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Selected Story.

THE PARIS EXPRESS.

From Harper's Weekly.

"Take your places!" shouts the guard, waving his hand toward the waiting train.

The guard wears his official cap placed jauntily on the curling, only locks adorning his head, and his olive-tinted face with its huge black mustache, is not incapable of smiles, yet he so far departs from the admirable example of his English brother, whose quiet assiduity forms part of an unlimited capacity for absorbing shillings, as to more stand his ground before the glass doors of the waiting-room, through which surges an anxious throng, and contents himself with the injunction, "Take your places."

Mr. Jeremiah Swan, armed with portmanteau, umbrella, linen coat, and cane, has pushed his way, gliding around, and inserted himself between his fellow-passengers with the eclat of a celebrity for which he is distinguished, and when the glass portal slides back, he speeds wildly along the platform toward the train, actuated by a determination to obtain the best place for himself. Nature and circumstances have adapted him to this noble end in an unusual degree. There are no generous impulses in the soul of Mr. Swan likely to impel him to rash deeds, and there is not a superfluous ounce of flesh on his frame to impede a swift rush to all grounds of vantage over his fellow-creatures. Accordingly, when panting humanity, encumbered with children, wraps and bags, reaches the particular railway carriage in which our traveler has already ensconced himself, it is no marvel that he is discovered to have chosen a place by the window in reference to sun, the cinders and the landscape, and is prepared to beam on those who come after him with a triumphant sense of personal superiority.

What becomes of those first-class passengers who find no vacant window, much less any seat at all? Do they melt away altogether from the depot, like morning mist in the sunshine, or are they wedged into second-class carriages, family ties ruthlessly severed by the inexorable guard of the olive complexion? Mr. Jeremiah Swan, traveling agent for the great American house of Moon's Polish, neither knows nor cares, since he has been able to make his own little arrangements for comfort and ease. Nevertheless, he casts a speculative eye on his future companions.

Enter *Monsieur* and *Madame* of the once *bourgeois* presumably, who reluctantly accept the other window, where sash and curtain are speedily closed to preserve the latter's black dress and feather trimmings from dust and sun. A French woman will endure much martyrdom of discomfort rather than mar her toilet. Enter a stout German, who plumps down opposite Mr. Swan, flushed, perspiring, and converting his straw hat into a fan. Enter an apologetic old English gentleman, with an apologetic wife and pretty daughter.

"Bless my soul! No other place!" grumbles paternalism. "Will the heat be too much for you, Maria?"

"I can not endure it, I am very sure," gasps maternalism. "Goodness knows how they manage matters out of England now!"

"Try second-class," suggests the husband.

"I never travel second-class," returns the wife, with dignity.

"Oh, mamma, please to get in here, or we shall be left," implores daughter, hovering on the step, a vision of loveliness, in a cavalier straw hat and black mantle.

The potent spells of feminine charms have long been sung in rhyme and told in story. Perhaps the homage paid them has passed away from earth with the minstrel bards themselves. The sweet, imploring eyes and blooming face of the English girl made no more impression on the chivalrous souls of Mr. Swan or his German *viva-vis*, than as if they had been gawdies instead of men. "You don't catch me giving up my seat to the old woman; let her stay at home," reflects Mr. Swan, and becomes superciliously absorbed in *Le Gaulois*, although his knowledge of French is somewhat defective. It is not until the dowager, with rebellious rustlings of her purple flounces and adjustment of veil and bonnet strings, about a crimson countenance, has taken a middle seat, that Mr. Swan observes the eighth passenger, who has slipped in quietly during the common incident of settling the other inmates. He is a tall, thin man, eccentric in costume, with white fatigue shoes on his feet, a silk hat, which he exchanges for a Turkish fez with dangling tassel, and a large ring on the third finger of the left hand containing the opalescent stone known in India as a "cat's-eye." Whether it is the ray of rosy light in the jewel which attracts Mr. Swan's attention, or some striking individuality in the wearer, he is unable to decide, but from sheer force of puzzled inquiry he reverts

to the tall thin man again and again.

