

Edgefield Advertiser.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., JUNE 1, 1871.

VOLUME XXXV. No. 23

New Spring Dry Goods!

AMERICAN MANUFACTURE

James W. Turley,

BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS,

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM NEW YORK, and is now fully prepared to offer to the public a completely assorted Stock of SEASONABLE FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS.

Great care has been taken to supply each Department with EVERYTHING NEW AND FASHIONABLE, as well as the more staple articles of the Trade.

The Cash System will be Strictly Adhered to, and it is much cheaper to pay 25 per cent. for money, and buy your Dry Goods for Cash, than to buy them on time.

The best Judges of Dry Goods, and the closest buyers, are particularly requested to examine my present schedule of prices.

JAMES W. TURLEY.

Mar 29

SPRING AND SUMMER SUPPLIES.

M. O'DOWD,

Wholesale Grocer

—AND—

Commission Merch'nt

283 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.

HAS NOW ON HAND a Full and Complete Stock of CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES and PLANTERS SUPPLIES, among which may be found the following—

100 Hbds. BACON,	50 Bbls. LARD,	500 " FLOUR, all grades,	50 Hbds. SUGAR,	300 Sks. COFFEE,	300 Boxes SOAP,	200 " CANDLES,	100 " STARCH,	100 " SODA,	5000 Bushels CORN,	8000 " OATS,	500 Sacks SALT,	100 Cases LYE and POTASH,
10 Bbls. COGNAC BRANDY,	30 Bbls. CORN WHISKEY,	100 " RYE WHISKEY,	10 " APPLE BRANDY,	20 " GIN and RUM,	20 " SHERRY & PORT WINE,	2000M. SEGARS, various grades,	150 Boxes TOBACCO,	200 Doz. HUCKETS,	50 Doz. TUBS,	50 Nests BROOMS,	50 Hbds. MOLASSES,	100 Bbls. SYRUP,

All Goods will be sold Very Low. Give me a Call.

May 2

Fashionable Clothing!

A. T. GRAY,

229 Broad Street, Augusta, Georgia.

Has Received, and is ready to show the public

A Choice Stock

—OF—

CLOTHING,

IN FINE AND MEDIUM GRADES.

Also, a very well selected assortment of

EVERY KIND

—OF—

Gents' Furnishing Goods!

In drawing attention to the above, I desire to assure those who have dealt with me, and those who have not, that I will sell as low as any one, and misrepresent nothing. Every one is invited to examine my Goods before purchasing elsewhere.

A. T. GRAY,

Opposite Masonic Hall,

AUGUSTA, GA.

May 2

Fresh Arrivals

OF

SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY GOODS

WORLD Respectfully inform the Ladies of Edgefield that she has just received a SECOND LARGE LOT OF SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY GOODS, consisting in part of—

Richard Eleazar PATTERNS BONNETS, Rich and Elegant PATTERNS HATS, And another Lot of those HANDSOME LEHORN HATS which are so much called for, and could only be found, when the Season opened, at this Establishment.

SASH RIBBONS of every kind, and at very low prices.

GILT and JET JEWELRY, Lace COLLARS, and a few of those stylish GILT FANS, so very fashionable at present.

Call and examine the Goods to be found in this the Largest Store of the kind South of Baltimore.

MRS. LECKIE,

171 BROAD STREET,

UNDER THE ACQUITA HOTEL,

AUGUSTA, GA.

2m18

Superior Candles.

JUST Received Six Boxes PARA-FINE CANDLES—better than Sperm, and much cheaper.

MARKERT & CLISBY.

May 9

Keep Cool.

If you want a COLD GLASS OF SODA WATER, call at

G. L. PENN'S DRUG STORE.

May 9

Shoulders.

1000 LBS. Good SHOULDERS, for sale very cheap for Cash.

W. F. DURISOE, Sr.

May 9

Lemons! Lemons!

1 BOX FRESH LEMONS just received. And Lemons will be kept constantly on hand.

G. L. PENN'S DRUG STORE.

May 17

Superior Teas.

JUST Received a large and fresh assortment of PATENT MEDICINES of all kinds.

