

Artificial Honesty.

In the closing hours of the session of the last General Assembly, the legislative robbers made savage attacks upon the State Treasury. Some of their so-called claims were defeated or staved off, being of such monstrous character as to frighten from their support those who desired to sustain them. Many were allowed, and are amongst those for which the State Treasurer refused to issue the certificates of indebtedness. Just after these fiscal robberies were consummated, so far as legislation could do it, it was charged by Radical speakers and the Radical press that the Conservative members were to blame in part for not being present to oppose them. The fact was, that the day of adjournment had been fixed two or three times, but, as it proved, it deceived, and was intended to deceive and induce to go home, several of the members who were fagged out with the long-protracted session. A stranger, looking on at the filibustering of these fiscal acts, would infallibly have adopted the same views of the legislative body which Mr. Pike did. But what is particularly noticeable, is that the blame expressed against the Conservatives in this case is an admission that they are specially needed in the Legislature to guard the public treasury. Their highest duty, as thus interpreted, would be to prevent legislative stealing. This, as a paramount duty, the better class of Republicans have also to shoulder. John Cochran, in the address to his constituents, which we noticed yesterday, in explaining to them why he had not been able to secure the passage of more of the reforms he now advocates, gives, amongst the reasons, this: "I also had to devote a great portion of my time to the defeat of many fraudulent measures that came up for our consideration, where the State was interested from thousands to millions."

In the journals of the Radical party we have read, frequently, of late, that they want a strong minority of able, honest and industrious Conservatives in the Legislature. When we come to analyze the motives of this professed wish, we find them to be not that they propose to use the high qualities which they concede to the Conservatives, in the construction of better laws, in the reformation of a grovelling policy, or in the faithful and economical discharge of the few duties incumbent on them. It is rather that they shall play the part of detectives and policemen, and by prevention, perhaps, of some flagrant frauds, add to the credit of the party which they thus hold in check. Says one of these journals: "Some of our party, who are talking loudly enough about reform, need some watching. There has never been enough of it. With a strong minority, our party would not have fallen so low as to be now on the defensive." Where it would be necessary, and where a little capital could be made out of it, the Conservative votes would be utilized for the benefit of the Radical administration, and to smooth over the record of the Radical party. But how would it be when the great swindles and jobs come up for consideration? Then the Conservative honesty and intelligence would be in the way, and the party lash and all the old arts used to nullify their effect. What all honest men want is not petty pretences of reform; not a padded economy in insignificant things; not a political use to be made of good elements, in the Legislature or elsewhere, all in the interests of party and for the benefit of officials, but another spirit altogether, breathed into the character of legislative, into public counsels, and into all the forms of the public life. The country needs more than a minority checking the extravagance of a majority, and giving to it the benefit of its deaconry upon such occasions as it may see fit to appropriate it. It needs a class of men in public positions who will not owe their small character for rectitude to the effective opposition of political opponents; breaking the force of some of their most odious measures.

A lady sixty-seven years old, the mother of twelve children, fell in love with a young man at Santa Rosa, Cal. A few weeks ago, finding that she could not marry him, she took a dose of bed-bug poison and died.

In a speech made at Aylesbury, England, by D'Israeli, England's Prime Minister, he said: "I know of no event in my public life that I so much deplore as the Crimean War. That war cost 200,000 lives and more than £200,000,000 sterling of money. It was a war that was perfectly unnecessary."

An Over-Crowded Profession.

In all quarters, especially in our chief cities, we have evidence that the legal profession is very much over-crowded. The New York Journal of Commerce notes this fact and says that a great demoralization of it has taken place in consequence. Once admitted to practice, but without a client or business, the needy are tempted to become unscrupulous, and thus to prey upon the community in several ways, alike productive of serious injury. On one side are those who adventure on speculation to encourage strife where there is no reasonable pretence of justice in the cause they represent; and on the other are more cautious but greedy attorneys, who pick up their clients as a gold-seeker does his claim in a mining district, and work upon the same principle until the placer is exhausted. There are yet, however, innumerable able and shining lights in every community, who grace the bar of the country and conserve society. There is no profession that has done more for liberty and the rights of man than that of the practicing lawyer. The fact that a man gets into it does not lessen its honor to the worthy.