The train moves away, and Boulogne-sur-Mer, with the bathers already on the beach, the skaters already preparing for another day of aimless circling around the rink, the English tourists already flocking toward the Etablissement for a morning gossip, is left behind in the hot sunshine, Napoleon I. in bronze gazing ever across the waters from his pedestal on the cliff toward the England he failed to conquer.

There is little conversation in the railway carriage; the French couple quietly simmer in their corner, and Madame's black dress is preserved; the apologetic English papa pants; the English mamma, with symptoms of apoplexy, gazes at the roof of the conveyance, which resembles a padded box without ventilation; the tall thin man dozes; and Mr. Jeremiah Swan, by a happy inspiration discovering that a draught endangers his right ear, pulls up the side sash, thus considerably increasing the discomfort of his fellow-creatures.

"I shall die!" exclaims the British matron, waving her large fan despairingly.

Perhaps Mr. Swan would lower the window again, but for several very powerful reasons with one of his organization. In traveling on the Continent he is especially desirous of appearing *au fait* with the situation, and he has so far been eminently successful in clanning the best for himself, with the aid of coin of the realm. Again, he is a man of small wits, proud of the confidence reposed in his own sagacity by the proprietors of Moon's Polish, proud of his business knowledge and powers of penetration in dealing with humanity. Altogether he feels himself to be equal to any emergency, and intends to impress others with the fact as well. Always equal to the emergency, Mr. Jeremiah Swan, with the tall thin man gazing at you stealthily through his eyelashes.

The German traveler feels the waste of tissue. He produces a pocket flask of Rhine wine, a roll and a sausage; his fat cheeks wrinkle into a smile as his mouth expands.

"I wait not for ze buffet at Amiens," he says to Mr. Swan.

"No," returns the latter, affably. "There's nothing like knowing how to travel in all countries. I am an old traveler myself."

The English papa pursues up his lips and frowns; the English matron's face assumes still more the purple hue of her own flounces; the tall thin man's face twitches as if with a suppressed smile. All the landscape seems to slumber in the heat. Soil of brown and chrome tints interspersed with fields of golden grain, where reapers toil at the harvest, and thatched cottages. On one horizon stands a windmill, on the other the sea makes up in marshes and creeks, and the salt breeze comes fresh from that sanitarium of the coast, Berec.

At last Montreuil is reached, and the British matron descends to the platform like a bombshell; protesting that she is suffocating, and will go anywhere else if she is only permitted to breathe.

"We can't all be first," Mr. Swan remarks, with a little cackling laugh, and places his umbrella on the seat lately occupied by the pretty English girl.

At Amiens the German departs; at Amiens the French couple follow.

"I call this comfortable," says Mr. Swan, with a sigh of satisfaction. The tall thin man makes some grumbling, inarticulate response, and settles himself for a nap. Mr. Swan gazes at the two little spaces of mirror inserted in the opposite wall, with the notice, in French, English and German attached:

"In case of any extraordinary emergency requiring the attention of the guard, the passenger is requested to break the glass with his elbow, pull the tag inclosed, attached to the engine, and signal with his arm from the right-hand window. If a passenger checks the train without sufficient cause, he will be prosecuted by law."

"We do things better than this in America; the open car is safer, and has more air. How is a man to signal the engine and wave his hand from the window if he is being murdered for instance?" Mr. Swan meditates, with a yawn, and also disposes himself for a nap.

He may have slept minutes or hours, so complete has been his oblivion, when a hot breath scorches his cheek, and a voice hisses in his ear.

"Snakes!"

"Where?" As he opens his eyes, with a start, Mr. Swan involuntarily draws up his feet from possible contact with reptiles. The tall man is no longer recognizable; he has cast his fez upon the floor, his hair bristles on his head, his features are subject to frightful contortions, and he sits peering into his solitary companion's face with a most blood-curdling expression.

