

Third and Anti-Third Term—South Carolina and Pennsylvania.

The proceedings of the Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania show the adoption of the usual quantum of specious generalities. The work was carefully cut out in advance, and the convention only met to register the decrees of the great ring-master Cameron. It was ushered in by a declaration which affirmed continued adhesion to the party. That moribund concern is assured that the Cameronians will be in at the death and set up with the corpse. Then come what are called fundamental principles, which, like those passed in the Pattersonian Convention in this State, can only be so termed by a singular perversion of language. This ambiguity or double-facedness of speech appears the more clearly in, at the same time declaring against the third term, and eulogizing the Government. But the only part of the proceedings which evoked any enthusiasm was the anti-third term resolution. It was received with cheers. The relief, the joy which is felt at such an expression, brings forcibly to view the sense of peril which the President's ambition has caused in his party. The office-holders, or the expectants of office, were there in full force, and felt constrained to face the danger of this declaration, rather than disobey what they felt to be the general public demand. And the chief himself, who holds the Government patronage of Pennsylvania in his hands, must have been keenly conscious of the pressure of the great public opinion of the country, before he could engineer a resolution through his convention which might cause him to lose that precious patronage. Since the South Carolina declaration in favor of a third term and rule by the bayonet, which was the work of Cameron's tool, Patterson, he has become conscious that he was on the wrong track. Or, possibly, he means to keep two tracks open—the third term and the anti-third term—and shift his engine from one to the other, according as circumstances and appearances may advise either to be the best. As for the President himself, he appears likely to achieve the small distinction of dividing his party on a question of merely personal preference of himself. Statesmanship, dignity of rule, the interests of the country, the prosperity of the people, the honor of the Government, are all small in his view, and all subordinated to his sense of comfort and enjoyment of office. Like the wearied traveler who has reached comfortable quarters, and sat himself down, he asks, "Shall I not take a mine case in mine inn?"

New York city is pre-eminent in commerce and trade, magnificent in buildings, institutions, enterprises and public spirit. But Boston itself is not more provincial and over-weening in its conceit in setting up to be the hub of the universe, than those in the Empire City and neighborhood, who assume to speak its voice upon some current events and give its opinion upon some notorious characters of the day. The Tribune has pronounced Beecher the greatest preacher since Christ, and has represented that a vast overwhelming calamity would overtake Christianity if he fell. And here comes the Philadelphia Times with a similar fulsome tribute, saying that he has been for many years "the foremost pulpit orator of the world." He is, of course, a man of genius and power, skilled in dialectics, and with a dash and vim about him that are captivating. But his productions have not the stamp of immortality upon them. There is a thread of vanity, enormous conceit and familiarity even towards the Creator, whom he regards as only next above himself, which taints and disfigures everything that he puts forth. We do not speak of his morals, and make no allusion to the great scandal in whose meshes he has been caught. But we protest against the exaggeration of his greatness, and that narrowness of opinion which exalts him so immensely above other men. It is only the "paroxysmal" opinion of those who revolve about him. He will be more distinguished in history as the centre of the greatest scandal of the age, than for the genius, the deep philosophy, broad learning, divine humility and god-like humanity, which his admirers claim for him.

In addition to her other pretensions California promises to become an important tobacco producing State at no distant date. In 1871, a company was formed in Santa Clara County, for the culture and preparation of tobacco under a new process. The first crop in 1872 amounted to a few thousand pounds; in 1873, it rose to 500,000, and to about 1,500,000 in 1874. A portion of the crop was from Havana seed, adapted to cigar-making, the remainder being from Florida seed, better adapted to pipe-smoking and chewing tobacco. The company were compelled to manufacture their own material, and now are making 200,000 cigars per month, besides making about 10,000 pounds of smoking tobacco, and have recently determined to greatly extend their operations. The area suited to the growth of tobacco, under the process employed, is said to be unlimited.

How It is in Louisiana.