In his remarkable work, *Mind and Body*, Dr. Maudsley gives many curious instances of hereditary mania exhibiting itself in various ways, but we do not remember such a case of hereditary mania for suicide as that lately mentioned by the Paris *Evénement*. A few weeks ago, some boatmen on the Seine discovered in the water the body of a man, whose pockets were full of pebbles, and who appeared to have been in the water several days. He proved to be a M. Jules Delmas, who was regarded as very happy in his domestic and other relations. A few evenings before, he and his wife had gone out shopping on the Boulevard Batignolier, and were on their way home, when, as though struck by a sudden thought, Delmas said: "Oh, look here, I have somewhere to go, and it's a long way, so there is no good in your coming with me; you can go home," and left her. It grew late, still he did not return, and she became extremely anxious. The following morning a note arrived from him. She seized it and read: "Forgive me, my poor Margaret. I am going to cease you one more vexation, but, at all events, it will be the last. I go to rejoin my father and mother." The father was killed by throwing himself from an omnibus; the mother by throwing herself from a window; the sister suffocated herself.

THE GIFT OF READINESS.—Of all the intellectual gifts bestowed on man, the most intoxicating is readiness—the power of calling all the resources of the mind into simultaneous action at a moment's notice. Nothing strikes the unready as so miraculous as this promptitude in others; nothing impresses him with so dull and envious a sense of contrast in his own person. To want readiness is to be laid on the shelf, to creep where others fly, to fall into permanent discouragement. To be ready is to have the mind's intellectual property put out at 50 or 100 per cent. To be unready at the moment of trial is to be dimly conscious of faculties tied up somewhere in a napkin. What an engine—we are speaking of—"the compass of mankind"—a memory ready with its stores at the first question, words that come at your call, thoughts that follow in unbroken sequence, reason quick at retort! The thoughts you may feel not above our level; the words we could arrange in as harmonious order; the memory, only give it time, does not fail us; the repartee is all the occasion called for, if only it had not suggested itself too late, thus changing its nature from a triumph into a regret. It is such comparisons, the painful recollection of panic and disaster, the speech that would not be spoken, the reply that dissolved into incoherence, the action that belied our intention, or it may be, experienced in a humbler field that gives to readiness such a charm and value. The ready man does seem such a clever fellow!—*Blackwood*.

COFFEE.—There is really more mental force in a cup of coffee than the uninitiated dream. I have always had grounds for respecting the scientist who decided, after years of testing its efficacy, that coffee prevented the waste of muscular tissue. Though I do think that Schiller, with all his philosophy, made a mistake in diluting it with old cognac. A united army of Java and Maracibo is sufficient in itself, to say nothing of the fumes of delicious Mocha. The French manner of distilling coffee is a fine art, understood in its perfection only by a native or a Swiss expert who has served an apprenticeship in Parisian cafes. Those who resort to a boiling process should never use anything but an earthen vessel or porcelain-lined coffee-pot. It should be carefully cleaned and kept closely covered to preserve the fragrance, which otherwise goes to waste with the steam. The rauc expression which coffee oftentimes indulges comes from the tin in which it is boiled and left standing. If possible, the cups in which it is served should be heated to prevent stagnation of the delicate effervescence.

The streets of New York are lighted at night by 20,000 lamps. Seven companies furnish the gas, at an aggregate cost of \$700,000.

A clever negro named Blue has been renominated for a seat in the Kentucky Legislature. In this case there is a good deal of color for the belief that Blue will be re-elected in spite of the fact that he is black.

It makes a big difference when a lady faints away whether you bathe her temples with camphor or molasses.

A Romance in High Life.

