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Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.]

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SUMTER, S. C., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1884.

A MISTAKE How your sweet face revives again The dear old times, my Pearl, If I may use the pretty name I called you when a girl. You are so young, while time of me Has made a cruel prey, It has forgotion, you nor swept One grace of youth away.

lonely, waiting heart.

cheeks and downcast eyes.

Ben's sky again, darker than ever. --

The same sweet face, the same sweet smile, The same little figure, too! Your mother that I knew ?"

What did you say? "It was perchance Ah, yes, of course, it must have been;

And yet the same you seem ; And for a moment all these years Fled from me like a dream.

Then what your mother would not give, Permit me, dear to take, The old man's privilege—a kiss— Just for your mother's sake.

OUR STANDARD BEARERS.

FOR PRESIDENT: GROVER CLEVELAND, of New York. FOR VICE-PRESIDENT: THOS. A. HENDRICKS, of Indiana.

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For Clerk of Court:

W. H. CUTTINO. For Judge of Probate: T. V. WALSH. For School Commissioner: E. C. ROGERS.

For Coroner:

D. J AULD. For County Commissioners: S. L. SHAW, F. M. MELLETT, R. E. MULDROW.

APPOINTMENTS.

Throughout the State.

The following is a list of the appoint- sake. Amen' ments that have been made by the State Democratic Committee and the dates on the several districts, the candidates for meditative sip of tea; 'it's nigh onto the cold, black waters of the river. Presidential electors, the candidates ten years since your father went off, 'I tell you, Judge Stanhope and his train; but how-' for Solicitor and other eminent mem- ain't it? -- 'Yes, sir,' said Ben, wife, and his daughter are expected There was a bustle about the crowd-

bers of the party: Chesterfield C. H., Tuesday, Oct. 14. Walterboro, Tuesday, Oct. 14. Hampton C. H , Thursday, Oct. 16 Bennettsville, Thursday, Oct. 16. Darlington C. H., Friday, Oct. 17. Marion C. H., Saturday, Oct. 18. Beaufort C. H., Saturday, Oct. 18 Conway, Tuesday, Oct. 21. Georgetown C. H., Thursday, Octo-

Kingstree, Friday, Oct. 24. Sumter C. H., Saturday, Oct. 25. Manning, Tuesday, Oct, 28. Charleston, Wednesday, Oct. 29. Mount Pleasant, Berkeley County, Thursday, Oct. 30. Columbia, Friday, Oct. 31.

BRAVE BEN BALLARD.

He was using his axe sturdily and with effect upon one of the great logs that went to make up Deacon Wilson's wood pile, that dull November afternoon-a thin little fellow with sandy hair and pale blue eyes, and a freckled, old-looking face, in which there was certainly no appearance of anything like heroism. Just at that minute, indeed, there was a cloud of mingled grief and anger upon it, and the tears Ben could not check were chilling on dode of action of this remarkable curative his cheeks. He was Deacon Wilson' agent, and a large record of surprising cures bound boy, and was expected to work early and late for his food and clothes.

