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Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1878. VOL. XIII—NO. 40.

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THE WHIPPING POST.

ANDERSON, S. C., April 11.

MR. EDITOR: We very much admire the article of "Civis" in your paper of April 4, as an eloquent and sharp expose of the *expensive* and blundering manner in which the State punishes her convicts. It is also *timely*. Much complaint has been heard, in our own State, as to the soft punishment with which the government has rewarded villainies in the Penitentiary. If these letters of "Civis" shall have some effect towards making crime *pay for itself* as well as making its penalties more efficient, a step towards a very desirable improvement will have been attained.

But the "simple, primitive, inexpensive and powerful corrector" which he proposes as a money-saving penalty, to wit, the "whipping post," will hardly meet the necessities of the case. The gradual increase of time punishments over those in which the State inflicts a sharp and curt penalty, and is done with the offender, seems to show an experience of modern States in favor of the former, as a rule, both as more reformatory and less expensive, because time gives more hope of a bad man recovering his self-control than the quick but exacerbating penalty which at once gives the victim his liberty again. Moreover, the transgressor has forfeited his personal liberties to the State, which gives to it the right to utilize his time in labor, not only to meet the expenses of his punishment, but, as far as possible, to repair the damages of his crime. There can scarcely be a more *economical* penalty than convict labor for all ordinary transgressions, and there can hardly be one better calculated to restore a man to the State than a season, longer or shorter, of industrial occupation, daily habituating the person to useful employment. Indeed, we cannot see why the State should impose upon her orderly citizens the expenses of long confinement after trial and conviction in any cases but those in which it would be inexpedient to risk an escape. The graduations of the penalty could be effected by the time of work if not by the kinds and amount of it exacted.

But a more serious difficulty in the penalty proposed by "Civis" is that it punishes more than the State intends or has a right to punish. The sentiment of the country has fairly repudiated it, and the government has silently consented by not inflicting it. The country has repudiated it not because it has any sympathy for rascals, but because it has an ignominy which reacts deleteriously on the moral nature of the victim. It makes a worse man of him. It ostracises him for all time from human society. All penalties are understood to be ignominious, but there are some, such as whipping, branding, mutilating, which brutalize the human being, crushing all valuable qualities, which the State does not intend to do, and has no right to do. The State has no right to destroy the soul. The rejection of these penalties is not due to the maudlin tenderness of the age, but because the State has found a better way of commanding justice, of repressing crime and, above all, of economizing citizen existence.

The penitentiaries and jails of the nineteenth century have no doubt been considerably softened by the beneficiary institutions of the age, asylums, almshouses and infirmaries, by improvements in public buildings and private dwellings, by the relative advance in the comforts of living and, not least, by the moral sensibilities of the generation. It was scarcely possible that all these agencies would not have relieved the condition of the convict whose penalty was simple confinement. No civilized State would or could construct a Roman dungeon—a hollow globe of stone masonry beneath the ground, with only an air-hole at the top—or a Bastile, with cells 19 feet beneath the surface, or such an awful pit as that which shot down far into the earth, under the very shadow of the Vatican. The people would tear down such structures or fill up such caverns as soon as they were made. The French in 1789 tore down their own Bastile, a structure which began to be built in the fourteenth century. The State cannot contradict her civilization by remanding her refractory citizen back to the miseries of an absolete penal code. And as the State cannot remand her penitentiaries and jails back to a bygone architecture, neither can it return to the engines of cruelty and torture which have gradually gone into disuse. Among the things of the past is the whipping post—efficient once, a mischievous anachronism now.

When government means to inflict a *sharp, just* penalty, let it be prompt, invariable, stern as doom, but let it express the awful majesty of law, rather any disposition to inflict a needless ignominy. Let her punishments educate the popular mind to *justice*, rather than provoke to disloyalty and discontent. To inflict upon the lowest criminal an ignominious torture which would be regarded as too disgraceful to be inflicted upon offenders of higher rank, is itself a disgrace to any enlightened government. Rogues in high places must be submitted to the same penalties with the lowest scoundrels, be the penalties descent or indescent.

D. E. F.

A BELL PUNCH TAX.—Mr Brooks offered in the New York Assembly a resolution intended to substitute the Moffett liquor law of Virginia for the law of 1875 [illegible] of the author of the resolution that since $60,000,000 worth of liquors are alleged, on competent authority, to be sold over the bars of New York city yearly, a tax on every drink registered by the Moffett punch would yield an immense annual revenue to the city treasury, and operate beneficially in other ways. He thinks the law would be popular with liquor dealers, inasmuch as it requires consumers to pay cash for every glass at the time when it is drunk, and that would tend to kill off low grog shops where poisonous liquors are now sold at low prices, which would be increased by the tax.

FACTS THAT BEAT FABLE.

One of the Wonders of that Enormous Wilderness, Southwest Texas.

SOUR LAKE, March 6, 1878.

I have, in time, been in many of the most remarkable places in the world, and now I have turned up, as I think, in that which is the most remarkable of all. I came over here yesterday from Sour Lake Station, on the railroad, in a cart, over the meanest road in the world, and immediately set to work investigating. These strange places have a fascination for me, and I enjoy their society hugely. Hence, you can conceive how I have enjoyed Sour Lake.

