

That saucer of ice cream which Vice-President Wilson enjoyed with Jefferson Davis at Memphis, and his kindly reception throughout the South, have excited the wrath of the Washington *Republican*. Very angry, indeed, is the organ at the reception given to Henry Wilson. "If he had only been insulted just a little," thinks the organ, "how happy we would be." The Vice-President was not insulted, however, and took his strawberries with relish, even with the late President of the Confederacy. Suffused with rage, the *Republican* says:

"There is nothing in the Constitution or the social code which should interdict this; but that the Democratic press, which constantly abuses and traduces the President, should be allowed the privilege of extolling the Vice-President because of his dalliance with the President of the late Confederacy, and, by comparison, to the prejudice of the President of the United States, does raise a question of seeming consistency and propriety."

Now, it is distressing, indeed, that Mr. Wilson meets with commendation for burying the hatchet quietly, and General Grant does not get any praise for his war-paint, scalping-knife and annihilation policy. It is, of course, very much to the prejudice of the President, but then he has no idea of trying a third term, of course, and he can possibly stand it, and continue to make his tremendous sacrifice for another year.

THE ANTIQUITY OF DRAW.—The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun. Our freshest slang comes from Shakespeare; the Chinese grew tired of gun-powder many years ago, and Beecher-Tilton scandals were quite common among the ancients. We had believed that if there was any new thing under the sun that novelty was the science of poker. We had learned to look upon this as a discovery by an American for the benefit of Americans, and always favored an export duty which would prevent its mysteries being mastered by the barbarians of Europe. When Gen. Schenck published his poker brochure for the benefit of Great Britain we experienced a pang of anguish, and almost felt that the Minister deserved the fate of Morgan. But now there comes a Scotch woman, Lady Minto, and makes poker older than steam, and, for aught we know, as old as the Pyramids. In an edition of the correspondence of her grand-uncle by marriage, she tells us that as far back as 1762 Gilbert Elliot was "a member of the Poker Club, of Edinburgh, which was for several years supported by some of the most distinguished men in Scotland." We suppose there is no use in denying the fact so circumstantially stated, and America may as well throw up the sponge. We may as well admit that America stole poker from Scotland, Scotland from the Romans and the Romans from the Egyptians. There is no evidence, however, that the chief feature of the game, bluffing, was known to the ancients, and this may still be claimed as a purely American variation. Whether the variation is anything to be proud of, is a matter of considerable doubt. Lady Minto informs us, that among the regular attendants upon the Edinburgh Poker Club, were Adam Smith, the great political economist, and David Hume, the famous historian. Though Lady Minto does not expressly say so, we judge from her statements that the Edinburgh game was that deceptive pastime known as five cents ante, with no limit. Mr. Smith seems to have played a safe game and to have waited patiently for pairs, occasionally, however, taking advantage of his reputation to steal a spot by standing pat on nothing. Mr. Hume's game was bolder, his play being that of a man who did not believe in a hereafter, though, atheist as he was, we will do him the justice to say there is no proof that he was ever guilty of the ineffable baseness of drawing to a three card flush. Such meanness was reserved for the Western hemisphere and the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century.

An ex-Confederate officer has won renown in the field of exploration. An exchange states that Col. Long, the ex-Confederate officer attached to Col. Gordon's Central African expedition, who not long since discovered a third great lake at the head-waters of the Nile, has reached Egypt on his return from a journey to the country of the pigmies, discovered by Schweinfurth. His journey has been a successful one, and he has made discoveries of very great interest to geographers and ethnologists. As his term of service has expired, and he proposes to return home, a new volume of African exploration, inferior in interest and importance to no recent work of the kind, may be anticipated. The bravery and enterprise displayed by Col. Long reflect credit on the American name, and have already been rewarded by the official commendation of Col. Gordon and the presentation by the Sultan of a badge of the Turkish order of merit.

A torpedo chicken has been invented for the benefit of the robbers of the hen-roost. It is a *fac simile* of the genuine article, but is charged with explosive material, which makes the thief think lightning has struck him when he touches it. Perhaps Gabriel may as well sound his trumpet now.

EDITOR PHOENIX: Who is at fault, I would ask? Some time ago, I directed a letter to Helena, near Newberry village, and it was eleven days before it was delivered to the party. I have one now on the way some days, marked *important*, and I hope those charged with these duties may deliver it, if the labor is not too severe; and, if so, I will assist them professionally, if called on.