"Snakes!" he repeats, in the same hissing whisper—"snakes and rats!"

"Oh, I guess not," returns Mr. Swan, soothingly, his previous survey of the floor now concentrating in the tall thin man.

"Snakes and rats in the castle

lower, where the wind moans and the ghosts walk at midnight. Hark!"

The speaker, vibrating from a dreary monotone to sudden, electrified attention, hurls himself to the other end of the carriage, and presses his forehead against the glass, if his life depended on discerning some passing object.

Mr. Jeremiah Swan feels a creeping chill descend his spine as he watches his erratic companion apprehensively. Who is he? Where did he come from? What will he do next? This last question is answered almost before he is framed. The tall thin man throws back his head, with a loud laugh of infinite derision, knees and gazes under each seat successively, until he reaches Mr. Swan, to whom he makes a lucid explanation of the singular manœuvre: "I thought he was here."

"Who?" questions Mr. Swan, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"Never mind. Well, if you must know, the Tower executioner. He promised to come." The stranger then seats himself opposite his fellow-passenger, and placing hands on knees, brings his face on a level with that of Mr. Swan, asking, briskly, "Sir, are you the Shah of Persia?"

"No, I am not," responds Mr. Swan, dubiously, and unable to perceive any humor in the question. All the instructions respecting the treatment of the insane he has ever heard crowd into his mind and bewilder him. The tall thin man is evidently mad! In vain Mr. Swan tries to fix and quell his rolling eye—in vain endeavors to follow the other's movements. The situation is certainly a grave one.

"It is false!" shouts the strange creature, in tones that cause Mr. Swan to jump nervously. "I knew you from the first, Shah-in-Shah, and you are doomed, for I can not always be deceived. Alas! you turn pale, miserable! I tell you that I recognize you under all disguises and in any garb. When the train stops we shall be quits."

"My good man, you are mistaken," quavers Mr. Swan, feeling furtively for the door handle.

Not so, wretched tyrant. Do you know me now? I am the avenger. Was not my beloved seized on the Persian frontier and sawn asunder because she called you a rattlepate, a monkey? And you ask me for mercy—me!" The speaker's voice rises to such a climax of fury with each word, as he lowers above Mr. Swan, arms gesticulating, features convulsed with rage, that the other parries an anticipated blow. But the avenger does not strike. He withdrew to the other end of the carriage with a cunning smile, mouthing and gibbering, and takes from an embroidered sash an Oriental knife of dazzling steel. At first he contents himself with snatches of wild song, declamation, poetical recitations. Mr. Swan is congratulating himself on being forgotten when, with the same cunning smile, the tall thin man feels the keen edge of his knife, and moves stealthily toward his companion.

"What do you want?" demands Mr. Swan, incoherently, scarcely able to believe the evidence of his senses.

"Blood!" mutters the avenger, in a frightful voice, still moving forward with that suppressed, stealthy aspect.

All that a man has will he give for his life. Mr. Swan, at last thoroughly aroused to his danger, with one bound breaks the glass of the little mirror in the wall, pulls the bell desperately, and thrusts his arm out of the right-hand window. The train stops, heads pop out of other carriages, guards hasten to the rescue. What have we here? The tall thin man, cool and composed, sits reading a newspaper, his fez restored on his head, and Mr. Swan, opposite, eagerly, excitedly tells his story in broken French. His life has been threatened with a knife. The tall thin man is a raving lunatic. He, Mr. Swan, just reached the bell in time to escape being murdered. All this, and much more, the guards hear scowlingly. Other passengers cluster about the door. The tall thin man glances with quiet compassion at Mr. Swan; then remarks: "Monsieur seems to have suffered from fright in his sleep—he may not be used to travel—and snatched at the bell before I could prevent him. Surely he can not say that I have touched him?" Oh, the cunning of maniacs!

"How dare you!" begins Mr. Swan, turns pale, and pauses in utter confusion. During his most extravagant ravings and threatening gesticulations the tall thin man has not once touched him. Is there method in such madness?

