The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. | ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 29, 1880. | VOLUME XV.---NO. 29.

WHO SHOT COCK ROBBIN?

Editor Anderson Intelligencer:

The INTELLIGENCER of January 8th contained an article that had previously appeared in the *Columbia Register* as a communication, headed, "Who took Sherman's Battery?" over the signature of "Truth," who says that one little incident he wishes to call up and thereby do justice to a fallen hero, and goes on to say that Hampton's Legion bore a conspicuous part in the battle referred to, and that it was alleged took Sherman's Battery, and that Col. Yeaden, of Charleston, made a glowing speech in the Legislature, complimenting the Legion, alleging that the guns were captured in a hand-to-hand contest, the gunners bayoneted and hewn down fighting over their guns.

"Truth" being anxious to have a correct account of the capture, interviewed Lieutenant B. of the Company said to have made the capture, and was *terribly let down at his response*, which was that as they were going across the field they came to some guns that had been abandoned some time, and that some of the men got astride the guns. This statement was also confirmed by another officer of the same Company. Lieut. B. must have been with the party who left for the fortifications at the firing of the first volley, and saw the men on the guns inside the breastworks.

"Truth then asks who did capture Sherman's, or more properly Rickett's Battery, and answers that Col. Fisher of the 6th N. C. Regiment did, for the following reasons: Ex-Gov. Moorhead, of North Carolina, interviewed Capt. Rickett, who said: "I see the capture of Sherman's Battery is claimed by the Hampton Legion, of South Carolina. There was no such Battery on the field; but my Battery, I suppose, is meant, as I commanded a part of the old Sherman Battery, and it was captured by my old classmate, Col. Fisher, of N. Carolina. I was firing away as fast as I could when I suddenly saw a body of infantry at a double quick approaching. They had been sheltered by some bushes, and got on me so quick I had not time to turn my guns." Note what Captain Rickett says: "Sheltered by some bushes," when there was not a bush in half a mile, it being in the centre of an open field. Capt. Rickett said he recognized Colonel Fisher, who was gallantly leading his men, and he (Fisher) fell in twenty feet of his guns, and he (Rickett) fell a moment or two after.

Very strange all this. Capt. Rickett was found wounded some two hundred yards from his Battery by a young man named Walker, a private in Company D, Hampton Legion, and he (Walker) demanded of Capt. Rickett his sword, pistols and watch, all of which he surrendered, but begged the return of the watch, as it was a present, and one he prized very highly. The young man had compassion on him and returned the watch, but the sword and pistols he retained. He presented the sword to the 2nd Lieutenant of his Company, W. H. Mauldin, who wore it until the surrender of the Southern army. The pistols he sold to some of the men.

"Truth" must be a descendant of some member of the 6th North Carolina Regiment, and wants to run for Governor or the U. S. Senate, and thinks a little war glory would help him through, but it isn't worth a cent. Why has all this glory of 6th N. C. been allowed to rust so long? In General Beauregard's report of the battle he gave the honor to the Hampton Legion, but said they were supported by a North Carolina Regiment. They may have had the support, but if so it was a good distance off, as none of the men came to the Battery.

Now, Mr. Editor, allow me to make a few statements of facts in regard to the part the Hampton Legion took in the capture of the Sherman or Rickett Battery. Early in the afternoon of that day, 21st July, Col. Hampton attacked the Battery with the Legion, and after being engaged for some time he ordered a retreat. The Legion fell back about three hundred yards in a ravine and rested for a short time. He then led them back to the same ground and attacked them again, and ordered the men to shoot the horses, which they did. Col. Hampton then placed himself in front of the command and ordered a charge, and as the men were about moving Col. Hampton was wounded in the face and had to leave. He got on his horse and rode off. Lieut.-Col. Johnson having fallen early in the day, the command passed to Capt. James Conner, (now Gen. Conner). When the men saw Col. Hampton leave the field they wavered for a few moments, but as soon as Capt. Conner's voice was heard all was order again. About that time a column of men was seen in our front, marching toward us. At a distance of a half mile we saw them halt, face to the left and fire a volley and then moved forward again, and just at this time Capt. Conner placed himself in front of the Legion and ordered a charge, and they took the Battery in question.

Lieut. B. was correct about there being no Yankees at the guns, for when the Legion charged the gunners left their guns and increased the distance between the opposing factions at every step. The Legion had been in possession of the Battery some fifteen minutes, *no other troops being present*, when Cols. Kershaw and Cash came up. It was their commands we had seen. Col. Kershaw was in command when they halted. Capt. Conner asked Col. Kershaw if he had any artillerists in his Command. He replied he had, and ordered a detail to man the guns and turn them on the retreating enemy, which they did, but by the time they had fired a few shots the enemy had passed out of reach. Capt. Conner asked permission of Col. Kershaw to allow him to attach the Legion to his Command, which he did, and all went in pursuit of the retreating enemy.

The foregoing statements are facts, and if there was any honor in the capturing of Rickett's Battery, that honor belongs to the Hampton Legion, commanded at the time by Capt. James Conner.

JUSTICE.

THE "JAMS."

A Scientific Description of the Delirium Tremens.

