The Watchman and Southron.

THE SUMTER WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850. "Be Just and Fear not--Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's thy God's, and Truth's." THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866.

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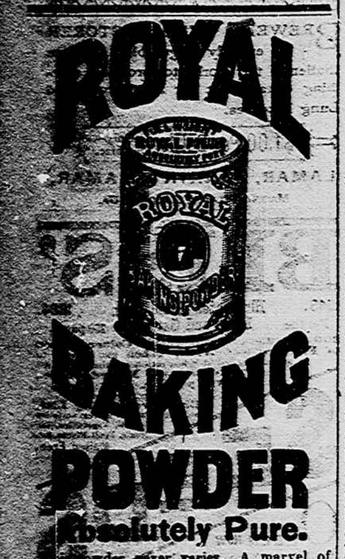

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It is admitted there is a great advance in veterinary science within the past decade, yet many will scarcely believe that a spavin cure is possible. Fortunate indeed, however, is it for the poor horse suffering from lameness of this kind that Kendall's Spavin Cure has been discovered, as it is certain in its effects and has worked wonders in thousands of such cases. Send for illustrated catalogue, giving positive proof, also for sample copy of Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases; both free. Price of the Spavin Cure, $1. Address Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Proprietors, Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

From the "Spirit of the Times," Nov. 17, 83.

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MAIN STREET, one door North of Post Building—Sign of the Red Jar.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Throw off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
Never give up! or the burden may sink you.
Providence has kindly mingled the cup,
And in all trials and troubles bethink you,
The watch of life should be—Never give up.

Never give up! there are chances and changes,
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And amid the chaos, high wisdom arranges
Every success—if you'll only help on.
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best as the oldest
Is the true watchword of—Never give up.

Never give up! though the grape shot may rattle,
And the full thunder cloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
Little can harm you, though doing their worst:
Never give up! if adversity passes,
Providence has wisely mingled the cup,
And the best counsel in all your distresses
Is the stout watchword of—Never give up.

BILL ARP.

Talks About Animals in General.

Brer rabbit still holds his own in these parts. Hundreds of them have been killed this winter around my farm, but there seems to be a good stock left, neither guns nor dogs have made much impression. Brer rabbit is not as timid a creature as he is supposed to be. He is more sly than timid. He comes into my garden and my orchard every night and barks the apple sprouts and he comes at least a quarter of a mile, for there is no hiding place nearer, and the dogs and the boys perambulate the grounds every day and they have watched for him at night but still he comes. Uncle Remus has elevated the rabbit into consequence and I reckon he may be called the nation's pet, for all the other pets are gone and he alone holds the fort. Brer Wolf has left us for parts unknown. Uncle Remus has thrown a charm about him, and now half the men you meet have got a rabbit's hind foot in their pocket, but the foot don't seem to bring good luck every time and I never knew why until I talked to Ole Uncle Isham, and he said "Lawsy massy, Mas William 'dem foaks needn't put der trust in ebery kind of rabbit's foot dat cum along. Dar aint but one kind of foot dat keep de witchery off and dat is de off hine foot of a buck rabbit dat's bin killed in a grave yard at de full of de moon, twixt sundown and dark. Dats it. Dem kine of foot mighty hard to git, but when you do git him, he beats everything. He beats horseshoe over de door, and frog under de step, and screech owl's toes in de handle ob de gourd. I neber had any bad luck twell I loss my rabbit foot dat my young massa kill for me. I loss him durin ob de war and den my bad luck begin."