He could scarcely remember the time when he was not a bound boy, though thought as to what he could do. the time had been. A cottage in the The key of the church hung under little country town was occasionally the clock in the sitting-room-for the pointed out as 'the place Rufus Ballard Deacon held the office of sexton as well. owned before he took to drink.' Poor Rufus Ballard! There was no kinder- He sped along, and when he came to bearted or happier man in all Paynville the church his hand shook so that he than he, before the demon that has could scarcely unlock the door. The hor for it and would die to save her. bell rope hung in the vestibule like a ruined so many homes clutched and huge, coiling serpent. The boy scized held in him his vicious grasp. Ben was scarcely four years old when his mother it in both his hands and flung his whole he sped, panting, up to the place called heard of until a few days ago, when a named that the most casual observer man of the pure Charleston type. Republican party in the North? When scarcely lour years old when his mother slight weight upon it. Back and forth home, and back again to the scene of letter was received from each asking might have imagined that either an His house has a branch in Atlanta a preacher gives utterance to any such babyhood still appeared to him, stand- he swayed with the swaying of the rope, disaster, with a pair of wretchedly old his father to send him money to come earthquake or a boom was imminent, which shows his business sagacity. vindictive language, how intense must babyhood still appeared to him, stand-ing out terribly distinct against the dark clinging like a squirrel to it, tugging at skates in one hand, and the deacon's home on. Yesterday another very and there is no wonder that several Sitting down by him, I asked many be the hatred of these who are not acbackground of forgetfulness. Often he it in frantic desperation. His bare lautern, which he had actually snatched urgent letter was received. The folthought of it, and seemed again to see hands were cut and blistered, but he from the grasp of the astonished owner, lowing is an exact copy. his mother, as he saw her then, lying, did not mind the pain. It seemed in the other. Captain Winter was the oh! so white and still, her pretty soft before the deep toned bell above anhair all dabbled in the blood that was trickling slowly from a wound in her forehead. Her head had come in contact with 'a sharp corner of the stove tude of the night. Clang, clang! with bits of rope yarn, and he rose as God bless every body. God fix a way when she fell, struck down by her, hus- clang! "Fire! fire! fire!" the deep, the Captain came half sliding down to for dear father to get money to bring rolling tones cried to the sleeping vil- where he stood. band in a fit of drunken rage. The shock sobered him instantly; through lage. Clang, clang! Clang, clang! all his madness he never before raised his In an incredibly short space of time band against her. Now, with dry burn- the town was astir. Men raced past ing eyes, he lifted the insensible form the church, their voices echoing the cry can't cross the river!"--- 'Oh, let me If you hain't sent it when this letter at his feet and placed it on the bed; of fire "Fire!" Ben slipped out, leaving try! eried Ben. His nerves were gets there, do start it. Don't put it in

and he kissed the still lips with sad the key still in the door, and hurried strung to the highest pitch, his heart Hendrick P. O. but for my sake bring remorseful tenderness. All this Ben away to the river with the rest There seemed all on fire. 'I can skate, and it to Catawba Station and start it. remembered; and he remembered, too, was a great deal of excitement, of I'm little and awful light; and—and if Just start it as quick as you can in this always with grateful tears swelling up shouting, of running to and fro; but it I don't get over, sir, it's no loss.'-- world if you ever want to see this sinful from his lonely little heart, how his was soon quite evident that nothing 'But my boy-' father had turned to him, then, taking could be done to save the bridge — Hark! Was not that a distant, thun- me one time, and I will do for you for-him in his arms for a moment, and "It's bound to go," remarked Captain derous rumble? A horrible groan ever. Lord, Pa, you surely can't keep Winter, a stout, jolly-faced man. He sounded from the bank above, where from sending me the money to come 'I've been a brute,' he said, huskily, had been first on the scene, as he was Deacon Wilson had at that moment home on. For Jesus sake send me the was; she deserted me when a baby, and who knows but that you may have don't know how many more I used to tsent for der brivilege of puying it."

back. Tell-your mother what I say. | just what I know'd would happen when | His vexation van shed suddenly, how- am now. Pa, if you hain't got the And don't you ever, if you die first, they built the confounded thing." For ever. He reverently bared his head, money, get it from Grandpa Mock, Bennie, touch a drop of liquor. Run the railroad was a recent institution, and fell upon his knees. 'Let us pray,' Jim Hendrick, Hose Stewart, Tom Visits Charleston and Looks Upon And so we all pass away soon, and across, now, and ask Mrs. Brown to and one that Captain Thomas Winter he uttered, chokingly. And there are Stewart, or somebody. Lord Pa, do come over-to see-.' And when had stoutly opposed from the first. It those who declare that never before or send it as quick as you can for I had Ben, crying bitterly, had performed had made Paynville its terminus but after, in church or private assembly, another chill when I was writing this the errand to the best of his small abil- for a short time and then stretched off was Deacon Wilson heard to pray as letter. I went to the doctor and he ity, his father had disappeared; and and away again, leaving the sleepy little he prayed that night. from that day forth Rufus Ballard was place all the more sleepy by comparison In truth, it was an extremely peril- pay him, you know I hain't got a cent seen no more in Paynville, nor did with the life that daily throbbed along ous, though short journey, that Ben was of money in this world. Pa do send

tor said; of a broken heart, said the itself, and out of sight of the bridge. Brown took the boy and was very kind covered in season to stop the train," syonymous with discipline, and that of jectured rightly, but he had not made his gled bravely out and gained the bank, the most rigorous description. So the appearance.

