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THE HAYNE FAMILY.

(From the Charleston News.)
The Hon. James L. Orr and the "Hayne Family."
A REPLY FROM THE HON. J. W. HAYNE.
Judge Orr, in his recent interview with your reporter, after full notice that all he uttered was intended for publication, has seen fit to single out the "Hayne family," and represent it as, *par excellence*, a family of office holders. If there was no malice in this selection of Judge Orr (and I cannot conceive why there should be) he is singularly unfortunate in his choice of the solitary example put forward to give point to his epilogetic argument in favor of Grant's nepotism.

Judge Orr says: "The Hayne family, for instance, I think seldom had less than twelve or fifteen of its branches in positions of power and trust." Why, the fat knight immortalized by Shakespeare, did not more egregiously multiply the "men in buckram" than does Judge Orr the Hayne family in this astounding announcement.

There were but two "branches" of the Hayne family under the old regime. One "branch" were descendants of my grandfather, Colonel Isaac Hayne, hung by the British in 1781 as a rebel and secessionist; the other, the descendants of Abraham Hayne, who died about the same time in a British prison ship. He, too, like his kinsman, being charged with disloyalty and treason by those who were then in power. Those two were the only male adult Haynes of their day. For more than a quarter of a century after their death, there was no Hayne in office in South Carolina; and during the ninety odd years which have elapsed since the death of these two, the Haynes who have held office, State and Federal, all told, do not number fifteen. Instead of twelve or fifteen at all times in office, we have, all told, less than that number in a period of ninety years.

The "Hayne family" have, at all events, left room enough for Judge Orr. That gentleman, though considerably my junior, has himself been a member of the State Legislature, a member of the United States Congress, speaker of the House of Representatives of that body, member of the Secession Convention, commissioner from seceded South Carolina to the government at Washington, Confederate Colonel of the finest regiment I ever saw, (which, however, he never led into battle,) Senator from South Carolina to the Congress of the Confederate States, delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Philadelphia, head center of Andy Johnson's Reconstruction Convention, first Governor and the Constitution then adopted, holding on by tolerance of General Sickles after the anti-Johnson Reconstruction Act, helping in the formation of the Constitution now of force, and now a judge under it.

I am surprised that a gentleman so various and so versatile as the Germans say, so "many-sided" and successful in every change—a man so eminently a *vice man* as Judge Orr—should be raking among fossils and dead men's bones. If the "Hayne family" alluded to by Judge Orr were ever a power in the State, they certainly are not so now, and it would have been kinder of Judge Orr to have let them alone. Though *he* may have cut loose from all memories of the past, it affords no good excuse for needlessly and unprovokedly pitching into those who have only these memories left to cherish. At all events, he should have been "sure he was right" before he "went ahead."

Judge Orr says that he is surfeited with office, and will never more submit to the fiction of holding one. I heard him say the same thing eleven years ago to the interesting regiment he then commanded, and whose fate was soon after so melancholy. He told them that he was more than satisfied with public honors, and had *outlived* ambition. His only care, he said, was to do his *duty* to them and to his country. Within six months after this speech his regiment was turned over to his brother-in-law, Colonel Marshall, who, with all the field officers, and half the regiment were killed in Virginia, and the next campaign ex-Congressman Orr lived to be Confederate States Senator, Governor, Judge, &c., and John Brown's soul goes marching on." His last cue is, with the aid of Corbin, Bowen, and President Grant, to scourge the money-changers from the Temple, and to send packing the thieves whom he Corbin, Bowen and Grant helped to put in office. In this work may God speed him. I would help a good work though the devil bid, and there is no telling whom the Lord may choose as His instruments.
I. W. HAYNE.

Death of Linton Stephens.

The community of Augusta has been shocked and inexpressibly pained, by the intelligence of the death of this eminent Georgian. He died on Sunday evening, about 5 o'clock, at his home in Sparta, of congestion of the lungs, after an illness of two days. The news came without warning, and was a most sorrowful surprise to our citizens. But a few weeks ago Judge Stephens was here in the power and majesty of his splendid intellect. His appearance then will long be remembered for it was at a public meeting of our citizens, and he displayed on that occasion more than his usual vigor, brilliancy and terseness, as a logician and a public orator. Though a majority differed with him in some of his opinions, all united in admiring his abilities and his eloquent appeals in behalf of popular rights. All conceded a willing homage to his high motives and zealous patriotism.