It is curious how these superstitions hang around and cling to people. People of every land and of every color, and in all ages that history or tradition tells about. Somehow or other, we cant help being superstitious and it comes just as natural as religion. The negroes have been juggling with the rabbit and the wolf and the fox ever since there were negroes. Over 2,000 years ago, Æsop immortalized himself and the fox and the frog and the owl, and other small animals, by making them talk. Small animals seem to be more mysterious and have more power over the human race than big ones. I reckon that is because the big ones have less cunning and cant hide so easily, and this is very fortunate, for a man couldent conveniently carry an elephant's foot in his pocket. White elephants are set up pretty high in the east because they are so scarce. Even civilized nations have their national pets that they swear by and stamp on their money. England has a lion, but I reckon he is called Johny Bull, because he eats so much beef. Russia has a bear and we have got an eagle which is not of much consequence, for he dont do anything worthy of admiration. I would rather have had a horse or a dog, for they have character and are useful. I was reading an old time book about the stories and superstitions of southern India, and I found that venerable nations had the jackall set up above all animals for his mysterious cunning and judgment. A jackall toe nail was worn as a charm just like our folks wear a rabbit's foot. They say the jackall is the best friend of man, and tell a story about a good old man who found a tiger in a cage and the tiger begged the man to let him get out and drink one time more from the branch, and promised to come right back and go in the cage again. The good old man let him out and the tiger was just going to eat him up and drink afterwards, when the old man begged him to ask five other animals if it was right to do so, and so the tiger consented and asked the horse, and he said man is my enemy, he rides me and works me until I get old, and then he turns me out to perish, so eat him up. Next, they came to a camel and he said man overloads me and beats me when I get tired; so eat him up. The cow said, man takes my milk from my calf and when I get old, he kills me and eats me, so you ought to eat him. The sheep said, man shears me of my wool before the winter is gone and he cuts my throat with an axe and cooks me and eats me, so go ahead and lick his blood and grind his bones.

But the jackall heard the story and said to the tiger, you and the man must put yourselves where you were when this fuss began, so that I can make up my judgment. So the man stood by the cage and the tiger got in the cage and the jackall winked at the man and he slammed the door too and the tiger never got either blood or water.

And so the Hindoos have set the jackall up just like old Æsop set up the fox for smartness. Animals that prowl around and feed at night, are the most suspicious everywhere, and and I reckon it is because we are all afraid of the dark. Napoleon said that all men were cowards in the night, and we have great respect for those animals that are not, but prefer darkness rather than light; such as owls and bats and frogs and snakes and rabbits and foxes and such like varmints. We have an idea that they are kin to witches and ghosts. Dogs are so near to us and so faithful that we don't attach any superstition to them. Cats are close about too, but a cat is sorter half and half. Nobody cares much for a cat and a cat don't care much for anybody. A cat will be gentle and kind in the house, but that same cat will crouch down and look mean and suspicious when you meet him in the garden or away from the house. They are tame at home and wild abroad. They are smart, very smart at ut some things and folks say they have nine lives. We had a cat once that we didn't like and didn't want to kill, and one night when the boys were going coon hunting away off, they put the cat in a bag and carried him across a creek on a log and turned him loose about three miles from home, and that cat was back in the house long before they got home. I don't like cats for Alexander Stephen's reason, "they don't like me." But I do love a good faithful dog and he loves me, no matter what I do, he is my friend and gives me welcome and wags a friendly tail. A stray dog came to our house three years ago and we didn't want him and tried to drive him away, but he begged us to let him stay, and finally we gave him to a wagoner who tied him to his wagon and carried him thirty miles, and that dog came back the second day and looked so grieved and humble that we let him stay, and he is here yet, and is a good dog and loves the children and can beat all of them catching a chicken when we want one.

But I am not taking up for dogs in general, I'm just taking up for my dogs. I'm willing to have a law passed against other people's dogs, but I want mine let alone. Just like we are about our children at school, we think it exactly right for the teacher to whip everybody's children but ours. That is human nature, at least it is woman's nature and that settles ours.

BILL ARP.

Amy's Valentine.

"John," said little Amy, "did you ever send a valentine to anybody?"

John, the gardener, looked rather sheepish, and dug his spade into the geranium bed. "Well miss," he said, "I have done such things when I were a lad. Most lads do, I suppose, miss."

"Oh! that sly old John! he knew perfectly well that he had a valentine in his pocket at that moment, a great crimson heart, in a lace trimmed envelope, directed to Susan, the pretty house maid. But there was no need of saying anything about that to little miss, he thought.

"If you were not so *very* old, John," continued Amy, looking seriously at him, "I should ask you to send me one, because my papa is away, and I have no brothers, and I don't know any lads, as you call them. But I suppose you are altogether *too* old, aint you, John?"

John straightened his broad shoulders, and looked down rather comically at the tiny mite at his feet. "Why, Miss Amy," he said, "whatever does make you think I be so very old! Your papa is a good bit older than I be, miss."