The gaming table the Duke of Richmond incurred a debt of honor to Lord Cadogan, which he was unable to pay, and it was agreed that his son, a lad of fifteen, who bore the title of Earl of March, should marry the still younger daughter of Lord Cadogan. The boy was sent for from school and the girl from the nursery, a clergyman was in attendance, and the children were told that they were to be married on the spot. The girl had nothing to say; the boy cried out, "They surely are not going to marry me to that dowdy!" But married they were. A post chaise was at the door; the bridegroom was packed off with his tutor to make the grand tour, and the bride was sent back to her mother. Lord March remained abroad for several years, after which he returned to London, a well-educated, handsome young man, but in no haste to meet his wife, whom he never saw except upon the occasion of their hasty marriage. So he tarried in London to amuse himself. One night at the opera his attention was attracted to a beautiful young lady in the boxes. "Who is that?" he asked of a gentleman beside him. "You must be a stranger in London," was the reply, "not to know the toast of the town, the beautiful Lady March." The Earl went straight to the box, announced himself, and claimed his bride. The two fell in love with each other on the spot, and lived long and happily together; and, when the husband died, she also died, of a broken heart, within a few months.—*The Galaxy for September*.

Henry Yore, of Portsmouth, Va., though he was blessed with a kind father, absurdly fell in love with his step-mother, a variety of attachment heretofore regarded as morally impossible. So Yore fled with his step-mother aforesaid to Richmond. Old Yore didn't like it. His son might have hated his step mother ever so much, but carrying her off in this way was absurd. So thought the old gentleman, and he was confirmed in his opinion by the fact that the runaways bore away with them the most of his money—\$900 in solid silver coin. So the bereaved parent sat down in sackcloth and ashes, and refused to be comforted. Meanwhile, the fugitives are in jail in Richmond, awaiting his coming. We consider this young man dreadfully erroneous as his conduct has been, in some sort a pupil's applied benefactor of mankind. He has added to our store of knowledge. He has erected grave misapprehensions. He has shown that between the step son and the step mother no natural repugnance exists. If he can love, others certainly in his position can tolerate.

The manner in which Southern "outrages" occur may be learned from the state of affairs existing in Sumter County, Alabama. There one Warren Dew, a negro politician of the very worst type, has been making a canvass for the Legislature. In the first place, however, he must have his guard of honor, as his home becomes a sort of military camp ground and rendezvous for all the idle, worthless and vicious negroes of the vicinity. Starting out from this military station, he harangued the blacks in language of an incendiary character. He laid down the law that "if a negro is killed, we must kill a white man, no matter whether we get the right one or not." Such serious apprehensions were entertained of the man that a warrant was issued for his arrest, and the officers found him surrounded by about fifty armed negroes. These refused to obey the writ. It was not until the Sheriff summoned the citizens that peace could be restored, and then Dew had fled the country. If the greatest forbearance had not been exercised, a formidable riot might have been the consequence.

BOYS' RIGHTS.—The boys of Pittsburg have held a mass meeting, and resolved: "We will go in swimming whenever we darned please, and won't come any extra shenanigan about getting our hair dry to sell the folks at home, and that we will have shirts to wear, so that the big fellows won't laugh at us when we are dressing," that "we are willing to do the square thing to our parents, but ain't cut for tending to babies, and we won't do any labor about home that does not properly come within boys' sphere, and not that, if it interferes with the hours of play, which health demands boys should have, viz: Between 7 o'clock in the A. M., and 9 in the P. M., with necessary intermission for meals; that straps and law, nor cowhides, nor slip-pers, will have any effect on this rebellion. If they try that game it will be a good-bye John for errands, and we shall ever pray. That's the kind of hair-pins we are."

In the North western corner of the Territory of Wyoming, is located one of the most beautiful lakes on this continent, if not in the world. Adjacent to it are four majestic rivers, the Yellowstone, flowing into the Mississippi at a distance of 1,200 miles; the Missouri itself, which finds its way to the Gulf through the father of waters; the Columbia, which leads to the Pacific, and the Colorado, which, passing through the most remarkable canon in the world, discharges its waters into the Gulf of California. Grouped around this lake and in the midst of this water shed, is, perhaps, the grandest display of cataracts, hot springs, geysers, mud volcanoes and natural architectural beauties anywhere to be found on the face of the globe.

A woman died of consumption, in Jeffersonville, Ky., the other day, and the man who wrote her obituary says that "she gently strode into the dark cave of eternal night at 6½ o'clock in the morning."

NORTH CAROLINA ITEMS.