MARK TWAIN ON SPELLING.—There was a spelling match at the Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn., and Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) being called on for a few preliminary remarks, spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have been honored with the office of introducing these approaching orthographical solemnities with a few remarks. The temperance crusade swept the land some time ago, that is, that vast portion of the land where it was needed, but it skipped Hartford. Now comes this new spelling epidemic, and this time we are stricken. So I suppose we needed the affliction. I don't say we needed it, for I don't see any use in spelling a word right, and never did. I mean, I don't see any use in having a uniform and arbitrary way of spelling words. We might as well make all clothes alike and cook all dishes alike. Sameness is tiresome; variety is pleasing. I have a correspondent whose letters are always a refreshment to me; there is such a breezy, unfettered originality about his orthography. He always spells Kow with a large K. Now that is just as good as to spell it with a small one. It is better. It gives the imagination a broader field, a wider scope. It suggests to the mind a grand, vague, impressive, new kind of cow. Superb effects can be produced by variegated spelling. Now, there is Blind Tom, the musical prodigy. He always spells a word according to the sound that is carried to his ear. And he is an enthusiast in orthography. When you give him a word, he shouts it out—puts all his soul into it. I once heard him called upon to spell orang-outang before an audience. He said, "O, r-a-n-g, orange, g-r, ger, oranger, t-a-n-g, orangertang?" Now a body can respect an orang-outang that spells his name in a vigorous way like that. But the feeble dictionary makes a mere kitten of him. In the old time, peopled used to spell just as they pleased. That was the right idea. You had two chances at a stranger then. You knew a strong man from a weak one by his iron-clad spelling, and his handwriting helped you to verify your verdict. Some people have an idea that correct spelling can be taught—and taught to anybody. That is a mistake. The spelling faculty is born in a man, like poetry, music and art. It is a gift; it is a talent. People who have this gift in a high degree, only need to see a word once in print and it is forever photographed upon their memory. They cannot forget it. People who haven't it must be content to spell more or less like—like thunder—and expect to splinter the dictionary wherever their orthographical lightning happens to strike. There are 114,000 words in the unabridged dictionary. I know a lady who can only spell 180 of them right. She steers clear of all the rest. She can't learn any more. So her letters always consist of those constantly recurring 180 words. Now and then, when she finds herself obliged to write upon a subject which necessitates the use of some other words, she—well, she don't write on that subject. I have a relative in New York who is almost sublimely gifted. She can't spell any word right. There is a game called Verbarium. A dozen people are each provided with a sheet of paper, across the top of which is written a long word like kaleidoscope, or something like that, and the game is to see who can make up the most words out of that in three minutes, always beginning the initial letter of the word. Upon one occasion the word chosen was confederate. When time was called, everybody had built five to twenty words except this young lady. She had only one word—calf. We all studied a moment, and then said: "Why, there is no l in confederate!" Then we examined her paper. To the eternal honor of that uninspired, unconscious, sublimely-independent soul, be it said, she had spelled the word "calf!" If anybody here can spell calf any more sensibly than that, let him step to the front and take his milk. The insurrection will now begin.

In the Tilton-Beecher trial, at Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 8th, Mr. Beach continued his argument. He reviewed the history of the scandal, to show that Tilton and Moulton had both acted in good faith with Beecher in seeking to suppress the scandal, for the sake of the two chief parties to it, and that it was not until Beecher had packed a church committee and enticed Mrs. Tilton from her home to testify in his behalf, that they took final and decisive action. He combated the argument of Mr. Everts, that it was impossible for the jury to convict on the evidence of the accusing party, and also claimed that the confessions of both Mrs. Tilton and Mr. Beecher were of full capacity to warrant a conviction. In regard to the charges of conspiracy and black-mail, he showed that at the time this conspiracy was alleged to have begun, Tilton wanted neither money nor fame, for he possessed both, while Moulton stood high in his business and lacked nothing. For four years, these "conspirators" had been struggling to keep down the scandal. Would Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. Bradshaw and Mr. Moulton, he asked, all peril their souls for the sake of Mr. Tilton? Mr. Beach continued thus at some length, to demonstrate the absurdity of the charge of black-mail and conspiracy, and also of the allegation that Mrs. Tilton made her confession, acting under the control and at the dictation of her husband.