G. L. PENN, Druggist.

May 24

WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN as a Salesman in a First Class Clothing and Furnishing Goods House. Must come well recommended, and be able to influence a good trade. Good Salary given. Address "MERCHANT," Augusta, Ga.

May 23

Patent Medicines.

JUST Received a large and fresh assortment of PATENT MEDICINES of all kinds.

G. L. PENN, Druggist.

May 24

California Brandy.

25 GALS. PURE OLD CALIFORNIA BRANDY—a superior article, highly commended for medicinal purposes.

MARKERT & CLISBY.

May 17

Pull Your own Weeds.

If you've weeds in your garden, my good friend, I pray, Do not stand looking over the fence To your neighbor's dominions—just over the way— Your weeds are the most consequence; I'll root them, while yet there is daylight to work. Tear them up, seed and branch, from the soil. They are sure to do mischief, so pray do not shirk; You'll be amply repaid for your toil.

The advice would apply to the garden of life— "This seldom we see our own weeds— For watching our neighbor, or worse neighbor, we see our own sins, and we pass our own follies, our faults we disguise. In the garments of selfish conceit! We're ever perfection (in our own eyes). Our neighbors may take a back seat.

Let us pull our own weeds, and work with a will. While yet there is time to be found, Nor point the way over the horizon until We have carefully tilled our own ground.

For watching the faults of others we see Not the ones in our own hearts so ripe; Let us pull for ourselves, let our weeds be, 'Till we clean our own garden of life.

The Mysterious Organist.

At a grand cathedral overlooking the Rhine there appeared a distinguished organist. The great composer who had played the organ so much had suddenly died, and every body from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place. When on the bright Sabbath morning, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the cradle-shaped organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale but strikingly handsome face, great black melancholy eyes, and hair like the ravens wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed and sighed and clamored as if its tortured human throat were throbbing through its pipes.

When the music at length ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger and asked: "Pray, who are you, sir?" "Do not ask my name," he replied; "I have heard that you were in want of an organist, and I have come here on trial."

"You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton. "Why, you surpass him that's dead and gone."

"No, no, you overrate me," said the stranger, with a smile; then, as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans, and began to play again, and now the music changed from a sorrowful stream to a grand old waltz, and the mysterious old organist.

Looking upward full of grace Playing still from a happy place— God's glory smote him in the face, and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the melodies which swelled around him, he sat with his "far-seeing" eyes fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a bright young girl, with a wealth of golden hair, like the violet's hue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes were turned towards her as she seated herself in the velvet-cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his eye upon her and went to playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears than she started as if a ghost had crossed her path. The blood faded from her crimson cheek, her lips quivered, and her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist in a long, yearning look, and the melody lost its joyous notes, and once more wailed and sighed and clamored.

"By faith," whispered the King to his daughter, "this organist has a master hand. Hark ye, he shall play at your wedding."

The pale lips of the princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Ay, full well she knew who it was and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart.

When the services were over, and they were ready to leave the cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft and commenced his task. When he played, a veiled figure glided in, and knelt near a shrine. There she remained until the worshippers disappeared, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said: "Madam, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the door."

"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply. "I have more to say."

The sexton drew back into a shady niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, and his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ loft, paused beside the organist.

"Bertram!" she murmured. "Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There, with the light of the lamp suspended to the arch above falling full upon her, stood the Princess, who had grace the royal pew that day. The soft dress of velvet, with its ermine trimming, the tiara, the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a gray serge robe and a long thick veil, which was now pushed back from the fair, girlish face.

"Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the Princess. "I came to bid you farewell; and as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bell-ringer, and having taken the seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out

the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."

A low moan was the only answer, and he continued: "You are to be married on the morrow?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh! Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take upon me the vows which will doom me to a living death."

"Think of me," rejoined the organist. "Your royal father has requested me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be here. If I were your equal I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up."

"It is like reading my soul and body asunder to part with you," said the girl. "To-night I may tell you, but in few hours it will be a sin! Go, God bless you!"