All eyes rivel on Mr. Swan as he repeats his story. How tame and inadequate that story sounds, with the guards scowling, the passengers smiling incredulously, and the voice of the British matron heard from an adjacent carriage—"I am glad of it. The brute!" From which comment only the most painful inferences can be drawn as to the state of a charitable lady's feelings. A gentleman steps forward and greets the tall thin man. "Why, it is M—. How are you?" Then, with some rapid explanation to the guards, evidently intended to produce a favorable impression as regards Mr. Swan's enemy, the gentleman gets in the

carriage and shakes hands with the maniac. "I thought you were staring in the provinces. What's the row here?"

Thus is Mr. Swan left in the lurch. A wild impulse to escape possesses him, checked by many hands. He is in an enemy's country, and has made a direful mistake. He might talk himself blind and hoarse, and his audience would simply smile. "I have told the truth," he asseverates, although the guards are talking with excited animation, and other passengers turn away. The tall thin man even intercedes good-humoredly; the guards, deeply affronted and incensed, threaten Jeremiah Swan with fine and imprisonment.

When Paris is reached, behold our much crestfallen traveler, reviled, ridiculed and despised, in the custody of the gendarmes, while the tall thin man follows, accompanied by his friend, having previously tossed away a toy weapon of Oriental workmanship.

"If you had American ears, such things could not happen," says Mr. Swan to the nearest gendarme, whose response seems to suggest a lack of the English language.

The tall thin man explains matters to his friend for the first time. "I could not resist the temptation, your lordship. I have discovered that nature has adapted me for tragedy, and I have mistaken me for tragically. We must get the beggar off. I did not anticipate his going to such extremes, and, on my word, his fright was most extraordinary."

Thus Mr. Swan pursues his way in this glorious fashion, and the tall thin man, eccentric in costume, with the Eastern gem on his finger, follows to avert the serious results of his joke.

The Careful Man.

Soon after noon yesterday a stranger entered a Woodyard avenue hardware store and asked if they kept shingle nails there. Being informed that they had a dozen kegs on hand, he further inquired—"Are they genuine shingle nails or only imitations?"

"They are shingle nails, of course."

"Let me see them."

A handful was placed on the counter before him, and he took several nails to the door where he could get a stronger light. After scanning them thoroughly he tested two or three between his teeth, tried to bend them between his fingers, and said—

"Well, they seem to be all right, and I'll take five pounds. I don't want to appear captious, but I bought some shingle nails along here somewhere about a month ago, carried them home, and what do you suppose they turned out to be?"

"Six-pennies?" answered the clerk.

"No sir. They were shoe-peg nails."

"That was strange," mused the clerk.

"And another time when I ordered shingle nails," continued the stranger, "the clerk put up four stove-handles, three nutmeg graters and a coffee-mill. Can I build a cow-shed out of coffee-mills? Can I shingle a barn with stove-handles? Can I clapboard a smoke house with nutmeg graters?"

"Curious mistake that," said the clerk.

"And another time when I asked for shingle nails they put me up four corn-poppers and a match safe. These things have sunk deep into my soul, and you must blame me for seeming particular. Now these are nails, are they?"

"Of course."

"Shingle nails?"

"Yes sir."

"Just write it on this card and give me your name, the name of the firm, the number of this store and the date of the month. I don't want to make trouble, but if I find when I get home that you have put me up bath-brick and harness-snaps in the place of shingle nails, I'll come back here and make it warm for you!"

A Brave Engineer.

As an excursion train of eight or a dozen heavily loaded cars on the Vermont division of the Portland and Ogdensburg railroad had commenced the descent of a heavy grade, between St. Johnsbury and the Connecticut river, the engineer descried three cattle upon the track just in advance of him. To drive or frighten them from the track, or to seasonably stop the train, was impossible. Instantly he decided upon his course. He sent the fireman to disconnect his engine and tender from the train, whistled "down brakes," and with full steam on, plunked forward alone, and with the fearful impetus thus gained threw the cattle from the track. He then quietly allowed the train to overtake him again, connected it and continued on, his passengers knowing nothing of the fearful danger they had escaped by his bravery, his quick wit, and his fidelity to duty.

