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Can the Colored People Afford to Support Moses?

For four years, now, ever since under the operations of the Reconstruction Acts the right to vote was given them, the colored people have had absolute control of the State Government. They have not themselves administered the government nor held all the offices, but men of their choice have. With them has rested the actual power; the officials are but their agents. Much has heretofore been conceded to the colored people on account of their ignorance. It has justly been said, in excuse for the miserable government under which the State has and is now groaning, that the negroes, but suddenly awakened from slavery, and vested with all the powers, privileges and duties of citizenship, would naturally make mistakes and be misled by the wiles of demagogues and unworthy office-seeking politicians. But, is there to be no end to this thing? Must the colored people continue, from year to year, to impoverish the State, and prevent her progress by supporting repeatedly corrupt men in her public offices?

South Carolina is the one State in the Union in which the black people have unlimited sway. It is here that the question will be most definitely settled, whether or not they are capable of self-government. They have made no record as yet upon which they can look except with shame and humiliation. Duped by adventurers and thieves, they have allowed millions of debt to be piled upon themselves and their white fellow-citizens, without the first dollar of consideration being received therefor. In four years, they have accumulated against the State a public debt more than twice as large as that which had been previously incurred during nearly a century, and there is nothing whatever to show for it. More than this, the rate of taxation has been increased more than a thousand per cent., and still there is never any money in the Treasury for any legitimate uses. There has not been one dollar of this year's appropriation to the Lunatic Asylum paid; but little better can be said of the Penitentiary, the public schools, or any other proper object of governmental expenditure. More money was spent and debt incurred for one session of the General Assembly, last winter, than was cost for the support of the entire State Government for two years, and thirty times as much as any session of the Legislature ever cost up to 1868, when the colored people took charge of public affairs.

Another election is now on hand, and it remains to be seen whether or not the colored people approve of the acts which their public servants have done, and whether they are willing to make their acts their own. Many, yes, most of the very men who have so ruthlessly betrayed their trusts, who have brought the State to bankruptcy, degradation and shame, are again offering for office. One of the chief of these is F. J. Moses, jr., who has the cheek to offer himself as Governor of the State. He has probably perpetrated more separate acts of dishonesty and peculation than any other of the corrupt men connected with the State Government. The proof is plain, and has been made public time and again. There is no need to rehearse it; it is familiar to every one. No decent, honest man will, or can, defend him.

Will the colored people, with their eyes open, sustain this man, and even reward his past misconduct by giving him the highest office in their gift? If they do, then woe to the State, for there will be no hope for its peaceable redemption. The colored people have it all their own way, and with them the final responsibility must rest. The white people have put no candidates in the field, for that they desired to place no obstacle in the way of that reform in the Republican ranks, which would all the blacks would promise, and which, if thoroughly effected, will answer all their honorable ends. We hope that the colored people will rise to a sense of their duty in the present emergency. They may fail possibly, even after their best effort. If they try, however, together as satisfactory those who have been tried and found wanting, they will prove, at any rate, that they do not endorse rascality, and that they desire a change and a better state of things.—*Columbia Phoenix*.

DEATH OF DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.—Dr. Francis Lieber, the well known author and scientist, died in New York city yesterday. He was born in Berlin, Prussia, March 18th, 1800, matriculated at the Berlin University, and was afterwards connected with the University of Jena, from which he received his first degree, and then to Dresden. During his sojourn in the latter place the persecution of the Greeks enlisted his sympathies and caused him to join the Philhellenes in their struggle for liberty. He next turns up in Rome, staying with the great historian Niebuhr, then the Prussian ambassador at that city. He returned to Berlin, but being a member of the Liberal party incurred the persecution of the government, which caused him to flee to England and thence to America, arriving in New York in the year 1827. There he had a desperate struggle with poverty, but by means of his literary talents. In 1828 he was induced to come to Charleston by Colonel Drayton, who had made his acquaintance in Philadelphia. On the 5th of June, 1835, he was unanimously elected to the professorship of history and political economy in the South Carolina College, which he retained until the 18th of May, 1857, when he was elected to the professorship of history and political science in the School of Jurisprudence of the Columbia University, New York.