"My papa!" cried Amy opening her eyes very wide, "why, John! you told me you were a hundred years old. And I *know* my papa isn't *nearly* as old as that!"

The gardener laughed. "More shame to me, miss," he said, "for telling you what wasn't true. Sure it's only in fun I was, Miss Amy, dear, for I'm not forty years old yet, let alone a hundred. But I hear Mary calling you to your dinner; so run up to the house now, missy, and don't think too much of what old John says to you."

Away ran little Amy, and John, left alone with his geraniums, indulged in a quiet but hearty laugh.

"To think of that!" he said to himself. "A hundred years old! sure I must take care what I say to that young one. But the pretty lass shall have her valentine, that she shall, and as pretty a one as I can make!" and John dug his spade into the ground with right good will.

(It occurs to me that you children who live in the North may say here, "What was he doing to the geraniums bed in February?" but when I tell you that little Amy lives in Virginia, you will not think it so strange.)

St. Valentine's Day was bright and sunny, and Amy was up early, flying about the house like a bird, and running every five minutes to the front door, "cause there *might* be a valentine, mamma!"

Presently she spied the postman coming up the gravel walk, and out she danced to meet him. Oh! such a pile of letters as he took out of his leather bag.

"Miss Amy Russell?" said the postman.

"Oh!" cried Amy. "She's me! I mean me's her! I mean—oh! oh! one, two, three, four, five! Oh, thank you Mr. Postman! You're the best postman in the whole world!" and in she danced again, to show her treasures to mamma. Gold lace, silver arrows, flaming hearts, oh! how beautiful they were!—but suddenly—ting! tingle! *ding!*" a tremendous peal at the front door-bell.

Down went the valentines in mamma's lap, and off flew the excited child again. But this time, when she opened the door, no sound escaped her lips. Her fellings were too deep for utterance.

There on the doorstep lay a valentine; but such a valentine! a large flat basket entirely filled with white carnations, with a border of scarlet geranium; and in the middle a huge heart of deep red carnations, with the words "My Valentine" written under it in violets.

Amy sat down on the doorstep with clasped hands and wide-open eyes and mouth. She rocked herself backwards and forwards, uttering little inarticulate shrieks of delight.

And John the gardener, peeping round the corner of the house, chuckled silently, and squeezed the hand of Susan the pretty house-maid; who happened curiously enough, to be standing very near him.

"Hump" said John the gardener, "I haven't forgotten how to make valentines, if I be a hundred years old!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A Wonderful Invention.

A year ago it would have seemed chimercial to suggest an award for a cotton harvesting machine which would gather the fibre from the bolls without injury to the plant. To-day, we are assured, this seeming impossibility is an accomplished fact—not demonstrated by theory alone, but by actual practical tests The Mason Cotton Harvester, which has been on exhibition at the Industrial Exposition of the Agricultural Society of South Carolina in this city during the past week, has picked cotton from the field at all stages of the crop, from the time when only one or two bolls would be open out of twelve or twenty bolls on each plant, to the time when the plant was crisp and brown and dead from the frost. This machine has actually done the work without injury to the growing plants, and has gathered the cotton at the rate of nearly 300 pounds of seed cotton per hour. These are facts, the truth of which many practical planters and others in this State are ready to attest. The Agricultural Society of South Carolina, at the close of the exhibition on Saturday night, unanimously adopted the following resolution relating to the Cotton Harvester:

Resolved, That the Agricultural Society of South Carolina is pleassd to note, as one of the most attractive exhibits at the Industrial Exhibition of 1884, the Mason Cotton Picking Machine. The machine is a triumph of ingenious mechanism, and will, it is hoped, prove the magnificent success which the genius of its inventor and the perseverance of its promoters so richly deserve.—*News and Courier.*

A Woman Tells Her Husband About a New Society.

'We're bound to be equal to you men,' said the Mason's wife; 'we formed a secret society of our own last night.'

'Indeed?' said the worshipful master, composedly; 'then I hope, my dear, your project will be successful. Is it a benevolent society or what?'

'That's none of your business. It's a secret society, and we have sworn by solemn oath not to divulge anything relating to it.'

'Very good, my dear,' observed the worshipful master, returning to his paper; 'I'm sure I do not wish you to violate your oath.'