It is a circular pool of an acre or two in extent, situated in a depression on the most elevated tract of land in a wide scope of country. It rises above the contiguous territory as an island in the sea rises above the waters. Now conceive a depression in the centre of our island, filled with a bubbling, boiling pond, as round as a well, surrounded by a dense forest, and we have Sour Lake and its topography. This similitude is exact. All the region around is very low and flat, and sometimes the Lake tract is surrounded by water. The extent of the elevated region is probably about two miles in any direction. The hotel and other buildings are on the highest point of the elevation. Don't let any one suppose now that this is a hill. The elevation is only sufficient to throw the water off its back into the region around it. The pool sends off a small stream to the east.

On the edges of this lake or pool are situated most of the wells, five or six feet in depth, with plank curbing. Some of these are in a state of vigorous ebullition, while others have very little ebullition. This ebullition is nothing but currents of gas escaping from the bowels of the earth. This is made apparent by a common experiment here. Take a common fruit can, open at one end and a small hole bored in the other. Immerse half of it in the water where the ebullition is going on, and then touch a lighted match to the hole. Instantly a flame pops up, which will burn, unless blown out by a wind, as long as you choose to hold the can in its position. There are jets of gas issuing out of the ground all about the pool, so that with your fruit cans and milk cans you may have flames without end. You may even set fire to the pools, or apparently do so, by applying a match to the surface where it is bubbling or boiling; but these flames speedily go out. While burning, however, they look exceedingly queer, and one cannot help but think of the old traditional hell, which of late seems to be falling into contempt. Now, as some may be inclined to doubt all this, I state that I saw it all last night and this morning with my own eyes.

Some of these wells throw up a yellowish and blackish oil, which collects on the surface and may be skimmed like cream. This smells very furiously of tar or naptha, but at little distance is pleasant to the nostrils. The water on which this substance collects tastes precisely like the substance smells. He who drinks of it gets his whole body considerably infected with the smell, to such a degree that he even makes his bed smell of it. This substance is gathered here, and the people around readily buy it at a dollar a quart. They say it beats all creation for curing sores, cuts and burns. It is inflammable, and burns with a great smoke. It is, I suppose, liquid carbon. Now, suppose we would take this stuff and solidify it, and crystalize it, and purify it to perfect clearness, why, we would have the true diamond. Where is the alchemyst who can do this?

Others of the wells are as sour as crab-apples, and these invariably send up a strong odor of sulphur. These bubble and boil considerably, and have a whitish appearance, as if pulverized chalk had been stirred up in them. This is white sulphur. They have a slight taste of the fluid carbon. These are said to act powerfully upon the liver, and several have told me that no case of dyspepsia could withstand them. Then there is another well that is strongly impregnated with iron. Its waters are distinctly marked from all the others in appearance, being exceedingly soft and limpid; so much so that it looks like a little pool of liquid air, if such a thing may be. A few feet from this chalybeate well is another which is called "the Vermifuge." It tastes rather nasty, and I do not doubt that it deserves its name. They say that children sick with worms are effectually cured by it. A gentleman stopping here testifies about this well as follows: "I drank its waters because I somehow took a liking to it. I have been a great sufferer from dyspepsia, and that is what brought me here. I had not the remotest idea that I was 'wormy,' but this well demonstrated to me that astounding fact. I felt like shooting my head off."

Then there is another well or pool, which, if what is said of it be true, is, if not the most remarkable, yet certainly destined to be the most renowned of all. They call it "youth and beauty." It deposits a peculiar sort of sediment on its bottom, which, as they say, has the remarkable property of beautifying the skin and removing freckles. Let a lady having splotches or freckles on her hands or face apply a little unction of this, two nights in succession, and they say she will wake up the second morning as beautiful as a nymph just risen from her bath. I am told that this deposit is so much in demand that it is not always easy to keep a supply of it during the watering season. The ladies go to the pool and gobble it up and stow it away in their trunks to make presents to their friends who have freckles. What truth there may be in all this, of course I do not know, but it is curious that I have not seen a single freckled lady in all this country, and the piney-woods girls are often thunder on freckles.

Indeed, these wells, as numerous as they are, all differ from one another in the nature of their waters; certainly they do in taste, and I judge that they must also differ in chemical properties; and this great multitude of various waters is, to me, the most remarkable feature of this remarkable place. It is strange, indeed, and difficult to account for. By what freak of nature were all these strange waters thrown so closely together? Or was it a freak, or was it a design of the Builder of Nature to create fountains "for the healing of the nations?" I may be laughed at as very stupid by the hard scientists, but I will take this latter horn. I doubt not that this is to become one of the greatest watering places in the world. I can myself testify that the waters are powerfully medicinal, and I have been here only a little over twenty-four hours. If one wishes to be easy and comfortable in company, I would advise him to be as shy of "No. 4" as he would be of epsom salts or a dose of castor oil. Another one of these wells, as perhaps all of them, stimulates the kidneys to a great degree. It is singular that these waters have never been properly analyzed; but that is the way we do things in Texas. We have no use for the chemist and the man of science. We consider them useless fools, and would not give one tobacco squirting cowboy for all of them.

The site here is really a glorious one for a watering place; a great prairie to the south, filled with fragrance and wild flowers, and a great forest in every other direction, penetrated with labyrinthine walks; oaks, magnolias, myrtles, hollies, beeches, and maples and gums, and vines without end. How easy would it be to light all this extensive ground into a blaze of glory at night, by utilizing the gas that pours in torrents out of the earth.