THE WILD SOUTHERNER.—Wendell Phillips is a rare genius, and he is one of the few wild New England fanatics in whose sincerity we believe. There is as little blarney and humbug about Wendell as any Northerner of his generation. His candor is sometimes overpowering. He makes the following characteristic remarks about our people, in which he shows that the method in his madness still remains:

"The wild Southerner has been tamed; he will never fight the flag again. The cunning of madness is left. He seeks to write over the flag its old lie. Calhoun taught, and every white adult in the South believes, to-day, that this is a white man's government. Though you bray them with the pestle in a mortar, you will never crush this folly out of them. Heaven forbid that I should do the white race of the South such foul wrong as to believe otherwise. I respect their sincerity, their persistent loyalty to conviction; I remember the long suffering, the faithful cavalier whose party ended only when its last adherent sunk into the grave. Though the glorious Roundhead conquered, and had, in the name of justice and liberty, the right to conquer, God and human nature being his allies, still all honor to the stout English blood that never shifted sides nor traded in convictions. I will not do such discredit to the English blood this side of the ocean as to believe that we cannot show as stout hearts to-day, spite of Generals, Senators, Vice-Presidents and debaters in verse and prose. The South holds to-day the same souls—unselfish, untrifling, faithful to death—as England did in 1660, 1688 and 1715. The North will yet find her Somers, Hampden and Vane. Does blood here run so thin that the stout conviction which in England it took 100 years to root out, sells out and skulks away in ten years? Those who think so do not know the South."

THE LARGEST FARM IN THE WORLD.—Mr. George Grant, the enlightened founder of Victoria colony, in Kansas, who has been spending a couple of days in this city, left for Kansas, last evening. The owner of 576,000 acres of land, embracing the County of Ellis, which is larger than any dukedom in Europe, he is entitled to the credit of a public benefactor, by the introduction of the best blooded stock, and showing, by example, the best manner of rearing, feeding and improving the foreign and domestic breeds of horses, cattle and sheep in this country. He has just wintered 7,000 sheep, with a loss of less than one per cent. He wintered 537,000 cows without feeding them, except on several cold nights with hay, with only a loss of four calves and one cow. His success in this respect is due mainly to good shelter. The secret of saving feed and preserving stock is shelter. During the past year, Mr. Grant expended \$6,200 in constructing shelter, and he has such faith in its advantages that he will expend double the amount during the coming season. He has \$250,000 invested in stock, and is the owner of the thorough-bred English stallion Flodden, valued at \$25,000, the father of which won the race in 1860 at Derby, in which half a million dollars changed hands. Mr. Grant has just returned from the East, and has on the way to his farm thirty odd brood mares, purchased in Ohio, Virginia and Kentucky. Mr. Grant is disposing of his land to actual settlers, and sells only to such as can afford to purchase a mile square or upwards. Among the large number of resident colonists and stock-raisers who have purchased land of him, and are now raising stock in Victoria Colony, are many young men of prominence, both in this country and England. The Hon. Walter Maxwell, younger son of Lord Herries, of Everingham Park, Yorkshire, England, owns two sections, and is comfortably settled down to the healthful life of the ranchers. Then there are three bachelor sons of a Derbyshire clergyman, and the nephew of the Earl of Winchelsea, who is now on his way over from England to take up his home there. Two nephews of Mayor Guthrie, of New York city, and two young Shields, of Boston, are also among the number. —*St. Louis Republican.*

The grass-hopper plague in the West has directed attention to the terrible waste and destruction of game that used to be so abundant in the country now afflicted with insects. Formerly, when grouse, quail and other insectivorous game birds were abundant on the prairies, people never heard of grass-hopper plagues. They have only been known since the people of the West have indulged in wanton destruction of the birds, so that they might make money by selling their carcasses to the Eastern markets. To such a degree has this business been carried on, that of late years dealers have been offered high prices for squab grouse, as a dainty, and the young birds have thus been slain before they had done their part in replenishing the earth. Once the prairies used to be covered with luxuriant vegetation, in which were myriads of grouse; and nobody ever heard then of grass-hoppers eating up the prairie grass. The birds had the advantage over them and ate them up before they got time to lay waste an acre. The birds have now been destroyed or driven away to remote and unoccupied territory, where, of course, they will again be pursued by the gunners, unless the Western legislators pass laws by which the destruction of the birds may be prevented and their increase be promoted. The grass-hopper is just as dainty to the grouse and the quail as is the measuring worm to the English sparrow, and the way to abolish the annual plague of the grass-hoppers is to prevent the destruction of all such birds by legally punishing their destroyers.

