The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1880. VOLUME XVI.--NO. 19.

The Judge's Surprise.

The day was bitterly cold in Virginia City, as winter days most generally are in that Alpine town, and though the sun was bright, its rays were as cheerless and chill almost as moonbeams. Wild gusts whistled through the streets, breathing icicles and frost in their furious course, and driving every living thing away to seek shelter from its biting, penetrating breath. And yet not every one was sheltered from the pitiless gale, for he who had work to do or business to transact was summoned, by inexorable duty, to come forth to his post, or else, when the day of reckoning came, abide by the consequences. Of these luckless exceptions, Abe Denning, the baker, was one. In sunshine or storm, hail, rain or snow people must eat; eat, in fact, all the more voraciously because it does hail or snow, as if to perpetrate an unseasonable joke upon the baker, who, especially, in appetizing weather, must see to it that his customer's larders be properly stored with the rarest and best productions of his oven.

Even such cold weather as this did not deter Mr. Denning from attending to the wants of his customers with the assiduity and attention characteristic of his class. While disappearing into a customer's house with an armful of bread, a girl of some fifteen years of age, emerged from a miner's cabin close by, and first casting wild and hurried glances around her, rushed to the baker's cart, and had just abstracted therefrom three loaves of bread, and was carrying them off, when the baker returned and caught her in the act.

Unfortunately, an officer was passing just at the time, and the baker, on the spur of the moment, and without giving the case that consideration which he otherwise might, gave her in custody on a charge of theft. The girl, without any attempt at expostulation or explanation, burst into an agony of tears--a sufficient evidence, perhaps, that she was but a novice, after all, in the art of stealing.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "don't take me in this way. Let me wrap a shawl around my head, or the people will know me."

The officer, consenting, accompanied her into the cabin, while the baker drove away, telling the policeman he would be in court the next day to prefer the charge before the police judge.

The officer, on entering, found no one in the cabin, but three children—the youngest about three years old, and the eldest six. The hut was cold and cheerless; there was no fire. The two elder children, alamed at the presence of the officer, exhibited discolored eyes and faces, which bore evidence of suffering and recent tears; while little Willie, the youngest, was crying and inappeasable, moping aimlessly around the cabin, looking into the empty closet, and putting his little hands mechanically into the empty dishes on the table.

"What made you steal the bread, my girl?" asked the officer. At mention of the word "bread," little Willie looked tearfully and piteously in the man's face. The girl hugged the little fellow frantically in her arms, covering him with tears and kisses.

"O, my poor little brother!" she cried, bitterly. "What will become of you now? This man is going to take your Lena away with him!"

Here the child threw his arms around her neck, as if to detian her by force; while the other two children screamed piteously.

The officer, suspecting the actual state of affairs, began to investigate.

"Is there no coal, or nothing at all to eat in the house?" said he.

"No coal, no bread, nothing to eat!" replied the girl, wringing her hands; and poor Willie and the rest of us have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning."

Here the officer went away, saying that he would be back again in a short time. "Is the man gone for bread?" asked the oldest of the children.

"Hush, Mollie, dear!" said Lena. "I don't know what he is gone for. He's not a bad man, anyhow, for he hasn't arrested me, as I thought he would."

In a very few minutes the officer returned, with bread and groceries, not forgetting some cakes and condiments for the smallest children; while another man at his heels carried a big sack of coal on his back.

At the sight of the bread the children screamed with delight, and while Lena cut up large slices of bread, and helped the children and herself, the two men set to work and made a large fire in the stove, the glow of which soon diffused warmth and comfort through the cabin. Then they cooked the meat, and made tea, and spread a steaming meal on the table for the four orphans, while they carved and and attended to their wants till they were fully satisfied.

Happy, happy childhood, whose prerogatives are innocence, mirth and joy! The children, after their dinner, didn't look like the same children at all. Their faces were bright and joyous, happy and handsome; and in a few minutes they were playing and laughing and romping, as happy as if they had never felt the pangs of hunger.

"And now," said the officer, delighted at seeing the children so happy, "sit down, Lena, and answer me a few questions. Have you no father or mother?"

"We have no mother," was Lena's reply. "She died about a year ago, and father went away to Eureka to work, about eight months ago, and we hain't seen him ever since."

"What is your father's name?"

"Dawson—Jim Dawson."

"And he has sent you no money—nothing?"

"Nothing. Never heard of him since he went away. But when he was going he left us a bag of flour, and lots of groceries and things—as much as would last us for six months; and said he'd be sure and be back before the provisions were all out."

"And you got no letter from him at all."

"Not one," replied Lena, with a deep sigh.

Poor Dawson had written to his children, however, but, postal communication being at that time very irregular and uncertain in the Silver State, the children did not receive his letters.