life of this poor little bound boy was hard in the extreme, and pitifully devoid of all pursued Captain Winter calmly, and reached his ears from the shore he simple, childish pleasures. It was quite with the air of one who feels that had left. He pulled his worn boots just after prayers that morning that he has done all that can possibly be from his flet-it was the quickest and Ben had proffered a timid request, required. "I have sent my man on easiest method of taking off his skatesstanding as he spoke with flushed horse-back to the bridge at Dominique and then he sped away up the track. 'Deacon Wilson, can't I-oh, if you there, and four more across to the sta- clothes were freezing around him, but please, sir, Eben Beals says that if you tion; but he'll make it easy in an hour he did not feel the cold. On, he went -if I will come over and help him after and a half, and stop the train at flying from sleeper to sleeper like a and none of us wish to see them return. I get my chores done nights-he-1 Hooley's. It isn't due here till two small terrified Mercury, hearing each This ticket must be defeated and this may—he will give me his old skates in o'clock, and 'Old Time' said 'mid-night' instant the rumble of a coming train can be done only by the white people of

pay. He's got-a new-pair.'- just as John started." Poor little Ben! How the color came "Old Time" was the town clock, on curve was reached and passed; on, till as one man. We have too much at and went in his thin face, and how whose ancient face a quaint representinto the shawdow of the forest. The stake to let little differences divide us, painfully hard his heart thumped be- tation of "Time" with his scythe, could train was coming, surely. Away, far and make the defeat of our ticket probbind his checked blouse. The Deacon's still be traced. It was Old Time away to the south, appeared, a tiny able. The National outlook is very sharp gray eyes were upon him .- indeed, since Aunt Sally Bascom, her- fiery eye. Larger it grew, and larger, hopeful, and everything seems to point 'Trash!' ejaculated the Deacon shortly. self almost a centenarian, could barely and still Ben ran on panting now with to the triumph of the Democrats all 'What do you want to do with skates?' remember when it had not occupied its a dreadful weariness, his throat over the Union. Let this inspire us to position in the belfry of the old town parched and burning, his eyes almost renewed exertion to keep South Care--- 'I'll skate,' cried Ben eagerly brigtening with a new hope. I learn- house. As Captain Winter finished starting from their sockets, swinging line in the column of those States that ed last Winter at recess time speaking, a sudden recollection flashed his lantern as he ran. On came the will sustain the grand and glorious across Ben's mind, and a horrible icy train to meet him, thundering over its cause of Democracy in November. The and noons on Mr. Kane's duck pond. he stood as if turned to stone; but it and there would be no slacking of speed opponents, and should they succeed it Deacon Wilson's next words dissipat-

was only an instant. ed all expectation of good to come, bowever: and the clouds swept across 'You might have been better employed. captain's sleeve, 'the—the old clock terrified shriek, with a last despairing such a rout in the next election that doesn't send you to school to cut up doesn't strike right! I know it doesn't; effort, he sprang aside, and as he did that will never lift their heads in South my such didos. You can't help the it only struck five when it was six, so he flung his lantern, with all the Carolina again. to-night, and Deacon Wilson said it force he could muster, straight at the Beals boy, an' you can't have the skates. Give 'em back quick as you're must be out of kilter and would have to window of the cab. And then he flung It was of all this Ben was thinking at his watch, as it had not occurred to ery, face downward upon the ground. as he stood with half angry, tearful him to do before. He shut it again The train stopped not more than a face by the Deacon's woodpile, where I without a word. His face looked hundred yard from destruction, amid have left him an unconscionable length drawn, and fairly gray in the wavering echoing cheers from the further shore, of time. His tears fell thicker and fas- light .- "Men !" he said sharply, where Capt. Winter was sobbing aloud ter with the gathering shadows of night, "the train for Princeton is due here in and wringing the Deacon's hand, in