THE GROWTH OF LONDON.—The metropolis of the British Empire, the largest city the world ever saw, covers, within fifteen miles radius of Charing Cross, nearly 700 square miles, and numbers within these boundaries 4,000,000 inhabitants. It contains more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh. The port of London has every day on its waters 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors. Upwards of 120 persons are added to the population daily, or 40,000 yearly, a birth taking place every five minutes, and a death every eight minutes. On an average, twenty-eight miles of streets are opened, and 9,000 new houses built every year. In its postal districts there is a yearly delivery of 238,000,000 letters. On the police register, there are the names of 120,000 habitual criminals, increasing by many thousands every year. More than one-third of all the crime of the country is committed in London, or at least brought to light there. There are as many beer shops and gin palaces as would, if their fronts were placed side by side, reach from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of seventy-three miles, and 38,000 drunkards are annually brought before its magistrates. The shops open on Sundays would form streets sixty miles long. It is estimated that there are above 1,000,000 of the people who are practically heathen, wholly neglecting the ordinance of religion. At least 900 additional churches and chapels would be required for the wants of the people.

WHAT THE WEAK NEED.—Why do the debilitated and feeble dread the summer? It is because heat is an exhausting element, and they are not in a condition to bear the new drain upon their languid systems, which they think must necessarily commence with the warm weather. But cannot this evil be obviated? Most indubitably it can. What these weaklings need—in fact, what nine-tenths of us need at this season—is an accession of physical vigor, and this desideratum can be secured, with absolute certainty, by a course of the mightiest, yet mildest, of all vegetable tonics, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Thousands of men of business, mechanics and professional men, break down, partially or wholly, under their summer labors, simply because they have neglected to reinforce the powers of nature in this way. To persons who use the celebrated invigorant and corrective regularly in hot weather, the exhaustion which excessive heat is apt to produce under other circumstances is unknown. They are not troubled with nausea, their appetites are good, their digestion excellent and their habit of body all that can be desired. This for twenty years has been the uniform testimony of all who have taken the Bitters as a summer tonic and alterative. Its efficacy is due to the care and scrupulous fidelity to the teachings of experimental science, with which its medicinal ingredients have been culled from the vegetable kingdom, the admirable proportions in which they are combined and the unequalled purity of its stimulative basis. J18f31

A negro revivalist named Andrew Coon is said to be as effective with his own race, in Mississippi, as Moody and Sankey are with white people. He is a powerful fellow, physically and vocally, and the scenes that attend his fervid exhortations are described as being the acme of religious excitement. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* attended one of his meetings. After a harrowing sermon, that wrought the impressive hearers to intense feeling, he made the following admonition and appeal: "Now, brethren and sisters, we want mounahs heah to-night. No foolin'. Ef you can't mounah for you sins, don't come foolin' round dis altar. I knows ye. You's tryin' mighty hard to be converted 'thout bein' hurt. The Lord 'spices mockery. Sometimes you sinnahs comes fo'rd an' holds your head too high a-comin'. You come foah you's ready. You starts too soon. You don't repent; you's no mounah. You's foolin' wid de Lord. You come struttin' up to the altar; you flops down on your knees, an' you peeps fru you fingahs, dis way, an' you cocks up you eahs to see who's makin' de bes' pray'r. You's tirely too peart for penitence. You's no mounahs. Ef you comes heah to fool, you bettah stay away. Bettah go to heil from de pew asleepin', or from your cabin a swerin', dan from the mounah's bench a foolin'."

He was an awfully mean man. He carried a 550 counterfeit bill to make a show of it sometimes when fingering for a little change. His poor, hard-working wife had been begging him for a nice gold chain she had seen in a shop-window down town. One day he felt in a merry mood, gave her the counterfeit bill, and told her to buy the chain. Then he left home laughing, and he came home feeling full of jokes. It appeared to be the happiest day of his life. He made a fool of the old woman. But the old woman wore that gold chain at the dinner-table and called the brute her "dear old darling." This put another face on the whole affair. It had ceased to be a joke to him. The jeweler called before dinner, and handing him the base note, told him to "shell out" fifty dollars, if he wished to escape annoyance. He shelled out, and has never been able to see the point of his own joke. But the poor woman enjoyed it.