A few hundred yards east of the lake is a low depression, whose surface is nearly covered with hard asphaltum, like that in Trinidad, except that it is not quite so pure. I believe there is any quantity of petroleum in this country.

N. A. T.

Peace Probabilities.

Between at least three great European Powers there is now a wonderful unanimity—such unanimity as has hardly been seen before in history. They are all agreed on a common purpose and a common declaration. These Powers are England, Russia and Austria. Each one is determined to guard its own interests with all its might, and to care as little as possible for the interests of any other, and they are all equally agreed to shout that their sole anxiety is to protect Europe, to protect political morality, to stand up for the sacredness of treaty obligations and the rights of everybody. Each one asserts its eagerness to compel other people to be virtuous, and each one regards the indulgence of its own little appetite as apart from the great general rules it is prepared to lay down for the government of the world; but the disproportion between what they do and what they declare is more apparent in some than in others. Thus we hear more of England's virtuous inclinations than we do of the virtuous inclinations of the others—first, because no doubt England has more virtue to declare than other people and more effective means of declaring it. No person acquainted with the facts can fail to recognize that England alone has more virtue than all the rest of the world together; for England has said so in a thousand ways, and she ought to know. Just now, moreover, England has the ear of the world—at least of this part of it—in virtue of community of language and the news system. Her every word is reported to us, while from Austria and Russia we hear much less distinctly and elaborately. If, however, a greater noise is made over England's intentions we learn more of Russia's acts, because for some time action in the case has fallen mostly to her share. But the issue of greatest importance now is whether the unanimity of these three Powers can be made convertible. Will each Power accept as to the government of its own conduct the views formed by the other as to what that conduct should be? With the views now held, modified by discussion, they probably will. They will compromise their differences—Russia will not give up the Treaty of San Stelano for a substitute made by England; England will not abdicate her Oriental pretensions and be left out in the cold, as that treaty would provide. Russia will make room for England; England will accommodate herself to the exigencies of a Muscovite neighbor. If a *modus vivendi* is earnestly sought it may always be found, and in this case it will be earnestly sought, because both Powers have a wholesome dread, fear even, of the war into which a failure to compromise would plunge them. Russia would prefer to force her treaty down England's throat; yet, when she considers how England might stretch out the conflict, and how disastrous the continued drain on her own financial resources would be, she sees the unwisdom of insisting too much. England also would like to force Russia to submit in a corner, but the difficulty of surrounding an army of half a million men actually under arms with an army on paper inclines England to adopt a modest demeanor. Hence, through the respective apprehensions of the parties as to war will result in all likelihood the preservation of peace. There may, it is true, be an accident. Russia has a great army near Constantinople, and the Ottomans, under English inspiration and encouragement, are organizing reviews to flaunt military demonstration in the face of the victor. There is the British fleet in the Sea of Marmora also, and from what was said by Lord Derby on Tuesday it is believed that the British admiral has fighting orders to act on a contingency. With all this inflammable material in near neighborhood some trivial misunderstanding may induce an act of war. But if that possibility is excluded, if the case remains in the hands of the diplomatists till they have fairly done with it, they will in all probability preserve the peace.—*New York Herald.*

JEFF. DAVIS ON THE LATE POPE.—The Cleveland (Ohio) *Catholic Universe* quotes from a personal letter to its editor from Jefferson Davis the following tribute to Pius IX.: "I grieve with you over the decease of the great and nobly-good Pius Nono. In common with all who honor true piety, that which begets universal charity, I feel the loss which the Christian world has sustained in the departure of this grand exemplar; but I have personal obligations added to the common cause for mourning. You have mentioned many characteristic acts of that sublime man. Let me add one, of which you might not otherwise learn, for it was as privately as it was graciously done. When our war was closed in the defeat of the South, and I was incarcerated with treatment the most needlessly rigorous, if not designedly cruel; when the invention of malignants was taxed to its utmost to fabricate stories to defame and degrade me in the estimation of mankind; when time-servers at home as well abroad, joined in the cry with which the ignoble ever pursue the victim, a voice from afar to cheer and console me in my solitary captivity. The holy father sent to me his likeness, and beneath it was written, by his own hand, the comforting invitation our Lord gives to all who are oppressed, in these words: '*Venite ad me omnes qui laboratis, et ego reficiam vos, dicit Dominus.*' That the inscription was autographic was attested by 'Al Cardinal Barnaba, December, 1866,' under his seal."

SAVED BY A MULE.—A very interesting incident occurred at a railroad accident on the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railroad at Lakeville, Ohio. Standing between two of the cars, which were loaded with horses and mules, was a brakeman. He went down with the wreck, becoming fastened between the cars, under ten feet of water. His weak struggles to release himself were useless and he concluded that in a few short seconds all would be over. The mules had been kicking in the car, and suddenly the brakeman felt the end boards give way. Then he received a tremendous kick on the thigh, which sent him out of his perilous position to the top of the water. Here he spluttered about until a white mule rose up and struck out for the shore. Then the brakeman grasped the animal's tail and was safely carried to land.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

WITH THE OLD CHIVALRY.

The Most Determined Fight on Record.

A series of letters upon duels and dueling—even as casual and desultory as this one has been—would hardly be complete until something had been written concerning the duels of the West and Southwest. The breezy vigor of these sections—the fresh and unconventional manner in which they slashed and fought—the startling methods of their duels, and the dire results, these seem to demand that they should be hastily, if not specially recorded. That the land of Crockett, the Bowies, McClung, Joor, Scott, Prentice, Foote, and their compeers is rich in adventure, need not be told. So our scene is shifted, for the moment, westward. It is a fact, however, that the most determined duel of which I have any record was fought in New York State, and very near the metropolis of that name.