"Well, I must go now," said the officer, after a pause, "but I will call for you to-morrow, and you'll have to accompany me to the police office, for I must do my duty, you know. Good bye." And Lena Dawson was left alone with her little brothers and sisters. She felt sad and lonesome after the departure of her kind benefactor, but the buoyancy of childhood soon gained the ascendancy, and before bed-time the orpans were as happy as any group of little children in Virginia City.

Meantime, the report about the stealing of the bread and the destitute condition of the children got abroad. Jim Dawson, a miner himself, was well known and popular among the miners, and the case created such sympathy, and elicited so many reminiscences and commentaries that a crowd was attracted next day to the police court. Judge Moses presided. The judge bore the name of being upright and honest, kind and benevolent, and if fault he had at all, it was thought to be somewhat uncompromising rigor in the discharge of his official duties. It was hard to say how the case would go. After the transaction of some preliminary business, the case was called. The baker swore to the stealing of the bread, and identified the defendant as the thief. The officer testified as to the famishing condition in which he found the children, but said not a syllable about what he had done to relieve them. Poor Lena stood trembling before the judge. Thereupon a miner rustled through the crowd and stood before the bench, eyeing the judge with a deprecating look. "I declare to the Almighty, jedge," said he, "I never knowed the state of Jim Dawson's children, and if I did———" he dropped a twenty into Lena's trembling hand.

"You jest knowed as much about it as other folks," exclaimed another miner, excitedly walking up and putting another twenty into the girl's hand with an indignant air that flung back any latent suspicion that he knew anything of the children's distress any more than anybody else.

Here Long Alec, a miner—so called on account of his height and size—slid timidly and bashfully up to Lena's side. "Leeny," he said in a half whisper, "hold yer pinafore," he slipped two twenties into her apron, and then slid back behind the crowd into a corner, and holding his hat to his face, glanced timidly around, to see that he was completely out of sight.

Then came Wabbling Joe, who was far more bashful than even Long Alec, but put on a bold face, and laughed and talked loud to make believe that he was not bashful at all.

"Jedge," said Wabbling Joe, laughing and nodding familiarly at the court to disarm that functionary of possible rigor in the trial of the case in hand—"jedge, let the girl slide. She ain't done nothing but what you or I would do if we was hungry!" And poor Lena was once more the recipient of another present.

The court held down his head and smiled gravely at Wabbling Joe's defense of the accused; but immediately recovering his gravity, said:

"Gentlemen, I appreciate your liberality and generous sympathy for the young offender, and I am particularly impressed with the ingenious defence made by my friend, Wabbling Joe"—here a good-natured laugh escaped the whole crowd, as if to put the judge in good humor—"but," continued his honor, "whatever might be the sympathy of the court for the sad condition of the accused, there is a public duty to be performed, and the case must therefore proceed."

"What is your name, my little girl? asked the court.

"They call me Lena Dawson, sir," was the reply.

"Call you Lena Dawson! And I suppose Lena Dawson is your name, is it not?" observed the judge.

"No, sir, it ain't," returned the girl. "My father died when I was only three years old, and my mother got married to Mr. Dawson some time afterward. My proper name is Madeline Winters, but they call me Lena, for short."

"Madeline Winters! Where were you born?" asked the judge.

"In Kansas City," was the reply.

"In Kansas City!" echoed the court, in a voice of still deeper gravity than before. "And what was you mother's maiden name, do you know?"

"Madeline Moses, sir," responded Lena.

"Madeline Moses! My God!—my God! She was my sister!"

And Judge Moses, overcome with emotion, bowed his head on the desk while a torrent of tears flowed down his face.

Just as the crowd, in obedience to the dictates of delicacy, were emerging from the police court, to let uncle and neice indulge the sacred joy of mutual recognition, Jim Dawson appeared at the door having just returned from his prospecting tour in Eureka, and, with an innate sense of propriety that did honor to his acquaintances, who were rejoiced to see him, was quietly permitted to join his relatives inside.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

CENSUS MEDITATIONS.—South Carolina has long been a relatively decadent State. During the ten years ending with 1860, the increase in its population was only 5.25 per cent., while the gain for the whole United States was 55½ per cent. During the decade ending with 1870, the increase was strictly nominal, being only about one-quarter of one per cent., while the increase for the Union was 22.63 per cent., the rate of progress having been seriously interferred with by the war. Within the last ten years, however, population within this State has taken a bound that will be generally regarded as suprising. From a total of 705-606 in 1870, the number has risen to 955,306 in 1880, an increase at the rate of 42.05 per cent., or considerably larger than the average rate for the whole country is likely to prove. Of this increase, 101,404 has arisen in the white population, and 188,-421 in the colored, or, to state the facts in the percentages, the increase in the white has been 35 per cent. and in the colored 45.31 per cent.

