The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 24, 1881. VOLUME XVI.---NO. 37.

THE FIGHT IN THE SENATE.

Motion to Reorganize the Senate Defeated—Mr. Pendleton Defends the Democratic Members—Gen. Mahone Votes with the Republicans.

WASHINGTON, March 14.

In the Senate to-day Mr. Pendleton called up the resolution previously offered by him relative to the reorganization of the Senate committees. It had been stated, he said, on Friday last, with a great show of confidence, and with very evident satisfaction, that when the vacant chairs on the other side of the Chamber should have been filled, the Republican party would have a majority in this hall, and there had been more than an intimation that the Democratic party was proceeding in unseemly haste to take advantage of the accidental and temporary absence of a few gentlemen on the other side to seize the political powers and places of the organization of the Senate—to do that under these circumstances, which a delay of three or four days would prevent their doing at all.

He did not know and, therefore, he did not controvert the assertion of the fact, but he did not know and therefore repelled the imputation. The remarks made by the distinguished Senator from Illinois (Mr. Davis), on Friday, showed that it was utterly impossible in the present condition of the parties that the Republican party should have a majority of the duly elected members of the Senate. It showed further that it would be in the power of this party if it chose to enter upon ways of obstruction to which it had been invited by occurrences of the last few days. He did not know whether or not an effective working majority, under the Constitution and laws, would be given to the other side of the Chamber when the vacancies were filled. He had no means of knowing. He did not know what arrangements or proffers or suggestions had been made or accepted, but omnipresent and omniscient gentlemen of the press had whispered about the capital and put it into their newspapers that there had been unusual and extraordinary visits to the other end of the avenue, and they had connected the name of a distinguished Senator with dispensation of Federal patronage and the organization of the Senate. It had been whispered that there had been conferences in the Capital, in which champagne and satisfaction had been equally present, and those, too, who had been connected with statements as to the organization of the Senate. He did not know what proofs there could be for these suggestions, but they had filled the air for the last few days. The imputation which had been on the Democratic members of the Senate was without foundation, in fact.

The motion made by Mr. Allison, that the Senate go into executive session, was supported by the Republicans, and opposed by the Democrats. Quite a sensation was occasioned by the fact that Gen. Mahone voted with the Republicans. There was slight applause in the galleries, but it was promptly checked. The motion was rejected—yeas 35, nays 37.

Mr. Conkling then took the floor and maintained that the Republicans were right in not consenting to an organization against a constitutional majority of the Senate.

The debate was here interrupted by Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, who offered resolutions denouncing the assassination of the Czar of Russia, and extending to the Government and people of Russia sincere condolence. Laid on the table.

Mr. Hill, of Georgia, then took the floor to continue the debate. He believed when every seat should be filled the Senate would be Democratic, as it is now. If he was wrong in that belief, he had been deceived. Thirty-eight members of this body were sent here as Democrats. One member, Mr. Davis, of Illinois, was not sent here as a Democrat, but was sent here by Democratic votes, and in the words of high and lofty patriotism, and fidelity to the trust, had, on Friday, announced that he would be true to the trust which sent him here. The Senator from New York (Mr. Conkling) has stated that the Republicans will have a majority. How has this been accomplished? By whom has that wonderful coalition been accomplished by which somebody sent here as a Democrat has been "taken and carried off" by the Republican party? Why is it that we have no right to act on the assumption that 39 members are still Democrats? He vindicated the honor, integrity and fidelity of the State, people and principles of all 39, who were sent here as Democrats, and denied any one had proven treacherous to his mission. Continuing, Mr. Hill said he did not blame a man for a change of opinion, but he contended that it was his duty to give the notice of that change to the persons with whom he had been associated. No Democrat had given such notice to that side of the Senate, and he (Hill) therefore assumed that no such change had occurred. He denied that any man had the right to accept a commission from one party and execute it in the interest of another party. Manhood, courage, bravery, fidelity, morality, respect for the opinions of mankind, required that when a man had arrived at the conclusion that he could not carry out the truth which had been confided in him, it was his duty to return his commission and tell his constituents he had changed his mind. He did not believe that a single one of the 38 men elected as Democrats would hold in his pocket a commission, conferred by Democrats, and, without giving any notice to his constituency or his associates, would execute that commission in the advocacy of an adverse party. He denied the right of the Vice-President to take part in organizing the Senate, but would not raise that question. "If," he continued, "you have but one, the vote will be 38 to 38. Who is that one? [Laughter on the Republican side.] Who is that one?" repeated Mr. Hill in a loud and excited tone of voice. "Who is ambitious to do what no man in the history of this country has ever done, to stand up in this high presence and proclaim from this proud eminence that he disgraces the commission he holds. [Applause in the galleries.] Who is he? Who can he be?" [Laughter, while every eye was turned upon Mahone, who was seated among the Republicans.] Do you (addressing the Republicans) receive him with affection? Do you receive him with respect? Is such a man worthy of your association? Such a man is not worthy to be a Democrat. Is he worthy to be a Republican? If my friends from Illinois, Kansas and New York were to come to me holding a Republican commission in their pockets, sent here by Republican Legislatures, and were to whisper to me that they would vote for Democratic organization, I would scorn to accept their votes. I would tell them that if they came they would be expelled with ignominy from the ranks of their party. He closed by maintaining that those who made up the thirty-eight Democrats in the Senate would stand by the constituents that elected them. They were, he said, elected as Democrats, and on a question of organization (which is a political and party question) they will act with the Democracy. You, gentlemen, (addressing the Republican side,) will be deceived if you think otherwise, and, therefore, there is no necessity for you to enter upon all this filibustering.