Charles Nordhoff, in his last letter from New Orleans to the New York Herald, shows to the Northern public who have not yet been reached by other testimony, the real causes of the disorders which have prevailed in Louisiana. First, he says, that the population of that State is divided into Radicals and Conservatives, and the latter, no less than the former, are Union men. It is absurd and very wicked to keep up the old war animosity, by giving to the Southern Republicans the special title of Union men. There is no disagreement on that score. In the years immediately succeeding the war, between 1865 and 1868, there was a good deal of savage and brutal wrong inflicted on blacks; and in the same period, and probably for a year or two later, Northern men who went there to take possession of the State politically, and who at once began a prodigious system of public plunder, were not always safe from the anger and resentment of the native whites. So much for those days. Whatever of wrong there was in them, was mostly imported. Mercenary and base influences were set to work, society was corrupted, and it was no wonder that some violence and resentment followed. The only present cause of disorder, Nordhoff says, lies in the corruption and inefficiency of the State and Parish Governments. But the Conservative citizens have accepted the compromise settlement in good faith, and hope for an improvement in the administration. Bad as they know the Governor and those about him to be, they are willing to give them a fair trial on the new basis. The extent and far-reaching character of the evil inflicted on the State by the missionaries of political hate and greed, the deep root that the corruption they have disseminated has struck into the very conscience and soul of their dupes and victims, are artificial obstacles in the way of good government more difficult to surmount than those which naturally existed.

"The only danger," he says, "to the peace of Louisiana, to-day, lies in the corruption and inefficiency of her rulers, who call themselves Republicans and have thus gained the countenance of the Northern Republican party and the support of the Federal Administration. These men have committed a great crime against the State and against the country, the greatest crime which civilized men can commit; for their misrule has struck a blow at the very foundations of society here; they have corrupted the public morals, they have degraded and debauched the negroes, whom they were sent to lead into the exercise of citizenship; and, surveying the story of their misrule, I am constrained to say that their plunder of the State, monstrous as it has been, is the least of their offences, because it is a graver crime to debauch and demoralize a State than to steal its treasure."

Benedict Arnold.—The New York Commercial Advertiser has an article highly eulogistic of Benedict Arnold. It speaks pettily of him as "that young soldier of the revolution who was already identified with the operations in front of Boston." And again: "He was the bravest of the brave." We are mildly told, however, that "he was not blessed, as was Washington, with a disposition which could patiently brook the dissensions, jealousies and treachery that characterized the story of the continental troops during the crisis of the revolution. Stung by a sense of personal injustice, and fired by a belief that the patriot cause would never succeed, Benedict Arnold subsequently sought to end the war by delivering up to the British the key of the North—the fortifications at West Point. His treason failed, and he lives in history as the arch traitor of his day, though many of the oldest families in the land had also espoused the royal cause, and the chaplain who opened the Continental Congress of 1776 with prayer had subsequently taken the oath of allegiance to the king and kept it. Arnold had provocation greater than his temptations, and these no doubt wrought his ruin. A greater soldier than most of those who ranked with him, he was ever kept in the background, winning laurels on the field to grace the brows of others. At this distance of time, and in the glow of festivities, can we not afford to be generous to the memory of Benedict Arnold, whose grand-children have filled high positions of trust in England, and whose surviving descendants are of the most respected citizens of that country?"

The Advertiser then goes on to denounce the Confederate leaders in the late civil war as worse than Arnold, and because some of them have had statues erected to them by people of their own section, it plaintively inquires: "Cannot we extend some measure of forgiveness to the man who stood by Ethan Allen's side at Ticonderoga, who was the first to thunder at the gates of Quebec, and who won for us the field of Saratoga? In the glory of the centennial morning, this great nation can surely stretch the circle of forgetfulness over the treachery of 1780 as over the treason of 1861. The former betrayed only a cause—the latter betrayed a country. Great in his faults as, in his virtues, Benedict Arnold was the son of our sires, and for their sake may win charity." The New York Commercial Advertiser has the honor of being the first apologist of Benedict Arnold that has ever appeared in this or any other country. The treason of the man was purely personal and selfish. England despised him as much as America. The Commercial Advertiser claims relationship with him, and boasts of him as "the son of our sires." We should think so.

One of the oldest colored residents of John's Island, named Monday Limestone, died suddenly on Monday night last. The age of the old man is not definitely known, but from all accounts he must have been nearly, if not quite, 100 years old.