As a jurist of profound analytical power, of clear discrimination, and of extended learning, he stood in the front rank and acquired an enduring fame. The Supreme Court Reports of Georgia, while he was a Judge on the bench of that high tribunal, bear witness of his abilities and learning. This period embraced but a short portion of his brilliant professional career. He had for many years been recognized as one of Georgia's most eloquent advocates, and his memory is indissolubly associated with leading cases in which he had figured as counsel, in the civil and criminal annals of the State.

A more detailed sketch of his professional career, and the leading part he has long borne in the politics of the State, and in its legislative history, will be produced hereafter by competent hands. He was a graduate of the university of Georgia, a prominent member of the Legislature for several sessions, a Judge of the Supreme Court for a number of years, and Lieutenant Colonel during the late war of the regiment of which Judge Thomas W. Thomas was colonel. Georgia has lost one of her noblest sons, the legal profession one of its brightest ornaments, the social circle a gentleman of many genial qualities. He was a true man and a thorough gentleman. He had many warm friends and admirers. To his stricken family and home the loss is irreparable and overwhelming.

In this sad hour, the thoughts of a nation travel in tender sympathy to that distinguished surviving brother who loved him so tenderly and who was so justly proud of him. We will not intrude upon the sanctity of that grief. It is not from this world, profound and heartfelt as are its sympathies, so late and so comforting as can be derived in this sorrowful hour.

In the presence of this solemn event the voice of faction is hushed. The conflicts of opinion subside. Every heart in our broad State bows down in awe, and reverently feels "what shadows were, what shadows we pursue."
—Augusta Constitutionalist.

A Rain of Bones—A Strange Phenomenon.

If the statements of some of the residents of Louisiana are to be credited, Dame Nature has recently been playing strange pranks in that part of the country. A writer to the New York Journal of Commerce, whose veracity and good standing is vouched for by the editor of that paper, gives the following particulars of a strange phenomenon that occurred in Carroll Parish, last month. He says that a heavy storm visited that parish some days previous to the date of writing, the 21st, and during the storm fish bones fell to the ground by the million. The bones seemed to come from an exceedingly large black cloud that was passing at the time. The shower of bones was attended by a heavy fall of rain.

The correspondent says that the bones ratted on the roof of his house like hail stones. This strange phenomenon extended over a belt of country ten miles in width by many miles in length. Accompanying the letter were several of the bones, varying in length from one to two and one-sixteenth inches, from seven-sixteenths to twelve sixteenths of an inch in thickness. They are of an irregular diamond shape. One side of the bones is nearly flat, having on the under side which is worn smooth, three small apertures, as if veins or tendons had passed through them. These specimens have been shown to experienced coast fishermen, and also to learned ichthyologists, but they are not able to ascertain what particular kind of fish the bones belonged to.

They all agree, however, in the opinion that they are veritable fish bones. Several theories have been advanced in explanation of this strange phenomenon. It is generally conceded however, that the bones must have passed through the air for hundreds and perhaps thousands of miles. The inhabitants of the parish believe that they were brought by a water-pout or a whirlwind from the western coast of Mexico or Lower California, across the continent, as the wind was blowing at the time violently from the South-east.

An Appeal to Southern People.

The Southern Cross Brotherhood of Richmond Va., have issued a circular appealing to the Southern people to aid them in raising sufficient funds, (several thousand dollars are needed) to remove the bodies of Confederate soldiers from Gettysburg to Hollywood Cemetery. The circular says: "Our order is composed of Confederate soldiers alone, who had an unblemished reputation during the war. Its objects are to perpetuate the memory and heroism of our fallen comrades, to aid the families of our former brethren in arms who need assistance, and to try to preserve the truth and purity of history."

We are now specially engaged in the sacred duty of raising funds to assist the Hollywood Memorial Association in removing the remains of our noble dead from Gettysburg and other points, where they are neglected and mistreated to Hollywood Cemetery, near this city, where through the untiring efforts of our ladies, an honorable resting place is provided, and an enduring monument erected to their memory; and where, protected and cared for, they can yearly receive the honors received on our "Memorial Day," in decorating their graves with flowers. There are yet at Gettysburg the remains of near one thousand bodies; they are from nearly all the States; and when we say, in some instances, the heartless wretches of the vicinity where they fell and lie are plowing their bones about as if they were dogs, it is enough to make the blood of decent humanity boil, and the pocket—of all who are not false to feeling—false to principle—false to cause once dense—open to remove these heroes from such indignity and inhumanity.