Mr. Mahone, who occupied a seat on the Republican side, advanced to the edge of the area fronting the Clerk's desk, and proceeded to reply to Mr. Hill. That gentleman, he said, had manifestly engaged in an effort to disclose his (Mahone's) position on the floor.

Mr. Hill—"I do not know what your position is, and how could I disclose it?"

Mr. Mahone—"The gentleman has assumed not only to be a custodian here of the Democratic party of the Nation, but has tried to assert the right to speak for the constituency which I have the privilege, in part, of representing here. He has done so without their assent (addressing himself directly to Mr. Hill and advancing toward him). I owe you, sir, and I owe those for whom you undertake to speak here, nothing. [Marks of encouragement on the Republican side and in the galleries.] I came here like a Virginian, not to represent the Democracy for which you (Hill) stand. I came with as proud a claim to represent that people as you to represent the people of Georgia—won on the fields where I have fought with you and others in the cause of my people, and of that section, in the late unhappy contest. That contest, thank God, is over; that I am not here as a partisan, nor am I here to represent that Democracy which has done so much injury to my section of the country. The gentleman undertook to say what constitutes a Democrat. I hold that I am an infinitely better Democrat than he. [Laughter.] He who stands nominally committed to a full vote, and a fair count, and on an honest ballot, should see that they can be had in the State of Georgia, where tissue ballots are fashionable. [Applause.] I serve notice on that gentleman that I intend to be a custodian of my own Democracy. I do not intend to be run by the gentleman's caucus. I am in every sense a free man here, and trust to be able to protect my own rights and to defend those of the people whom I represent—certainly to take care of my own. I do not intend (again addressing Mr. Hill directly) that you shall undertake to criticise my conduct by inuendoes. I wish the Senator from Georgia to understand, just here, that the way to deal with me is to deal directly. We want no "motions of discovery" to find out how I am going to vote. I regret that so early after my appearance here I should have found it necessary to obtrude any remarks on this body. I would prefer to be a little modest. I would prefer to listen and to learn, but I could not feel content, after what has passed to-day, to sit silent. The gentleman (Mr. Hill), by all manner of insinuations, direct and indirect, has sought to discover who the Democrat is that may choose to exercise his right to cast his vote as he pleases and to differ with the gentleman's caucus. He seems to have forgotten that I refused to take part in the caucus, which has not only waged war upon me, but upon those whom I represent, that has presumed to teach the people of Virginia honesty and true Democracy. Yes, sir (addressing Mr. Hill), you were duly notified that I took no part or lot in your political machinery, and that I was supremely indifferent to what you did. You were notified that I should stand on this floor, representing, in part, the State of Virginia. Certainly the Legislature which elected me did not require me to state that I was a Democrat or anything else. I suppose that the gentleman (Mr. Hill) could not get here from Georgia unless he said that he was a Democrat. Anyhow, I came here without being required to state to my people what I am. They were all willing to trust me. I was elected by the people, not by the Legislature, for it was an issue in the canvass, and no man was elected to the Legislature by the party with which I am identified who were not instructed to vote for me for the Senate. The gentleman has been running all around this Chamber to see if he cannot find a partner somewhere. He has been looking around, occasionally referring to another Senator, to know exactly who that Senator was who had the manliness and boldness to assert his opinions in this chamber free from the dictation of a Democratic caucus. I want that gentleman to know henceforth and forever that here is a man who dare stand here and defend his right against you and your caucus. [Loud applause and much laughter, prevoked by the violent gesticulations of Senator Mahone, who launched defiance at his adversary in a sort of miniature war dance.]

Mr. Hill again took the floor, and said he could only understand the gentleman on the principle that a guilty conscience needs no accuser. [Laughter on the Democratic side.] He had not mentioned the Senator's name or any State. He had only asked who the Democrat was that was expected to vote with the Republicans, and to his astonishment the Senator from Virginia said that he was the man. He had not said anything offensive to the people of Virginia, but he had said that the people of no section of the country would tolerate treachery. He had said that there were 38 Senators who had been elected as Democrats. Did the gentleman deny it? Would he say that he was not elected as a Democrat? He said he was not required to state that he was a Democrat, and in the next breath he said that he was a better Democrat than he himself (Hill) was. Addressing himself to the Republicans, Mr. Hill said: "I commend him to you, take good care of him, nurse him well. [Laughter.] How do you like to have among you a worse Democrat than I am?"

Mr. Conkling—"Oh, no, not worse, better."

Mr. Hill, scornfully—"Oh, a better. Then my friend from New York (Conkling) is a better Democrat than I am."

Mr. Logan—"He could not well be a worse one."

Mr. Hill—"Never before has there been such an exhibition in the Senate, where a gentleman shows his Democracy by going over to the Republicans. I will not defend Virginia. She needs no defense. She has given to the country and world and humanity some of the proudest names in history, and I say to the Senator from New York that neither Jefferson nor Madison, nor Henry, nor Washington, nor Lee, nor Tucker, nor any of the long list of great men whom Virginia produced, ever accepted a commission to represent one party and came here and represented another party." [Applause on the Democratic side.]

Mr. Mahone—(who had returned to his seat on the Republican side.) "Do I understand you correctly as saying that I accepted a commission from one party and came here to vote for another party?"

Mr. Hill—"I understand that you were elected as a Democrat."

Mr. Mahone—(Imperatively.) "Answer the question."