Many errors are prevalent in the community concerning delirium tremens, and very few people outside of the medical profession have any knowledge of what constitutes a true case, as the nature of this much-dreaded disease is such as to necessitate an immediate removal to some private or public institution. This removal is necessary for two reason: First, to insure that absolute control that could not be obtained in a private residence; and second, to guard the patient from any attempt to commit suicide. This seclusion and the fact that relatives and friends use their utmost endeavors to keep the matter concealed prevent the correction of these errors. The drama of "Drink," recently performed at the Boston Theatre, and which depicted the evils of intemperance, was true to life in most points, but was sadly deficient in one of its prominent features. However, as the public in general did not know the difference between an actual and a supposed case of the tremens, it mattered but little. Mr. Keene did himself credit throughout, with the exception of his impersonation of a delirious inebriate and in the scene at the death. In this the actor seemed to have little or no conception of the different stages of the disease, and his ravings and contortions while in the death struggle had but slight resemblance to an actual death from this cause. One popular error consists in supposing that delirium is produced by a sudden abandoning or withdrawal of the accustomed supply of stimulants. Such is not the case. When the blood and nervous system become impregnated with alcoholic poison to a certain degree, then a delirious condition will follow, whether the person continues to drink or not. Usually, when this state approaches, the individual will, of his own accord, abandon the use of intoxicants. Again, temperance lecturers frequently describe the death of a person from this disease, and represents him as passing into eternity "Screaming for rum." Actual experience with such cases contradicts their statements, it having been found that delirious patients cannot be induced to partake of liquor, and that they will often refuse medicine until assured that it contains no alcoholic stimulant. In former times it was thought necessary to control patients by force, and in institutions they were strapped down in such a manner as to prevent the use of their limbs, and kept so until the delirium subsided, the time usually being from two to four days. But science having revealed a better method of treatment, the strapping process is discontinued and the delirium is subdued in as many hours. It is a fact not generally known that after recovery a clear and distinct recollection of every word uttered in the presence of the patient is so impressed upon his memory that he is able to repeat them. He will also remember every object that he saw in imagination, and give a description of it. Through the kindness of Dr. Day, superintendent of the Washingtonian Home, 41 Waltham street, the writer had an opportunity of observing a former acquaintance who was suffering from a severe attack of tremens, and after recovery had an interview with the individual, gaining from him a partial description of his feelings, hallucinations and visions, or optical illusions, which were substantially as follows:

"Fred," asked the writer, "have you any objection to relating your experience for the past few days?"

"No," he replied; "but then to give you a complete description of all I have seen and heard during the short time you mention would require considerable time, and, if written, would make a large volume. However, I will give you some of my most prominent impressions while delirious. "After a period of excessive indulgence in intoxicants I exhibited symptoms of what is commonly called the 'Jim-Jams.' Do you know the difference between that condition and the tremens?" he inquired, and on being answered in the negative he said: "Well, to explain it in the shortest manner, it is the difference between imagination and reality. In the former strange sights are seen and familiar voices are heard, yet a person knows that they exist only in imagination. But in the latter they seem a reality, and no amount of argument can convince one to the contrary. Again, in the latter there is no physical suffering, no pain, and the patient persists in believing himself to be perfectly well. It was mostly to gratify my friends that I consented to become a patient of Dr. Day. I applied at the home for admittance, was pleasantly received, and, in conversation with the doctor, explained my situation, and also endeavored to assure him that I was of sound mind and in good physical condition. He did not dispute me, but, looking at me steadily for a moment, I noticed a twinkling in his eye that to me implied a doubt of my statement being correct. He assigned me a room in the hospital department of the institution, and here was where my real troubles commenced. My sense of hearing seemed to be stimulated to an unnatural degree, it being nothing difficult to hear persons conversing who were miles distant—in imagination, of course—and, what was more aggravating, their whole conversation consisted of abuse of vilest nature. Others would whisper in my car and accuse me of the most atrocious and horrible crimes imaginable. The walls of the room seemed to be decorated with pictures, monstrosities of every conceivable shape, animals of all kinds and in all positions, and some of them ready to spring upon and devour me. These pictures would change from time to time, like the dissolving views of a stereopticon, but seldom was there anything pleasant exhibited. I knew it was all imagination, although I could plainly hear and see the things mentioned, and that knowledge enabled me to control myself. That self-control left me as the disease progressed, and soon sight and sound were to me actual realities. My previous art gallery was changed to living and moving beings more revolting than the former representations, and savage beasts more numerous than the collection of 'Noah' were continually threatening to annihilate me. Officers of the law were after me for some crime that I had been accused of, and his satanic majesty, accompanied by a number of his agents, was constantly urging me to go with them to the regions below. They would lower down the walls of the partition large bottles of whiskey and invite me to drink. My refusal would enrage them; then I would be deluged with fire that would issue from their mouths. I tried to expostulate with them, and told them there were many others as bad as myself, and begged of them to go after some one else and allow me to sleep. But I could create no favorable impression upon them. My best friends seemed my most bitter enemies, and in fact every one appeared inclined to injure me. Medicine offered me to produce sleep I refused, because some evil spirit had impressed me with a belief that the doctor was trying to poison me. I was constantly on the move to evade the destruction that threatened me at every point, but was not vicious or noisy, and it was only when I was at last induced to take the sleeping potion that my troubles ceased. This gave me twelve hours of sound sleep, and when I awoke all the strange sights had vanished. It was some time, though, before I was wholly convinced that some of the sights seen were not real, and even now there are things connected with those hours of mental torture that have not been explained entirely to my satisfaction. This is but a small part of the experience asked for, as in those few hours I lived, like a person in a dream, for years. But you have not time, nor have I the disposition to rehearse the matter further. If you wish to ascertain any facts in relation to treatment, inquire of Dr. Day, for he has treated hundreds of cases of the tremens, while I have actual knowledge of only one."