As a writer, Dr. Lieber was held in high esteem, and was honored with many distinctions. The most important of his works are the American Encyclopedia, Manual of Ethics, Legal and Political Hermeneutics or Principles of Interpretation and Construction in Law and Politics, Essays on Property and Labor, Civil Liberty and Self Government. All of these, except the first, were written while he was connected with the South Carolina College. He was also a devoted champion of free trade. It is to be regretted that Dr. Lieber, after his return to the North, saw fit to repay the kindness that had been shown him in the South, by ranging himself among the bitterest enemies of our section.—*Charleston News, 4th inst.*

WEARING FLANNEL.—The majority of people are not aware of the beneficial effects of wearing flannel next to the body, both in cold and warm weather. Flannel is not so uncomfortable as many people believe. Frequent colds and constant hacking coughs have left me since adopting flannel garments. There is no need of great bulks about the waist, which condemns the wearing of flannel in that case who prefer wasp-waists to health. There are scarcely any of the bad effects of sudden changes of weather felt by those who wear flannel garments, and mothers especially should endeavor to secure such for their little people in reference to all those showy outside trimmings which fashion commands.

Tomlinson or Moses.

Just as in the Presidential campaign, the contest has narrowed down to a choice between Greeley and Grant, so in our State election our people have only the alternative of giving their support to the one or the other of the Republican candidates. There is no Democratic or Conservative ticket in the field. It is too late to bring out one now, and it would be hurtful to bring out one if time did permit. We say this upon the hypothesis, which, in our judgment, is correct, that the bolters' ticket is not only far better than that of their opponents, but that it is as fair a Republican ticket as any reasonable people could expect. Of the Moses ticket it is useless to speak, and it is certainly disgusting. With one, perhaps two exceptions, the candidates are scarcely a whit better than their leader. They are as bad as bad can be. His supporters talk glibly of Moses' repentance, and the wonderful changes for the better which will come over him when Governor. Where has he given the first signs of repentance? He does not even confess his crimes, except when forced to do it, and then only for the purpose of palliation or excuse.

If Moses is elected we venture the prediction that a tax of not less than twenty-five mills on the dollar will be levied next winter. The interest on the public debt may not be paid. We have not the remotest idea that it will, but the people will be taxed to pay it. The extravagance and profligacy of the past two years will be as a mole-hill to a mountain in comparison with that which Moses will inaugurate. The bond frauds are pretty well played out, but it will be upon the pockets of the people that he will fasten their clutches. Then it will be that the tax-payers will feel as they never yet felt the burden and oppression of official corruption. It will come directly upon them, and there will be no escape from it save in revolution.

What do the bolters promise on the other hand? In the first place, the *personnel* of the ticket is a thousand per cent. superior. Reuben Tomlinson has been the constant boast of the Radicals in this State for his integrity. Up to his nomination his character was never questioned. He is endorsed by the New York *Nation*, one of the first and most reliable journals in the United States, in the highest and most flattering terms. Every one whose testimony can be unspiced, and who have been associated with him in business or otherwise, gives him the fairest name.

The Lieutenant-Governor, James N. Hayne, a colored man from Barwell, ranks with Boseman and Frost, as among the very few honest members of the present General Assembly.

The candidate for Treasurer, Edwin F. Gary, we feel assured in saying, has every qualification to make a good officer. He is competent, steady, and not to be swayed in the discharge of his duty by fear or favor.

As for John T. Greene, the candidate for Attorney-General, we do not hesitate to say, from all we have learned about him, that no more fit and capable man could be found for that office from any political party. He is able, sagacious, earnest, learned in the law, and as true as steel. We shall confidently hope to see the thieves brought to justice if he is made Attorney-General.

