

The Watchman and Southerner

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The Watchman and Southerner.

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SUMTER, S. C.

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Marriage notices and notices of deaths published free.
For job work or contracts for advertising address Watchman and Southerner, or apply at the Office, to
N. G. OSTEN,
Business Manager.

A LITTLE HAND.

This is a little hand—
A tiny little hand—
But it is warm
With little grasp
Mine own, ah! it is well I can understand
The pressure of that little hand!

This is a little mouth—
A very little mouth—
But oh! it will kiss
To steal a kiss
Sweet as the honeyed zephyrs of the South,
From that same rose little mouth!

This is a little heart—
A little fluttering heart—
Yet it is warm
And pure and calm
And loves me with its whole unuttered art,
That palpitating little heart!

Thou art a little girl—
Only a little girl—
Yet art thou worth
The wealth of earth—
Diamond and ruby, sapphire, pearl and pearl—
To me, thou art a little girl!

Bill Arp on the Negro.

I was riding along on the railroad the other day, we stopped at a station and a colored "scourch" got on and settled down all around me. They were well dressed and well behaved, but when the conductor came along after tickets two of them had no tickets and no money. He stopped the train in the woods and put them off. I was sorry for the rascals, for they did want to go so bad. I asked some of the crowd why they didn't lead them some money, and they showed their pearly teeth and said: "We know den niggers; dey neber pay back. Den nigger's like a broke bank—dey owe everybody now. Dey just try'n to slip and slide along, tink de conductor no fud 'em. You know, boss, dar is always some sheep among de goats." Well there are, and sometimes I think the darky expressed it right though he didn't mean it. There are a power of goats in this sublimity world, and if it was not for a few sheep scattered, society and law and order would be in a bad fix.

But I like the nigger. I like him better than I did ten years ago. I can look back and remember what he was soon after and I am satisfied he is improving. He works better and is more respectful. He has almost quit politics and settled down to his natural condition. I don't know so well about the towns and cities, but the country niggers are doing very well where they are mixed up with white folks in the right proportion. Most all negroes are good natured, and love to depend on the white man, but the white man, next treat them fairly and kindly and not like he was not only a master but a friend. The negro is conscious of his inferiority and is content with it. He likes a man who orders him around in a dignified way better than the man who puts himself on an equality with him. The white man was born to command and the negro knows it. The white man ranks him, and rank is a thing recognized and submitted to everywhere, and has been in all ages, and it is right. Rank is the safeguard of the social circle. I rank some folks and some folks rank me, and we are all happier and feel more at ease in our own circles than in those above us. I was once invited to a party in a fashionable city, and there were distinguished gentlemen there and splendid ladies, and I put on my very best behavior, and after while a lady friend called me out on the veranda and laughingly told me that the hostess, a lovely and accomplished lady, said to her: "Oh, my dear, I feel so much relieved, for I didn't know Mr. Arp was afraid he was rough and common, and wouldn't know how to behave in this elegant company, but I find him to be a perfect gentleman." You see they ranked me and I knew it, but I came out pretty well. When I told Mrs. Arp about it she said: "Well, I don't wonder at it, for you write so much foolishness the people who don't know us think we are all crackers." "But she looked away off, and added: "But I don't care. I know what you are, and it's nobody's business. We are, and give gentlemen here as well as there. Some folks don't know a gentleman when they see him." "But you do, my dear," said I. "You always did. You had that knowledge away back yonder, and that is the reason you

"Never mind that now," said she; "that will do. The best of us are mistaken sometimes." And she resumed her work.

The negro is a good invention, and he will continue to be good to us long as he is a negro. When they try to bring up with a highfalutin education and make a white man of him, he becomes a new creature and a public nuisance. The colored editors are turning out a smart set every year, but where are they and what are they doing? The men are vagabonds, and the women are—well, ask anybody who knows. A man said to me not long ago that the fact that the negro was capable of a high order of education was proof enough that they ought to have it. There was an educated hog exhibited in Rome some years ago, and he could spell your name with ease, and tell the time of day on a watch. So I suppose we ought to set up all the hogs in the world.