INTERVIEW WITH THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Thanking Fred for his experience and advice, the writer next interviewed the superintendent concerning the disease and treatment with the following result:

"Doctor, your patient seems to have passed through a severe ordeal."

"Yes," he answered; "but such cases are not unusual here."

"Did not the delirium continue longer with him than with most others?" ventured the writer.

"Considerably so," replied the doctor, "but no longer than might reasonably have been expected as his debauch had been continuous and excessive for a number of months, and until there was almost a complete suspension of normal functions by alcoholic poisoning."

"What is the general result of a protracted period of dissipation?"

"Great nervous prostration from the absence of proper nourishment. The condition of drunkenness is one of poisoning, and to undertake to describe in detail all the phenomena of alcoholic poisoning would far exceed the time at my command at the present. I will state, however, that the action of alcohol, when used to excess, lowers the vital forces and depresses the temperature of the body, and thus produces a tendency to death. Alcohol is only in a small degree a stimulant. It is the reverse. It is an anæsthetic, and its constant use, even in moderation, will produce a change in nerve structure; and abnormal mental manifestations will be the result."

"The impression seems to prevail that delirium tremens is a dangerous disease, and that few survive the second attack. Does this accord with your experience?"

"No; the approach of delirium indicates a favorable prognosis. The dangerous stage is usually passed when the delirium begins, and if the patient is properly treated he will survive as many attacks as from most diseases. There are men doing business in this city to-day that I have treated for delirium half a score of times."

"What, in your opinion, is the proper course of treatment?" asked the writer.

"That is hardly a fair way of putting the question," replied the doctor. "No physician can answer such inquiries in reference to his patients, no matter what their diseases, as there are no two temperaments just alike. The question can only be answered in a general way. There are a few facts that can be given, one of which is, the total withdrawal of the producing cause, and in its place nourishing food substituted. The stomach for a time will reject food, but this need not alarm any one. Vomiting is the result of brain poisoning, and its reflex action on the stomach. As soon as healthy blood begins to circulate in the brain the vomiting will cease. After treating nearly 700 cases of delirium tremens, I am less than ever in favor of administering drugs. After the first stage of this disease has passed away (which is termed the febrile stage), then hydrate chloral, combined with bromide of potash, may be given, but great care should be observed in the presentment of chloral. It never should be given, except by the advice of a skilful physician, and he will never order it until after the most thorough examination of the patient. He will observe the action of the heart and the nerve force which presides over its action, and, if found weak, the drugs must be carefully given and in sufficient quantity to produce sleep. If this is not accomplished, the patient is the worse for the use of chloral. Formerly opium was considered the "sheet anchor" in the treatment of this disease, and twenty-five per cent. of the patients died. Now its use is seldom employed, and we lose less than one per cent."

"Does a delirious patient seem to crave the accustomed stimulant?"

"No; when the delirious condition approaches the patient will usually voluntarily cease drinking. Abused nature comes in and bids the reckless drunkard to stop, and, although he has no will of his own to obey, there are bounds which he cannot pass. Hence the common error that delirium and other alarming symptoms are superinduced by these sudden abandonments of the habit is the reverse of the truth."

Upon further inquiry it appears that the disease is not so prevalent as in former years. The work of elimination is universal among mankind, and the weak and worthless fall out and are destroyed as chaff, while the strong bear up the pillars of human progress. If this is the case, why may we not look for continued improvement in this direction, and in the not far distant future may we not hope that dipsomania will be a dream of the past, and as rarely seen as leprosy or any other old-time afflictions.

NOT HIS DARLING.—After a down-town young man had been keeping company with a girl at the north end of Third street for several months, her father suddenly got the idea that a salary of $7 per week would not support his daughter in proper style, and he forbade the young man to come to the house. Letters were exchanged and stolen interviews followed, but nothing of the sort will occur again. The other night the old man observed his daughter acting nervous and queer, and he scented cologne in the air. Whispering in the old woman's ear, he dodged out doors and took a position favorable for one determined on evil. Pretty soon soft steps were heard. The old man coughed. The gate opened, the steps came nearer and a voice whispered:

"Is that my darling?"

"Hardly!" replied the old gentleman, as he rose up and reached out for a coat collar, and next moment a pair of polished boot-heels revolved in the air, swept off the top of a rose-bush, came down and demolished a flower-pot and then shot out of the gate at the rate of a mile a minute, bearing away a young man whose hair had pushed his hat off.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FATHER IS GETTING WELL.—My daughters say, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters." He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters.—A lady of Rochester, N. Y.—*Utica Herald.*

— New linen may be embroidered more easily by rubbing it over with fine white soap; it prevents the threads from cracking.

KENTUCKY BEAR STORIES.