The College at Due West is in a very flourishing condition, considering the hard times.

Address of Governor Hampton.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 22, 1876.

To the People of South Carolina:

The Board of State Canvassers have, by their unprecedented action to-day, shown not only their contempt and defiance of the Supreme Court of the State, but their utter disregard of their own office and integrity. While the grave questions determining the result of the recent election were pending before the Supreme Court, composed of three Judges belonging to the Republican party, and in direct violation of the orders of this tribunal, the Board have issued certificates of election to the Republican Presidential electors and to Republican State officers, and have refused to give certificates to Democratic members of the Legislature, shown by the return of this same board to have been elected in the counties of Edgefield and Laurens. This high-handed outrage is well calculated to arouse the indignation of our long suffering people, but I assure them that this daring and revolutionary act of the Board can have no legal force whatever. I appeal to you, therefore, in the fullest confidence that the appeal will not be unnoticed, and that you will maintain, even under these provocations, your character of an orderly and law-abiding people.

During the past exciting political canvass, you have studiously avoided even the semblance of a purpose to disturb the public peace or to transgress the law. Your cause, and it is the cause of constitutional government of the country, has been carried to the highest court of the State, and we are willing to abide by its decision, feeling assured that this tribunal will see that the laws shall be enforced and justice secured.

WADE HAMPTON.

The Hon. ABRAHAM S. HEWITT has written the following letter to Gen. Wade Hampton:

NATIONAL DEM. COMMITTEE,
NEW YORK, Nov. 24, 1876.

My Dear Sir: Your admirable address to the people of South Carolina is the subject of universal commendation here. In fact, the prudence, the forbearance and self-control of your people under the most exasperating provocation, is beyond all praise. I can only trust that in the exciting situation in which you will find yourself next week, no outbreak will occur. It is almost too much to expect that there will be no indiscreet men in South Carolina who may provoke a collision, but, nevertheless, the providence of God has so far guided you and your people in all your difficulties, that your friends rest in calm confidence upon the wisdom and good fortune which have so far attended your actions.

You may rest assured that your Northern brethren have consecrated themselves to the work of your deliverance, and will never cease their efforts until you are restored to that freedom wherewith you were made free by the labors and sacrifices and wisdom of your forefathers.

God give you and your people all the wisdom and all the patience needed in this hour of trial, and this crisis of the destiny of our common country.

We have full faith in the justice of the people of the United States, and we do not entertain a doubt of the final verdict which they will pass upon the occurrences of the last two weeks. The verdict will surely vindicate their majesty, and will re-establish free government upon a lasting basis.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ABRAHAM S. HEWITT,
Chairman Nat'l. Dem. Committee.
Gen. Wade Hampton, Columbia, S. C.

Rescued from the Grave.

A nasty, discolored and worn-out leather pocketbook was sent to the United States treasury, with the following affidavit, from Arkansas: "Following my field I lost my pocketbook, which contained a \$100 note, a \$50 and a \$20. Next year when plowing the same field I unearthed it. I send it and its contents for identification." The pocketbook was given to a lady, who is a great expert. She carefully removed the mold and debris, but, alas! the legal tenders had not been proof against frost and rain, and earthy mold. There were only a few black crumbs in place of the crisp, fresh notes. The lady took tissue paper the size of a greenback. She carefully separated the black particles, and, as if by magic, she recognized a letter here and there. These she stuck on tissue paper with mullage, until she found a clue by which she could identify each note. She proved that they were notes of the National Bank of Baltimore, Md., and by her knowledge and patience she caused the notes to be re-issued by new ones, and the farmer had not lost a cent by planting bank notes, though his crop has not increased.