Warning to Southern Men.

Now that the Presidential campaign has begun in earnest, we shall hear from the Southern States, frequent rumors of disorders and Ku Klux outrages. These rumors will not be so frequent as they would have been, had Congress adopted the President's pet scheme of buying up the telegraph lines, and putting them under the management of the Post Office Department; but even in private hands the telegraph is not infallible; operators and reporters are subject to like passions with other men; and the desire for a startling item, which is constant in the reporter's bosom, will help the manufacturers of spurious news.

For months past the common testimony of all has declared the South as peaceful as Massachusetts. The Ku Klux organization is known to have been absolutely abandoned. The South, we know, yearns for peace, and Southern men are doing all in their power to secure it. On all accounts we welcome the purpose and the practice. But do they realize how important it is that they should be on their guard, and conduct themselves during the canvass with uncommon prudence? There will not be wanting base persons, ready and eager to inflame old wounds, to bring on collisions between whites and blacks, or between Republicans and Democrats, and they may be certain that from now till next November every affair of fictitious in any Southern State will be magnified by the Grant papers into a new Rebellion, and every murder or wounding made to appear to the Northern public as another Ku Klux outrage.

If a negro laborer is discharged, some one will be found to represent this as a proscription for principle's sake; and we do not doubt that before three weeks are over the Grant press will teem daily with reports of murderous Ku Klux assassinations and a desperate attempt will be made to alarm the Northern voters, by pictures of disorder and lawlessness in the South. The truth is, a good square, piece of lawlessness and violence in the South would just now be a God-send to the Grant party. If they could prove, within the next two months, that a half dozen negroes had been burned at the stake in Alabama; and that a number of white women and children attended the incineration, and waved Confederate flags over the flames, Grant's fuglemen would at once "Thank God, and take courage." They are just now a little blue and disheartened, and stand badly in need of something of this kind, for they have no arguments to offer.

We trust Southern Democrats will give no occasion for evil reports. It is their duty, as citizens of a free country, and as the more influential citizens of their States, not merely to keep the peace themselves, but to see that it is kept. They have a right freely to vote themselves, and it is their duty to see that their opponents freely exercise the same right. They have a right peacefully to discuss the political questions at issue in the campaign; and we cannot but believe that they can present to their own people so forcible a case as to carry with them the greater part of the independent voters of their States. But their opponents have the same right of peaceable discussion; and wherever roudies or evil disposed persons may attempt to interfere with this right, Southern Democrats ought to be the first and most conspicuous to interpose their protecting arm.

There is but one thing, as we believe, and as many of the Grant managers believe, that can reelect Grant; and that is a new outbreak of violence in the Southern States; or, what would answer the same purpose, such plausible false reports of violence in the South as would thoroughly alarm the Northern mind. The Grant leaders and managers are everywhere talking about "the Rebellion." That is their principal stock-in-trade. They appeal to the "Union sentiment." They curry favor with the "Union Soldiers" as though these had not, seven years ago, become citizens; they are doing their worst to preach up a new crusade against the South. It belongs to the Southern Democrats to defeat this atrocious and unpatriotic plot; and the way to do it is to maintain—as they can—better order in the South than is observed in the North. And for the rest, when a lie is reported, let it be at once fully and authoritatively proved to be a lie. That can and ought to be done. —N. Y. Tribune.