The meeting was between De Witt Clinton and John Swartwout, in 1802. It appears probable that if the dispute in which this duel originated had taken its natural course, the most famous duel in any history—that between Hamilton and Burr—would have been omitted. Clinton and Burr had a very fierce and truculent political dispute, which finally became personal. Before it had fairly come to an issue, John Swartwout became involved in it, taking Burr's place. He challenged Clinton, who accepted. On the field Clinton remarked "that he wished he had the principal (Burr) before him." If his wish had been gratified there is little doubt that his fatal precision of shot would have put Burr where he could not have killed Hamilton three years later.

Mr. Swartwout insisted that he should have an apology, and prepared one that he insisted Mr. Clinton should sign. Mr. Clinton, of course, declined, and the parties went to the field.

The duel was such a remarkable one that I present an account given of it by Mr. N. S. Smith, who was Swartwout's second. He says:

"The gentlemen took positions and fired without effect. At Mr. Riker's request, I asked Mr. Swartwout if he was satisfied. He answering in the negative, the second shot was fired without effect. I again asked Mr. Swartwout if he was satisfied. He replied:

"'I am not,' and the third shot was exchanged without injury. I then asked Mr. Swartwout:

"'Are you satisfied? He replied:

"'I am not. Neither shall I be until the apology is made which I have demanded. Until then we must proceed.'

"I then presented a paper to Mr. Riker for Clinton's signature, containing the apology demanded, observing that this paper must be signed or we would proceed. Mr. Clinton declared that he would sign no paper on the subject; that he had no animosity to Mr. Swartwout, and would willingly shake hands and agree to meet on the score of former friendship. Mr. Swartwout insisted on the signature to the apology, and Mr. Clinton declining they stood at their posts and fired a fourth shot. Mr. Swartwout was wounded in the left leg, about five inches below the knee. Being asked if he was satisfied, Mr. Swartwout replied:

"'It is useless to repeat the question; my determination is fixed, and I beg we may proceed.'

"Mr. Clinton repeated that he had no animosity against Mr. Swartwout; was sorry for what had passed; proposed to advance, shake hands and bury the past in oblivion.

"During this conversation the surgeon kneeling at his side, extracted the ball from Mr. Swartwout's leg. The fifth shot being fired, Mr. Swartwout received a ball in the left leg, about five inches above the ankle. Still, however, he stood at his post perfectly composed. At the request of Mr. Riker, I asked: 'Are you satisfied?' He forcibly answered:

"'No, sir; I am not. Proceed.'

"Mr. Clinton then quit his post, declining the combat, and declared that he would fire no more. Mr. Swartwout expressed himself surprised that Mr. Clinton would neither apologize nor give the satisfaction required, and, addressing me, said:

"'What shall I do, my friend?'

"I answered: 'Mr. Clinton declines making the apology required, refuses taking his position, and positively declares he will fight no more; his second appearing to acquiesce in the disposition of his principal, there is nothing further for you to do now but to have your wounds dressed.'

"The surgeons attending dressed his wounds, and the gentlemen returned in their respective barges to the city."

Captain Scott came very near having a duel on the most ridiculous grounds. He was a great sportsman, and a perfect stickler for all technicalities of a sporting lore. He would get into a passion at hearing any one call a line of geese "a flock" of geese, or a bevy of quails "a brood" of quails. On one occasion he organized a grand hunt. The game was jackass rabbits. A great many visiting officers were present, and Captain Scott had taken great pride in having the hunt conducted on the strictest principles. He had rehearsed the home officers, and had instructed them that when a rabbit ran from cover they should all give the view-hallo, "tally-ho!" Among the officers was a Captain B——, who was an inveterate practical joker. The hounds were unloosened and taken into the woods and soon opened musically. Every man was at his post in tiptoe anxiety to catch the first glimpse of the suspected game. Suddenly, near the stand of Captain B——n, out bounded an enormous mule, with twenty dogs in full cry at her heels. In this critical moment, Captain B——n roared at the top of his voice, "Sally, whoa! Sally, whoa! Sally, whoa!" The ridiculous cry was taken up, and the whole field burst into uncontrollable laughter. Captain Scott was violently enraged, and it took all that the friends of the parties could do to prevent his calling the practical joker out. Captain Scott was afterwards killed while leading his command forward in a most desperate battle of the Mexican war.

A friend has furnished me with an incident in the life of Colonel Dooly, of Georgia, who, it may be remembered, has already figured in these letters as the man who would not fight a duel. Living in the most turbulent period of Georgia history, he preserved his principles of non-combatancy absolutely. He was audacious, sarcastic and full of the deviltry of speech. He was, consequently, very frequently engaged in trouble. He always took the consequences without a murmur. On one occasion he was challenged by a Mr. Halsey, who was very badly afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. His hands continually jerked from one side to the other in a palsy. They were never still. Dooly accepted the challenge, and the shaking gentleman and his friend went to the field. Dooly came at last, attended by his negro servant. He held a whispered conversation with the boy, and then sent him into the woods. When asked if he was ready he replied that he should have to wait until his boy returned. The boy at last came back with a forked stick in his hand. Colonel Dooly took this stick, and with the utmost gravity walked up to where Halsey was standing and drove it into the ground, leaving the forked end up. He was asked with some asperity what this meant. He replied, "I intend that Mr. Halsey shall rest his gun in this fork when he fires." "Why do you want this done?" asked Mr. Halsey. "Because I want it steadied. If I were to let you shoot without a rest with those shaking hands of yours, you'd put a dozen holes through me at one discharge."

