or Chamberlain, Melton or Mackey for Governor. He seems not to favor Moses, although he says the Democrats hope to have him nominated. Where he learnt this he didn't say, but he runs a tilt against it as a "trick." Cunning fellow, that same Mackey, in kicking up the dust of an imaginary trick to hide a real one. As he is not for Moses, will he tell the country whether he is in favor of the poor remains of the Bank of the State assets being spent to bolster a scheme to revive the repudiated conversion bonds and Blue Ridge Railroad scrip, and to put out a candidate who represents the policy?

A Dangerous Proposition.

In the Union-Herald, of yesterday, is a short article under this heading, copied from the Sumter Watchman. It says:

"A proposition has been made to run Conservative candidates, declare them elected, proceed to take possession of the public offices of the State, and appeal to Grant for support."

Who made it? When and where and by what authority was it made? We have never heard it, except as attributed to a Radical official, who is on the war-path. It has sometimes also appeared, or something very like it, as a conjuncture of the Union-Herald. But, as now put forth with the label of danger, it appears meant to reflect upon Conservatives. If so, it is not just.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Mr. Redfield, the intelligent correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, writes a letter from Columbia, S. C., under date the 23d July, in which he says:

Crossing from Georgia into South Carolina at Augusta, you see the baneful effects of negro rule before you have penetrated a mile into this wretched State. Disguise it as we may, the fact remains the same, the curse of South Carolina is the ignorance of a majority of her electors. From this have all her troubles sprung. A stream cannot rise above its source, and the majority of her voters being as ignorant of the principles of our Government as the cattle that feed upon the hills of Ohio, it naturally followed that the Government fell among thieves as completely as if all the offices from top to bottom had been parceled out among a lot of penitentiary convicts. The negroes of South Carolina are totally unfit to exercise the right of suffrage, and to plunge them head-long from a condition of abject slavery to the responsible position of electors was a mishap, a folly and a crime. We see it now plain enough, and we would have seen it before, had not our eyes been dazzled by the prospect of getting a large Republican majority. We have the Republican majority; but ah, the woe, misery, debt, crime, corruption, wickedness and villainy that this majority of black voting machines have brought upon poor South Carolina.

The Legislature is a den of thieves, and ignorant, stupid, bigoted black thieves at that. Take the convicts in the Ohio penitentiary, organize them into a body, call it the Legislature, and you have a better body of men than any Legislature South Carolina has had since 1868. And further, statistics will show that the Ohio convicts are better educated than the South Carolina law-makers, and better qualified to perform the duties of office. More of them can read, more of them can write, more of them know the difference between Watts' hymns and the Constitution of the United States. If the most intelligent men in the penitentiary had been selected in 1868 as legislators for South Carolina, and continued in office until to-day, I have no hesitancy in saying, that the condition of affairs here would now be better.

In looking over the figures of the debt of South Carolina, remember that she is a small State in wealth, worth not more than one-tenth of what Ohio is. In other words, Ohio is as able to carry a debt of \$10,000,000 as South Carolina is a debt of \$1,000,000.

The cry of "Reform! Reform!" among the Republicans here is the same old humbug. It is the same old cry always heard just before an election. The Republicans of South Carolina will never reform. The party here is composed of a mixture of ignorance and rascality, in about equal proportions. The talk of "reform in the party," and such a party, is crazy bosh. As long as the Republicans control South Carolina, so long will it be robbed and despoiled. The debt will continue to grow larger, credit will continue to sink, and the thieves to rule. Three years ago, when I was here, (1871,) there was just such a howl about "retrenchment and reform" as is heard now. I stated in the Commercial then that there would be no reform, and that matters would grow worse each year. The prediction has been verified. I see no more chance for improvement now than I saw then.

And yet, when the whites of South Carolina appealed to the Federal Government for protection, what comfort did they get? How much did they get from Grant?

ONE FAITHFUL WIFE, AT LEAST.

The New York Times, of the 23d ult., says: "The noticeable phase of the Tilton-Beecher difficulty is the unalterable fidelity with which Mrs. Beecher ministers to and sympathizes with her husband in his present trouble. All day yesterday she was constantly in attendance upon him and answered all those who called at the house. She stated that Mr. Beecher was in the best of health and spirit; but that he could only be seen by his most intimate friends. In a conversation with a prominent member of Plymouth Church, yesterday, he stated to the writer that Mrs. Beecher was firm in her conviction of Mr. Beecher's innocence. Since publication of Mr. Tilton's statement, she had observed: 'I don't believe a word of it; I know my husband, and would not believe such things of him were his accusers to swear to the truth of their stories on all the Bibles that had ever been printed.'"