The Wilmington Star says: The commissioners who were appointed to investigate the affairs of the Freedman's Bank, after three months of delving into its accounts, have at last been obliged to announce that, "however much it may be regretted, it is nevertheless true that this company is insolvent and unable to pay its depositors and other creditors." This is poor consolation for the creditors. They do not even get the satisfaction of an assurance that the commissioners will fasten the responsibility upon the proper parties in the Washington ring who stole the money of the poor colored people of Wilmington and other cities and towns throughout the South and prosecute them. They are hopeless victims, and their money is in the pockets of the ring.

From the Statesville *Landmark*: We learn that an Irish pedler mysteriously disappeared in the upper part of Surry County, near the Wilkes line, and about ten miles beyond Eden. His pack was found in possession of some parties, and consequently suspicion was aroused and a general search instituted. Several persons have been arrested, being suspected as the parties guilty of this man's murder, though nothing as yet is definitely known. The pedler is supposed to have had several hundred dollars of money in his possession, and probably left the railroad at this point.

Three colored seamen, belonging on the schooner F. L. Godfrey, which arrived in Wilmington, from Philadelphia, on Friday, maintained Saturday, and refused to do further duty on the vessel. They were subsequently arrested and taken before a Justice, who ordered them to be committed to jail. The names of the men are, Benj. Sanders, Jesse Richardson and Thomas Brooks.

The Statesville *Landmark* says: An excursion party, consisting of several young ladies from the East, were overtaken by a severe snow storm on Negro Mountain, in Ashe County, last week. A Wilmington young lady—Miss Wor. b—displayed a heroism and intrepidity worthy of distinguished mention. To the coolness of this brave and beautiful young Wilmingtonian must be attributed the escape of the whole party from a terrible danger.

THE VIRGINIA CANVASS.—The Conservatives of Virginia are confident of success in every Congress District except one, the Norfolk District, and there they expect to run the enemy to the throat. In that contest there are three participants, the gallant and able John Goode, the negro Dr. Norton and the miserable carpet bagger Platt. Our best wishes are with our Conservative friends. We hope that they may sweep the whole State, and that Virginia in the next Congress may be represented by the ablest delegation she has sent to the national legislature for many years.

The *Continental Herald* says: "Fates are sometimes told in which the heroes from an excess of joy, but it has rarely occurred that an instance has happened such as that just recorded from Gessenay, near Berno, wherein a man hung himself from being overwhelmed with good luck. The man who is the subject of the story, by immense efforts, in which he was seconded by his wife, who was even more avaricious than himself, succeeded in amassing a considerable sum of money. Not long ago he was informed that a legacy of 25,000 francs had been left him. This piece of fortune gave him the mortal blow; a profound melancholy seized him, and the fear of death from hunger haunted him day and night. To avoid this fearful prospect, he stealthily left his house one of these latter nights, went into the neighboring forest and hung himself to a pine branch. He left 100,000 francs of his fortune."

"LONELY TO NIGHT, LOVE"—Hasband traveling Scene 1—Room in hotel. Spitting full of cigar stumps. Bourbon whiskey. All hands fully equipped for a night's spree. Husband in a hurry to be off, writing home:

DEAREST SCIE: My time is so occupied with business that I can hardly spare a moment to you. Oul darling, how I miss you; and the only thing that sustains me during my absence is the thought that every moment thus spent is for the benefit of my dear wife and children. Take good care of yourself, my dear. Feed the baby on one-cow's milk. Excuse haste, &c.

Wife at home. Scene 2—Parlor. All the gas lit. Thirteen grass widows; Fred, from the corner, with his banjo; Jack, from above, with his guitar; Sam., from below, with his flute; lots of other fellows with their instruments. Dancing and singing. Sideboard covered with nuts, fruits, cake, cream, whiskey, &c. Wife, in a hurry to dance, writing to husband:

DEAR HUBBY: How lonesome I feel in your absence. The hours pass tediously. Nobody calls on me, and I am constantly thinking of the time when you will be home and your cheerful face light up the routine of everyday life. My household duties keep me constantly employed. I am living as economical as possible, knowing that your small income will not permit of frivolous expense. But now, dear, I will say good-bye, or I will be too late for the monthly concert of prayer. In haste, yours, &c.