little bitter cry .-- 'It's no use to understand?" try,' he said. 'O father! O father, with blanching faces and hard-drawn the stoppage, and those who remained why don't you come !'---With a sudden thought he fell upon his knees be- breaths gazing dumbly into each other's were asking eager questions and getside the log, and clasped his hands be- eyes-those strong men, so helpless ting no replies. Pretty Lida Stanhope The Democratic Mass Meetings fore him .- Oh, God, please bring now in their strength! The little sat with her mother in the warm, lightmy father back to me. 'Oh, please horror-stricken group was momently ed car; and immediately behind them dear God. And this I ask for Jesus augmented by fresh arrivals, and there was a man, well-dressed, whose dark was no one among them all but took in hair was sprinkled with silver, who From the doorway at that moment at once the whole dreadful truth. Be- kept his face resolutely turned to the sounded the deacon's incisive voice : youd the ruined bridge the track was in window. He had not left the car; he which the several mass meetings in the 'Come in to supper, Benjamin. You'll view but for a little distance; it made asked no questions. State will be held. Each mass meeting wear the knees o' your pantaloons all a sharp curve to the left, then, and lay Judge Stanbope entered presently in the State will be addressed by either out, getting down on them that way. for two miles through a swampy forest. We shall not probably get home to-Senator Hampton or Senator Butler, Come right in,' -- And at the supper- And so surely as the train rounded the night,' he said, and his voice shook several of the candidates on the State table he eyed Ben's flushed face sharp- curve at full speed, so surely it must sadly in spite of his effort to steady it. ticket, the candidate for Congress in ly .-- 'Lemme see,' he said, taking a be hurled with its living freight into 'The bridge is burned. Some brave

not altogether unkindly, 'tain't a good horse train!' cried Captain Winter. tative voice interrupted the Judge .you're best shet of him, Benjamin-best at his own rotund person, 'I couldn't to death.' get a yard out. Do something, for Lida Stanhope sprang up with an was alive and well, and would one day the ice won't bear half the weight of a Judge's daughter. once more. Every night before he afore this.'

then he went to bed and soon fell into a pack of idiots, and watch them come boy! O, Ben, my little Ben!' the deep, healthy slumber which is one on to death!'

not tell how long he had slept, when he terrible excitement of that time. Men tears were raining softly on the upturnawoke suddenly. The room was ran here and there as if completely be- ed face of his boy-the boy who rebright as day, and there was a dreadful reft of sense, each with some separate. membered even in his extremity, his glare through the window, which faced impracticable project, and hurried off father's parting injunction, never to the west and the river. What could for ropes and rails and boards and touch a drop of the 'accursed stuff'—the it be? Ben sprang out of bed and to boats, --- old leaky bateaux that had boy whose courage and devotion had the window with a fear tugging at his long since outlived their usefulness, been made by Providence to answer heart. It needed but a single glance to And in the midst of it all, a figure ap- his own heart-broken, almost despairpeared at the river's edge at some dis- ing cry. It's the railroad bridge! he scream- tauce below the burning bridge, -a ed aloud in his excitement. 'The rail- thin, boyish figure, with a face all flushroad bridge is afire!' He scrambled ed with haste, and blue eyes that were into his clothes trembling with cold and dark and wide with fear. It was poor fear, and flung himself out of his room little Ben Ballard. The good old capand down the stairs, hardly taking a tain's revelation concerning Judge Stanhope and his family had given shape to the vague, wild idea that had all the time been floating in the boy's brain. Pretty, gentle, Lida Stanhope was his teacher in Sabbath school. She had always been tenderly kind to the

hours to the frightened, panting boy, first to espy him, and he straightway hastened down the low, steep bank. swered his summons; but it came at Ben had the dilapidated skates already