'It wouldn't matter if you did, I wouldn't. You keep your secret close enough—and to think of that stupid Mrs. Furbelow! She could recollect neither the grip nor the sign. It took us an hour to teach her. When I gave her the sign she would make this way, ha! ha! Her stupidity would have been exasperating if it hadn't been ridiculous, and as for learning the grip, why, she would have it that it was this way—give me your hand a minute—there, she would have it that way, while it is this way, and the password! she couldn't keep it in her mind for two minutes. Over and over again I told her it was 'be just and fear not,' and she would have it 'swear not at all,' or 'do unto others as you would be done by,' ha! ha! We almost despaired of getting it through her head. But we managed to make her understand at last. Oh, yes, we are going to have a flourishing society, and we can be as secret about it as you men can be about yours'—*New York Morning Journal.*

Mystery of Dreams.

A man fell asleep as the clock tolled the first stroke of twelve. He awakened ere the twefth stroke had died away, having in the interval dreamed that he had committed a crime, was detected after five years, tried and condemned; the shock of finding the halter around his neck aroused him to consciousness, when he discovered that all these events had happened in an infinitesimal fragment of time. Mohamed, wishing to illustrate the wonders of sleep, told how a certain man, being a sheik, found himself, for his pride, made a poor fisherman; that he lived as one for six'y years, bringing up a family and working hard, and how, upon waking up from his long dream, so short a time had he been asleep that the narrow-necked gourd bottle, filled with water, which he knew he overturned as he fell asleep, had not time to empty itself. How fast the soul travels when the body is asleep! Often when we awake we shrink from going in the dull routine of a sordid existence, regretting the pleasanter life of dreamland. How is it that sometimes when we go to a strange place, we fancy that we have seen it before? Is it possible that when one has been asleep, the soul has floated away, seen the place, and has that memory of it which so surprises us? In a word, how far dual is the life of man, how far not?

The feature of the celebration of Washington's birthday at New Orleans was the unveiling of the colossal statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee. This statue is said to be the largest brouze statue ever cast in New York. The figure stands sixteen feet high on the plinth, and weighs nearly 7,000 pounds. It was cast in six sections, the head alone weighing 305 pounds. It represents Gen Lee in an easy natural position, standing erect with folded arms, as though overlooking the field of battle. He is dressed in a full-service uniform, with cavalry boots, and sword strapped at his side measures eight feet from tip to hilt. The stars, according to his wish, are placed on the lapel of his coat instead of on the collar. The figure was modelled in New Orleans by Mr. Alexander Doyle, and the work on the casting was begun last June. The entire cost has been defrayed by subscriptions in the South.

What Our Editors Say.

The Sentinels of the Coast.

N. Y. Sun.

The lighthouse service of the United States is a branch of the public administration in which every citizen can take pride. It is a pleasure to read the report of the Light-house Board. Here is the record of business done as it should be, with intelligent fidelity, without scandal, and at a cost which carries in its figures the best possible evidence of economy.

The entire amount appropriated for maintaining the service during the last fiscal year was only a little more than two million dollars. For less than has been expended upon a single Robesonian ship, and less than goes sometimes for a single item of river and harbor jobbery, the lights have been kept burning brightly along the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts and on the shores of the lakes and the great rivers, the buoys have been kept in place to mark the tortuous channels, the fog bells have been kept ringing in thick weather, the sirens shrieking, the whistles a whistling, and the hoarse horns bellowing.

—For the guidance and warning of navigators, the Government maintains 755 light-houses and beacons on the sea and lake coasts, besides 972 beacons on the Western rivers. There are 29 lightships anchored or moored at spots where it is impossible to lay the foundations for brick or iron towers. The most exposed of all these lightships is that which rides at anchor over the Davis New South Shoals, twenty-seven miles from the coast of Nantucket. There the currents are so strong and the seas so enormous in stormy weather that the vessel is sometimes driven off her station. Once during the year a heavy gale swept her all the way to Block Island. The Trinity Shoal lightship, west of the mouth of the Mississippi River, broke from her moorings in the storm of last September, and cruised for two days in the Gulf before she could be worked back to the post of duty. The perils and hardships of the service are at their greatest aboard these lightships, which are tossed and pummelled mercilessly by the waves in heavy weather, and exposed to danger from ice and collision. It is a singular fact that these floating beacons are not infrequently run down by other vessels. The Handkerchief lightship, in Vineyard Sound was run into and somewhat damaged twice within twelve months. In one instance the colliding schooner was sunk.