No Bears Now Left Except Those That Run Wild in Stories.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun*, writing from Canton, Ky., furnishes the following interesting stories of bear hunting, which were related in the hotel sitting room at that place by some of the old veteran sportsmen, who spent the greater part of their early life in gaming:

"Speaking of bears," said Uncle Sam Sheerer, a veteran who looked as if he might have fought by the side of Gen. Leslie Coombs at the battle of the River Raisin, "thar's a powerful sight of sense in a mule, though that's nothin' new. Some folks say that nobody but a nigger understands a mule, but it's my notion that nobody understands a mule but himself. You may think you know as much about mules as anybody, but did you ever see a mule fight a bear? No? Well, I have, and I owed the mule that did it. Way back in—I reckon we needn't mind the year—I was ridin' through a patch of canebrake on a big black mule, when a sizable bear came out of the brush and made for me. I didn't have my rifle along, and so I whipped up the mule to get out of the way. That mule made good time out of the canebrake, but when we got into the timber, he stopped in the middle of a glade, and nothing could make the cussed critter stir an inch. As the bear was comin' on at a right peart pace, I slipped off the dum fool's back, and shinned it up a tree. When I was well fixed in the branches, I looked down into the glade, and saw a leetle the queerest sight that my eyes had ever been treated to. The mule faced the bear, and the bear came head on at the mule. Just as old Brownie was ready to fight, the mule gathered his heels together, and flew over his head like shot out of a shovel. That bear was astonished nearly out of his senses; but as soon as he could get his wits he turned square around and made for the mule. Again the mule gathered himself up and gave a flyin' leap over the bear's head, lightin' clear on t'other side. If that game wasn't kept up for full half an hour, then my name ain't Sam Sheerer, and I didn't sit up in that tree watchin' the whole performance. The mule was in the highest kind of spirits, and enjoyed his fun up to the top notch, to judge by the way he snorted and snickered whenever he went over old Brownie. But the bear was the maddest critter, I reckon, that ever stood on four legs. He wheeled and turned, and growled and roared, and snapped and slapped, until he wasn't able to do justice to the subject any longer; then he sat up on his haunches and panted, with his big red tongue lolling out. Then was the time for the mule to show fight, and he backed up his battery. The first time he let his heels fly he took the bear square on the side of the head, and sent him sprawling. Then he examined his work, and snickered when he saw that the job was done, and I slipped down the tree and went and cut the bear's throat. Now, gentlemen, it is a fact that before that time the mule would never allow me to carry as much as a sheepskin on his back; but he stood still and let me load the bear on to the saddle, and a mighty tough job I had of it. Perhaps you would like to know how much that bear weighed?"

"I reckon we may as well let that part of the story go, Uncle Sammy," said Judge Greenway, another grizzled veteran. "You have been so careful to stick to the plain facts so far that I am afraid you might be tempted to stretch it in the matter of weight. There's more things than mules that can kill bears, and more things than guns and traps. When I lived in the Green River country, before most of you were born, I had a queer experience with a bear. I had been to the nearest store, a matter of a dozen miles or so, on foot, as my only horse was dead lame, to get some groceries, and was bringing home two quart bottles of whiskey and a ball of cord. Going through the woods I roused up a big bear that came for me full tilt. I gave him a shot from my rifle, and the bullet struck him in the left foreleg and hurt him pretty badly; but that only made him mad, and he pushed for me on three legs faster than before. There was nothing to do but to run for it, and so I pulled foot for a tall young hickory, and scrambled up as quick as I could, dropping my rifle at the foot of the tree. The bear couldn't climb with three legs, but it was plain to be seen that he wanted me, and meant to have me if he could get me. So he smelt around awhile, and then sat down and waited. In the course of time this sort of thing began to grow mighty tiresome, and I saw that I had to do something. I had a bottle of whiskey in each pocket."

"Wait a minute, Judge," interposed a young lawyer from Hopkinsville, who prided himself on his cross-examination. "I would like to know how you could climb that tree in a hurry, with a bottle of whiskey in each pocket, and not break one of them?"

"Young man," sternly replied the Judge, "you were born too late if you don't know that no true Kentuckian ever breaks a bottle of whiskey under any circumstances. As I said, I had a bottle of whiskey in each pocket, and I knew what an imitative creature a bear is. I hated to lose the whiskey, but I felt that I must give up that or my life. I tied the end of my cord around the neck of one of the bottles, held it up to my mouth as if I was taking a big drink, and then let it down to the bear, who had been watching me as if he wanted some. He took hold of it as carefully as any of us could do, stuffed it into his jaw, and didn't take it away until he had drained the last drop. It astonished him a little at first, for that liquor was far above proof, and then he got to feeling good, and you may be sure he showed it. He began by patting and rubbing himself, and then he rolled over and tumbled about for a while, and finally he sat up on his haunches, swaying about and winking at me, fairly begging for more whiskey. I saw that he would have to get it; so I hauled up my cord and made it fast to the bottle. I put that bottle to my mouth, and I must confess that I allowed a few drops to slip through my gullet before I let it down to the bear. He disposed of it in short order, and I reckon, then began the queerest cutting up, I reckon, that whiskey ever caused. That bear was drunk in proportion to his size. He played with the bottle, and he played with the line attached to it, and I kept letting out more line for him to play with, hoping that he would tangle himself up in it, but he soon did so. He forgot his wounded leg, and hopped about, and rolled over and over, until he was completely out done. The whiskey gradually made him stupid, and at last he was so wound up in the cord that he couldn't stir, and I don't suppose he cared to. Then I came down from the tree and cut his throat, and went home to get help to bring him away. The first pieces of his meat that we cooked——"