She waved him from her, as if she would banish him while she had the power to do so; and he—how was it with him! He arose to leave her, then came back, held her to his heart in a long embrace, with a half-smothered farewell, left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor. At an early hour the cathedral was thrown open and the sexton began to prepare for the wedding. Flame-colored flowers nodded by the wayside—flame-colored leaves came dashing down the trees and lay in heaps upon the ground, and the air was what we call a golden sea, and berries dropped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace gates were opened and the royal party appeared, escorting the princess Elizabeth to the cathedral, where the marriage was to be solemnized.

It was a bright pageant—far brighter than the entwined foliage and blossoms were the tuts of plumes which floated from stately heads and festal robes that streamed down over the housings of the superb steeds. But the Princess, mounted on a snowy palfrey, and clad in snow-white velvet, looked pale and sad; and when, on nearing the church, she heard a gush of organ music, which, though tubulant in sound, s-uck on her ear like a funeral knell—she trembled and would have fallen to the earth, had not a page supported her. A few minutes afterwards she entered the cathedral. There, with his retinue stood the royal bridegroom, whom she had never before seen. But her glance roved from him to the organ loft, where she had expected that mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow of the King, to whom she had been betrothed from motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt at his side on the altar stone; mechanically listened to the service and made the response.

Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered: "Elizabeth, my queen, my wife, look up."

Trembling in every limb, she obeyed. Why did those eyes thrill her so? Why did that smile bring a glow on her cheeks?

Ah! though the King wore the royal purple and many a jeweled order glittered on his breast, he seemed the humble man who had been employed to teach organ music, and had taught her the love of love.

"Elizabeth," murmured the monarch, "Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar (the Royal Free Mason) are one. Forgive my stratagem. I wished to marry you, but I would not drag to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret."

While tears of joy rained from her blue eyes, the new-made queen returned her husband's fond kisses, and for once two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage.

How a Dog Saved a Man's Life.

A pleasant little story, of which the hero is a well trained setter-dog, comes from Quincy, Ill., and the *Whig* of that city tells it as follows: "The dog usually sleeps at night in a kennel in the rear of the house. On Thursday night last, about 10 o'clock, as his owner went to his room in the second story on the front side of the building (the lights below being extinguished) he heard his dog come beneath the window and set up a most earnest constant barking, and it seemed to him that there was an unusual sound in the animal's voice. Supposing that there were intruders on the premises, he opened the window and called out to "Nig" to "catch 'em." The dog, instead of starting off under the order, continued to bark, jumping up against the wall of the house beneath the window, evidently desiring that his master should come down. The gentleman went down, and as soon as he reached the outer door was met by the dog, who, still barking, ran to the rear of the dwelling. His master following, found his hired man lying on the ground, helpless and unconscious. He had, as he afterwards stated, stepping out from the kitchen, fallen upon the ice his head striking a stone step and cutting a fearful gash in his scalp. He had to be carried into the house, and it was some hours before he recovered his senses, in fact, he is still suffering from the effects of the wounds.

There is a part of the world (in Central Asia) where marriages are made on horseback. A day is set when the young men who are in want of wives assemble, and the young lady who is to be disposed of, is there with a good horse. She has her preferences, as young ladies do in other parts of the world, and gives a signal to the youth that she wishes to conquer, so that he may know how to ride in order to distance his competitors. She is better mounted than any of her pursuers, and can generally manage things so that she can be picked up by the youth she has selected. But if a fellow that she considers a flat is likely to overtake her, she digs her spurs into the horse, and leaves the entire crowd. The race is then declared "off," and another day

Reform or Revolution.

We have called for a Constitutional Convention in the hope that we may get it, and that even if it shall be composed of a majority of Republicans, the issues before it will be so very grave, that they will not dare longer to trifle with the white minority in the State, but will devise a way of giving to them an effective voice in shaping its legislation and policy. The white minority cannot longer consent to be the mere gang of political plunderers; and over the waste, and extravagance, and profligacy, and corruption that has marked the past half century, until he acquires some property and education. It is rather upon their fears, and the fears of their leaders and advisers, and upon their fears alone, that the best hope for the State can be built. If they prefer strife, and lynch-jaw, and assassination, and cursing, and anarchy, and violence, with the certainty of finally going under, they can refuse to do justice to the white with whom they must live, and whom they must ultimately be governed. If they desire peace, the sooner they do justice, the better for them. Therites is a reasonable demand, at they are determined to obtain it they will not play hypocrite. They will not profess what they do not believe. They will not degrade themselves. But they must, and they will have a voice in their local government, by minority representation, or some other means.—Fairfield Herald.