A WARNING.—Some curious experiments have, according to the *Martin*, been made by a doctor of Montpellier, to ascertain the effects of wine, brandy and absinthe on fowls. Any fowls which may have been entertained as to the disinclination of the birds to adopt intemperate habits were speedily dispelled, for they took to dram drinking with evident delight, and many an old cock in the chicken-house proved himself quite capable of consuming his bottle a day. It was found necessary at last to limit the allowance of wine and spirits for each bird to six cubic centimeters of alcohol, or from twelve to fifteen of wine daily. The result was that they lost flesh rapidly, more especially those who drank. Two months of abstinent drinking was found sufficient to kill the strongest cock or hen. The fowls who indulged in brandy alone lasted, however, four months and a half, while the winebibbers survived for ten months. It was not only their health which was affected by alcohol; their personal appearance underwent an extraordinary change. An immense development of cocks' crests took place. The crests, it is stated, increased to four times their original size, and assumed a hue of unnatural brightness—probably on the same principle that the noses of confirmed drunkards become prematurely large and red. It is doubtful whether man is justified in trying experiments in drunkenness with the doubt creation merely with the view of ascertaining how far he may venture to get drunk with impunity; but, having proceeded thus far, he may as well go a step further, and by the introduction of the tea-plant into the henhouse, find out whether there is any ground for the suspicion entertained in some quarters as to the innocent properties of tea. A few experiments also in "late hours" might be made with advantage at the same time. A party of carefully-selected cocks and hens might be allowed to mingle in the festivities of the London season, returning to their roosts at the hour when they usually commence to cackle and crow. It would possibly be found that one week of "political reunions," concerts, balls and crushes would be as disastrous in its effects, as two months of absinthe drinking.
Pall Mall Gazette.

A FATAL JOKE.—Henry Taggart, a baker at No. 867 Pacific street, Brooklyn, was shot and mortally wounded, yesterday afternoon, in the liquor saloon of Wm. Quilly, at No. 755 Pacific street, by the son of the proprietor, Thomas Quilly, aged 19. Taggart went into the bar-room and called for a drink, and after swallowing it, went into a back-room in which young Quilly was standing with an old musket in his hand. As Taggart entered, Quilly pointed the musket at him, and jokingly said, "What would you say if I was to shoot you now?" Taggart shouted, "Look out what you are doing," and at the same time raised his hands in evident alarm. Directly afterward a ball from the musket struck him in the right eye and emerged at the back of his head. Quilly dropped the musket upon the floor and fled from the saloon. His father ran in from the outside apartment, and lifting the dying man from the floor, endeavored to stop the flow of blood, without success. The police were informed, and conveyed Taggart to the City Hospital, where he died. He resided in Twenty-first street, New York, and had been married two weeks. Quilly escaped. —N. Y. Tribune, July 12.

AN APPEAL TO THE HUMANITY OF THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE.—*See Camp, No. 1, Southern Cross Brotherhood, Richmond, Va., July, 1872.*—Our order is composed of Confederate soldiers alone, who had an unblemished record during the war. Its objects are to perpetuate the memory and heroism of our fallen comrades, to aid the families of our former brethren in arms who need assistance, and to try and preserve the truth and purity of history.

We are now specially engaged in the sacred duty of raising funds to assist Hollywood Memorial Association in removing to remains of our noble dead from Gettysburg and other points where they are neglected and mistreated, to Hollywood Cemetery, near this city, where, through the untiring efforts of our ladies, an honorable resting place is provided, and an enduring monument erected to their memory; and where, protected and cared for, they can yearly receive the honor bestowed on our "Memorial Day" in decorating their graves with flowers.

There are at Gettysburg the remains of near one thousand bodies; they are from nearly all the States; and when we say, in some instances, the heartless wretches of the vicinity where they fell and lie are plowing their bones about as if they were dogs, it is enough to make the blood of decent humanity boil, and the pocket—of all who are not false to feeling—false to principle—false to cause once dense—open to remove these heroes from such indignity and inhumanity.

Some of these men are from your State; some of them have been your dear friends or your own kin; all of them lost their lives in your defense. You professed to love them while living; professed to love the cause for which they died. Shall their remains be dishonored when they lost their life for you? Will you not aid us to remove them to a safe and sacred spot where the warm, noble hearts and gentle care of Virginia women can watch over them? Into whatever hands this appeal falls, we beg you to aid us in this cause, in which our whole soul is enlisted. Ask your friends to aid you. Do not hesitate because you cannot give much; remember, as drops make an ocean, so many small contributions will make a goodly sum. Can't you spare a day or so to canvass specially for this purpose? It is necessary to raise several thousand dollars to accomplish our purpose, but we do not hesitate to undertake it, as we cannot think Southern people will close their hearts and pockets to so sacred an appeal. Reprint contributions to W. C. Carrington, care Richmond and Arlington Life Insurance Company, Richmond, Va., he being Chairman of the Committee.