Now, the negro is a distinct creature of the Almighty, and has original traits and instincts as all the unmixt nations have. He loves the present good, and has no morbid desire to accumulate riches. Unlike the white man he rarely cheats or swindles anybody. Cheating, swindling, overreaching, despoiling is the sin of our race—the foundation of all the civil ills in our courts—but the negro does not do it. They are more sinned against than sinning in that regard. The white man will steal on a large scale if he is mean enough to steal at all. The more he gets the better satisfied he is. But the negro won't. He wouldn't rob a bank. If he found a pocketbook with a big roll of money in it he would take it to some white man; but he will pick up little things like a chicken, or a bushel of corn, or a dollar, or a brasspin with a serene and peaceful conscience. Small pilfering is the extent of his capacity and the extent of his inclination. When my darky finds a hen's nest and brings me half the eggs, I thank him. When

our cook hides away a little flour Mrs. Arp shuts her eyes and says nothing, for it hurts her feelings so bad to be accused when they are guilty.

But for hard work, contented work, humble work, who could take their places on the farms and on the drays, and the steamboats and the railroads? Who would do the white man's bidding with so little murmuring and so much cheerfulness? The negro is still an important factor in our southern homes and southern industries, and I hope he will remain. He is graded on to the southern tier. Other nations have been transplanted, and live and prosper. The Jews, like the mistletoe, fasten and feed upon every tree, but they have prepared their habits, their religion and their nationality. Then let the negro alone. My faith is that a wise Providence will take care of him and of us.

Bill Arp.

Keeping Fruit Without Cans.

In our issue of July 16th, says the *Patriot Farmer*, we published a communication from the editor of the Sharon (Mass.) *Advocate*, describing a simple process of keeping fruits in bowls and other open vessels, simply covered with the unglazed cotton, such as is purchased in the stores rolled in blue paper, as follows: "Directions: Use crocks, stone butter jars, or any other convenient dishes. Prepare and cook the fruit precisely as for canning in glass jars: fill your dishes with the fruit while it is yet hot, and immediately cover with cotton batting securely tied on. Remember that all putrefaction is caused by the invisible creatures in the air. Cooking the fruit expels all these, and as they can not pass through cotton batting, the fruit thus protected will keep an indefinite period. The writer of this has kept berries, cherries, plums, and many other kinds of fruit for two years with no cover save batting on the jars."

[As previously stated, if fruit can be thus unfailingly kept, it is a matter of great interest. We find in the Sharon *Advocate* of July 26th, our article and remarks copied, and the following editorial remarks, which are confirmatory of the previous statements, and we advise at least a limited trial of the process by our readers. We will not discuss the theory of the method, which is of less immediate importance than the practical outcome. Mr. Wickes says:]

"This subject is of such importance to the public, and so little understood, that we again refer to it. Brother Judd, Editor of the *Patriot Farmer*, is no doubt correct in supposing that the preservation of fruits in tightly sealed cans results from the exclusion of the oxygen of the air. We suppose, however, that depriving the Bacteria of oxygen deprives them of life, as no animal life can exist without it. Professor Tyndall demonstrated several years ago that all putrefaction was caused by the Bacteria in the air, and could be prevented by excluding the article in cotton batting.

"The published results of Tyndall's experiment fell under the eye of Dr. Chase, an eminent physician of Thompson, Maine, and he at once saw its practical value. As his suggestion, Mrs. Chase put up several gallons of Damson plums in stone pots with a little sugar, the jars being only covered with cotton batting. The plums kept perfectly until opened one and two years afterward. Mrs. Chase told the result to the editor of the *Advocate*, and we have for three years put up berries in the same way, and never had a jar fail to keep. Last year we opened in the presence of several people, a jar of blueberries that had been put up just two years, and found them in nice order. To Professor Tyndall belongs the honor of the discovery, and to Mrs. Chase the honor of being the first to make a practical use of it. We desire to make so useful a matter known to the general public, and we only claim to have been the first to publish the directions."

How to Ruin Men.