Judge Wright.

(Columbia Letter in Cincinnati Commercial.)

Now, I have no prejudice whatever against a negro simply because he is a negro. They are not help their color any more than we help theirs. "Ade" can't help his, whatever it was. But to say it is impossible for a man to law two or three years, practice or three years and then be fit to be the president of the Supreme Court, I don't care what his color is or how smart he is. As for Wright, he is not very smart. If he were we and lived in Ohio, he might stamoose chance of being a justice of a peace. It is said, but I don't know true it is, that he has never deered but on opinion, and that was taken for him by Attorney-General Cumberlin. I give the report as I had it, though I hope he has himself dozen and written them himself.

I confess to feeling vague sense of something wrong in I go into the Supreme Court and see this young and inexperienced negro presiding over some of the first legal minds of the South in front of him I see a row of office headed veterans, some of who were giants before he was born. One who had occupied high position on the bench, and rendered decisions in jurisprudence, look out of side standing below this young negro addressing arguments to him. In many instances I do not understand the things he does not understand. He lacks age and experie, two essential qualifications to position on the bench, no matter how tall a man may be by nature. I fancy is not learning, and keennes not depth. There is no royal roae legal learning. There is but a way that it can be obtained, a that is by plodding, and o p takes time. Take the case home Ohio. What young man is there in that State who was admitted to the bar in 1865, and who has been mixed in politics to such an extent since he has had little experie in the law, who is now fit for position of State judge? I t an attempt to have such a man on the bench there would meet v a breeze of rebuke not easily go over. Now, the lawyers and prty-holders of South Carolina are Jas anxious to have a competent Jas Court as they are in Ohio. I should they not have it? Is ago put over them to make them feel their degradation and cause t to lose their self-respect? Do not feel it ten times more keen t Ohio to feel the quick? It is as punishment for the crime of rebely. If so, what sort of punishment that which is now fit for that wicked vanquisher, and sows the s of perpetual discord and hat Punishment like this is impoiver without the possibility for a be. Partial concession itself w not sow the seeds of hatred deeper in the hearts of the peop South Carolina than the elev of a negro to a position on the prems Bench; but concession w confer a benefit on the victims, therefore, would be some sm in it. But the punishment seeks to degrade those of our flesh blood, with no perceptible advan as the price of degradation, is fo

—A good way to look, is to go shopping every day in week, eat ice cream and cakes frozen, drink strong tea for supper to sthen the nerves, and fret the balance time because you haven't sufficient money to buy all the fancy goods desired.

—Low necks and consumption are on the increase this year.

The Last of Ruloff.

The last of Ruloff was his execution yesterday, at Binghamton, New York. He met his fate "without whining." As he had said he would, he faced his death with the stoicism of an Indian, but without the Indian's faith in a future existence. He had nothing to say on the scaffold; he had no delay to ask with the rope around his neck; he had declined any assistance in the preparation of his toilet for the hangman; he had refused any religious advice or consolation on the brink of the dark valley; he had lived the life of an outlaw, and he "died as the foot doeth." Yet this man wanted to live, if only a few weeks longer, professing to finish his great work on the origin of languages, but really because ever to him his life of an outlaw, under the sentence of the gallows, had its attractions, and death had its terrors. When informed that his last hour was gone, and that his last day in this life had come, he was excited into a violent rage, and devoted the day mainly to cursing and swearing against his counsel and the Governor and all concerned in his case, not forgetting his victim and his confederates in the crime which had caught him and brought him at last to his just deserts.