The rest of the ticket is also unexceptionable, so far as we can learn. So much for the character of the candidates. Admitting them to be such persons as honest people can support, there is another grave reason why the white people should throw themselves on the side of the bolters. An opportunity is offered for that combination between the good, substantial citizens of both races, upon which rests the only hope of attaining such an administration of public affairs as shall conserve the interests of the people, whether of property or personal rights.

If the white people vote for the bolters and they are elected, it will inevitably lead to an alliance between the white and black voters which have supported it, and eventuate in securing for the State a thorough reform two years to come. Finally, there seems now but little reason to doubt that if the whites cast their ballots for Tomlinson, he will be elected. If they do not, then they will elect Moses by their own default.—*Columbia Phoenix*.

SOUTH CAROLINA POLITICS.—Advices from South Carolina are better than anybody has, for some time past been venturing to hope. Not improbably we may see there the defeat and destruction of the Scott-Parker ring and the election of Mr. Tomlinson, the bolters' candidate, as Governor. Our readers know that that would mean—at least so far as concerns the overthrow of the ring, which has done more to make the name of the North an offence in the nostrils of the South than any ten army corps we ever sent there. And so far as concerns the success of Mr. Tomlinson, we can assure them of our own knowledge that his election they may heartily desire as being the success of a capable and honorable man who thoroughly knows the ring, and of a perfectly sound Republican. It is not our habit to have sound Republicans in local elections; but there in this respect of this South Carolina election in which it is seen to be anything but local; in which it is seen to be of even more than national importance.

We do not know how good Republicans, or good Democrats either, who value our good name as a people and believe in perpetuating our free institutions, could better use their influence or their money, so far as money is legitimately used in political contests, than in helping to bring the Scott gang to justice, or, at least, to take the State out of their hands. As we say, there is a fair prospect that this may be done; but the work of doing it will be hard, and the time in which to do it is not long, the election being only three weeks distant. We will add, that a question of interest in the struggle is, whether the Southern whites are still so hostile to the North as to "prefer a South Carolina thief to a Yankee"—to use the language of one of Gov. Scott's white constituents. The negro vote is divided, Mr. Tomlinson being known to the negroes as a long-time friend of theirs, and his election depends on the action of the white voters of the State.—*New York Nation*.

The Philadelphia *Record*, in an article on "Women and Work," remarks that woman gains by the introduction of steam machinery, and of various superior processes of manufacture, where formerly she did not have the requisite physical strength. In factory work a young woman now attends to two power looms, weaving 11,000 yards each of dress goods per year, where, of old, one person of greater physical strength attended one hand loom, weaving not more than half as much per year, or one fourth as much in all.

From the Chester Reporter.

What Shall We Do?

Only two weeks intervene between this time and the day of election; an election that is to determine for two years the welfare of the State. What shall we do about it is the question that is agitating the mind of every man who has the honor and prosperity of the State at heart. The Reporter, with other journals throughout the State, advocated last summer the do-nothing policy. Realizing how powerless we were against the combined hosts of Republicans, we were against the reorganization of the Democratic party for the purpose of putting a State ticket in the field. Our argument was that if the Democratic party would pursue this course, the Republican party would not be forced to nominate bad men on the plea of availability, and would be driven by a sense of shame to bring forward men against whom no charges of dishonesty could be successfully made. Rather than involve the State in a heated political campaign we were disposed to hope that a reform would be effected "within the lines of the party," and that a ticket for State officers would be presented, which, though not acceptable to us politically, would give some guarantee of an honest and impartial administration of the government. It was on this hope we advocated the policy we did; which policy was adopted by the Democratic party of the State. How have our hopes been realized? The ticket placed before us by the Regular Republican Convention, with one or two exceptions, would be a disgrace to a tribe of Canaanite Indians. The ticket offered us by the Bolters, though possibly a shade better, is still not such an one as an honest South Carolina white man could vote for without feeling that he had violated his self-respect. We do not, therefore, intend to vote for either of these tickets. And in this determination we believe we reflect the sentiments of nine-tenths of the white voters of the State.