It was a New Jersey wife who said: "My dear, if you can't really drink 'Lad coffee' without abusing me, how is it that you can always drink bad whiskey without abusing the barkeeper?"

Opinions of the Press.

The following extracts, taken from leading New York papers, show to some extent what is thought of the action of the State Board of Canvassers.

The *Herald* says: "This is very sharp practice. If the Supreme Court cannot support its authority, which the board have defied, the State must be counted for Hayes. The audacity of this act betrays great desperation. If undone, in the course of justice, it will stand as a monumental infamy."

The *Post* (Rep.) says: "The most thing the South Carolina board of canvassers can do is to reassume. The country will not be satisfied with proceedings which look like sharp practice. We admit that the Supreme Court itself is not free from a suspicion of sharp practice. No appearance of judicial sharp practice, however, can excuse the sharp practice of the canvassers. In the first place the conservative opinion of the country demands respect for the judgments of the constituted tribunals, and it is better that a decision which is wrong shall be obeyed than that it should be disobeyed, even to secure a right end. The proceedings yesterday in South Carolina will not convince the country that the canvass is honest and fair."

The *Times* (Adm.) says: "The South Carolina board of canvassers have recognized somewhat late their mistake in submitting their action to the review and control of the Supreme Court. In issuing its orders to a judicial body of entirely independent jurisdiction, that Court was guilty of a manifest usurpation, and, in consenting to argue the case before the Court, the board of canvassers gave these orders an appearance of validity which could not otherwise have been claimed for them. The clear intention of the majority of the Supreme Court was to do the work of the Democrats at whatever sacrifice of constitutional right and common justice."

The *World* (Dem.) says: "The board of canvassers yesterday stole the electoral vote of that State openly from the Supreme Court, with the avowed object of offering it to Hayes. The robbery was brazen and shameless, and it rests with the American people to decide whether they will surrender the control of their government to such hands, or maintain their liberties, self-respect and prosperity by enforcing the remedies of the law against a lawless conspiracy without parallel in our annals."

Pitching Twenty-Dollar Gold Pieces.

While the dispute was in progress, Sim Orndoff and Joe Stewart set up a couple of pegs in the ground, and began to pitch half dollars. A crowd gathered about the pegs, and the pitching was so abominably bad that half a dozen more took a hand in, by the kind permission of James and Joseph, who immediately began to develop some excellent pitching, and raked in the pots alternately, to the surprise of about a dozen men who entered the game under the impression that they had something soft. All interest in the race was now lost, and each pitch was hailed with a shout of derision or a burst of applause. The way the two original pitchers began to gather in a harvest of silver was a caution. Finally it was suggested that they pitch twenty-dollar gold pieces, and this change of programme had a thinning effect on the pitchers. A number of solid men now came to the front, and gradually a pretty stiff game developed, beginning at two dollars and a half and gradually increasing to twenty dollars. Only one pot of this kind, however, was played. Half a dozen twenties had been handed within a radius of six inches of the peg, when Joe Stewart, who had retired on his laurels, was asked if he wanted any of it. After taking a careful survey of the chances, which were desperate, he drew a twenty from his pocket, and, with a calculating eye, pitched it square against the peg. There was a wild hurrah, and of course Joe, with his proverbial liberality, treated the crowd.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Caroline S. Brooks, of Arkansas, whose butter sculpture has been one of the curiosities of the women's building, made a temporary studio of the judges' hall, and in the presence of the judges, some members of the commission, the board of finance, members of the press, and other invited guests, executed a fine head in butter. The butter was churned in the butter and cheese building on Thursday morning. Its genuineness was attested—if that were necessary to satisfy unbelievers—by the commissioners from Ohio and Missouri, who saw it made, and by the judges and auditors, who were permitted to taste it. Mrs. Brooks placed her butter-bowl on the top of the churn, and first using the ordinary butter paddle, to give shape to the golden mass, then the finer paddle and cedar sticks, in the course of an hour and a half of quiet work, another beautiful *Iolanthe* was framed in the milk-pan.