These figures are the more remarkable because South Carolina during much the better half of the last decade has been represented as in an intensely suffering condition, its land and property owners half bankrupted by excessive taxation, and its colored population driven to other States to save themselves from starvation. It has also been freely represented that the negroes were subject to a political oppression, which had driven large numbers to seek refuge outside the borders of the State. The fact, however, appears to be that during this period the class that might be expected to suffer most severly from these influences has increased its numbers by nearly one-half.

During the decade ending with 1860, the white race in that State was increasing more rapidly than the colored, the gain in the former being 6.06 per cent., and in the latter 4.66., whereas, during the last ten years the comparison is reversed, the colored having gained very considerably upon the white. It is impossible to evade the conclusion to be drawn from these facts as to the effects of the abrogation of slavery. Instead of the colored race proving to be unable to take care of themselves and decaying in the absence of the supervision of white ownership, their emancipation has been followed by amazing development of fecundity and growth, suggestive of new reflections as to the possible destiny and importance of the negro race on this continet.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

HUMBUGGED AGAIN.—I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife, who was always doctoring and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some, I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months use of the Bitters my wife was cured and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—H. T., St. Paul.—*Pioneer Press.*

A SCOUT'S ADVENTURE.

Tom Wood's Narrow Escape from Capture.

"Well, now, tell us, old friend, when scouting inside of the enemy's lines, did anybody ever detect you as a Confederate spy?"

"Never. But I was mighty near being caught up once, and the only way I escaped was by being mistook for my brother Jim."

Here the smile on his face spread into a broad grin, and the old man chuckled as his mind went back to the serio-comical adventure. Tom Wood, or "Uncle Tommy," as he was known in General Lee's camp, had never been with the army in Flanders, but he had learned their habits all the same and perhaps as wicked a hunter as ever shouldered a rifle.

"But I'll tell you about how I liked to have been caught. It was late in December, and it occurred to me that I would take my Christmas frolic by making a little scout out to my home in Randolph County. We were camped at the Warm Springs, and had nothing to do in camp and I felt lonesome like. As Christmas drew on I got to thinking about my old woman and the children at home; they were away inside the lines of the enemy, and I thought that Christmas would be more like Christmas to them if I could unexpectedly drop down among them. So I shouldered my old gun and away I went through Pocahontas and down into Randolph. I got along first-rate on my way out; saw no Federals; slipped around their pickets; saw my family, and after enjoying myself for a season started back.

"Of course I kept out the way of all the settlements and stuck to the mountains I stopped at nobody's house unless I knew them to be true-blue Southerners. One night I came to the Greenbrier, and just as dark came on a heavy sleet set in. I was cold, tired and hungry, and the only house where I could find shelter was the house of old Billy Johnson, whom I knew to be the most ultra Union man in all that region. I had no personal acquaintance with him, and didn't think that he had ever seen me, so I concluded to risk myself under his roof that night any way. It was my purpose to give him a fictitious name, for I felt pretty sure that if he discovered that I was Tom Wood, the rebel scout, I would not live to see daylight. Mustering up courage, and helped along by the wet and cold, I sought refuge under Johnson's roof, and was hospitably received. While sitting by the fire warming myself, Johnson kept looking into my face very earnestly, when all at once he arose from his seat, approaced, and standing directly in front of me, says: 'Ain't your name Wood?'

"Here was a poser, and I thought I was caught. I knew that if he recognized me that it would do no good to lie about it, and so I owned up and said that was my name. 'Well,' said he, 'this is Brother Jimmy Wood, ain't it?'

This relieved me. You see, he mistook me for Brother Jim, and seeing how it was I humored the mistake, though Jim is a blasted sight uglier man nor me. But I wasn't standing on looks then; the circumstances didn't admit of it. 'Well, really,' says he, 'Brother Wood, I am glad to see you. I ain't seen you since the camp meeting on the hill, nigh on to twenty years ago.' And he took my hand and shook it like he was glad to see me. But I could hardly keep from laughing in his face at being taken for a class leader. You see, Jim is a Methodist and a leader in the church, and so is Johnson, and that's how he called me 'Brother Wood.' And then he sat down and talked over old times and the camp-meeting in the hills, and as the old man was willing to do most of the talking, I was willing for him to do it.