"Are the young ladies of the present day fit for wives?" asked a lecturer of his audience. "They are fit for husbands," responded a female voice; "but the trouble is, you men are not fit for wives!" The applause was great, and so was the discomfiture of the lecturer.

CITY ITEMS.—Subscribe for (don't borrow) the PHOENIX. 500 dozen hosiery, put this day on the bargain counters of Wm. D. Love & Co. When you see a man bend forward with woe upon his face, and hands upon his stomach, you may know that early cucumbers have arrived. Bargain counters, loaded with choice goods, at half price, at Wm. D. Love & Co.'s. Notwithstanding storms and other atmospheric disturbances, the PHOENIX despatches come right along. Vide our telegraphic columns. There was another storm, yesterday afternoon—wind, rain, thunder and lightning. 1875 will be remembered as the year of gales. The raffle for the benefit of the Catholic school came off Wednesday evening—Mr. Jerome Fagan winning the silver cup, and Miss Doyle and Mr. W. Woodruff the pictures. In Norway, the longest day lasts three months. The man who, six months ago, promised to call in a day or two and settle that little bill, must have gone to Norway on a visit. The entire stock of Hamburg edgings and insertings placed on the bargain counters this day, at Wm. D. Love & Co., at a sacrifice—must be sold. The Greenville *Enterprise* and *Mountaineer* has passed into the hands of Messrs. John C. and Edward Bailey. Mr. R. C. Logan retires from the editorial chair. When they build a railroad, the first thing they do is to break ground. This is often done with great ceremony. Then they break the stock-holders. This is done without ceremony. Yesterday afternoon, while the gale was at its height, a burning chimney in the house of Mr. E. S. Bouknight, corner of Plain and Gates streets, caused a fire alarm. No damage was done; men and horses had a run, however. The evidence in the Beecher case is to be re-opened, and the old adulterer made to face some very damaging evidence—from a druggist, named Leys, from whom he purchased poison, and Loader and Price, upholsterers, who testify to direct crim. con. Pity this evidence had not been introduced several months ago, and at once put an end to this disgusting trial. The intimacy at the Long Island hotel may yet be proven. Our dry goods men are cutting down prices in nearly every department; so that a little money will go a long way. Messrs. W. D. Love & Co. have bargain counters, where goods are disposed of at and below cost. Messrs. Jones, Davis & Bouknights keep the ball in motion, and won't let a customer leave without being fully supplied. Mr. Kinard steps up to the front, and asks an inspection of his stock and prices; while Mr. Jackson, who claims to be the "leader of low prices," will prove satisfactorily that he will not be under-sold. Each of these establishments are doing a driving business.

A GREAT STORM AND RUSH.—Not at Love's, Jones', Jackson's or Kinard's, but at "Heinitsh's City Drug Store," good for linen and fine clothes, but for good and cheap medicines, to make you feel well in the clothes you have: The "Rose Cordial," "The Balm of Gilead," "The Blood Pills" for the liver, the Queen's Delight, the Lamp of Life, and Mother "Darling's" Baby Cordial. Life is always worth preserving. Save it at the least expense, and do it by getting your medicines at Heinitsh's.

HOTEL ARRIVALS, JUNE 17.—*Henrich House*—T. B. Lewis, N. Y.; T. S. Williams, Aiken; S. R. Chinnis, N. C.; W. P. Roof, Lexington; C. T. Ligon, city; E. A. Wagener, Charleston; J. A. Seace, State Ridge.

It is truly wonderful, the variety and ingenuity of the conveniences for the desk and office—pens of varied patterns, inkstands possessing unnumbered advantages, letter files, each one the best, envelopes of size and qualities infinite. It is almost bewildering to enter the large Broad street store of Walker, Evans & Cogswell, in Charleston, and see the number of these attractions. Here you find the largest stationery stock South of Baltimore, and you only have two troubles—first, sufficient cash; and, second, the difficulty in deciding among the many things offered, each equally suitable to your wants. M7f

At an auction of household goods on Harrison avenue, yesterday, when a woman had made a bid on an old bureau worth about two dollars, a boy slipped around to another woman and whispered: "You see that woman over there with a blue bow on?" "Yes." "Well, she says that no woman with a red nose can buy anything at this sale!" The woman with the red nose pushed her way into the crowd and run the price of the bureau up to twelve dollars, and as it was knocked down to her she remarked: "I may have a red nose, but no cross-eyed woman with a blue bow on can bluff me!" —*Detroit Free Press.*