any word come from him to one little, its iron track. Seldom now, unless for undertaking. It was only his light weight me \$50 or 60 to come home on, if you a passenger, did the daily train, up or and swift movements that gave him want to see your only son any more. Scarcely three months later Ben's down, stop at the small, deserted station safety. The ice bent fearfully beneath Dear sister try to fix a way for me to mother died-of consumption, the doc- which was quite beyond the village his quiet steady strokes, and once or come home if you want to see your only twice he cut through to the water. A brother any more in this world. God neighbors. At her death, good Mrs. | "Anyhow, it's lucky the fire was dis- puff of wind caught his hat from his bless my dear sister, God bless my dear head, but he dared not stop to recover father, God bless everybody. Pa and to him until she too, went to her long said the captain, squinting funnily with it; and even in his excitement, he won- sister if you ever do anything for anyrest. And then Ben fell into the hands the red light of the fire in his eyes. dered, with a little feeling of dread, body, you surely will do for your only of Deacon Josiah Wilson. They were "Who did it? Who rang the bell?" what Deacon Wilson would say to the son and brother. If you hain't sent it not particularly tender hands; though, No one could tell that, however, unless, loss. Nearly over, one of the skates when this letter gets there do fetch it to do the Deacon justice, he endeavored indeed, it were the boy who, altogether loosened suddenly and he stumbled and to Catawba Station just right off. Do, to perform his duty to his charge con- unthought of, shrank bashfully into the the thin ice broke beneath him. But O do. Goodbye, father, goodbye sister. scientiously. His trouble was only friendly shadow of the little group. the water was scarcely waist-deep there, Lord, pa do what I said. that in his composition duty was The Deacon might, perhaps, have con- and his footing sure; and so he strugholding his lantern above his head all "He did a good thing whoever he is," the while. A wild, hoarse shout at the first alarm. It's eight miles The night was bitterly chill and his

growing more distinct. On, till the the State sticking together, and acting fear clutched his heart. For an instant iron road. It was late as it often was, Black Flag has been unfurled by our at the bridge. In an instant of time would be almost impossible for a white "Oh, Captain Winter," he cried, the great headlight of the locomotive man to live in South Carolina. Let us springing forward and catching the was glowering upon the boy. With a be up and doing, and give the Radicals be seen to "- Captain Winter looked himself, with a shivering, disheartened and he dropped his axe at last with a exactly twenty-four minutes. Do you an excess of joy; and then it ran slow-

ly back. Many of the passengers Did they understand? They stood crowded out to discover the cause of

fellow, God bless him, warned the

faintly. - 'Well,' said the deacon, home to-night on that miserable one- ed door at that minute, and an authoriplan for ye to be pleasing yourself up with great energy. 'I'll give anybody 'Take him right in, boys: Make way with the notion that he will be back. \$500 to cross the river! I'd go myself, there; we can't get a drop of brandy It don't stand to reason he will. And but' with a contemptuous glance down down his throat, and he's almost frozen

Ben did not reply; his heart was full God's sake! I believe in my heart eager cry, as the stout brakeman pushand there was a painful lump in his you're all cowards!'--- 'Take that ed his way through the door with his throat. Just as long as he lived he back, Captain Winter,' uttered a voice burden, a boy, bare-headed, shoeless, would eling to the faith, which had that was husky and shaking. 'We're and white and chilled, but smiling been his mother's also, that his father no cowards. You know yourself that brightly as he caught sight of the

come back to him a man among men man. It only begun to freeze night 'Why, mamma, mamma-it's Deacon Wilson's bound boy! It's little went to rest he prayed for this, in his The captain grouned aloud. Judge Ben Ballard.'-There was a sudden own humble way. On this particular Stanhope's wife was his own sister. — movement behind her, a low, sharp night, he crept up to his little attic 'Try it!' he cried hoarsely. 'I'll give cry, whether of joy or pain Lida could room, and prayed again as it seemed to you every cent I'm worth just to make never quite determine, and then a him be had never prayed before; and the attempt! We can't stand here like quick footstep up the car .- It's my

Thank God! for Ben was in his of the blessings of youth. He could | Well, I can not describe to you the father's arms: at last, Rufus Ballard's

In a Bad Fix.

Williamsburg Tattler.