—Philadelphia Century.

General Sherman on the Crisis.

A Washington dispatch, dated November 16th, says: General Sherman, in an interview to-day, said:

"Everything is very quiet in the South. All the rifle clubs have dispersed, so far as I can hear. I do not apprehend any trouble from the Southern people. They are all quiet and law-abiding, and apparently disposed to be guided by their friends at the North."

"In case of there being trouble next March, you will have a great responsibility thrust upon your shoulders, General?"

"I don't know. My God, I hope there is not going to be any trouble. I don't now apprehend any. I shall try to do my duty always."

A gentleman present with a week entitled *Fallen Empire*, under his arm, passed near Gen. Sherman and asked him if he did not think our country was in great danger of being again rent by factions and ruined in this coming crisis?

"No," said Sherman briefly, blowing a great cloud of smoke in his most energetic fashion, "our country is too young to die that way."

"But," said the philosopher of *Fallen Empire*, "shortly you think our safety lies in doing away with our present system and building a more secure form of government, like the English?"

"No," retorted Sherman, "our people are not made for that sort of thing. We must work our own destinies under our present laws and constitution. Our form of government may be modified in time, but its spirit will ever rest the same."

—Chicago Times.

Was Chamberlain Elected.

Dispatch to the News and Courier.

SUMNER, S. C., Nov. 22.—The startling rumor mentioned by your Columbia correspondent, that Judge Green was elected Governor two years ago, but was counted out by the canvassing board and Chamberlain, is confirmed by Gen. John B. Dennis, who, in September last, told the same thing to the undersigned in presence of two or more witnesses.

In an editorial published in the *True Southern*, on the 24th October, the fact was brought out, as the following extract will show:

"Does the scholarly Chamberlain read history no better than to call Brutus an assassin? Does he not know that neither Tarquinus Superbus nor Appianus Claudius fell by the hand of an enemy? The former, like the Tarquin of South Carolina, endeavored to retain by tyranny the power which he had obtained by fraud; for he it known, to the eternal shame of Daniel H. Chamberlain, asserted upon the authority of Gen. J. B. Dennis, a leading Republican politician, that this Massachusetts Yankee was not elected by the votes of the people of this State, but merely stole the office from the good and honest John T. Green, who had a majority of the votes polled at the election of 1874."

CHAS. M. MOSS,
Editor *True Southern*.

The Hampton Testimonial.

In the following letter Governor Hampton expresses a wish that will be law to the fair daughters of South Carolina who, as a mark of reverence and regard, proposed to replace his lost home:—

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 20, 1876.

To the Editor *News and Courier*:

My attention has just been called to a very kind proposition, made through your paper: That the women of the State should join in presenting a home to me.

I need not say how deeply this proposition has touched my heart. It adds another to the many obligations under which my friends have placed me, and I hope that they will consider me as neither ungrateful nor ungracious when I beg them to take no further action in this matter.

The women of South Carolina have discharged nobly their whole duty in the glorious struggle to save the State, and to them is due, in a large measure, the success that has crowned our efforts. In behalf of the State, and for myself personally, I thank them gratefully for their patriotic and pious work. The redemption of the State will bring to me my most coveted reward, and the continued confidence and regard of my friends will satisfy my highest ambition.

I am, very respectfully, yours,

WADE HAMPTON.

The famous "Swamp Angel" cannon, which became noted at the siege of Charleston, S. C., was sold after the war to Mr. Charles Carr, of the Phoenix Iron Works, at Trenton, N. J. The breech was blown off during the siege, but was recovered and sold with the gun. In 1874 the New Jersey Legislature granted a part of the grounds of the State Normal School, at the intersection of Clinton avenue and Perry street, Trenton, on which to place the gun as a monument. The pedestal is to be of Ohio stone, the main column of Ewing granite, and the inscription stone of Connecticut brown stone. The formal dedication of the monument will take place on Thanksgiving Day.