"I got along very well until we sot up to supper, when Johnson called on me to say grace. I had done many a hard day's work; had been on many a long scout; have been in some mighty hot fights; but I tell you honestly, boys, the hardest and hottest work I ever done was to get out that blessing in a genteel way. But this was no time for flinching, and I got through with it. Everything moved smoothly until bedtime came around. Brother Johnson put the Bible on the stand, snuffed the candle and asked me to lead in family worship. I had broken the ice by asking the blessing at the supper table, so I read a chapter in the book, and kneeling down offered up the first prayer of my life. By jings, it was a good one. I didn't forget to pray for the restoration of the Union and the destruction of its enemies. Maybe it was answered. I had a good night's rest, and when I left in the morning felt better than I ever did in my life. In fact, boys, I believe it does a man good to pray a little once in a while, even if he is force to do it. I mean to do more of it hereafter. But that is the way I escaped, by being mistook for my brother Jim."

And the grin broadened again on the old scout's face, and the chuckle sounded louder and deeper as he mused on his adventure.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"Let Us All Hang Together."

The future is by no means so dark and hopeless as many seem to think. It is only necessary for the solid South to pursue a pacific course and hang together with greater tenacity than ever, and her redemption from Radical rule is certain at no distant day. Who can tell what political changes will be brought during the next four years? The single question of the tariff is more than likely to prove a most distracting element of division between the agriculturists of the West and the intolerant protectionists of the East. But this issue will make no impression upon the united South. Here, the advocates of high protective tariff are a mere handful in number, and likely to continue so for many years. Financial questions, also, may prove disturbing agencies, to say nothing of railroad complications and the commercial rivalries between the two sections. If, through all these agitations, the South remains true to itself and as solid as ever, who can reasonably doubt that she will hold the balance of power and regain her prestige and rights in the Union?

Again, if the Democratic ascendancy in the Senate (as is most probable) should be continued, the gratifying fact remains that Garfield's election will be powerless to do us harm. That conservative body will effectually block the chariot wheels of Radical progress. On the whole, therefore, though smarting under defeat and greatly disappointed at the results of the late general elections, our people should not despond, but, thankful for the blessings of local government, hopefully remain in their lots and await with patience the issues of coming events.—*Macon Telegraph & Messenger.*

— Secretary Evarts believes that the Republican victory was due to the Solid South and the tariff. He appreciates the advantage accruing to the Republicans by the nomination of Mr. Grace. He anticipates quiet, peaceful times. The bitterness of the campaign, he says, will be forgotten in a month and good nature will prevail.

ALMOST A MILLION.

The Official Census of South Carolina.

The following official statement of the population of South Carolina has just been published by the Census Bureau. The county with the largest population is, of course, Charleston, with 102,825 inhabitants, and Edgefield is next, with 45,846. Pickens has the smallest population, 14,391, and Horry the next smallest, 15,574. Outside of Charleston the largest white population is in Spartanburg, 26,370 The smallest white population is in Beaufort, only 2,438 to 27,752 colored. The largest colored population outside of Charleston is in Edgefield, 29,825 to 16,921 whites. Edgefield, Barnwell, Colleton and Horry have each a few more males than females, all the rest have a feminine majority. The greatest disparity between the sexes is in Charleston, where the femining majority mounts up to 4,521. The statistics published do not enable us to state in which race this disparity chiefly exists. The following are the official figures:

TOTAL POPULATION.

State and Counties.	*Total.*	*Male.*	*Female.*
The State	995,306	490,327	504,979
Abbeville	40,822	20,063	20,759
Aiken	28,122	13,860	14,262
Anderson	33,613	16,587	17,026
Barnwell	39,858	19,940	19,918
Beaufort	30,190	14,603	15,587
Charleston	102,525	49,152	53,673
Chester	23,153	11,850	12,303
Chesterfield	16,345	8,008	8,337
Clarendon	19,190	9,600	9,590
Colleton	36,390	18,273	18,117
Darlington	34,485	17,127	17,358
Edgefield	45,846	23,022	22,824
Fairfield	27,765	13,715	14,051
Georgetown	19,613	9,496	10,117
Greenville	37,494	18,513	18,981
Hampton	18,767	9,443	9,324
Horry	15,574	7,804	7,770
Kershaw	21,538	10,650	10,888
Lancaster	16,903	8,417	8,486
Laurens	29,444	14,602	14,842
Lexington	18,590	9,126	9,464
Marion	34,107	16,793	17,314
Marlboro'	20,598	10,214	10,384
Newberry	26,497	13,061	13,436
Oconee	16,256	7,879	8,377
Orangeburg	40,995	20,389	20,606
Pickens	14,391	7,149	7,242
Richland	28,585	13,848	14,737
Spartanburg	40,408	19,781	20,627
Sumter	37,037	18,339	18,698
Union	24,081	11,872	12,209
Williamsburg	24,110	11,936	12,174
York	30,713	15,215	15,498

NATIVITY.