DALLAS, TEXAS, Aug. 7, 1884. this world. God bless sister Sallie, last, breaking through the frosty quie- ou his, feet tied as securely as might be God bless all my kinfolks on this earth. me home. God fix a way for the mon-Captain Winter laid a hand on his ey to get here as quick as possible shoulder. 'Ben-is it the deacen's Pa do for God's sake and for my sake boy ?' he said, huskily. 'Child, you send me \$50 or \$60 to come home on. boy any more in this world. Do for

charged me with \$5 and I could not

C. A. DRUM. What Our Editors Say. The Black Flag Unfurled.

Orangeburg Times and Democrat. The nomination by the Radicals of a State ticket is fair warning to the Democrats that the old plunderers of the people will make one more effort to gain control of the State. We all rewember the dark days of Radical rule

Democratic Duty. Florence Times. convention held in Columbia, it be- pleasant villages in South Carolina hooves every Democrat to use his and mingled with their people and utmost endeavors to give the Republi- enjoyed them, for they are in no caus as crushing defeat as possible in hurry to get through life, and content November. Republicanism means with their lot. I never saw a mernothing more nor less than anarchy, chant hunting for trade. I never corruption and fraud in South Carolina. saw one like Jot Camp, of Rome, How disgusting to lovers of freedom taking the streets to induce custom, and enlightenment must be the ele- and working and toiling for business. ments of that party which brooded That is all right and I admire him like a dark cloud over our State only and his diligence, but I cant help a short time ago. Democracy was the noting the difference. Then there is Saviour of our State, and the principles | Patillo, of Cartersville, I've watched that underlie the Democratic party him as a typical man, a genuine north should be as dear to our people as their | Georgian, as restless as the troubled hearths and homes. Everything that sea, working all the time and watchbackism, Independentism and Republi- | bank and duns his customers and deals canism are one and the same thing. A | in anything that offers a dollar of profperson that does not affiliate with the it. Atlanta is that same way, for At-Democracy, and professes to be an In- lanta is made up of north Georgians. dependent, is on the same footing with | Most all their successful men came from a Republican, and deserves to have there, and they are smart and their and contempt.

A Sensation at Port Royal. News and Courier.

factory is to spring up under the wand months and smile screnely. Northern settlers, and who may conindications were given of the future in-About three weeks ago, two of our for all they bought before they depart- wall; it was corroding from the iron soned its political measures with Southyoung men, H. F. Sherrell and C. A. ed, So quietly and unobtrusively did hand of time, but it was there—the ern salt? If there ever was a time Drum, 18 years old, sons of H. B. they conduct their transactions that they same old sign, "Hyatt McBurney & that the saying of the prophet that men Sherrel and W. A. Drum, concluded to secured some very prospectively valuemigrate to Texas to better their condi- | ble lots before the hitherto active Mr. tion. Not having the means within Hall, real estate agent of D. F. Apple- Happily I found one, but only one would cite is the Democratic party themselves to carry them through, they | ton, who holds the bulk of the city secretly took a young mule belonging property for speculative advances, could Scotchman, now of Edwin Bates & The Abbeville Medium in commentin Catawba county and started at once the transfers. So promptly were the That was what he said to himself as for Dallas, Texas. They were not bargains closed after the prices were I used to deal with, a noble gentle- dence of the unrelenting hatred of the DEAR FATHER-It is with great py except those who have prematurely pleasure to live to write to you again in parted with their property before high be heavy capitalists.

other. At last, as if to end the dispute, one of them turned away, and said in a very conciliatory tone of voice: "Let Chambarlein Meles & Co., and Chambarlein M us not quarrel over the matter any more. I, at least, have not the heart Kenzie, Cadow & Co., and Clark, to do it. I never knew who my mother Hyde & Co, and Stoddard, and AT THIS OFFICE. I ever get to be a man again I'll come thought and action was required. "It's and wrathful at the loss of his lantern. I can't live here much longer the way I been the heartless parent?"

Historic Fort Sumter. Charleston-the city by the sea. I am now looking afar off upon the distant waves, afar towards Fort Sumter, the historic place where the war began. I was ruminating about that small beginning of a sad and terrible conflict. That feeble cannonading that hardly shook the land and did not disturb that calm and peaceful smothered peace and sounded the call of battle and of death. I wish I lived by the sea, not all the time, for I love our hills and mountains dearly, but I would like to have a home down here and children and let them feast upon

> great creator and fill us with awe and make us conscious of our own humilwonder at the emotion of Lord Byron when he wrote that sublime and

new scenes and look with rapture and

with wonder upon the mighty ocean.