"I think if women only knew how sweet and lovely they are and how much they can do with men they would pay more attention to their personal cultivation than they do. Why, if a woman only goes about it right she can do anything with a man, and make him conform to her ideas in every particular. She has tact, skill, talent, beauty, refinement, and combine her intuition with her fascinating powers, she can change his politics, reform his religious ideas, alter the whole course of his life, and shape his career to suit herself. But she must not be fast. I can tell you, no man must forget for an instant the art and finesse by which the rules. Men is at best a brusque, selfish, impulsive creature, full of conceits and vagaries, and anxious to rule and control. He has strength and he wants to use it; he has creative faculties and lives to execute. But whatever he is he looks to woman for his pleasures, and the one who can please him can rule him and do with him what she will. A woman is young until she is twenty-five, and then she remains his youth ten years longer, but after that there is nothing to live for but home. Life has lost its zest, and there is no charm in the toys and amusements of yesterday. You must admit that a woman marries for convenience. She wants a home, protection, industry from labor and the delights of companionship. Now, if a man makes this home, if he stands between her and danger, if he contributes the best interests of his life for her maintenance, he certainly is entitled to his reward. He wants his home beautified, filled with riches and good cheer; he wants to be petted, admired, respected, encouraged and loved. He wants to be king, in short.

"Oh, yes, you may say petting is all nonsense, but just let me tell you that you are mistaken, and if the husband cannot get that loving affection at home he will get it some place else. Carasses can be bought like every other luxury.

"A wife must be a sweetheart all her life. She must never get too old to be charming. She must cultivate a sweet temper and an affable manner, and her only anxiety must be a dread of offend-

Each Founded a Temperance Society.

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"I've fallen through a trap," yelled the now affrighted judge; "get up and light a candle!"

"Where are you?" queried Judge Carter, sleepily, framing his opinion that his honorable brother was drunk.

"Poken here. Fall through a trap. Don't get out on my side of the bed."

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Cultivated Carp.

General Paul Guadalupe de Lescage, Lexington County, has written to the Fish Commissioner that his experience this year in carp culture has been crowned with complete success. He has two ponds well stocked with small fry, from 1 to 12 inches long, which he can catch more rapidly with a hook than any other kind he ever fished for. His upper pond has no other fish but the scale carp, which were 12 to 24 inches long when he received them in January, 1883, and by the following December they had grown to be 13 and 15 inches long, when they were transferred to the second pond. In April last they spawned and now the ponds are alive with young carp. In the lower pond he has some mirror carp.

Paul claims to be the cleanest city in the world.

What Our Editors Say.

The Wiggins of Politics.

Ben. Butler, it seems to us, is getting a great deal more attention from the press and politicians than he is worth. Before the Chicago Convention he managed, by dint of brazen lying, to create the impression in many quarters that he was a Presidential possibility. He never had the glories of a chance of getting the Democratic nomination. Now, he is practicing round New York and Washington trying to make people believe that the chances of the campaign are in some mysterious way to hinge upon the nod of his bald head and the glance of his crooked eye. There is nothing in it. It is not of the slightest consequence what Ben. Butler may do, or fail to do. Cleveland does not need his help and can not afford to laugh at his opposition.

The Popular Demand for a Change.

The domination of Cleveland and Hendricks has been received with approval in all parts of the country, and this approval comes not only from Democrats, but from the honest and independent electors of the Republican party. The blame ticket is regarded by the best men of the Republican party as being utterly unworthy of their support, and the truth is being every day made apparent that the conservative sentiment of the country is steadily towards a change of National Administration. There was only wanting the opportunity for such a sentiment to express itself, and now the opportunity has come. At the close of the war the Republican party stood high in the confidence of the country. It had the prestige of successful conduct of a great war, and if it could have maintained that prestige it would have been even yet invincible. But year after year it has added corruption to corruption, until it now occupies in power by influence, and now the people are losing patience, and will no longer be stayed in their purpose to reform the administration by placing it in more and cleaner hands. Generalization is one of the frequent fruits of victory, and men drunken with success do not know the meaning of moderation. So it has been with the Republican party. But now the moral sense of the better men of that party has at last rebelled against its corruptions and against the dishonor of those professing Republican principles. Hence a change is demanded and it is bound to come.

A Very Bad Showing.