Mr. Hill—(With provoking coolness.) "I say that you were elected as a Democrat and accepted your commission as a Democrat."

Mr. Mahone—(Persistently.) "You said that I accepted a commission from one party and came here to represent another party."

Mr. Hill (imperturbably)—"I said that that will be the case if you vote with the Republicans. You have not done it yet, and I say you will not do it."

Mr. Mahone (impatiently)—"I want to say, if it is not out of order here, that if the gentleman undertakes to make that statement, the statement is unwarranted and untrue."

Mr. Hill (composedly)—"Was not the gentleman acting with the Democratic party, and was he not elected to this body as a Democrat? (With a fiercer tone)—Answer that."

Mr. Mahone (quietly)—"Sir, I was elected as a Readjuster. Do you know what Readjusters are?"

Mr. Hill—"I understand that there are in Virginia Readjusting Democrats and "Debt Paying" Democrats; but I understand they are both Democrats. We have nothing to do here with that issue. The question of Virginia's debt is not to be settled in this Chamber. I ask the Senator again, was he not elected to this National body as a member of the National Democratic party?" Mr. Hill continuing, remarked he had done what newspapers could not do, what both parties could not do—what the whole country could not do. He had brought out the Senator from Virginia, and in conclusion, said: "But now, in kindest spirit, knowing the country from which the Senator comes, identified as I am with its fame and its character, loving as I do every line in its history, revering as I do the long list of great names, I perform a friendly office unasked, of making the last appeal to the Honorable Senator, whatever other fate befall him, to be true to the trust which the people of Virginia gave him. Whoever else may be disappointed, whoever else may be deceived, I appeal to the gentleman to be true to his people and the sentiment of the party which have kindly commissioned him to a seat in this body."

Mr. Mahone—"No. Are you answered now?"

Mr. Hill—"Then I concede that the Senator spoke the truth when he said that I did not know what he is (with a puzzled air;) what is he? [Laughter.] Everybody has understood that he voted with the Democrats. Did he not support Hancock for the Presidency? and did he not in the Presidential election proclaim himself a Democrat?" Mr. Hill (to the Republicans): "I commend him to you. Is there any man on that side of the Chamber who doubts that the honorable Senator was sent to this body as a Democrat? Is there a man in this vast audience who doubts it? Is there a man in Virginia who doubts it?"

In reply to a question from Mr. Logan, who asked what right the Senator had to dictate to the gentleman from Virginia, Mr. Hill again arose and said: "I have not undertaken to do so. He can do as he pleases. But, when he acts as a public man, I have a right to my opinion of his public acts. There is not in my heart an unkind feeling toward him. I would, if I could, rescue him from the infamy into which others are trying to precipitate him. There is no man in this body whose whole soul goes out more in earnest to protect the Senator's honor than mine. I would rather lose the organization of the Senate, and never have a Democratic committee here, than have that Virginian soil his honor. [Applause.] I do not say that the Senator is going to do it, but I see a precipice yawning before him. I see whither potential influences are leading him. I know the dangers just ahead. I would rescue him if I could. Men in this country have a right to divide on National issues and on local issues, but no man has a right to be false to a trust. Whether the Senator from Virginia will be guilty of it or not, it is not for me to judge. I will not judge, but I will say if he votes as you (the Republicans) want him to vote, "God save him, for he is gone." Gentlemen (addressing the Republicans) you in your hearts respond to every word I am uttering, when I say that you would despise treachery, and you honor me to-day for making an effort to rescue the gentleman, not from treachery, but from the charge of it.

Mr. Mahone (rising)—I cannot allow the gentleman to make any such insinuation.

Mr. Hill—"I made no insinuation."

Mr. Mahone—"You do, emphatically, and an unmanly one."

After further discussion, participated in by several Senators, Mr. Morgan's resolution of condolence with the Russian Government was adopted, when the Senate soon after adjourned.

A Great Surgical Operation.

Medical adventure, which during the last century has left few of the physical penetratia of humanity unexplored, has just conquered the last delicate obstacle to the rehabilitation of the body. Operations involving the cutting of the throat and the introduction of food by artificial means were thought to be the utmost venture that science would ever successfully make in replacing the wasted, wounded or decaying forces of nature. But a Vienna physician, Prof Billroth, has invaded the stomach of a patient, cut a cancer from the intricate tissues, and the subject is not only alive but in better health than ever. Before making the experiment the doctor practiced exhaustively on the stomachs of dogs, removing various parts, restoring the covering, and succeeded in establishing the basis of his scientific principle of resection. The human subject was a woman, and the cancer enormous, leaving some doubt in the operator's mind as to the elasticity of the stomach to adjust itself after the cutting out of such a mass. But no difficulty was experienced. The woman began by drinking milk, and graduated to more substantial alimentary nourishment.—The operation involved the opening of the stomach, the cutting of the masses of tissue-like covering, the removal of several pounds of cancerated accumulation, the reclosing of the aperture and the provision for artificial distention of the new coating. Physicians the world over will be delighted, if not surprised, by this wonderful performance, removing as it does another from the list of generally supposed fatal maladies.

A HIGH-TONE OBITUARY.—They had lived in Denver before and after it became a city, and last week Mr. Smith inserted the following in the *Brooklyn Eagle*:

"Smith—Busted a trace, in this city, Friday, just after dinner, Mary Smith, wife of the undersigned, and daughter of old Sim Pratt, the leading blacksmith of Denver, Colorado. The corpse was highly respected by the high-tonedest families, but death got the drop on her, and she took up the bucket with perfect confidence that she would have a square show the other side of the Divide. The plant transpires this afternoon at her boarding house, on Willow street. Come one, come all.