The Whipping Post.

We are somewhat surprised to see that the Kentucky Senate has laid on the table the bill to re-establish the whipping post. We say we are surprised at this in Kentucky, where men are stern and stout and practical, and where mock philanthropy is scarce, if it has any existence at all. But we begin to suspect that demagogism has found a lodgment amongst the solid men of Kentucky, as well as amongst the Legislators of most all the Southern States, under the fearful social revolution of the times. The consideration that in whipping a felon a *voter* might be whipped no doubt prevailed to carry the bill to the table. Philanthropy had nothing to do with its fate. So it is in other things that the public interests are subordinated to the politic view taken by the demagogue. For instance, the measures to encourage sheep culture, by protecting sheep from dogs, all fail because the *dog has a vote.* The criminal policy of this country has become inefficient because of too much philanthropy. The delusive idea that crime was to be ended by kindness to robbers and house-burners, sneak-thieves and cut throats; that villains and murderers were to be made honest men and gentlemen by preaching and forgiveness, have paralyzed the law and disarmed the police. Felons are not to be roughly treated. Their feelings are not to be wounded. They must be hospitably entertained and left to the course of meditation and remorse, that they may emerge from their place of respectable detention fit companions for the philanthropic people who have extracted the sting from the law and smothered the discomfort of the hard and healthy discipline which is so salutary in the processes of repentance and atonement. Thus the prisons and penitentiaries have done absolutely nothing in the way of reform, and the men who have passed through them have come forth without repentance, confirmed rascals, to make their art available with more success than before their confinement and before that hardening process which made them impenetrable to the moral sensibilities, of which there were some traces in their minds until they entered the so-called penitentiary, to part with them forever. The whipping post would do more to put a check upon crime and to deter men from repeating their felonies than all other provisions of the law. If the lash were applied to big thieves and little thieves without distinction of color, race or previous condition of servitude, the criminal docket would shrink up and the jails and penitentiaries would be relieved of fully half their lodgers. Widen the range of hanging, shorten the period of imprisonment, and introduce the whipping post for application to cases of burglary and stealing, and there would be such a change in the character and number of criminal cases that we might well imagine we were in a new country. It is for the want of a more rigid administration of the laws against felonies and misdemeanors, and for the want of a more just gradation of the retribution to the crime, that we hear even in this advanced period of civilization of so many cases of the intervention of Judge Lynch. Make crime odious by proper punishment, and the public security will be increased while crime will be decreased.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

SITTING BULL AS "A LITERARY CUSS."—R. D. Clarke, U. S. army, sends to the President copies of a number of the writings of Sitting Bull, including intercepted letters and some of his poems. They show that the warrior is not the untutored savage he is generally supposed to be. One of his letters to Father Frene, the Catholic missionary, is in French, and another to Chief Joseph is in Latin. Translations of both are furnished. The letter to Joseph is from the "Camp Beyond the Boundary Line," or in the Latin "*Castris Trans Terminos*." In this letter he says: "I came here—here into British territory—with all my forces and in unbroken strength, and here it is my purpose to remain. I have always been most kindly affected toward the British authorities. But alas for the justice of man! That mean government on whose protection I had so confidently relied is already prepared to deliver me over to my enemies. I think, therefore, that further fighting would only occasion loss of our people. Such being the state of affairs, and the enemy also sending commissioners to treat of peace, it seems we would do well to accept such terms as may be offered us." He is sorry, he says, that he has come to this post, and adds a poem (also in Latin) to the letter which he has "with pen long disused set down." The poem agrees in tone with the letter. The communication, which, as before stated, is in Latin, is signed, "Taurus Qui Sedet"—the bull who sits or Sitting Bull. It was written, it will be observed, before the commissioners appointed by that government to [illegible] with him had arrived, and it will [illegible] served that with true Indian consist[illegible] he treated those officials in directly an opposite manner to that in which he stated he would deal with him.

GEN. JOE JOHNSTON IN A CONFEDERATE CEMETERY.—On a recent visit to Wilmington, N.C., Gen. Joseph Johnston was driven out to Oakdale Cemetery, and in company with one of the most prominent citizens, himself a distinguished Confederate, visited the enclosure where the noble women of Wilmington have raised the monument to our Confederate dead. Gen. Johnston gazed upon it long and in silence and turned away without a word; other parts of the Cemetery were visited and the party returned to this most sacred spot in the beautiful city of the dead. Again he gazed for a long time on the lonely soldier who keeps his perpetual guard in that holy spot and turned away with his hands lifted to Heaven and with the simple expression, "My God!" This was all, but the tears which stood in the eyes of the grey-headed soldier and the tremor so plainly heard in his voice were more eloquent than the choicest words could have been.

— There have been fifty-six Atlantic steamers lost during the past thirty-seven years, in which 4,480 persons perished. Nine vessels were never heard from after leaving port, four were burned, thirty wrecked, five lost through collision with other vessels and two by collision with icebergs, two foundered and two were lost in fog. Of nationalities, forty-two were British, five American, four French, four German and one Belgian.