"Maybe you had better stop there, Judge," said old Colonel Neblett. "Your reputation for telling the truth is so good that we don't want you to stain it by any exaggeration. After all, gentlemen, the best way to kill a bear is to shoot him, provided a man has a good rifle, and knows how to use it. Bears were plenty when I settled on Little River, and we used to make up parties to hunt them. A bear hunt was made up for the second week in the November after I moved on to my land, and I was asked to join it. I wan't much acquainted in the neighborhood, and the people didn't know my ways; so I thought I might run a joke on them, and make them supply me with bear meat for the winter. It is one thing, you know, to kill a bear, and another thing to get him home. Some ten days before the hunt was to come off I went out and baited the bears, and then went out and watched for them. By good luck I struck three of them that day, but I didn't kill them—not a bear. I don't suppose, gentlemen, that there was a man in Kentucky who could outshoot me in those days, and I put in some of my best work on those bears. I marked each of them exactly alike by shooting off the tip of the right ear and putting a bullet through the left ear. That was all I wanted of the bears just then. When the day for the hunt came along, and the party called at my place to pick me up, I told them that I was under the weather and didn't allow that I felt well enough to go. 'I wish I could go,' I said, 'because I've got some tame bears loose in the woods and would like to lock them up.' They stared at me as if they allowed that I was crazy. 'Perhaps you don't believe me,' I said, 'but what I tell you is a fact. There are five of those bears that I raised and petted, and they are all marked with my hog mark. I have been meaning to get them home before winter, and lay in the meat of three or four of them.' At this they laughed in my face. 'There's no joke about it, gentlemen,' said I, 'my mark is a crop off the right ear and a hole in the left. If you happen to shoot any bears with that mark on them you may know that they belong to me.' They promised that if they got any bears marked in that way they would bring them home to me, and went off laughing. Now, gentlemen, it is the truth, if I ever told the truth in my life, that that party got just four bears on that hunt, and three of them were marked with my mark. They brought those three bears home to me, and I had plenty of bear meat for the winter, and after that nobody ever thought of disputing my word about anything."

"I would like to know," remarked that instrusive young lawyer from Hopkinsville, "why you didn't shoot those bears instead of taking all that trouble to mark them."

"Young man," rejoined the Colonel in accents that mingled sorrow with severity, "it is plain to be seen that you didn't live in them days," and that was the last effort of the Hopkinsville lawyer.

"I thought I knew a mighty good story about coon hunting in the Tennessee bottom," said little Tom Sypert, but I am inclined to think it wouldn't count in this crowd."

Distribution of Fish.

Colonel Butler, the Commissioner of Agriculture, has just had twelve thousand California salmon placed in the streams along the Air Line Railroad, as follows:

Saluda River	2,000
Enoree River	4,000
Seneca River	2,000
Little River and Mossy Creek	2,000
Martin's Creek, three miles from Seneca City	2,000

In a few days another shipment will be made to other streams in the State. The above fish were obtained from spawn ordered by the Commissioner in October last. The spawn were shipped from McCloud River, California, and were hatched at Magnolia, North Carolina. In the transfer and distribution not more than fifty deaths occurred out of the 12,000. These fish will return in three years to these same streams to spawn. In this connection we would impress on the public the importance of observing the laws made for the protection of fish. Fish sluices should be made and kept open in every dam across any stream in the State. To this end Colonel Butler is daily making his appointments of fish wardens, of whom there are to be two in each county in the State. The Commissioner has also ordered a shipment of the spawn of the land-locked salmon, to be hatched at Morganton by Mr. S. G. Worth, and they will be ready for distribution at an early day, provided the weather turns colder. This warm weather is very unfavorable to the distribution of fishes.

It would greatly facilitate the work if the railroads would furnish free passes to the department for all fish messengers, as they have done up to this year. It is to be hoped that they will continue to extend this courtesy and liberality.

Col. Butler truly says that it is to be regretted that war should have been made upon the whales which recently visited our coast. They may be the pioneers, as it were, of a large number of these valuable fishes which, for some reason, have left their native waters and will become immigrants to our shores. They are perfectly harmless and extremely valuable, and there is no reason why they should not be allowed to remain unmolested and encouraged as far as possible.—*Columbia Register.*

ADDITIONAL ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.—You can probably be rich, my son, if you will be. If you make up your mind now that you will be a rich man, and stick to it, there is very little doubt that you will be very wealthy, tolerably mean, loved a little, hated a great deal, have a big funeral, be blessed by the relatives to whom you leave the most, reviled by those to whom you leave nothing. But you must pay for it, my son. Wealth is an expensive thing. It costs all it is worth. If you want to be worth a million dollars, it will cost you just a million dollars to get it. Broken friendship, intellectual starvation, loss of social enjoyment, deprivation of generous impulses, the smothering of manly aspirations, a limited wardrobe and a scanty table, a lonely home, because you fear a lovely wife, and a beautiful home would be expensive, a hatred of the heathen, a dread of the contribution box, a haunting fear of the Woman's Aid Society, a fretful dislike for poor people, because they won't keep their misery out of your sight, a little sham benevolence that is worse than none; oh, you can be rich, young man, if you are willing to pay the price. Any man can get rich who doesn't think it too expensive. True, you may be rich and be a man among men, noble and Christian, and grand and true, serving God and blessing humanity, but that will be in spite of your wealth, and not as a result of it. It will be because you were always that kind of a man. But if you want to be rich merely to be rich, if that is the breadth and height of your ambition, you can be rich, if you will pay the price. And when you are rich, son, call around at this office and pay for this advice. We'll let the interest compound from this date.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

— He never tolled his love.—The gate-keeper of a Western toll-bridge was discharged recently because he always allowed his sweetheart to pass over free.