"Dearest Mary thou has left us,
For you on earth there wasn't room;
But 'tis Heaven that hath bereft us
And snatched our darling up the flume."

"Denver papers please copy and send bill or draw at sight.

"By her late husband. P. SMITH."

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

A Thrilling Incident of the Blockade of Charleston.

The day had been a sultry one. All day long the flower of the American navy had been thundering at the seawall of Fort Sumter. The massive masonry had been slowly crumbling, but the shades of evening had put an end to the furious cannonading, and the gunboats and monitors had retired out of range, and came to anchor for the night. On the bar or just outside the frigates and heavy side-wheelers took up a position beyond "Rebellion Roads," and extending out to sea was a doubled-banked column of gunboats; while almost in range of Sumter and Battery Wagner the New Ironsides and the monitor were ranged. After it grew dark a thunder storm began to work up from the westward. Fitful flashes of lightning and the rumbling of thunder gave promise of a stormy night. About 10 o'clock the storm was raging furiously, and on the low, unsheltered decks of the ironclads the watch were exposed to the fury of the pelting rain. Near midnight the storm began working back with redoubled violence. Flash followed flash, and peal followed peal rolling and crashing with terrific concussions. At times the tossing waters were lit up with a wiered, ghastly light, plainly revealing the low-lying islands and the gaping embrasures of the fort hard by.

Suddenly the heavy thud of a gun came down on the wings of the wind from seaward, and following it crinkling, zigzag blinding shaft of light streams across the heavens. The momentary light illuminated every portion of the broad expanse. Then there was a tremendous crash that shook the solid monitors to their keels. As the thunder roared and reverberated and died away in the distance the deep boom of a heavy Dahlgren gun was heard out on the bar. Presently another, in rapid succession. The watch below came springing out into the storm, every eye peering into the darkness. While every ear listened to catch the distant sounds came the stirring battle music of the navy—a dozen drums beating the tumultuous measured roll and tap-tap, and a dozen fifes screaming in shrill cadence. Rockets stream aloft and lights flash intelligence that a steamer is inside the blockade and bound in.

Then there was a tumult for a second. The monitors beat to quarters, steam is rung up, and the trained crews go to their stations. From under the shadow of fort Sumter I strain through the iron embrasure and see fitful flashes along the line of gunboats. Yes! the fugitive was running the gauntlet of the fleet!—trusting to the darkness to escape. But her people did not know that they must almost rub the muzzles of our guns to pass. The plucky fugitive was rapidly coming up, and in a few moments more would be blown out of the water.

The drums have ceased beating, and from afar come quick exclamations, the heavy booming of the monitors and the swift revolutions of a screw. Ironclad after ironclad make the steamer a target; but it is pitch dark, and her swift way is against them. Above the tumult of the elements came the loud roar of the huge guns; but still those adventurous spirits picked their way through the inky blackness. A bright light is blazing on the ramparts of Sumter, and broad off on our port beam, in the direction of Fort Moultrie. Rockets are streaming continuously—the bearings the Confederates display to help the fugitive.

On she comes. The pulsations of the tireless engines are now heard, together with the swift churning of the screw. Now she is passing the monitor ahead, and in an instant will be alongside. The *Montauk* delivers both her guns; there comes a flash of lightning, and the steamer is revealed for the first time. From her low smoke stack the smoke is rolling in thick masses; and directly in front, perched on the bridge is the pilot. He stands upright as an iron bar. In her waist a hand is slung casting the lead. As I looked his arm was swaying and the lead whirling over his head, then it was dark. As she came abreast, fairly pushing the blackness before her, the leadsman's voice, full and strong, spiced, too, with a flavor of the Cockney accent, rang out:

"And a 'alf two!"

Another flash revealed everything, the man in the wheelhouse whirling the wheel, the Cockney gathering in the slack line, as if intent on having another cast before being blown up, and then a bell tinkles, the turret turns steadily to port, and the men crouch away from the recoil; then the vehement order to "fire!" There is a breathless pause, and then a terrible malediction, for both primers refuse to burn, and the bold blockade runner had vanished around the northeast angels of Sumter!—*Hartford, Conn., Times.*

Senator Butler on Reconstruction.

In a letter addressed to the Philadelphia *American*, Senator Butler, of South Carolina, says:

"One of the errors committed by the North was the immediate enfranchisement of the negroes. They had just emerged from slavery, their ancestors had not long been brought from Africa, in a savage state, and had been only partially civilized under the institution of slavery. They were in the main ignorant and unfit for the responsibilities of citizenship. The contemporaneous *dis*franchisement of the leading white men of the South aggravated the evils, opened the door for adventurers, camp-followers and bad men—yclept carpet-baggers—to step in between the races, produced estrangement, stimulated animosities and made possible the long train of evils which followed in the wake of carpet-bag-negro supremacy. The summary execution of the prominent leaders of the rebellion and absolute immunity to the survivors would have been much more humane and wiser than the plan of reconstruction that was adopted, and which placed the late slave over his master. This was the first error, and I think the second was in not promptly arresting the carnival of misrule in the South, which flowed as logically from this sudden *en*franchisement and *dis*-franchisement as effect from cause. And the third error was in attempting to reconstruct the Southern States without the assistance of the intelligent and experienced part of the population. These, I think, were some of the fundamental mistakes. They are things of the past, and you may not agree with me that they were mistakes; but you asked my opinion, and I feel bound to give it to you frankly."