The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like fish; a single grain of sand would cover 150 of these scales, and yet a single scale covers 500 pores. Triplets occurred in three families in a Minnesota town last week, notwithstanding the grass-hoppers.

CITY MATTERS.

Subscribe for the PHOENIX. An inquest was held, yesterday, over the remains of Mrs. Harrington, and a verdict rendered that she came to her death from wounds inflicted by her husband with a knife.

The weather, yesterday, was rather pleasant. Everybody appeared to be in a good humor.

A A. Gilbert, E. q., of the Sumter *Watchman*, paid us a visit yesterday.

There was a report, yesterday, to the effect that a colored boy, named Anthony Logau, was drowned; but, upon inquiry, it was ascertained the report was untrue.

Did you ever pause a moment where a gang of laborers were at work without being asked by one or more of them, "Boss, what time is it?"

Lovely early rising now.

Lovers of sauer kraut are looking blue in this section, as the cabbage crop throughout the country is a failure on account of the long continued drought.

Eggs contain much phosphorus, and are the best food for those persons who are deficient in brains. This idea is of the utmost importance to many persons.

Day's length, 11 hours and 59 minutes.

In perfect sleep the whole of the nervous system is involved.

Our butchers haven't commenced killing pork to any extent as yet.

The crops of cinquepins, grapes, pot-tomatoes and acorns are said to be more abundant this season than for many years past, and the weatherwise among us—some of whom claim to be able to see further into the future than "Old Probs." himself—predict in consequence a hard winter.

Coal will soon take a rise.

Toothache weather has come.

Silence is the finest reply to folly.

At a recent meeting of Ward 1, Mr. C. S. Mingo was elected President and Mr. J. A. Battle Secretary.

When Moses goes to Washington for troops, Attorney General Williams should show him round in that band that he stole from the United States, and the band should strike up the "Rogue's March."

The following letters are held at the Columbia Post Office for postage: Amy L. Duff, Columbia, S. C.; M. Robertson, Laurensville; George Williams, Pomatia; C. H. Hall, Orangeburg; M. Fred. Hanson, 71 Prospect, Patterson; Messrs. Spick Brothers, 98 Broadway, Patterson.

Best not fool with fighting whiskey. Sorrows are the shadows of past joys.

A moustache dyed black looks incongruous on a sandy-haired man.

The greatest fortunes consist of pennies.

Both printing and ruling done in the finest grades of copying ink at the PHOENIX Job Printing Office.

Rev. Joseph R. Wilson has arrived in Wilmington, N. C., with his family, and is now settled as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in that city.

Business men tell us there has not in years been such a depression in trade as the last few months have witnessed, and we suppose it is true.

Sneezing is nature's provision for scratching the inside of the nasal organ.

It is not too late to sow either turnips or collards for winter greens.

Bonquets are going.

B. F. Bates has been appointed a Trial Justice for Spartanburg, vice B. H. Stedman, removed. Samuel Black, of Charleston, has been appointed a Notary Public. The following resignations have been accepted: H. J. Anthony, County Commissioner of Pickens; R. J. Hagins, County Commissioner of Lancaster; Duncan McIntyre, Trial Justice of Marion; S. R. Carr, Sheriff of Georgetown.

THE HAT MAKES THE MAN.—It has been frequently said that clothes do not make the man, but you will find few persons who are not willing to admit that the hat makes any man look fifty per cent. better, or worse, as the case may be. A new and fashionable hat will impart an air of gentility to any man; a shocking bad hat will make a prince look like a loafer. These thoughts have been suggested by a recent visit to several of our hat establishments.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.—Northern mail opens 6.30 A. M., 3 P. M.; closes 11 A. M., 6 P. M. Charleston opens 8 A. M., 5.30 P. M.; closes 8 A. M., 6 P. M. Western opens 6 A. M., 1 P. M.; closes 6, 1.30 P. M. Greenville opens 6.45 P. M.; closes 6 A. M. Wilmington opens 4 P. M.; closes 10.30 A. M. On Sunday open from 2.30 to 3.30 P. M.