This Ruloff was a strange character. He was a scholar and ambitious of distinction, yet by nature he was a villain and devoted to crime. He wanted to flourish as a gentleman and a squire, while pursuing the career of the ruffian and the murderer. By day, he cultivated the arts and graces of polite society; while by night he professionally consorted with thieves and felons, whose only education was that of the State Prison. His vicious nature drew him into crimes apparently without an object beyond the excitement of the dangers they involved and the pleasure which it gave him to murder. It is seldom that we meet with such a diabolical villain outside the Paris Commune, and yet he was wholly destitute of the political excuses of the Jacobin fanatic. We can imagine no incentive to murder in the State Prison for the abduction of his wife, the circumstance of his wife's murder, his guilty career, in 1846, except that of a monomania for human blood. The story is that in the night he murdered the mother and her babe, and, putting them in a chest, with their bodies bound round with iron wire to prevent their rising, sunk them in the deep water of Cayuga Lake, where their remains lie to-day. As their bodies could not be found, the crime of murder could not be fixed upon Ruloff in this case; but he was tried and convicted, and suffered ten years at hard labor in the State Prison for the abduction of his wife, the circumstance of his wife's murder, being regarded as morally, if not legally, conclusive. He was tried for the murder on the expiration of his State Prison term, but there was still lacking the evidence to convict him. With frequent narrow escapes for burglaries and other crimes, he is at last, by some remarkably keen detectives, captured as one of the gang of burglars concerned, last August, in the murder of young Mirrick, in a store in Binghamton. The bodies of two of the burglars had been found in the river, drowned in their efforts to escape after the murder. They had been severly wounded in their fight in the store with Mirrick and his fellow clerk, or by the third and chief burglar, Ruloff, in the river, to get them out of the way, and some of the articles found upon them furnished the clue to Ruloff's detection, arrest, trial and conviction of the murder of Mirrick.

Now, for these and other crimes of Ruloff, with his qualifications, advantages and opportunities for comfortably supporting himself and family in honest pursuits, we can supply no motives except those resulting from a naturally vicious nature and a disordered mind improperly trained and delighting in the dangers and excitement of murders and burglaries, and believing that the life of a man is like that of a dog in this world, and that there is no future existence or responsibility for either.

There was no escape for such a villain from the hangman, considering the method which controlled his madness; but still there is something of value to society furnished from his shocking career and his miserable ending, in the moral that the ruffian by nature needs something more than Greek and Latin to save him from the State Prison and the executioner.—New York Herald, 20th.

Negro-Killed South Carolina.

That insufferable nuisance, nay, more than nuisance, that insupportable infamy, "nigger government," is rapidly showing its detestable fruits in the South directly, and in the North indirectly. South Carolina has tried five years of nigger legislation and carpet-bag rule, backed up by bayonets. To-day her whites are almost starving beggars; her niggers utterly debauched as a whole; her resources exhausted; her revenues impoverished; over a million of her acres, plantations, farms and homesteads, are in the hands of the absentee and idling foreign and Irishman. State sunk into the very depths of political and financial degradation. The North suffers by the ruin of the South, by the ruin of the least important section of the South, just as inevitably as a human being suffers with gangrene in foot or hand, in toe or finger. The industry and production of the South are the business and profit of the North. Her rice, tobacco, naval stores, and great staple, cotton, have been the main support of our shipping interest, and the ranking second only of all the great nations of the globe. A nigger freedom war, a nigger equality sentiment, a nigger franchise principle, ending in nigger representation to a certain extent in the State and National councils, in the public offices and the courts, have crippled, impoverished, politically and commercially reduced this once great people to a fourth-rate power, and our future is dark and terrible if we do not take the back track in 1873. Voter! it is for you to say. If I can restore the country to the status

President Davis Reception in Augusta, Georgia.

It appears, from our Augusta exchanges, that the ex-Confederate chief met with an enthusiastic greeting upon reaching Georgia soil. He was met at the Augusta depot by a number of citizens, together with Mayor Estes and members of the City Council. A committee, upon the arrival of the train, entered the car and extended the hospitalities of the city to the distinguished visitor. Conducted to handsome phaeton, drawn by four horses, Mr. Davis was driven to the Planters' Hotel, amid the plaudits of the crowd. Here Mr. Davis received the visits of his friends. That night, after a complimentary supper, he was serenaded, and, being called upon, appeared on the balcony, accompanied by the Hon. H. W. Hilliard and a committee. Mr. Hilliard welcomed the ex-President in a spirited address, in which he alluded to the heroic and dauntless manner in which Mr. Davis had borne himself through the storm of war, and to the dignity which he had illustrated under ruin and disaster. "Serene in the midst of the surging billows," he had asked up to the motto of William the Silent. Said the speaker: "You have quietly submitted your cause to history. History will vindicate you."