— The *Nineteenth Century* says that emigration to America has drained away the middle class from Germany so that "the millions who have gone have but actuated the difference between the toiling many and the bureaucratic, aristocratic and military few who oppress them—have, too, left an almost impassable gap between the wealthy landlord and the small owner or laborer, between the hand-to-mouth workman and the capitalist class." The only remedy accordingly left, in the opinion of the lower German classes, is revolution.

GARFIELD'S PICTURE.

As Drawn by Col. James R. Randall in the Chronicle and Constitutionalist.

WASHINGTON, March 13, 1881.

Attorney General Devens could not go out of office without a puerile attempt to injure Marshal Fitzsimons, but it was, to use the strong language of a friend, "the kick of an expiring jackass." The Marshal is more than willing now that he has been so triumphantly exonerated, to resign the office, but the President will, I think, continue him some time longer.

In course of conversation with a gentleman of genius and distinction, whose name and fame are co-extensive with the Union, I called his attention to some views I had expressed about Mr. Garfield and his inaugural address. My friend stated that I had arrived by intuition at the same conclusions substantially that he had reached from long acquaintance and experience of the present Chief Magistrate. He had made Mr. Garfield, he said, a study. There was in the President a poetic vein of temperament, which colored all he said and did. He had a vigorous intellect and a kindly nature, but the impressions made in early life were stamped upon his whole after-career, and are not likely to be eradicated. In the beginning he had been poor and suffered the repressions of poverty. He became a teacher, and as a salaried man had to accommodate himself to his patrons and their whims. He became a preacher, but bore no new evangel to his flock; simply telling them, with novel warmth but no originality, what they were already convinced of. There was in him no kinship to Savonarola or Luther or any of the sons of men who startle and arouse the drowsy world. He did a certain sort of good by this conduct; but it did not get out of any accustomed rut. He became a Sunday School teacher, but there was the same humdrum exhibition, only differing from that of any other individual by superior talents, illustrating old thoughts and following beaten tracks. He went into the war; but distinguished himself only by putting a glow of romance in Gen. Rosecrans' dispatches, and by the celerity with which he abandoned the perils of the field for greater and more alluring glories of the forum. From that time forth, as a statesman, he merely interpreted the passions of the time in oratory and legislation. No man better understood the popular frenzy, and no man more vehemently denounced "rebels and traitors." When conservatism seemed to be a prevailing sentiment, he pitched his key to that new tune and became effusive in that direction. When the Nation projected its shadow over the Federation, he could prove out of everything but the Constitution, and even made a brief essay there that Washington and Jefferson and Jackson "did not know everything down in Judee." As President, he catches the popular refrains and, in his inaugural, parcels out his variant music as one would feed corn to chickens. There is something for everybody, and yet, with paradoxical adroitness, nobody can tell exactly, until time shall develope it, what that something may turn out. There is a minor chord running through that address that the stalwart Republicans understands as their policy; and yet, so clever is the rhetorical juggle that the South, almost in chorus, accepts it as a sugar plum. In his Cabinet selections he has essayed to make a consistent gombo of the most heterogeneous materials. Without specifying at length, it may be said that the liberalism of Wayne MacVeagh runs through it as gold silk through a black stocking. The man we have to watch is not so much Mr. Garfield as Mr. Blaine. That wonderful leader never performed any more dazzling feat in statesmanship than the bold, daring, brilliant and audacious raid he made upon the position of Secretary of State. He was tired of the Senate, and he selected what he desired in the Cabinet. It required all his pluck and diplomacy, to retain his grip upon Garfield, and to the last moment he clung to the Senate, fearful that the weak spots in Garfield's backbone might give way. This you think is fancy and speculation. Very well. Do not believe it; but wait and see. If Mr. Blaine has really grown conservative, and if the people are in accord with Mr. Blaine, the President will be only a second edition of Hayes. If the people of the East and West demand a stalwart programme, the President will be pushed before that sentiment and, as usual, become its most strident apostle. If the politicians clamor for a disturbance and the wealthy classes of the North deprecate it, the President will be in sore perplexity which to obey, and will probably turn to Mr. Blaine for consolation and advice. Then will begin a contest for supremacy between the President and Secretary. The one has the most luck; the other has the most pluck. It is an even wager who would win, and possibly, between the two, Grant may emerge as the arbiter of destiny. He is a rash person who pretends to read what the next four years will bring about; and he is the wiser man who just now takes nothing on trust, even the inaugural address of James A. Garfield.

MEDICAL USE OF EGGS.—For burns or scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and being always at hand can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton," which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accidents of this kind; and anything which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied.

The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends by its emollient qualities to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on those organs to enable nature to resume healthful sway over the diseased body. Two, or at most three, eggs per day, would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and since the egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

— Daniel Bashiel Warner, the President of Liberia, is dead. He was born near Baltimore, Md., in 1815, of slave parents, who, however, obtained their freedom shortly after his birth. He has been in Liberia ever since, and was a statesman of considerable ability.

— Senator David Davis, of Illinois, was a poor country lawyer some forty years ago, but by judicious investments in real estate in Bloomington, Ill., his home, and in Chicago, he has amassed a fortune generally believed to exceed $3,000,000. Senator Davis belongs to that class of men whom a fortune has in no sense spoiled.

Bill Arp Goes a Coon Hunting.