Adjourned Meeting of City Council.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 20, 1876.

Council met at 8 o'clock P. M. Present—His Honor the Mayor, John Alexander; Aldermen Cooper, Davis, Wells, Pugh, Carroll, Carr, Purvis and Swygert. Continued examination into loss of pin and cross.

Spencer Lee sworn: On Sunday morning, when we captured the man Daniels, we did not examine any of the articles afterwards found on him until we got to the guard house; we went by Mr. Jackson's house, where we started the man from, and asked Mr. Jackson what we were to do with the man, and he told me we should take him, with what things he had, and turn him over to the guard house; after going to the guard house, the things were examined; I then requested Mr. Jackson to take a list of the things down; everything was taken out and examined thoroughly; then Lomax took the pin and cross and put both together into the pocket-book; there was nothing else in that pocket-book, but that pin and cross; Lomax then said he was going to take charge of them until some of the officers came in; I did not leave the guard house until Sergeant Williams came; when he came in, I was standing at the door of the captain's office—the inside door; Lomax was in the room, at the sergeant's desk, where we had examined the things; I then turned round to Sergeant Williams, and told him we had captured a fellow with a good deal of plunder; the sergeant laughed and said it was a good thing, and he went on into the guard quarters. I still stand there until the sergeant came back to the door, and Policeman E. Robinson with him; Lomax had not turned the things over to Sergeant Williams yet; I then said to Sergeant Williams, I will go now—I thought I would stay until some of you officers came; Sergeant Williams asked Lomax where was the captain; Lomax said, I would have sent for him, but there was no one here—all were asleep back in the guard room, and I was busy and did not have time; Sergeant Williams said he ought to have sent for the captain—when there was so much property, the captain ought to be there to look over it; I then left.

By Alderman Swygert—Did you find the pin and cross in the same pocket-book that you put them back into? We did.

Describe that pocket-book. The pocket-book was about eight inches long and about four inches wide; I do not remember the color of it; it was a dark one, and the newest-looking one in the lot.

Did Lomax have the valise open at any time after the examination and before Sergeant Williams came? Not to my knowledge.

What did Lomax do with the valise while you were there? He kept it on his arm; I did not see him turn it over to Sergeant Williams.

Policeman Avery sworn: On Sunday morning, May 2, between 7 and 8 o'clock, I walked into the guard house for the purpose of going on duty; was placed on duty as house-keeper; I received the keys of the guard house from Lomax, and then very shortly after that saw Lomax standing in the office with the satchel that the jewelry was in; he said to Sergeant W. that he wanted to go away, and wanted to turn the things over into Sergeant W.'s possession; Sergeant W. said to him that he had sent for the captain, so he remained standing in the office with the satchel in his hand; Sergeant W. took a seat in the office; after sitting there awhile, it seemed that they come to a conclusion between them to commence to overhaul the things, and take a list of them; Lomax drew up to the desk with the satchel; opened it, took out a lot of watches and chains and laid them on the desk; Sergeant W. said we will commence taking the numbers of the watches; so he picked up a watch, examined it and took the number and commenced setting it down; he had not examined more than one or two when Sergeant Blizzard stepped in; as Sergeant B. stepped in Lomax said, here both of you sergeants here now; I do not know if he said to both of them to take charge of the things; I think he did; then Lomax and Sergeants W. and B. all went on with the examination of watches and knives and a ring; about that time I stepped back to the quarters; in a few minutes afterwards, I turned round and saw the captain come in; that is all I know.

By Alderman Carroll—Are you certain that Lomax was there when the captain came in? I am not certain.

By Alderman Davis—Did you see any one handle any of the pocket-books? I did not see any one have any of the pocket-books, except Lomax. Did you see him have any open? I did not.

By the Mayor—Who was in the captain's office when Sergeant W. sent for the captain? Only Lomax. Was Spencer Lee there? No, sir.

By Alderman Carroll—Was Sergeant W. at the guard house when you got there? He was. Where was he? In the quarters.