Besides the lighthouses and lightships, the Board maintains 352 unlighted beacons for day use, 66 steam or hot-air fog signals of different sorts, 33 automatic whistling buoys, 23 bell buoys, and about 3,500 silent buoys of the varieties known as nun, can, and spar. Many of these channel guides have to be taken up when winter sets in and replaced in the spring, and they all require constant inspection and frequent attention. This work, together with the distribution of supplies to the lighthouses and lightships, is performed by a busy little fleet of steam tenders. They continually patrol the Atlantic and Gulf coast from West Quoddy light, which throws some of its beams across into the Province of New Brunswick, to the Brazos Santiago and the point Isabel lights, which illuminate a corner of the republic of Mexico. They run up and down the Pacific coast from San Diego to Cape Flattery, and they are everywhere on the great lakes, and on the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri rivers. There are thirty of these tenders, including the boats engaged in the work of construction and repair. The service employs altogether about 2,600 men, of whom nearly 2,000 are light keepers.

The operations of the service are conducted in fifteen districts, each in charge of an officer of the navy as inspector and an army officer as engineer. The First district includes the Maine and New Hampshire coasts, the second reaches around Cape Cod to the Connecticut boundary, the Third to Squan Inlet, New Jersey, including the Hudson River and Lake Champlain, the Fourth to the Virginia coast, and so on to the Eighth, which extends to the Mexican boundary. The Tenth and Eleventh districts cover the lake region, Twelfth and Thirteenth are on the Pacific coast, while the Fourteenth is in the Ohio River, and Fifteenth the Mississippi and the Missouri. The lighthouses, lightships, and beacons are distributed as follows:

Atlantic coast and Lake Champlain	463
Gulf of Mexico	70
Great Lakes	193
Pacific coast	55
The Great rivers	972
Total	1,753

Every lighthouse district has one or more manufacturing and supply stations. The most important of these establishments is on Staten Island. There is a complete laboratory for testing oils, a workshop for making and repairing lamps, and an electric department where experiments are in progress to determine the practicability of employing electricity instead of oil in the lighthouses. Lard oil is going out of use as an illuminant. Mineral oil has taken its place in all but a few lights of the first order, and even in these the Board is substituting the mineral oil as fast as the necessary changes in the apparatus can be effected.

No money spent by the Government is better invested than that which keeps the beacons burning on the coasts and river banks.

Congressional Nominations.

Aiken Recorder.

In view of the fact that sharp contests will be made in more than one Congressional District for the Democratic nomination, would it not be a wise move to abolish the farcical little Congressional nominating conventions and let the candidates get their certificates of nomination from the rank and file of the Democracy voting by clubs in the usual manner? It seems to us that although there is much trouble and hard labor involved in a canvass of this kind, yet it is by long odds the fairest method that can be devised, leaving no room for complaint by defeated candidates.

The Presidential nominating convention meets in Chicago on the 8th of July, consequently the State Democratic Convention should convene about the first or second week of June. At this convention the merits of this or some similar plan can be discussed and the primary system for Congressional nominations adopted in time for the approaching campaign. If it should not be deemed advisable to adopt the primary system, then by all means let the present delegation to these conventions be doubled. If the nominations are made with the present insignificant numbers and some strong man is left out, we prophesy a rebellion that will cause much demoralization and trouble.

Williamsburg Tattler.

The man to be placed in Congressman Mackey's place (if the Republicans of the district will allow a Democratic paper to make a suggestion) is Rev. Bruce Williams of Georgetown. We have known him from boyhood, we may say, and know no ill of him. He has been Senator for many years, and is a gentlemanly colored man of character and ability. His constituents have ever placed the utmost confidence in him, and we have yet to learn that it has ever been in any one instance misplaced.

The Overflows.

Winnsboro News and Herald.