State and Co's.	*Native.*	*Foreign.*	*White.*	*Colored.**
The State	987,664	7,642	391,071	604,235
Abbeville	40,699	123	13,186	27,636
Aiken	27,916	206	12,944	15,178
Anderson	33,452	161	18,766	14,847
Barnwell	39,754	104	13,848	26,010
Beaufort	29,986	204	2,429	27,752
Charleston	98,542	4,283	30,935	71,890
Chester	24,019	134	8,638	16,515
Chesterfield	16,307	38	9,499	6,846
Clarendon	19,164	26	6,282	12,908
Colleton	36,314	76	12,149	24,241
Darlington	34,363	122	12,927	21,558
Edgefield	45,771	75	16,021	29,825
Fairfield	27,622	144	6,885	20,881
Georgetown	19,565	48	3,461	16,152
Greenville	37,289	205	22,983	14,511
Hampton	18,743	24	6,288	12,479
Horry	15,564	10	10,639	4,935
Kershaw	21,465	73	7,892	13,646
Lancaster	16,885	18	7,937	8,966
Laurens	29,363	79	11,778	17,666
Lexington	18,553	37	11,114	7,476
Marion	34,042	65	15,879	18,228
Marlboro'	20,580	18	8,026	12,572
Newberry	26,383	114	8,235	18,262
Oconee	16,049	207	11,955	4,301
Orangeburg	40,860	135	12,794	28,201
Pickens	14,368	23	10,679	3,712
Richland	28,176	409	9,189	19,396
Spartanburg	40,244	164	26,370	14,038
Sumter	36,926	111	9,973	27,064
Union	24,025	56	10,525	13,556
Williamsburg	24,060	50	7,800	16,310
York	30,613	100	14,036	16,677

*Including, in Abbeville County, 2 Indians; in Aiken County, 6 Indians; in Beaufort County, 1 Indian; in Charleston County, 9 Chinese and 1 Indian; in Chester County, 1 Indian; in Colleton County, 19 Indians; in Georgetown County, 1 Indian; in Greenville County, 2 Indians; in Hampton County, 2 Indians; in Lancaster County, 11 Indians; in Lexington County, 1 Indian; in Marlboro' County, 1 Indian; in Spartanburg County, 2 Indians; in Union County, 3 Indians; in York County, 60 Indians.

Horatio Seymour on National Prosperity.

Ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, in a recent conversation on political topics, expressed himself as being anxious to dispel the illusion that national prosperity was due to the acts of any party or administration, and not to the industries of the whole people. Any such belief, he held, was not only untrue in business, but false in morals. If it were true we ought to look to government alone and not to labor and intelligence for the rewards of business. But the argument was false, and much more familiar in despotisms like that of Russia than in countries like ours. We sell more than we buy; we are growing rich, not because of things done or left undone in Washington, but because our labors have yielded more than we need to consume. Our previous distresses came from the false notion that men could get rich by schemes and speculation in place of honest industry. But the panic exploded these; we have learned economy and wisdom, and thus prosperity was brought back. Before the Presidential canvass began there was no thought of attributing this to the effect of political measures. Industry had revived and the activity of one branch of trade helped another from the slough. The farmers and their crops restored the railroads, the increasing receipts of these in turn revived the stock markets, and our foreign exports gave the people with which to buy the products of manufactories. As the ex-Governor said: "The money paid to our farmers for grain and provisions has been expended by them for merchandise, for the improvement of their buildings or other objects necessary to their comfort, or in facilities for cultivating their land. The cost of these has been paid out to other classes and has given activity to mechanical and manufacturing pursuits." Here is a complete circle of mutual helpful industries, in which politics plays no parts at all, and in which the prime factor in promoting the revival of prosperity, agriculture, is just the one which has least concern for or interest in the maintenance of special legislation, of very high and prohibitive tariffs especially, creating taxation beyond the necessities either of wholsome production or of revenues.

— The oldest house in the United States is supposed to be at Pembroke, Mass. In 1622 Mr. Peleg Barker's ancestors built a fort of stone and mortar as a defense against the Indians, and it has been used as a dining-room for years. The main building is only ten years younger.

— President Hayes was asked by a reporter of the Washington *Post* what impressions of Washington life he would carry away. He replied: "In the main, very pleasant. The first two years were hard, as hard, perhaps, as any year of Lincoln's administration. I have said this frequently before, and I still think so. The last two years have been as easy and pleasant as perhaps any President has enjoyed. In my case the sunshine has followed the storm and clouds."

HON. BEN HILL.

What He Thinks of the Late Election.

WASHINGTON, November 10.