Chairman of the Committee. Please act promptly; give as liberally as you can, but give something, and let us bring our brothers away from hostile lands and Northern soil.
W. Carrington,
W. Ellis Jones,
R. E. Armstrong,
J. H. Patton,
C. W. Volkman,
Committee.

A COLORED RECRUIT.—Col. W. W. Sanders, of Baltimore, who was one of the Grant electors, published a letter during the sitting of the Convention, giving his reasons for quitting the Grant party, and pledging his support to "that grand old veteran of equal rights, Horace Greeley, whose record and whose life is a sufficient guarantee that the rights of all men will be protected under his administration." A correspondent who has since "interviewed" him, reports him as saying that it would be a fatal policy for his race to vote as a unit for a sinking party, and that, as most of them live in the South, they should cultivate the good will of the whites among whom they live. A man of more pretension might utter a less sensible thing.

But his letter renouncing Grant and resigning his honorable position as elector appears to have inflamed the Radicals even more than the brilliant success of the Baltimore Convention. The Baltimore American bestows more than a column on him. The Washington Chronicle, edited by the pious Senator assails him in a half dozen articles—editorial and communicated. It would seem from these loyal sheets that their late friend and associate is one of the most disreputable characters in the land, although he is black. It is not denied that he was so intelligent, so respectable, and so entirely enjoyed the confidence of his race, that he was selected as elector both in compliment to him and to them. But now they insinuate that he misappropriated the proceeds of a picnic, and put in his pockets \$20,000 which was raised at a meeting held in honor of Emancipation. The pious Harlan, in recording these naughty deeds, turns up his eyes, and wonders not so much at his leaving the electoral ticket as at having been put on it.

The furious abuse of this poor colored man for daring to avow his preference for his lifelong friend, Greeley, over Grant, is intended to deter others from following his example. But negroes, like the officer-holders, see which way the wind is blowing, and by degrees they will muster courage to act for themselves. —Richmond Whig.

HOTEL LIFE IN ST. LOUIS.—I am attached to my quarters, and yet I'll have to leave. It is altogether too lively for a quiet man. There are about 100 dining-room girls, and the corridor on my floor has, by mutual consent, been selected as the ground for the nightly settlement of disputes. The cat fight begins between two, about anything or nothing, and in a short time involves the entire force, including clerks, stewards and landladies. It was exciting for the first ten or a dozen nights, but it is getting monotonous. Besides this, there is a pretty divorced woman on the same floor, and her discarded cat throats—an ill-looking dog, with murderous grey eyes—still fancy it is his duty to exercise a sort of supervision over the goings and comings, and sayings and doings of madame. This meddling scoundrel hangs about the hotel canteen, the servants, and indulges in threats of cutting hearts out. If he learns that his ex-wife has paid a visit to the ice-cream saloon in company with a male friend, his ferocious appetite for hearts is stimulated. The other night the lady was guilty of playing a game or two of chess with the Doctor, and the cut-throat is hot on the trail of the medical heir, threatening to scoop out that noble entrail in its entirety of arteries, veins and pericardium. The Doctor has changed his boarding-house, and I think I'll change mine—not that it's anything to me, only the heart-cutter is liable to make mistakes in his emotional insanity, and I don't care about bartering that portion of my viscera for nothing.
Cur. Cincinnati Commercial.

SELF-TORMENT.—More than half of this world is self-affected. People raise evil spirits, indulge blue devils—and imaginary evils, till they lash themselves into bona fide despair. Of this class of self-tormenters was the good honest kitchen maid whom her mistress found weeping bitterly in the kitchen. The heated oven had cooled, the batch of bread ready for baking, was filling the pans from the "high estate" to which yeast had raised it, and Betty was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter?"
"Why (sobs) just as I had got the oven nice and hot," (sobs again.)
"Well," said the mistress, frightened, "did you burn yourself?"
"No ma'am, I happened to think"—(sobs)—"Well, Betty?"
"That if I should ever get married"—
"You wouldn't cry at that, certainly." —
"And should have a nice little baby"—
"Well well."
And it shall just go alone, boo-oo-oo! and I shall get the oven hot, boo-oo-oo!—and should crawl in, boo-oo-oo! it would burn itself to death boo-oo-oo!"

OUR CHIP BASKET.