Soar-Faced Charley, Bogus Charley, Shaok-Nasty Jim and all the other Modocs, participated in the celebration of the Fourth at Baxter Springs, Kansas.

THREE BLACK CROWS ON THE RAMPAGE.

The ghouls have reached New York. They are up to their eyes in their nasty work. All East of the Sierra Nevada range had congratulated itself that the filthy-minded trio had been driven, if not into, at least to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. We are all mistaken. From the Pacific, they snuffed the battle of Plymouth Church, and, in light marching order, they left the golden shores by the next train, to claw and shriek exultingly among the carcasses that have fallen and the foulness that fills the air. The woman Woodhull, with her precious sister Tennie Clafin and the fellow Blood, passed through Chicago on Wednesday, and, during the wait of twenty minutes for refreshments, contrived to have themselves interviewed by a Times reporter. Such filthy offal, it is very safe to say, never before was crammed into twenty minutes of time, and rarely ever found its way into the columns of a paper calling itself respectable. These harpies are after their harvest. The disgusting Beecher-Tilton disclosures do not go far enough to satisfy their delicate appetites. "Theodore ought to have told all there was of it." The more gushing Tennie "don't believe in this piece-meal way of doing things." They themselves know a great deal more than has been told yet, but they have "made up their minds not to tell it until after certain persons have spoken." Charming persons! Delicious vamps! Theodore is "a fine, noble man;" and Mr. Beecher, too, is "a fine, noble, magnificent man, but he has the same passions as all of us."

The woman Woodhull has been asked to go before the Beecher investigating committee, but she is too shrewd for that. She will give her evidences to the world quietly, through a newspaper, of course, and as the nature of that interview with the Times reporter will reach New York before here, those most interested will have an opportunity of estimating the value of her evidence. What a delightful woman! What a delightful trio! What a precious store those three outlaws of society have piled up in their brain manufactory of lies to launch at the ears and eyes of the world if they are not bought off! What threads and patches of letters from Beecher and "Theodore," and perhaps others remotely allied with Plymouth Church, those vultures may have hidden away among the garbage of their black-mailing stock in trade! Can any one doubt their object in New York at such a time, and can any one imagine the dismay of the Beechers and the Tiltons at the fact of such a trio being present to hold their mixed budget of lies and truth over the world of Plymouth Church in terror? Not only over Plymouth Church, but over "the peace and quiet of religion." Bad as the muddle was before, it threatens now, with the presence of these three roving vagabonds, to become so indescribably filthy, that the senuous minds of Clabber Alley and kindred localities can alone soar to a comprehension of the Plymouth slime.

[St. Louis Republican.]

AN EXTRAORDINARY MEDIUM.—Young Brown, the mind reader, who is puzzling New York, has a formidable rival in a Mrs. Miller, who is puzzling Chicago. The mental experiments to which she is subjected are said to be wonderful, but her physical powers still more striking. Having magnetized a small table, by passing her hands over the top and along the legs, she turns it on its face, and then requests any gentleman present to turn it back to stand upon its legs, simply allowing her to place the tip of her finger upon any part of it. Scores of stalwart men have pitted their full strength against the little finger of this little woman, but have ignominiously failed. Even four men, when the "power" has been strong, have combined their strength and failed as well, though generally the table is broken in the effort. It is a very interesting experiment. While the stalwart man is trying to set it on its legs, the table will absolutely float all over the room. That is to say, it is continually trying to get away from the lady's antagonist, and will carry him about, now here and now there, and will generally sustain a position over his head. The moment the sensitive removes her hands, the table becomes docile and allows itself to be set properly upon its feet, the same as any other well-regulated piece of family furniture. Another phase of Mrs. Miller's mediumship is slate-writing. The visitor is allowed to bring his own slate—a double-locked slate, if he chooses—and when the medium has held it under a table, intelligent answers to questions or other tests are invariably found written on the inside of the locked slate. But her piece de resistance is her materializing phase. For scientific and test experiments, this lady is the best medium ever seen in Chicago. When her hands are securely tied, sewed and sealed together, iron rings, chairs, coats and vests are put on her person so quickly, that absolutely no time is consumed. Conceding that she was not tied at all, but was free to do with her hands as she chose, she could not manipulate three chairs as they are manipulated in her presence. Taken all in all, Mrs. Miller, in the variety of her phases, stands probably at the head of the physical mediums of the country, the more so as she imposes almost no conditions.