The New York *Tribune*, to-day, contains a private letter from Senator Hill, of Georgia, to Hon. J. B. Chittenden, of Brooklyn, furnished by the latter for publication, with Senator Hill's consent. The following are the most significant ports of the letter:

"Well, my friend, the most anxious event in our history has become a fact—a solid North against a solid South. No language can express to you the view I take of this event for evil. It can have no logic, if continued, but disruption into several monarchies or absolute consolidation of all States into one empire. In either event our constitutional system will fail. In my opinion the time has come when the great question for real Statesmen to consider is how to speedily break up this sectional solidity and organize parties altogether on other issues. The Democratic party is hated at the North and, therefore, it ought to be disbanded. The Republican party is hated at the South and, therefore, it ought to be disbanded. Whether this hatred is just or not, makes no difference. I would be glad to see a great National Union party organized, for I believe that the Government formed by the Constitution is a Nation; true, it is a limited Nation, but within the powers delegated to it by the Constitution, it is as much a Nation as any on the globe. I really like Garfield. I sincerely hope he will have a successful administration. He has ability for a crisis. He must feel keenly the fact that he is elected solely by Northern votes. But he has a great opportunity, and he can, if he will, easily and consistently destroy all sectional animosity and solidities, and be chosen for a second term by a majority of the States, North and South. This opportunity is far greater than the office itself, and, if utilized, will give the fame which the office could not give him and which no previous President attained. But will he do it? I greatly hope he will, and I greatly fear he will not. I see a movement to make an issue on the result in New York, with a view to defeat Garfield in the count by Congress. There would be great danger of this but for one fact, and that one fact is the South will not countenance it. The poor, divided and abused South, if necessary, will once more save the country from a revolution, and, as before, will get no credit for it. The Republican party will take the Presidency peaceably, because the South wills it, and at the next election the leaders of that party will tell the people from every stump and pulpit in the North that the South must not be trusted. Nevertheless, we shall avert all revolutions—not to win Republican praise, or to avoid Republican abuse, for either is impossible; but solely because it is right, and we are determined to preserve the peace of the country. How long human nature can bear this I do not know. It is injustice unparalleled, and wrong that ought to cover the North with blushes."

Duration of Eternity.

Various illustrations have been suggested to convey to the mind some idea of illimitable duration. It has been said, suppose that one drop of ocean should be dried up every thousand years, how long would it be ere the last drop would disappear and the ocean's bed be left dry and rusty? Far onward as that would be in the coming ages, eternity would but have just commenced. It has been said, suppose this vast globe upon which we tread were composed of particles of the finest sand, and that one particle should disappear at the termination of each million of years, oh how inconceivably immense would be the period which must elapse before the last particle would be gone! And yet, eternity would be in its morning twilight. It has been said, suppose some little insect, so small as to be imperceptible to the bare eye, were to carry this world by its tiny mouthfuls to the most distant star in the heavens. Hundreds of millions of years would be required for the single journey. The insect commences on the leaf of a tree and takes its little load, so small that even the microscope cannot discover that it is gone, and sets out on an almost endless journey. After millions and millions of years have rolled away it arrives back for its second load. Oh, what interminable ages would elapse before the tree would be removed! When would the forest be gone? And the globe? Even then, eternity would but have commenced.

RIOT IN CHARLESTON COUNTY.—A special dispatch to the *News and Courier*, dated Summerville, November 10, says: "Information of a serious riot, which occurred at Cooper's Store precinct, Charleston County, a few days after the election, has just been received here. Isaac Finkly, a colored Democrat, was brought here late this evening by an armed guard of fifteen white men and delivered up to Trial Justice R. W. Perry. His statement is that on the morning after the election on returning home he found his house occupied by an armed band of colored Republicans and was immediately attacked. In the fight which ensued he shot down one Hamp Williams and made good his escape. Since the occurrence his house has been besieged, obliging him to take to the woods to elude pursuit. Every possible avenue of escape was closely guarded, and when rescued by a party of white men yesterday he was found in a state of absolute physical exhaustion. His statement has been verified by the accompanying guard, who say that the outrage has thrown their neighborhood into a state of violent excitement. Fifteen warrants have been issued, and the parties will be probably brought to justice."

— Mr. Love was married the other day at Ithaca, N. Y., at the age of eighty-three. It was an old Love affair.

— No display of strength was made by the Greenbackers in Charleston County at the late election. Major Blair, the candidate for Governor, received just 22 votes, out of 11,499.

— Matthews, of Mowryville, Iowa, rises early every morning, and rings a big bell at 5 o'clock to awaken his workmen. Pinney, who lives close by, likes to sleep late, and he begged Matthews in vain not to sound the bell. He never goes to bed until 12 o'clock, and now at midnight he fires a cannon to disturb the slumber of Matthews. Between the midnight gun and the 5 o'clock bell, the inhabitants of Mowryville curse both Pinney and Matthews.