Shall we, then, not vote at all? Shall we sit with folded arms and leave the two gangs of thieves to settle it between them as to which shall take charge of our purses for the next two years? We say decidedly, no. We, therefore, suggest the following ticket for State officers, composed of gentlemen who are known all over the State, whose capacity for adorning public stations has never been questioned, and upon whose integrity of character the breath of suspicion has never dared to breathe. That there is any, the remotest, possibility of their being elected, we have no idea. Would to God they could be! All that we can hope to do by voting for them is, thereby, to enter our solemn protest against the continuation of the shameful outrages in the name of government that have been practiced upon us for four years past, and to preserve unscathed the glorious heritage of the ballot box secured for us by our forefathers. The ticket we suggest, and for which we expect to vote, is as follows:

- For Governor—Hon. W. D. Porter, of Charleston.
- Lieutenant Governor—General M. C. Butler, of Richland.
- Secretary of State—Colonel J. H. Evans, of Spartanburg.
- Comptroller General—Major R. M. Sims, of York.
- State Treasurer—Edwin J. Scott, of Columbia.
- Attorney General—Colonel James H. Rion, of Fairfield.
- Superintendent of Education—Colonel Jas. A. Hoyt, of Anderson.
- Adjutant and Inspector General—General John D. Kennedy, of Kershaw.
- Congressman at Large—General M. W. Gary, of Edgefield.

POLITE CHILDREN.—"Thank you, Charley," said Mrs. Brown, as her little son handed her a paper he had been requested to bring. "Thank you, Bibbed," said the little fellow a few hours after, as he received a glass of water from his nurse.

"Well, Mrs. Brown, you have the best mannered children I ever saw," said a neighbor. "I should be thankful if mine were as polite to me as yours are to the servants. You never spend half as much time on your children's clothes as I do, yet every one notices them, they are so well behaved."

"We always try to treat our children politely," was the quiet reply. "That was the whole secret. When I hear parents grumbling about the ill-manners of their children, I always wish to ask, 'Have you always treated them with politeness?' I once knew a man, considered quite a gentleman in society, who would speak to his children in a manner that a well-instructed dog would resent. He would order them with a growl to bring him his slippers, or perform some other little service; and yet he complained of the rudeness and disobedience of his children."

Many parents, who are polite and polished in their manners toward the world at large, are perfect bores inside the home circle; what wonder if the children are the same? If they should accidentally brush against each other in the streets, an apology would be sure to follow; but who ever thinks of offering an excuse to the little people whose rights are constantly being violated by their careless deeds? If a stranger offers the slightest service, he is gratefully thanked; but who ever remembers to thank the parents for some one who has been traveling all day long up stairs and down on countless errands for their children's politeness, for the sake of more cheerful obedience, for other reason. The costless use of an "If you please," and "I thank you," now and then, will go far to lighten an otherwise burdensome task.

Polish is not everything, but it is something. It is better to have a black kettle that is sound, than a bright one with a hole in the bottom; but there is no reason why the sound one should not be bright too. It is of the first importance that children should possess those sterling qualities which fit them for battle with temptation and sin; but do not send them out into the world in great clod-hopper boots. Shine them up, and both their happiness and influence will be increased.

The good effects of associated action have never been better illustrated than in the establishment of these factories in the United States. The improvements that have been introduced into the manufacture of this important article of diet have through this agency been so great that the American product now competes with the best English in the London markets, whereas it was almost unsalable twenty years ago.

An editor says his ancestors have been in the habit of living a hundred years. His opponent responds by saying that "that was before the introduction of capital punishment."—Carbolic soap will certainly kill lice on chickens. Dissolve half an ounce in a quart of boiling water; when cool, wet their heads and necks with it. The lice die in an instant, and in half an hour the chickens are as dry and nice as ever.

The South—Its Development and True Interest.