A STARTLING TRAGEDY.

A Woman Shot Dead by Another One on the Stage—Reckless Use of Firearms—Terrible Ending to a Variety Performance at Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 5.

A terrible tragedy occurred this evening at the Opera House, in Pawtucket, in this State, during one of those sensational and reckless exhibitions in marksmanship, originally introduced on the stage by Frank Frayne and his wife, Miss Clara Butler. In this instance the holder of the rifle was a woman, and she instantly killed another woman who was holding the apple aimed at on her head. On Monday last a variety company, hailing from the Mozart Garden, in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., commenced an engagement at the Pawtucket Opera House, their performance being of an ordinary character, except the feats in rifle shooting by Mrs. Jennie Fowler, whose stage name is Miss Jennie Franklin. She usually began by firing at a target and at various objects, closing that part of her performance by shooting at an apple placed on the head of another member of the company, known as Mlle. Volante, who also appeared as a trapeze performer.

SHOOTING WITH A REFLECTED AIM.

In order to intensify the sensational character of this act, Miss Franklin, instead of taking direct aim at the apple on Mlle. Volante's head, faced in an opposite direction and obtained her range by means of a small mirror placed at the wing. This mirror has to be arranged at such an angle that its face will bring the face of the person supporting the apple directly in the centre of the glass. The holder of the rifle places the weapon over her right shoulder, keeping the trigger guard pressed close and steady to her shoulder, and then takes aim through the sights at the reflected image before her. The trick has been repeated; accomplished with success, but it requires great coolness and steadiness to strike the reflected apple with precision, and has always been deemed a foolhardy and dangerous experiment.

A STARTLING TRAGEDY.

This evening the variety entertainment passed off as usual until the rifle shooting act, when the audience was horrified by seeing the unfortunate trapeze performer shot dead. Miss Franklin displayed considerable skill in hitting her target and other objects while firing directly at them, and she seemed confident and assured when the final feat was to be attempted. Mlle. Volante stepped alertly to her station, smiling at the audience as she did so. Placing the apple, an ordinary sized one, on top of her head, where it rested in her luxuriant hair, she stood motionless as a statue. Miss Franklin also took her station near the footlights in front of the mirror, and deliberately aimed over her shoulder through the glass at her ill-fated friend. The audience sat in silence curiously watching the performers and suspecting some deceitful trick, when suddenly the trigger was pulled and at the same instant a shriek resounded through the hall and the unfortunate Volante fell forward on the stage.

A HORRIFIED AUDIENCE.

Everything was now in confusion, both before and behind the footlights, the audience being in a state of terror at the *denouement* of what had promised to be only a pleasant bit of sensation. At first it was only supposed that Mlle. Volante had been wounded, but it was not many minutes before the news spread that the woman had been instantly killed, the fatal bullet having entered her forehead and pierced the brain. Miss Franklin was immediately placed under arrest by the local police, and is now locked up to await the action of the coroner. She seemed to be half crazed with horror at the occurrence, only realizing the recklessness of her act when it was too late. Mlle. Volante, who so suddenly closed her career in this shocking manner, has only been on the variety stage four or five weeks, and no one at Pawtucket or here seems to know her history. The tragedy has naturally caused great excitement in the town of Pawtucket. This accident will, of course, put a stop to all such exhibitions, no matter who may attempt them.

EXECUTION BY THE GUILLOTINE.—A friend once described to us an execution which he witnessed in Paris, outside the walls of the city prison, and in the public street. It took place in the gray of dawn, and at the precise hour indicated in the sentence. A squad of soldiers filed out of the gates, and in a twinkling put together the machinery of the guillotine, some of them sprinkling sawdust on the pavement while it was being put up. Before this was fairly finished the gate swung open, and the criminal and executioner and the spiritual adviser marched out. Whatever religious exercises were essential had been attended to within the prison. The criminal, with his hands bound behind him and a cap drawn over his head, was led forth, his body bent forward over the carriage, which, as he pressed it, shot forward on noiseless wheels, and the knife fell with a glitter of its keen, polished edge; the head dropped into the basket awaiting it, the body was placed in a coffin, the machinery taken up, and the whole scene was over. Within ten minutes, by the watch of the witness, every trace of the execution was over. The soldiers, the priest, the executioner had disappeared, and there was not even a drop of blood upon the pavement to indicate that a tragedy had been there enacted.—*Cairo Bulletin.*

APPLYING THE SERMON.—The Rev. Mr. ——, of the Unitarian Church in a neighboring State, preached a sermon a few Sundays since on the importance of saying "No," and in the course of it dwelt impressively on the moral courage required to use that monosyllable at the right time. After the sermon a collection was taken for a very deserving charity. When the congregation was dismissed a certain newspaper man waylaid the pastor in the vestibule, and seizing him by the hand thanked him effusively for the sermon—one of the most effective he had heard. The pastor modestly replied: "I'm glad you think so, but cannot see why you should."

"Why," replied he of the newspaper, "when I went into church I was fully determined to give five dollars to that charity, but your sermon impressed me so deeply that I found courage to resist the temptation and let the plate-passer go by with an emphatic 'No!'"—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

— A tramp was pulled off the trucks of a passenger car the other day, and after smilingly submitting to the accustomed kick, turned to the conductor and said: "Old man, you can balt away at me with that mule's head that you carry on the end of your leg till you kick me so full of holes that my hide won't hold sage brush, but you can't knock the glory out o' me, or keep me from shoutin' over the thought that I'm just 315 miles ahead of this d—d gritin' monopoly. I froze to this train at Reno. Whoop!"