The overflow of the Ohio and its tributaries is spreading ruin, starvation and desolation throughout the river valleys of the West, and the inquiry as to what must be done for the sufferers is looming up as a grave problem for solution by the government itself. These overflows are now recurring at the spring-tide of every year, and season after season they prove still more fearful and destructive of life and property. They are properly attributable to the rapid melting of the snows upon the mountain peaks, where the sources of these great rivers are found. The dense, dark forests heretofore covering the mountain summits of the Blue Ridge and Alleghany have been, by money-grasping men, cut down and carried away to the lumber markets of the country, and thus the great storehouses of river food are in this way thrown open—the sun unimpeded by the rich foilage of the forest, penetrates, warms up and melts the mountains of snow that would have remained pent up until the hot sun of the summer could in due time feed the dry streams and quench the thirst of the valleys. In view of the overflows then and the causes above assigned, it would be well and proper for the different State governments to buy up the mountain tops and see to it that the forests upon them remain untouched in future by the axe of the woodman. This much is due the country at large, and it is especially due the dwellers upon the banks of these streams. The National government has very properly voted funds for the relief of sufferers of this kind on more than one occasion, but it is fair to conclude that the money thus expended would in a short time be sufficient for the purchase of a remedy, so to speak.

Baycnets in Politics.

Chronicle and Constitutionalist.

At a dinner party given during the past week Senator-elect Blackburn, of Kentucky, told the following interesting story, which he says was told by Gen. Garfield at a social gathering at which Alexander H. Stephens and other prominent Democrats were present. The stirring events of the closing days of the session of 1876–77 were the topics of conversation, and some of the party were commenting on the narrow escape of the country from a bloody struggle. It was agreed by all that if it had not been for the great self-control of the members of both parties, and the real patriotism of the Democrats, a civil war would certainly have broken out. General Garfield here came in with a high compliment for the Democrats. He said that perhaps none of them really knew how great the danger was at that time. He added that he thought he had been the means of breaking up a foolish programme which some Republicans had actually arranged, and which, if carried out, would certainly have resulted in a bloody outbreak. 'Now,' said General Garfield, 'as we are talking among ourselves as gentlemen, and not as politicians, I have no hesitation in telling you what the programme was.' Instantly there was the most profound attention. Gen. Garfield continued, after a moment's pause, in which he lighted a fresh cigar, to say that there was nearly a panic among the Republican leaders during the days immediately preceding the passage of the Electoral Commission bill. It was believed by some that the filibusters would be able to defeat the count and leave the country, on the 4th of March, without an Executive. Late on the last day of the debate Garfield was summoned to an important conference of the Republican leaders. Garfield did not say who were present, or where it was held, but from what followed it was inferred that the President and his Cabinet, and the General of the Army were there. Garfield said he arrived very late.

The conference has just concluded its work. Upon his asking what subject had been discussed and what conclusion reached, he was told that those present believed the filibusters in the House had the power to defeat the count unless extraordinary measures were employed. It has been agreed, therefore, to march 600 men from the arsenal at 3 o'clock the next morning to the Capitol, and station them in the basement of the House, ready to be marched up into the House lobby and upon the floor itself, if necessary when the House met. The filibusters were then to be notified by an order from the President that persistent filibustering in the face of the situation would be treated as an act of rebellion, and the objecting members would be arrested and carried out.

Garfield said that he denounced this programme and opposed it to the extent of his ability. He said such an act would arouse the country to a pitch of madness, and that blood would flow in the streets of every city in the country. His objections were not listened to until he said that if this resolution was persisted in he should go to the telegraph office and denounce the whole thing to the country.

John Brown.

As some of the Northern people are still worshipping John Brown's memory, we publish the following letter from one who knew the old sinner before he became a martyr. The letter is taken from the North American *Review.*

Editor Review:—I am a subscriber for the *Review*, and have just read in the November number the article entitled 'John Brown of Osawatomie.' I cannot wait to read anything else—I must thank you—I want to thank the Rev. David N. Utter. Please give me his address on a card and I will thank you again. I knew the old scoundrel (Brown) long before the war; long before Kansas was known; long before abolition had many advocates. He tried to blow up his mother-in-law with powder; he was guilty of every meanness. He involved his father at one time in ruin, and everybody else he had anything to do with. I refer to Simon Perkins, of Akron, O

When his farm was sold at the sheriff's sale in Hudson, he took two or three of his largest boys into the house and barricaded it, laid in a stock of guns and ammunition, and when the day of sale came defied the sheriff and his posse; the guns were pointed out of every window and the sheriff returned, but sold the place and gave possession then as far as he could. The purchaser occupied what he could of the property till at length Brown and his first original 'Northern army' found it was no use to resist further. This was one of the first of his 'higher law' methods.