THE LAWS OF THE STATE.

Acts Passed by the Legislature at the Late Session.

AN ACT to Amend an Act entitled "An Act to Regulate the Issuing of Checks to Laborers upon Plantations or elsewhere."

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

SECTION 1. That Section 2 of an Act entitled "An Act to regulate the issuing of checks to laborers upon plantations or elsewhere," approved 13th of March, 1872, be so amended by inserting on the second line of the second Section, after the word "employee," the words, "at the time when the wages of such laborer or employee are due and payable by agreement."

Approved December 12, 1879.

AN ACT to amend an Act Entitled "An Act to punish Persons for the Removal or Secreting of Personal Property levied upon by the Sheriff or other officers," being Act No. 404, approved November 19, 1873.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

That an Act entitled "An Act to punish persons for the removal or secreting of personal property levied on by the sheriff or other officers" be hereby amended by striking out the proviso thereof, so that it shall hereafter read: "That whosoever, with intent to defraud, removes or secretes personal property which has been attached or levied on by the sheriff or any other officer authorized by law to make such attachment or levy shall be held guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction, shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail for a period not less than sixty days nor more than one year, or by fine of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than two hundred."

Approved December 11, 1879.

AN ACT to amend an Act entitled "An Act to Utilize the Convict Labor of this State," approved March 1, 1878.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

SECTION 1. That Section 8 of an Act entitled "An Act to utilize the convict labor of this State," approved March 1st, 1878, be so amended that it shall hereafter be and read: "That it shall be the duty of the Board of Directors of the State Penitentiary in leasing convicts to hire them to the highest responsible bidder: Provided, That the Board of Directors shall have power to reject any and all bids: Provided, That no bid shall be received that does not include the board, clothing and all other expenses connected with the transportation and safe keeping of said convicts, to be paid by the bidder: Provided, further, That said bidder do agree that if any convict or convicts so hired shall be proved to the satisfaction of said Directors to have been ill treated, or the contract in relation to them to have been in any way violated, to return said convict or convicts immediately to the Penitentiary upon the order of the said Directors."

Approved December 24, 1879.

AN ACT to require the County Treasurers of the respective Counties within this State to attend at certain places for the Collection of Taxes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

SECTION 1. That the County Treasurer of each County be, and he is hereby required, for the purposes of collecting taxes, to attend at some convenient point in each township in his County one or more days if necessary, and for the balance of the time allowed by law for the collection of taxes shall be and remain at the County seat.

SEC. 2. The said Treasurer shall give thirty days' public notice of the days upon which he will be at the places designated in the first Section of this Act.

SEC. 3. All Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent with this Act are hereby repealed.

Approved December 23, 1879.

AN ACT to amend Section 250, Chapter 4, Title 7, Part 2 of the Code of Procedure, being Title V, Chapter CXXII of the Revised Statutes, relating to the Law of Attachments.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

SECTION 1. That Section 250, Chapter 4, Title 7, Part 2 of the Code of Procedure, being Title V, Chapter CXXII of the Revised Statutes of the State of South Carolina relating to the law of attachments, be, and the same is hereby, amended by striking out of said Section the following words: "In an action arising on contracts for the recovery of money only, or in an action for the wrongful conversion of personal property," and inserting in lieu thereof the following words: "In any action arising for the recovery of money or for the recovery of property, whether real or personal, and damages for the wrongful conversion and detention of personal property, or in an action for the recovery for the damages for injury done to either person or property."

SEC. 2. That all Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent with this Act be, and the same are hereby, repealed.

Approved, December 23, 1879.

AN ACT to Prevent and Punish the Intermarrying of Races.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

SECTION 1. That from and after the passage of this Act it shall be unlawful for any white man to intermarry with any woman of either the Indian or Negro races, or any mulatto, mestizoe or half breed, or for any white woman to intermarry with any person other than a white man, or for any mulatto, half breed, Negro, Indian or mestizoe to intermarry with a white woman, and any such marriage, or attempted marriage, shall be utterly null and void and of none effect.

SEC. 2. Any person who shall violate the first Section of this Act, or any one of the provisions thereof, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not less than five hundred dollars or imprisonment for not less than twelve months, or both, in the discretion of the Court.

SEC. 3. That any clergyman, minister of the gospel, Magistrate or other person authorized by law to perform the marriage ceremony who shall knowingly and willfully unite in the bonds of matrimony any persons of different races, as above prohibited, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be liable to the same penalty or penalties provided in the preceding Section.

Approved December 12, 1879.