— Blessed is the man who knows enough to keep his mouth shut. Some people live sixty years without learning the art. Indeed, the older they grow, the wider their mouths open. A man or woman who is a gabbler at forty-five is a dreadful affliction to a house, or church, or a community. There are two things this age needs to learn—when to say nothing, and when it says anything to say it well. "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, this man's religion is in vain."—*Murray.*

Rights of Judges and Editors.

No more important case, affecting the freedom of the press, than that of Judge Patterson against Steinman and Hensel, has ever been decided, not only in this Commonwealth, but in the country. The decision is favorable to free and unshackled journalism, in a larger sense than has ever been admitted by our jurists; coming from the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, being enunciated by so learned a lawyer and so eminent a Judge as Chief Justice Sharswood, will give it weight and force for many generations to come.

The defendants in this great test case are Andrew Jackson Steinman and William U. Hensel, publishers and editors of the Lancaster (Pa.) *Daily Intelligencer*, and both of them lawyers, members of the Lancaster bar. The offence consisted in unfavorably criticising the Associate Law Judge of the Common Pleas and Quarter Sessions of Lancaster County. The Judge had acquitted one Michael Snyder, an active local politician of Lancaster, of an alleged violation of the liquor laws. After the case had been decided the *Intelligencer* commented upon it, saying that the acquittal was procured "by a prostitution of the machinery of justice to serve the exigencies of the Republican party; as all the parties implicated, as well as the Judges, belong to that party, the Court is unanimous, for once, that it need take no cognizance of the imposition practiced upon it, and the disgrace attaching to it."

For the publication of this stricture Judge Patterson summoned the two editor-lawyers before him to answer for contempt of court, and show cause why they should not be disbarred—that is, stricken from the roll of practicing attorneys—for misbehavior as lawyers, and unfaithfulness to the Court of which they were sworn officers. To this Messrs. Steinman and Hensel made answer, that Judge Patterson's proceeding was irregular; that there should have been a sworn complaint, as a foundation for the proceedings, that they had not been guilty of any contempt; that they could not be held responsible as lawyers and officers of the Court for acts which were done as publishers and editors of a newspaper; that as citizens they would meet a charge of libel, leaving their guilt or innocence to be decided by due course of law; and that they were ready to stand trial in the capacity in which the alleged offence had been committed, that of editors and publishers of a newspaper. Judge Patterson overruled these pleas and disbarred Messrs. Steinman and Hensel. Under an Act of Assembly, passed in 1879, they appealed to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and a decision in the case was given by Chief Justice Sharswood, at Pittsburg, on Monday, October 4. His Honor took broad ground against the arbitrary action of Judge Patterson. He not only restored Messrs. Steinman and Hensel to their places at the bar of Lancaster, but he used such unmistakable language as the following:

To say that an attorney can only act or speak on this subject (cases before a Court) under liability to be called to account and to be deprived of his profession and means of livelihood, by the very Judge or Judges whom he may consider it his duty to attack or expose, is a position too monstrous to be entertained for a moment under our present system.

Justice Sharswood also holds that, even if attorneys are convicted by a jury of libeling a Judge, the disbarring of him would still remain an open question. There are technicalities in this masterly and equitable decision; it goes to the heart of the facts of a case that is a sample of many, in which Judges of Courts, where newspapers were concerned, arrogated to themselves dictatorial powers, disregarding all forms of law in what they were pleased to call the vindication of the Bench. Judges are fallible, just as other mortals are; just as liable to err; just as prone to be governed by partizan zeal. If a Judge is wronged by a newspaper he has his remedy at law, just as other citizens have; he should receive no less, he should ask no more; and he is not likely to do the latter in the face of the decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in Steinman and Hensel vs. Patterson.

— Sufficient returns have been received to show that the Constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquors in Kansas has been adopted by at least 20,000 majority. The friends of temperance made special efforts in favor of the amendment on election day, that being the principal question in most localities. In all the cities, and many small towns, the ladies electioneered for the cause of temperance, and had tempting lunches spread in the vicinity of the polls, which voters partook of freely, the only consideration being a promise to vote for the amendment. The opponents of the measure made no effort to defeat it, and will content themselves with devising means to evade its operation and surmount it with such legislative enactments as will render it of no effect. The amendment will go into effect when the vote is canvassed and published by authority of the State Board, and in the opinion of many lawyers this will abrogate all licenses heretofore granted by any municipal law. It also virtually repeals the present dram-shop act of the State relating to the granting of licenses. The other provisions of the act prohibiting penalties for sale without authority of law remain in full force and effect. It is not known how the Legislature-elect stands on the questions growing out of the amendment, and a strong fight will be made by the two factions.