His swindling operations in Franklin, Portage county, Ohio, would make another chapter. The last time I saw him was at Brockway's Hotel, in Cleveland, where he had a large gang of Missouri horses selling them. Brockway told me they were stolen, and I heard the question put to Brown himself, and he did not deny it.

I saw him in Aurora laying in ammunition, which he said was for Kansas, and said further he was going there to fight. If New England can't find better material to make heroes of than John Brown, she had better go without them. Yours,

N. EGGLESTON.

A New Use for Uniforms.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, a well known and somewhat eccentric clergyman of New England, suggests a novel expedient intended to check the evil of intemperance. He wants a law passed compelling all the rum-sellers in Boston to wear a uniform by which their avocation may be known. Of course, no such law will ever be passed; but if selling liquor be a respectable calling, why should the barkeepers object to the adoption of a dress that would indicate to the world who they are and what they do for a living? Railroad conductors and employees, letter-carriers, policemen, military men and others wear raiment peculiar to the calling in which they are engaged, and their standing is not in any way affected by it. Perhaps it is because a barkeeper in uniform would not be welcomed into the best society of Beacon Hill that the suggestion of Mr. Hale has raised a storm of 'indignation' among the Sullivans and McGlorys of the Hub.—*News and Courier.*

Railroad Tickets.

A new kind of railroad ticket has been brought into use by some of the leading roads of the North and there is a fair prospect that it will be generally adopted, as the system works well and has received the endorsement of passengers, agents and travellers. The system is best explained by taking the Grand Trunk road as an example.—That road prints a book of tickets containing, 1,000 or 500 or 50 tickets on a page, each ticket good for one mile. These tickets are smaller than postage stamps, twenty on a sheet, and perforated. You can buy two, twenty or a thousand of them at a fixed rate and the company is bound to accept one of them for every mile you travel on that road. You are not required to tell the ticket seller where you intend to go but secure tickets for one hundred miles, or a thousand miles, or twenty miles, or two miles, just as you may desire, and give the conductor enough of the squares to carry you to your destination. There is no such thing as lay-over tickets or trouble in getting tickets changed, or loss on through tickets not used, and the road is duly protected from scalpers.

There will be a tremendous crash at Hell Gate next autumn if Congress votes the half-million dollars for the improvements which Gen. Newton wants. The work, which was but little more than begun by the blasting of Hallet's Point reef in 1876, has been at a standstill since last April for lack of money. The tunneling of Middle reef was almost finished then, and it would be easy to get it ready for blasting by autumn. The enormous amount of 224,000 pounds of explosive would then be let off, which is close upon four times the quantity whose explosion in 1876 caused the gravest fears of disturbance all about New York. The Hallett's Point blast was, however, hardly heard in New York City, and was not felt at all. No greater disturbance is expected from the larger discharge, though if the reef should extend underground in the direction of the city there might be some rattling of windows and cracking of plaster. Two years more would be required to remove the shattered debris, and that would end the wreck; for Gen. Newton says almost no improvement would be needed. The importance of this work to New York is very great, for if Gen. Newton is correct, it would make it possible for even European steamers to enter and leave the city through the Sound. This would not only shorten the voyage somewhat, but would make the ocean traffic less dependent upon the tides. Now the largest vessels are unable to cross the bar on Sandy Hook except at high water and, as has been frequently stated, the trouble has been steadily increased until lately because of the reckless dumping of garbage into the bay.

The stride of the great trotting horses varies from seventeen to twenty-two feet.

[For the Watchman and Southron.]

BERKELEY ITEMS.