AN ACT to better protect those who make Advances for Agricultural Purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

SECTION 1. That any person who shall make advances in provisions, supplies and other articles for agricultural purposes shall have a lien in preference to all other liens, existing or otherwise, upon such provisions, supplies and other articles until the same shall be consumed in the use.

SEC. 2. That in case any one to whom such provisions, supplies and other articles are so advanced shall endeavor to dispose of the same for other purposes than that for which they were advanced, or in case any person shall endeavor to make said provisions, supplies and other articles liable for the debts of the party to whom they were advanced, then the party advancing said provisions, supplies and other articles shall have all the remedies and means for enforcing his lien, as provided in the Act entitled "An Act to secure landlords and persons making advances," approved March 4th, 1878, for enforcing liens on crops for advances made.

Approved December 24, 1879.

AN ACT to alter and amend Section 149 of Chapter CXXII, of Title V, Part III, of the General Statutes of the State of South Carolina, relating to the Place of Trial of Civil Actions.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

SECTION 1. That Section 149, of Chapter CXXII, of Title V, Part III, of the General Statutes of this State be, and the same is hereby, amended by striking out the first six lines of said Section.

SEC. 2. That all Acts and parts of Acts inconsistent with this Act be, and the same are hereby, repealed.

Approved December 18, 1879.

AN ACT to repeal Section 4, Chapter CXX, of the General Statutes, relating to Chattel Mortgages and Liens.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

SECTION 1. That Section 4, Chapter CXX, of the General Statutes, relating to chattel mortgages and liens, be, and the same is hereby, repealed.

Approved December 18, 1879.

Adam and Eve's Expulsion from the Garden of Eden.

Old Judge Gustavius Swan, of Columbus, Ohio, was a "character" of his day. He was not a member of the church, yet he was a constant attendant on the ministrations of the venerable Dr. Hoge, the distinguished pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and if he could not be called a pillar he certainly might, with his distinguished English prototype, claim to be a buttress of the Church, supporting it from without. The Judge was a constant and diligent student of the Bible, and had decided *penchant* for theological controversy, and it must be confessed seemed to take a special pleasure in puzzling the clergy, who frequently called upon him, with his knotty questions. One day a missionary called on him for a contribution. "Now," said the Judge, "I'll tell you what I'll do; I will ask you a simple question in scripture, and if you will answer it correctly, I will give you twenty-five dollars; if not, nothing." The clergyman brightened up at once and agreed to the proposition, being quite sure of his twenty-five dollars.

"Well, now," said the judge, "can you tell me why God drove Adam and Eve out of Paradise?"

"Certainly," said the clergyman, "that is a very simple question; it was because they ate the forbidden fruit contrary to the command of God."

"There," said the Judge, "it is as I supposed; I have asked the question of a hundred different clergymen and never yet got the correct answer. I see you are no wiser than the rest. You ought to give me twenty-five dollars for being so ignorant of one of the most important facts in connection with the fall of man. But I will send you away with my simple blessing and the true answer to the question. If you will look in your Bible which you seem to have read so carefully, you will see it written: 'And the Lord God said Behold the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put his hand and take also the tree of life and live forever: therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden to till the ground from whence he was taken.' Think," added the Judge, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "what a great mercy it was thus to drive them out, for suppose they had by some chance got hold of the tree of life, and thus the race had been perpetuated forever on this earth. Why, by this time we would have piled mountains high upon each other, and what an awful struggle there would have been for life and happiness." The clergyman departed, a wiser if not a happier man.

A TEN ACRE WIFE.—The other day Solomon Glass, a colored man whose agricultural experience has enlightened his neighborhood, came to town with a view of getting a divorce from his wife. When asked upon what grounds, he replied:

"Sufficient is do grounds ob dis occasion. When I rented ten acres and worked one mule, I married a 'oman suitable for do occasion. Now I rent sixty acres of lan' and work five mules. My first wife is a mighty good ten acre wife, but she don't suit de occasion ob sixty acres. I needs a 'oman who can spread more."

When told by a lawyer that the grounds were not sufficient, he remarked:

"I kin produce de histry to show what I'm careck. I's a learned man and can read clear aroun' de majority ob colored gentlemen an' a great many white fellers. De reasons belong ter de French history, although I doesn't speak French, I talks about it. You know Napoleon fust married Josephine de Beauharis."

"Yes," said the lawyer, "but you may become a trifle too historically opulent if you proceed much further."

"Dat's all right. An' you know dat when he got to de head of de gubernment an' had charge ob all de commissaries, he wanted a wife what would spread more, an' he got a dispensation from Josephine and hitched onto Maria Louisa, case she could spread more. Dar's de history an' dar's de precedent, an' of a man can't git a dispensation on dese groun's, what's yer court houses fur, I wants yer law?"—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

4,000 MILES BY WAGON.

From Texas to New Jersey and Back.

Philadelphia Times.