How calm, how peaceful when at

rest, how terrible in the storm. I

beautiful verse "Roll on thou deep and dark blue Ocean, There is surely something in nature

Not all men but most men. They say that blood will tell, but blood is quiet slow moving, dignified populaman or a Savannah man is not digni-And so between the seacoast and the mountains we find all grades and all In view of the recent Republican mixtures. I have just visited three

the same amount of containely cast on motto is "Push along, keep moving." his character. An Independent, and It was the bracing, nervous air of we have an excellent definition of the the mountains that made Moore and term in the character of J. Hendrix Marsh and Kiser and Rhode Hill and report in the Detroit Post and Tribune McLane, is one that lacks sufficient Wyley and Wyly and Peters and of a Blaine and Logan ratification meetcourage to sail under his true colors- | Dougherty and many others. Evan ing held in Detroit, Michigan, several while professing one thing, he means Howell has mountian stock in him, weeks ago. The first speaker Rev. F. another; pretending to be an Indepen- and so has Hemphill and Grady and A. Blades gave vent to the following dent, he is at heart the meanest sort that is why they succeed. They are vindictive and unpatriotic sentiments: of Radical. Let all such obstruction- the stock that will climb up and suc- 'The question before the country,' monotony of the town of Port Royal ta have succeeded, but they had its traditions and acts it is a sectional by the name of Flynn, who invested to Atlanta in their methods of business, is the history of sectionalism. When

reported to be pioneers for a colony of been here for 30 years. When I was on bringing forward the solid South, a merchant I used to trade here, they should be made to smell the bloody vert the drowsy burg into a busy man- Twice a year I made my pilgrimage shirt. The Democratic party is not ufacturing town. All sorts of specu- here and bought my goods, and now broad enough to take in the whole lations are rife as to what is up, as no it makes me sad to wander around in country. Has it ever stood by a meassearch of the cid familiar places and ure that contemplated the good of the tentions of the visitors, who paid cash find new signs. I saw one hanging on a whole country? Has it not always sea-Co." But they were not there, and shall glory in their shame is true, it is no succession. The sign was all the present time, and the instance I old friend, Mr McGahan, the honest glerying in the solid South.' is the only one left of the old stock, Do our people wish any more evisealing and delivering of their titles. | dead-out of business-moved away. | Scriptures? All real estate owners in town are hap- Evan Vanderzee, the last survivor of Many of the ablest men in that par-Wiley, Banks & Co., is thumping flies ty have abandoned it and given their in New York, and has passed his support to Cleveland and Hendricks. tide, and who now apprehend that they three score and ten. Van was the They were tired of living on the animay not only have killed but cooked best merchant I ever knew except mosities and resentments of the past their goose. Mr. Piatt hails from Mr. Norton, of Rome and he couldn't But this preacher fires the hearts of Lavonic Station, Livingston County, talk to you a minute without thump- his hearers with the words of passion New York, and is said to be a brother ing a fly from your clothes, or catch- and hostility. It is the duty of every of Don Piatt. The lady is from ing him as he flew. He was the best Carolinian to stand by their friends of Rochester. N. Y., and both are said to catch on the fly I ever saw, and he is the North and drive the party of hate at it yet. But those time honored from power and influence. Two ladies moving in the highest names of honorable men-names that circles of Washington society, during I respected, for they did business on a friendly meeting on the street, got honorable principles, and they were to quarreling about their age, and used the pride of Charleston-where are

or out or dead-and it is only thirty years since they were in their glory. be no more remembered than Rutherford B Hayes. But I did meet Mr. I write you from the city of Courtenay, and he is well and well preserved, and is the president of a bank, and is honored by that people, His brother is the mayor of Charleston, and is worthy of the honor his people have shown him. I reverence these old classic names for they are classic. There is something in a name. There's nothing in mine. I know, but whenever I meet with a sea, but it quivered the heart of a Calhoun or a Lamar or Cobb or great nation, and was the shock that Lowndes or Rutledge or Bowie or Courtenay or Pickens or such like. I naturally expect something of the man, and if he is neither good or great, all I can say is that he is gone back on his ancestors, which he

where I could bring the good wife oughtent to have done. Well, I love Charleston, My dear mother was born here-my best earthly friend except my wife-my dear old mother, who still loves to bless me and pray for me, and who, believe such things enlarge us and if she had the privilege, would formake us better. They dignify the give all my sins. For her sake I reverence this place, and if I could know the spot, the sacred spot that gave ity. While sitting now upon the wharf her birth, I would go to it like the watching the restless waters I canot pilgrims went to Mecca. But, alas i do not know. She does not know. for she was hurried away during a pestilence, when father and mother were but a day in their graves.