Another affecting extract from a Philadelphia obituary poem has appeared. It reads:

Put away those little breeches, Do not try to mend the hole; Little Johnny will not want them, He has climbed the golden pole.

CITY MATTERS.—Subscribe for the PHENIX.

Nothing but politics in the atmosphere now.

Everybody can indulge in water-melons now.

The weather is yet good for the sale of palm leaf fans.

Whoever business falls off, it always seems to get hurt.

Living dogs and cats are nuisances, but dead ones are intolerable.

Nothing comes home so much to a man as an unsettled bill.

The work on the Washington Street Methodist Church is again to be stopped for want of funds.

A runaway match between a loving couple was the topic of conversation yesterday.

This is the season when small boys wear their hair according to what they call "the fightin' out."

There is no change to report in the price of cotton in this market; very little offering.

Why is a bankrupt like a clock? Because he must either stop or go on tick.

Who is the laziest man? The furniture dealer; he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.

The entertainment in Schuetzen Halle, on the evening of the 6th, will be half in English and half in German.

To-day begins the last of the summer months. It is earnestly hoped that it will prove as pleasant as was July.

No bell can ring so loudly as a good advertisement. People will believe what they see rather than what they hear.

"Greasy Row," opposite the market, is to be demolished. It has been an eye-sore for years. Decent-looking stores, it is said, will take its place.

Job printing of every kind, from a miniature visiting card to a four-sheet poster, turned out, at short notice, from PHENIX office. Try us.

The Governor has appointed Godfrey M. Harman a Trial Justice for Lexington, and William T. Elfa, Trial Justice for Ward 8, Charleston, vice A. Artope, removed.

As a loathsome, nausea-breeding agent, nothing is more of a success than the ailanthus tree. Not one should be allowed to stand in the corporate limits.

Getting up in the night to give the baby a dose of soothing syrup is not what one cares about, but it's hitting a fellow's nose on the half-open door that corrugates his feelings.

Notwithstanding the dog law, there are countless hordes of worthless purps in this city. In the name of humanity, we ask, will not somebody please start a sausage factory?

Making game of them, Judge Mackey said: In York County, were you to go out to-night with a double-barrel shotgun and fire it at random, three candidates would jump out of every bush.

A man's wealth depends more on his wife than his income. Some women will cause their husbands to become rich on \$500 a year; others can scarcely keep out of jail on \$5,000 a year.

Delegates from subordinate Unions are reminded that they will meet at the Court House in this city, on Monday next, 3d instant, at 12 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing a County Tax Union.

Judge Bryan arrived in Columbia yesterday, on his way to Greenville. He looks a trifle older, and his locks have grown snowy white. But the gleaming eye, cheery smile, mellow voice and gentle thought, as of yore, make it a charm and a blessing to meet him.

The United States District Court for the Eastern District of South Carolina adjourned on Thursday. Judge Bryan, Mr. Daniel Horbeck, clerk, and others of the Court officials passed through Columbia, yesterday, for Greenville, to open the August term of the Court for the Western District of the State.

The summer meeting of the State Agricultural and Mechanical Society will be held in Spartanburg, by invitation, on the 12th instant. The managers of the various railroads have consented to pass delegates to and fro for one fare. It is hoped that there will be a full meeting, as matters of the greatest importance to the welfare of the society will be discussed.

At Paterson, New Jersey, on the 30th of June, a trial for one thousand dollars was had between a Jeffers and a Paterson steam fire engine. The first named steamer won the prize, throwing two hundred and seventy-two feet seven inches through one hundred feet of hose. Mr. Jeffers is the builder of the steamer now used by the Palmetto Fire Engine Company of this city.

PHENIXIANA.—The ball kept rolling—the croquet ball.

Brunettes are in fashion now, and the blondes are pale with envy.

The greatest object of curiosity to a woman is the dress of another woman.

Call a girl a young witch and she is pleased; call an elderly woman an old witch, and her indignation knows no bounds.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Notice—Meeting of Israelites. Ditson & Co.—New Music. Meeting of Ward No. 2 Tax Union. E. H. Heinitch—Turnip Seed.