Robert E. Williams sworn—When I was in Charleston (attending court), I met up with W. S. Evans; he asked me if I had seen Capt. Nixon or Lomax with a diamond pin; I told him I thought I saw a pin in Nixon's shirt bosom; but did not know if it was a diamond pin or not; he, Evans, then described the pin to me; I went down to the court room and saw Capt. Nixon, and did not see any pin at all.

By the Mayor—Did Evans say to you that you could make money if you found the pin? He said there was a reward of \$50 if you could find it. Did Lomax call upon you in Newberry last Saturday? He was in Newberry and asked me what I knew about the pin. Did he ask you if you said Capt. Nixon had a diamond pin in Charleston? I said the same as I say here; I described a pin as Evans described to me.

between R. B. Elliott's and F. Eagle's; I went up behind a privy and jumped a fence and searched F. Eagle's yard; I saw that he had not gone out of the yard; I then called Neal and Lee, and told them he was in this yard somewhere; I went into the rear of the privy in F. Eagle's yard, and F. Eagle went in front; I discovered the man Daniels under the privy; I said, Fred, see if that is not a man in there; Fred said yes, here he is, boys; I got on my knees to haul him out, and took hold of him, and he said, let me go, you damned son of a bitch, or I will throw a lot of this in your face, (meaning manure); I then drew my pistol on him, and he said don't shoot me, and I will come out; I still held to him and dragged him out; he then showed fight, and I called to the others to come round, that he was about to fight me; Lee came to my assistance; I got him round to the front of the yard, and Police Sam Williams assisted me; he demanded the pistol and the other property on the prisoner; I then turned him over to Police Sam Williams; I demanded Williams' club, and carried Daniels to Mr. Jackson's house; I measured his foot with the track in Mr. Jackson's yard, and it fit exactly; I then carried him to the guard house, with all the property he had on him; I turned the prisoner over to Lomax; we searched him thoroughly; found nothing on him but one gold ring; Lomax then put him in a cell, and went to work to examine the contents of the satchel, in presence of myself, Spencer Lee, J. Neal and C. F. Jackson; we found in the satchel, I think it was, ten watches—four gold and six silver—one diamond pin, one cross, one carved gold ring, one pistol, eight pocket-knives, eight pocket-books, one broadcloth coat, one box caps, one box balls, a small powder-pouch and three gold dollars, a sleeve button, one collar button, I think about \$3.80 in greenbacks, and twelve cents in coppers; there were some papers, but I do not know what they were; I asked Mr. Jackson to take a list of all these articles, and he did so; after he took the list, I asked him to call them over to me; he did so, and they were placed back into the satchel by Lomax, in presence of myself, Mr. Jackson, S. Lee and J. Neal; Lomax then insisted on having them taken out and called over again; Mr. Jackson did so; they were all put back again by Lomax; he took the cross, ring and pin, and put them into a pocket-book, and this pocket-book was the first thing he put in the bottom of the satchel, and piled everything then into the satchel; Lomax said, What am I to do with these things—there is no one here to lock them up? says I, You keep them and send for some of the officers; he then locked the satchel and hung it on his hand, and I stood with him, not more than five feet from him, until Sergeant Williams came; S. Lee was also there up to this time; when the sergeant came, Lomax said, Sergeant, I have a lot of stolen stuff here; the sergeant asked him what it was; he told the sergeant it was a lot of jewelry and one thing and another; he then walked in ahead of Sergeant Williams into the captain's office, and I followed the sergeant; I stood between the sergeant and Lomax, and Lomax then placed the satchel on the desk; Sergeant Williams seemed as if he was going to take charge, but I did not see him touch it.

Alderman Griffin—Whereas, the grand jury having found a true bill against Sergeants Blizzard and Williams for breach of trust, in connection with the loss of a diamond pin and cross, be it

Resolved, That the City Council suspend the said officers pending the trial of the case, and that we publish the evidence adduced before the City Council when through with the investigation into the loss of said diamond pin and cross.

The ayes and noes were demanded. Ayes—Aldermen Cooper, Davis, Griffin, Pugh, Carroll, Carr, Purvis and Swygert. No—Alderman Wells. Council adjourned to meet on Monday, 24th, at 8 P. M.