The boys said it was too wet to plow and they were going down on the river to hunt rabbits, so I concluded to go along and tote the game. Mrs. Arp she said she knew we wouldn't kill anything, and we asked her if she would cook all we brought home, and she said, "yes, and dress it too." About the time we got started the two little chaps came up and begged me so sweetly to let them go I couldn't refuse, and so there were six of us in all, and two guns and two dogs, and in about an hour we had jumped six rabbits, and killed five of them, and they were getting awful heavy, when suddenly one of the boys looked up in an elm tree that was in the middle of a canebrake and said, "I thought them things up there were squirrels' nests, but I do believe I saw one of 'em move." We all stopped and looked, and sure enuf it did move, and the other one moved, and we knew they were coons. I never saw boys get excited so quick. They called the dogs and made for the canebrake. The creek was to cross and nary log in sight, so they just waded through and surrounded the tree and held the dogs fast while one of the boys got ready to fire. By this time I was getting ready to be a boy again myself and I hollered to em to wait and I pulled the little chaps through the cain till I found a log and got them across and was soon on the battle ground. Bang went a gun and down came a wounded coon, the biggest old fellow I ever saw, and I never saw such a fight in my life. He wasent hurt much with the small shot and he did fight and growl and screech most amazin. First one dog an then the other backed out with a howl and then set in on him again until finally old Zip surrendered and gave up the ghost. Bang went another gun and the other coon let go and fell into a fork and there he lay for dead for about fifteen minutes, when one of the boys said he was going to have him anyhow. So he climbed the tree and when he had got about fifty feet up the coon straightened up in the fork and looked savagely at him and gave a growl. I wish you could have seen that boy slide. He came down that tree like a fireman comes down a scaling ladder. He left a right smart of his breeches on the bark and grape vines. Well, of course they shot him and that tumbled him, then we had another fight, and the boys say they never had as much fun, and they feel sorry for your town boys who don't have any sport and are penned up within brick walls, and the best they can do is to waste a few dollars on a French actress, and not know a word she said, and then go home, and bully for Sara. Well, I shouldered the biggest coon, and I think he weighed twenty pounds when we started and about forty when I got home, and I laid him down suddenly in Mrs. Arps lap and said "skin him and cook him if you please." I oughtent to have done that. It was premature and not altogether calculated to promote our conjugal felicity. Mrs. Arp is a stately, deliberate woman, but I think she got up a little quicker than I had ever observed her. She thought it was a bear, or a hyena, or a catamount, and she screamed accordingly. All that was last Monday and I think she has about recovered from it now, but if I were to kill a thousand coons I wouldent try that little joke again. It dident pay. I wonder what makes men and boys so cruel. My little girl was the only friend those poor coons had and cannot tell what made me take pleasure in their death. Boys begin early to show their love of cruelty and destruction. They rock the birds and the cats and the chickens, and rob the bird's nests, and then they hunt the rabbits and squirrels, and shoot all sorts of wild animals just for sport. There is an original sin about them that don't belong to girls. Girls are tender and kind and sympathetic. I reckon that is one reason why we love 'em but why they love us I don't know. I knew a boy once who caught a wild tom cat in the barn and tied a plow line round his neck and tied the other end to a ring behind the saddle that was on the old mare hitched to the fence and then turned the old mare loose and pitched the cat on her back and she run herself to death in fifteen minutes, and the boys all laughed and hollered and enjoyed it splendid. That was mighty bad, but that boy married one of the sweetest girls in the country and made a good husband and a kind father. I reckon its the devil that is in us for a while, and then he quits us and goes into somebody else or into some hogs or mad dogs or something. They say that every boy must sow his wild oats, though I have noticed that it takes some a heap longer than others to do it. They love a noise and a raket. They begin early to shoot fire crackers and little pistols an beat drums and tin pans and tie things to the dogs' tails and make em run and make em fight and set on the cats and a nigger cant go along the road but what they whisper, sic him Cesar. When they get bigger and have a few bumps on their chin they want to do something more heroic. They want some girl to fall in the creek so they can jump in and save her life, or they want some wild horses to run away so they can jump to the rescue of the ladies and seize the furious animals and jerk em down just in the nick of time, or he wants to whip another boy because he bucked up to his girl, and what is curious about these boys the girls seem to like that sort the best. If I hadent fought a feller who insulted me I dont believe Mrs. Arp would have surrendered. I dont. May be she would have took the other feller, and then what would have become of me and my children? It's melancholy to think of. I'm sorry we killed them coons, for they don't do any harm to speak of, and they are lively varmints and enjoy life. The boys have got four coon skins now, and the girls have promised to make a rug out of them with a striped tail sticking out at every corner, and I'm going to put it down in Mrs. Arp's corner for her dainty little number twos to rest upon as an atonement for my rudeness. She always comes round right when I show it sooner or later.

Well, I suppose the inauguration is over and we have got a president at last. Four years is a long time to do without one, and I'm glad they made a big fuss over the swearing in. Now, if Mr. Garfield is going to be king over all his subjects and wants 'em to love him just let him throw our share of the nubbins down this way. That's all we want.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

— The net earnings of the Air Line Railroad for the past year amounted to $319,570.22. Col. G. J. Foreacre was re-elected General Manager at the recent meeting of the stockholders in New York.

— A curious matrimonial agency flourishes in Paris, which not only arranges marriages, but undertakes to make all the necessary visits for the contracting parties. Among its staff are a number of "highly correct gentlemen," who are got up with beard, whiskers or moustache, to represent as closely as possible the intending bridegroom, and these pay visits, leave cards, and transact all the needful social business of the wedding.