HOTEL ARRIVALS, July 31, 1874.—Columbia Hotel—J A Smith, Charleston; A G Mandel, N Y; E H Brooks, city; W J Sprinkle, N C; R Mayo, Jr, Va; S C Gilbert, J D Stoney, Charleston; J H Riob, Winstboro; F Jessup, Pa; G E Reab, W D Kennedy, Augusta; J S Land, Greenville; D S Hair, Barwell; W N Taft, J W O'Brien, Charleston; J G Graham, G Keenan, city; Kirk Robinson, Orangeburg; Louis Cohen and wife, Ga; M Hupp and wife, Sandersville; D Horlbeck, Chester; P T Stevent, S & A Tel Co; A B Clarke, Va; Captain T M Canton, Glenn Springs; T S Clarkson, N C. Wheeler House—O B Hinton, U S A; C A Darling, J F Trentlen, city, B F Bryan, N C; H Wilkinson, Charleston; H Brockway, Mo; F Young, Md; J H Runkle, city; W C Breeden, Miss F Cook, Miss A Breeden, Bennettsville.

Hendrix House—G F Harman, Lexington; J W Chandler, Winstboro; E H Masburn, Charleston; R W Sanders and lady, Greenville; J Hayne, N C; L W Davall, Winstboro; John Saelgrove, Lexington; Mrs G E McCoil, Darlington.

WE PUBLISH TO THE WORLD.—The remarkable medicinal properties of the "Queen's Delight." No medicine is so well known and recognized among eminent physicians as a valuable therapeutic agent as the Queen's Delight. Some doctors think it ranks next to calomel in its alterative powers. A learned doctor thus speaks of it: "QUEEN'S DELIGHT" seems to exert a power upon every cell and molecule of the body, and modifies their function and condition. It reaches both the fluids and solids, and impresses upon them a curative influence unequalled by any other medicine. In chronic diseases of the throat, there is no agent compared with it in value. It relieves the cough, obviates the night-sweats, improves the appetite, and often induces a return to health under the most unfavorable circumstances. In consumption and bronchial diseases, the use of "Queen's Delight" has been marked with signal advantage. Queen's Delight manifests a decided impression on the mucous membranes, changing their condition by its alterative powers. Rheumatism, both acute and chronic, obey promptly the searching powers of this medicine; aching limbs and back cease to torment, comfort and health is restored.

In diseases of the liver, spleen, bladder and skin, the Queen's Delight may be used with great benefit. For the cure of any of the many diseases incident to the summer season, it cannot be excelled, and we would recommend every family to have a bottle of it in the house at all times, in case of sudden sickness. It is no whiskey or vinegar preparation, but a pleasant alterative tonic, which has cured thousands and kept tens of thousands in good health. For dyspepsia and weak stomach, the liver and kidneys, coughs and sore throat, the lungs and spitting of blood, loss of appetite, sick headache, diarrhoea and dysentery, fever and ague, bilious fever, cholera morbus and cramps, palpitation of the heart, broken-down nervous system, neuralgia and rheumatism, purifying the blood, inflamed and sore eyes, when caused by impure state of the blood. Get a bottle of his great medicine. Prepared only by E. H. HEINITCH, druggist and chemist. July 16

What can be pleasanter than the life of a Missouri farmer? At day-light, he gets up and examines the holes around his corn-hills for cut-worms; then he smashes oodlingmoth larvae with a hoe-handle until breakfast. The fore-noon is devoted to watering the potato-bugs with a solution of Paris green, and after dinner turns out to pour boiling water on the chintz-bugs in the corn and wheat fields. In the evening, a favorite occupation is smudging peach trees to discourage the curculion, and after a brief season of family devotion at the shrine of the night-flying coleoptera, all the folks retire and sleep soundly until Aurora reddens the East, and the grasshoppers tinkle against the panes and summon them to the labors of another day!

PARDONED.—The Charleston News and Courier says: "No less than twenty-one murderers have been pardoned or reprieved; twenty-five persons convicted of manslaughter go scot-free; twenty-four persons found guilty of the terrible crime of house burning escaped punishment; 110 thieves, big and little, are turned loose to prey upon the community. We say nothing of the color of the culprits, though probably four-fifths of them are blacks; nor do we care to inquire who recommended their pardon. The broad fact stands out that Governor Moses in nineteen months has pardoned 421 criminals, including, we believe, every County official who has been found guilty of malfeasance in office."

Twelve columns of the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser, in the smallest type, are filled with 14,270 pieces of property, besides railroad property, to be sold for taxes.