RICHARD JONES, City Clerk.

COUNCIL CHAMBER.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 21, 1876.

Council met at 8 o'clock P. M. Present—His Honor the Mayor, John Alexander; Aldermen Cooper, Davis, Wells, Thomas, Pugh, Carroll, Carr, Simmons and Swygert. Investigation into loss of diamond pin and cross, continued.

C. F. Jackson sworn: On Sunday morning, 2d May, about 6 o'clock, when the prisoner was captured by the police officer, there was a crowd of six or seven, altogether, came to my house; when he got to my house, I made him take off his shoes and compare his track; Sam Williams said to me, Mr. Jackson, we have a lot of stuff—gold watches, &c.; he opened the bag and showed them to me; H. Johnson had the prisoner; I proposed to go to the guard house with him; when we arrived there, the whole crowd went in; the doors were open; we called for the house-keeper, Lomax; the prisoner was searched and a ring and some pocket-handkerchiefs were found on him; after he was searched and locked up, the crowd went into the captain's office; we took out all the things; Lomax picked up a watch and called out the number; the idea struck me at the time, and I proposed to Lomax to take the numbers of the watches; Lomax said, I wish you would do so; with that I took out my memorandum book, and he held up the numbers to me to see that he was correct; I took down a list of everything that was taken out of the bag; my idea was that in looking over the articles, I might recognize something or find out who they belonged to; in a memorandum book, there was two letters—I think addressed to H. Daniels, signed by a lady named Daniels; after looking at all these articles, in one of the pocket-books—rather a large one—there was a gold cross, black enamel centre, and in a pocket a pin, which I said I thought was a diamond pin, and a valuable one; when I was looking at this pin, the crowd all gathered round to see; the pin passed through several hands, as did also most of the articles; in looking in the pocket-book which had the pin in it, I saw in one compartment the pin, in another the cross, and in another, I think, some other trifling piece of jewelry, which I forget; but in taking a record, I found only the pin and cross; after taking them all down, they were still scattered all over the desk; I proposed to Lomax to put them back into the satchel, and to check them off as they were put back; the checking agreed with the list taken; Lomax put them in; after that was done,

the keys were brought and the satchel locked up; I asked Lomax if he had a safe or any place to keep those things in; he said no; I asked him what time the chief would be there; I think he said he expected the chief to come very soon; Lomax held the bag in his hand, and I left him and went to the prisoner; I asked him his name; he hesitated a little; finally, he told me Henry Daniels; I asked him if he had been in my upper piazza; he denied being there—said he was only on the lower one; in talking to him, he said it was not all his own; there was another party in with him—a white man named John Henry Brown, who came on from Augusta with him the night before last, (meaning Friday night,) and a black man—chunky size—met them at the Pine House; after this, I went to the captain's office, and getting a piece of paper, headed "Office of Chief of Police," I wrote this interview down; I then started out, but returned and wrote on the same paper the names of S. Lee, H. Johnson and J. Neal; as I was going, I told them I would leave the paper; just before I left, Sergeants Williams and Blizzard arrived; I think they were there when I turned back to write the names on the paper; the last I saw of the satchel was in the hands of Lomax in the captain's office alone; the two letters spoken of were found in a memorandum book on Sunday, and on Monday morning, when shown to me, they were in the pocket-book, which had contained the pin and cross, with the paper I had written on; Sergeant Williams had arrived a little while before I left; Sergeant Blizzard came into the guard house as I was going out; there was no chain to the pin that I remember, or if there was, it must have been very little of it.