PETER COOPER.

A Sketch of the Venerable Philanthropist.

Peter Cooper, of New York, now in his 88th year, is one of the best known persons in America, and one, too, who deserves to stand in the front rank of men the world over as a noble specimen of the human race. Even at his advanced age, he, like Moses, preserves, in a remarkable degree, all of his faculties, and it is to his everlasting glory that the gifts God bestowed upon him have been zealously and continuously employed for the practical benefit of mankind, and especially for those of his fellow men who are condemned to hard and bitter struggles with adverse fortune. He is not only the oldest citizen of New York, but, we may say, its worthiest. Those who are well acquainted with his history state that he can remember the first steamboat, and, it may be added, that he built the first locomotive engine ever constructed in this country. He can remember the funeral procession which honored the memory of Washington, of which Hamilton was marshal. The death of the latter is also one of that great array of historic facts which dwell in the long range of his experience. He bore a part in the celebration of the Erie Canal, as well as that of the Atlantic telegraph, and has thus kept abreast with the improvements of the age.

The lack of early advantages gave Cooper a deep sympathy will all who suffered similar privations. His school attendance was limited to half of each day for a year, but he has, by careful reading, become a man of extensive information. Mr. Cooper's life is one of peculiar vicissitude. His father was a hatter, and, having failed at the trade, thought to do better by his son by binding him out to a coach maker. Peter, when through apprenticeship, started in shop, but failed, and then tried cabinet making, but with no better success. His next effort was a retail grocery, which also proved a failure. These calamities followed him till his 40th year, and it seemed as though he really was born for ill luck. He had noticed, however, the inferior quality of the glue which was in use among the cabinet makers, and he determined, as a last resort, to try his hand in the manufacture of a better article. A barrow full of cowhides and a kettle were his stock in trade. Thus he began a business which proved a permanent success, and, to this, was added the iron trade, and the result is that Peter Cooper is to-day estimated at $10,000,000.

It will be seen that Mr. Cooper had more than his share of misfortune, or what seemed to be so, up to middle life; but he possessed an undaunted spirit and a healthy mind and body. Perseverance conquered at last and persistent labor met with an appropriate reward. When money came rapidly to Mr. Cooper he did not, as is only too frequently the case, become hard-hearted and miserly. On the contrary, prosperity was sunshine to him and he ardently desired that his fellow creatures should share in his good fortune. For many years his charities have been frequent and munificent. He has not attempted to be showy and demagogical in the distribution of his means, but practical, humane and comprehensive. The world is much the better because of Peter Cooper, and, dying, he will leave to his children a name and fame infinitely more valuable than the millions of money with the possession of which he is accredited.

We are informed that this venerable philanthropist is now on his way to the South, in order to personally inspect a recent purchase in the Palmetto State, which he proposes to endow for the benefit of South Carolinians. We would suggest to our merchants, city fathers and citizens generally, that some organized effort be made on their part to request Mr. Cooper to honor Augusta with his presence. He is a guest of whom we could be proud, and he is just the kind of man we would like to show our remarkable advantages. Mr. Cooper is every way worthy of this distinction, and we trust he will be invited here and made more than welcome.—*Augusta Chronicle and Constitutionalist.*

ELECTORAL COUNTS.

How it is Proposed to Elect Future Presidents.

WASHINGTON, April 7.

The report of the sub-committee of the House committee charged with the consideration of the method of electing a President and Vice President was submitted to the full committee last night, and agreed to by one majority. The most important feature in their proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States is that the electoral votes and the fraction thereof of each person voted for as President in any State shall be ascertained by multiplying the entire popular vote therein by the whole number of the Electoral votes of the State, and dividing the product by the aggregate popular vote of the State for all persons voted for as President, and the quotient shall be the number of electoral votes and fraction thereof to which such person shall be entitled, using for such fraction three decimals and no more.

The amendment is designed to preserve the relative power of the smaller States. The committee say on this subject:

"The small States are now overslaughed by the present Electoral system. As has happened already that the vote of New York, cast solid by general ticket, has decided the election by a few thousand majority, and has not only settled the question for a million voters of the State of New York, but against a majority the other way of the 8,000,000, who are voters of the United States. The practical effect of the Electoral system has been to increase the relative importance and power of the large States, and the practice of voting by general ticket was introduced by the large States for that purpose, and when introduced all were compelled to follow it."

Representative Hunton, of the committee, proposed an amendment in substance that in case of dispute in any State as to the Electoral vote, the election shall be decided by the highest judicial tribunal of such State, and the vote shall be counted unless both Houses shall exclude it. Although no serious objection was interposed by the committee to this amendment, the committee did not vote on it. It is the opinion of members of the committee that the proposed amendment to the Constitution will not receive the approbation of Congress, two-thirds of both branches being required to propose it to the States for adoption.

— The Grand Duke Nicholas is tall, strongly built, and soldierly in person, but with no indication of capacity, and certainly none of refinement, in his countenance. His forehead is narrow, his glance is fierce but without penetration; his features are altogether rather coarsely moulded. He is one of the best linguists in the Russian empire.

— They who cannot sleep are not well. Either the mind is very much disturbed, or else the body is ill.