People wonder at the rapid development of the material interests of some portions of the South, and are ignorant of, or indisposed to attribute it to, the real cause. While undoubtedly much of the immediate stimulating force that is producing these results is due to the infusion of new energy and capital from abroad, the main impulse was imparted during the late war, when, with every port blockaded and all outside help cut off, the Confederate authorities were compelled to rely entirely upon the development of the resources of the country. It was under the pressure of this terrible necessity that furnaces and foundries and rolling mills were established in every region of those States, the products of which were ample in quantity and quality to supply all demands made upon them; that coal mines and quarries were opened; that railroads were built; that lead ore was extracted and smelting works erected; that factories produced all the substantial fabrics of woolen and cotton; that nitre beds were cultivated at all the principal cities, and caves were explored for the nitriferous earths; that powder mills were constructed; that sulphur was evoked with its accompanying products from the rich deposits of pyrites; that tanneries were enlarged and shoe shops and leather works were erected everywhere; that all the arts, that by their intimate relations with the necessities of the times were in demand, flourished; that science was in request and found amplest opportunities for practical adaptations. It was under such circumstances that the Eagle Factory at Columbus, Ga., originated the cotton blanket which has since become a staple article in the merchandise of the country; that the soft, smooth and durable jeans of North Carolina factories attained a higher degree of excellence than ever before, and sufficed to clothe in becoming garb the trooper works of Richmond, turned out a greater variety of every quality of iron fabrics than ever before or since went forth from the same factory;—and these are but scattered examples of what was the universal state of affairs from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. These all depended upon the duration of the blockade forced upon the Southern States—a lesson in political economy of which that section will not be slow to avail itself in the altered condition of affairs.

The war closed suddenly. In one short month in the Spring of 1865 the entire structure of the Confederate government fell to pieces and carried with it the destruction or paralysis of all these industries that had sprung into existence and flourished upon its necessities. The demand was over, the blockade was raised, the former channels of trade began to flow, and the resources of the people were gone. Stunned, stripped, dispirited, these Southern people, whose intense energies had been so magnificently displayed, and to whom the terrible episode of the war seems almost yet by its ill-managed consequences a sad reality, are but beginning to awaken to the possibilities of the grand future which opens before them, and are clearing away the debris of the storm which swept with its besom of destruction across all its fair borders. They are still far from regaining the point of material development to which they had attained, and from which the sudden termination of the war turned them back. And it is in our opinion more for the compulsory education of the war now again putting forth its fruits, that we owe the active interest everywhere shown in the true development and upbuilding of the South by the Southern people themselves; and this work, aided and energized by Northern money and muscle, and assisted by a judicious national tariff policy, will gather in force and grow in intensity until the hill tops of the South glow with the bright signal of a new born prosperity, and its fertile valleys team with the bounteous products of an enlightened industry, while the crowding millions from every clime partake of the rich blessings of its generous hospitality.

A BRAKEMAN'S DREAM.—Edward Halkins, a brakeman on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad, who was newly married, had been doing extra duty, taking a sick friend's train in addition to his own, and so had no sleep for forty-eight hours. Naturally he was very tired when he went home, and after going to bed soon fell asleep. The dreams he had, and their almost tragic termination, are graphically described by a local newspaper:

"Again his foot was on his native platform, and he heard the warning toot of the whistle for brakes. The shadowy train bore him swiftly and quicker; the whole country fled by like a panorama mounted on sheet-lightning rollers. In his dream he heard far off another roar, and swinging out by the railings he saw another train coming at lightning speed around the curve. In another moment they would rush together, and from the piles of ruin a cry of agony would shiver to the tingling stars from the lips of the maimed and dying. The engineer had seen their danger, for at that moment, in his dream, he heard the whistle calling for brakes sound loud and unearthly. With the strength of desperation he gripped the brake and turned it down. There was a yell of pain, and 'Ed' woke to find himself setting up in bed, and holding his wife by the ears, having almost twisted off her head.

"That's how 'Ed's' wife came to wear a piece of red flannel round her throat and complain of dry neck."