Robert Elder and his wife, who reside near Brazoria, Texas, a town about sixty miles west of Galveston, decided that they would pay a visit to friends, residing in Norristown, Pennsylvania. Years ago, when Elder was young, he and his wife traveled in a wagon from Shreveport, Louisiana, to the place in Texas where they settled, and since then, having no occasion to move, the uses of railroads and Pullman cars remained unknown to them, whilst the possibilities for a "prairie schooner" (canvas covered wagon) was a bright memory. They recognized in it all that was necessary to pleasantly journey 2,000 miles from home and back, and accordingly they hitched up a sorrel team, and on the 10th of January, 1879, they left Brozaria, and on the 2d of August they arrived in Philadelphia. Yesterday they started on their long journey home, drawn by the same sorrel team and riding in the identical "prairie schooner" in which they left the Lone Star State. Their friends had moved from Norristown, and the main object of their journey was not accomplished. Nevertheless they had a good time, and drove down to Absecon, and from there rode over to Atlantic City in the cars, their first railroad experience, to see the ocean. They spent a day there and drove back to Camden and encamped at the foot of Spruce street for a few days, having the wagon repaired and laying in supplies. They were just two hundred days on their trip, averaging ten miles a day on the road. If they make the same time back the sorrel team will draw up at Brazoria on the 10th of next March, and the travelers will have been gone just fourteen months. It is not many years since "prairie schooners" in fleets spotted the plains west of the Missouri, and in the far West there is many a family that journeyed across the Rockies and Sierras to a new home. But the completion of the Central and Union Pacific Railroads throttled the prosperity of the "prairie schooner," and as an institution it ceased to exist, although it is still used to a limited extent. Two lines of railroad stretch from St. Louis to the Gulf, and steamships ply between ports on the Texan coast and New Orleans and New York, so that Robert Elder's method of coming North was evidently chosen not out or necessity.

THE JOURNEY BEGUN.

"My friends at home," he relates, "tried to dissuade me from goin' in a wagon, but I knowed what comfort is, and I reckoned on havin' a good time, not only when we got here, but on the road, too. Well, we've had it. You see I am paralyzed in the right side, and can't do much, and the old woman she knows how to take care of horses, and she bein' right keen to come, I says to her, says I, 'We'll do it.' We fitted up the wagon with a stove and cookin' things, got the beddin', new harness for the horses, and the boys gave us a send-off. We left our two sons and a da'ter to run the place, and on the 10th of January we started." The old man tells his story with many a deviation from the necessary line of narrative. So blowing away the chaff of his relation, the story of the trip may be put in this condensed form: The line of route was north two hundred miles to Dallas, on the line of the Texas Pacific Railroad, and thence east to Shreveport, Louisiana, where they crossed the Red River on the 1st of March. The first part of the journey was made in easy stages. The first day eleven miles was accomplished, and during the entire trip the most ground covered in one day was seventeen miles. The start was usually made early in the morning, and the six mid-day hours were spent in the shade, where the horses could forage. When the shadows grew long they hitched the sorrels and "prairie schooner" together again and jogged along. When it was necessary to reach good camping ground, where there was water, pasture and fuel, they frequently drove the task of one day without stopping, and with the exception of the 4th of April, when they rested twenty-four hours and had their wagon repaired at Chattanooga, they shifted ground daily. Elder is not exactly clear as to his dates, and he only remembers the day when some of the $153 he started with was expended. Such occasions he has a vivid recollection of.

From Shreveport the route was across the northern part of Louisiana, over bad roads to Vicksburg, at which point the Mississippi River was crossed, thence to Jackson and the north to the State line of Tennessee and Mississippi, near Corinth, where they entered the valley of the Tennessee River and followed its tortuous windings through Huntsville, Alabama; Chattanooga, Knoxville, Tennessee; Bristol, Lynchburg, Virginia, striking the Potomac at Alexandria. They stopped at Washington a few hours and visited the Capitol, and thence through Baltimore, Havre de Grace and Wilmington.

A NEW ROUTE BACK.

"On the way back we think we will go by way of Baltimore, and over the old national turnpike to Wheeling and Cincinnati, through St. Louis, Little Rock, Arkansas, to Shreveport, and down to the mouth of the Brazos, where I reckon the people will all turn out to see us, that is if we ever get there, and I don't see why we shouldn't. We reckon we'll get into the Ohio Valley before cold weather, and get out of Missouri before winter breaks. So the roads will be all right. We will be on the turnpike during the fall, but we can keep warm in the wagon. Oh! I've figured it all out on this map." Elder displayed a thoroughly wrecked sheet of paper, cut from an old atlas. It was a map of all the States, with the principal towns given, and beyond the answers to personal inquiries, it was the only guide the sailors and passengers of the "prairie schooner" have had.

CONGRESSMAN VOORHEES.—A Washington telegram dated the 15th instant says: An attempt will be made to oust Congressman Voorhees, of New Jersey, from his seat because of the recent criminal charges and indictment preferred against him in his recent failure. There is hardly any way in which the House could, of its own accord, take cognizance of the allegations against Mr. Voorhees, as he has not seen fit to make any statement concerning the charges of forgery and breach of trust pending against him. It is understood that the Democratic residents of Mr. Voorhees' district will prepare a petition setting forth the facts in Mr. Voorhees' case, and begging the House to take action to expel him from his seat. This petition will be referred to the Committee on Elections, which will investigate and report thereon. Should the report be adverse to Mr. Voorhees and his seat declared vacant, a new election will have to take place. The Democrats have no doubt of their ability to elect a Democrat to succeed Voorhees. In that event the Democrats will have a majority of the New Jersey delegation.

— Old settlers.—The egg-shells thrown out of the coffee pot.