— The suicide of Robert Low, at West Albany, Minn., was the upshot of a long struggle between good and bad nature in the man. He was from his boyhood of a peculiarly morose and vindictive disposition. As a man, he quarrelled and fought with his neighbors, was cruel to dumb animals, and became an object of general aversion. The community was astonished when Mrs. Gray, an amiable and pious widow, consented to become his wife. She was strongly advised against the step; but she was certain that Low loved her sincerely, and believed that she could reform him. For awhile after the marriage he was a different man, and it was thought that his wife's influence was powerful enough to keep him in good behavior. But at length he fell back into his old ways of violence. She parted from him, and began proceedings for divorce. He went to her residence, and begged her to give him another trial. He protested that he wanted to be a kind husband, and felt sure that he could conquer his temper. She repulsed him decisively. He had struck her and her son, and she considered him incorrigible. Thereupon he shot her through the heart, killed the son and then himself.

— During one month this summer the Philadelphia Mint coined $600,000, and how they all go past us without our seeing one of them is what astonishes us.

— Kissing "is the art preservation of all hearts."

The Statistics of Immigration.

The last report of the bureau of statistics show that the tide of immigration, which ran very slack after the financial revulsion of 1873, is again at flood. In 1873 there was 450,000 immigrants, but in 1878 the number had fallen to 138,000. It is now estimated, however, that for the calendar year 1880 the immigrants will reach a total of 500,000. This immigration is of a far superior character to that of average years in the past. Formerly a large proportion of the immigrants went no further than the Eastern commercial cities, the population of which they swelled without the assurance of obtaining regular and renumerative labor. During this year, however, 60 per cent. of the immigrants start for predetermined destinations in the West, whither a large proportion of the remaining 40 per cent. very soon went. The immigration of this year also includes a large percentage of skilled artists, comprising "the pick and flower of productive European labor." This is noted as being particularly the case with the present emigrants from Ireland, the tenant farmer classes expatriating themselves in large numbers. The chief cause of this great increase of immigration and its improved quality is the larger opportunities men find in this country, our prosperous trade and industries, the greater security of life and property, the greater freedom from government restrictions and exactions, the more bountiful rewards of labor, the better chances to make a career and improve one's condition in life. Europe's loss in this excess of emigration is large, and our gains are in proportion. These immigrants bring over much capital with them, all to contribute to swell the country's stock. They not only bring cash, but household goods and credit. In 1856 the average money an immigrant brought over was $70. The average now is much greater than this. If we place it at $100 per head it will be seen that immigration adds $50,000,000 a year to our capital—deducting from this, of course, the money advanced by residents in the United States to bring over their friends and relatives. This, however, is the least part of the value to the country of the substantial immigration now coming. Their chief worth consists in their capacity to labor and their acquired industrial skill. The proportion of able-bodied immigrants is very large. In 1879, of the immigrants who came over, 46 per cent. were males between 16 and 40 years old, and 28 per cent. females over 14 years old. The London *Economist*, writing on this subject, estimates that each actively employed male laborer in this country adds $125 annually to its capital, besides maintaining himself. This, on the basis of 15 years average duration of active life in the males between 15 and 40 would give the average value to the country of 46 per cent. of our immigrants at $1,875 each. The *Economist* further puts the value, as the producer of wealth, of each female at one-fourth as much, and thus deduces, as the average value for each man, woman and child of our immigrants at about £230 or $1.250. "Of course," it adds, "a deduction should be made from this estimate for the scum of the immigrants, who instead of adding to the wealth of the country, detract from it. But on the other hand, a far greater sum must be added as the equivalent for the profit realized from the labor of the children begotten by the immigrants, and also for the fact that many of the skilled artisans arriving are able, by their special knowledge of manufacturing processes, to add greatly to the efficiency of the native labor. If however, in order to avoid anything like exaggeration, we place the average value as a capital creating force of each immigrant at £200, we get as the actual or potential addition to the wealth of the country by such a body of immigration as that now taking place the enormous sum of £100,000,000 per annum." These figures are not exaggerated from the *Economist's* standpoint. They are not exaggerated actually, much less potentially, when we consider, as this paper scientifically remarks, how much England profited by the French weavers who were expatriated by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. These refugees were, many of them, old and feeble. But the immigrants coming to the United States are full of life, strength, health and hope. It is the young and energetic who come by preference. Few are absolutely destitute, and some bring much money. Our immigration, as the *Economist* finally says, is an importation which we do not have to pay for, and which is all profit.—*Baltimore Sun.*

— It is stated on most reliable authority that Gen. Hancock on Saturday addressed a letter to Chairman Barnum in which he said that he had been consulted by several committees with reference to a proposed revision of the vote cast on last Tuesday, with a view to contesting the election in New York State in his interest. He had also seen the same course commended in certain Democratic newspapers. He wished to say that the movement did not meet his appro