Capt. M. F. Nixon sworn: On Sunday morning, 2d of May, I think about a quarter past 7, the boy Albert came to my house and stated that Mr. Jackson was at the guard house and wanted to see me; that his house had been robbed; I got up and dressed, and handed my shoes to be blacked and started to the guard house; when I got there it was ten minutes of 8 by the clock; I went into my own office and saw Sergeant Williams sitting at the sergeant's desk; Sergeant Blizzard was sitting to the left of Williams, near the desk, and Policeman Simon Williams was leaning at the door leading into the yard; the boy Albert was leaning against the window sill by Sergeant Blizzard, and Policeman Abney was standing in the entry near my office door; when I went up to the sergeant's desk I saw a great many articles—pocket-books, watches, pistol, &c.; I picked up two gold watches and carried them over to my desk, opened the drawer and took out a quire of legal cap paper; I then told Sergeant Williams to bring the things over to me; I then took down the numbers of the two gold watches that I had, and they brought the rest over; there were four gold watches and six silver; I think the next I took down were the chains; I think Sergeant Blizzard brought over a chased gold ring and laid it on the desk. I put it down on the list, also, a gold collar button and a sleeve button; Sergeant Williams then handed me a pistol, and stated to me that the number was 5,332; I took the pistol and examined it to find the number for myself, and Sergeant Blizzard remarked that I would find it under the ram-rod; I removed the ram-rod and found the number; there were other things, but I do not remember in what order I put them down; Sergeant Williams brought over some greenbacks and counted them over twice; he afterwards brought over three one-dollar gold pieces which I found had been worn for studs; he then brought over twelve coppers and asked me what he should do with them; I will not be certain, there were two cap boxes lying on the desk, whether I told him to put them in the cap box or to lay them down; Sergeant Blizzard then handed me a large pocket-book, open; I took it and the first thing I saw there were some papers in the lower pocket; I took the papers out; the first one I opened was a half sheet paper, with the guard house heading on it; I was surprised to find that paper there, until Sergeant Williams told me that Mr. Jackson had left a note for me; when I read it, I found it was a statement about Henry Daniels, and where he came from; under that was a statement that John Neal was the first man who had seen Daniels on the piazza; another paper was a receipt for a pair of shoes, \$1.75; the other was for a clock; I then commenced to pile the things up, and Sergeant Williams brought over a satchel and told me that the satchel belonged to the lot; I put them into the satchel and started to go, and Sergeant Williams brought me a bunch of keys and told me that the brass key belonged to the satchel; before leaving, I took one of the watches and made the remark, I will wear this to-day, anyhow; I put it in my pocket; Sergeant Blizzard asked me to allow him to wear one of them; I told him he could and to be careful and not let any one see the number of it; I then handed the boy Albert the satchel, and we left the guard house together; the satchel was becked and I had the keys in my pocket; we went home to my house; I took the satchel from the boy at my door; took it up-stairs and locked it up in my wardrobe; I had breakfast and afterwards sat in the front piazza; saw Alderman Davis on the other side the street, and I think some one spoke to him at the corner; as soon as he was alone, I went over to him and told him about the robbery and showed him the watch I had on; whilst talking with Mr. Davis, Policeman Golden came up and said he thought he had the other party who was implicated with Daniels; I left Mr. Davis, went over to the house to change my shoes; from there we went down to the Greenville and Columbia Railroad Dept; was there about a half or three-quarter of an hour; Policeman Golden said he two men were up the road; I arrested the two and carried them to the guard house, and stripped and searched them, and after examination and sending for Mr. Whitney, found they were not implicated with Daniels; I released them and went home.

Philip Pfarr a German, living on what is known as Sunker road, several miles from St. Louis, Missouri, was murdered Tuesday night by an unknown negro, and his (Pfarr) wife outraged. Intense excitement prevails, and twenty mounted police have been scouring the woods in search of the murderer.

CITY MATTER.—If you are asked to lend your PRICKLE, suggest to the would-be borrower that he had better subscribe. A busy fall is predicted. Hope the prophets will not be disappointed.

A rough estimate—guessing you can knock a man down—Cool and pleasant, yesterday morning, but hot and uncomfortable, later in the day.

Mr. C. O. Trumbo, of the clothing house of Browning & Co., New York, is circulating around the State on a pleasure trip.

Who has lost a cow? An apparently fine-looking animal fell into an unprotected well on Arsenal Hill, yesterday, and was killed.

Pollock House Pat. furnishes green turtle soup to his patrons to-day; and being desirous of pleasing the home folks, will supply families with the delightful compound, at fifty cents a quart.