Mr. Davis, in response, said: "My Friends and Fellow-citizens of Georgia: I feel that I have a peculiar claim upon the people of Georgia, and that the people of this State have, also, a peculiar claim upon me. My father was a citizen of Georgia many long years ago, and to him I have often listened in the days of my boyhood as he told me the traditions of the great revolution. It was to this city upon the banks of the Savannah that my father, then but a mere boy, came to join the revolutionary forces, and enlisted beneath the American flag. I am proud of my father, and proud of his State. If it is a crime to feel proud of this sire—to glory in his devotion to the cause of the right—to remember with exultation his services in defence of liberty, then, my friends, is it also a crime to oppose a despotic centralization of power, and uphold the right of a State to withdraw from a voluntary compact entered into only for the preservation of the freedom of them all. If this is a crime, then am I a criminal, and it is the only offense which I have been guilty of. I repeat, Georgians, that I claim to be of Georgia descent, and I glory in my lineage.

NOT HIMSELF, BUT THE CAUSE HONORED.

Although the distinguished gentleman who welcomed me to your city with words so kindly and so eloquent has said that you pay a tribute to me by your presence here to-night, I cannot think that he was correct in this remark. It is not a tribute to me individually, but because you feel that I am one of yourselves that you come to do me honor. And while I am fully aware of this fact, do not imagine that I feel at all mortified at it, or that my vanity is wounded because you honor me only as the representative of your cause. That cause is dear to me—more precious even than life (applause), and I glory in its remembrance.

HIS WORDS TORTURED AND MISCONSTRUED.

Just let me say to you that I well know how every utterance of mine is seized upon by the organs and members of a certain faction. I am well aware of the eagerness with which every word of mine is caught up, and the ingenuity with which it is distorted and used in furtherance of designs upon my people, and hence I dare not speak to you as I desire. My heart is full of sorrowing. God knows, but I can not speak. Many memories of the past are struggling in my brain, but I must be silent.

CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEES.

Though I must not speak, it is no fear myself which commands my lips to be closed. No, I have been punished for my crimes, and have experienced the worst which could be imposed. In the cant language of the day, punishment with me is "played out." The worst that can be done, has been done, and I have no more to fear. If I speak it is not myself, but who I would be injured, for, unfortunately, additional wrongs can yet be heaped upon you. Therefore if I claim merit for anything, it will be for keeping silent. My simplest words may work you harm. If I say "Good night, my friends, go to your homes," and a Congressional investigating committee happened to be sitting hearing, its members would swear that I directed you to go off and join the Ku-Klux. (Laughter and applause.) Filled with that jealousy which springs from the knowledge of your inferiority, and of the justice of your pretensions, and complicity of broken covenants and a violated Constitution, they mistrust every movement, and tremble with fear when they think that right may again prevail. (Applause.)

"WAIT AND HOPE."

But wrong cannot always be triumphant. I will say nothing and you must do nothing, even though tyranny oppresses grievously upon you. Forbear for a season, and a day will come when all will yet be well. I may not, nor may some of you live to see it, but it is surely coming.

Read! Read!

The place to find something PURE and GENUINE in the way of CHAMPAGNE WINES and BRANDIES, is at the Drug Store of MARKERT & CLISBY.

If you wish PURE COGNAC BRANDY for Medical purposes, go to MARKERT & CLISBY'S.

If you want a PURE ARTICLE OF SHERRY or MADEIRA WINE, go to MARKERT & CLISBY'S.

If you desire a good article of OLD JAMAICA RUM or HOLLAND GIN call at the Drug Store of MARKERT & CLISBY.

We will also state that we have a few gallons of that GOOD OLD RYE and CORN still on hand.

MARKERT & CLISBY.

If you wish a superior article of SHERRY for Cooking purposes, very cheap, call at the Drug Store of MARKERT & CLISBY.

To gentlemen who indulge in the luxury of Cheiving and Smoking, we respectfully announce, (and do so conscientiously) that we have, and are determined to keep on hand, the BEST Brands of Cheiving and Smoking TOBACCO and SEGARS.