The Labor Problem.

The latest issue of the Vicksburg *Planter's Journal* says:

"The labor system of the South is annually growing worse and worse. The negro never was reliable as a laborer, even in the days when he ranked as an expensive chattel. The master's eye kept him in subjection, and the fear of the lash goaded him to unwilling toil. As a freedman he is worse than a failure. Unreliable to the last degree, he brings ruin, sooner or later, upon all those that put their trust in him. Contracts are things he makes to be broken. The opportunity of defrauding those who have trusted and befriended him is eagerly improved. Deceit and dissimulation are inherent traits in his character. He is familiar with vice and does not hesitate to commit grave crimes to promote the gratification of his brutal passions. Slovenly in all his habits, he cannot and will not comprehend the lessons which the improved agriculture of the period teaches."

These are pretty hard things to say, yet it must be admitted by all candid people that they present vastly more of truth than of poetry. Of course there are a few honorable exceptions in almost every community, but leaving these out and taking all others as a mass, we find the case standing very much as our Vicksburg contemporary puts it. Then naturally comes in the question, "What are we to do?" There are not enough of these reliable laborers to perform our work—nothing like enough, and to depend upon those unreliable cannot do otherwise than prove disastrous. The *Planter's Journal* goes on to state, in substance, that a radical change is a necessity and no time must be lost by indulging in vain and useless repinings. Immigrants must be attracted to us by thousands. We must go after them if they do not come voluntarily. Money must be expended in disseminating information regarding the climate, soils, crops, manufactures, mines, forests and other resources of the South. To the masses of the sections from which we would draw immigration the South is only a pestilential region, a semi-barbarian country where might makes right, where law is defied and crime is deemed honorable. These wrong impressions must be corrected. Capital must be invited and its investment be rendered reasonably secure. Homes must be offered on reasonable terms to such as have means to buy, and who will immediately improve them, while lands must be rented to those who have not the ready means, but who are willing to work. To meet this crying want the large plantation system, so prevalent in the best parts of the South, must be abandoned. Plantations must be divided and sub-divided.

From this changed condition of affairs other resultant benefits will follow. Muscles of iron and steel will be generally introduced, and those who understand their use will find ready employment. Skilled laborers will be in demand. One of these with his machine will do more and better work, at half the expense, than can now be accomplished by a score of our slovenly cultivators with their primitive implements. The negro cabin will be demolished and the white man's cottage will take its place. The soil will be worked to its full capacity and the largest crops of the present will be largely increased, for science will assist the efforts of intelligent labor.

This increase of population, of an intelligent and enlightened character, will naturally attract to us a diversity of interests, all of which will, in due time, find ample scope and profitable occupation. Manufactures of all kinds will be established. Our inexhaustible mines of salt, sulphur, coal, iron and precious metals will be worked. The wealth of our wide-spreading forests will be utilized. Our swamps will be drained and our waste places will be reclaimed.

These are no Utopian ideas. They are entirely practicable. Something of the kind must be adopted and that without unnecessary delay. We do not need to go to Europe or Asia. We do not want the scum and dregs of any nation. Bone and muscle without brain will do us little good. We can and should offer inducements to secure the best class of the surplus population of our own country. If thrifty, respectable emigrants from the Old World desire to settle among us they should be welcomed. There is room for them all.

In this connection it is proper to state that the frantic efforts now being made in certain parts of the South to procure immigrants of any character, can only be productive of evil. We cannot afford to furnish an asylum for those who "leave their country for their country's good." Neither do we believe it wise to pin our faith on those who must be brought to us by charity. God helps those who help themselves, and we feel sure that when we place our superior advantages properly before the world, there will be no lack of energetic and intelligent men who will find a way to reach us without asking advances from us. We have often observed that when an immigrant has been paid to settle in a given locality the community soon finds it advisable to pay him to "go West," or in some other direction. Give us only the intelligent, energetic and respectable. Let us extend to such every possible inducement to come and all needed assistance after arrival, but let us securely close our doors against all others.

A HARD CUSTOMER.—A friend who has been traveling recently in Southwestern Georgia, heard of a man now living down in Lowndes county, whose career has been remarkable for more "hair breath escapes" and "imminent dangers" than usually fall to the lot of one individual. When a boy, he was caught in the woods by a panther, dreadfully lacerated and covered up for dead by the animal, which then went in pursuit of another boy who was with him at the time. His comrade, however, escaped and brought succor to him. Next he was bitten by a rattlesnake and recovered. Then he was struck by lightning and for a while laid out. Afterwards he was partially ground up in a sugar mill, but though badly mutilated, survived the casuality. Subsequently he got into a quarrel with a man and killed him, for which he served out a term in the penitentiary! He is now waiting to see what will "turn up" next. Our informant says this is no fancy sketch, but positive facts, though they may not be stated exactly in order of their occurrence.—*Macon Citizen.*

— Matt Carpenter could repeat some of Shakespeare's plays from beginning to end, and studied the Bible for its grand poetry and rhetoric.

— Gladstone owns nearly 7,000 acres. In fact, the landed interest is pretty well represented in the Cabinet. The Duke of Argyll owns 175,000 acres, rental over £50,000; Lord Hartington's father, 200,000 acres and £180,000 a year; Lord Spencer, 27,000 acres and £46,000 a year; Lord Kimberly, 11,000 acres and £25,000 a year; Lord Northbrook, 10,000 acres and £12,000 a year.