In my last article, I promised to tell your readers something about the lands and timber of Berkeley. I can only give some general idea of lands, as I have no analysis nor any means of making one. But farmers will know what I mean, when I tell them that all the uplands are backed with red clay subsoil. Instead of turning up yellow dirt, as is the case in many portions of Sumter, it is red clay. The top soil is black, with an occasional streak of lime or isinglass. There is just enough sand in the top soil to keep the lands from being stiff. I do not believe any better grain land can be found in our State. Wheat, oats, and corn do well. Almost any land here, properly cultivated, will make from 12½ to 15 bushels of corn to the acre, without manure. Some of my neighbors made last year an average of 19 bushels; one man did this on a field of 30 acres and he told me, himself, that he had never put a pound of manure of any kind on the land, and he had been planting it for several years. Let me ask the farmers of Sumter Co. if that isn't good enough. This land is not boggy river swamp land. It is high and dry, and has a natural drainage. Almost all the land bordering on the Santee is rolling, and in many places the farmers cultivated to the banks of the river before the war. Now this land, which is the best, has grown up in short leaf pine and is only waiting for some good farmer to come and take it in. Some of the farmers plant the black seed cotton, and it does well. One of my neighbors, who has been living here all his life, told me to-day that he could select fifty acres of land on the place adjoining mine that would produce 35 bales of cotton without manure of any kind; and I believe any two acres on my place will produce a 500 weight bale of cotton if properly cultivated. The land has never been manured and so we cannot tell what it would produce under a high state of cultivation.

Now I have said enough about the productiveness of the soil and yet the best has not been told. The lands spoken of above border on the Santee river and extend out from the river a distance of three or four miles. Stretching West and South, there is a large strip of woodland—pine timber, and in this, there is the finest grazing for cattle, sheep and hogs that can be found anywhere. The grass grows from 6 inches to 2 feet high, and very thick. Cows live and keep in good order in these woods all the winter. Generally the winters are so mild that there is no necessity for shelter for cows. Almost every farmer here has a small herd of cattle; and some of them have a few sheep, and nothing is more profitable. Near the river, the cane grows very thick and furnishes fine pasturage. So one need not feed his cows at all and they will stay in good order all the time. It would be a very great injustice to force these people to abide by the stock law, because in this section, about which I have just spoken, much of the land is not good for anything but grazing, and cannot be surpassed for that. The swamp on the other side of the river and the little on this side furnishes plenty of food for hogs, as I will show your readers when I come to speak more definitely of stock.

Now when I come to say something of the price of these lands, somebody will say at once, why so cheap if so fine? The explanation is as simple as the question. Large plantations containing from twelve to fifteen hundred acres of land, as I have said in a previous article, were left after the war. The fences all rotted down or were burned. The land was mortgaged to get supplies and money to support the land-owners. Very soon these places, many of them, passed into the hands of factors in Charleston, who were willing to sell for a small sum to any one who would cash the mortgage. Poor men, who have been the support of the country since the war could not raise even a dollar per acre for such large tracts of land, and the factors did not care to cut up the land in small tracts, and as long as the owner of the land had any claim at all on it, he would not cut it. So it was impossible to sell these large places at almost any price. The finest land in this county can be bought for $4½ and $5 per acre, and some that has no fencing on it at all can be bought from $2 to $2½. The pasture lands sell for almost nothing—much of this would produce well. They call it "Pine Land" here.

What shall I say of the timber? Mr. Editor, I wish you could come here and ride or walk through a piece of timber land near where I live. It is long leaf yellow pine. The trees are not large but they are long and straight. Much of it has been worked by turpentine men and that injures it some. But it would make as pretty lumber as any timber in the South The swamp is filled with oaks which are splendid for staves. That business has never been pushed here at all and so the timber has never been picked. I would do injustice to the country if I did not call special attention to the cypress. Just the finest shingle timber in the world, and there is not a mill on the Santee river (in Berkeley) that I can hear of. Indeed there is almost any kind of timber of the very best grade, that one would desire. There is an excellent opening for a saw mill, and shingle machine combined.

I have said enough for this time. In my next I will tell you something of the stock and the people of this section.

FINCH.

Henry Ward Beecher proposes to go to Europe on a lecturing tour in the spring or early summer. It is more than twenty years since he was in England, when he delivered many stirring addresses upon the war.

A negro by the name of Frank Jamison stabbed and killed another negro by the name of Suber near Goldville, Laurens County, on the night of the 22d. It seems that Suber had eloped with Jamison's daughter and married her. When Jamison next saw Suber he attacked him with a knife and killed him almost instantly. Jamison has fled and is still at large. He is reported as a large, black negro.