The Republicans have had control of the country for twenty three years. During that time one of the greatest panics occurred and lasted for five years or more. It began in 1873 and did not end before 1879. Since then the failures in the country have steadily increased in numbers and in liabilities. All this has occurred under High Protection. And still the friends of Monopoly insist that the Tariff needs no revision. In 1881 the number of failures was 2,296 for the first six months; in 1882 the number had risen to 5,444; in 1881 the liabilities were \$24,533,523; in 1882 they had risen to \$121,101,557, or nearly four times as great. This is for six months. For the year the liabilities will probably be \$289,000,000. What can show the rottenness of the country more than such figures?

Under bad government, wrong views and unusual economic laws this condition of the country has been brought about. Is it not time to have a change? What say you men of reflection and tax-payers?

Andrew Johnson.

Rev. A. Coke Smith, of Columbia, publishes a letter in the *Charleston News and Courier* of last Tuesday in which he acknowledges himself to be the author of a recent editorial article in the *Temperance Worker* to the effect that our public schools are lacking in system, are not what they should be, not what, with proper effort on the part of the State Superintendent of Education, they might be; that Col. Coward has not discharged the duties of the office as he should; and that he could not do so and thank King's Mountain Military Academy; and that he should either give up his school in Yorkville or decline the nomination of State Superintendent of Education; and then he proceeds to answer calmly and dispassionately an anonymous reviewer of his first article who wrote under the signature of "Work." It seems to us that Mr. Smith has rather the best of the situation, having substantiated his position with the statement of facts and arguments. We deemed the action of our late State Convention laudable and ill-advised, and we believe it will be proved so to the satisfaction of the body of the party in South Carolina. Let Col. Coward be his friend, however, Mr. Smith is wrong in this particular, or let the evil complained of be righted as soon as possible. We cannot attend a party festival as to the proper conduct of our State affairs.

Johnny's Mistake.

Col. McLeod, although not a bad man at heart, uses very rough language in his intercourse with his family. On returning to his home from his place of business a few days ago he found his wife very much excited over the outrageous conduct of a tramp, who, being dissatisfied with the food given him by Mrs. McLeod, had abused her in a most outrageous manner.

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Benjamin is a parasite for any people. A former, moderate or player can earn enough in a fortnight to support him for a year; and getting for him beyond a mere living the majority of the inhabitants do not work more than a few weeks in a year. The soil is remarkably fertile and the climate long-lived. Active centenarians, it is said, are not at all uncommon, and a man does not, until he has attained the age of 100 years, commonly receive any of the honors of his great age.

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The Great Exposition.

The Exposition at New Orleans is attracting the attention of the press in all parts of the country and abroad. Almost every newspaper has something to say about the preparations that are being made to further the work of State or local associations. The special representatives of the Exposition, commissioned by President Arthur for the purpose of procuring exhibits have found the newspapers ready to report speeches and print the latest news relating to the World's Fair. This circumstance no doubt springs from the fact that the people throughout the land read with much interest all that is printed concerning this great enterprise. By the wide-spread influence of the press the Exposition is known and talked about in India, Australia, on the banks of the Congo, in the South American republics, and in the frozen regions of the North. Scarcely impossibilities have been overcome, and the scheme limited to a cotton exhibition at first, has been enlarged by degrees till it now embraces a grand exposition of arts, manufactures, mines, agriculture, and in fact about everything in which the people of to day are interested. This Exposition is to be opened in December next, covers more ground, has more exhibits entered than can be recorded by any other World's Fair ever attempted.

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Judge William Carter, of Sheboygan, Michigan, and Judge Caswell Marks, of Selma, Alabama, were both natives of Lexington, Kentucky. In boyhood they had jammed the same cat's head into the same milk picher, stolen peaches from the same tree, got trounced by the same farmers, and were otherwise variously intimate friends. Afterward chums at college and then crag-birds in the same office. Later in life they parted, and rose to sublime honors in their separate places. Last January they met for the first time since their parting, in Lexington, and brewed a convivial bowl in honor of the event. About midnight, full of affection and enthusiasm, they retired in the same bed. It was a huge affair, standing in the middle of the room, and capable of being drawn up by ropes to the ceiling while the room was being cleaned. It was a very odd sight, and they placed their clothing upon the foot of the bed. Just after they fell asleep four friends entered softly, drew the bed by the ropes neatly to the ceiling, and left them thus suspended about ten feet from the floor. They then looked the door outside and retired.