News and Gossip.

— Philadelphia has a hospital for sick cats.

— Senator Bayard is said to be growing exceedingly deaf.

— A cremation society has been organized in New York City.

— A Local Option Bill has passed the Delaware House of Representatives.

— It is estimated that there are 40,000 drummers sent out from New York City alone.

— Mark Twain has become rich from his writings, though many of his writings are not rich.

— Bob Ingersoll says that President Hayes went in by one vote and went out unanimously.

— Yazoo county is the wealthiest and largest county in Mississippi, and hasn't a single railroad.

— Two young ladies were recently arrested and fined for laughing and talking in a church at Marion, Pa.

— There is to be no poultry in the State Department—no turkey-gobbler business, you know.—J. G. B.

— The sale of intoxicating liquors at military posts and stations has been prohibited by order of Gen. Sherman.

— Senator Brown, of Georgia, thinks the administration of President Garfield has started out under the brightest auspices.

— Virginia has 4,854 public schools, of which 205 are graded. In these schools 220,736 pupils are instructed by 4,873 teachers.

— Mrs. John Jacob Astor has spent $11,500 and aided 813 children in securing homes through the agency of the New York Children's Aid Society.

— Somebody who did not fancy Robert Lincoln's appointment to the Cabinet, remarked that it was on the potato principle—the best part underground!

— Col. W. J. Green, four miles from Fayetteville, N. C., has one hundred acres in grape vines, and expects to make 30,000 gallons of wine the coming season.

— Garfield is the first President who has ever taken his mother to the White House. Gen. Grant's mother is still living, but has never been in Washington.

— James Gordon Bennett's latest eccentric performance is that of hiring Johann Strauss and his orchestra of 80 men to play for his special gratification at Pau for one month at a cost of nearly $30,000.

— Miss Mollie Garfield, about fourteen years of age, is a fine looking girl, resembling her father in face and physique. She has a hearty, unaffected manner, which suggests a preponderance of great good sense.

— Six miles from Panola, Mississippi, lives a colored woman who weighs 470 pounds, who has given birth to twins annually for the last three years. Her name is Millie Williams, and it takes a whole wagon to carry her around.

— The Senate of Texas has, by a vote of 23 to 7, passed a bill to submit to the people a constitutional amendment prohibiting the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the State, except for medical and sacramental purposes.

— Fourteen disguised men went to a house of ill-fame near Shelbyville, Tenn., last Monday night and finding a well known married man there took him out and gave him a severe beating, afterwards forcing him to set fire to the house.

— In the year 1880 America issued seventy patents to women. And not one of these was an indicator to be attached to a bed-post to show if there is a man under the bed. And yet think how much getting down on hands and knees such a thing would save woman.—*Boston Post.*

— They were discussing the disposition of a certain lady to have a kind word for everybody, when one remarked: "If Satan were under discussion I do believe she would have a good word even for him." Just at this juncture the lady came in and was informed of the conversation. Suddenly she said, "Well, I think we all might imitate Satan's perseverance."

— Moy Sing, Chinaman, met with a reverse at the very outset of his business career in New York. He rented a house in which to open a laundry, and paid $50, for one month's rent, in advance to a loafer named Jno. White, who represented himself as the owner of the premises. Last Tuesday Moy met the swindler and gave him a good drubbing. White was subsequently arrested and committed for trial.

— A *Gazette* special says: Senator Conkling thinks there is a good deal of Ohio in it. He thus spoke of the inauguration to a friend: "The President was escorted to the capital by an Ohio company. The officer in command of the whole column was an Ohio General. The officer chiefly prominent in the inauguration preparations was an Ohio Adjutant General. He was seated by an Ohio President, and was escorted to and into the Senate by an Ohio Senator. He was sworn in by a Chief Justice from Ohio and returned to the White House as he came out of it, in charge of Ohio officers. Two of his Cabinet are virtually from Ohio, and so known to all Ohio men. The next day Chief Justice Carter, of the Supreme Court district, also a native of Ohio, was called upon to swear in the Cabinet of the new Ohio man."

— The extremely fashionable woman now adds to the cost of every new toilet the price of a full length cabinet photograph. It has become a custom in New York to thus make a pictorial history of one's clothes. Some women have these pictures carefully colored in the exact hues of the costume, so that the likeness is perfect. Albums are set apart for this purpose, and mighty interesting volumes they seem to be to their proud owners. It is supposable, too, that they are absorbing, if not exciting, to the men who have paid the bills for the raiment therein represented. The fashion in general photography now inculcates disdain for the old-fashioned cartes de visite, and even disfavors the imperial size, and is only satisfied with the large cabinets, which cost eighteen dollars a dozen, if made by any of the fine, leading photographers of Gotham.

— In a speech at the graduation exercises of the Washington Spencerian Business College last May, President Garfield said: "Laugh at it as we may, put it aside as a jest if we will, keep it out of Congress or political campaigns, still the woman question is rising in our horizon larger than the size of a man's hand; and some solution, ere long, that question must find. I have not yet committed my mind to any formula that embraces the whole question. I halt on the threshold of so great a problem; but there is one point on which I have reached a conclusion, and that is, that this nation must open up new avenues of work and usefulness to the women of the country, so that everywhere they may have something to do. This is, just now, infinitely more valuable to them than the platform or the ballot-box. Whatever conclusion shall be reached on that subject by-and-by, at present the most valuable gift which can be bestowed on women is something to do which they can do well and worthily, and thereby maintain themselves."