MARKERT & CLISBY.

Mar 15

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If you wish a superior article of SHERRY for Cooking purposes, very cheap, call at the Drug Store of MARKERT & CLISBY.

To gentlemen who indulge in the luxury of Cheiving and Smoking, we respectfully announce, (and do so conscientiously) that we have, and are determined to keep on hand, the BEST Brands of Cheiving and Smoking TOBACCO and SEGARS.

MARKERT & CLISBY.

Mar 15

Cotton Gin MANUFACTORY.

THE Undersigned respectfully announce to the people of Edgefield and adjoining Counties, that they are still engaged in the manufacture of

Cotton Gins,

Of the well-known and highly approved OGLETHORPE PATTERNS.

MR. NEBLETT, who has fourteen years' practical experience in making these GINS, will give his personal attention to the business, and will be confident of giving entire satisfaction to those favoring us with their orders.

EVERY GIN WARRANTED. OILS RENOVATED or REPAIRED in the best manner.

NEBLETT & GOODRICH,

At Goodrich's Machine Works, near KILGORE, S. C.

Capt. LEWIS JONES, of Edgefield, is our authorized Agent, and all orders received by him will meet with prompt attention.

May 2

5m	19
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AUGUSTA HOTEL.

MURPHY & MAX, Proprietors.

WE take this opportunity of returning our thanks to the citizens of Edgefield for their kindess to us.

Our House is thoroughly renovated for SUMMER ACCOMMODATIONS—Rooms large and airy, and Table always supplied with the best market affords.

We will be pleased to welcome our Edgefield friends and customers, and will use every effort to render their sojourn with us pleasant and agreeable.

Augusta, Mar 29

3m14

H. PARKER. B. H. TRAGGE.

PARKER & TEAGUE, DENTISTS,

EDGEFIELD, S. C.

Office next to Masonic Hall on West side.

Mar 15

6m	12
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JOHN BAUKETT,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

COLUMBIA, S. C.

WILL Practice in Edgefield, Lexington, Bamberg, A. Richland, Columbia, Mar 8

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MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

Spring and Summer Styles

MRS. M. TWEEDY

TAKES great pleasure in informing the Ladies of Edgefield that she has just returned from New York with the latest Stock of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS, embracing all the NEWEST STYLES OF THE SEASON, to which she invites their special attention. Additions will be made to the Stock weekly, and all the Novelties as they appear.

AT 215 BROAD STREET, Opposite Central Hotel, Augusta, Ga.

Apr 5

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Medical Card.

HAVING located myself in Graniteville, for the purpose of resuming the practice of my Profession, and feeling that long and practical experience justifies me in claiming a share of public patronage, I now respectfully offer to the citizens of Graniteville and the surrounding country my professional services as a Physician. Calls upon me at all times and all hours will meet with the promptest attention.

—beg leave to refer to the following gentlemen my Profession: Dr. W. D. Jennings, Esq., John L. Baker, Esq., Jas. I. Mathis, Esq., Julius Davy, Esq., Andrew Ramsay, Esq., W. F. DurisoE, Sr., Esq., J. A. Blankenship, Esq., Dr. John L. Baker, Esq., John Jones, Gen. R. G. M. Dumovant.

G. H. R. H. D. D.

April 12

1m	16
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Superior Teas.

JUST Received a large and fresh assortment of PATENT MEDICINES of all kinds.

G. L. PENN, Druggist.

May 24

Patent Medicines.

JUST Received a large and fresh assortment of PATENT MEDICINES of all kinds.

G. L. PENN, Druggist.

May 24

WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN as a Salesman in a First Class Clothing and Furnishing Goods House. Must come well recommended, and be able to influence a good trade. Good Salary given. Address "MERCHANT," Augusta, Ga.

May 23

California Brandy.

25 GALS. PURE OLD CALIFORNIA BRANDY—a superior article, highly commended for medicinal purposes.

MARKERT & CLISBY.

May 17

Gant's Sicy Lemon Sugar.

A SPENDID Preparation for making Lemonade. Sold at

G. L. PENN'S DRUG STORE.

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