THE SOUTHERN PROSECUTIONS.

Wade Hampton's Proposition to the President.

WASHINGTON, April 5.

It is understood that the President has received a letter from Wade Hampton, containing a proposition to exchange prisoners, as it were, or, in other words, to drop political litigation in South Carolina in the cases pending on both sides. There are a good many indictments pending before the United States Courts for violations of the Reconstruction and other Federal laws affecting the rights of citizens in the South, which have remained untried for a considerable length of time for various reasons—some, because the persons indicted could not be found; others, because of the disappearance of witnesses, or the general indifference that has arisen since the finding of the indictments. The statement in regard to Hampton's letter is that it proposes that if the Federal government will enter a *nolle prosequi* in all these pending Federal cases that come under the Civil Rights and Reconstruction Laws, the State government shall dismiss all the cases pending which have any political character whatever, except the indictments against Patterson and Kimpton, the latter having been a former State Treasurer.

There is no indication what the President's views of such a proposition may be; but it is fair to say that it will not meet the approbation of Senator Patterson. Nor does it seem quite fair to make exclusions from the exchange proposed on one side and not on the other. Leaving out of all controversy the question of the guilt or innocence of Senator Patterson under the indictment, it is very evident that the only purpose of his prosecution was political. Probably the better way would be to try all the cases on both sides, speedily and honestly without regard to politics, and let the verdict rest upon the evidence of guilt or innocence. A political trial, so-called, can do very little harm, if law and justice make the decision without the interference of political influences. There is very little doubt that the proposition would be obstructed as much as possible in the interest of a class of fresh criminals who come before the Federal Courts for defrauding the government of its revenues, and who would insist that they, too, should be included in the list of those who are to be sent out free from the courts. There is, indeed, a story afloat that indictments are preparing against the revenue officers who made recent arrests for illegal distilling, with the purpose of balancing them against the criminals.—*Dispatch to N. Y. Times.*

"School's Out."

Reader, did you ever pause and contemplate that particular and peculiar phase of human nature developed by the existent school boy when released from study and discipline—when "school is out," and he is on his way home?

Ordinary humanity, when released from toils of the day, is prone to seek rest and relaxation. The boy scorns all such effeminate ideas. He is composed of but three parts—legs, arms and yell, and the yell is the biggest part of him. His legs and arms have been kept in irksome compulsory quietude all day and must now be exercised. His voice has been soothing and swelling in him for hours, and now must have vent.

As soon as he is clear of the school house steps he stops and deliberately yells a yell that is ear-splitting, but which has no more object, meaning or direction than the midnight vociferation of a mule, and yet he appears at a full run with his arms flying about like the scintillations of a pin-wheel. He is no respecter of persons and is utterly indifferent as to whether he runs down a smaller boy, spins an aged citizen three times around or mashes a girl's hat over her eyes in his headlong career. Nervous ladies hug the sides of the houses as he rushes by in a drove like a whirlwind and scream like a steam whistle.

"Mercy on us! If that boy was mine I'd—" but just then her own boy flies past, falls over a dry goods box, bounces up, kicks at another boy, and is chased across the street and around the corner before she can get the "You Robert!" with which she intends to annihilate him, out of her astonished throat.

There is but one thing that has the slightest soothing effect on the boy when he is on his way home from school. He can see his old man further than Prof. Hall can see a hay stack with a telescope, and the moment the parent dawns upon his vision he becomes as proper as a model letter writer, and the neatly modulated voice with which he wheedles the author of his being out of five cents on the spot, is a lesson for future ambitious savings bank and passenger railway presidents.

The amount of racing, jumping, pulling and hauling and howling that a school boy can concentrate into a transit of two squares is positively astonishing, and the preternatural coolness and quietude with which he takes his red face and panting breath into the kitchen and asks if supper ain't most ready is a human conundrum that calls for unqualified admiration.—*Easton Free Press.*

CHLORATE OF POTASSIUM.—The *American Journal of Pharmacy* publishes a case of poisoning by chlorate of potassium, a drug heretofore considered innocent. This case is copied by the *Druggists' Circular and Chemical Gazette*, and one other case, and the only one, is cited of the kind. It is stated that both the cases occurred in the families of doctors, and it is further stated that no other drug was accessible to those poisoned except the chlorate of potassium. Both the cases were fatal. It appears, also, that both took the chlorate in chrystaline form.

The prevalence of diphtheria and other affections of the throat, in this city, for some months, has induced our people to use very freely the chlorate of potassium. They do so with the understanding from physicians that it is harmless. A leading drug dealer informs us that the chlorate of potassium is very extensively used in our city, and that it is commonly sold in quantities of half a pound or more. The above recited cases should arrest both the attention of physicians and the public. We may add that there is no record of poisoning by this drug taken in liquid form, and it would seem that the best and safest way to take it.—*Nashville American.*

A POISONOUS STOCKING.—The Montreal *Gazette* of the 3d inst. says: "A little over a month ago a young man, nineteen years of age, named Stewart Smith, boarding at No. 104 Prince street, inflicted a slight wound on his foot while paring a corn. For several days he felt no inconvenience, and went to work as usual, but afterward his foot began to swell and got so painful that he was induced to go to the General Hospital, which he did on the 20th of March. Despite all efforts he got worse, and died on Monday evening at 10 o'clock. It appears that after his foot began to swell he put on a blue stocking, and it is supposed his blood was poisoned [illegible]