Flash language—Telegrams.
The end of time—The letter E.
Why are elections like tents? Because the canvass ends at the polls.
The savages are unjustly styled ignorant for any healthy Indian is a well read man.
The is one thing that can always be found—and that's a fault.
Dobs thinks he could sing "Way Down on the Old Tar River," if he could get the pitch.
A California sheep-raiser owns 90,000 sheep, which bring him a yearly income of \$100,000.

Kentucky papers say: "The famous Dr. Mary Walker, Esq., spent her youthful days in manufacturing compound cathartic pills in Breckinridge County."
An Irish editor says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.
Bad cooking on the part of the wife is held by a Texas Judge to be good ground for divorce. If this ruling obtains throughout the country the lawyers will all get rich.
An enthusiastic editor, speaking of a new prima donna, says: "Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet and as tender as a pair of slop shop pantaloons."

A little boy accosted his papa thus: "Papa, are you growing still?" "No dear: what makes you think so?" "Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."
"Father, why don't we ever see any faces at the window?" asked a son of his parent, as they were passing an insane asylum. "Because their heads are turned," was the affectionate father's reply.
George Francis Train held a levee at Jarrott's Hotel, Petersburg, Va., Saturday morning between breakfast time and the leaving of the Richmond train at 11 o'clock. A special reporter of the *Index* counted the visitors who rushed up to clasp hands with the next President of America. They amounted to exactly—0.

Once, during the war, Barnum¹ was at Washington exhibiting General Tom Thumb and Admiral Nutt. Mr. Lincoln said: "You have some very small generals, but I think I can beat you."
A Louisville (Ky.) opium eater (a well-known citizen, by the way,) was supposed to have died, the other night, in a fit of intoxication produced by his favorite drug, and preparations for his funeral were going on when he returned to consciousness. He has "sworn off," and his friends rejoice.

A colored preacher at Sparta, Georgia, some time ago was heard to say in a funeral sermon of a deceased brudder: "He ruminates no longer among us; he have exonerated from the syllogisms of this world's discrimination, and when he gets to de cold, dry stream of do river Jordan the Koroseens and Periphens will meet him dare to row him over on dry land to the silverstering city.

Walnut stumps have become an article of merchandise, and many of them are very valuable. The curly grain of the roots is used for veneering, and some stumps are worth one hundred and fifty dollars after being properly worked into shape.
Gen. D. W. Adams, who died recently at New Orleans, was wounded at the battle of Shiloh, and supposed to be dead, was, with many others who were being conveyed to Corinth, thrown out into the mud to lighten the wagon. Some stragglers passing shortly afterwards detected signs of life in the supposed dead man, recognized him, though covered with mud and blood, carried him into Corinth, where good nursing brought him round.

A party of young bloods from Lexington, while on a visit to St. Louis at the Saengerfest, a few days ago were arrested by some pretended policemen and carried to a pretended station-house on the charge of carrying concealed weapons. Here their arms were taken from them, and they were required to deposit twenty-five dollars in cash as security for their appearance next morning. They appeared, but their accusers did not; and they awoke from their unhappy dream to find that they were good and law-abiding men—minors, however, their pistols and their greenbacks.

GREAT BEE FIGHT.—Captain Brown of this city recently robbed three hives, and Dr. West, a neighbor robbed four. The bees thus deprived of the fruit of their labor became furious, and uniting, forming an army of seven hives, they invaded the premises of Mr. Horace Bledsoe, and making a furious attack upon five of his hives. Bledsoe's bees were taken by surprise, and although outnumbered fought with desperation for their homes. The battle lasted several hours, and four of the Bledsoe hives were literally destroyed. The invaders were finally repulsed after being almost literally annihilated. It was the bloodiest bee battle on record, and deserves to be handed down to posterity. —Tennessee Whig and Tribune.

A college student, in a discussion with a professor as to whether the sense of seeing or that of touch was the most delicate of the senses, maintained that the sense of touch was. "What proof have you of this?" asked the professor. "Why," responded the student, "there's my chum's moustache; he's all the time feeling it, and nobody has ever been able to see it."
Scotland has a newspaper which is printed on the road from Edinburgh to Glasgow, in a wagon belonging to the paper, which contains a printing machine, cases of type, and quick compositors. During the journey the edition for the provinces is worked off, with the addition of the news and telegrams received on the road.

Josh Billings says he never knew a dog of any breed whatsoever to take hydrophobia after he had been thoroughly vaccinated with buckshot.