In a jolly company each one was to ask a question; if it was answered, he paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himself he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was, "How the little ground-squirrel digs his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?" When they all gave up, Pat said: "Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole." One of the rest exclaimed: "But how does he get there?" "Ah," said Pat, "that's the question—can you answer it yourself?"

Recently at a business meeting of the members of the Baptist congregation at R., Indiana, a proposition was made to purchase a chandelier for the church. Of course there was a division of sentiment concerning the matter, which found full expression. The arguments waxed warm, when Elder _____ arose and said, "My Christian friends, I'm opposed to introducing any new-fangled ideas into our worship. You all know we haven't got the funds to spare; besides, there ain't no one in the church that could play on the thing if we had it." No purchase.

An Ohio old lady, who is an admirer of "Old Honesty," said she "knew Mr. Greeley the minute she seed him, for he hadn't changed a bit since he had his picture taken for them fans." Sensible and appreciative old dame.

A Detroit grandmother repeatedly dreamed that the body of her dead grandchild had been stolen from the grave. The grave was opened, and, sure enough—the child had not been disturbed.

Narrow Gauge Railroad from Ohio to Georgia.

In a recent issue, we called attention to Knoxville's opportunity in reference to a narrow gauge railroad to Cumberland Gap. We were shown, yesterday, letters from Ohio, Eastern Kentucky, and Southwestern Virginia, in regard to a proposed narrow gauge railway from Cleveland, Ohio, to Augusta, Ga. This line, according to the map shown, will pass New Philadelphia, McConnellsville, Athens, and to Ironton, on the Ohio River, crossing the valley of the Big Sandy River, thence through the Cumberland Mountains, through Pound Gap, thence through Moccasin Gap to Estelville, thence to Kingsport, crossing the East Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia Railroad at either Johnson City, Jonesboro, or Greenville, thence along and across the Unaka range of mountains to Asheville, N. C., thence to Greenville, Anderson and Abbeville, S. C., to Augusta, Ga.

From the letters shown, the line will pass through one of the finest mineral sections in Ohio, also Eastern Kentucky, and Southwestern Virginia, and it is said, that the coal and iron of the two last mentioned localities, can not be surpassed by any in the United States. The timber along the proposed line, if worked up, would, in time, pay the whole cost of construction, as no section possesses as fine timber as Southwestern Virginia, East Tennessee, North and South Carolina.

Southwest Virginia is noted for its fine grazing lands. Blue grass grows spontaneously, as large herds are driven from there each year for the Baltimore market.

Four incorporated companies are now engaged in making surveys up the Big Sandy River in Eastern Ky. Parties who are engaged in working up this enterprise are endeavoring to get these companies to consolidate and make one company for the whole line 600 miles. The line is almost an air-line, and from the knowledge we have of the country, the road will not exceed in cost \$14,000 per mile. The Denver and Rio Grande narrow gauge, now building from Denver south into Mexico have completed 170 miles, and the cost, where they are compelled to pay high prices for labor and transportation, and have rougher country to pass over than the proposed line, has not exceeded \$14,000 per mile.

The project spoken of in our former issue, can be made a part of this contemplated line, which will then secure to Knoxville a northern route, if not one of more advantage to our interests than any other route now under contemplation. It is the intention to make the proposed line a double track as soon as necessities demand it. A large portion of our farmers could devote one half of their lands to an enterprise of this kind, and be richer in the end, as a railroad would enhance the balance to double the amount of that they devoted to the railroad. We can have our meetings, but encourage immigration and manufacturing, but so long as we have no communication with the outer world, so long will our talk be in vain.

The time is not far distant when East Tennessee will be checked with the narrow gauge.—*Knoxville Press and Herald*.

When Should a Farmer Sell His Produce.

One of the most successful farmers and merchants that ever lived in this vicinity—long since dead—is credited with having said that a farmer should sell his produce as soon as it is ready for market. The principal reason he gave was, that when the farmer held the produce over from one season to another, or even for a shorter period, that he then became a speculator in addition to his being a producer, and that the two are inconsistent. The farmer raises his produce for the market, and when it is ready for it then is the time to sell. The money he realizes for a crop can always be used to an advantage in some other way than that of holding grain. It requires the very finest mind to become a successful speculator.