Some horrible monster, for three nights previous to last night, piled crosses on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, at Cain's Savannah, eight miles from Sumter. The monstrous scheme was repeated and persisted in, so as to intercept both night trains passing that point—the one coming toward and that going from Columbia to Wilmington. On Sunday night last, the first of these fiendish efforts, the train from Columbia ran into the pile of crosses put upon the road, at a speed of about twenty-five miles an hour, the engine pushing them before her for a distance of one hundred yards or more without accident. A heavy reward should be offered by the road for the shocking criminals.

SCHOOL IN GREENVILLE.—Miss M. C. McCaw, sister of the lamented W. H. McCaw, will open a school at an early day, at the residence of Col. Mosely, in Greenville. Miss McCaw is gifted with a high order of talent, and possessed of many accomplishments which qualify her for the duties which she proposes to engage in. We cordially commend her to the regards of our friends in the mountain city. Parents and guardians who place their children in her hands will find in her a capable teacher and a faithful friend.

HARVEST MOON.—This is the harvest moon. It derives its name from the harvest season in England, which occurs about this time. With us the corn is so far advanced towards maturity that a fair estimate of the value of the crop can be made. The heats of summer have departed, and the cool, bracing days of October are approaching, when nature will clothe herself in her gayest robes. The days are pleasant and refreshing, and at night the firesides very enjoyable.

TO THE LADIES.—High tortoise shell combs are fashionable again.

Modern brides effect a *penchant* for pearl ornaments.

Feather trimming will be extensively used this winter.

Egyptian ornaments are in favor. They are very handsome.

Silk stockings are in vogue with the new and peculiar shoe.

Long earrings will be revived this winter. This is what the leading jewelers say.

Some ladies wear the sash crossed on the front of the dress, and tied in a huge bow on the side.

Several new kinds of dress material are in market; the "velvet cloth" among others.

Embroidery promises to be about as fashionable as ever. The handsomest imported suits are covered with it.

For full dress occasions, low corsage, short sleeves and long double-fold train will be the rule.

Shell necklaces are something new. They are made of shells of the Dead Sea, strung on a fine gold chain.

The navy blue cloth waterproof cloak continues in high favor. It is one of the best garments ever introduced.

Powdered hair is entirely and completely out of fashion. Less false hair is worn now than for many years past.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—E. H. Heinisch—Queen's Delight. Meeting German Schuetzen Verein. Mrs. Levy—Primary School. Rehearsal Columbia Choral Union. C. Hamberg—Wood.

HOTEL ARRIVALS, September 29.—*Hendrix House*—Mrs Langdon, N. Y.; F. Mallally, Ky; H. C. Funnell, J. O. Hardin, Chester; L. R. Maylor, Spartanburg; W. P. McDaniel, Ga; S. C. Richards, T. B. Bates, Union; J. K. Rabb, Alston.

Columbia Hotel—J. F. Murphy, J. W. O'Bryau, W. S. Hastie, J. F. Matthews, W. J. Gayer, M. J. Nevins, Charleston; C. K. Knowles, W. Sprinkle, H. Terry, J. T. Seibles, City; Miss J. Corbit, Sumter; Mrs. Pickens, Miss Peyton, Edgefield; W. J. Gardner, Pa; McD Arledge, T. S. Clarkson, N. C.; W. D. Kennedy, G. E. Reab, J. S. Land, J. L. Deadyie, J. D. James, Ga; W. Ziss, N. Y.; J. M. Seigler, G. & C. R. R.; A. G. Rownsay, Robinson's Circus.

The retirement of Postmaster-General Cresswell from office was unexpected. Men do not resign high and lucrative offices without very urgent reasons. It has come to light that Cresswell has been guilty of enormous postal frauds; has been acting in collusion with a set of king contractors for mail routes, &c., and has squandered millions of dollars, wrung from an outraged people. That the Postmaster-General of the United States should turn up a Government rogue, is disgraceful. It does seem as if there is something in Radicalism that makes a man a thief in spite of himself.

Andrew Johnson has a close friend named Gramam, like himself a tailor, and born in North Carolina. Gramam went to Middle Tennessee many years ago, carrying his worldly good in a pack. He made money as a tailor, strove for wealth while Andy strove for office, and is now the richest man in Middle Tennessee.