These memories are sweet, and tender, and refining. I wandered that moulds a man to her image. along the streets in Augusta the other day, looking for names, familiar names, but I did not find them. not all. Blooded stock, whether of They, too, are dead or retired, and man or beast will not keep up on the piney woods. It will degenerate, we lawyers. But I was not lost or for, can almost tell where men came from gotten, for as time has rolled on I by looking at them and talking to them. I found John H. Davidson shifty, thrifty active people, always in a hurry. The plains produce a quiet slow moving, dignified population, who love their ease and care for man, My Maryland Randall, whose their comfort and take time to enter- name is familiar to every household, tain their friends. If a Charleston and whose welcome comes from the heart as well as the hand. And that fied and courteous he is nothing. If sterling, solid son of Erin, Pat Walsh, an east Tennessean is not sharp and whom the people of Georgia delight close and calculating he is nothing. to honor, and will yet honor. I love this good old Georgia city for its happy memories, and especially because Mrs. Arp was educated there, and her education was solid-solid as a rock-and she can do a sum now in her head quicker than I can on a slate, and is as sure in figures as an almanac. I was taken sick in Charleston once, at the Pavilion hotel, when old Mr. Butterfield was the proprietor, and I thought I had the yellow fever and was going to die. So I ran away with the fever on me, for I wanted to die at home, and I reached home and for two months I was at the door of death, and living I did languish, and languishing did live: and one day a sweet, pretty girl with beautiful hazel eyes and raven hair; tends to obstruct those principles should ing for opportunities. He buys at a venbe sternly discountenanced. Green- ture and sells on sight and uses the some flowers, and as I looked in her determined to get well. And I did. And I'm well yet, and so is she, and her children are mine and mine are

"Bury the Solid South With a Bloody-Shirt Shroud."

The following is an extract from a

ists of good government and political ceed without capital or friends. said he. 'is whether the Republican hypocrites be held in utter detestation Nothing can keep them down. A party shall be continued in power, or Macon man will succeed in Macon the Democratic party admitted to the but he would hardly succeed in At- control of national affairs. To my lanta, unless he had a good backing | mind there is one serious objection to and some special advantages. Some the latter course. The Democratic Beaufort, September 30 .- The quiet | Charleston men who moved to Atlan- party is not a national party. By all was broken a few days ago by the ar- abundant capital and got north Geor- party. In none of its recent platforms rival of a stranger by the name of gia boys to help them. There is a has it receded from any of its old Joseph A. Piatt accompanied by a lady | wide difference between Macon and States rights doctrines. Its history the amount of two or three thousand The Atlanta men walk faster, talk the slave power was the domiant power. dollars in real estate in the town and faster and chew more tobacco and the Democratic party was always obevicinity. One of the purchases was give more bank notes, and dun hard- dieut to it, and when Stephen A. for a tract of land on Paris Island, er and brag eternally on Atlanta Douglass attempted to broaden the with a frontage on the harbor in the Well, that is all right. That is busi- party it became divided, and Lincoln neighborhood of the projected naval ness, and that is what makes Atlanta. was elected. They say that we must station Several town lots were secur- Why, a man can break all to pieces not raise the question of war, but I proed, and it is reported that an extensive in Atlanta and rise again in two test that the Woody-shirt should not be buried until the solid South is buried. of these mysterious strangers, who are | Venerable Charleston! I have not [Applause.] If the Democrats insist

"Vel Meesder Lautenschlager, I see in der bapers det der guvvinment vas going to gif out two per tsent bond." "Yaw, I vas hearin' myselluff of dot. Lautenschlager." "Vas is das?" "Vell. I hearin' dot dis guvvinment got so trade with. Well they are all gone, San Francisco Post.

Centrally located to Schools, Churches and