A writer compares the educated merchant to Isaac Newton. He says the same understanding Newton had to calculate the motions of the stars, the merchant exerts in tracing the actions of the commercial people that fertilize the earth. His problems are the most difficult to solve, as the circumstances are not derived from the invariable laws of nature, while the systems of the geometrical are. The problems of the merchant depend upon the caprices of men, and upon the certainty or uncertainty of a thousand events. He takes in at one view the whole world, and directs his operations by an infinite variety of considerations, which it is seldom the province of the statesman or philosopher to estimate. Nothing must escape the trader. He must foresee the influence of the season upon the plenty, the scarcity and quality of commodities. He must know the effect of political affairs upon those of commerce, the changes which war or peace must necessarily occasion in the prices and directions of merchandise, in the state of the markets in the cities and parts of the world. He must look to the stagnation or impetus that may be produced by the blocking up, or opening of some channels of industry or trade. He must learn the reciprocal connection there is between most branches of trade, and the mutual assistance they lend, by the temporary injuries they seem to inflict on each other. He must know the proper time to begin, and the time to stop, in all undertakings. In a word, he must possess the art of making all other nations tributary to his own, and to make his own fortune with that of his own country, or, rather, to enrich himself by extending the general prosperity of mankind.

These are the objects which constitute the profession of the true merchant. If, then, these are the characteristics of the merchant, can every one see how much the farmer undertakes when he becomes both a farmer and a merchant—when he speculates on what he produces? We know a farmer of Fayette County who refused ten dollars per hundred for his hemp crop, because he said it was not enough and he would get more; but he was mistaken, and afterward sold the same crop for five dollars per hundred. He lost fifty per cent. of the price offered and one year's interest on the capital. In nine cases out of ten a farmer who holds his produce over will meet with a similar result. We are thoroughly convinced that the time to sell produce is when it is ready for market.—*Farmers' Home Journal*.

A Michigan paper tells an amusing story of a minister of that State who took an old-fashioned sweat, and was wrapped up in an old-fashioned patch quilt of many colors. In the course of time he awoke up to find himself all over spotted blue, black and purple. Believing that mortification had already set in, he began to settle up his earthly accounts and prepare for his final dissolution, while the members of his flock gave themselves up to uncontrolable grief. The arrival of a physician and the examination of the faded quilt gave another explanation of the spots, and turned the house of mourning into one of laughter.

A Kentucky horse is in the habit of eating what few ducks he finds in his watering trough.

IN AUTUMN.

The year grows splendid; on the mountain steep
Now lingers long the warm and gorgeous light,
Dying by slow degrees into the deep,
Delicious night.

The fatal triumph of the perfect year,
Rises the woods' magnificent array;
Beyond, the purple mountain heights appear
And slope away.

The elm, with mmatical, slow motion, leaves
His long, lithe branches on the tender air,
While from his top of gray, Sordello waves
His scarlet hair.

Where Spring first hid her violets 'neath the fern,
Where Summer's fingers opened, fold on fold,
The odoriferous, wild, red rose head, now burn
The leaves of gold.

The loftiest hill—the lowliest flowering herb—
The fairest fruit of season and of clime—
All wear alike the mood of the superb
Autumnal clime.

Now nature pours her last and noblest wine
Like some Bacchant; beside the singing streams
Reclines enchanted day, wrapped in divine,
Impassioned dreams.

But where the painted leaves are falling fast,
Among the vales, beyond the farthest hill,
There sits a shadow—dim, and sad, and vast,
And lingers still.

And still we hear a voice among the hills,
A voice that means among the haunted woods,
And with the mystery of sorrow fills
The solitudes.

For while gay Autumn gilds the fruit and leaf,
And doth her fairest festal garments wear,
Lo! Time, all noiseless, in his mighty sheaf,
Binds up the year.