The new Southern Life Insurance building was still further ornamented, yesterday, by one of the largest and most showy-looking signs which can be procured—large, raised, gilt letters. Messrs. Haigood & Treutlen are the agents for the Southern Life, as also the Royal Canadian Fire Insurance Company—a card relative to which is published in another column.

Sheriff Bowen, of Charleston, declined to hang the prisoners, Bunch and Hardee, yesterday, on the ground that the reprieve granted by Lieutenant-Governor Glaves was illegal. He obeyed the order in the first instance, but declined in the second. He contends that they should be re-sentenced. So the murderers will be tantalized by another delay. The old idea that a condemned prisoner escaped the gallows, if the day passed without his being executed, has exploded—the decisions of the courts being that he can be re-sentenced.

A sturdy German, Mr. Augustus Moltke, until recently a resident of London, Ontario, and a member of the Lutheran Church in that city, bearing letters of recommendation from his pastor and from Dr. Bratton, late of Yorkville, S. C., passed through this city with his family yesterday. His destination was Yorkville, where he proposes permanently to locate. Two fine looking young Germans—Eugene Maurer and George Cornell—the one hailing from Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, and the other from Vollgach, Bavaria, both tradesmen, passed through here yesterday.

IN SEASON.—Our neighbor, Mrs. Hoffman, is au fait in everything pertaining to fruits, vegetables, etc. Just now her establishment appears to be filled with good things, but others are constantly coming in. There are red-ripe and juicy pine-apples; delicately-flavored bananas; thin-skinned Messina oranges; lemons sharp enough to make a pig squeal; sober-looking russet apples; strawberries of unusual size; crisp beans; hard-head cabbage; pinkest of tomatoes; besides a variety of French candies, etc. Miss Josie Smith and Mr. Hoffman will show you every attention. The PRICKLE is indebted to them for courtesies.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. R. Swaffield—For Sale or Rent. P. Cantwell—F. M. Beef. Meeting Typographical Union. Royal Canadian Insurance Company. Ditson & Co.—Bound Music.

HOTEL ARRIVALS, May 28.—Columbia Hotel—F. W. Whitney, Paterson, N. J.; J. H. Walker, Va.; T. Cook, Vermont; E. Mayo, Jr., Va.; Miss M. Harvey, Sumter; P. G. Bowman, Jr., Texas; T. D. Gillespie, S. C.; H. P. Goodwin, Greenville; W. J. McDowell, S. & U. R. R. Mansion House—Henry A. Metzger, A. H. Caughman, Lexington; A. F. Ruff, Ridgeway; W. D. Staacks, Richmond; D. M. Donald, Camden; J. K. Hunter, W. C. Hunter, Lancaster; G. T. Reid, S. C.; L. C. DeSaussure, J. M. Muller, city; J. S. Bowers, Newberry.

A WHOLESOME STIMULANT, THAT IS ABSOLUTELY PURE.—Physicians throughout the world agree as to the necessity for diffusible stimulants in medical practice, but complain, and with good reason, of the impossibility of obtaining them pure. The difficulty here presented would be a serious one indeed, if the class of agents was limited to the adulterated liquors and wines of trade. It vanishes, however, when the absolute purity and extraordinary restorative properties of Hostetter's Bitters are taken into consideration. As a stimulant the article is absolutely free from everything objectionable; but this is only one of its recommendations. If it were nothing more than an excitant its effects would be fleeting. It might refresh and revive the system for a few minutes, but could produce no permanent benefit. The stimulating elements of the Bitters is a means, not an end. The tonic, anti-bilious, depurative and aperient vegetable juices combined in the preparation are the agents that impart vigor and regularity to the weakened and disordered organization, the spirituous principle being chiefly useful in diffusing their influence through the system and otherwise facilitating their operation. Alcohol, even in its purest form, is not so much a medicine as a motive power, by which the specifics of the vegetable kingdom may be brought to bear upon the debilitated and disordered organs that require renovating and regulating; and it is in this way that the pure essence of rye incorporated in Hostetter's Bitters increases the efficiency of the purely medicinal ingredients. M29/371

Don't try and hold a cat up by the tail. A Maine paper says: "Eben Smith, of Bridgton, who was bitten by a cat several months since, and has since been suffering extremely, cannot live long."