As J. M. Judge Carter woke with that species of thirst which usually comes after Kentucky punch, and technically known as "hot campers." Leap- ing lightly out of bed to get the ice picher, he went whirling down ten feet, alighting with a soul-stirring thump on all fours.

There was a long and painful pause. Then he peered upward through the darkness and called:

"Caswell!"
"No reply!"
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"Eh?—um?—what?" The judge was awaking.

"I've fallen through a trap," yelled the now affrighted judge; "get up and light a candle!"

"Where are you?" queried Judge Carter, sleepily, framing his opinion that his honorable brother was drunk.

"Poken here. Fall through a trap. Don't get out on my side of the bed."

"All right."

And Judge Marks sitting out on his own side, turned three somersaults and landed on the small of his back. Both were now convinced that they had fallen into a den of thieves, and were possibly to be murdered. The jokers had closed the heavy wooden shutters so no light could enter and removed all the furniture. The judges groined around on hands and knees, nearly frozen to death, and only at daylight discovered the bed, climbed into it and got warm enough to talk the thing over.

There were recently two temperance societies started under glorious auspices. The headquarters of one is at Selma, the other at Sheboygan.

Johnny's Mistake.

Col. McLeod, although not a bad man at heart, uses very rough language in his intercourse with his family. On returning to his home from his place of business a few days ago he found his wife very much excited over the outrageous conduct of a tramp, who, being dissatisfied with the food given him by Mrs. McLeod, had abused her in a most outrageous manner.

"Johnny," said Col. McLeod to his 10-year-old son, "when you heard that cowardly scoundrel abusing your mother, why didn't you run to the store quick and let me know? Didn't you hear?"

"Yes, pa, I was out in the stable and heard what he said about the victuals you gave him, and how he abused her, but—"

"But what?"

"I thought it was you scolding ma. He used the same words you do when the dinner don't suit you. I didn't think anybody else would dare to talk to ma that way—*Dear Nipples*."

Five or six couples had been invited in to play cards and to be made and benches had been passed with other refreshments. The party was just ready to break up when the trapper of the family entered the parlor and called out: "There, pa, what did you say?" The governor probably knew what was coming, but before he could get the trapper out of the way he started off the other end with: "Oh, sold it we bought singing ten peaches, well save at half price, and we have—*Dear Free Press*."

Benjamin is a parasite for any people. A former, moderate or player can earn enough in a fortnight to support him for a year; and getting for him beyond a mere living the majority of the inhabitants do not work more than a few weeks in a year. The soil is remarkably fertile and the climate long-lived. Active centenarians, it is said, are not at all uncommon, and a man does not, until he has attained the age of 100 years, commonly receive any of the honors of his great age.

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The Wiggins of Politics.

We observe that since the New York Sun began its printing and editorial system of warfare on Cleveland, it has ceased to publish its circulation at the head of its columns as it has been doing heretofore for years. This does not indicate that its politics are popular now.

The Great Exposition.

The Exposition at New Orleans is attracting the attention of the press in all parts of the country and abroad. Almost every newspaper has something to say about the preparations that are being made to further the work of State or local associations. The special representatives of the Exposition, commissioned by President Arthur for the purpose of procuring exhibits have found the newspapers ready to report speeches and print the latest news relating to the World's Fair. This circumstance no doubt springs from the fact that the people throughout the land read with much interest all that is printed concerning this great enterprise. By the wide-spread influence of the press the Exposition is known and talked about in India, Australia, on the banks of the Congo, in the South American republics, and in the frozen regions of the North. Scarcely impossibilities have been overcome, and the scheme limited to a cotton exhibition at first, has been enlarged by degrees till it now embraces a grand exposition of arts, manufactures, mines, agriculture, and in fact about everything in which the people of to day are interested. This Exposition is to be opened in December next, covers more ground, has more exhibits entered than can be recorded by any other World's Fair ever attempted.

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