The mighty sheaf which never is unbound—
The reaper whom your souls beseech in vain—
The loved, last year, which never may be found,
Or loved again.

A Lonely Banquet.

In 1862 ten young gentlemen of congenial tastes and tempers boarded at a fashionable boarding house in New York. They divided up in parties of twos and threes and fours, and attended theatres, lectures, and other places of interest in the evening, and when they returned they made it a point to meet in the parlor and talk over the business, pleasures and adventures of the day before they retired to their rooms. Their close friendship, and this method of each communicating his experience for the benefit of all, proved both instructive and entertaining, and these daily reunions possessed local attraction enough to draw them all together at a regular hour in the evening. At length the time came for them to separate. The country needed its young men, and called for several of this party of ten. They had a farewell dinner in their boarding house on the 10th of September, 1862, and a grand time feasting and talking and singing songs.

One remarkable feature of this celebration was that, before they separated at 2 o'clock in the morning, each arose in his place and made a solemn vow that, if living, he would meet the rest of his companions at 8 o'clock in the same place, and dine with them ten years hence, as they had dined that night. Each one was to occupy the same seat, and, as nearly as possible, they were to have the same kind of a dinner. So they bade each other good night and separated. In the course of years the house had changed hands, and set up the more pretentious claims of a hotel. The dining-room remained, however, just as it was, and probably the old table and chairs were still on duty. Some days ago Mr. Edward K. Winslip, broker, 24 Bond Street, called on the proprietor of the hotel, and requested him to prepare dinner for ten gentlemen in the old dining-room on the evening of September 10. Mr. Winslip briefly narrated the circumstances of the compact to explain his request, and that, being the eldest of the party of ten, he had been appointed on the evening of their dinner in 1862 as chairman. At precisely 8 o'clock on the evening of September 10, Mr. Winslip entered the dining-room, and the doors were quickly closed behind him. No one else came. The table was bounteously spread, three colored waters were there, and nine empty chairs and inverted plates and glasses at every chair. The meal was begun, and the solitary banqueter was served with the prescribed courses almost in silence. Mr. Winslip occasionally passed a word with the head-waiter. "Poor boys!—They're all gone," said he. "One went down in the Monitor in Mobile Bay, another was drowned in the same waters. Two were shot in Mobile. One was pierced through the heart. Another died in Philadelphia and another died in New York." He said that, while in February last he was walking up Broadway one evening, he felt a tap on the shoulder, and a voice asked him whether he knew Mr. —. "I do," replied Mr. Winslip. "He died at 4 o'clock to-day," said the voice. Though Mr. Winslip turned quickly upon feeling the tap and hearing the voice, he was unable to ascertain who it was that had addressed him. He afterward learned that one of the party of ten had died that day and at the hour indicated. Mr. Winslip said the oldest of the party, next to himself, was only 29.

TO REMOVE WARTS.—Make a strong steep, from red oak bark, in hot water; when cold, apply as convenient, the oftener the better. In a few days the wart will disappear. I have also found the juice of the common milk-weed, put repeatedly on the wart for a day or two, to completely remove them.

—What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is something hard to get up, and the other is often hard to get down.

—What is the difference between a watch and a feather bed? The ticking of the watch is inside, that of the bed outside.

—The time to possess your soul in patience is when your hat blows off in the street and your eyes are too full of dirt to see which way it goes.

—Some men make a great flourish about always doing what they believe to be right, but always manage to believe that is right which is for their own interest.

—A correspondent of a Maine paper wants to know some remedy for striped bugs. We should suppose the remedy depended very much on what ails the bugs.

—It is said that blacksmiths and machinists are more or less given to rice, and that carpenters will chisel when they can get a chance and think the operation will pay.

—We don't like to make unpleasant suggestions; but when we find all the papers chronicling an "unexampled activity in cheese," we feel it a duty to caution consumers to be careful what sort they buy.

—When certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of character it is that they admire; we shall often find this a very consolatory question.